HARPER'S WEEKLY
A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION
E PLURIBUS UNUM
VOLUME V.
FOR THE YEAR
1861.

INDEX TO ILLUSTRATIONS.

Acquia Creek, action at, 397.
  Shot fired from, 397.
Albany, Fort, Virginia, 769.
  New York, the Armory, 548.
Alexandria, Virginia, Marshall House, 369.
  Advance into, 378.
  Cavalry surrendering at, 372.
  Forts near, 769.
American Scenes, 732.
Anderson, Major, Quarters at Sumter, 164.
  Command at Sumter, 117.
  His Candlestick, 104.
Annapolis, Maryland, View of, 294.
  Midnight learning the Report at, 265.
  Naval Monument at, 295.
  Practice Battery at, 294.
  Target Practice at, 294.
  The Expedition at, 713.
  ...pple-paring, 732.
April 19th, 20th, 21st in New York, 193.
Aqueduct at Mouth of the Monocacy, 583.
Arabian Horse, Seward's, 58.
Arbuckle, Fort, Texas, 172.
Arkansas Troops under Beauregard, 717.
Arlington Heights, throwing up Intrenchments at, 370.
  House, 369.
Army Beef, the, 591.
Army on the Potomac, Cannonading, 660.
  Camp Scenes, 684.
  Crossing the Long Bridge, 356.
  The Right Guard, 694.
Arsenal at Watertown, Mass.—Filling Cartridges, 449.
  "At Home"—Refreshments, 328.

Bailey's Cross Roads, Virginia, 639.
  Review at, 716.
Balloon Ascension in Virginia, 790.
  The War, 679.
Baltimore, A Female Rebel in, 561.
  Cadwallader's Camp, 359.
  Colonel Morehead's Camp, 374.
  Earth-works on Federal Hill, 631.
  Military Occupation of, 344.
  Of Sojourn, 661.
  Raising the State and Stripes over Custom house, 315.
  Rebel riflemen leaving, 589.
Barracks in the Park, New York City, 209.
Barranca, Fort, 733.
Beaufort, South Carolina, before the Attack, 757.
  Scenes among Contrabands, 581.
  Scenes in and about, 788.
Beauregard, Camp at White Springs, Virginia, 445.
Beef for the Army crossing the Long Bridge, 733.
Bellaire, Ohio, of, 772.
Bennington, Battle of, 472.
Berdan, Colonel, practising at Weehawken, 540.
  His Men and Targets, 540.
Berlin on the Potomac—Ruins of Bridge at, 670.
Bird's Point, Missouri, 596.
Bivouac, the, on the Potomac, 632, 688.
Blenkenship—Departure of Troops from, 740.
Blenker's Division—Torchlight Procession, 764.
Blockade, the, preparing Vessels for, 684.
Bolivian's Rock, Harper's Ferry, 357.
Bonneville, Missouri, the Battle of, 463.
  Departure of General Lyon from, 465.
Boston, Troops passing Faneuil Hall, 511.
Bragg's, General, Camp, 373.
Brandywine, the Hall of the, 534.
Breakings of, 232.
British Lion, the, and Seward, 601.
Broadway, New York—Reading War Bulletins, 468.
Brooklyn Academy of Music, Exterior, 17.
  Interior, 17.
Brooklyn, Long Island, the Navy Yard at, 453.
  Scenes in the, 534.
Brooklyn, the, U. S. Sloop of War, 41, 748.
  The Dock of, 313.
  The Disembarking Troops for Pickens, 313.
Brown, Fort, Texas, 185.
Bruce, Camp, near Cynthiana, Kentucky, 637.
Bryantsville, Kentucky, Camp Dick Robinson, 741.
Buchanan and Lincoln entering the Senate, 105.
Budd's Ferry, Batteries on the Potomac at, 742.
Bull Run, Battle of, 504.
  Bayoneting our Wounded at, 525.
  Carrying in the Wounded, 505.
  Charge of the Black Horse Cavalry at, 501.
  Charge of the 69th Regiment at, 508.
  Colonel Hunter's Attack, 488.
  Commencement of the Battle at, 492.
  Firing into a deserted Earthwork at, 492.
  Retreat of our Troops from, 509.
  Silencing the Enemy's Batteries at, 502.
Bunker Hill, Battle of, 473.
Burlington, Iowa, Camp Warren, 535.

Cabinet of the Confederate States, 345.
  The, at Washington, 437.
Cadwallader's Camp at Locust Point, 359.
  Quarters at Hoke's Run, 474.
Cairo, Illinois, Batteries at, 411.
  City of, with Troops, 376.
  Demolition of a Distillery at, 390.
  Landing Troops, 411.
  Floating heavy Ordnance at, 390.
  The Ohio Levee at, 562.
Cameron, Camp, Georgetown, D. C., 324.
  Service by Rev. Dr. Wooton at, 324.
Camp on the Battery, New York City, 209.
  And Army Life (9 Scenes in), 402.
  Scenes about (8 Illustrations), 453.
Canton, Missouri, Burning of the Bridge at, 262.
Capitol, Broad Ovens in the Basement of the, 376.
  Galleries under the Senate Chamber of the, 356.
  Interior of the Dome of the, 152.
Carrying Stores to Camp, 392.
Carthage, Missouri, Battle of, 486.
Caulkers, 534.
Cavalry returning to Camp, 392.
Centreville, Virginia, Hotel at, 370.
Chain Bridge, Batteries at, 538.
Chanhassen, Minnesota—Military Camp Sibley, 404.
  March of Troops from, 404.
Charleston, City of, 61.
  Banks, Churches, etc., 853.
  Battery Promenade, 310.
  Hayne's View of, 653.
  Blockade of, 509.
  Showing burned District, 832.
  Zouaves, the, 33.
Chase's Brigade, 643.
Chesapeake, the, Blockade of, 396.
  Hudson's View of, 397.
Chesapeake Female College, 486.
Cincinnati, Ohio, Camp Dennison at, 554.
  Departure of the Ohio Zouaves from, 631.
Clark, Fort, Western Texas, 200.
Clearing Range for Artillery, 293.
Coast and Forts of the States, 329.
Cock and the Owl, the, 291.
Colorado, U. S. Steam Sloop, Crew of, 439.
Columbian, a, 100.
  A 15-inch, 205.
  Testing the, 205.
Comicalities, 10, 32, 48, 64, 80, 96, 112, 128, 144, 160, 176, 192, 208, 224, 240, 256, 272, 288, 320, 336, 352, 368, 384, 400, 416, 432, 448, 464, 480, 496, 512, 528, 544, 560, 576, 592, 608, 624, 640, 656, 672, 688, 704, 720, 736, 752, 768, 777, 784, 800, 816, 832.
Confederate Batteries opposite Pickens, 241.
  Army—Uniforms of, 529.
  Camp Life in the, 556.
  Fleet, etc., 829.
Constitution, the, leaving Boston, 760.
Continental Theatre, Philadelphia, Architect of, 613.
Cooking and Eating at Washington, 816.
Cooper Institute, the, 200.
Corcoran, Fort, Virginia, 790.
Colton, Method of conveying in India, 314.
Council of War in Camp, 474.
Crater Island, 116.
  Rebel Batteries at, 672.
Crusader, the Gunboat, 748.
Cummings's Point, Iron-clad Battery at, 133.
Curtin, Camp, Pennsylvania, 301.
Cuyler, R. R., the, leaving with the 71st Regiment, 282.
Cynthiana, Kentucky, Camp Bruce, 636.

Dahlgren and his Gun, 744.
Dance, the, 523.
Davenport, Iowa, return of Volunteers to, 654.
Davis, Jefferson—Inauguration, 257.
  Snuffing out the Light, 259.
Davis, Fort, Texas, 164.
Dennison, Camp, Colonel M'Cook's Head-quarters at, 216.
  Daily Scene at, 254.
  Quarters of Ohio Troops at, 316.
Departure of Transports for the War, 282.
Deserter from the, the Execution of, 628.
Design for a new Coin for the U. S. A., 257.
Des Moines, Iowa, Cavalry leaving, 604.
Douglas, S. A., lying in State at Chicago, 260.
Drayton's Mansion, Hilton Head, 773.
Dreamer at Monitor, the, 136.
Dream of a Secession Night, 72.
Driving Beef into Camp, 392.
Drumming and Allied Matters, 348.
Dubuque, Iowa, Departure of Troops from, 257.
Dug Springs, Missouri, Charge of Cavalry at, 503.
Duryea's Zouaves, Uniforms of, 353.

Eastwooks, throwing up, 292.
Edwards's Ferry, on Army at, 708.
Eighth Massachusetts Regiment repairing Bridges, 3 &
  In the Capitol, 337.
Ellsworth, Colonel, Murder of, 360.
Ellsworth's N. Y. Fire Zouaves, 360.
  Head-quarters at the Capitol, 333.
  Zouaves quartered in the House of Representatives, Washington, 333.
  Zouaves, Camp Scenes of the, 393.
Elmira, New York, Camp and Parade at, 522.
Enchantress, the schooner, recapture of, 515.
Ericsson Steel-clad Battery, 676.
Evanport Batteries on the Potomac, 742.
Everett, Edward, presenting a Flag to the Webster Regiment, 484.
Examining Passes, 392.

Fair in New York for the Poor, 824.
Fairfax Court-House, Charge of Cavalry at, 377.
  Ricketts firing, 864.
Faithful Slave, a Scene on a Transport, 371.
Falls Church, Virginia, 490.
Farnum, U. S., Court-martial of the, 668.
Fashions, Paris, 104, 105.
Female Spy, Arrest of a, 700.
Fisheries, the, of Albemarle and Pamlico Sound, N. C., 620.
Fleet, the U. S., off Pickens, 245.
  Our, attacked by Hollins, 717.
Flying Artillery, U. S., exercising, 292.
Forsyth, Fort, returning Fort, 672, a, 818.
Feeding, 454.
Freeport, Illinois, Camp Scott at, 379.
Fremont, General, inaugurating Camp Benton, 644.
Fremont's Army on the March, 721.
  Fleet of 13 Steamers, 644.
  Flotilla, departure of, 652.
  Head-quarters near St. Louis, 670.

Gabrealdi Zouaves on the Double Quick, 362.
  Presenting Colors to the, 362.
Garnett, General, the death of, 481.
Gauley Mountain, the Ascent of, 656.
Geary's Artillery, Uniforms of, 692.
Genesee, our, 648.
Georgia Delegation in Congress, 1.
Girardeau, Cape, Missouri, 689.
Governor's Island, parade of U. S. Troops on, 205.
  Recruits drilling on, 285.
Grafton, Virginia, 381.
Great Eastern during the Gale (3 Illustrations), 635.
Great Bethel, Charge of Duryea's Zouaves at, 405.
  The Battle of, 405.
Gun boat Conestoga, a Cannon Ball, 413.
Gun-boat on the Stocks, 534.
Gun-boats building at Carondelet, Missouri, 620.
  Fitting out at Cincinnati, 443.
  In course of Construction, 501.
  Made of Merchant Steamers, 680.
  Our new (11 Illustrations), 693.
  U. S., on the Mississippi, 705.
Guns—Moulding, Boring, and Rifling, 888.
Guthrie Grays at Indianapolis, 305.

Hagerstown, Maryland, M'Mullin's Rangers at, 454.
  Supply Train at, 615.
Hall's, Lieutenant, Compliments to the Secessionists, 675.
Halltown, Virginia, Rendezvous of Virginians at, 292.
Hamilton, Camp, Fourth of July at, 470.
Hampton, Virginia, burning of by Magruder, 589.
  John Tyler's Residence at, 496.
  Stumps of Trees shown, 524.
Harper's Ferry, Virginia, 673.
  Arrival of Troops appears, 465.
  As evacuated, 628.
  Bolivian Rock at, 357.
  Burning of the Arsenal at, 293.
  Destruction of the Bridge at, 629.
  Of Ours at, 455.
  Hauling down a Secession Flag at, 409.
  March of Virginians on, 292.
  Rebel Camp Scenic, 405.
Hatteras Expedition, departure of the, 584.
Hatteras, Fort, before the Surrender, 753.
  Bombardment of, 677.
  Exploit of Lieut. Pendergrast at, 677.
  Interior of, 598.
  The *Monticello* shelling the Rebels at, 677.
Harriet Lane, J. G. Bennett, Jr.'s Yacht, 605.
Heroes, the, of Fort Sumter, 184.
Hilton Head, South Carolina, 756, 773.
  Soldiers' Graves at, 780.
Hint for the Navy, 541.
Hitting him in the Rear, 505.
Hoke's Run, Battle of, 475.
  Skirmish at, 474.
Horses, Shipping and Stowing, 696, 697.
Housetops in Charleston during the Bombardment of Fort Sumter, 273.
How Virginia was voted out of the Union, 371.
Hunter's Mill, Virginia, Skirmish at, 804.
Husking Corn, 525.

Inaugural Procession at Washington, 361.
  Inauguration of Lincoln, 168.
Indianapolis, the 11th Indiana Volunteers swearing to remember Buena Vista, at 385.
Indiana Zouaves, 11th Regiment, Drill Scenes of the, 452.
Indian Scouts in General Lane's Camp, 737.
Infernal Machine found on the Potomac, 672.
  Submarine, 701.
Iron-clad Steamer at Mystic, Connecticut, 669, 670.

James River Canal, View on the, 616.
Jamestown, the, driving the *Alvarado* ashore, 614.
Jefferson City, Missouri, and Fortification, 644.
  Landing of Volunteers at, 400.
  Rebel Prisoners at, 403.
  Scene of, 400.
Jefferson, Fort (Tortugas), 121.
Jessie, Augusta, the, Steam Yacht, 523.
Johnson, Fort, 37, 132.
Judith, the Privateer, burning of, 641.
  Juvenile Party, a, 842.

Kentucky River, troops crossing the, 743.
Knipe, Major, winging a Secessionist, 484.

Lady Davis, the, 605.
Lafayette, Fort, in New York Bay, 568.
Lager-bier Wagons, the, 292.
La Gloire, Iron-plated Steamship, 92.
Lancaster, Fort, Texas, 185.
Lane, General, Camp near Humansville, Missouri, 717.
Laurel Hill, Battle of, 481.
Lebanon Junction, near Louisville, Kentucky, 657.
Leesburg Bridge, Virginia, 405.
Leesburg, Virginia, Camp near, 716.
  Earthworks at, 609.
Lewinsville, Virginia, 709.
Lexington, Missouri, Charge of Irish Brigade at, 645.
  Governor Jackson addressing Troops at, 657.
  The Battle of, 653.
Limestone Mountain, Virginia, View from, 748.
Lincoln, Abraham, at Astor House, 193.
  President, 293.
  Raising a Flag at Philadelphia, 145.
Little Rock, Arkansas, the Arsenal at, 148.
Long Bridge, Washington to Virginia, 317.
Loudon Heights on the Potomac, 570.
Louisville, Kentucky, Arrival of the 49th Ohio Regiment at, 668.
Lyon, General, at the Battle of Springfield, 545.

M'Clernen's Zouaves at Sandy Hook, 391.
M'Clellan, General, and his Staff, 532.
  Body-Guard, 637.
M'Dowell's Army Corps, grand Review of, 424.
M'Henry, Fort, View of, 292, 436.
Magnolia, Governor, Proclamation against, 812.
Manassas the Mist, the, Shooting the Rapids, 389.
Making Breastworks for the Volunteers, 401.
Manassas Junction, working in the Trenches at, 505.
  The Naval Battery at, 581.
Man-of-War, between Decks, in Action, 812.
Marion, the, Minnesota, 48.
Marshall House, Alexandria, Virginia, 369.
Martinsburg, Virginia, Rebel Troops leaving, 605.
  Locomotives dismantled at, 605.
Massachusetts Volunteers embarking, 289.
Maxwell's Battery, Uniforms of, 641.
Memphis, Tennessee, Vigilance Committee of, 204.
Meredith, Camp, 422.
Merrimac, the Rebel Steamer, 689.
Mexico, evacuation of, Expedition against, 812.
Minnesota, the United States Steamer, 641.
Mississippi River, Bird's-eye View of, 421.
  S.W. Pass of the, Views of, 744.
Missouri, Refugees entering from, 817.
Monroe, Fort, Balloon View of, 597.
  Colonel Abert's Camp at, 601.
  Gun Yard under the Walls of, 406.
  Interior of, 89.
  Louisiana Zouave Prisoners at, 471.
  Moat and Face of, 410.
  Only Entrance to, 89.
  Sea Battery at, 85, 216.
  Shot and Shell piled under the Walls of, 406.
  View of, from the Bay, 396.
Montgomery, Alabama, Seat of War, 345.
  Drumming up Recruits at, 345.
  The White House at, 345.
  The United States Ship, 856.
Monticello, the, Shelling the Rebels, 677.
Morris Island, 677.
Mortar-Boat on the Mississippi, 821.
Moultrie, Fort, Battery at, 53.
  Dismantled Guns at, 53.
  Key of the Magazine of, 164.
  Sketch of, 53.
  View of, 132.
Muldraugh's Hill, Kentucky, Camp near, 647.
Munson's Hill, Virginia, 629.
  Work at, 741.
Muskets, making, at Springfield Armory, 605.

Napoleon, Prince, presentation to the President of, 529.
  And Children, 573.
Naval Expedition, the Great, 696.
  At Hampton Roads, 725.
  Bombarding Beaufort, 769.
  On the Way, 696.
  Sailing at Night, 712.
Nevin, Camp, Captain Rowley, 775
New Era, the Gunboat, 640.
New Orleans, Bird's-eye View of,
  City of—the Levee, French Quarter, Jackson Square, Cathedral, etc., 824.
  Custom-house, Mint, St. Charles Hotel, Flower Girls, 199.
Newport Barracks, Kentucky, 604.
Newport News, 581.
  Camp of Vermont Regiment at, 677.
  Landing of Scott Life Guard at, 409.
  Rebel Prisoners at, 409.
New-York's Eve in the Country, 4.
New York City, Barracks in the Park of, 209.
  Recruiting in, 505.
Niagara, the, at Anchor, 684.
Norfolk Navy Yard, 164.
  Destruction of, 293.
  Of Ships, 200.
North Carolina, the, 456.
  The Fisheries of, 620.
Novelty Works, New York, Engines of, 651.

Ohio and Mississippi Railroad, Accident on, 653.
Old Indian Agency at Des Moines, 85.
Old Man and his Sons, the, 76.
Olio of the Year 1860, an, 536.
One Man Sows and another Reaps, 410.
On the Road, 422.
Osage, the, Bridge across, 727.
  General Siegel crossing the, 729.

Pamunkey, the, and about, 684.
Pappe, the, Rebel Steamer, 693.
Patterson's, General, Head-quarters at Martinsburg, 474.
Pensacola, Bivouac at Bray's Camp at, 295.
  Dock at, burning of, 645.
  Lighthouse at, 196.
  Sand-bag Battery at, 373.
  The Navy Yard at, 405.
  View of Harbor of, 716.
Petrel, the, sunk by the *St. Lawrence*, 636.
Philadelphia, hot Coffee for Volunteers passing through, 433.
  National Guard, review of the, 209.
Philippi, the Battle of, 427.
  Action at, 428.
  After Bombardment, 820.
  Bird's-eye View of, during Bombardment, 821.
  Boat-house and Landing at, 247.
  Casemate Bombproof at, 247.
  Evening Parade at, 247.
  Flag-staff Button, 213.
  From the South, 213.
  General Brage's Camp as seen from, 373.
  Interior of, 213.
  Re-enforcement of, 212.
  Second, 213.
  Sally-port and front View of, 156.
  Without Casemate at, 156.
Pickett, Rebel, escape of, 474.
  Shooting Sentinels, 380.
Pinckney, Castle, Occupation of, by Charleston Militia, 35.
Pilot Knob, Missouri, Camp Blood at, 506.
Pilot Town, Mississippi, 744.
Pirates, the, 469.
Point Isabel, Texas, 925.
Polk, Bishop, fancy Sketch of, 467.
Pontoons, building, in Kentucky, 791.
  On the Mississippi, 646.
Porter, Fort, New York, 467.
Port Royal Harbor, Light Ship at, 790.
Potomac, the United States Ship, 606.
Potomac, our Army on the, 413.
Princeton, Battle of, 473.
Provisions for the Army (5 Illustrations), 6 5.
Pulaski, Fort, Savannah, Georgia, 849, 879.

Quilting, the, 282.

Rappeling, 292.
Rangers feeding, 474.
Rankin's Lancers, 805.
Raree, Mr., Rebel Cruiser, 26.
Rebel Picket, Capture of a, 740.
  Prowler shooting a Union Picket, 653.
Rebel Steamers, Capture of, 580.
Reconnoissance at Night on the Potomac, 673.
Recruiting in New York, 566.
Relay House, the, 531.
  Bouquet Battery, the, at, 346.
  Camp of United States Volunteers at, 323.
  Sand-bag Battery near, 346.
Resolute, the, 456.
Returning from the Trenches, 292.
Rhode Island Artillery landing at Washington, 305.
Richmond, Virginia, Alabama Regiment passing through, 661.
  Armory at, 216.
  Making Gun Carriages in, 216.
  Bar of the Spotswood House at, 565.
  Hanover County Jail in, 693.
Rich Mountain, Virginia, Battle of, 468.
Rifle-pit for Sentinels, 413.
Rifled Cannon, the, used against Sumter, 311.
Rig for Privateers, a, 521.
Rip-raps, the, 216.
Roach's Springs, Virginia, Camp of the 1st Connecticut Volunteers at, 423.
  Mills, Virginia, Views of the Ohio Volunteers at, 487.
Roanoke, the, 656.
Robbing the National Armory Orchard, 3 7.
Romney, Battle of, at the Bridge, 463.
Rowlandson, Virginia, 469.
Runyon, Fort, Virginia, 759.
Russell, William H., at Fort Pulaski, 843.

Sabine, United States Frigate, 165, 748.
San Jacinto, the, capturing Mason and Slidell, 765.
Saint Valentine's Day, 97.
Saloon in Camp, 521.
San Antonio, Texas (The Alamo), 185.
Sand-bag Battery near the Relay House, 346.
Sandy Hook, Virginia, Colonel Stone's Head-quarters at, 5.3.
  Skirmish at, 491.
Santa Rosa Island, Camp of Zouaves on, 673.
  Martello Batteries on, 674.
  The Fight on, 705, 731.
Sarmento, the Privateer, 413.
Scott, General, and Major Generals of the United States Army, 548.
  Pennsylvania, occupied by Volunteers, 320.
  The Manor, taken Prisoners, 431.
Scott's, General, Head-quarters, 700.
  Last Meeting with the Cabinet, 721.
Scouting Party on the Potomac, 705.
Searching a Rebel's House for Arms, 726.
Sherman Battery, the, View of, 405.
Seminole and *Pocahontas*, the, engaging Batteries, 701.
Sickles's Regiment, the, Leaving for a Rest, 585.
Siegel, General, at Battle of Springfield, Missouri, 549.
  Crossing the Osage, 729.
Sixth Massachusetts Regiment fighting their Way through Baltimore, 353.
Sixty-ninth Regiment, embarking of the, 288.
  Officers of the, at Georgetown, 247.
Slave Auction at the South, 643.
  Hunters escaping from Camp, 732.
Slaves, Steamboat of a, 524.
Sleeping Bunks of the 1st Rhode Island Regiment, 347.
Smith, Fort, Arkansas, 148.
Snelling, Fort, Minnesota, 619.
Soldier's Grave, the, 700.
Songs of the War (5 Illustrations), 744.
Southard Assembly, a, flying North, 393.
  Harbors, 693.
Springfield, Illinois, Battle at, 773.
Springfield Armory, Massachusetts, making Muskets at, 605.
Springfield, Missouri, Charge of Fremont's Guard at, 717.
  General Siegel and his Prisoners at, 549.
  Sprague's, of, 757.
Star of the West, Firing on the, 93.
  Steaming Ahead, 93.
Stevens's Bomb-proof Floating Battery, 284, 443.
St. Lawrence, the, sinking the *Petrel*, 636.
St. Louis, Arrival of Volunteers at, 562.
  Arsenal and Fortifications at, 300, 555.
  Court House in, 549.
  Embarkation of Troops at, 667.
  Fremont's Head-quarters at, 575.
  Head-quarters of Fremont's Guard at, 573.
  Home Encampment of, 397.
  Volunteers attacked by a Mob at, 340.
Stone River, the, under Way, 760.
Stony Point, the Battle of, 472.
Strong, Captain, gallant Death of, 609.
Sturgis's Army on the Prairie, 775.
Submarine Vessels, Virginia, Tyler's Camp et, 539.
Sumter, Fort, at her Wakes, 56.
  The Casemates of, 60.
  The Parade on, 49.
  The Sally-port of, 60.
Sumter, the, Rebel Ship of War, 396.
Supply, the Store-ship, 748.
Swearing in Volunteers, 257.

Target Practice, 653.
Taylor, Fort, Key West, 140.
Telegraph Building, erecting, 392.
Tent of a Private, Interior of the, 509.
Texas Rangers, 453.
Texas, Bronze of Confederate Troops in, 375
Thirteenth Regiment, the, Leaving Brooklyn, 298.
Tipton, Indiana, Asbell's Camp and Interior of, 605.
Treasury, the United States, Exterior and Interior of, 605.
Twelfth Regiment, New York, Head-quarters of the, 375.
Twigg's, General, Surrender to Texans, 184.
Tybee Island, at and about, 776.

Union Meeting in New York, 277.
  Refugees entering St. Louis, 617.
Unwelcome Guest, an, 400.
Upton Hill, Fort and Observatory, 804.
Utrecht, Fort, Texas, 185.

Valentine Romance of ye olden Time, 108.
Valley of the Shenandoah, the, 760.
Vandalia, the, 456.
Vassar Female College, 201.
Vera Cruz, Mexico, Castle of San Juan d'Ulloa, 812.
Vicksburg, City of, 86.
Viele, General, and his Officers, 784.
Viele's Encampment at Norfolk, 717.
Virginia Irregular Riflemen, 468.
  Sketches, 316.
  Troops crossing the Blue Ridge, 436.
Virginians, Sons of, 1776, 315.
  Of 1861, 315.
Volunteers, United States, Uniforms of the, 852.
Vosburgh, Colonel, Funeral of, in New York, 264.

Wabash, the United States Frigate, 456.
Wachita, Fort, Texas, 172.
Walker, Fort, South Carolina, 753.
  Bombardment of, 760.
Warren, S. J., the Schooner, 485.
  Attack on the second Mate of the, 485.
  Cabin of, 485.

Warren, Fort (3 Views), 763.
Warrior, the, Iron-plated Steam-ship, 92.
Launch of, 93.
Washington and Alexandria, on the Road between, 292.
Arrival of Horse at, 417.
Arsenal, the, 173.
Artillery of Charleston, 76.
Balloon View of, 476.
Burning of Hospital at, 743.
Camp Anderson at, 378.
Chantry's Statue of, 173.
Desecration of the Statue of, 310.
Fort, 216.
Fourteenth Massachusetts Regiment in a Storm at, 541.
Grand Review at, 652, 676.
Horse Barracks at, 318.
Hospital at, 513.
Junction, Vineyard at, 321.
Marines and Barracks at, 597.
Navy Yard at, 540.
Political Prison at, 587.
Review at, by General Sandford, 477.
The Mediator, 188.
Torchlight Procession at, 764.
War Scenes at and about, 700.
Western Wharves at, 615.
Watch-night, 8.
Wayne, Fort, Detroit, Michigan, 379.
Webster Regiment, Presentation of a Flag to the, 484.
West Point Foundry, 588.
Wheeling, Virginia, Constituent Convention of Virginia at, 411.
White Plains, Virginia, Arrival of Rebel Troops at, 617.
White Springs, Virginia, Beauregard's Camp at, 445.
Whitworth Gun, the, 381.
Why don't you take it? 355.
Willard's Hotel, Served by the Fire Zouaves, 321.
Williams, General, Camp Life with, 474.
Williamsport, Virginia, crossing the Potomac at, 429.
Wilson, Colonel William, and Staff, 309.
Wilson's Zouaves at Fort Pickens, 469.
Camp of, at Santa Rosa Island, 678.
Winans's Steam Gun, 705.
Winslow's Steam Gun, 331.
Winchester, Virginia, Camp Johnson at, Fort Bull in, 557.
Camp of Confederates at, 487.
Market-place in, 509.
Rebel Intrenchments at, 614.
Tennessee Riflemen at, 426.
Wisdom passing through, 493.
Wigfield Scat, the, in the Gale, 757.
Wilmore, the Steam Gunboat, 612.
Wounded, the, caring for, 474.
Woodward's Virginia, recruiting for the Rebel Army in, 639.
Writing Home from the War, 700.
Wyandotte, the, Firing a Salute, 212, 948.

YANKEE DOODLE, 472.
ZOUAVE, a, telling about Bull Run, 519.
Drill by the 11th Indiana Regiment, 467.
The Wounded, 513.
ZOUAVES, Fire, of New York, 872.

MAPS AND CHARTS.

Beaufort, North Carolina, Harbor of, 611.
South Carolina, Harbor of, 682.
Blockade, Line of, and strategic Routes, 232.
Brunswick, Georgia, 683.
Bull's Run, Battle of, 484.
Cairo, Illinois, City of, 350.
Charleston Harbor, Batteries, etc., 261, 682.
Forts, Islands, etc., 37.
Chesapeake Bay, 560.
Balloon View of, 567.
Coast Line of the Gulf, 197.
Fernandina, Florida, 682, 755.
Georgia, with the Percentage of Slaves, 795.
Hatteras Inlet, 579.
Kentucky, War Map of, 662.
Maryland and Virginia, Parts of, 276.
Mississippi River above Cairo, 172.
Bird's-eye View of the, 424.
Missouri, Interior of, 450.
Seat of War in, 683.
Mobile, Alabama, Harbor of, 693.
Monroe, Fortress, Balloon View of, 597.
New Orleans, Map of, 652.
North Carolina and Fort Hatteras, 638.
Northern and Southern States, comparative Area of, 124.
Pensacola, Bay of, 792.
Harbor of, 68.
Potomac River, the, 360.
Field of Operations along the, 603.
Savannah, Georgia, 687, 762.
Seat of War, Balloon View of the, 460.
In the West, 567.
In Virginia, 596.
Pictorial Map of the, 300.
South Carolina, Sea-coast of, 762.
Slaveholding Counties and Slaves, 741.
Southern States, the, 707.
Tennessee, War Map of, 567.
Virginia, New Boundaries of, 806.
Part of, 276.
Seat of War in, 596.
Washington, D. C., Balloon View of, 474.
West, Seat of War in the, 567.
Wilmington, North Carolina, 682.

PORTRAITS.

Adams, Charles F., 241.
Anderson, Robert, 17, 117.
Buchanan, Hon. Dr., 5.
Baker, General E. D., 632.
Banks, Major General, 549.
Barksdale, Mr., 615.
Barry, Major, 332.
Bates, Edward, 497.
Beauregard, General P. G. T., 269.
Benham, General Henry W., 796.
Benjamin, J. P., 340.
Blair, Jr., Francis P., 516.
Blair, Montgomery, 497.
Bradley, Quartermaster, 300.
Brains, Lieutenant, 675.
Brown, G., 65.
Brownell, Francis E., 357.
Brownlow, Miss, 805.
William G., 581.
Bulwer, Sir Edward, 497.
Burnside, Brigadier General, 541.
Butler, Benjamin F., 337, 877.
Cameron, Simon, 437.
Cameron, the late Colonel, 509.
Chase, S. P., 189, 437.
Clark, Captain, 532.
Clay, Jr., C. C., 81.
Clopton, David, 81.
Clolidde, the Princess, 529, 573.
Cobb, W. R. W., 81.
Cook, General A. McDowell, 722.
Cooper, Peter, 709.
Corcoran, Colonel Michael, 509.
Crawford, Martin J., 1.
Crawford, S. W., 177.
Creighton, Lieutenant Colonel, 309.
Curry, J. L. M., 81.
Dahlgren, Commander, 244.
Davis, Jefferson, 65, 153, 340.
Davis, Reuben, 85.
Davis, Lieutenant J. C., 177.
Davis, Captain, 734.
Devens, Colonel, 716.
Dix, Major General, 548.
Doubleday, A., 177.
Dougherty, Colonel, 741.
Douglas, Stephen A., 261.
Duffy, Peter, 269.
Dupont, S. F., 704, 724, 764.
Ellsworth, Colonel, 289.
The late, 352.
Fitzpatrick, Benjamin, 81.
Foster, J. G., 84, 177.
Fremont, John C., 444, 548.
Gaines, Mrs. General, 205.
Gertrell, Lieutenant J., 1.
Generals, our, 648.
Gilman, Mademoiselle, 125.
Greble, Lieutenant, the late, 413.
Grow, Galusha A., 401.
Hallock, General H. W., 753.
Hardeman, Jr., Thomas, I.
Heavey, James J., 309.
Hicks, Thomas H., 109.
Hill, Joshua, 1.
Holt, Joseph, 109.
Houston, George S., 81.
Houston, Sam, 904.
Hunter, Colonel, U. S. A., 539.
Hunter, General, 741.
Ivereon, Alfred, 85.
Jackson, James, 1.
Jamieson, D. F., 76.
Johnston, General Joseph E., 636.
Johnston, General Albert S., 612.
Jones, Captain A. B., 625.
Jones, John J., 1.
Kane, Marshall, 445.
Kelly, Brigadier General, 732.
Ledd, Luther C., 341.
Lamar, L. Q. C., 65.
Lane, General Jim, 737.
Lee, General Robert E., 541.
Lincoln, President, 568, 437.
Love, Peter E., 1.
Lyon, Gen. Nathaniel, 433, 548.
Lytton, Sir Edward Bulwer, 497.
M'Clellan, General George, 484, 529, 548, 660.
M'Culloch, General Ben., 563.
M'Dowell, Irvin, 516.
M'Dos, John J., 65.
Magruth, Hon. Judge, 32.
Mallory, Stephen M., 340.
Mansfield, General J. K. F., 516.
Mason, the rebel, 725.
Meade, R. K., 177.
Messmaker, C. S., 340.
Moore, S., 81.
Mulligan, Colonel James A., 657.
Murray, Rev. Nicholas, 117.
Napoleon, Prince, 529.
and Clotilde, 529.
Nelson, General, 396.
Newby, William, 396.
Opdyke, George, 805.
Patterson, Major General, 461.
Patterson, Miss, 149.
Peace, D. C., 709.
Pickens, Francis W., 33.
Prentiss, General, 405.
Price, General Sterling, 641.
Pugh, James L., 81.
Reagan, John H., 340.
Rogers, Captain, 734.
Rosecrans, General William S., 580.
Rousseau, General Lovell H., 716.
Russell, Lieutenant, U. S. N., 677.
Russell, William H., 685.
Scott, Winfield, aged 75, 460.
Aged 41, 441.
Scott, Winfield, 109, 117.
Seward, William H., 109, 437.
Seymour, T., 177.
Sherman, General T. W., 764.
Siegel, General Franz, 629.
Singleton, O. R., 65.
Slemmer, Lieutenant, U.S.
Stidell, the rebel, 765.
Smith, Caleb B., 437.
Smith, Colonel Abel, 693.
Snyder, G. W., 177.
Stallworth, James A., 81.
Stephens, Alexander H., 125, 340.
Stevens, General, 734.
Stringham, Commodore Silas H., 516, 577.
Sturgis, General S. D., 641.
Talbot, T., 177.
Toombs, Robert, 1, 340.
Twiggs, David E., 156.
Underwood, John W. H., 1.
Van Vliet, Captain, 632.
Vanzar, Mathew, 396.
Viele, General, 784.
Walker, Leroy P., 340.
Ward, the late Captain, 433.
Weed, Thurlow, 749.
Welles, Gideon, 437.
Williams, General Edward C., 465.
Wilkes, Commodore Charles, 705.
Winans, Colonel William, 289.
Winans, Hon. Ross, 193.
Wright, General, 784.
Yelverton, Mrs., 293.

GENERAL INDEX.

ABANDONMENT of Fort Moultrie, the, 2.
Abolitionists at the South, 735.
Accomac County, Virginia, Occupation of, 753.
Acquia Creek, Bombardment of, 597.
Adams, Charles F., 215, 249, 371.
Alabama, Affairs in, 55.
Delegation in Congress, 82.
For secession, 7.
Forts seized, 22.
Insurrection in, 39.
Albany, Fort, Virginia, 767.
Albany, New York, the Armory, 548.
Alexandria, Virginia, Capture of Cavalry, 372.
Occupation of, 373.
Anderson, Robert, 16, 18.
And the *Star of the West*, 55.
His Command at Sumter, 193.
In Sumter, 32, 87.
In Kentucky, 657.
Letter from, 71.
Retirement of, 675.
Terms of Surrender, 375.
Angel's Visit, my, 29.
Annapolis, Maryland, Departure of Expeditionary from, 714.
Our Pictures of, 309.
Apalachicola, Seizure of Arsenal at, 71.
April-Fool's Day in New York, 194.
Arabian Horses, Seward's, 29.
Arabs, among the, 671.
Arizona, Secession of, 247.
Arkansas Convention, 55.
Army and Navy, 97, 114.
Army at Washington, our, 347.
Forge in Camp, the, 504.
Our, Strength of, 719.
Arthur Middleton, the, Capture of, 697.
Atlantic and *Baltic*, Departure of, 246.
Augusta, Georgia, Seizure of Arsenal at, 71.
Austria, Prospect of War, 199, 275.
Protestantism in, 53.
BACHMAN, Rev. Dr., 34.
Bailey's Cross Roads, Virginia, Engagement at, 723.
Review at, 773.
Baker, Colonel E. D., 693.
Balloon Reconnoissance, a, 687.
Baltimore, Colonel Morehead's Camp at, 373.
Condition of, 575.
Departure of Prisoners from, 589.
Fortifications of, 630.
Hoisting the Stars and Stripes at, 316.
Military Occupation of, 341.
Occupation of, 323.
The Massachusetts Soldiers in, 775.
The Fight at, 243.
Battering-ram at New Orleans, 663.
Bayonetting our Wounded, 593.
Beaufort, South Carolina, 799.
Capture of, 679.
Beauregard, General P. G. T., 303.
Beginning of the End, the, 573.
Belmont, Missouri, Battle of, 728, 779.
Benham, Captain, 587.
General H. W., 799.
Benjamin, Judah P., 341.
Berdan, U. Hunt, and his Sharpshooters, 540.
Bermuda, the, at Savannah, 675.
Bessie Dinnie, 213.
Bethel, Fight at, 387.
Better than Dollars, 247.
Big Guns, 341.
Biggest Gun in the World, the, 204.
Billows past, 293.
Bird's-eye View of Society, 228, 541.
Black-Horse Cavalry, the, 509.
Black Spot, the, 125.
Bladensburg, Departure of Troops from, 710.
Blair, Francis P., Jr., 516.
Blockade, the, 233.
Bonneville, Missouri, the Battle of, 419, 434.
Departure of General Lyon, 469.
Border States, the, 242.
Branch for a Christmas Tree, 42.
Breckinridge at Baltimore, 631.
Breckinridge, Farewell of, 167.
Surrender of, 723.
"Bring me a Light"—a Ghost Story, 106.
British Opinion on the War, 546.
Subjects, Arrest of, 691.
Brooklyn Academy of Music, 78.
Navy Yard, 465, 535.
Alarm at, 71.
Brooklyn, the, offers to destroy, 419.
Brown, Fort, Texas, 182.
Brownlow, Miss, 805.
Parson, 341.
Buckner, General, in Kentucky, 627.
Bull's Run, our Loss at, 531.
The Battle at, 491, 511.
The Wounded at, 510.
Burnside, Brigadier General, 541.
Butler, General Benjamin F., 837.
New Expedition, 779.
The first Hero, 291.
CABINET Changes, 493.
The new, 497.
Cader Idris—the Chair of Idris, 651.
Cairo City, Illinois, Camp at, 350.
From the Camp, 381.
Our Army at, 449.
Our Sketches of, 380.
California, Disunion in, 215.
Cameron, Secretary, to Kennett, 601.
The late Colonel, 509.
Campaign, the, Plan of, 616.
Canada, Sentiment of, 275.
Colonel Baker's Body, 675.
Canadian, the, loss of, 403.
Canebalism in Virginia, 525.
Capture of Rebel Steamers, 381.
Carthage, Battle of, 433.
Case, General, on the War, 291.
Cavalry, United States, gallant Charge of, 381.
Cavour, Count, Death of, 403.
Census of 1860, the, 210.
Ceres, the old ship, 798.
Chain Bridge, Batteries at, 538.
Chairs, Broken and otherwise, 123.
Chambersburg, Pennsylvania, our Army leaving, 466.
Charleston, Alarm at, 347.
Battery Fremendis, 311.
Blockade of, 87, 330.
City of, 62.
In December, 1860., 726.
Privateering at, 563.
Suffering in, 39.
The Burning of, 818, 823.
Zouaves, the, 34.
Cherokee, the, join the Rebels, 682.
Chesapeake, the Rebel Batteries in the, 609.
Chickamacomico, the Fight at, 673.
Chiles, Fall of Perkin, 73, 85, 91.
Our Squadron at, 675.
Treaty, 39.
Christian Prisoners in China, the, 18.
Coast Line of the Gulf, 197.
Coats of Arms of the States, 22?.
Cock and the Owl, the, 291.
Colorado, Frigate, 435, 443.
Coming War in Europe, the, 50.
Confederacy, the new, 53.
Confederate Loan, the New, 231.
Congress, 6, 22, 38, 54, 70, 86, 102, 119, 134, 150, 166, 183, 199, 215, 231, 407, 483, 511, 515, 531, 736, 757, 803.
Connecticut for the War, 307.
Consuls, our new, 109.
Contraband of War, 234.
Cook, General M'Dowell, 722.
Cooper Union, the, 200.
Corcoran, Colonel Michael, 509.
Cotton in India, 216.
Movement, the, 13.
Supply, 98.
Cumberland, the, Escape of, 575.
Curtis, Camp, Pennsylvania, 101.
DAHLGREN and his Guns, 246.
Dangerous, 273.
Daniel Webster, the, at Point Isabel, 226.
Davis and Stephens, Messrs., 495.
Davis, Jefferson, 125.
His Inaugural, 135.
Inauguration of, 150.
Message of, 306, 771.
Re-election of, 755.
Speech of, 774.
Davis, Jefferson, the Privateer, 407, 563.
Day's Ride (a) of Love, by CHARLES LEVER, 26, 42, 62, 78, 94, 110, 126, 142, 158, 174, 187, 197, 213.
Delafield, Colonel, a Correction, 878.
Delaware Legislature, 23.
Deserter Johnson, the, Execution of, 857.
Disappointment of Mrs. Trulkers, the, 723.
Dougherty, Colonel, 704.
Douglas, Stephen A., 331.
Last Words of, 387.
Lying in State, 369.
Dranmer at Moultrie, the, 138.
Du Chaillu, M., about, 770.
In London, 215.
Dug Springs, Missouri, Battle of, 625.
Dupont, S. F., 705.
Duryea (Colonel) Zouaves, 253.
ELLSWORTH, Colonel, 289.
The Murder of, 337, 369.
Ellsworth's Five Zouaves, 311.
Enchantress, the, Privateering of, 222.
End and the Way, the, 802.
ENGLAND:—
And Mexico, 627, 675, 771.
And the Rebellion, 339, 384, 387, 570.
Anderson's Case, 87.
British Fleet, 251.
Brougham on John Brown, 71.
Bull Run, 547.
Changes in the Ministry, 331.
C. M. Clay's Letter, 371.
Cotton, 39, 531, 579, 659.
Cotton Panic, 103.
Death of the Duchess of Kent, 231.
Lord Campbell, 451.
Sutherland, 199.
Encounter with a Lion, 71.
First Steel-Railway Rail, 547.
Hostility of, 883.
How to keep Sunlight, 886.
Kossuth, 247.
Lincoln's Message, 511.
Loss of the *Middlesex*, 247.
Mason and Slidell Affair, 853.
Morrill Tariff, 315.
Mortara Case, 55.
Mr. Adams, 377.
Mr. Gregory on the War, 419.
Mr. Train, 383.
Nashville, the, 893.
Our Blockade, 199.
Our Loan, 547.
Palmerston's View, 71, 247, 771.
Paying the Piper, 674.
Privateering, 895, 643.
Proclamation, 355.
Queen's Proclamation, the, 819.
Result on the War, 387.
Steam to the South, 207.
Sympathy, 151.
Sympathy with the South, 291.
The Queen's Speech, 125.
The Slave Trade, 193.
The *Trent* Affair, 819.
Troops for Canada, 401, 593, 611.
Views of Secession, 119, 247.
Yelverton Case, 199, 221.
Ericsson Steel-plated Battery, the, 806.
European Opinion upon our Troubles, 130.
FAIR at New York for the Poor, 877.
Faithful Wife, a, 805.
Fall's Church, Virginia, 490.
Family at Fonhouse, the, 77.
Famishing Wolves, 667.
Fan, the, 73.
Fanny, the United States Gunboat, Capture of, 643.
Farnham, Ralph, Death of, 52.
Farnham, Paris, 193.
Faulkner, C. J., Arrest of, 631.
Few Figures, a, 290.
Finances, our, 802.
Fire-arms, concerning, 408, 510.
First Victim of the War, the, 34.
Fisheries, the, of North Carolina, 6 0.
Fleet, the United States, off Pickens, 244.
Florida Convention, 23.
Secession of, 55.
Tragedy in, 199.
Floyd, Indictment against, quashed, 199.
Resignation of, 23.
Foraging Party, Return of a, 819.
Foreign Commissioners of the United States, 62.
Relations, our, 699.
Foster, Colonel J. G., 84.
FRANCE:—
And Mexico, 723.
Bread Troubles, 6'1.
Cotton in Algeria, 71.
Count de Morny, 39.
Death of M. Scribe, 183.
Eastern Question, 55.
Emperor, the, on Disunion, 71, 733.
Emperor's Speech, 195, 247.
Enginia, 199.
French Officers, 699.
Italian Question, 231, 435, 467.
M. Mires, 167, 214, 231, 275.
Morrill Tariff, 199, 315.
Neutrality of, 439.
Occupation of Syria, 271.
Opinion on Secession, 39.
Opinion on the *Trent* Affair, 819.
Our Pictures, 643.
Patterson Case, 163, 119, 135, 167, 231, 467.
Preparations, 903.
Session Flags, 325.
Speech of Prince Napoleon, 220.
The Pope, 503, 691.
Union Meeting, 387.
Visit to Algeria, 723.
Fraud attempted, a, 194.
Fremont at St. Louis, 553, 553.
Removal of, 723, 739.
Take the Field, 647.
Fremont's Body-Guard, 694.
Proclamation, 573.
Frost Pictures, 129.
Fugitive Slaves Law in Canada, 82.
GAINES Case, the, 183, 295.
Galveston, Texas, Bombardment of, 653.
Galway Steamers, the, 93.
Garibaldi Guard, the, 253.
Garnett, General, Death of, 467, 484.
Geary's (Colonel) Territory, 703.
Generals, our new, 515.
Rebel, 515.
Georgia Delegation in Congress, 2.
Forts seized, 22.
Secession Act, 55, 70.
Ghosts and Apparitions, 699.
Gilman, Lieutenant, 125.
Gore, Mrs. C. A., Death of, 135.
Gray Woman, the, 58, 74, 90.
Great Eastern, the, Accident to, 643, 670.
In the Storm, 674.
GREAT EXPECTATIONS, by CHARLES DICKENS, 5, 21, 46, 61, 85, 101, 117, 133, 149, 173, 181, 205, 213, 229, 253, 269, 285, 301, 318, 334, 350, 366, 382, 398, 414, 430, 446, 462, 478, 494.
Great House on the Shore, the, 762.
Greble, Lieutenant, the late, 413.
Grow, Galusha A., 463.
Gulf, the, Operations in, 643.
Gunboats, the new, 595.
Being built at Carondelet, Missouri, 630.

Guthrie Grays, the, 659.
Gwyndotte, Virginia, Flight at, 739.
Gwin, Senator, Arrest of, 750.

Hagerstown, Maryland, 455.
Halleck, General H. W., 704.
  Order of, 803.
Hampton, Virginia, Burning of, 831, 854.
Harper's Ferry, Attack at, 429.
  Evacuation of, 403, 427, 455.
  Occupation of, 419.
  Rebel Army at, 406.
  Flag at, 522.
Hatteras Forts, Capture of, 578, 595.
  The Storm at, 129.
Have we an Army? 502.
Hayes, Dr., Return of, 675.
Health of the Soldier, Rules for, 542.
High Treason, 56.
Hilton Head, Affairs at, 711.
  Our Army at, 776.
Hoke's Run, the Battle at, 671.
Houston, Sam, 58.
  For the Union, 55.
Humors of the Day, 5, 19, 35, 51, 67, 83, 99, 115, 131, 147, 163, 179, 195, 211, 227, 243, 259, 275, 291, 307, 323, 339, 355, 370, 387, 403, 419, 435, 451, 467, 483, 500, 515, 531, 547, 563, 579, 595, 611, 627, 643, 659, 675, 691, 714, 723, 739, 755, 771, 787, 803, 819.
Hundred and first French Regiment, the, 536.
Hunter, Colonel, United States Army, 509.
  General, 748.

In a Slough on the Prairie, 42.
Inauguration, the, 165.
  Ball, 71, 166.
Indiana Troops, the Eleventh, 463.
Infernal Machine, an, 47.
In Peril under Ground, 246.
Institutions, our, on their Trial, 482.
Interior Department, Robbery in the, 7.
Iowa Volunteers, 603.
Iron-clad Gunboat, the new, 670.
Italy:
  Affairs in, 71, 870, 505, 627.
  Death of Cavour, 403.
  Flight of the King of, 167.
  Garibaldi, 7, 25, 260, 263, 291, 307, 643.
  Miss Homer, 679.
  Parliament, 247, 275.
  Protestantism in, 183.
  Sale of Venice, 55.
  Siege of Gaeta, 39, 85, 103, 119, 135, 151.
    Messina, 247.
  The Pope, 215, 231, 263.

Jamestown, the, at Fernandina, 614.
Jamieson, D. F., 78.
Japan, Murder of Mr. Heastren in, 247.
Java, great Flood in, 191.
Jefferson, Fort (Tortugas), 122.
John Bull on the Rampage, 838.
John Davis, 538.
Johnston, General Albert S., 612.
  Joseph E., 436.

Kansas, Admission of, 87.
Kelly, Brigadier General, 732.
Kentucky, Anderson's Proclamation to, 627.
  Election, the, 419, 503.
  For the Union, 74.
  Governor's Message, the, 55.
  Legislature, 353.
  Letter of Critchenden, 103.
  Loyal, 611.
  Neutrality of, 419.
  Our Map of, 671.
  The War in, 627, 647, 659, 675, 723, 739, 743, 755.
Knipe, Major, Winging a Secessionist, 462.

Ladies' own Dream-Book, the, 581.
Lady Scamer's Escape, a Love Story, 37.
Lafayette, Fort, 671.
Lancaster, Fort, 182.
Lane, General Jim, and his Army, 738.
Leaders of the Nation, the, 474.
Lee, General Robert E., 541.
Leesburg, Virginia, Earthworks near, 650.
  The Advance upon, 736.
Lesson of Defeat, the, 699.
Lexington, Missouri, Fall of, 627.
Liberty of Speech, 546.
Lincoln, Abraham, and the Southerners, 71.
  At the Astor House, 130.
  President, 366.
  Raising a Flag at Philadelphia, 146.
Lincoln's first Levee, 183.
  First public Letter, 103.
  Flight to Washington, 151.
  Inaugural Address, 166.
  Message, 461, 787.
  Position, 1, 87.
  Proclamation, 291, 307, 547.
    Speech, 135, 135.
Little Rock Arsenal, 155.
Loan, the new, 71.
  The national, 594.
Lolo Mentez, Death of, 71.
Long Bridge over the Potomac, 317.
Look after Brown, 250.
Lost, 337.
Lou and the Lieutenant, 683.
Louisiana, Legislature of, 71.
  Secession of, 71, 87.
Louvre, Clemence, the, 471.
Lovell, General Charles S., 487, 503, 519, 535, 551, 567, 583, 599, 615, 631, 647, 663, 679, 695, 711, 727, 743, 759, 775, 791, 807, 823.
Lover's Sacrifice, the, 170.
Lyon, General Nathaniel, 434.
  Proclamation of, 419.
Lyons, Lord, Letter of, to Seward, 691.
Lytton, Sir Edward Bulwer, 407.

McClellan, General George B., 487.
  And Staff, 535.
  On the Sabbath, 595.
  Ovation to, 107.
  Speech of, 611, 723.
  Proclamation of, 371.
McClure's Body-Guard, 637.
  Orders, 515, 723.
McCulloch, General Ben, 671.
McDowell, General Irvin, 516.
McHenry, Fort, and Marshal Kane, 436.
McRae, Fort, 242.
Magrath, Judge, 54.
Maid of the Mist, the, shooting the Rapids, 380.
Mahrattor Day, the, 273.
Mallory, Stephen M., 541.
Manassas, the Army at, 771.
  The Battle at Battery at, 687.
Mansfield, General J. K. F., 516.
Maps, our new, 503.
Martinsburg, Virginia, Battle of, 451.
  Destruction of Locomotive at, 471.
Maryland, 6, 23, 79.
Mason and Slidell, Capture of, 715.
  Escape of, 723.
  In Fort Warren, 771.
Massachusetts Banks, 23.
  Fourteenth Regiment, the, 554.
Mazzd Fiddler, the, 141.
Mennonites, C. S., 341.
Men-of-War, the, in New York Harbor, 630.
Merchant Vessels for the Navy, 771.
Merrimac, the Rebel Steamer, 699.
Message from the Sea, a, by Charles Dickens, 7.
Metropolitan Crowds, 130.
Mexico, 39, 55, 107, 199, 255.
  The Fleet against, 807.
Michigan, Legislature of, 23, 103.
Milwaukie, Riot at, 419.
Ministers, our Foreign, 199, 286.
Mission of the Negro, the, 242.
Mississippi Delegation in Congress, 66.
  Ordinance of Secession, 54.
  Reign of Terror in, 23.
  River, Engagement on the, 691.
    Stoppage of the, 55, 71.
Missouri, Action of, 55.
  Emancipation in, 611.
  Fall of Lexington, 627.
  For the Union, 23.
  Governor Gamble of, 547.
  Outrage in, 503.
  The War in, 323, 355, 403, 421, 483, 623, 633, 646, 655, 665, 675, 691, 711, 723, 729, 735, 771, 787, 803, 819.
Hundred and first French Regiment, the, 536.
Hunter, Colonel, United States Army, 509.
  General, 748.

In a Slough on the Prairie, 42.
Inauguration, the, 165.
  Ball, 71, 166.
Indiana Troops, the Eleventh, 463.
Infernal Machine, an, 47.
In Peril under Ground, 246.
Institutions, our, on their Trial, 482.
Interior Department, Robbery in the, 7.
Iowa Volunteers, 603.
Iron-clad Gunboat, the new, 670.
Italy:
  Affairs in, 71, 870, 505, 627.
  Death of Cavour, 403.
  Flight of the King of, 167.
  Garibaldi, 7, 25, 260, 263, 291, 307, 643.
  Miss Homer, 679.
  Parliament, 247, 275.
  Protestantism in, 183.
  Sale of Venice, 55.
  Siege of Gaeta, 39, 85, 103, 119, 135, 151.
    Messina, 247.
  The Pope, 215, 231, 263.

Jamestown, the, at Fernandina, 614.
Jamieson, D. F., 78.
Japan, Murder of Mr. Heastren in, 247.
Java, great Flood in, 191.
Jefferson, Fort (Tortugas), 122.
John Bull on the Rampage, 838.
John Davis, 538.
Johnston, General Albert S., 612.
  Joseph E., 436.

Kansas, Admission of, 87.
Kelly, Brigadier General, 732.
Kentucky, Anderson's Proclamation to, 627.
  Election, the, 419, 503.
  For the Union, 74.
  Governor's Message, the, 55.
  Legislature, 353.
  Letter of Critchenden, 103.
  Loyal, 611.
  Neutrality of, 419.
  Our Map of, 671.
  The War in, 627, 647, 659, 675, 723, 739, 743, 755.
Knipe, Major, Winging a Secessionist, 462.

Ladies' own Dream-Book, the, 581.
Lady Scamer's Escape, a Love Story, 37.
Lafayette, Fort, 671.
Lancaster, Fort, 182.
Lane, General Jim, and his Army, 738.
Leaders of the Nation, the, 474.
Lee, General Robert E., 541.
Leesburg, Virginia, Earthworks near, 650.
  The Advance upon, 736.
Lesson of Defeat, the, 699.
Lexington, Missouri, Fall of, 627.
Liberty of Speech, 546.
Lincoln, Abraham, and the Southerners, 71.
  At the Astor House, 130.
  President, 366.
  Raising a Flag at Philadelphia, 146.
Lincoln's first Levee, 183.
  First public Letter, 103.
  Flight to Washington, 151.
  Inaugural Address, 166.
  Message, 461, 787.
  Position, 1, 87.
  Proclamation, 291, 307, 547.
    Speech, 135, 135.
Little Rock Arsenal, 155.
Loan, the new, 71.
  The national, 594.
Lolo Mentez, Death of, 71.
Long Bridge over the Potomac, 317.
Look after Brown, 250.
Lost, 337.
Lou and the Lieutenant, 683.
Louisiana, Legislature of, 71.
  Secession of, 71, 87.
Louvre, Clemence, the, 471.
Lovell, General Charles S., 487, 503, 519, 535, 551, 567, 583, 599, 615, 631, 647, 663, 679, 695, 711, 727, 743, 759, 775, 791, 807, 823.
Lover's Sacrifice, the, 170.
Lyon, General Nathaniel, 434.
  Proclamation of, 419.
Lyons, Lord, Letter of, to Seward, 691.
Lytton, Sir Edward Bulwer, 407.

McClellan, General George B., 487.
  And Staff, 535.
  On the Sabbath, 595.
  Ovation to, 107.
  Speech of, 611, 723.
  Proclamation of, 371.
McClure's Body-Guard, 637.
  Orders, 515, 723.
McCulloch, General Ben, 671.
McDowell, General Irvin, 516.
McHenry, Fort, and Marshal Kane, 436.
McRae, Fort, 242.
Magrath, Judge, 54.
Maid of the Mist, the, shooting the Rapids, 380.
Mahrattor Day, the, 273.
Mallory, Stephen M., 541.
Manassas, the Army at, 771.
  The Battle at Battery at, 687.
Mansfield, General J. K. F., 516.
Maps, our new, 503.
Martinsburg, Virginia, Battle of, 451.
  Destruction of Locomotive at, 471.
Maryland, 6, 23, 79.
Mason and Slidell, Capture of, 715.
  Escape of, 723.
  In Fort Warren, 771.
Massachusetts Banks, 23.
  Fourteenth Regiment, the, 554.
Mazzd Fiddler, the, 141.
Mennonites, C. S., 341.
Men-of-War, the, in New York Harbor, 630.
Merchant Vessels for the Navy, 771.
Merrimac, the Rebel Steamer, 699.
Message from the Sea, a, by Charles Dickens, 7.
Mississippi, Delegation in Congress, 66.
  Ordinance of Secession, 54.
  Reign of Terror in, 23.
  River, Engagement on the, 691.
    Stoppage of the, 55, 71.
Missouri, Action of, 55.
  Emancipation in, 611.
  Fall of Lexington, 627.
  For the Union, 23.
  Governor Gamble of, 547.
  Outrage in, 503.
  The War in, 323, 355, 403, 421, 483, 623, 633, 646, 655, 665, 675, 691, 711, 723, 729, 735, 771, 787, 803, 819.
Monroe, Fort, 39.
  Our Army at, 412.
  Our Pictures of, 305.
  The Fourth at, 471.
  Fortress, 70.
Montgomery, Alabama, City of, 80, 341.
Moody, Boss on the Mississippi, 827.
Motley's History in Libraries, 414.
Moultrie, Fort, 50.
Mulligan, Colonel James A., 659.
Munson's Hill, Virginia, 675.
Murray, Rev. Nicholas, 117.
Mutineers, the Fate of, 603.
My Aunt Marcia, 138.
My Father's Home, 186.

Napoleon, Prince, at Madame, 581.
  At Washington, 515, 529.
Napoleon's (Prince) Yacht, 523.
Narrow Escape, a, 615.
Nashville, the, Escape of, 691.
National Ensign, the, 787.
Naval Expedition, Departure of the, from Annapolis, 714.
  Soldier at Night, 712.
  The great, 690, 724, 729.
Navy, Secretary's Report, 691, 787, 803.
Nelson, General, 799.
New Hampshire Election, 183.
New Jersey for the War, 307.
New Orleans, Battle of, 41.
  Condition of, 675, 719, 729.
  Cotton at, 758.
  Custom-House, Mint, etc., 119.
  Seizure of the Hospital at, 87.
  Views in, 190.
Newport News, 382.
New York City, Trade and Prospects of, 84.
New York Democratic Convention, 503.
  Election, 729.
  Gn Buchanan's Message, 29.
  Republican Convention, 611.
  What she is doing, 275.
Niagara, the, at Jeddah, 84.
Norfolk, Flight at, 339.
  Navy Yard, 484.
  Destruction of, 575, 594.
North Britton, the, Loss of, 595.
North Carolina, the Fisheries of, 620.
  For the Union, 771.

Ohio and Mississippi Railroad, Accident on, 650.
  Vallandigham, Grave of, 487.
Old Indian Agency at Des Moines, 84.
  Man and his Son, the, 76.
  Sea-King, the (18 Illustrations), 64.
  Tyben, 830.
Onderdonk, Bishop, Death of, 307.
Opdyke, Hon. George, 803.

Pacific Telegraph, the, 719.
Pahaski, Kentucky, 685.
Page, the Rebel Steamer, 630.
Parcel of Poachers, a, 251.
Parish Clerk's Story, the, 189.
Parson's Daughter of Odney Colne, the, 502.
Patriotism, 190.
Patterson, Major General, 461.
  Miss, 149.
Paul Lee's Wife, 234.
Paul Revere's Choice, 178.
Peace Conference, the, 103.
Pegram, Colonel, Surrender of, 467.
Pekin, Fall of, 2.
Pensacola, Bombardment of, 771.
  Forts, Guns in the, 161.
  Harbor of, 89.
Pennsylvania, Attitude of, 307.
  Message of the Governor of, 23, 85, 247.
Philadelphia, Accident at the Continental Theatre, 623.
  National Guard, the, 554.
Philippi, the Battle of, 427.
Pickens, Fort, 123, 231.
  Rebel Force and Landing at, 237.
  Bombardment of, 871.
  Our Illustration of, 713, 873.
  Re-enforcement of, 313.
  Record, 270.
  Sally-port and front View of, 156.
Pickens, Francis W., 53.
Pickets shooting Rebel Prowlers, 389.
Pilot Knob, Missouri, Camp at, 207.
Pirates, the, 463.
Pittsburg, Excitement at, 7.
Plea for the City of New York, a, 178.
Poland, Outbreak at Warsaw, 691, 725.
Police Commissioner for Children, a, 562.
Pontoons, building, 791.
Port Royal, New York, 623.
Potomac, the, Closing of, 690.
  Flotilla, 611.
  Rebel Batteries on, 547, 699, 751.
Prentice, the Rebel Chief, 466.
Presidential Patent, a, 210.
Price, General Sterling, 643.
Principle of Centralization, the, 220.
Privateer, Conviction of a, 715.
Privateering Prospects, 39, 215.
Privateers, are they Pirates? 682.
  The Call for, 263.
Prizes of War, 339.
Proclamation of Abraham Lincoln, 253.
Progress of the Week, the, 800, 620.
Prospect, the, 794.
Prussia:
  Attempt on the King's Life, 511.
  Coronation, 723.
  Death of the King, 65.
  The new King, 87.
Public Credit, the, 626.
Pulaski, Fort, 841, 827.

Rankin's (Colonel) Lancers, 811.
Raray, Mr., in New York, 86.
Reagan, John H., 541.
Rebel Picket, Capture of a, 747.
Rebels, Life among the, 771.
  The, in Flight, 710.
Reconstruction, 140.
Red, White, and Blue, 486.
Refreshments for Volunteers in Philadelphia, 443.
Relay House Batteries, the, 546.
Remember Ramon Key, 839.
Retreat, the, 510.
Review, the, of the 17th of June, 3861, 421.
Revolution, at Charleston, the, 25.
Rhode Island Artillery landing at Washington, 516.
  What she has done, 775.
Richmond, Virginia, the Prison at, 795.
Rich Mountain, Battle of, 467.
Rifle-pit for Sentinels, 407.
Roote's Springs, Virginia, our Troops at, 471.
Romney, Battle of, 423.
Rosecrans, General William S., 850.
  In Virginia, 611, 627, 675, 723.
Rousseau, General Lovell H., 716.
Rowlesburg, Virginia, General Hill's Quarters, 487.
Run for Life, a, 629.
Runyon, Fort, Virginia, 767.
Russell, William H., a Card from, 338.
  Sketch of, 686.
Russia:
  Disturbances at Warsaw, 815, 276, 291.
  Emancipation in, 947.
  Emperor of, to the Poles, 224.
  Letter from the Czar of, 595.

Sabine, the United States Frigate, 164.
Sac Domingo, 231, 547, 831.
Santa Rosa Island, the Attack on, 675, 781.
Savannah, Georgia, Panic in, 726.
  Sale of New York Ships in, 183.
Savannah, the Privateer, 406.
Trial of the Crew of, 811.
Saving a Patient, 760.
Scott, General Winfield, a Letter from, 231.
  Retirement of, 721, 722, 723.
Camp, Flemyvinaha, 831.
The Masses, 483.
Scouting Party, a, 193.
Seat of the War, Map of the, 369.
Secession, the Right of, 345.
Serrell, Mr., Arrest of, 547.
Session, the Extra, 418.
Seventh Regiment marching to Annapolis, 817.
Seward, William H., 710.
  Circular of, to Governors, 691.
  Letter of, to Governor Hicks, 375.
  Mr. Dayton, 307.
  On Confiscation, 627.
  Russell, LL.D., 627.
  Secession, 7.
  Treason, 339.
  To Lord Lyons, 691.
  Southern Commissioners, 263.
Sharpshooters, the New Hampshire, 636.
Shooting Rebel Prowlers, 389.
Shot-proof iron Steam-ships, 92.
Sickles' Brigade, Troops for, 740.
Siegel, General Franz, 540.
Signs of the Times, the, 466.
Sixty-ninth Regiment, Charge of the, 573.
Slave Auction at the South, a, 447.
Slave-hunters in Trouble, 132.
Slavery and the War, 509.
  Question, the, 87.
Slaves, Fugitive, 515, 531.
  Stamp-duty of, 671.
Slemmer, Lieutenant, 123.
  Letter from, 107.
Smith, Colonel Abel, 693.
  Gustavus W., a General, 620.
  Fort, 155.
Snake Shoter, 111, 129.
South Carolina, Affairs in, 54.
  Flotilla for, 155.
  Budget of, 71.
  Cabinet, 72.
  Commissioners, 22.
  Convention, 9, 22.
  Hostilities in, 87.
  Our Map of, 741.
  Prisoners in, 5, 5.
  Stars and Stripes in, 738.
  Ultimatum of, 105.
South, Condition of the, 287.
  Real Condition of the, 83.
  Trade at the, 215.
Southern Confederacy, 125.
  Cabinet of, 107.
  Tariff of, 125, 151, 215.
  Commissioners, 215, 247, 263.
  Congress, 119, 183, 199.
  Envoys, 199.
  Forts, the, 84.
  Harbors, 681.
  Readers, to our, 232.
  Shipbuilders, 650.
  Transatlantic Steam Line, 92.
Southwest Pass, Fight at the, 719.
Spain:
  And Mexico, 653.
  Annexation of Portugal, 87.
  San Domingo, 255, 271.
  Our Rebellion, 811.
  The Queen's Proclamation, 651.
Sportsman, an American, 602.
Springfield Armory, the, 697.
  Missouri, the Battle of, 546.
Star of the West, firing on the, 54.
Stay Laws, 88.
Steer Northwest, 253.
Stephens, Alexander H., 125.
  Re-election of, 155.
Stevens's Bomb-proof floating Battery, 834, 443.
St. Lawrence, the, sinking the *Petrel*, 538.
St. Louis, Arrival of Indiana Troops at, 582.
  Seizures at, 339.
  The Flight at, 340.
  Tragedy in, 232.
Stone Fleet, the, 771.
Story of my Life, the, 255.
Strange Story, a, by Sir E. Bulwer Lytton, 407, 598, 542, 558, 574, 590, 606, 622, 638, 654, 670, 686, 702, 714, 734, 746, 766, 782, 794, 810, 826.
Stringham, Commodore Silas H., 636.
Strong's (Captain) Adventure, 610.
Sturgis, General S. D., 642.
Success and Failure, 763.
Sugar Question, the, 114.
Summerville, Virginia, the Flight at, 580.
Sumter, Fort, Bombardment of, 87.
  Funeral for the Surrender of, 103.
  Description of, 49.
  Evacuation of, 215.
  Good-by to, 116.
  Officers' Quarters at, 116.
  Scene at, 20.
  Shot fired at, 183.
  The Prayer at, 49.
Sumter, the Rebel Ship of War, 398, 467, 547, 563, 675.
Swearing in Volunteers, 327.
Switzerland, Accident in Berne, 218.
Syria, Outrage on Americans in, 151, 215, 247.

Talk he told the Marines, the, 760.
Taylor, Fort, Key West, 199.
  Rev. Joshua, Death of, 915.
Tennessee, Affairs in, 579, 725, 765.
  The Election of, 435.
Test Question for Lincoln, a, 402.
Texas, Bombardment of Galveston, 503.
  Capture of Federals in, 239.
  For Secession, 1.
  Legislature of, 87.
  Rebel Invasion to, 351.
  Secession of, 103.
  The Forts in, 113.
Three Stories, 613.
Toombs, Robert, 541.
Treason, the Law of, 55.
  Of the Cabinet, 71.
Treasury, the Secretary's Report, 451.
Tribune, the, on Mr. Russell, 482.
Trimming the Church, 75.
Troops, our, how they are Fed, 699.
Tuberose, the, a Story of the War, 731.
Turkey:
  Constantinople, 87.
  Cotton in Asia, 183.
  Death of the Sultan of, 651.
Twiggs, General David E., 106.
  Dismissal of, 167.
  Surrender of, to Texans, 161.
Two Constitutions, the, 194.
Two Nights in the Senate, 562.

Ukoos, the, in the Future, 879.
Urbanna, Virginia, 771.

Vandalia, the, at Charleston, 675.
Vanderlyn, the, 164.
Vassar College, the, 202.
Vayle Vernon, Private, 698.
Vera Cruz, Naval Battery at, 484.
Vicksburg, Mississippi, 99.
Viele's Brigade, Re-enentation to, 712.
Virginia, Affairs in, 455.
  Convention, the, 247.
  Governor's Message, the, 39.
  Legislature, the, 55.
  Mountaineers, 458.
  Occupation of, 355, 371, 755.
  Scenes, our, 218.
  Secession Feeling in, 7.
    Ordinance, the, 291.
  The Advance into, 595.
  Union Convention, the, 323.
  War Proclamation, the, 307.
  Western, the Rebels in, 541.
  The War in, 636, 733.
Virginian Army, the, 443.
Volunteers, the Call for, and Replies, 263.
Yorburgh, Colonel, Funeral of, 359.

Wade, Senator, Attempt on the Life of, 23.
Walker, Leroy P., 541.
Wanted, a Maid, 99.
  A little Flock, 706.
War as a Schoolmaster, 659.
  Department, Report of the, 863.
  Illustrations, our, 371, 691.
  Map, our, 706.
  Secretary's Report, the, 451, 803.
The, 556, 778.
  Character of the, 538.
  First of the, 40.
Ward, Captain, Death of, 463.
  The late Captain, 654.
Warrington, S. J., the Schooner, 453.
Washington Arsenal, the, 174.
  Artillery at Charleston, 78.
  As a Soldier, 187.
  Burning of the Hospital at, 743.
  Chantry's Statue of, 14.
  Grand Review at, 652, 687.
  Horse Barracks at, 318.
  Marine Corps at, 561.
  Navy Yard at, 246.
  Our Army at, 435, 791, 807.
  Safety of, 291.
  The Fourth in, 479.
  Treasury Building, the, 671.
Wayne, Fort, Presentation of a Flag to the, 487.
Way to put down the Rebellion, the, 5/4.
Webster Regiment, Presentation of a Flag to the, 487.
West, Thurlow, 751.
  For Compromise, 23.
West Point Foundry, the, 630.
West, the, Great Cry of, 54.
Wheeling Convention, the, 387, 403, 418.
Whitney's Gun, the, 391.
Why the War moves slowly, 674.
Williams, General Edward C., 686.
Williamsburg, Battle of, 446, 471.
Williamsport, forcing the Potomac at, 457.
Wilson, Colonel, Wounded, 299.
Wilson's Camp on Santa Rosa Island, 687.
  Fighting Men, 251.
  Zouaves at Fort Pickens, 471.
Wilson's Zouaves, 251.
Winans, Hon. Ross, 393.
Winans's Steam Gun, 351.
Winona, the Gunboat, 619.
Wisconsin, Governor's Message, the, 55.
Withered Daisy, the, 713.
Work of a Week, the, 166.
Work of the Extra Session, the, 514.
Work's Over, 803.
Wounded, 514.

Yancey, W. L., abroad, 735.
Yelverton Case, the, 221.

POETRY.

All is Well, 445.
Alsbie White, 463.
Best, Book, Drama, 673.
Bessie's Love, a, 175.
  Soliloquy, the, 253.
Bitter Thoughts, a, 71.
Cavalier's Escape, the, 523.
Charlotte, a, 296.
Coming of the Spring, the, 234.
Darkest Hour, the, 654.
Daughters to sell, 483.
Death, Love and, 27.
  Of Ekenone, the, 63.
Died on the British Shield, 658.
Drawing-room Ballad, 659.
Drilling, 515.
Drowned at Sea, the, 199.
Effie Gordon, 378.
Elizabeth's Reply, 320.
Ellsworth—the Battle Hymn, 357.
Let us be Friends, 195.
Gandol, the, 227.
Gypsy and the Merodo, 563.
Guests at the Great Inn, 335.
Hot Cross Buns, Invasion of, 122.
Holocaust, the, 663.
Italy's Martyred Waits, 51.
Jan the Hawker, 98.
King Cole, 393.
Last Hymn, the, 252.
Last Summer Dander, the, 626.
Let us be Friends, 195.
Life Story, a, 141.
"Light of the Ribbon," 226.
Lost Jewels, 212.
Lyrical Evening, a, 413.
Midnight March, the, 338.
Moving, 275.
Murray, Rev. N.—In Memoriam, 194.
My Hero, 466.
My little Sweetheart, 372.
Northern Lights, the, 190.
Not Dead, 322.
Ode to a Bob-tailed Cat, 223.
On Guard, 562.
On her Death-bed, 523.
On the Ladies' Fund, 84.
Our Brother, 573.
Our second Year, 322.
Out on Picket, 178.
Peace, 530.
Picket-Guard, the, 766.
Picking Hops, 636.
Pretty Mabel, 651.
Ralph Farnham's last Dream, 63.
Revelation in Evening Parties, 99.
Rich Man's wife, the, 150.
Ring, the, 327.
Sailor's Bride, the, 263.
Scott, General, 303.
Seat in the Grave, the, 18.
Seventh, the, 250.
Slaughtered Innocent, the, 627.
Spider and Curse of April, the, 271.
Soldier's last Word, the, 687.
Sumter, Fort, 295.
Swift and the Mohawks, 729.
Sympathy, by a Scroll, 211.
Take Warning, 151.
Thanksgiving Thirty-four, 469.
Two Late, 73.
Ty Tacere, 530.
Town and Country, 345.
Two Furrows, the, 482.
Under the Fir-trees, 68.
Unspoken Dialogue, 190.
Up with the Flag, 469.
Volunteered, 306.
War, the, 418.
What? 63.
Why did I? Song, 46.
Wounded Soldier, the, 706.
Ye Knyghte, ye Squire, and ye Ladye, 240.
Young Wife's Song, a, 6.

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION.

VOL. V.—NO. 210.] NEW YORK, SATURDAY, JANUARY 5, 1861. [PRICE FIVE CENTS.

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the Year 1860, by Harper & Brothers, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Southern District of New York.

THE GEORGIA DELEGATION IN CONGRESS.—PHOTOGRAPHED BY BRADY.—[SEE NEXT PAGE.]

THE GEORGIA DELEGATION IN CONGRESS.

ROBERT TOOMBS, a Senator from Georgia, has already been chronicled in *Harper's Weekly* as one of the Representative Men of the Republic. Born in Wilkes County, where he now resides, on the 2d of July, 1810, he received, as he grew up, the best educational advances that the State afforded; then went to Union College, at Schenectady, New York, where he graduated; and before he had attained the legal age was admitted to practice at the bar by special statute of the Georgia Legislature. In 1837 he was elected to the Georgia House of Representatives, in which he sat (with the exception of the session of 1843) until elected to Congress in 1845. Originally a Democrat, he had turned from General Jackson after the "Force Bill," which was launched against the South Carolina nullifiers, and had joined the State Rights party of Georgia, led by Governor Troup, and known by his name. But while he admired the abstract theories of Calhoun, the young Georgian advocated that material progress, and that system of education, which has had such a wonderful effect. Taking his seat in the House of Representatives at Washington in 1845, Mr. Toombs was classed among the State Rights Whigs, but has never acknowledged fealty to either caucus or party discipline. In 1850 he joined Howell Cobb and other Democrats in the formation of the Constitutional Union Party, and the next year led off in dissolving the Whig phalanx. In 1852 he was elected to the United States Senate, where he has of late acted with the Democrats, yet ever opposed extravagance, consolidation, and humbug, and never hesitated to do what he thought right, regardless of public opinion.

ALFRED IVERSON, the other United States Senator from Georgia, was born in Burke County in that State, on the 3d of December, 1798; and after having graduated at Princeton College in 1820, commenced the practice of the law in Columbus. Taking a deep interest in political matters, he was elected for three successive terms to the State House of Representatives and then to the State Senate. On the reorganization of the Superior Court he was elected Judge for a term of three years, and then re-elected for a term of four years. In 1845 he was an elector at large on the ticket which gave the vote of the State to James K. Polk, having as a colleague Governor M'Donald (recently deceased), and as a district elector on the ticket Herschel V. Johnson, who recently run on the Presidential ticket with Judge Douglas. In 1847 he was elected, as a Democrat, a member of the Thirtieth Congress, in which Abraham Lincoln was likewise a Representative. In 1854 he was elected to the United States Senate, where he took his seat in March, 1855, and where his term will expire in March next. He has been a valuable member of the Committee on Claims, and also of the Committee on Military Affairs; but has he ever hesitated in the frank expression of his opinion, especially in the prolonged discussion on the naval retiring board, the action of which he afterward denounced in debate as "one of the most outrageous and disgraceful proceedings ever put on the records of the country." Although now a decided secessionist, he has not heretofore hesitated to express himself (in urging the increase of the army), as an advocate of the employment of force by the General Government to secure the execution of the Federal laws.

PETER E. LOVE, Representative from the First District, was born near Danbury in Georgia, on the 7th of July, 1818, and was left an orphan at an early age. Educated under the guardianship of his brother-in-law, General Eli Warner, he entered Franklin College in 1834, where he remained until 1837, when he left to commence the study of medicine. The next year he attended the lectures at Philadelphia, but not favoring the medical profession, he returned to Georgia, where he so diligently prepared himself for the bar that he was admitted to practice in 1839. In 1840 he took an active part in the Presidential election, aiding in giving the electoral vote of Georgia to General Harrison, and in 1843 he was elected Solicitor-General of the Southern Judicial Circuit, in which capacity he won high honors. In 1844 he again did yeoman's service in the Whig ranks in favor of Henry Clay, but afterward joined in the Constitutional Union movement, and in 1853 was appointed Judge of the Southern Judicial Circuit by Governor Cobb, a position which he continued to hold by repeated elections." In 1859 he was elected to the House of Representatives, and while a zealous advocate of the rights of the South, he has carefully looked after the interests of the city of Savannah, in his own district, securing the mail-service with Havana, and otherwise aiding the progress of that flourishing sea-port.

MARTIN J. CRAWFORD, of Columbus, is the efficient representative from the Second Congressional District, and the readers of *Harper's Weekly* will remember the previously published sketch of his life. Descended from the Crawfords so honorably identified with the history of Georgia, he was born in Jasper County, on the 17th of March, 1820; completed his education at the Mercer University" was admitted to the bar, and served as a member of the Georgia Legislature from 1845 to 1847; and in 1853 was elected Judge of the Superior Court for the Chattahoochee Circuit. In 1856 he was elected a member of the House in the Thirty-fourth Congress, and has since been a leading spirit among those who are opposed to extravagant expenditure as necessarily leading to a consolidation of the Federal Government. On the questions which have brought about the present crisis he has ever taken a decided stand.

THOMAS HARDEMAN, JUN., the representative from the Third or Macon District, was born in Bibb County, Georgia, on the 12th of January, 1825, and after having graduated at Emory College in 1845, engaged in mercantile pursuits, with great success. He was elected to the Georgia House of Representatives in 1850, and again in 1857, and was a State Senator in the intermediate term of 1855. In the Presidential contest of 1856 Fillmore carried the Macon District by 65 votes, and Mr. Hardeman was elected by 135 majority, after a close contest. Although he has made no public declaration of his views on the great question of the day, he is not in any wise behind his colleagues in the expression of his devotion to State Rights.

LUCIUS J. GARTRELL, the Representative from the Fourth District, was born on the 6th of June in Wilkes County, Georgia, on the 7th of January, 1821. After completing his education at Macon College, Virginia, and Franklin College, Athens, Georgia, he studied law, was admitted to the bar, and in 1843 was elected Solicitor-General of the Northern Judicial Circuit. In 1847 he resigned this position, having been elected to the State Legislature, but was re-elected in 1849, so efficiently had he before discharged his duties. In 1856 he was one of the Presidential electors who gave the vote of the State to James Buchanan; in 1857 he was elected a Representative in the Thirty-Fifth Congress; and in 1859 he was re-elected to the present Congress. An experienced and able debater, he has spoken on most of the prominent questions before the House since he has been a member, especially on the contested election cases. On the question of Southern Rights he has taken a decided stand, and has declared, that he "would nerve in a speech that—to use his own words—"the issues are fully made up, and the trial between right and wrong, justice and injustice, lawlessness and the Constitution, should be finished. He will soon be had [at the Presidential election], and I pray God that the result at the ballot-box may not be such as to force upon us again the dire necessity of appealing to the cartridge-box."

JOHN W. H. UNDERWOOD, the Representative from the Fifth District, was born in Jefferson County, Georgia, November 20, 1816. Receiving a thorough education, he studied law, and was admitted to the bar in 1839. He soon took a high stand in his profession, and in 1843 was elected by the General Assembly Judge of the Western Circuit, a position which he resigned in 1847. In 1850 he was elected a member of the Constitutional Convention, and espoused the cause of Southern Rights, siding with the late Governor M'Donald against the Union candidate, Howell Cobb, in their famous memorial struggle. Presidents Pierce and Buchanan each tendered him a judicial appointment; but he declined. In 1857 he was elected Speaker of the lower branch of the Georgia Legislature, and was chosen Speaker. In 1859 he was elected to Congress by a very large majority, and was conspicuous in his endeavors to overthrow the entire Southern vote with that of the Northern Democrats in the election of Speaker, which was known to be indicative of the future policy of the House. He ever avowed his belief that the Constitution of the United States is a compact, and that each State, as a party to the compact, is the judge of its infraction —to judge of the mode of redress.

JAMES JACKSON, who represents the Sixth, or Athens District, was born in Elbert County, in 1819, and is of that Jackson family so long and so honorably identified with the history of Georgia. After having completed his studies at Franklin College, where he graduated in 1839, he studied law, and was admitted to the bar in 1840. In 1842 he entered political life, and was elected Secretary to the State Senate. In the year 1843 in 1845 he was elected a member of the State House of Representatives; in 1849 he was elected by the Legislature Judge of the Ocmulgee Circuit, and in 1853, and again in 1857, the people re-elected him to the same position. Nominated for Congress, he resigned his judgeship, and was elected, taking his seat in December, 1859.

JOSHUA HILL, who represents the Seventh District, was born in Abbeville District, South Carolina, but removed to Georgia when a child. He though not favored with a collegiate education he was a diligent student, and in due time was admitted to the bar. Here he soon took a high position, and was honored with several local trusts; until, in 1857, he was elected by the American party to Congress, and was re-elected by the Know-Nothings as no close that he only had 139 majority, Fillmore having received at the previous Presidential election 64 majority. He is decidedly attached to national American principles, and has the moral courage to join in the discussion of slavery on the floor of the House, regarding it as a strictly *local question*, on its merits and demerits, but not as a question of the right to talk or to legislate. But he has avowed himself a Southern Rights man. "I am prepared," said he, "to defend my rights, to shield and protect, and shall be ready when the time comes, if it ever should—which God in his mercy avert!—to assert them to the utmost extreme. We shall stand prepared to take my children by the hand, and with them go into a united South—with those who are indissolubly linked with me. These are no idle enunciations. I deal not in them. They are the enunciations of my convictions, and I will deceive no man. I say to the North, before you shall succeed to power, if you do obtain the possession of the Government, you must first march over the blasted Bunker Hill; by the memories of your Pilgrim Fathers, whom I have never traduced, and never will; by the memories of the battle-fields of Concord and Lexington and Saratoga, and on the battle-fields of the South, I implore you to give up and abandon this idea, which is suicidal to the Confederacy, of restricting the institution of slavery to its present limits. What would you say in the event our country shall expand? But if you have determined to do it, if the fanaticism of your hearts never to relent, you may, and perhaps will, have the power; but whenever you seek to use it, the unhappy day will have arrived when this nation, and civilized man throughout the world, will have cause to lament the dire calamity involved in your success."

JOHN J. JONES, the Representative from the Eighth District, is the only son of Hon. Seaborn H. Jones, of Burke County, where he was born on the 19th November, 1824. After having graduated with honor at Emory College, he studied law, and was admitted to practice in 1848. After the retirement of Alexander H. Stephens he was elected as his successor, and enjoys the general esteem of his colleagues from all sections.

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

SATURDAY, JANUARY 5, 1861.

THE ABANDONMENT OF FORT MOULTRIE.

THE country is thrown into a state of great excitement by the intelligence that, on Christmas night, the gallant Major ANDERSON, commanding the United States force at FORT MOULTRIE, abandoned that fort, and removed all his command to FORT SUMTER. The guns at FORT MOULTRIE have been spiked, and the gun-carriages burned. FORT SUMTER is a work of great strength, and, with the force now in it, commanded as it is, can be held securely against any army that South Carolina can bring against it. FORT MOULTRIE, on the other hand, was a very weak position, and could not have been defended against a vigorous attack. The movement reflects the greatest credit on the judgment of Major ANDERSON, who, it seems, acted exclusively on his own responsibility in the matter, and without consultation with the Government or with General SCOTT.

Such of our readers as may wish to understand the movement are referred to the last Number of *Harper's Weekly*, in which we published a Plan of the CHARLESTON HARBOR, showing the various FORTS AND A PROFILE VIEW OF THE SAME; to No. 203, in which we gave a splendid picture of FORT MOULTRIE; and to No. 205, in which, with other CHARLESTON PICTURES, we gave FORT SUMTER.

These PICTURES, studied in connection with the news of the day, will enable readers to form an accurate idea of the important events which are now occurring at Charleston.

THE FALL OF PEKIN.

IF the public mind in this country were not so wholly engrossed with our own political troubles, the news from China, that the allied French and English have taken Pekin—would have been the chief topic of conversation ever since. We doubt whether any event of equal importance to the world at large has taken place since the Battle of Waterloo or the establishment of American Independence.

To realize its moment, people must bear in mind that nearly one third the population of the world are subjects of the Emperor of China; that these millions are generally educated, industrious, refined, and enlightened; and that if they could be pried out of the groove in which they have been running for ever so many centuries, and fairly introduced into the family of nations, the effect on the general movement of civilization and commerce would be something like what would follow the establishment of balloon-ferry between this and another of the planets in our system.

It is popularly supposed that we have intercourse with China. We have a treaty which allows us to trade at five ports. But all sailors agree that one sees a great deal more of China at any good Chinese museum than at Hong Kong, Amoy, Foo-Chow-Foo, or Shanghai. At most, if not all these places, the anchorage for ships is many miles from the town; and if it were not, the prejudices of the Chinese and municipal laws do not permit foreigners to travel through their streets. Until the recent capture of Canton it was as much as a man's life was worth to walk through the Chinese city. Mr. Fortune, who has been up to the tea districts, and Father Huc, who traversed the kingdom from Thibet, both bear witness to the imminent peril of life which awaits explorers of the Flowery Land. It always been the fixed policy of the Chinese empire to restrict their intercourse with foreigners to within the narrowest possible limits—to sell teas and silk, but to buy as few goods as possible—and to take as little at all from abroad. That policy has been in harmony with the prejudices of the Chinese people; and hence, though Chinese tea and Chinese silk have been in use in this country for a century, we know nearly as little of the standing the Chinese, and they are no nearer understanding us, than we were when the Encyclopedists painted China as the model empire.

It is probable that all this must change all this. It is not likely that the Allies will conclude a peace without securing material guarantees for the concessions they will exact from China. It is probable that they will demand the possession of some strong places in the interior, in order to protect foreigners traveling or trading. They will, of course, obtain the right of establishing embassies at Pekin, with such military force as may be necessary to guard them. New commercial treaties will doubtless be concluded, and an indemnity claimed which, for a few years, will reverse the silver tide that has so long set Asia-ward.

Of the ultimate result we can not yet speak. The empire of China is understood to be in the last stage of dissolution, and the fairest provinces to be in the hands of rebels and a prey to anarchy. The Allies may find that the capture of Pekin has devolved upon them the duty of reconstructing the government of the empire. Whether the task could be accomplished, and, if so, by what expedients and on what principles, none can yet undertake to decide. It is not likely, however, that the capture of Pekin, and the predominance of European power in China, are likely to render the ultimate settlement less advantageous than it would otherwise have been to the cause of commerce and civilization.

THE LOUNGER.

THE INVERTED YEAR.

THE year is utterly inverted—turned completely upside down. It is changed—from December, and through double windows the sitter by the fire looks out upon brown and leafless trees. But the poet reminds us, as the imagination begins to sympathize with the desolation,

> "In a drear-nighted December,
> Too happy, happy tree,
> Thy branches ne'er remember
> Their green felicity:
> The north cannot undo them,
> With a sleety whistle through them,
> Nor frozen thawings glue them
> From budding at the prime."

The trees preach patience through the long, long months in which they stand so rugged and bare. Just now the year draws to its shortest days. The bitter cold, the sleet, the storms and snow the pools. There is an unnatural brightness and silence in the woods, as in a chamber where some one died yesterday. How still the nights are! One remembers tenderly the sultry, stifling, and close nights of the summer nights—was it real? Were there sultry moonlights? Were there gurgling brooks, and rustling trees, and the voices of katydids, and crickets, and owls, and tree-toads, and the hum of insects, and lowing of cattle, and sounds of music upon oars in the waters, and the song of midnight loiterers in boats? Where are they now?

Yet as the days dwindle the dead use to the fatal season of the year, and bring back Christmas back again. They lead us to New Year's, and the kindly words of mutual greeting. In the silence of the sparkling, shining nights I listen, although we hear no sound of katydid and cricket, we may perhaps hear another music, another softer, far-off carol. "I bring you glad tidings of great joy."

And we need to hear that just now, if we can only hear it rightly, and understand that death is not peace. Men ought to be better and conciliate and entreat kindly, provided that they do it only what they honestly prefer to a present peace. There are better things than the enforced peace of a day or a year, and the permanent peace of a great principle is one of them. The builder is a fool who plasters over the crack in his wall, instead of making the wall fast. The house may hold to-day, and the wall comes down to-morrow. You may have peace with a highwayman who puts a pistol to your head if you will give him your purse. But your momentary peace is purchased at the expense of that of society.

Yet in their warmest differences of belief men angry differ from each other in certain mutual self-respect. It does not follow that men are dishonest because they are not of your opinion; and if all men were of your opinion, the moral effects of the catastrophes of difference would be often avoided. A little common sense, a little humanity infused into the management of affairs, and the world would be the gainer. There must be radical and vital differences of belief—there must be as radical and vital differences of character—but patience, forbearance, short of surrender. Then, if conciliation be clearly and confessedly impossible, agreement to differ. If that be impossible, what remains?

TRAVELING.

STEPPING from the train at Marshall, in the State of Michigan, I made a question at the office, a traveler was amused to read a notice above a blackboard, "No questions answered at the office. The latest information will be found on the bar," words to that effect; of course, "here" was a blank board, and if a traveler wanted any kind of information he must go elsewhere. Well, on reaching the depths of his interior consciousness, for there were "no questions answered at the office."

Some time since a gentleman at the West wrote to the Lounger to complain of some strictures upon the manners of railway officers made by another correspondent. He said very justly that the ticket-collector was the best helpless victim for any one and fool who wished to vent endless silly questions. A man will ask him what time it is with a view to getting a reply for his watch or clock. He is, of course, trying; but it is certainly better to endure the idle talker than to snub the sincere inquirer. No one ought any man to erect an exception into a rule; but rough, short treatment is, at least, frequent treatment upon our railroads.

Here is a letter from another traveler who has had experiences:

> "I have been under a necessity to travel in the character of a feeble and crippled man, and I am going to tell you of some of the annoyances that you or I may be the better prepared to rebuke the all-pervading indifference to the wants of unfortunate which characterizes our present wholesale arrangements for travel.
>
> "My wife, worn-out with nursing me, had gone on before to Boston. I came by the 'Old Colony Road.' It was fair when I started, but raining when the train stopped. A high-bred fence on each side. Perhaps I was in a comfortable state: I know that I had been for an hour breathing with difficulty the nasty, stinking, sulphury, smoky, dusty, and feculent atmosphere of the car, and I can not answer for my senses under such circumstances. I did not know, and was not informed, that we had arrived

near Boston. Men got up and left the car one after another as they do when any thing has happened. I kept my seat until the train was boxed at each side as was men do and then all rose simultaneously, and picking up their parcels, followed them. Then I thought it will be prudent for me to take look out at my rate: so I took up little son to stay with the shawls and beg until I came for him.

"I found we were outside a large shed, which was no doubt the Boston station, and as there was too much weight for we to carry, I let myself down from the top of the car and hobbled into the station. Being a little bad some difficulty in getting a carriage: before I had got one, the train with my boy had gone back—body to tell me where I was. I at length saw a man with a parcel of baggage-check in his hand, and succeeded in arresting him. I told him my trouble. 'Your boy in it? Why didn't he get out? I can't help it,' and he hurried away from me. I went to my driver and begged his assistance. 'I don't know any thing about it; I don't belong here.' 'But don't you know where to go to get some information about that train?' 'No, I don't.' 'Is there no one here who can help me?' 'I don't see anybody that can.' 'Don't you know; I don't belong here.' 'Is there any one who does belong here?' I again went of the Company to whom I am apply?' 'Don't know.' 'Haven't you an office here in Boston?' 'Yes; but there ain't none of 'em about here.' 'Will you kindly give me your name while I search for something?' 'Well, I don't went to leave my horses very long.' However, he went with me, and, after searching for some time, I opened a door and found myself in a large room, where were several men lounging. 'Is there any one here who has any authority, or position, or to whom I can apply for information?' 'Yes, Sir,' answered one: 'what do you want?' I told him what had occurred. 'Why didn't you look out better—not to him in the car?' I was at a little enraged at this, and replied with some obvious indignation: 'upon what principle am I to open the door and said he would fetch the boy. As I had told my son not to move till I came for him, I thought it necessary to go with the man: he walked rapidly, and, as my driver had gone back to his horses, I hobbled after him the best I could: first, over a couple of hundred feet of platform, and then in the dingy station: then after a long step down through mud and water, between rails on which, each way, were locomotives ringing and whistling, backing and going, for or three hundred feet more, to a car-house where I found a man lifting my boy on his shoulder to bring him to me.

"A QUIET MAN."

FEAR.

TURNING over Hildreth's "History of the United States" the other day, the Lounger found an extract from the old *Aurora*, which shows how high and hot party-spirit ran in the old days. They were not, apparently, Billingsgate, even in times of Washington and Jefferson and Hamilton. It is inevitable that we should think otherwise, of course. Nothing is natural than that we should so suppose our own troubles to be the most annoying that ever were. But in the height of our bitter debate we may console ourselves that we are the children of men who had a hard path to travel—who saw it, and were not afraid.

Then, under all circumstances, however sunny, it is so much better to look every thing squarely in the face than to try to forget that there is any thing to look at. If there is a frightful spectre in the path, the way is to go straight up to it and take hold of it. Many an awful ghost turns out to be a shy "non a clothes' line. The ostrich method of sticking the head in the sand for a little while, but not wise, not ultimately practicable. To drift and lurch along in a fearful uncertainty is as stupid as it is dangerous. If your children there is burglar in the house, either go down and dispute the spoons with him, or else turn over and go to sleep, and execrate the spoons. It is infinite folly to pretend that you don't know that there you are not only robbed but craven. You may wisely decide that you had rather let him put your silver into his bag than his lead into your body; but then say so, frankly, and declare in the distinctest words to the partner of your slumbers, "My dear, I'd much rather lose my silver than my life."

There is no fear so abject as the fear of being afraid. Cowardice is a man who is afraid to be afraid? Sailors, it seems, always laugh at us landsmen for puffing and swelling so tremendously about never fearing any thing. Their whole life is led upon the dizzy edge of peril. They look quietly at things that would make most of us blench and chatter. But they are not ashamed to say that they are afraid. They do the thing; oh! yes; but that is a very different thing. You remember the two soldiers at Waterloo. They were both standing quietly in the square upon which the fury of the battle was breaking. "Faith," says one to the other, "I believe you are afraid." "Pooh!" was the reply, "if you were half as much afraid as I am you would run away."

On the other hand, Montaigne says that the thing he is most afraid of in the world is fear. But to that there is the exquisite reply of Jean Paul in "Schmelzle's Journey to Flaetz," "I should fear again that I did not sufficiently fear fear, but continued too much." If you do not know that story, and wish to enjoy one of the bits of purest humor, find it and read it in Carlyle's translation.

For the rest, as the old essayists say, and when you have been conning them over, you find a fine flavor, as when you come out of the spice-shop you smell of cinnamon and cloves—for the rest, nothing is more dangerous than a temporary danger or conceiving your own cowardice. It by no means follows that you are afraid to do. Your duty because you are afraid to do it. Not at all. You will simply do it with a great deal of friction. That will be just the difference between you and a hero. But then did you suppose that man was a hero? If you take care to have it understood that, reward or hero, you are going to do what you think you ought to do, that is the essential point. Then everybody knows what to count upon. Then no clouds clear up. Then, if there may be peace, you see it. If there must be battle, you see that.

THE GALLANT SEVENTH.

MR. BLANCHARD JERROLD writes to the London *Chronicle* that Mr. Frank Bellew has just returned from New York to England, to suggest to the London Volunteers that it would be a polite and pretty thing to invite Brother Jonathan's pet regiment to cross the sea.

It would certainly be "a big thing" for the gentleman of the regiment to embark in an English vessel of war, and be the guests of the gentlemen volunteers of London town, who are understood to be somewhat different from the crack regiment of Dutch John Gilpin, that citizen of credit and renown, was eke Captain. It would be a charming business to arrive, say in the month of May, when the world is in town; when the flower-shows are in full blossom; when breakfasts, collations, matinées both musical and dancing, dinners, operas, theatres, and balls, are without end. Then the Clubs would open their doors. Mr. Jerrold writes from the Reform Club, that the palaces would be opened for the gallant Seventh, as I had opened some years since, for a banquet to the gallant Ibrahim Pacha.

The visit would be a feast, a triumph, an ovation. It would be an acknowledgment, doubtless, of the courteous welcome of the Prince of Wales. Perhaps the Queen might graciously review the citizen soldiers in the Park, or invite them to a garden-fete at Windsor Castle. That redoubted old buffer (not to say it irreverently), George Third, of happy memory, who always seems like a squire-parson in *Sandford and Merton*, or to whom we apply for information? "Yes, Sir," answered one: "what do you want?" I told what had occurred. "Why didn't you look out better—not to him in the car?" I was a little enraged at this, and replied with some obvious indignation: 'upon what principle am I to open the door and said he would fetch the boy. As I had told my son not to move till I came for him, I thought it necessary to go with the man: he walked rapidly, and, as my driver had gone back to his horses, I hobbled after him the best I could: first, over a couple of hundred feet of platform, and then in the dingy station: then after a long step down through mud and water, between rails on which, each way, were locomotives ringing and whistling, backing and going, for or three hundred feet more, to a car-house where I found a man lifting my boy on his shoulder to bring him to me.

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For the rest, as the old essayists say, and when you have been conning them over, you find a fine flavor, as when you come out of the spice-shop you smell of cinnamon and cloves—for the rest, nothing is more dangerous than a temporary danger or conceiving your own cowardice. It by no means follows that you are afraid to do. Your duty because you are afraid to do it. Not at all. You will simply do it with a great deal of friction. That will be just the difference between you and a hero. But then did you suppose that man was a hero? If you take care to have it understood that, reward or hero, you are going to do what you think you ought to do, that is the essential point. Then everybody knows what to count upon. Then no clouds clear up. Then, if there may be peace, you see it. If there must be battle, you see that.

THE GALLANT SEVENTH.

MR. BLANCHARD JERROLD writes to the London *Chronicle* that Mr. Frank Bellew has just returned from New York to England, to suggest to the London Volunteers that it would be a polite and pretty thing to invite Brother Jonathan's pet regiment to cross the sea.

It would certainly be "a big thing" for the gentleman of the regiment to embark in an English vessel of war, and be the guests of the gentlemen volunteers of London town, who are understood to be somewhat different from the crack regiment of Dutch John Gilpin, that citizen of credit and renown, was eke Captain. It would be a charming business to arrive, say in the month of May, when the world is in town; when the flower-shows are in full blossom; when breakfasts, collations, matinées both musical and dancing dinners, operas, theatres, and balls, are without end. Then the Clubs would open their doors. Mr. Jerrold writes from the Reform Club, that the palaces would be opened for the gallant Seventh, as I had opened some years since, for a banquet to the gallant Ibrahim Pacha.

The visit would be a feast, a triumph, an ovation. It would be an acknowledgment, doubtless, of the courteous welcome of the Prince of Wales. Perhaps the Queen might graciously review the citizen soldiers in the Park, or invite them to a garden-fete at Windsor Castle. That redoubted old buffer (not to say it irreverently), George Third, of happy memory, who always seems like a squire-parson in *Sandford and Merton*, or to whom we apply for information? "Yes, Sir," answered one: "what do you want?" I told what had occurred. "Why didn't you look out better—not to him in the car?" I was a little enraged at this, and replied with some obvious indignation: 'upon what principle am I to open the door and said he would fetch the boy. As I had told my son not to move till I came for him, I thought it necessary to go with the man: he walked rapidly, and, as my driver had gone back to his horses, I hobbled after him the best I could: first, over a couple of hundred feet of platform, and then in the dingy station: then after a long step down through mud and water, between rails on which, each way, were locomotives ringing and whistling, backing and going, for or three hundred feet more, to a car-house where I found a man lifting my boy on his shoulder to bring him to me.

"A QUIET MAN."

NAPOLEON'S CROWN.

ONE of the surest tests of manhood is to devote yourself to a course of public policy which seems to you right, and encounter the hatred of the whole nation; to seize the power to pursue that policy, and persistently to pursue it, knowing that the results can only be evolved slowly, and that, during the evolution, you must submit to the bitter, unrelenting, even bloody opposition of the friends of the same end which you are striving and mean to serve. Cheerfully to bear the furious or broken-hearted regrets and misapprehension of friends, for years and years, is there not something heroic in that? something that requires the truest possible temper of manhood?

And is there not something of that heroism in Louis Napoleon? Is there not, at least, a partially absolute power in France, must we not honestly confess that he has seemed to consult the welfare of France as far as it is possible for man? If the Assembly in '51 had sent him to Vincennes, is it likely that France would be so internally prosperous and self-respecting as she is to-day? And if not, is the glory not fairly his?

Any friend of the Lounger who has chatted with him familiarly for two or three years upon current topics at home and abroad, will see that Louis Napoleon has not always been honored in this particular department of the World. The more liberal editorial opinion on the side of this power has ever pressed greater faith from the beginning. But the process of confession upon the part of the Lounger began some months since, and has gone back as the Italian war. Only he then insisted that there was no especial reason for believing that the Emperor had any other view but the safety of his own crown and dynasty. And not even that could he said that France seemed to have less freedom at home than she had found for other nations abroad.

Well, Louis Napoleon has not satisfied friends or doubters in the wrong again. He has sketched the plan of a constitutional participation of the people in the government. And he has left the foundation of a constitutional, not a revolutionary opposition; and in so doing, he has reproduced the essential safeguard of the British and American systems. Of course what he has done is but the beginning. But can any body study the history of his reign and not see that this object is? When he was in London in April, 1848, he was viewed as a special policeman to help protect the English system of government. And on the 24 of December, 1851, he swore himself in as special officer to establish the English system of a constitutional monarchy in France. That course he has been faithfully pursuing, under the assaults of both the friends of constitutional liberty throughout the world. Without explanation, without impatience, without complaint. And if a special officer's sympathy from the friends of popular rights, but with a shade of suspicion from crowned heads, he has been pushing steadily on. And his course has been like the boring of an Artesian well, until now he begins to strike the pure waters of popular liberty.

Is he inconsistent with his ambition, you say? Yes, but is it also inconsistent with the liberty, and dignity, and prosperity, and progress of France? If it be, then is the achievement of such objects a base ambition? Is the man who tries to France all that, a man whom France will remember with curses or with blessings?

MOB LAW.

THERE have been several symptoms of mobs recently, and the Mayor of Melville has wisely warned the citizens against giving way to such a summary and foolish remedy for any grievance whatsoever as a mob. You see it works both ways. If Tom thinks twice two are five, and Ned thinks they are four, it is very easy and convenient for Tom to bring his friends and lawl Ned down, and smash the windows, and break the seats, and howl, and throw bad eggs. It is just as easy as it is for Ned and his friends to come to-morrow and bawl you down, and smash things, and throw the eggs. A mob expresses nothing but the ungovernable rage of a few people. If, indeed, they can get such an impetus as they did seventy years ago in Paris, then you have the hideous tyranny of the reign of terror; and no conceivable Caligula or Nero is a tyrant so shameless and inhuman as a raging crowd of desperate men.

Mob rule merges in anarchy, of which the solution is a military despotism. And if not an exercise of the right of revolution, except that in this country every stroke at free speech is a blow at the essential existence of all government. The right of revolution is among the most sacred rights of communities, but the right of free speech is the most sacred attribute of society. The moment it passes into action the law properly interferes, because the right of action is subject to different conditions. But the right can not be discussed ought not to be endured. The time and the temper of discussion are matters of discretion for the speaker. He may choose a wrong time and a bad way, the results will recoil upon his cause, and alienate the public mind.

If you don't want to hear what a man has to say, you may stay at home. Your neighbor may wish to hear, and he has the same right to listen that you have not to listen. Who made you the judge of what is proper? Or suppose that you think he ought not to hear. You may reason with him as much as you will; but the moment you touch him you make his hearing you only invite him to prevent your hearing what you wish to, and you reduce society to chaos.

SEATING AT THE PARK.

WHETHER it was worth while to build a Park, used sometimes to be asked by the skeptical. But although the charm of a Park is naturally associated with grass and summer, let any doubter go to the Central Park now and be forever absolved. Whether it were desirable to open the most convenient and pleasing drive and promenade ground for children—and there were no fairer nish the loveliest rural scenery for loiterers on foot or in the saddle—whether it were a good thing to provide public places for healthy and rational recreation for a hard-worked city—these are the questions to which, at the present moment, the ringing music of ten thousand skates returns the rich reply.

There is one emotion which must always fill the mind of every honest New Yorker who thinks of the Central Park. Oh, that every institution, or but a few institutions, were managed as well as that!" The Legislative Committee of inquiry retired before it. And why not? It is not used for party purposes, but for the welfare of the public. It is the property of all, most wisely administered for the benefit of all.

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

WHY is the present Lord Mayor of London smaller than Tom Thumb?—Because he is only one Cubit (18 inches), whereas Tom Thumb is two cubits.

Unsocial old Snarl says that love is a combination of disease—an affection of the heart, and an inflammation of the brain.

A person having willfully put an end to his life by drowning in a canal, the coroner's jury returned a verdict of "Felo de se." Upon hearing it, a Frenchman exclaimed, "Ah, dat is very kind of dem, indeed."

A crooked gentleman, on his arrival at Bath, was asked by another what place he had traveled from?

"I came straight from Hunchester."

"Did you so?" said the other, "Then you have been literally warped by the way!"

A young lady who gave herself many airs, having contemplated a sojourn in France, a friend expressed a doubt whether she would succeed in talk English when she come back. "Oh," said she, "I shall not forget my power of language were," she'll never forget the vulgar tongue!"

During the residence of the Prince of Wales at Oxford it was not unusual for the undergraduates to give him a good deal of attention, with a view to future preferment. One of them, however, was distinguished by his independent spirit, when his turn came to preach the University sermon, chose the following for his text: "There is a boy here which hath five barley loaves and two small fishes, but what are they among so many?"

During the recent meeting of the Emperors at Warsaw a ballet entitled "Napoleon Bonaparte, or the Two Thieves," was being performed at the theatre; but on account of the presence of the two Emperors in the theatre at the performance, the police, to show them an attention as witty as it was delicate, caused the play-bills to be placed on the bills, for that night only, "Robert and Bertrand."

What supposed the second half of the title, namely, "The Two Thieves."

A STRANGE SALMON.—On a fishing and shooting expedition, some years since, some men were told in the evening. Shots are made, and fishing feats performed, often fabulous, occasionally of a kind seldom known at other times. On the occasion referred to, the connecting link seems extraordinary. A canny Scotchman in the corner was at length pulled out of his reverie by some one having as wonderful as the story last related, which required to be taken with a good deal of salt. "Weel, Sir," said he, "unless it was some years ago, when I was fishing in the Highlands, I never saw the like. The first thing I saw in the morning, when I looked out o' my bedroom window, was a salmon, with a fishing-rod and line, and a reel, and I'm not supposed the second half of the title, namely, "The Two Thieves."

A STRANGE SALMON.—On a fishing and shooting expedition, some years since, some men were told in the evening. Shots are made, and fishing feats performed, often fabulous, occasionally of a kind seldom known at other times. On the occasion referred to, the connecting link seems extraordinary. A canny Scotchman in the corner was at length pulled out of his reverie by some one having as wonderful as the story last related, which required to be taken with a good deal of salt. "Weel, Sir," said he, "unless it was some years ago, when I was fishing in the Highlands, I never saw the like. The first thing I saw in the morning, when I looked out o' my bedroom window, was a salmon, with a fishing-rod and line, and a reel, and I'm not so sure that he was gaun picken about the yard wi' the hens!"

AN APT REPLY.—The witty Scotch advocate, Harry Erskine, was on one occasion pleading before the House of Lords. He had occasion to speak of certain curtsies, and pronounced the word, as he always did, with the accent on the first syllable—*ce-ritors*. One of the English judges, who seems to have forgotten, could not stand this, and cried out, "We are in the habit of *saying curator* in this country." Erskine, following the analogy of the Latin language, in which, as you are aware, the penultimate is always long, replied, "Your lordship very much," was Erskine's reply. "We are weak enough in Scotland to think that in pronouncing the word *curator* we follow the analogy of the English language. But I need scarcely say that I bow with pleasure to the opinion of so learned a *senator* and so great an *orator* as your lordship."

NEVER SATISFIED.

WAITER. "Did you ever hear any thing else, Sir?"

TIMID OLD GENT (*who has all that can be wished for*). "Of course I do, waiter."

WAITER. "What is it, Sir?"

OLD GENT. "My appetite."

CONSULTATION OF PHYSICIANS.—A man much addicted to drinking became exceedingly ill with a fever. A consultation was held in his bedchamber by three physicians, how to "cure the fever and damn the thirst." "Gentlemen," said he, "I will take half the trouble off your hands. You cure the fever, and I'll abate the thirst myself."

When the late King of Denmark was visiting England he very frequently honored Sir Thomas Robinow with his company, though the knight spoke French in a very imperfect manner, and the King but very moderately knew the English tongue. One day, when Sir Thomas was in company with the late Lord Chesterfield, the honest knight of Cracow, who loved the King, and asked, "that he believed the monarch had a greater friendship for him than any man in England." "How report lies!" exclaimed Lord Chesterfield: "I heard his majesty but two days ago say, that he never met but a great deal of bad language passed between you."

A celebrated modern composer—a way in his way—recently dined at the Tuileries, and, while pacing the deck during a heavy squall, was extremely annoyed to perceive that his wife, who had arranged the lace and other finery of her dress (as he supposed) for the approaching toilette, was getting wet to the skin. "Do not!" but turning to an elderly female, who proved to be her attendant, exclaimed, "La! ma'am, you have got like *any gamecock*!" The mamma was wroth, and speedily dashed her daughter's vanity, by saying, "How is, why when you comes out a lady, can't you leave the fish at home?"

TOAST OF A SCOTCH PEER.—Lord K——, dining at Provost S——'s, and being the only peer present, one of the company gave for a toast, "The Duke of Buccleuch." As the peerage went round till it came to Lord K——, who said he would drink nothing above proof, and having tasted, was of more use than the whole. His lordship gave "The Earl of Leith."

IRISH SKILL.—Droll, though not very logical or conclusive, was the reply of the tipsy Irishman, who, on being accosted by one of the true religion of Mormon Square, was advised by a passenger to take himself home. "Ah, now, be my faith, I'm in the square. Isn't it going round and round, and when I see my own door come up, won't I pop into it in a jiffy."

A BROIL.—Lord Hertford, Mr. Croker, and Mr. James Smith were at an election contest. Croker was much annoyed carrying a boiled leg of mutton. The coffee disrupted the meat out of order, and the latter was looking at his wife with a countenance of anger and disappointment. "Why, Jem," said Croker, "what's Lord Hertford; "he does not see what an excellent broil he may have."

PARLIAMENTARY RETIREMENT.—In the reign of George the Second, one Crowle, a counsel of some eminence, made some observation which at an election contest was considered to reflect on the House itself. The House accordingly ordered him to attend, and he was sent for and received

NEW-YEAR'S EVE IN THE COUNTRY.

"HIS HAND UPON THE LATCH."

A YOUNG WIFE'S SONG.

My cottage home is fill'd with light
The long, long summer day;
But, ah! I never love the night,
And hail the sinking ray.
For eve restores me one whose smile

Doth more than morning's match—
And life afresh seems dawning while
His hand is on the latch!

When autumn fields are thick with sheaves,
And shadows earlier fall,
And grapes grow purple 'neath the eaves
Along our trellis'd wall—
I dreaming sit—the sleepy bird
Faint twittering in the thatch—
To wake to joy when soft is heard
His hand upon the latch!

In the short winter afternoon
I throw my work aside,
And through the lattice, while the moon
Shines mistily and wide,
On the dim upland paths I peer
In vain his form to catch—
I startle with delight, and hear
His hand upon the latch!

Yes; I am his in storm and shine;
For me he toils all day;
And his true heart I know is mine,
Both near me and away.
And when he leaves our garden gate
At morn, his steps I watch—
Then patiently till eve await
His hand upon the latch!

[Entered according to Act of Congress, in the Year 1860, by Harper & Brothers, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Southern District of New York.]

GREAT EXPECTATIONS.

A NOVEL.

By CHARLES DICKENS.

Splendidly Illustrated by John McLenan.

☞ Printed from the Manuscript and early Proof-sheets purchased from the Author by the Proprietors of "Harper's Weekly."

CHAPTER X.

At the appointed time I returned to Miss Havisham's, and my hesitating ring at the gate brought out Estella. She locked it after admitting me, as she had done before, and again preceded me into the dark passage where her candle stood. She took no notice of me until she had the candle in her hand, when she looked over her shoulder, superciliously saying, "You are to come this way to-day," and took me to quite another part of the house.

The passage was a long one, and seemed to pervade the whole square basement of the Manor House. We traversed but one side of the square, however, and at the end of it she stopped, and put her candle down and opened a door. Here the daylight reappeared, and I found myself in a small paved court-yard, the opposite side of which was formed by a detached dwelling-house, that looked as if it had once belonged to the manager or head clerk of the extinct brewery. There was a clock in the outer wall of this house. Like the clock in Miss Havisham's room, and like Miss Havisham's watch, it had stopped at twenty minutes to nine.

We went in at the door which stood open, and into a gloomy room with a low ceiling on the ground-floor at the back. There was some company in the room, and Estella said to me as she joined it, "You are to go and stand there, boy, till you are wanted."

"There" being the window, I crossed to it, and stood "there" in a very uncomfortable state of mind, looking out.

It opened to the ground, and looked into a most miserable corner of the neglected garden, upon a rank ruin of cabbage-stalks, and one box-tree that had been clipped round long ago, like a pudding, and had a new growth at the top of it out of shape and of a different color, as if that part of the pudding had stuck to the sauce-pan and got burned. This was my homely thought as I contemplated the box-tree. There had been some light over it overnight, and it lay nowhere else to my knowledge; but it had not entirely shed from the cold shadow of this bit of garden, and the wind caught it up in little eddies and threw it at the window, as if it pelted me for coming there.

I divined that my coming had stopped conversation in the room, and that its other occupants were looking at me: I could see nothing of the room except the shining of the fire in the window-glass, but I stiffened in all my joints with the consciousness that I was under close inspection.

There were three ladies in the room, and one gentleman. Before I had been standing at the window five minutes they somehow conveyed to me that they were all toadies and humbugs, but that each of them pretended not to know that the others were toadies and humbugs, because the admission that he or she did know it would have made him or her out to be a toady and humbug.

They all had a listless and dreary air of waiting somebody's pleasure, and the most talkative of the ladies had to speak quite a little to express a yawn. This lady, whose name was Camilla, very much reminded me of my sister, with the difference that she was older and (as I found when I caught sight of her) of a hunter cast of features. Indeed, when I knew her better, I began to think it was a Mercy she had any features at all, so very blank and high was the dead wall of her face.

"Poor dear soul!" said this lady, with an abruptness of manner quite my sister's. "No-body's enemy but his own!"

"It would be much more commendable to be somebody else's enemy," said the gentleman; "far more natural."

"Cousin John," observed another lady, "we are to love our neighbor."

"Sarah Pocket," returned Cousin John, "if a man is not his own neighbor, who is?"

Miss Pocket laughed, and Camilla laughed, and said (checking a yawn), "The idea!" But I thought they seemed to think it rather a good idea too.

The other lady, who had not spoken yet, said, gravely and emphatically, "*Very* true."

"Poor soul!" Camilla presently went on (I knew they had all been looking at me in the mean time), "he is so very strange! Would any one believe that when Tom's wife died he actually could not be induced to see the important pieces of children's having the deepest of trimmings to their mourning? Good Lord!" says he, 'Camilla, what can it signify so long as the poor bereaved little things are in black?' So like Matthew! The idea!"

"Good points in him; good points in him!" said Cousin John; "Heaven forbid I should deny good points in him! but he never had, and he never will have, any sense of the proprieties."

"You know I was obliged," said Camilla—"I was obliged to be firm. I said, 'I WILL NOT go for the credit of the family.' I told him that, without deep trimmings, the family was disgraced. I cried about it from breakfast till dinner. I impaired my digestion. And at last he flung out in his violent way, and said, with a D, 'Then do as you like!' Thank Goodness it will always be a consolation to me to know that I instantly went out in a pouring rain and bought the things."

"He paid for them, did he not?" asked Estella.

"It's not the question, my dear child, who paid for them," returned Camilla; *I* bought them. And I shall often think of that with peace when I wake up in the night."

The ringing of a distant bell, combined with the echoing of some cry or call along the passage by which I had come, interrupted the conversation, and caused Estella to say to me, "Now, boy!" On my turning round, they all looked at me with the utmost contempt, and, as I went out, I heard Sarah Pocket say, "Well! I am sure! What next?" and Camilla add, with indignation, "Was there ever such a fancy? The I—de—a!"

As we were going with our candle along the dark passage Estella stopped all of a sudden, and facing round said, in her taunting manner, with her face quite close to mine,

"Well?"

"Well, Miss?" I answered, almost falling over her, and checking myself.

She stood looking at me, and, of course, I stood looking at her.

"Am I pretty?"

"Yes; I think you are very pretty."

"Am I insulting?"

"Not so much so as you were last time," said I.

"Not so much so?"

"No."

She fired when she asked the last question, and she slapped my face with such force as she had when I answered it.

"Now?" said she, "you little coarse monster, what do you think of me now?"

"I shall not tell you."

"Because you are going to tell up stairs. Is that it?"

"No," said I, "that's not it."

"Why don't you cry again, you little wretch?"

"Because I'll never cry for you again," said I. Which was, I suppose, as false a declaration as ever was made; for I was inwardly crying for her then, and I know what I know of the pain she cost me afterward.

We went on our way up stairs after this episode; and, as we were going up, we met a gentleman coming down the way down.

"Who have we here?" asked the gentleman, stopping and looking at me.

"A boy," said Estella.

He was a burly man of an exceedingly dark complexion, with an exceedingly large head and a correspondingly large hand. He took my chin in his large hand and turned up my face to have a look at me by the light of the candle. He was prematurely bald on the top of his head, and had bushy black eyebrows that wouldn't lie down, but stood up bristling. His eyes were set very deep in his head, and were disagreeably sharp and suspicious. He had a very large watch-chain, and very strong black dots where his beard and whiskers would have been if he had let them. He was nothing to me, and I could have had no foresight then that he ever would be any thing to me, but it happened that I had this opportunity of observing him well.

"Boy of the neighborhood? Hey?" said he.

"Yes, Sir," said I.

"How do you come here?"

"Miss Havisham sent for me, Sir," I explained.

"Well! Behave yourself. I have a pretty large experience of boys, and you're a bad set of fellows. Behave yourself!" said he, biting the side of his great forefinger as he frowned at me, "you behave yourself!"

With those words he released me—which I was glad of, for his hand smelled of scented soap—and went his way down stairs. I wondered whether he could be a doctor; but no, I thought, he couldn't be a doctor, or he would have a quieter and more persuasive manner. There was not much time to consider the subject, for we were soon in Miss Havisham's room, where she and every thing else were just as I had left them. Estella left me standing near the door, and I stood there and saw Miss Havisham cast her eyes upon me from the dressing-table.

"So!" she said, without being startled or surprised; "the days have worn away, have they?"

"Yes, ma'am. To-day is—"

"There, there, there!" with the impatient movement of her fingers. "I don't want to know. Are you ready to play?"

I was obliged to answer in some confusion, "I don't think I am, ma'am."

"Not at cards again?" she demanded, with a searching look.

"Yes, ma'am; I could do that if I was wanted."

"Since this house strikes you old and grave, boy," said Miss Havisham, impatiently, "and you're unwilling to play, are you willing to work?"

I could answer this inquiry with a better heart than I had been able to find for the other proposition, and I said I was quite willing.

Then go into that opposite room, said she, pointing at the door behind me with her withered hand, "and wait there till I come."

I crossed the staircase landing, and entered the room she indicated. From that room, too, the one light was completely excluded, and it had an airless smell that was oppressive. A fire had been lately kindled in the dingy old-fashioned grate, and it was more distressed to see that than to burn up, and the reluctant smoke which hung in the room seemed colder than the clearer air—like our own marsh mist. Certain withery branches of candles on the high chimney-piece faintly lighted the chamber; or it would be more expressive to say faintly disturbed and troubled its darkness. It was spacious, and I dare say had once been handsome, but every discernible thing in it was covered with dust and mould and dropping to pieces. The most prominent object was a long table with a table-cloth spread on it, as if a feast had been in preparation when the house and the clocks all stopped together. An epergne or centre-piece of some kind was in the middle of this cloth; it was so heavily overlaid with cobwebs that its form was quite undistinguishable, and as I looked along the yellow expanse out of which I remember its seeming to grow like a black fungus, I saw speckled-legged spiders with blochy bodies running home to it, and running out from it, as if some circumference of the greatest public importance had just transpired in the spider community.

I heard the mice too rustling behind the panels, as if the same occurrence were important to their interests. But the black beetles took no notice of the agitation, and groped about the hearth in a ponderous elderly way, as if they were short-sighted and hard of hearing, and not on terms with one another.

These crawling things had fascinated my attention and I was watching them from a distance, when Miss Havisham laid a hand upon my shoulder. In her other hand she had a crutch-headed stick on which she leaned, and she looked like the Witch of the place.

"This," said she, pointing to the long table with her stick, "is where I will be laid when I am dead. They shall come and look at me here."

With some vague misgiving that she might get upon the table then and there and die at once, the complete realization of the ghastly waxwork at the Fair, I shrank under her touch.

"What do you think that is?" she asked me, again pointing with her stick; "that, where those cobwebs are?"

"I can't guess what it is, ma'am."

"It's a great cake. A bride-cake. Mine!"

She looked all round the room in a glaring manner, and then said, leaning on me while her hand twitched my shoulder, "Come, come, come! Walk me, walk me!"

I made out from this that the work I had to do was to walk Miss Havisham round and round the room. Accordingly, I started at once, and she leaned upon my shoulder, and we went away at a pace that might have been an imitation (founded on my first impulse under that roof) of Mr. Pumblechook's chaise-cart.

She was not physically strong, and after a little time she said "Slower!" Still we went at an impatient fitful speed, and as we went she twitched the hand upon my shoulder, and worked her mouth, and led me to believe that we were going round because her thoughts went fast. After a while she said, "Call Estella!" so I went out on the landing and roared that name as I had done on the previous occasion. When her light appeared I returned to Miss Havisham, and we started away again round and round the room.

If only Estella had come to be a spectator of our proceedings I should have felt sufficiently discontented; but as she brought with her the three ladies and the gentleman whom I had seen below, I didn't know what to do. In my politeness I would have stopped, but Miss Havisham twitched my shoulder, and we posted on—with a shamefaced consciousness on my part that they would think it was all my doing.

"Dear Miss Havisham," said Miss Sarah Pocket, "How well you look!"

"I do not," returned Miss Havisham. "I am yellow skin and bone."

"IT'S A GREAT CAKE.—A BRIDE-CAKE. MINE!"

Camilla brightened when Miss Pocket met with this rebuff; and she murmured, as she plaintively contemplated Miss Havisham, "Poor dear soul! Certainly not to be expected to look well, poor thing. The idea!"

"And how are you?" said Miss Havisham to Camilla. As we were close to Camilla then, I would have stepped as a matter of course, only that Miss Havisham wouldn't stop. We swept on, and I felt that I was highly obnoxious to Camilla.

"Thank you, Miss Havisham," she returned. "I am as well as can be expected."

"Why, what's the matter with you?" asked Miss Havisham, with exceeding sharpness.

"Nothing worth mentioning," replied Camilla. "I don't wish to make a display of my feelings, but I must be habitually thought of you more in the night than I am quite equal to."

"Then don't think of me," retorted Miss Havisham.

"Very easily said!" remarked Camilla, amiably repressing a sob, while a hitch came into her upper lip, and her tears overflowed. "Raymond is a witness what ginger and sal volatile I am obliged to take in the night. Raymond is a witness what nervous jerkings I have in my legs. Chalkey and nervous jerkings, however, are nothing new to me when I think with anxiety of those I love. If I could be less affectionate and sensitive I should have a better digestion and an iron set of nerves. I am sure I wish it could be so. But as to not thinking of you in the night—The idea!" Here a burst of tears.

The Raymond referred to I understood to be the gentleman present, and him I addressed as Mr. Camilla. He came to the rescue at this point, and said, in a consolatory and complimentary voice, "Camilla, my dear, it is well known that your family feelings are generally understemming you to the extent of making one of your legs shorter than the other."

"I am not aware," observed the grave lady whose voice I had heard but once, "that to think of any person is to make a great claim upon that person, my dear."

Miss Sarah Pocket, whom I now saw to be a little dry brown corrugated old woman, with a small face that might have been made of walnut shells, and a large mouth like a nut-cracker, without the wishers, supported this position by saying, "No, indeed, my dear. Hem!"

"Thinking is easy enough," said the grave lady.

"What is easier, you know?" assented Miss Sarah Pocket.

"Oh yes, no!" cried Camilla, whose fermenting feelings appeared to rise from her legs to her bosom. "It's all very true!" It's a weakness to be so sensitive, but I can't help it. No doubt my health would be much better if it was otherwise, still I wouldn't change my disposition if I could. It's the cause of many sufferings, but it's a consolation to know I possess it when I wake up in the night." Here another burst of feeling.

Miss Havisham and I had never stopped all this time, but kept going round and round the room, now brushing against the skirts of the visitors, and now giving them the whole length of the dismal chamber.

"There's Matthew!" said Camilla. "Never mixing with or marrying into us, and coming here to see how Miss Havisham is! I have taken to the sofa with my stay-lace cut, and have lain there hours insensible, with my head over the side, and my hair all down, and my feet I don't know where—"

"Much higher than your head, my love," said Mr. Camilla.

"I have gone off into that state hours and hours on account of Matthew's strange and inexplicable conduct, and nobody has thanked me."

"Really I must say I should think not!" interposed the grave lady.

"You see, my dear," added Miss Sarah Pocket (a blandly vicious personage), "the question to put to yourself is, who did you expect to thank you, my love?"

"Without expecting any thanks, or any thing of the sort," resumed Camilla, "I have remained in that room, hours and hours, and Raymond is a witness of the extent to which I have choked, and what the total inefficacy of ginger has been, and I have been heard at the neighbours' across the street, where the poor, mistaken children have even supposed it to be pigeons cooing at a distance—and now to be treated—" Here Camilla put her hand to her throat, and began to be quite chemical as to the formation of new combinations there.

When this same Matthew was mentioned Miss Havisham stopped me and herself and stood looking at the speaker. This change had a great influence in bringing Camilla's chemistry to a sudden end.

"Matthew will come and see me at last," said Miss Havisham, stemly, "when I am laid on that table. That will be his place—there," striking the table with her stick, "at my head! And yours will be there! And your husband's there! And Sarah Pocket's there! And Old Georgiana's there! Now you all know where to take your stations when you come to feast upon me, And now go!"

At the mention of each name she had struck the table with her stick in a new place. She now said, "Walk me, walk me!" and we went on again.

"I suppose there's nothing to be done," exclaimed Camilla, "but comply and depart. It's something to have seen the object of one's love and duty for even so short a time. I shall think of it with a melancholy satisfaction when I wake up in the night. I will think—I could have that comfort, but he sets it at defiance. I am determined not to make a display of my feelings, but it's very hard to be told one wants to feast on one's relations, and to be told to go. The bare idea!"

Mr. Camilla interposing, as Mrs. Camilla laid her hand upon her heaving bosom, that lady assumed an unnatural fortitude of manner which I supposed to be expressive of an intention to drop and choke without out of view, and kissing her hand to Miss Havisham, was escorted forth. Sarah Pocket and Georgiana contended who should remain last, but Sarah was too knowing to be outdone, and ambled round Georgiana with that artful slipperiness, that the latter was obliged to take precedence. Sarah Pocket then made her separate effect of departing with "Bless you, Miss Havisham dear!" and with a smile of forgiving pity on the old-witched countenance for the weaknesses of the rest.

While Estella was away lighting them down, Miss Havisham still walked with her hand on my shoulder, but more and more slowly. At last she stopped before the fire, and said, after muttering and looking at it some seconds:

"This is my birthday, Pip."

I was going to wish her many happy returns, when she lifted her stick.

"I don't suffer it to be spoken of. I don't suffer those who were here just now or any one to speak of it. They come here on the day, but the day does not refer to it."

Of course I made no further effort to refer to it.

On this day of the year, long before you were born, this heap of decay," stabbing with her crutched stick at the pile of cobwebs on the table but not touching it, "was brought here. It and I have worn away together. The mice have gnawed at it, and sharper teeth than teeth of mice have gnawed at me."

She laid the head of her stick against her heart as she stood looking at the table; she in her once white dress, all yellow and withered; the once white cloth all yellow and withered; every thing around in a state to crumble under a touch.

"When the pain is complete," said she, with a ghastly look, "and when they lay me dead in my bride's dress on the bride's table—which shall be done, and which will be the finished scene upon which passeth this shell of it is on this day!"

She stood looking at the table as if she stood looking at her own figure lying there. I remained quiet. She presently resumed, as if she had not remained quiet. It seemed to me that we continued thus for a long time. In the heavy air of the room, and like heavy air in which a storm is brooding, I felt a dread upon me, as if, even in the act of making fancy that Estella and I would presently begin to decay.

At length, not coming out of her distraught state by degrees but in an instant, Miss Havisham said, "Let me see you two play cards; why have you not begun?" And then I saw that Estella and I were to be her dogs, and sat down as before; I was bestgured as before; and again, as before, Miss Havisham watched us all the time, directed my attention to Estella's beauty, and made me notice it the more by tying her jewels on Estella's breast and hair.

Estella, for her part, likewise treated me as before; except that she did not condescend to speak. When we had played some half dozen games a day was beginning to dawn upon me. I was taken down into the yard to be fed in the former dog-like manner. There, too, I was again left to wander at my free will.

It is not much to the purpose whether a gate in that garden wall which I had scrambled up to peep over on the last occasion was, on that occasion, open or shut. Enough that I saw no gate then, and that I saw one now. As it stood open, and as I knew that Estella had let the visitors out that way, I passed out at the gate, with the boldness of a fortune-teller, and strolled all over it. It was quite a wilderness, and there were old melancholy-looking espaliers entirely overgrown with wood, in which seemed to their decline to have produced a spontaneous growth of feeble attempts at pieces of old hats and shoes, with an occasional weak old apple clinging to the leanness of a battered sauce-pan.

When I had exhausted the garden, and a speech-house which had the air of a fallen down grape-vine and some bottles, I found myself in the dismal corner upon which I had looked out of window. After considering it a little, I came to the conclusion that the house was now empty, I looked in at another window, and found myself, to my great surprise, exchanging a broad stare with a pale young gentleman with red eyelids and very light hair.

This pale young gentleman quickly disappeared, and reappeared beside me. He had been at his books when I had found myself starting at him, and I now saw that he was inky.

"Hallo!" said he, a young fellow!"

Hallos being a general observation which I have usually observed to be best answered by itself, I said "Hallo!" politely omitting young fellow.

"Who let you in?" said he.

"Miss Estella."

"Who gave you leave to prowl about?"

"Miss Estella."

"Come and fight," said the pale young gentleman.

What could I do but follow him? I have often asked myself the question since; but what else could I do? I have no doubt that if I had not, I was so astonished, that I followed where he led, as if I had been under a spell.

"Stop a minute, though," he said, wheeling round before we had gone many paces. "I ought to give you a reason for fighting, too. There it is!" In a most irritating manner he instantly slapped his hands under his armpits, and artfully flung one of his legs up behind him, pulled my hair, slapped his hands again, dipped his head, and ran it into my stomach.

The bull-like proceeding last mentioned, besides that it was unquestionably to be regarded in the light of a liberty, was particularly disagreeable just after bread and meat. I therefore hit out at him, and was going to hit out again, when he said, "Aha! Would you?" and began dancing backward and forward in a manner quite unparalleled within my limited experience.

"Leave off the game!" said he. Here he skipped backward and forward right. "Regular rules!" Here he skipped from his right leg on to his left. "Come to the ground, and go through the preliminaries!" Here he dodged backward and forward, and did all sorts of things, while I looked helplessly at him.

I was secretly afraid of him when I saw him so dexterous; but I felt morally and physically convinced that his light head or hair could have had no business in the pit of my stomach, and that I had a right to consider it irrelevant when so obtruded on my attention. Therefore I followed him, without a word, to a retired nook of the garden that lay behind the junction of two walls and screened by some rubbish. On his asking me if I was satisfied with the ground, and on my replying Yes, he begged my leave to absent himself for a moment and quickly returned with a bottle of water and a sponge dipped in vinegar. "Available for both," said he, placing them against the wall. And then fell to pulling off, not only his jacket and waistcoat, but his shirt too, in a manner at once light-hearted, businesslike, and lavish.

Although he did not look very healthy—having pimples on his face, and a breaking out at his mouth—these operations were performed quite by rule. I judged him to be about my own age, but he was much taller, and he had a way with his eyebrows when he pulled off his shirt, of peering and hitching himself expressive. For the rest he was a young gentleman in a gray suit (when not denuded for battle), with his elbows, knees, wrists, and heels considerably in advance of the rest of him as to development.

My heart failed me when I saw him squaring at me with every demonstration of mechanical nicety, and eying my anatomy as if he were minutely choosing his bone. I never have been so surprised in my life, than when I hit out at the first blow, and saw him lying on his back looking up at me with a bloody nose and his face exceedingly foreshortened.

But he was on his feet directly, and after sponging himself with a great show of dexterity, began squaring again. The second great surprise I have ever had in my life was seeing him on his back again, looking up at me out of a black eye.

His spirit inspired me with great respect. He seemed to have no strength, and he never once hit me hard, and he was always knocked down; but he would come up again with eminent, spongy himself or drinking out of the water-bottle, with the greatest satisfaction in seconding himself according to form, and fighting up to me with an air and a determination that made it really was going to do for me at last. He got heavily bruised, for I am sorry to record that the more I hurt him under I hit him, but he came up again and again and again, until at last he got a bad fall with the back of his head against the wall, which shook that crisis in our affairs. He got up and turned round and round confusedly a few times, not knowing where I was, but finally went on his knees to his bottle, and embraced it, as the manner time panting out, "That means you have won."

He seemed so brave and innocent, that, although I had taken no part in the contest, I felt but a gloomy satisfaction in my victory. Indeed, I go so far as to hope that I regarded myself while dressing as a species of savage young wolf, or other wild beast. However, I got dressed, gradually wiping my face at intervals, and I said, "Can I help you?" and he said, "No, thankee," and I said, "Good-afternoon," and he said, "Same to you."

When I got into the court-yard I found Estella waiting with the keys. But she neither asked me where I had been, nor why I had kept her waiting; and there was a bright flush upon her face as if she had been waiting for me to delight her. Instead of going straight to the gate, too, she stepped back into the passage, and beckoned me.

"Come here! You may kiss me, if you like."

I kissed her cheek as she turned it to me. I think I never before gone through a great deal to kiss her cheek. But I felt that the kiss was given to the coarse, common boy as a piece of money might have been, and that it was worth nothing.

What with the birthday visitors, and what with the cards, and what with the fight, my stay had lasted so long, that when I neared home the light on the spit of sand off the point on the marshes was gleaming against a black night-sky, and Joe's furnace was flinging a path of fire across the road.

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

CONGRESS.

On Friday, December 21, in the Senate, the House Pacific Railroad bill was made the special order for the 31st of January. The bill to allow the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad to cross the Potomac at Long Bridge was debated and read to cross the Potomac at Long Bridge was debated and read to cross the Potomac at Long Bridge was debated and read

they will be respected no longer—not until every honorable, constitutional, and lawful effort to secure them is exhausted—will they consent to any efforts for a dissolution of the Union. The people of Maryland are among that time should be given and opportunity afforded for a fair and honorable adjustment of the difficulties and grievances of which they, more than the people of any other State, have a right to complain. He believes that a large majority of the people of that State desire such an adjustment, and he thinks it will be promptly effected. Until the effort is found vain he can not consent to any precipitate revolutionary action to aid in the dismemberment of the Union. When he is satisfied that there is no hope of adjustment, and not until then, will he exercise any power with which he is vested to afford even an opportunity for such a proceeding. Whatever powers he may have he will use only after full consultation with the other border States, since we and they, in the event of any dismemberment of the Union, will suffer more than all the others combined. He states that he is now in correspondence with the Governors of those States, and also with many who solicitude the indications of the course to be pursued by them. Whether this is made known to us or expected to take such steps as duty and the interests of the State demanded. He, consequently, unable to say whether or when the Legislature will be called.

SECESSION FEELING IN VIRGINIA.

A telegram, dated Norfolk, Virginia, December 25, says: The secession feeling here is at a high pitch. Ashland Hall was again crowded with citizens last night. Disunion speeches were delivered by Governor V. D. Grover and General John Tyler. The speeches were enthusiastically applauded. General Tyler concluded with the expression, "Let the Union go to hell!" which was received with loud and prolonged cheers.

Governor Letcher has completed his Message. He is in favor of a sovereign Confederacy if the Cotton States secede, and against the State Convention.

The secession excitement is rapidly increasing here.

ALABAMA FOR SECESSION.

A dispatch, dated Montgomery, Alabama, December 26, says: Returns from all the counties in the different sections of the State, thus far received, indicate that straight out secession has swept everything by fifty thousand in East, West, Middle, and Southern Alabama. Hardly one opposed to separate State action has been elected. The delegates to the Convention for immediate secession will be at least fifty. Alabama will follow South Carolina on the 10th of January. To-day passed off very quietly. No disturbance among the negro population, and no apprehension whatever. Governor Moore has issued his proclamation for an extra session of the Legislature, to convene on the 14th of January.

TEXAS FALLING INTO LINE.

A dispatch dated New Orleans, December 26, says: "The latest advices from Texas state that Governor Houston will convene an extra session of the Texas Legislature on the 21st of January, to consider the present crisis. The convention of the State will be held on the 28th of January. The secession feeling is in the ascendant."

MR. LINCOLN'S POSITION.

We read in the Albany *Evening Journal*: "Since the newspaper has made our recent letter to Lincoln the occasion of remark, it may not be improper to say that an interview with Mr. Lincoln has confirmed the views and strength ened our confidence in his fitness for the high position he is to occupy at his eminent qualifications for the new and untrust reposed in him; of his enlightened appreciation of the difficulties and dangers that surround him; of his desire that the Free States, if in any thing deficient, should fulfill their constitutional duties; of his determination to require from all the States the observance of the laws and obedience to the Constitution; and finally, of his earnest and kindly devotion to the principles and sympathies of Republicanism."

WHY LINCOLN WON'T SPEAK.

James P. Luse, of Indiana, publishes a narrative of an hour's conversation with Mr. Lincoln, in which he says:

"In reply to my inquiry as to the truth of the rumor that he intended to make public in some shape his views of public affairs at this juncture, he said that he had not much curiosity to know what kind of a *pronunciamiento* the South would submit to, but that he had to know what kind he would make, if he made one at all. 'If they would suppress Benjamin's speech because it contained extracts from my speeches, which he considered conservative, is it likely,' said he, 'that they would make public to the masses of the South any thing that I might have write?'"

SENATOR SEWARD ON SECESSION.

At the New England dinner at the Astor House, on Saturday night, Senator Seward said: "The Southern interested confederation. The people of South Carolina have invented secession. The wisdom of that device is never to be tried in comparison with the experience of the former. At the first appearance it exhibits this simplicity—that of a State which has in the Senate of the United States two seats, and in the House of Representatives seven members, each of them paid $3000 a year out of a treasury to which they contribute only a small proportion. State consisting of 700,000 people of all conditions, and of these 274,000 are white, going out of the Union to stand by itself, and sending to the Congress of the United States ambassadors, ministers to stand outside of the bar to negotiate for their interests, and to be paid by treasury, and having two Senators and six Representatives in Congress on an equality with all the other States. That is the experiment is to be tried by States on this continent—whether they will find it better to occupy such a position in Congress of the United States, and to have their representatives paid by the Union, for coming there, or to be left in lieu of their Send Commissioners to present their claims and their rights at the bar of the United States, with the privilege of voting on their own claims, and to be paid for by the State treasury. This is the only political invention of the times. I need not say to you that I do not think it is likely to be tried by many other States on this continent, or to be persevered in long, because it is manifestly very much inferior to the system that already exists."

WHAT IS TO BE DONE?

He added:

"Now, in all this business I propose that we shall keep our own virtue and our own temper, in public and private as remembering that men must differ, brethren even in the same family must differ, and if we can be so entirely cool, and entirely calm, and entirely kind, a debate will ensue which will be kind to the last, and it will prove very soon that either we are wrong, and we shall come over to you (loud laughter), or that you are right, and they will have to acquiesce and come back here [renewed laughter with us. (Loud applause.) I do not want to anticipate any questions. We have a great deal of patriotism and a great many statesmen who propose to know at once what is to be done, and what is to be done with the measures proposed to be; whether they propose to coerce their Southern brethren into allegiance. Nothing of the sort, my friends, except as they may rightfully ask what will be the value of forcibly which is compelled. All that I have to say on that subject is, it was so as long ago as the time of Sir Thomas More, who discovered it and set down his discovery in his writings. You will find it there; that there is always in a great nation two governments, and that while there were a very few that know how to instruct others, there were a very many who knew how to whip them. [Applause and laughter.] I have proposed no questions on that subject, and I have no complaints, to redress them if to expect them to be withdrawn if they are unreasonable, and if those States are stronger to-day than they were when that Union was made, and that those necessities are enduring while the passions of men are short-lived and ephemeral. I believe that secession was stronger on the night of the 6th day of November, when a President and Vice-President who were unacceptables were elected, than it is now. That is now some fifty days since. I believe that every day that has set since that time has set upon mollified passions and prejudices; and that we shall only give it time, after more sane will give you a much better and more cheerful atmosphere."

GREAT ROBBERY IN THE INTERIOR DEPARTMENT.

Washington City was, on 23d, thrown into a high state of excitement by the announcement that the Department of the Interior had been robbed of a very large amount of bonds and stocks held in trust for the benefit of different Indian tribes under our treaties with them. Secretary Thompson, who arrived in Washington on Saturday night, immediately instituted an investigation, and a clerk named Gerhard Bailey, owning to the charge, confessed to having appropriated them to his own use. It seems that Bailey, according to his own statement, gave them to Russell, of Russell & Co., army contractors, in exchange for Government drafts in favor of the Indians. He confessed to have been stolen to $870,000. Russell has been arrested and is held in jail at Washington. The bonds stolen consist of Missouri, Illinois, Tennessee, and North Carolina.

EXCITEMENT AT PITTSBURGH.

The people of Pittsburgh and vicinity were thrown into a state of the greatest excitement on Monday by a revelation of the fact that a number of Secessionists and Disunionists were arranging for the shipment of seventy-eight heavy guns to Newport, Kentucky, for the purpose of arming Island, near the Kelzes, from the Allegheny Arsenal—the spot, and object known to but few of the persons whom they could be seized by the Secessionists. It appears that the forts at the point of destination are very weak, and have but any guns, and that these in question were originally designed for the defense of the coasting and harbors. However, the citizens of Pittsburgh think it better that the guns should remain where they are, and measures are being taken to retain them.

PERSONAL.

Hon. David Wilmot, of Pennsylvania, visited Mr. Lincoln on 24th, and we are informed over the wires that Mr. Wilmot has been offered a place in the Cabinet, and will undoubtedly represent Pennsylvania in some capacity. what, however, is still enveloped in the mysteries of the future.

His Honor the Mayor was on Saturday united to Miss Mills in the hotel of the Metropolitan Railroad, after the ceremony started on a Southern tour. Mr. Peck sets to his forces *tenare* during his absence.

FOREIGN NEWS.

FRANCE.

FRENCH OPINION ON OUR SECESSION QUESTION.

The Paris *Presse* has the following:

"France, who abolished slavery herself, can not even seem to protect it in other countries. Such an idea even would do her a serious injury. The election of South Carolina must, then, be persuaded that if ever they should form the Federal Government the moral support that they being proprietors of slaves, and by virtue of the principle, acknowledged for their States by the Washington *Acts of Facto* shall be recognized by the Governments of Europe and America.

* * * * * * *

"The rupture of the Union will entail more ruin than benefits: for while the commerce of England and the whole of Europe will be injured, that of the North, the real strength of the New Confederation, the Northern Confederation will be annihilated. It is the Southern cotton which will furnish a counterpoise to the Southern agreement with France. The Union will become a Federation of Republics. Having as allies slave proprietors. we will be forced, in the future, to defend their interests and to tolerate their plan of annexing Mexico and the whole of the South. North up to this time has alone prevented.

"France will not be indifferent to such a course. She ought not to allow the Southern States to deceive themselves in this matter. Their separation from the Northern States would be a misfortune for them, and would be a misfortune for the civilization of the world. The American Union is a power which is useful to the United States, Spanish, and Italian navies, to prevent a single Power from dominating the seas.

"France was the first ally of the United States—we hope that she will be their counselor, and expose the abyss into which they are hastening. We hope that she will not be buried forever a Past glorious and a Future most hopeful. For the American Union is synonymous with liberty. It is the murder of a great nation and a great principle. France can not lend a hand to such a crime. Her glorious past has helped to make this people—she will never help to destroy it.

"Such are, we are convinced, the sentiments of our Government."

ITALY.

ARRIVAL OF THE KING AT PALERMO.

Naples, December 15.—The arrival of the King in Palermo, on Saturday morning, at 8 A. M., was the occasion of indescribable enthusiasm. The people insisted on taking the horses from the carriage, and drawing it to the city. It is calculated that upward of 400,000 persons had assembled to receive him. His Majesty alighted at the Cathedral, where he was received by the Archbishop. On arriving at the Royal Palace he received the Generals, Admirals, authorities, and afterward the deputations from the various municipalities of Sicily.

A LAST PROCLAMATION FROM GARIBALDI.

The *Nationalities*, of Turin, publishes the following proclamation by Garibaldi:

"ITALY AND VICTOR EMANUEL! The Italians must not on any account allow the Italian question to be complicated in the only indispensable man in Italy, around whom all the Italians can rally—Victor Emanuel. I do not care whether the Minister's name be Cavour or Rattazzi—the latter is preferable; but what I care for, and what all Italians must insist upon, is that he shall be on the 26th of March, 1861, Victor Emanuel be at the head of 500,000 soldiers.

GARIBALDI.

Nicastro 18."

ATTEMPT TO ASSASSINATE GARIBALDI.

Passengers by the *steamship Canada* say that it was rumored at Queenstown that Garibaldi had been assassinated.

The papers by the *Canada* report that Colonel Dunn, of the Sicilian army, had been arrested on a charge of an assassinate him. The rumor of the assassination of Garibaldi probably arose from the circumstance.

CHINA.

THE FALL OF PEKIN.

The following is the latest Government telegram respecting affairs in China. It is dated Alexandria, November 6th, and comes by the Overland Telegraph through Europe:

"Two of the gates of Pekin are in our hands. Parkes and Lock have been returned to us. Captain Anderson and Mr. De Norman have died during their long and cruel treatment. Brabazon and Bouby are unaccounted for. The Emperor's Summer Palace has been taken and sacked, affording immense spoil. The Emperor has fled into Tartary. The forces are to winter at Pekin and Tien-tsin. Two Embassadors are at military head-quarters.

A Pekin letter of the 19th October confirms all that is stated in the above. It says that, on the 13th Pekin surrendered to the Allies on the 13th, yielding to all demands. Indemnity was ready when demanded. The Tartar army fled with the Emperor, and none of the enemy were visible in Pekin. All the Allies were encamped on the walls. Lord Elgin and Baron Gros were at Pekin. Little hope was entertained of Brabazon, Bouby (the *Times* Correspondent), or the French officers missing.

PEACE AT LAST.

A brief dispatch from Pekin, received in London via St. Petersburg, announces the cessation of hostilities, and an exchange of ratification of peace on the 25th of November. The Allies were evacuating the capital, and the Emperor would shortly return to it.

A MESSAGE FROM THE SEA.

Dickens's Christmas Story.

Mr Published from advance Proof-sheets purchased from the Author for "Harper's Weekly."

[CONCLUDED FROM OUR LAST WEEK'S NUMBER.]

MINE is my brother's Ghost Story. It happened to my brother about thirty years ago, while he was wandering, sketch-book in hand, among the High Alps, picking up subjects for an illustrated work on Switzerland. Having entered the Oberland by the Brunig Pass, and filled his port-folio with what he used to call "bits" from the neighborhood of Meyringen, he went over the Great Scheideck to Grindlewald, where he arrived one dusky September evening, about three quarters of an hour after sunset. There had been a fair that day, and the place was crowded. In the best inn there was not an inch of space to spare—there were only two inns at Grindlewald thirty years ago—so my brother went to one at the end of the covered bridge next the church, and there, with some difficulty, obtained the promise of a pile of rugs and a mattress, in a room which was already occupied by three other travelers.

The Alps are a primitive locality, half farm, half inn, with great rambling cellarlike outside, and a huge general room, like a barn. At the upper end of this room stood long stoves, like metal countries, laden with pots and pans, glowing underneath like furnaces. At the lower end, smoking, supping, and chatting, were congregated some thirty or forty guides, sight-seeing tourists, chardrivers, and guides. Among these my brother took his seat, and was served, like the rest, with a bowl of coffee, a loaf of beef, a flagon of country wine, and a loaf made of Indian corn. Presently a huge St. Bernard dog came and laid his nose upon my brother's arm. In the mean time he had left open his sketch-book. Italian youths, bronzed and dark-eyed, near whom he happened to be seated. They were Florentines. Their names, Pietro Stefano and Battisto Martini. They had been traveling for some months on commission, selling cameos, mosaics, sulphur casts, and the like. They had been to Berne, and were now on their way to Interlaken and Geneva. Weary of the cold North, they longed, like children, for the moment when they could take them back to their own blue hills and gray-green olives; to their workshop on the Ponte Vecchio, and their home upon the Arno.

It was quite a relief to my brother, on going up to bed, to find that these youths were to be two of his fellow-lodgers. The third was already there, and sound asleep in a bed next to the wall. They scarcely looked at this third. They were all tired, and all anxious to rise at daybreak, having agreed to walk together over the Wengern Alp as far as Lauterbrunnen. So my brother and the two youths exchanged a brief good-night, and, before many minutes, were all far away in the land of dreams as their unknown companion.

My brother slept profoundly—so profoundly that, being roused in the morning by a clamor of merry voices, he started up dreamily in his rugs, and wondered where he was.

"Good-day, signor," cried Battisto. "Here is a fellow-traveler getting up before we are ourselves."

"Christien Baumann, native of Kanderstep, musical-box maker by trade, stands five feet eleven of his stout young limbs at present at service to command," said the sleeper of the night before.

He was as fine a young fellow as one would wish to see. Tall, broad, and strong, and well-proportioned, with curling brown hair, and bright, honest, fearless eyes.

"Capital, indeed," said Battisto. "We sold cameos and mosaics yesterday for nearly fifty francs."

"Oh, you sell cameos and mosaics, you two! Show me your cameos, and I will show you my musical boxes. I have such pretty ones, with colored views of Geneva and Chillon on the lids, playing two, four, six, and even eight tunes. Bah! I will give you a concert!"

And with that he unstrapped his pack, displayed his little boxes on the table, and wound them up, one after the other, to the delight of the Italians.

"I make up to nine hundred every one," said he, proudly. "Is it not pretty music? I sometimes set one of them when I go to bed at night, and fall asleep listening to it. I am sure, then, to have pleasant dreams! But let us see your cameos. Perhaps I may buy one for Mere, if they are not too dear. Marie is my sweet-heart, and we are to be married next week."

"Next week!" exclaimed Stefano. "That is very soon. Battisto has a sweet-heart also, up at Longvenetz; but they will have to wait a long time before they can buy the ring."

Battisto blushed like a girl.

"Hush, brother!" said he. "Show the cameos to Christien, and give your tongue a holiday!"

But Christien was not so to be put off.

"What is your name?" said he. "Tush! Battisto, you must tell me her name! Is she pretty? Is she dark or fair? Do you often see her when you are at home? Is she very fond of you? Is she as fond of you as Marie is of me?"

"Nay, how should I know that?" asked the sobered Battisto. "She loves me, and I love her—that is all."

"And her name?"

"Margherita."

"A charming name! And she is herself as pretty as her name, I'll engage. Did you say she was fair?"

"I said nothing about it one way or the other," said Battisto, unlocking a green box clamped with iron, and taking out tray after tray of his pretty wares. "There! Those pictures all inlaid in little bits are Florentine mosaics—three flowers on a black ground are Florentine. The ground is of hard, dark stone, and the flowers are made of thin slices of agate, onyx, cornelian, and so forth. Those forget-me-nots, for instance, are bits of turquoise, and that poppy is cut from a piece of coral."

"I like the Roman ones best," said Christien. "What place is that with all the arches?"

"This is the Coliseum, and the one next to it is St. Peter's. But we Florentines care little for the Roman work. It is not half so fine or so valuable as ours. The Romans make their mosaics of composition."

"Composition or no, I like the little landscapes best," said Christien. "There is a lovely one, with a bridge, a building, and a tree, and mountains at the back. How I should like that one for Marie!"

"You may have it for eight francs," replied Battisto; "we sold two such mosaics as those for each. It represents the tomb of Caius Cestius, near Rome."

"A tomb!" echoed Christien, considerably dismayed. "Diable! That would be a dismal present to one's bride."

"She never guess that it was a tomb if you did not tell her," suggested Stefano.

Christien shook his head.

"That would be next door to deceiving her," said he.

"Nay," interposed my brother, "the owner of that tomb has been dead these eighteen or nineteen hundred years. One almost forgets that he was ever buried in it."

"Eighteen or nineteen hundred years? Then he was a heathen?"

"Undoubtedly, if by that you mean that he lived before Christ."

Christien's face lighted up immediately.

"Oh, that settles the question," said he, pulling out his little canvas purse, and paying his money down at once. "A heathen's tomb is as good as no tomb at all. I'll have it put into a brooch for her, at Interlaken. Tell me, Battisto, what gift you take home to Italy for your Margherita?"

Battisto laughed, and chinked his eight francs. "That depends on trade," said he; "if we make good profits at Interlaken and Chrisbruck I may take her a Swiss muslin from Berne; but we have already been away seven months, and we have hardly made a hundred francs over and above our expenses."

And with this the talk turned upon general matters. The Italians looked away their treasures, Christien restrapped his pack, and my brother and all went down together, and breakfasted in the open air outside the inn.

It was a magnificent morning: cloudless and sunny, with a cool breeze that rustled in the vine upon the porch, and flecked the table with shifting shadows of the green leaves. All around and about them stood the great mountains, with their blue-white glaciers bristling down to the verge of the pastures, and the pine-woods creeping darkly up their sides. To the left, the Wetterhorn; to the right, the Eigher; straight before them, dazzling and turquoise-blue, an obelisk of frosted silver, the Schreckhorn, or Peak of Terror. Behind ever, they bade farewell to their hostess, and, shouldering staff in hand, took the path to the Wengern Alp. Half an hour's light and shadow, they the quiet valley, dotted over with farms, and traversed by a torrent that rushed, milk-white, from its prison in the glacier. The three lads walked briskly in advance, their voices chiming together every now and then in chorus of laughter. Somehow my brother fell behind them. He was behind, and, plucking a little red flower from the bank, he stitched it hurry away with the torrent, like a life on the stream of time. He was his heart so heavy, and why were their hearts so light?

As the day went on my brother's melancholy and birth of the young men seemed to increase. Full of youth and happiness, and of the joyous future, and built up pleasant castles in the air. Battisto, grave more communicative, admitted that to-morrow, Margherita's father, a master mosaicist, would fulfill the dearest dream of his life. Stefano, not being in love, preferred to travel. Christien, meanwhile, as the most prosperous, declared that it was his darling ambition to rent a farm in his native Kander Valley, and lead the contented life of a Swiss boor. As for the musical-box trade, he said, one should live in Geneva to make it answer; and, for his part, he loved the pine-forests and the snow-peaks better than all the cities in Europe. Marie, he knew, had born among the mountains, and it would break her heart if she thought she were to live in Geneva all her life. And so he talked on, and my brother let him. Starting thus the morning were on to noon, and the party rested a while in the shade of a clump of gigantic firs festooned with trailing banners of gray-green moss.

Here they ate their lunch, to the silvery music of one of Christien's musical boxes, and my brother heard the sullen echo of an avalanche far away on the shoulder of the Jungfrau.

Then they went on again in the burning afternoon, to heights where the Alp-rose falls from the sterile steep, and the brown lichen grows more and more scantily among the stones. Here only the bleached and barren skeletons of a forest of dead pines varied the desolate monotony; and high on the summit of the pass stood a little solitary inn, between them and the sky.

At this inn they rested again, and drank to the health of Christien and his bride in a jug of country wine. He was in uncontrollable spirits, and shook hands with them all, over and over again.

"By nightfall to-morrow," said he, "I shall

SEEING THE OL

YEAR OUT
WATCH NIGHT

hold her once more in my arms! It is now nearly two years since I came home to see her, at the end of my apprenticeship. Now I am foreman, with a salary of thirty francs a week, and well able to marry."

"Thirty francs a week!" echoed Battisto. "Corpo di Bacco! that is a princely fortune."

Christian's face beamed.

"Yes," said he, "we shall be very happy; and by-and-by—who knows?—we may end our days in the Kinder Thal, and bring up our children to succeed us. Ah! if Marie knew that I should be there to-morrow night how delighted she would be!"

"How so, Christian?" said my brother. "Does she not expect you?"

"Not a bit of it. She has no idea that I can be there till the day after to-morrow—nor could I if I took the road all round by Untersoen and Frütigen. I mean to sleep to-night at Lauterbrunnen, and to-morrow morning shall strike across the Tschlingel glacier to Kandersteg. If I rise a little before daybreak I shall be at home by sunset."

At this moment the path took a sudden turn, and began to descend in sight of an immense perspective of very distant valleys. Christian flung his cap into the air and uttered a great shout.

"Look!" said he, stretching out his arms as if to embrace all the dear familiar scene; "look! Look! There are the hills and the valleys of Interlaken; and here, below the precipices on which we stand, lies Lauterbrunnen! God be praised, when his eyes open on their land in their natural!"

The Italians smiled at each other, thinking their own Arno Valley far more fair; but my brother's heart warmed to the boy, and offered his thanks—giving it to the spirit which accepts all beauty as a birth-right and an inheritance. And now their course lay across an immense green slope, dotted with corn-fields and meadows, and studded with substantial homesteads built of old brown wood, with huge sheltering eaves, and strings of Indian corn hanging like golden ingots along the carven balconies. Blue whortleberries grew beside the footway, and now and then they came upon a wild gentian, or a pink-tipped lingonberry. Then the path became a mere zigzag on the face of the precipice, and in less than half an hour they reached the lowest level of the valley. The growing afternoon had not yet faded from the uppermost pines when they were all dining together in the parlor of a little inn looking to the Staubfluss. In the evening my brother wrote letters, while the three lads strolled about the village. At nine o'clock they bade each other good-night, and went to their several rooms.

Weary as he was, my brother found it impossible to sleep. The same unaccountable melancholy still possessed him, and what at last it dropped into an uneasy slumber, it was but to start over and over again from frightful dreams, faint with a nameless terror. Toward morning he fell into a profound sleep, and never woke until the day was fast advancing toward noon. He then found, to his regret, that Christian had long since gone. He had risen before daybreak, breakfasted by candlelight, and started off in the gray dawn—"as merry," said the host, "as a fiddler at a fair."

Stefano and Battisto were still willing to see my brother, being charged by Christian with a friendly farewell message to him, and an invitation to the wedding. They, too, were afraid, and meant to go; so my brother agreed to meet them at Interlaken on the following Tuesday, whence they might walk to Kandersteg by easy stages, reaching their destination on the Thursday morning, in time to go to church with the bridal party. My brother then bought some of the little Florentine cameos which the two boys every good fortune, and watched them down the road till he could see them no longer.

Left now to himself, he wandered out with his sketch-book, and spent the day in the upper valley; at sunset he dined alone in his chamber, by the light of a single lamp. His meal dispatched, he drew nearer to the fire, took out a pocket edition of Goethe's Essays on Art, and promised himself some hours of pleasant reading. Ah, how well I know that busy book, in its faded cover, and how often I have heard him describe that lonely evening!) The night had by this time set in cold and wet. The dancing legs shipped on the hearth, and a wailing wind swept down the valley, bearing the rain in sudden gusts against the panes. My brother soon found that to read was impossible. His attention wandered incessantly. He read the same sentence over and over again, unconscious of its meaning, and let his long trains of thought leading far into the dim past.

Thus the hours went by, and at eleven o'clock he heard the doors closing below as the household retiring to rest. He determined to yield no longer to this dreaming apathy. He threw on fresh logs, trimmed the lamp, and took several turns about the room. Then he opened the casement, and suffered the rain to beat against his face, and the wind to ruffle his hair, as it ruffled the acacia leaves in the garden below. Seven minutes passed thus, and when, at length, he closed the window and came back into the room, his face and hair and all the front of his shirt were thoroughly saturated. To unstrap his knapsack and take out a dry shirt was, of course, his first impulse—to drop the garment, listen eagerly, and start to his feet, breathless and bewildered, was the next.

For, borne fitfully upon the outer breeze, now sweeping past the window, now dying in the distance, he heard a well-remembered strain of melody, subtle and silvery as the "sweet airs" of Prospero's isle, and proceeding unmistakably from the musical-box which had, the day before, accompanied the lunch under the fir-trees of the Wengern Alp!

Had Christian come back, and was it thus that he announced his return? If so, where was he? Under the window? Outside in the corridor? Sheltering in the porch, and waiting for admittance? My brother threw open the casement again, and called him by his name.

"Christian! Is that you?"

All without was intensely silent. He could hear the last gust of wind and rain moaning farther and farther away upon its wild course down the valley, and the pine-trees shivering, like living things.

"Christian!" he said again, and his own voice seemed to echo strangely on his ear. "Speak! Is it you?"

Still no one answered. He leaned out into the dark night, and could see nothing—not even the outline of the porch below. He began to think that his imagination had deceived him, when suddenly the strain burst forth again; this time, apparently in his own chamber.

As he turned, expecting to find Christian at his elbow, the sounds broke off abruptly, and a sensation of intensest cold seized him in every limb—not the mere chill of nervous terror, not the moral physical sensation produced by wind and rain, but a deadly freezing of every vein, a paralysis of every nerve, an appalling consciousness that in a few moments more the lungs must cease to play, and the heart to beat! Powerless to speak or stir, he closed his eyes, and believed that he was dying.

This strange faintness lasted but a few seconds. Gradually the vital warmth returned, and, with it, strength to close the window, and stagger to a chair. As he did so, he found the breast of his shirt dripping stiff and frozen, and the rain clinging in solid icicles upon his hair.

He looked at his watch. It had stopped at twenty minutes before twelve. He went to the thermometer from the chimney-piece, and found the mercury at sixty-eight. Heavenly powers! How were these things explained? He in a temperature of eighty degrees, and with a large fire blazing on the hearth!

He poured out half a tumbler of cognac, and drank it at a draught. Going to bed was out of the question. He felt that he dared not sleep—that he scarcely dared to think. All he could do was to endure his misery, pile on more logs, wrap himself in his blankets, and sit all night in an easychair before the fire.

My brother had not long sat thus, however, before the warmth, and probably the nervous reaction, drew him off to sleep. In the morning he found himself lying on the floor, and during able to remember the last hour or when he reached it.

It was again a glorious day. The rain and wind were gone, and the Silverhorn and all the Alps of Valley Habkern were unclouded sky. Looking out upon the sunshine, he almost doubted the events of the night, and but for the evidence of his watch, which still—for twenty minutes before twelve, would have been disposed to treat the whole matter as a dream. As it was, he attributed more than half of it to the effects of imagination, unwilling to pass another night at the house of the dead, and made up his mind to proceed that morning to Interlaken. While he was yet loitering over his breakfast, and considering whether he should walk the whole way or take a one-horse vehicle, a char came rapidly up to the inn door, and a young man jumped out.

"Why, Battisto!" exclaimed my brother, in astonishment, as he came into the room; "what brings you here to-day? Where is Stefano?"

"I have left him at Interlaken, signor," replied the Italian.

Something there was in his voice, something in his face, both strange and startling.

"What is the matter?" said my brother, breathlessly. "He is not ill? No accident has happened?"

Battisto shook his head, glanced furtively up and down the passage, and closed the door.

"Stefano is well, signor; but—but a circumstance has occurred—a circumstance so strange!—Signor, do you believe in spirits?"

"In spirits, Battisto?"

"Ay, signor! Do you believe in the spirit of any man, dead or living, appealed to human ears, the spirit of Christian came to me last night, at twenty minutes before twelve o'clock!"

"At twenty minutes before twelve o'clock!" repeated my brother.

"I was in bed, signor, and Stefano was sleeping in the same room. I had gone up quite warm, and had fallen asleep, full of pleasant thoughts. By-and-by, although I had plenty of bed-clothes, and a cozy corner, I grew cold—frozen with cold and scarcely able to breathe. I tried to call to Stefano, but I had no power to utter the slightest sound. I thought my last moment was come. All at once I heard a scraping under the window—a sound which I knew to be Christien's musical box; and it played as it played when he lunched under the fir-trees—except that it was more solemn and strange and melancholy and most solemn to hear—awful to hear! Then, signor, it grew fainter and fainter—and then I heard no more. I grew warm, and fell asleep. When it ceased, my frozen blood grew warm again, and I cried out to Stefano. When I told him what had happened he declared I had been only dreaming. I made him strike a light, that I might look at my watch. It pointed to twenty minutes before twelve, and had stopped there: and strange still—Stefano's watch had done the very same. Now tell me, signor, do you believe that there is any meaning in this, or do you think, as Stefano persists in thinking, that it was all a dream?"

"What is your own conclusion, Battisto?"

"My own conclusion, signor, is that some harm has happned to poor Christien on the glacier, and that his spirit came to me last night."

"Battisto, he shall have help if living, or rescue for his poor corpse if dead; for I, too, believe that all is not well."

And with this my brother told him briefly what had occurred to himself in the night; dispatched messengers for the three best guides in Lauterbrunnen; and prepared ropes, ice-hatchets, alpenstocks, and all the necessaries for a perilous glacier expedition. Hasten as he would, however, it was nearly mid-day before the party started.

Arriving in about half an hour at a place called Stechelberg, they left the char, in which they had traveled so far, at a châlet, and ascended a steep path in full view of the Breithorn glacier, which rose up to the left like a battlemented wall of solid ice. The way now lay for some time among pastures and pine-forests. Then they came to a little colony of châlets, called Steinberg, where they filled their water-bottles, got their ropes in readiness, and prepared for the Tschlingel glacier. A few minutes more and they were on the ice.

At this point the guides called a halt and consulted together. One was for striking across the lower glacier toward the left, and reaching the upper ledge by the rocks which bound it on the south. The other two preferred the north or right side; and this my brother finally took. The sun was now pouring down with almost tropical intensity, and the surface of the ice, which was broken into long, treacherous fissures, smooth as glass and blue as the summer sky, was both difficult and dangerous. Silently and cautiously they went, tied together at intervals of about three yards each: with two guides in front, and the third bringing up the rear. Turning presently to the right, they found themselves at the foot of a steep rock, some forty feet in height, up which they must climb to reach the upper glacier. The only way in which Battisto or my brother could hope to do this, was by the help of a rope steadied from below and from above. The guides accordingly clambered up the face of the crag by notches in the surface, and one remained below. The rope was then let down, and my brother prepared to go up. As he planted his foot in the first notch a smothered cry from Battisto arrested him.

"Santa Maria! Signor! Look yonder!"

My brother looked, and there (for over afterward declared), as surely as there is a heaven above us all, he saw Christien Baumann standing in the sunlight on a ledge of rock a hundred yards distant! Almost in the same moment that my brother recognized him he was gone. He neither faded nor sank—he simply moved out of sight, but was simply gone as if he had never been. Pale as death, Battisto fell upon his knees and covered his face with his hands. My brother, awe-stricken and speechless, leaned against the rock and felt that the object of his journey was but too fatally accomplished. As for the guides, they could not conceive what had happened.

"Did you see nothing?" asked my brother and Battisto, both together.

But the men had seen nothing, and the one who had remained below said, "What should I see but the ice and the sun?"

To this my brother made no other reply than by announcing his intention to have a certain crevasse, from which he had not once removed his eyes since he saw the figure standing on the brink, explored. Battisto rose and went a step further, whereupon the two men came down from the top of the crag, resumed the ropes, and followed my brother cautiously. Within the narrow end of the fissure he paused, and drove his alpenstock firmly into the ice. It was an unusually low crevasse and at first a mere gaping, widening gradually as it went, and reaching down to unknown depths of dark deep blue, fringed with long pendent icicles like diamond stalactites. Before they had followed the course of the crevasse for more than ten minutes the youngest of the guides uttered a hasty exclamation.

"I see something!" cried he. "Something dark, wedged in the teeth of the crevasse, a great way down?"

They all saw it: a mere indistinguishable mass, almost closed over by the ice-walls at their feet. My brother offered a hundred francs to the man who would go down and bring it up. They all hesitated.

"We don't know what it is," said one.

"Perhaps it is only a dead chamois," suggested another.

Their apathy enraged him.

"It is no chamois," he said, angrily. "It is the body of Christien Baumann, native of Kandersteg. And, by Heaven, if you are all too cowardly to make the attempt I will go down myself!"

The youngest guide threw off his hat and coat, tied a rope about his waist, and took a hatchet in his hand.

"I will go, monsieur," said he; and without another word suffered himself to be lowered in. My brother turned away. A sickening anxiety came upon him, and presently he heard the dull echo of the hatchet far down in the ice. Then there was a call for another rope, and then—the men all drew aside in silence, and my brother saw the youngest guide descending more beside the chasm, flushed and trembling, with the body of Christien lying at his feet.

Poor Christien! They made a rough bier with their ropes and alpenstocks, and carried him, with great difficulty, back to Steinberg. There they got additional help from Lauterbrunnen, where they laid him in the char, and so brought him on to Lauterbrunnen. The next day my brother made it his sad business to preside at the body to Kandersteg, and prepare the minds for its arrival. To this day, though all these things happened thirty years ago, he can not bear to recall Marie's despair, or all the mourning that in Kander Thal at his way to the Ghemmi, he saw her grave, beside the grave of Christien Baumann, in the village burial-ground.—This is my brother's Ghost Story.

The chairman now announced that the clock declared the tenttorum spun out, and that the meeting was dissolved. Yet even then the young fisherman could not refrain from once more asking his question. This occasioned the Gentlemen King Arthurs, as they got on their hats and great-coats, evidently to regard him as a young fisherman who was touched in his head, and some of them even cherished the idea that question was his keeper.

As no man dared to awake the mighty Parvis, it was resolved that a heavy member of the society should fall against him as it were by accident, and immediately withdraw to a safe distance. The experiment was so happily accomplished that Mr. Parvis started to his feet on the best terms with himself, as a light sleeper whose wits never left him, and who could always be broad awake on occasion. Quite an airy jocundity sat upon this respectable man in consequence; and he rallied the bricket-maker on the fraternal theme, being a sleepy-head," with an amount of humor previously supposed to be quite incompatible with his responsible circumstances in life.

Gradually the society departed into the cold night, and the captain and his young companion were left alone. The captain had so refreshed himself by rubbing his hands with every kind of an amazing extent that he was in no hurry to go to bed.

"To-morrow morning," said the captain, "we must find out the lawyer and the clergyman here; they are the people to consults on our business. And I'll be up and out early, and asking questions of every body I see; thereby propagating at least one of the Institutions of my native country."

As the captain was slapping his leg, the landlord appeared with two small candlesticks.

"Your room," said he, "is at the top of the house. An excellent bed, but you'll hear the wind."

"I've heard it afore," replied the captain. "Come and make a passage with me, and you shall hear it."

"It's considered to blow here," said the landlord.

"Weather gets its young strength here," replied the captain; "goes into training for the Atlantic Ocean. Yours are little winds just beginning to feel their legs. Make a voyage here with me, and I'll show you a grown-up one out on business. But you haven't told my friend where he lies."

"It's the room at the head of the stairs, before you take the second staircase through the wall," returned the landlord. "You can't mistake it. It's a double-bedded room; because there's no other."

"The room where the sea-faring man is?" said the captain.

"The room where the sea-faring man is."

"I hope he may'n't finish telling his story in his sleep," muttered the captain. "I shall have into the room where the sea-faring man is, Alfred?"

"No, Captain Jorgan, why should you? There would be little fear of his waking me, even if he said his whole yarn out."

"He's in the bed nearest the door," said the landlord. "I've been in to look at him once, and he's sound enough. Good-night, Gentlemen."

The captain immediately shook hands with the landlord in quite an enthusiastic manner, and having performed this ceremonial ceremony as he had had no opportunity of performing it for a long time, accompanied his young friend up stairs.

"Sound asleep, eh, Alfred?" the captain as they went, "that Miss Kitty Tregarthen's marriage ain't put off for long, and that we shall light on what we want."

"I hope so. When, do you think?"

"Wa'al, I couldn't just say when, but soon. Here's your room," said the captain, softly opening the door and looking in; "and there's the berth of the sea-faring man. I wonder what like he is. He breathes deep; don't he?"

"Sleeping sound, I judge from the sound," said the young fisherman.

"Dreaming of home, maybe," returned the captain. "Can't see him. Sleeps a-head most wholesomely than Aaron Parvis, but a'most as sound; don't he? Good-night, fallow-traveler."

"Good-night, Captain Jorgan, and many, many thanks!"

"I'll wait till I 'arn 'em, boy, afore I take 'em," returned the captain, clapping him cheerfully on the back. "Pleasant dreams of—you know who!"

When the young fisherman had entered the door, the captain waited a moment or two, listening for any sign of the return of the unseen sea-faring man. But none being audible, the captain pursued the way to his own chamber.

CHAPTER IV.—THE SEA-FARING MAN.

WHO was the Sea-faring Man? And what might he have to say for himself? He answers those questions in his own words.

I begin by mentioning what happened on my journey from Falmouth to Exeter in Cornwall, to Stoneyrays in Devonshire. I have no occasion to say (being here) that it brought me last night to Lanrean. I had business in hand which was very serious, and part (as I hoped) very joyful—and this business, you will please to remember, was the cause of my journey.

I left the landing at Falmouth a traveled on foot; because of the expense of riding, and because I had anxieties heavy on my mind, and walking was the best way to relieve them. Brighten Harbor the first two days of my journey the weather was fine and soft, the wind being mostly light airs from south, and west and by west. On the third day I took a wrong turning, and had to fetch a long circuit to get right again. Toward evening, while I was still on the road, the wind shifted; and a sea-fog came rolling in on the land. By this time, not knowing where I was, and thinking voices inside, groped my way round to the door,

and knocked on it smartly with the flat of my hand.

The door was opened by a slip-shop young hussey in a torn gown; and the first inquiries I made of her discovered to me that the house was in fire.

Before I could ask more questions the landlord opened the parlor of the inn and came out. A clamor of voices, and a fume comforting smell of fire and grog and tobacco came out, also, along with him.

"By the tap-room fire's out," says the landlord. "You don't think you would dry more comfortable, like, if you went to bed?" says he, looking hard at me.

"No," says I, looking hard at *him*, "I don't."

Before more words were spoken a jolly voice hailed us from inside the parlor.

"What's the matter, landlord?" says the jolly voice. "Who is it?"

"A sea-faring man, by the looks of him," says the landlord, turning round from me, and speaking into the parlor.

"Let's have the sea-faring man in," says the voice. "Let's vote him free of the Club, for this night only."

A lot of other voices thereupon said, "Hear! hear!" in a solemn manner, as if it was church service. After which there was a hammering, as if it was a trunk-maker's shop. After which the landlord took me by the arm, gave me a push into the parlor, and there I was, free of the Club.

The change from the fog outside to the warm room and the shining candles so completely dazed me, that I stood blinking at the company more like an owl than a man. Upon which the company again said, "Hear! hear!" Upon which I returned the answer, "Hear! hear!" Upon hearing those words to mean, in the Club's language, something similar to "How-d'ye-do." The landlord then took me to a round table by the fire, where I got my supper, together with the information that my bedroom, when I wanted it, was number four, up stairs.

I noticed before I fell to with my knife and fork that the room was full, and that the chairman at the top of the table was the man with the jolly voice, and was seemingly undergoing the company by telling them a story. I paid more attention to my supper than to what he was saying; and all I can now report of it is, that his story-telling and my eating and drinking both came to an end together.

"Now," says the chairman, "I have told my story to oblige you all. Who comes next?" He took up a tea-tray, and gave it a shake on the table. When it toppled over, it fell opposite me; upon which the chairman said, "It's your turn next. Order! order! I call on the sea-faring man to tell the second story!" He finished the words off with a knock of his hammer; and the Club (having nothing else to say, as I suppose) cried loud, and once again sang out altogether, "Hear! hear!"

"I hope you will please to let me off," I said to the chairman, "for the reason that I have got no story to tell."

"No story to tell!" says he. "A sailor without a story! Who ever heard of such a thing? Nobody!"

"Nobody," says the Club, bursting out altogether at last with a new word, by way of a change.

I can say I quite relished the gentleman's talking of me as if I was before the mast. A man likes his true quality to be known, when he is publicly spoken to among a party of strangers. I made my true quality known to the chairman and company in these words:

"All my relations of the sea, gentlemen, are sailors," I said. "But there's degrees aboard ship as well as ashore. My rating, if you please, is the rating of a steward mate."

"Ay, ay, surely" says the chairman. "Where did you leave your ship?"

"At the bottom of the sea," I made answer—which was, I am sorry to say, rather too true.

"What! you've been wrecked?" says he. "Tell us all about it. A shipwreck story is just the sort of story we like. Silence there all down the table!—silence for the second mate!"

The Club, upon this, instead of keeping silence, broke out immediately with another new word, and said, "Chair!" After which every man suddenly held his peace, and looked at me.

I did a very foolish thing. Without stopping to take counsel with myself, I kicked off at score, and did just what the chairman had bidden me. If they had waited the whole night long for it, I should never have got down the story they wanted from me at first, having all my life been a wretched bad hand at such matters—for the reason, as I take it, that a story ought to be something which is not true. But when I found the company willing, on a sudden, to put up with nothing better than the account of a ship-wreck (which is not a story at all), the unexpected luck of their not quarreling with telling the truth about myself was too much of a temptation for me—so I up and told it.

I got on well enough with the storm, and the striking of the vessel, and the strange chance, afterward, which proved to be the saving of my life—the assembly all listening (to my great surprise) as if they had never heard any thing of the sort before. But when the necessity came next for going further than this, and for telling them what had happened to me *after* the saving of my life—or, to put it plainer, for telling them what place I was cast away on, and what company I was cast away in—the words that stuck fast on my lips. For this reason—namely—that those particulars of my statement made up just that part of it which I couldn't, and durstn't, let out to strangers. So not if every man among them had offered me a hundred pounds apiece, on the spot, to do it!

"Go on!" says the chairman. "What happened next? How did you get on shore?"

Feeling what a fool I had been to run myself headlong into a scrape, for want of thinking before I spoke, I now cast about discreetly in my mind for the best means of finishing off-hand without letting out a word of the company concerning those particulars before mentioned. I was some little time before seeing my way to this; keeping the chairman and company, all the while, waiting for an answer. The Club, losing patience in consequence, got from staring hard at me to drumming with their feet, and then to calling out, lustily, "Go on! go on! Chair! Order!"—and such like. In the midst of this childish hubbub I saw my way to what I considered to be rather a neat finish—and got on my legs to cast them all out with it handsomely.

"Hear! hear!" says the Club. "He's going on again at last."

"Gentlemen!" I made answer, "with your permission I will now conclude by wishing you all good-night!" I made a bow, and I gave them a friendly nod, to make things pleasant—and walked straight to the door. It's hardly to be believed —though nevertheless it's true—that these curious men all howled and groaned at me directly, as if I had done them some grievous injury. Thinking I would try to pacify them with their own favorite catch-word, I said, "Hear! hear!" as civilly as might be, whereupon they all returned for answer "Oh! oh!" I never belonged to a Club of any kind myself; and, after what I saw of *that* Club, I don't care if I never do.

My bedroom, when I found my way up to it, was large and airy enough, but not over-clean. There were two beds in it, not over-clean either. Both being empty, I had my choice. One was near the window, and one near the door. Although the bed near the door looked a trifle the sweetest of the two, I took it.

After falling asleep, it was the gray of the morning before I woke. When I had fairly opened my eyes and shook up my memory into telling me where I was, I made, I remember well, that the room was a deal colder in the new morning than it had been overnight. Second, that the other bed near the window had been since sleeping in it. Not that I could see the man from where I lay; but I heard his breathing plain enough. He must have come up into the room, of course, after I had fallen asleep—how I had not tumbled myself quietly into bed without disturbing me. There was nothing wonderful in that; and nothing wonderful in the thing that I next found myself to be could find a customer for it. I turned and tried to go to sleep again; but I was out of sorts—out of sorts so badly, that I got up and looked at the man in the other bed fretted and worried me. After tumbling and tossing for a quarter of an hour or more, I got up for a wash. I walked softly in my stockings to the window to look at the weather.

The heavens were brightening into daylight, and the mists were blowing off, past the window, like puffs of smoke. When I got to the window my best I stopped to look at the man in it. He lay, sound asleep, turned toward the window; and the end of the counterpane was drawn up over the lower half of his face. Something struck me, on a sudden, in his hair and his forehead; and, though not an inquisitive man, I confess, I stretched out my hand to the end of the counterpane, in spite of myself.

I uncovered his face softly; and there, in the morning light, I saw my brother, Alfred Ray, in bed.

What I ought to have done, or what other men might have done in my place, I don't know. What I really did, was to stand looking at him steadily myself, with my hand, on the sill of the window—and to stand so, looking at him. Three years ago I had said good-by to him, and left him, never to see to my old mother, and to brother Alfred here, asleep under my eyes. For all those three years he never heard from me hardly once—and the underwriters, as I knew, must have long since reported that the ship I sailed in was lost, and that all hands on board had perished. My heart was heavy when I thought of my kindred at home, and of the weary time they must have waited and sorrowed before they gave me up for dead. Twice I reached out my hand to wake Alfred, and to tell him about my wife and my child; and twice I drew it back again, in fear of what might happen if he saw me, standing by him, in the dress of the gipsy moving, like Hugh Raybrock risen up from the grave.

I drew my hand back the second time, and waited a minute. In that minute he woke. I had not moved, or spoken a word, or touched him—I had only looked at him longingly. If such things could be, I should say it was my looking that woke him. His eyes, when they opened, were dim, pressed on a sudden from fast asleep to broad awake. They first settled on my face with a startled look—which passed slightly. Then they looked at the room and opened his lips to speak, but never said a word. His eyes strained and strained into mine; and his face turned pale, and he whispered to me, "Alfred?" I said, "don't you know me?" There needed to be a deadly terror pent up in him, and I thought my voice might set it free. That kept me still down by the hands, and spoke again. "Alfred?" I said—

Oh, sirs! where can a man like me find words to tell all that was said and all that was thought between us two brothers? Please to permit me to not saying more of it than I say here. We sat down together side by side. The poor lad burst out crying—and got very little help from me. I kept hold of his hands, and waited a bit before I spoke to him again. I think I was worst off now of the two—because tears came to help me—I haven't got my brother's quickness, my way: and my troubles have roughened and hardened me outside. But, God knows, I felt it keenly; all the more keenly, maybe, because I was slow to show it.

After a little, I put the questions to him which I had been longing to ask from the time when I first saw his face on the pillow. Had my girl given me up at home for dead (I asked)? Yes; after long, long hoping, one by one they had given me up—my wife (God bless her!) last of all. I meant to ask next if my wife was alive and well; but, try as I might, I could only say "Margaret?"—and look hard in my brother's face for the rest of what I meant. Yes (he said), she was alive and well was at home; she was in her widow's weeds—poor soul! her widow's weeds! I got on better with my next question about the child. Was it born alive? Yes. Boy or girl? Girl. And living now? and much grown? Living, surely, and grown—poor little thing, what a question it was!—grown of course, in three years! And mother? Well, mother was a trifle fallen away, and more silent within herself than she used to be—fretted at times; fretting (like my wife) on nights when the sea roared, and the windows shook and shivered in the wind. There was no other child in the house but a girl—I with my questions, and he with his answers—and while we waited, I thanked God, inwardly, with all my heart and soul, for bringing me back, living, to wife and kindred, while wife and kindred were living too.

My brother dried the tears off his face and looked at me a little. Then he turned aside suddenly, as if he remembered something, and stole his hand up in a hurry under the pillow on his bed. He then came out from below the pillow but his black pocket-handkerchief, which he now unfolded slowly, looking at me all the while with something strange in his face that I couldn't make out.

"What are you doing?" I asked him. "What are you looking at me like that for?"

Instead of making answer he took a crumpled morsel of paper out of his neck-handkerchief, opened it carefully, and held it to the light to let me see what it was. I saw, at once, my own writing —the morsel of paper I had committed, long, long since, to the mercy of the deep. Thousands and thousands of miles I had trusted that little message to the waters—and here it was now, in my brother's hands! A chilly fear came over me at the seeing it again. Scrap of paper as it was, it looked to my eyes like the ghost of my own past self, gone home before me invisibly over the great wastes of the sea.

My brother pointed down solemnly to the writing.

"Hugh," he said, "were you in your right mind when you wrote these words?"

"Tell me, first," I made answer, "how and when the Message came to you. I can't quiet myself for it till I know that."

He told me how the paper had come to hand—also how his good friend, the captain, having promised to help him, was then under the same roof with our two selves. But there he stopped. It was not till later in the day that I heard of what had happened (through this dreadful doubt about the money) in the matter of his sweet-heart and his marriage.

The knowledge that the Message had reached him by itself was the first word of a seaman, I half doubted it when I first set eyes on the paper! —eased me in my mind; and I now did my best to advise Alfred, in my turn. I told him that I was in my right senses, though sorely troubled, when my hand had written those words. Also, that where the writing was rubbed out, I could tell him, for his necessary information, what once stood in the empty places. Also, that I knew no more what the real truth might be than he did, till inquiry was made at the office on our father's good name was dragged boldly into daylight to show itself for what it was worth. Lastly, that all the young hope and courage I had lost in me and one determination uppermost in my mind—the hope that I might get safe to England, and find my wife and blessed wife to take me back among them again —the determination that I would put the doubt about father's five hundred pound to the proof, if ever my feet touched English land once more.

"I'll write to-day, Alfred," I said, after winding up as above, "and let me tell you in the quiet of the morning how that Message came to be written and sent adrift by me."

We went down stairs softly, and let ourselves out without disturbing any one. The sun was just rising as we left the village and took our way slowly over the cliffs. A mist on the sea began to open on us I returned to that true story of mine which I had left but half told the night before—and this time I went through with it to the end.

I skipped, as you may remember (were my first words to Alfred), the part about the birth, on board the *Perseine*, nine hundred tons' burden. We carried an assorted cargo, and we were bound, round Cape Horn, for the port of Santa Guyaquil, on the western coast of South America.

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—namely, Guayaquil—we were to go back to Truxillo, and there to take in another cargo for the return voyage. There were all the instructions communicated to me when I signed articles with the owners, in London city, three years ago.

After we had been a month at sea, I heard from the first mate—who had himself heard it from the captain—that the supercargo we were taking with us, on the present voyage, was to be left at Truxillo, and that another supercargo (also connected with our firm, and latterly employed by them as foreign agent) was to ship with us at that port for the voyage home. His name on the captain's instructions was, Mr. Lawrence Clissold. None of us had ever set eyes on him to our knowledge, and none of us were more about him than what I have told you here.

We had a wonderful voyage out—especially round the Horn. The *Perseine* was such fair weather in that infernal latitude, and I never expect to see the like again. We followed our instructions to the letter—discharging our cargo in fine condition, and returning to load again at Truxillo as directed. At this place I was so unfortunate as to be seized with the fever of the country, which laid me on my back, for the time in earnest (and which only let me return to my duty after we had been ten days at sea, on the voyage home again. For this reason, the first morning when I was able to get on deck was also the first time of my setting eyes on our new supercargo, Mr. Lawrence Clissold.

I found him to be a long, lean, wiry man, with some complaint in his eyes which forced him to wear spectacles of blue glass. His age appeared to be fifty-five, though I dare say he might well have been more. There was not above a handful of gray hair, altogether, on his bald head—and, as for the wrinkles at the corners of his eyes and the sides of his mouth, if he could have had a pound apiece in his pocket for every one of them, he might have retired from business from that time forth. Judging by certain signs in his face, and by a suspicious morning-tremble in his hands, I set him down, in my own mind (rightly enough, as it afterwards turned out), for a drinker. In one word, I didn't like the looks of the new supercargo—and, for that reason, I kept clear of him. I don't think he had reason to know I gave him a dislike, for I kept my own coin, and not liking *my* looks, either.

I've been asking the captain about you," were his first words to me on my return for my circle's wishing him good-morning. "Your name's Raybrock, I hear. Are you any relation to the late Hugh Raybrock, of Raybrock, Devonshire?"

"Rather a near relation," I made answer. "I am the late Hugh Raybrock's eldest son."

There was no telling how his eyes looked, because they were hidden by his blue spectacles—but I saw him wince at the mouth when I gave him that answer.

"Your father ended by failing in business, didn't he?" was the next question the supercargo put to me.

"Who told you he failed?" I asked, sharply enough.

"Oh! I heard it," says Mr. Lawrence Clissold, both looking and speaking as if he was glad to have heard it, and he hoped it was true.

"Whoever told you my father failed in business told you a lie," I said to him. "His business fell off toward the last years of his life—I don't deny it. But every creditor he had was honestly paid at his death to almost as much as touching the provision left for his widow and children. Please to mention that next time you hear it reported that my father failed in business."

Mr. Clissold grinned to himself—and I lost my temper.

"I'll tell you what," I said to him, "I don't like your laughing to yourself when I ask you to do justice to my father's memory—and, what is more, I didn't like the way you mentioned that report of his failing in business, just now. You looked as if you hoped it was true."

"Perhaps I did," says Mr. Clissold, coolly. "Shall I ask you why? When I was a young man I was unlucky enough to owe your father some money. He was a merciless creditor; and he threatened me with a prison if the debt remained unpaid on the day it was due. I have never forgotten that circumstance; and I should certainly not have been sorry if your father's creditors had given him a lesson in forbearance, by treating him as harshly as he once treated me."

"My father had a right to ask for his own," I broke out. "If you owed him the money and didn't pay it—"

"I never told you I didn't pay it," says Mr. Clissold, as coolly as ever.

"Well, if you didn't pay it," I put in, "then, you didn't go to prison—and you have no cause of complaint now. My father wronged nobody; and I won't believe he ever wronged you. He was a just man in all his dealings; and whoever tells me to the contrary—"

"Hah! hah!" says Mr. Clissold, backing away to the cabin stairs. "You seem to have no guilts got over your fever yet. I'll leave you to air yourself in the sea-breeze, Mr. Second Mate; and I'll receive your excuses when you are cool enough to make them."

"It is a son's business to defend his father's character," I answered; "and, if you don't, I'll leave the ship sooner than ask your pardon for doing my duty!"

"You *will* leave the ship," says the supercargo, quietly going down into the cabin. "You will leave at the next port, if I have any interest with the captain."

That was how Mr. Clissold and I scraped acquaintance on the first day when we met together! And as we began, so we went on to the end. But though he pestered me in almost every sort of way, he did not anger me again about father's affairs: he seemed to have dropped talking of them at once and forever. As my wife nevertheless bore in mind what he had said to me, and determined, if I got home safe, to go to the lawyer at Barnstaple and look father's old books and letters for us, and see what information they might give on the subject of Mr. Lawrence Clissold. I, myself, had never heard his name mentioned at home—father (as you know, Alfred) being always close about business-matters, and mother never troubling him with idle questions about his affairs. But it was understood that he and Mr. Clissold might have been concerned in money-matters, in past years, and that Mr. Clissold might have tried to borrow, and failed. I say, if I got home safe, to prove to be so—for the truth *is*, the supercargo provoked me past all endurance, and I hated him as heartily as I ever hated man.

All this while the ship was making such a speedy voyage down the coast that we began to think we should get round with it as the fine weather we had brought out. But on nearing Cape Horn the signs and tokens appeared which told us that our run of luck was at an end. Down went the barometer, lower and lower; and we got the wind, in the northerly quarter, higher and higher. This happened toward nightfall—and at dawn next day we found ourselves hove-to forced to lay to. It blew all that day and all that night; toward noon the next day it lulled a little, and we made sail again. But at sunset the heavens grew blacker than ever, and the wind returned upon us with double and treble fury. The *Perseine* was a fine, stout, roomy ship, but the unhandiest vessel at laying-to I ever sailed in. After taking tons of water on board and losing our best boat, we had nothing left for it but to turn tail and scud for our lives. For the next three days and nights we ran before the wind. The gale moderated more than once in that time, but there was such a sea on that we dared not heave to the ship to. From the beginning of the gale none of us of-

fleers had a chance of taking any observations. We only knew that the wind was driving us as hard as we could go in a southerly direction, and that we were by this time hundreds of miles out of the ordinary course of ships in sailing the Cape.

On the third night—or rather, I should say, early on the fourth morning—I went below, dead beat, to get a little rest, leaving the vessel in charge of the captain and the first mate. The night was then pitch-black—it was raining, hailing, and sleeting, all at once—and the *Peruvian* was wallowing in the frightful sea, as if she meant to roll the masts out of her. I tumbled into bed the instant my wet oil-skins were off my back, and slept at once as a man can who lays himself down dead beat.

I was woke—how long afterward I don't know—by being pitched clean out of my berth on to the cabin floor; and at the same moment I heard the crash of the ship's timbers, forward, which told me it was all over with us.

Thoroughly stunned and shaken by my fall I was on deck in a minute, and I have had taken two steps forward the *Peruvian* forged ahead on the send of the sea, swung round a little, and struck heavily at the bows for the second time. The shrouds of the foremast cracked one after another, like pistol-shots, and the mast went overboard. I next felt our people go tearing past me, in the black darkness, to the lee-side of the vessel; and I knew that in their last extremity they were taking to the boats. I say *I felt* them go past me, because the roaring of the sea and the howling of the wind deafened me, on deck, as completely as the darkness blinded me. I myself no more believed the boats would live in the sea than I believed the ship would hold together on the reef—but as the rest were running the risk, I made up my mind to run it with them.

But before I followed the crew to leeward I went below again for a minute—not to save money or clothes, for, with death staring me in the face, neither were of any account now—but to get my little writing-case which mother had given me at parting. A pair of Macgregor's life-boats was in the pocket inside it, with all the letters she had sent me when I had been away on other voyages. If I saved any thing, I was resolved to save this—and if I died, I would die with it about me.

My locker was jammed with the wrenching of the ship, and had to be broken open. I was, maybe, longer over this job than I myself supposed. At any rate, when I got on deck again with my case in my breast, it was useless calling, and useless growing on. The lights of the other boats, when I felt for it, was gone; and every soul on board was beyond a doubt gone with her.

Before I had time to think I was driven off my feet by another sea coming on board, and a great heave of the vessel which drove her farther over the reef, and rented the after-part of her up like the roof of a house. In that position the ship stuck, wedged fast into the rocks beneath, while the fore-part of the ship was all to pieces and down under water. If the after-part went the place it was now jammed in till daylight there might be a chance, but if the sea wrenched it out from between the rocks there was an end of me. After straining my eyes to discover if there was land beyond the reef, and seeing nothing but the flash of the breakers, like white fire in the darkness, I crawled below again to the shelter of the cabin stairs and waited for death or daylight.

As the morning hours were on the weather moderated again, and the after-part of the vessel, though shaken often, was not shaken out of its place. A little before dawn the winds and the waves, though in force enough to keep me on my at last to hear something besides themselves. What I did hear, crouched up in my dark corner, was a heavy thumping and grinding, every now and then, against the side of the ship to windward. Day broke soon afterward, and when I climbed to the deck I found my way up to windward first to see what the noise was caused by.

My first look over the bulwark showed me that it was caused by the boat which my unfortunate brother officers and the crew had launched and gone away in when the ship struck. The boat was bottom upward, thumping against the ship's side on the top of the sea. I wanted no second look at it to tell me that every mother's son of them was drowned.

The main and mizen masts still stood. I got into the mizen rigging to look out next to leeward —and there, in the blessed daylight, I saw a low, green, enchanted island, lying away beyond the reef, barely a mile distant from the ship! My life began to look of some small value to me again when I saw land. I got higher up in the rigging to note how the current set, and where there might be a passage through the reef. The ship had driven over the rocks through the worst of the surf, and the sea between myself and the island, though angry and broken in places, was not too high for a lost man like me to venture on—provided I could reach the land on some smallest boat still left in the vessel. I noted carefully the black, lizzel-looking channel for trying the experiment, and then got down on deck again to see what I could do, first of all, with the boat.

At the moment when my feet touched the deck I heard a dull knocking and banging just under them, in the region of the cabin. When the noise first reached my ears I got such a shock of surprise that I could neither move or speak. It had never yet entered my mind that any single soul was left in the vessel besides myself—but now, there was something in the knocking noise which started the hope in me that I was not alone. I shook myself up, and got down below directly.

The noise came from inside one of the sleeping berths, on the far side of the main cabin; the door of which was jammed, no doubt, just as my locker had been jammed, by the wrenching of the ship. "Who's there?" I called out. A faint, muffled kind of voice answered something through the stir grating in the upper part of the door. I got up on the overthrown cabin furniture; and, looking in through the trellis-work of the grating, found myself face to face with the blue spectacles of Mr. Lawrence Clissold, looking out!

God forgive me for thinking it—but there was not a man in the vessel I wouldn't sooner have found alive in her than Mr. Clissold! Of all that ship's company, we two, who were least friendly together, were the only two saved.

I had a better chance of breaking out the jammed door from the main cabin than he had from his berth inside; and in less than five minutes he was set free. I had smelled spirits already through the air-grating—smelled now, when he and I stood face to face, I saw what the smell meant. There was an open case of spirits by the bedside—two of the bottles out of it were by the floor—broken on the floor and Mr. Clissold was drunk.

"What's the matter with the ship?" says he, looking fierce, and speaking thick.

"You shall see for yourself," says I. With which words I took hold of him, and pulled him after me up the cabin stairs. I reckoned on the sight that would meet him, when he first looked over the deck, to sober his drunken brains—and I reckoned right: he fell on his knees, stock-still and speechless at the wreck and ruin of it.

I lashed him up safe to the cabin rail, and left it to the air to bring him round. He had, likely enough, been drinking in his sleeping berth for days together—for none of us, as I now remembered, had seen him since the gale set in—and even if he had kept sober enough to get out, or to call for help, when the ship struck, he was not the man made himself heard in the noise and confusion of that awful time. But for the fall in the weather I should not have heard him myself when he attempted to get free in the morning. Enemy of mine as he was, he had a pair of arms—and he was worth untold gold, in my situation, for that reason. With the help I could make him give me, there was no doubt now about launching the boat. In half an hour I had the satisfaction of seeing that experiment; and Mr. Clissold was sober enough to see that his life depended on his doing what I told him.

The sky looked clearer, and there was no opening any where—and the clouds were not looking up again to windward. The supercargo knew what I meant when I pointed that way, and worked with a will when he saw me set to work. I had previously stowed away in the boat such stores of meat, biscuit, and fresh water as I could readily lay hands on; together with what spirits appeared, a few candles, and some boxes of matches in my pocket, to kindle light and fire with. At the last moment I found my gun and powder-flask and shot. The powder and shot I found, and a stiff flint pocket-pistol in the captain's cabin—with which, for fear of wasting precious time, I was forced to be content. Mr. Clissold got a copy of the medicine-chest—and I took that also, finding it handy, and not knowing but what it might be of use. Having got these things together, we launched the boat, down the steep of the deck, into the water over the forward part of the ship which was next to us. I, after ordering Mr. Clissold to sit still in the stern-sheets, and pulled for the island.

It was sink or nothing with us more than once, before we were two hundred yards from the ship. Luckily, the supercargo was used to boats; and muddled as he still was, he had sense enough to take spirit. We found our way into the narrow channel which I had noted from the mizen-rigging—after which, it was easy enough to get ashore.

We landed on a little sandy bay. From the time of our leaving the ship the supercargo had not spoken a word to me, nor I to him. I now left him to look after the getting the stores out of the boat, and in helping me to carry them to the first sheltered place we could find in shore on the island. This done, he himself up with a sulky look at me, and did as I had ordered him. I left him free to do dip or dell in the ground, after getting up the low sides of the island, which was sheltered to leeward—and then left him to himself to get over stories while I walked farther on to survey the place.

According to the hasty judgment I formed at the time the island seemed to be about seven, and not much more than three miles round. I noted nothing in the way of food but a few wild roots and vegetables growing in ragged patches amidst the thick scrub which covered the place. There was not a tree on it any where; nor any living creatures; nor any signs of fresh water that I could see. Stealing on, I must confess, I looked about anxiously for other islands that might be inhabited; there were none visible—at least none in the direction of the ship! My last hope was gone. I got higher up in the rigging to note how the current set, and where there might be a passage through the reef. The ship had driven over the rocks through the worst of the surf, and the sea between myself and the island, though angry and broken in places, was not too high for a lost man like me to venture on—provided I could reach the land on some smallest boat still left in the vessel. I noted carefully the black, lizzel-looking channel for trying the experiment, and then got down on deck again to see what I could do, first of all, with the boat.

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The noise came from inside one of the sleeping berths, on the far side of the main cabin; the door of which was jammed, no doubt, just as my locker had been jammed, by the wrenching of the ship. "Who's there?" I called out. A faint, muffled kind of voice answered something through the stir grating in the upper part of the door. I got up on the overthrown cabin furniture; and, looking in through the trellis-work of the grating, found myself face to face with the blue spectacles of Mr. Lawrence Clissold, looking out!

God forgive me for thinking it—but there was not a man in the vessel I wouldn't sooner have found alive in her than Mr. Clissold! Of all that ship's company, we two, who were least friendly together, were the only two saved.

I had a better chance of breaking out the jammed door from the main cabin than he had from his berth inside; and in less than five minutes he was set free. I had smelled spirits already through the air-grating—smelled now, when he and I stood face to face, I saw what the smell meant. There was an open case of spirits by the bedside—two of the bottles out of it were by the floor—broken on the floor and Mr. Clissold was drunk.

"What's the matter with the ship?" says he, looking fierce, and speaking thick.

"You shall see for yourself," says I. With which words I took hold of him, and pulled him after me up the cabin stairs. I reckoned on the sight that would meet him, when he first looked over the deck, to sober his drunken brains—and I reckoned right: he fell on his knees, stock-still and speechless at the wreck and ruin of it.

I lashed him up safe to the cabin rail, and left it to the air to bring him round. He had, likely enough, been drinking in his sleeping berth for days together—for none of us, as I now remembered, had seen him since the gale set in—and even if he had kept sober enough to get out, or to call for help, when the ship struck, he was not the man made himself heard in the noise and confusion of that awful time. But for the fall in the weather I should not have heard him myself when he attempted to get free in the morning. Enemy of mine as he was, he had a pair of arms—and he was worth untold gold, in my situation, for that reason. With the help I could make him give me, there was no doubt now about launching the boat. In half an hour I had the satisfaction of seeing that experiment; and Mr. Clissold was sober enough to see that his life depended on his doing what I told him.

The sky looked clearer, and there was no opening any where—and the clouds were not looking up again to windward. The supercargo knew what I meant when I pointed that way, and worked with a will when he saw me set to work. I had previously stowed away in the boat such stores of meat, biscuit, and fresh water as I could readily lay hands on; together with what spirits appeared, a few candles, and some boxes of matches in my pocket, to kindle light and fire with. At the last moment I found my gun and powder-flask and shot. The powder and shot I found, and a stiff flint pocket-pistol in the captain's cabin—with which, for fear of wasting precious time, I was forced to be content. Mr. Clissold got a copy of the medicine-chest—and I took that also, finding it handy, and not knowing but what it might be of use. Having got these things together, we launched the boat, down the steep of the deck, into the water over the forward part of the ship which was next to us. I, after ordering Mr. Clissold to sit still in the stern-sheets, and pulled for the island.

It was sink or nothing with us more than once, before we were two hundred yards from the ship. Luckily, the supercargo was used to boats; and muddled as he still was, he had sense enough to take spirit. We found our way into the narrow channel which I had noted from the mizen-rigging—after which, it was easy enough to get ashore.

We landed on a little sandy bay. From the time of our leaving the ship the supercargo had not spoken a word to me, nor I to him. I now left him to look after the getting the stores out of the boat, and in helping me to carry them to the first sheltered place we could find in shore on the island. This done, he himself up with a sulky look at me, and did as I had ordered him. I left him free to do dip or dell in the ground, after getting up the low sides of the island, which was sheltered to leeward—and then left him to himself to get over stories while I walked farther on to survey the place.

According to the hasty judgment I formed at the time the island seemed to be about seven, and not much more than three miles round. I noted nothing in the way of food but a few wild roots and vegetables growing in ragged patches amidst the thick scrub which covered the place. There was not a tree on it any where; nor any living creatures; nor any signs of fresh water that I could see. Stealing on, I must confess, I looked about anxiously for other islands that might be inhabited; there were none visible—at least none in the direction of the ship! My last hope was gone. I got higher up in the rigging to note how the current set, and where there might be a passage through the reef. The ship had driven over the rocks through the worst of the surf, and the sea between myself and the island, though angry and broken in places, was not too high for a lost man like me to venture on—provided I could reach the land on some smallest boat still left in the vessel. I noted carefully the black, lizzel-looking channel for trying the experiment, and then got down on deck again to see what I could do, first of all, with the boat.

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by tying a fresh knot every morning in a piece of marline—we two men were just a week, each on his own side of the island, without seeing or communicating, any how, with one another. The first half of the week I had enough to do with cudgeling my brains for a means of helping ourselves to keep my mind steady.

I thought first of picking up all the longest bits of spars that had been cast ashore, lashing them together with ropes twisted out of the long grass on the island, and trusting to raft-navigation to get to that high land away in the south. But when I looked among the spars, there were not half a dozen of them left whole enough for the purpose. And even if there had been more, the short allowance of food would have given me time sufficient, or strength sufficient, to make the grass, to twist it into ropes, and to lash a raft together big enough and strong enough for us two men. There was nothing to be done but to give up that notion —and I gave it up. The next chance I thought of was to keep a fire burning on the shore every night, with the wood of the wreck, in case a sail at sea might notice it on one side—or the people of the high land in the south (if the distance was not too great) might notice it on the other. There was sense in this notion, and it could be turned to account the moment the wood was dry enough to burn. The wood got dry enough before the week was out. Whether it was the end of the stormy season in those latitudes, or whether it was only the shifting of the wind to the west, I don't know —but now, day after day, the heavens were clear, and the sun shone scorching hot. The scrub on the island (which was of no great account) dried up—and with it, water in the hollow of the rocks (which was, on the other hand, a serious business) dried up too. Troubles seldom come alone; and on the day when I made this discovery I also found out that I had calculated wrong about the food. Like it out as I might, with scurvy grass and roots, they would not be more eight days more of it left when the first week was past—and as for the fresh water, half a pint a day, unless more rain fell, would leave me at the end of my store, as nearly as I could guess, about the same time.

This was a bad look-out—but I don't think the prospect of it upset me in my mind so much as the having nothing to do. Except for the gathering of the wood, and the lighting of the signal-fire every night, I had no work at all toward the end of the week to keep me steady. I checked myself in thinking much about home, for fear of losing heart, and not holding out to the last, as became a man. For the same reasons I likewise kept my mind from raising hopes of help in me which were not likely to come true. What else was there to think about? Nothing but the other man on the other side of the island—and he hanged to him!

I thought about those words I heard him say in his sleep—I thought whether he was getting on by himself; how he had nothing but water to drink, and little enough of that; how he was eking out his provisions; whether he slept much or not; whether he saw the smoke of my fire at night or not; whether he held up better or worse than I did; whether he would be glad to see me if I went to him to make it up; whether he or I would die first; whether, if it was me, he would do for me what I would have done for him—namely, bury him, with the last strength I had left. All these things, and lots more, kept coming and going in my mind, till I could stand it no longer. On the morning of the eighth day I vowed to go to him in his territories, feeling it would do me good to see him and hear him, even if we quarrelled again the instant we came up to each other.

I climbed up to the grassy ground—and, when I got there, what should I see but the supercargo himself coming to me in my territories, and wandering up and down in the scrub through not knowing where to find them!

It almost frightened me over, when we met, the man was changed so. He looked eighty years old; the little flesh he had on his miserable face hung baggy; his blue spectacles had dropped down on his nose, and his eyes showed over them wild and red-rimmed; his lips were black; his legs staggered under him. He came up to me with his eyes all of a glitter, and put both his hands on my breast, just over the pocket in which I kept that flask of ginger-brandy which he had tried to steal from me.

"Have you got any of it left?" says he, in a whisper.

"About two mouthfuls," says I.

"Give us one of them, for God's sake," says he. Giving him one of those mouthfuls was just about equal to giving him a day of my life. In the case of a man I liked, I would not have thought twice about giving it. In the case of Mr. Clissold I did think twice. I would have been a better Christian if I could—but just then I couldn't.

He thought I was going to say No. His eyes got cunning directly. He reached his hands to my shoulders, and whispered these words in my ear:

"I'll tell you what I know about the five hundred pound if you'll give me a drop."

I determined to give it to him, and pulled out the flask. I took his hand, and poured the drop into the hollow of it, and held it for a moment.

"Tell me first," I said, "and drink afterward."

He looked all round him, as if he thought there were people on the island to hear us. "Hush!" he said; "let's whisper about it." The next question and answer that passed between us was louder than before on my side, and softer than ever on his. This was the question:

"What do you know about the five hundred pound?"

And this was the answer:

"It's *Stolen Money!*"

My hand dropped away from his as if he had shot me. He instantly fastened on the drop of liquor in the hollow of his hand, like a hungry wild beast on a bone, and then looked up for more. Something in my face (God knows what) seemed suddenly to frighten him out of his life. Before I could stir a step, or get a word out, down he dropped on his knees, whining and whimpering in the high grass at my feet.

"Don't kill me!" says he; "I'm dying—I'll think of my poor soul. I'll repent while there's time—"

Beginning in that way, he maundered awfully, groveling down in the grass; asking me every other minute for "a drop more, and a drop more;" and talking as if he thought we were both in England. Out of his wanderings, his beseechings for another drop, and his miserable beggar-speculations for his "poor soul," I gathered together these words—the same which I wrote down on the morsel of paper, and of which nine parts out of ten are now rubbed off:

The first I made out—though not the first he said —was that some one, whom he spoke of as "the old man," was at the bottom of it. That was the place he lived in. I was to go there, and ask, among the old men, for "Tregarthen—"

Did he mention by me of the name of Tregarthen, my brother, to my great surprise, stopped me with a start; made me say the name over more than once; and then, for the first time, told me of the trouble about his sweetheart and his marriage. We waited a little to talk that matter over, after which I went on again with my story, in these words):

Well, as I made out from Clissold's wanderings, I was to go to Laurean, to ask among the old men for Tregarthen, and to say that Clissold sent me. Clissold was the man. Clissold bore no malice: Clissold repented like a Christian, for the sake of his poor soul. He left it to me to make friends with Tregarthen. I was to say, "Look among the books: look at the leaf you know of, and see for yourself if you have the right leaf to be there." No! I was to say something else to Tregarthen. I was to say, "The right leaf is hidden, not burned. Clissold had time for every thing else, but no time to burn that leaf. Tregarthen came to me when he had got the candle lit to burn it. There was just time to let it drop from under his hand into the great crack in the floor, and the ship was ordered abroad by the House, and there was no chance of doing more." No! I was to say none of these things to Tregarthen. I was to say, "Look in Clissold's desk—and, if you blame me by body, blame miser Raybrock for driving him to it." And oh, another drop—for the Lord's sake, give him another drop!

So he went on, over and over again, till I found voice enough to speak and stop him.

"Get up and help me to the miserable wretch. "Get back to your own side of the island, or I may do you a mischief, in spite of my own scruples!"

"Give me the other drop and I will," was all the answer I could get from him.

I threw him the flask. He pounced upon it with a howl. I turned my back—for I could look at him no longer—and climbed down again to my territories on the beach.

I sat down alone on the sand, and tried to quiet myself fit to think about what I had heard. That father could ever have willfully done any thing unbecoming his character all honest men knew by what I wouldn't believe, in the first place. And that the wretched brute I had just parted from should, in his right senses, say what he believed, I believe, in the second place. What I had myself seen of drinkers, at sea and ashore, helped me to understand the condition in which he had fallen. I knew that when a man who had been sober for years is suddenly cut off his drink he drops to pieces like body and mind, for the want of it. I had also heard sailor-doctors talk, in the course of their own, of a drink-madness, which we ignorant men call the Horrors. And I made it out, easy enough, that I had been overwhelmed by a group of these conditions; and that if we both lived long enough without help coming to us, I might soon see him in the second stage, which was to end, to get farther, and settle how much of what I had heard was wanderings and how much truth, and what it meant if there was truth in it, my slowness got in my way again; and where it was that I should have made up his mind in an hour or two, I was all day, in my distress, making up mine. The upshot of what I settled with myself was, in my own words, this: Having mother's writing-case handy about me, I determined first to set down, for my own self's reminder, all that I had heard. Next, to clear the matter up if ever I got back to England alive; and if wrong had been done to that old man, to right my dead father's name (without father's knowledge), to make restoration for his sake.

All this day I neither saw nor heard more of the supercargo. I passed a miserable night of it, either writing my memorandum, fighting with my loneliness and my own thoughts. The remembrance of those words, "Stolen Money!" made the five hundred pound was money which he had once run a risk with, kept putting into my mind suspicions I was ashamed of. I was glad enough came I almost felt as if I was going to have the Horrors too, and got up to walk them off, if possible, in the morning air.

I kept on the northern side of the island, walking backward and forward for an hour or more. Then I returned to my cavern: and the first thing I saw, on getting near it, was the other footsteps than mine marked on the sand. I suspected at once that the supercargo had been lurking about watching me, instead of going to my other footsteps; and that, in my absence, he had been at his thieving tricks again.

The stores were what I looked at first. The food he had not touched; but the water he had either drunk or wasted—there was not half a pint of it left. The medicine-chest was open, and the bottle with the harisborn was gone. When I looked next for the pistol, which I had loaded with powder and shot for the chance of bird-shooting, that never came, the pistol was gone too. After making this last discovery, my last one thing left to be done—namely, to find out where he was, and to take the pistol away from him.

I set off to search first on the western side. It was a beautiful, clear, calm, sunshiny morning; and as I crossed the island, looking out on my left hand and my right, I stopped on a sudden, with my heart in my mouth, as the saying is. Something curled up my eye, far out at sea, in the north-west. I looked again—and there, as true as the heavens above me, I saw a ship, with the sunlight on her topsails, hull down, on the water-line in the offing!

All thought of the errand I was bent on went out of my mind in an instant. I ran as fast as my weak legs would carry me to the northern beach; gathered up the broken wood which was still lying there plentifully, and, with the help of the dry grass, lit the fire which I had made yet. This was the only signal it was in my power to make that there were men on the island. The fire, in the bright sunshine, would be invisible to the ship; but the smoke curling up from it in the clear sky might be seen, if they had a look-out at the mast-head.

While I was still feeding the fire, and so rapt up in doing it that I had neither eyes nor ears for any thing else, I heard the supercargo's voice, on a sudden, at my back. He had stolen on me along the sand. When I faced him he was swinging his arms about in the air, and saying to himself, over and over again, "I see the ship! I see the ship!"

After a little he came to his senses. By the look of him he had found out the ginger-brandy, and it had strung him up a bit, body and mind, for the time. He kept his right hand behind him, as if he was trying to conceal something, and that "something" to be the pistol I was in search of.

"Will the ship come here?" says he.

"Yes, if they see the smoke," says I, keeping my eye on him.

He waited a bit, frowning suspiciously, and looking hard at me all the time.

"What did I say to you yesterday?" he asked.

"What I have got written down here," I made answer, smacking my hand over the writing-case in my breast-pocket. "And what I mean to put to the proof, if the ship sees us and we get back to England."

He whipped his right hand round from behind him like lightning, and snapped the pistol at me. It missed fire. I wrenched it from him in a moment, and struck him on his hair's-breadth of knocking him on the head with the butt-end afterward. I lifted my hand—then thought better, and dropped it again.

"No," says I, fixing my eyes on him steadily— "I'll wait till the ship finds us."

He shrunk away from me; and, as he shunk, looked hard at the ship. He stepped a minute so, thinking to himself; then he looked back at me again, with some mad mischief in him, that twinkled through his blue spectacles, and grinned on his dry, black lips.

"The ship shall never find *you*," he said. With which words he turned about toward his own side of the island, and left me.

He only meant that saying to be a threat—but, fetch if almost that he was, it turned out as good as a prophecy for him, my hard work with the fire proved work in vain; and hope was quenched in me long before the embers I had set light to were burned out. The ship's company was seen or not from the vessel is more than I can tell. I only know that she filled away on the other tack, not ten minutes after the smoke began to rise. In less than an hour's time the last glimpse of the bright top-sails had vanished out of view.

I went back to my cavern—which was now lighter than ever to be a prison as well. In that hot climate, with all the moisture on the island dried up, with not quite so much as a tumblerful of water left, I had no chance but to die miserably, facing on half-rations of food — two days more, at most, would see me out. It was hard enough for me to make up my mind I had left at home how to make life precious, to die such a death as was now before me. It was harder still to have the thought of leaving a few words for it fit them—by what had just happened between the supercargo and myself. There was no hope now that the writing-case, the day before, had more falsehood in my breast about it than I knew, or that it was plainly true enough and serious enough to have scared him into attempting my life, rather than let it fall into possession of it, when there was a chance of the ship rescuing us. That secret had father's good name mixed up with it—and here was I, face to face with the hideous darkness from off of it, carrying it with me, black as ever, into my grave.

It was one of the horror I felt at doing that, and out of the yearning of my heart toward you. As I fred, when ✪ thought of it, that the notion came to comfort me of writing the Message at the top of the paper, and of putting it in the bottle to the sea. Drowning men, they say, catch at straws —and the straw of comfort I caught at was the one chance in ten thousand that the Message might float till it was picked up, and that it might reach you. My mind might, or might not, have been falling for this time—but it was true, either way, that I did feel comforted when I had emptied one of the two bottles left in the medicine chest, had put the paper inside, had fitted the stopper carefully over with the oil-skin, and had tied the whole by my pocket, ready, when I felt my time coming, to drop into the sea. I was rid of the secret, I thought to myself; and, if it pleased God, I was rid of it, Alfred, to you.

The day waned, and the sun set, all cloudless and golden, in a dead calm. There was not a ripple any where on the long oily heaving of the sea. Before night came I strengthened myself with a letter need than usual was to food—for where was the use of keeping meat and biscuit when I had not water enough to last along with them? When the stars came out and the moon rose I gathered the wood together and lit the signal-fire, according to custom, on the beach outside my cavern. I had no hope from it—but the fire was company to me; the looking into it quieted my thoughts, and the crackling of it was a relief in the silence. I don't know why it was, but the breathless stillness of that night had something awful in it, and went near to frightening me.

The moon got high in the heavens, and the light of her lay all in a flood on the sea and before me, on the rocks that jutted out from the land, and on the calm sea beyond. I was thinking of Margaret—wondering if the moon was shining on our little bay at Steepways, and if she was looking at it too—when I saw a man's shadow steal over the white of the sand. He was lurking near me again! In a minute he came into view. The moonshine glinted on his blue spectacles, and glimmered on his bald head. He stooped as he passed by the rocks and picked up more fuel—for I saw him found a large one, and came straight with it on tiptoe up to the fire. I showed myself to him on a sudden, to the fire. He threw, with the pistol in my hand. He dropped the stone, and shrank back at the sight of it. When he was close to the sea he stopped, and screamed out at me, "The ship's coming! The ship's coming!" The ship shall never find you!" That notion of the ship, and of my chance of getting me before help came to us, seemed never to have left him. When he turned, and went back by the way he had come, he went still shouting out those same words. For a quarter of an hour or more I heard him, till the silence swallowed up his ravings, and led me back again to my thoughts of home.

Those thoughts left me till the moon was on the wane. It was darker now, and stiller than ever. I had not fed the signal-fire for half an hour or more, and found myself up, at the mouth of the cavern, to do it, when I saw the flying gleams of moonshine over the sea on either side of me suddenly turn red. Black shadows, as from low-flying clouds, swept after each other over the deepening redness. The air grew hot—a hot wind began to sound nearer, from above me and behind me, like the rush of wind at the near of water, both together, and both far off. I ran out on the sand, and looked back. The island was on fire!

On fire at the point of it opposite to me—on fire in one great sheet of flame that stretched right across the island, from shore to shore, and steadily before the light westerly wind which was blowing at the time. Only one hand could have kindled that terrible fire—the hand of the lost wretch who had left me, with the mad thirst in his lips and the murderous notion of burning me out of my refuge, sooner than die by the crazy brain. On his side of the island (where the fire had begun), the dry grass and scrub grew all round the little hollow in the rocks which I had left to him for his place of refuge. And he had chosen rightly how to lose he would have lost that thousand already!

Having nothing to feed on but the dry scrub, the flame travelled with such a fierce, leaping swiftness that I had barely time, after mastering my own scattered senses, to turn back into the cavern to get myself a drink of water and my last mouthful of food, before I heard the fire behind me crackling over the thatched roof which my own hands had raised. I ran across the beach to the spur of rock which jutted out into the sea, and there crouched down on the farthest edge I could reach to. There was nothing for the tire to lay hold of between me and the tip of the rock's headland. I was far enough away to be out of the lick of the flames, and low enough down to get air under the sweep of the smoke. But my own wonder why, with death by starvation threatening me close at hand, I should have schemed and struggled as I did to save myself from a quicker death by suffocation in the smoke. I can only answer to that, that I wonder too—but so it was.

The flames their way to the edge of the bank, and lapped over it as if they longed to lick me up. The heat scorched nearer than I had thought, and the smoke poured lower and thicker. I lay down sick and weak, on the rock, with my face close over the calm, cool water. When I ventured to lift myself up again the top of the island was of a ruby red, the smoke was already in little streaks, and the air above was quivering with the heat. While I looked at it I felt a kind of surging and singing in my head, and a deadly faintness and coldness crept all over me. I took the bottle that held the Message from my pocket, and dropped it into the sea—then crawled a little way back over the rocks, and fell forward at once before I got so far as the sand. The last I remember was trying to say my prayers—losing the words—losing my sight —losing the sense of where I was—losing every thing.

The day was breaking again when I was roused up by feeling rough hands on me. Savages—savages —some on the rocks, some in the water, some in two long canoes—were clamoring and crowding about on all sides. They bound me, and took me off at once to one of the canoes. The other kept company—and both were paddled back to that high land which I had seen in the south. Death had passed me by once more—and Captivity had come in its place.

The story of my life among the savages having no concern with the matter now in hand, may be passed by here in few words. They had seen the fire on the island—and paddling over in reconnoitre, had found me. Not one of them had ever set eyes on a white man before. I was taken away to be shown about among them for a curiosity. When they were tired of showing me, they spared my life, finding my knowledge and general handiness as a civilized man useful to them in various ways. I lost all count of time in my captivity—and can only guess now that it lasted more than one year and less than two. I made two attempts to escape, each time in a canoe, and was talked in both. Nobody at home in England would ever, as I believe, have seen me again if an outward bound vessel had not touched at the little desert island

for fresh water. Finding none there, she came on to the territory of the savages (which was an island, too). When they took me on board, I looked little better than a savage myself, and could hardly talk my own language. By the help of the kindness shown to me I was right again by the time we spoke the first ship homeward bound. To that vessel I was transferred; and in her I worked my passage back to Tahiti.

CHAPTER V.—THE RESTITUTION.

CAPTAIN JORGAN, up and out betimes, had put the whole village of Laurean under an amicable cross-examination, and was returning to the King Arthur's Arms to breakfast, none the wiser for his trouble, when he beheld the young fisherman advancing to meet him, accompanied by a stranger. A glance at this stranger assured the captain that he could be no other than the Sea-faring Man; and the captain was about to hail him as a fellow-craftsman, when the two stood still and silent before the captain, and the captain stood still, silent, and wondering before them.

"Why, what's this?" cried the captain, when at last he broke the silence. "You two are alike. You two are much alike! What's this?"

Not a word was answered on the other side, until after the sea-faring brother had got hold of the captain's right hand, and the fisherman brother had got hold of the captain's left hand; and if ever two people had had his fill of hand-shaking, from his birth to that hour, he had it then. And presently up and spoke the two brothers, one at a time, or two at a time, two down at a time for the bewilderment into which they plunged the captain, until he gradually had Hugh Raybrock's declaration clear to him, and had fully comprehended the fact that the person referred to in the half-obliterated paper was Tregarthen himself.

"Formerly, dear Captain Jorgan," said Alfred, "of Laurean, you recollect? Kitty and her father came to live at Steepways after Hugh shipped on his last voyage."

"Ay, ay!" cried the captain, fetching a breath. "*Now* you have me in tow. Then your brother here don't know his sister-in-law that is to be so much as his name?"

"Never saw her; never heard of her!"

"Ay, ay, sir!" cried the captain. "Why then we every one go back together—Kitty, write, and all—and take Tregarthen into the secret we keep from him?"

"Surely," said Alfred, "we can't help it now. We must go through with our duty."

"Not a doubt," returned the captain. "Give me an arm apiece, and let us set this ship-shape."

So, arm-in-arm up and down in the shrill wind on the wild moor, while the neglected breakfast cooled within, the captain and the brothers settled their course of action.

It was, that they should all proceed by the quickest means they could secure to Barnstaple, and there leave the father to look over the papers in the lawyer's keeping: as Hugh had proposed to himself to do if ever he reached home. That, enlightened or unenlightened, they should then return to Steepways and go straight to Mr. Tregarthen, and tell him all they knew, and see what came of it, and act accordingly. Lastly, that when they got there they should not enter the village with all precautions against Hugh's being recognized by any chance; and that to the captain should be assigned the task of first meeting his wife and mother for his restoration to this life.

"For you see," quoth Captain Jorgan, touching the last head, "it requires caution any way, great joys being as dangerous as great griefs—if not more dangerous, as being more uncommon (and therefore less provided against) in this round world of ours. And besides, I should like to free my name with the ladies, and take you home again at your brightest and luckiest; so don't let's throw away a chance of success."

The captain was highly lauded by the brothers for his kind interest and foresight.

"And now stop!" said the captain, coming to a stand-still, and looking from one brother to the other, with quite a new rigging of wrinkles about each eye; "you are of opinion," to the elder, "that you are ra'ather slow?"

"I assure you I am very slow," said the bowed Hugh.

"Wa'al," replied the captain, "I assure *you* that to the best of my belief I am ra'ather smart. Now, a slow man ain't good at quick business, is he?"

That was clear to both.

"You," said the captain, turning to the younger brother, "are a little in here; ain't you?"

"Not a little, Captain Jorgan."

"Much or little, you're sort-preoccupied; sin't you?"

It was impossible to be denied.

"And a sort preoccupied man sin't good at quick business; is he?" said the captain.

Equally clear on all sides.

"Now," said the captain, "I ain't in love myself, and I've made many a smart run across the ocean, and I should like to carry on and go ahead with this affair of yours and make a run slick through it. Shall I try? Will you hand it over to me?"

They were both delighted to do so, and thanked him heartily.

"Good," said the captain, taking out his watch. "This is half past eight A.M., Friday morning. I'll jot that down, and we'll compute how many hours we've got when we run into your mother's post-office. There! The entry's made, and now we go ahead."

They went ahead so well that before the Barnstaple lawyer's office was open next morning the captain was sitting whistling on the step of the door, waiting for the clerk to come down the street with his key and open it. But instead of the clerk there came the master, with whom the captain fraternized on the spot to an extent that utterly confounded him.

As he personally knew both Hugh and Alfred, there was no difficulty in obtaining immediate access to such of the father's papers as were in his keeping. These were chiefly old letters and cash accounts: from which the captain, with a shrewdness and dispatch that left the lawyer far behind, established with perfect clearness, by noon, the following particulars:

That, one Lawrence Clissold had borrowed of the deceased, at a time when he was a thriving young tradesman in the town of Barnstaple, the sum of five hundred pounds. That he had borrowed it on the written statement that it was to be laid out in furtherance of a speculation which he expected would raise him to independence; he being, at the time of writing that letter, no more than a clerk in the house of Dringworth Brothers, America Square, London City. That the money was required for a stipulated period; but that when the term was out the aforesaid speculation failed, and Clissold was without means of repayment. That, in addition, he had written to his creditor, in no very persuasive terms, vaguely requesting further time. That, the creditor had refused this concession, declaring that he could not afford delay. That, Clissold then paid the debt, accompanying the remittance of the money with an angry letter, describing it as having been advanced by a relative to save him from ruin. That, in acknowledging the receipt, Raybrock had cautioned Clissold to seek to borrow money of him no more, as he would never so risk money again.

Before the lawyer the captain said never a word in reference to these papers, but put them in their box, and he and his two companions were well out of the office his right leg suffered for it, and he said:

"So far that's done handsome, a fair wind and a prosperous; for don't you see that all this agrees with that dutiful trust in his father, maintained by the slow sensible of the dog-watch, Hugh?"

Whether the brothers had seen it before or no, they saw it now. Not that the captain gave them much time to consider it, for he was off again on their ease, for he instantly whipped them into a chaise again and bore them off to Steepways. Although the afternoon was but just beginning to decline when they reached it, and it was broad daylight, still they had no difficulty, by dint of muffling the returned sailor up, and ascending the village road on the Barnstaple side, in getting Tregarthen's cottage unobserved. Kitty was not visible, and they surprised Tregarthen sitting writing in the small room behind the little parlor.

"Sir," said the captain, instantly shaking hands with him, pen and all, "I'm glad to see you, sir. How do you do, sir? I'm Captain Jorgan, master of me by-and-by, and I congratulate you on going to do it."

Here the captain's eye fell on Tom Pettifer M.P. engaged in preparing some cookery at the fire.

"That critter," said the captain, smiting his leg, "is a born steward, and never ought to have been in any trade but the Navy where you are, Tom, and make yourself useful. Now, Tregarthen, I'm going to try a chair."

Accordingly, the captain drew one close to him, and went on:

"This loving member of the Raybrock family you know, sir, is under marriage to the same family, you don't know, sir. Wa'al, these two are brothers—fact! Hugh's come to life again, and here he stands. Now, see here, my friend! You don't want to be told (for there's a purpose in it) that he was cast away with another man. That man by name was Lawrence Clissold."

At the mention of this name Tregarthen started and changed color. "What's the matter?" said the captain.

"He was a fellow-clerk of mine, thirty—five-and-thirty—years ago."

"True," said the captain, immediately catching at the clew: "Dringworth Brothers, America Square, London City."

The other started again, nodded, and said, "That was the firm."

"Now," pursued the captain, "between these two men cast away there arose a mystery concerning the round sum of a hundred pounds."

Again Tregarthen started and changed color. Again the captain said, "What's the matter?"

As Tregarthen also answered, "Please to go on," the captain recounted, very tersely and plainly, the nature of Clissold's wanderings on the barren island, as he had confessed them in his mind from the sea-faring man. Tregarthen became greatly agitated during this recital, and at length exclaimed:

"Clissold was the man who ruined me! I have suspected it for many a long year, and now I know it."

"And how," said the captain, drawing his chair still closer to Tregarthen, and clapping his hand upon his shoulder, "how may you know it?"

"When we were fellow-clerks," replied Tregarthen, "in that London House, it was one of my duties to enter daily in a certain book an account of the sums received that day by the firm, and afterwards pay into the bankers' the amount every day—a Wednesday, the black day of my life—among the sums I so entered was one of five hundred pounds."

"I begin to make it out," said the captain. "Yes?"

"It was one of Clissold's duties to copy from this entry a memorandum of the sums which the clerk employed to go to the banker's paid in there. It was my duty to book the money as Clissold; it was Clissold's to hand it to the clerk, with that memorandum of his writing. On that Wednesday I entered a sum of five hundred pounds received. I handed that sum, as I handed the other sums in the day's entry, to Clissold. I was absolutely certain of it at the time; I have been absolutely certain of it ever since. A sum of five hundred pounds was afterward found by the House to have been that day wanting from the bag, from Clissold's memorandum, and from the entries in my book. Clissold, being questioned, stood upon his perfect clearness in the matter, and emphatically declared that he asked no better than to be tested by 'Tregarthen's book.' My book was examined, and the entry of five hundred pounds was not there."

"How not there," said the captain, "when you made it yourself?"

Tregarthen continued:

"I was then questioned. Had I made the entry? Certainly I had. The House produced my book, and it was not there. I could not deny my book; I could not deny my writing. I knew there must be forgery by some one; but the writing was wonderfully like mine, and I could impeach no one if the House could not. I was required to pay the money back. I did so; and I left the House, almost insolvent, rather than remain there—even if I could have done so—with a dark shadow of suspicion always on me. I returned to my native place, Laurean, and remained there, clerk to a mine, until I was appointed to my little post here."

"I well remember," said the captain, "that I told you that if you had had no experience of illjudgments on deceiving appearances, you were a lucky man. You went hurt at that, and I see why. I'm sorry."

"Than it is," said Tregarthen. "Of my own innocence I have of course been sure; it has been at once my comfort and my trial. Of Clissold I have always been morally almost amounting to certainty; but they have never been confirmed until now. For my daughter's sake and for my own I have endeavored to clear my name heart, as the only secret of my life, and have long believed that it would die with me."

"Wa'al, my good sir," said the captain, cordially, "I'm glad it won't die with you so long. I hope, concerning living, and not dying. Now, here are our two honest friends, the loving Raybrock and the Sea-faring Man! Here they agreed on one point, on which I'd back 'em round the world, and right across it from north to south, and then again from east to west, without doubt it, from your deepest Cornish mine to China. It is, that they will never use this same so-often-mentioned sum of money, and that refilling of it must be made to you. These two, the loving member and the slow, for the sake of the right and of their father's memory, will have it really for you to-morrow. That's it, and nothing short will suit mine, and a most mort'nate transaction."

Tregarthen took the captain by the hand, and gave his hand to each of the young men, but positively and finally answered No. He said, they trusted to his word, and he was glad of it, and at last in his mind; but there was no proof, and the money must remain as it was. All were very earnest over this; and earnestness in men, when they are right and true, is so impressive, that Mr. Pettifer deserted his cookery and looked on quite moved.

"And so," said the captain, "so we come—as that lawyer-critter says—to where we were this morning, might—to mere proof; do we? We must have it; must we? How? From this Clissold's relations? I mark you my say it ain't a hard to make out that there was a neat forgery of your writing committed by the two smart Rowdy and town practitioners, made his acquaintance, and a substitution of a forged leaf in your book for a real and true leaf torn out. Now, was that real and true leaf then and there destroyed? No—for there it is, all in its drunken way, let slipped it into a crack in his own desk, because you came into the office before there was time to burn it—and there it is now, to do it arterwards. Wait a bit. Where is that desk now? Do you consider it likely to be in America Square, London City?"

Tregarthen shook his head.

"The House has not, for years, transacted business in that place. I have heard of it and read of it, as removed, enlarged, every way altered. Things alter so fast in these times."

"You think so," returned the captain, with compassion; "you think so, and come over and see me afore you talk about *that*. Wa'al, now. This desk, this paper—this paper, this desk," said the captain, ruminating and talking about, and looking, in his uneasy abstraction, into Mr. Pettifer's hat on a table, among other things. "This desk, this paper—[*Aside*] Kitty, this letter," the captain continued, musing and roaming about the room, "I'd give—

However, he gave nothing, but took up his steward's hat instead, and stood looking into it, as if he had just come into Church. After that he roamed again, and again said, "This desk, belonging to that firm of Dringworth Brothers, America Square, London City—"

Mr. Pettifer, still strangely moved, and now more moved than before, came to the table as he backed across the room, and bespake him thus:

"Captain Jorgan, I have been wishful to engage your attention, but I couldn't do it. I am unwilling to interrupt, Captain Jorgan, but I must do it. *I* know something about that house."

The captain stood stock-still, and looked at him with the hat hanging from his elbow under his arm.

"You're aware," pursued his steward, "that I was once in the broking business, Captain Jorgan?"

"I was aware," said the captain, "that you had failed in that calling, and in half the businesses going, Tom."

"Not quite so, Captain Jorgan; but I failed in the broking business. I was partners with my brother, sir. There was a sale of old office furniture at Dringworth Brothers when the house was moved from America Square, and me and my brother made what we call in the trade a Deal there, sir. And I'll make bold to say, sir, that the only thing I ever had from my brother, or from any relation—for my relations have mostly taken property from me instead of giving me any—was an old desk we bought at that same sale, with a crack in it. My brother wouldn't have given me even that, when we broke partnership, if it had been worth any thing."

"Where is that desk now?" said the captain.

"Well, Captain Jorgan," replied the steward, "I couldn't say for certain where it is now; but when I saw it last—which was last time we were outward bound—it was at a very nice lady's at Wapping, along with a little chest of wine which was detained for a small matter of a bill owing."

The captain, instead of paying that rapt attention to his steward which was rendered by the other three persons present, went to Church again, in respect of the steward's hat. And a most especially agitated and memorable face the captain produced from it, after a short pause.

"Now, Tom," said the captain, "I spoke to you, when we first came here, respecting your constitutional weakness on the subject of sun-stroke."

"I do did, sir."

"Will any fear friend," said the captain, "lend me his arm, or I shall sink right backwards into this blessed steward's cookery? Now, Tom," pursued the captain, when the required assistance was given, "on the oath as a steward, didn't you take that desk to pieces to make a better one of it, and put it together fresh—or something of the kind?"

"On my oath I did, sir," replied the steward.

"And by the blessing of Heaven, my friends, one and all," cried the captain, radiant with joy—"of the Heaven that put it into this Tom Pettifer's head to take so much care of his head against the bright sun—he lined his hat with the original leaf in Tregarthen's writing—and here it is!"

With that the captain, to the utter destruction of Mr. Pettifer's favorite hat, produced the bookleaf, very much crushed, but still legible, and gave both his legs such tremendous slaps that they were heard far off in the bay, and never accounted for.

"A quarter to five P.M.," said the captain, pulling out his watch, "and that's thirty-three hours and a quarter in all, and a pritty run!"

How they were all overpowered with delight and triumph; how the money was restored, then and there, to Tregarthen; how Tregarthen, then and there, gave it all to his daughter; how the captain undertook to go to Dringworth Brothers and re-establish the reputation of their forgotten old clerk; how Kitty came in, and was nearly torn to pieces, and her marriage was appointed, needs not to be told. Nor how she and the young fisherman went home to the post-office to prepare the way for the happy coming, by declaring him to be the mightiest of men who had made all their fortunes—and then dutifully withdrew together, in order that they might have the coast quite clear entirely to himself. How he availed himself of it is all that remains to tell.

Deeply dighted with his trust, and putting his heart into it, he raised the latch of the post-office parlor where Mrs. Raybrock and the young widow sat, and said:

"May I come in?"

"Sure you may, Captain Jorgan?" replied the old lady. "And good reason you have to be free of the house, seeing how you have served us well used in it by some who ought to have known better. I ask your pardon."

"No you don't, ma'am," said the captain, "for I won't let you. Wa'al to be sure!" By this time he had taken a chair on the hearth between them. "Never felt such an all spirit in the whole course of my life! There! I tell you! I could almost have cut my own connection—Like the dealer in my country, away West, who, when he had let himself be cheated in a bargain, said to himself, 'Now I tell you what! I'll never speak to you again.' And he never did, but joined a settlement of oysters, and cultivated the Christian-fashion-table into their language. Which is a fact that can be proved. If you doubt it, mention it to any oyster you come across, and see if he'll have the face to contradict it."

He took the child from her mother's lap, and set it on his knee.

"Not a bit afraid of me now, you see. Knows I am fond of small people. I have a child, and she's a girl, and I sing to her sometimes."

"What do you sing, sir?" asked Kitty.

"Not a long song, my dear.

Silas Jorgan
Played the organ.

That's about all. And sometimes I tell her stories. Stories of sailors supposed to be lost, and recovered after all hope was abandoned." Here the captain smartly went back to his song:

"Silas Jorgan
Played the organ"

—repeating it with his eyes on the fire, as he softly danced the child on his knee. For he felt that Margaret had stopped working.

"Yes," said the captain, still looking at the fire, "I make up stories and tell 'em to that child. Stories of shipwreck on desert island, and long delay in getting off to civilized lands. It is to stories the like of that, mostly, that

Silas Jorgan
Plays the organ."

There was no light in the room but the light of the fire; for the shades of night were on the village, and the stars had begun to peep out of the sky one by one, as the lights in the village peeped out from among the foliage when the night departed. The captain felt that Margaret's eyes were upon him, and thought it discreetest to keep his own eyes on the fire.

"Yes; I make 'em up," said the captain. "I make up stories of brothers brought together by the good providence of God. Of sons brought back to mothers—husbands brought back to wives —fathers raised from the deep, for little children like herself."

Margaret's touch was on his arm, and he could not choose but look round now. Next moment her hand moved imploringly to his breast, and she was on her knees before him—supporting the mother, who was also kneeling.

"What's the matter?" said the captain.

"What's the matter?"

Silas Jorgan
Played the—

Their looks and tears were too much for him, and he could not finish the song, short as it was.

"Mistress Margaret, you have borne ill fortune well. Could you bear good fortune equally well, if it was to come?"

"I hope so. I thankfully and humbly and earnestly hope so!"

"Wa'al, my dear," said the captain, "p'raps it has come. He's—don't be frightened—shall I say the word?"

"Alive?"

"Yes!"

The thanks they fervently addressed to Heaven were again too much for the captain, who openly took out his handkerchief and dried his eyes.

"He's no further off," resumed the captain, "than my country. Indeed, he's no further off than his own native country. To tell you the truth, he's no further off than Falmouth. Indeed, I doubt if he's quite so far. Indeed, if you was sure you could bear it nicely, and I was to do no more than whistle for him—"

The captain's trust was discharged. A rush came, and they were all together again.

This was a fine opportunity for Tom Pettifer to appear with a tumbler of cold water, and he presently appeared with it, and administered it to the ladies: at the same time soothing them, and composing their dresses, exactly as if they had been passengers crossing the Channel. The extent to which the captain staged his legs, when Mr. Pettifer acquitted himself of this act of stewardship, could have been thoroughly appreciated by no one but himself; inasmuch as he must have shipped them black and blue, and they must have smarted tremendously.

He couldn't stay for the wedding, having a few appointments to kep at the irreconcilable distance of about four thousand miles. So next morning all the village cheered him up to the level ground above, and there he shook hands with a complete Census of its population, and invited the whole, without exception, to come and stay several months with him at Salem, Mass., U.S. And there, as he stood on the spot where he had seen that little golden picture of love and parting, and from which he could that morning contemplate another golden picture with a little of golden years in it, little Kitty put her arms round his neck, and kissed him on both his bronzed cheeks, and laid her pretty face upon his storm-beaten breast, in sight of all—ashamed to have called such a noble captain names. And there the captain waved his hat over his head three final times; and there he was last seen, going away accompanied by Tom Pettifer Ho, and carrying his hands in his pockets. And there, before that ground was softened with the fallen leaves of three more summers, a rosy little boy took his first unsteady run to a fair young mother's breast, and the name of that infant fisherman was Jorgan Raybrock.

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ALL SNOWED UP!
ALL SNOWED UP!
OR,
ALL ROUND THE STOVE!
AT THE
The Pedlars' and Pilgrims' Rest,
The Pedlars' and Pilgrims' Rest,
The Pedlars' and Pilgrims' Rest.

A NEW YEAR'S STORY,
APPEARS ON THE
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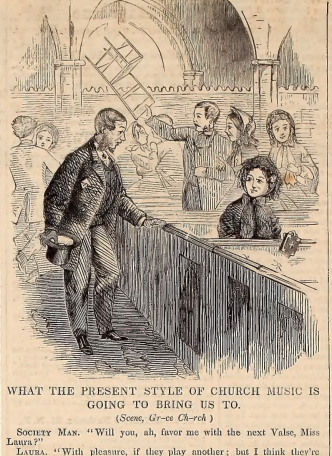

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D, to **D**, distance around the body under the armpits.

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For January, 1861.

THE Publishers of HARPER'S NEW MONTHLY MAGAZINE have made exertions which they are confident will render the Twenty-second Volume, of which this is the second Number, more valuable and attractive than any which have preceded it.

The Article on "Washoe" in this Number is the second of a Series of Papers portraying Life and Character in California and Oregon, by J. ROSS BROWNE, late Special Government Agent for the Pacific States. They will be profusely illustrated with Drawings by FREDERICKS, SHAW, CHAPIN, and PARSONS, from the Character Sketches by the Author.

In the February Number will appear the first part of a New Story by W. M. THACKERAY, which, it is expected, will be continued in successive Numbers during the year.

Other Illustrated Papers, depicting Life, Character, and Scenery in every part of the American Continent, from Labrador to Florida, are in course of preparation by Several Authors and Artists.

The Publishers trust that the thousands of Voluntary Correspondents by whose aid the Editors have been able to make the "Drawer" a marked feature of the Magazine, will continue their favors; and that new correspondents will forward such anecdotes and facetiæ as come under their observation.

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HARPER'S WEEKLY.

A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION.

VOL. V.—No. 211.] NEW YORK, SATURDAY, JANUARY 12, 1861. [PRICE FIVE CENTS.

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the Year 1861, by Harper & Brothers, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Southern District of New York.

The Great Southern Movement.

THE Publishers of HARPER'S WEEKLY beg to draw attention to the following list of Illustrations of the PENDING REVOLUTION, which have been published in HARPER'S WEEKLY within the past few weeks:

In this Number,

A PORTRAIT OF MAJOR ANDERSON;
THE ENTRY INTO FORT SUMTER;
THE OCCUPATION OF CASTLE PINCKNEY BY THE CHARLESTONIANS;
SEVERAL PICTURES OF FORT MOULTRIE.

In last Number,

THE GEORGIA DELEGATION IN CONGRESS.

In previous Numbers,

A MAP AND PROFILE VIEW OF THE HARBOR OF CHARLESTON, SHOWING THE FORTS, ETC.;
THE CHARLESTON DELEGATION IN CONGRESS;
THE CHARLESTON MARINE SCHOOL, FOUR ILLUSTRATIONS;
THE STATE HOUSE AT COLUMBIA;
THE GRAVE OF OCEOLA;
FORT SUMTER, FROM SULLIVAN'S ISLAND;
PALMETTO-TREE AND OLD CUSTOM-HOUSE AT CHARLESTON;
THE OLD POWDER MAGAZINE;
THE PALMETTO FLAG AND COCKADE;
TOMB OF JOHN C. CALHOUN;
FORT MOULTRIE — CHARLESTON IN THE DISTANCE.

The Publishers have the pleasure of announcing that in No. 204 (NOV. 24) of *Harper's Weekly* a new NOVEL by CHARLES DICKENS, entitled

Great Expectations,

was commenced. Mr. DICKENS'S Story will be richly illustrated by JOHN MCLENAN, Esq.

It is printed from the MANUSCRIPT and proof-sheets of the Author.

☞ Any person who remits FOUR DOLLARS to the Publishers will receive both *Harper's Magazine* and *Harper's Weekly* for one year, and will thus provide himself with the best reading of the day, published in a beautiful and attractive style, for a very small sum of money.

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1 Copy for Two Years,	4 00
5 Copies for One Year,	9 00
10 Copies for One Year,	20 00
25 Copies for One Year,	45 00

AN EXTRA COPY will be allowed for every Club of TWELVE SUBSCRIBERS.

MAJOR ANDERSON, U.S.A., COMMANDING AT FORT SUMTER.

WE are indebted to Mrs. Anderson, wife of Major Anderson, for the likeness from which the accompanying portrait of that gallant officer has been copied. It may be safely said that he, above all other men, is in every one's thoughts and conversation at the present time.

Major Anderson is a Kentuckian; he was born in that State in September, 1805. At the age of fifteen he entered the Military Academy at West Point, and graduated in 1825. He joined the army with the rank of Second-Lieutenant of the Second and subsequently of the Third Artillery. In 1832 he was Inspector-General of the Illinois Volunteers, in the Black Hawk War; Mr. Lincoln, the President-elect being a captain of those volunteers. In 1833 he received his commission as First-Lieutenant, and became Instructor and Inspector at West Point. This post he held for four years, during which period he collected the material for his work on Artillery, the standard text-book on the subject. In 1838, for gallantry in the Florida War, he was made Brevet-Captain, and soon afterward joined General Scott's military family as aid-de-camp. The relations of Major Anderson with the gallant old chief were so friendly and agreeable that one can well imagine the interest felt by the latter in the Major's present movements. In October, 1841, so slow is promotion in our army, Anderson received his commission as captain in his regiment.

In March, 1847, he was with the Third Regiment of Artillery in the army of General Scott, and took part in the siege of VERA CRUZ—being one of the officers to whom was intrusted, by General Bankhead, the command of the batteries. This duty he performed with signal skill and gallantry, and he continued with the army until its triumphal entry into the city of Mexico, in September following. During the operations in the valley of Mexico, he was attached to the brigade of General Garland, which formed a part of General Worth's division. In the attack on El Molino del Rey, on the 8th of September, where he was wounded very severely, his conduct was the theme of especial praise on the part of his superior officers. Captain Burke, his immediate commander, in his dispatch of September 9, says: "Captain Robert Anderson (acting field-officer) behaved with great heroism on this occasion. Even after receiving a severe and painful wound, he continued at the head of the column, regardless of pain and self-preservation, and setting a handsome example to his men of coolness, energy, and courage." General Garland speaks of him as being, with "some few others, the very first to enter the strong position of El Molino;" and adds, that "Brevet-Major Buchanan, Fourth Infantry, Captain Anderson, Third Artillery, and Lieutenant Sedgwick, Second Artillery, appear to have been particularly distinguished for their gallant defense of the captured works." In addition to this testimony to his bearing on that occasion we have that of General Worth, who particularly directed the attention of the Commander-in-Chief to the part he had taken in the action. "For gallant and meritorious conduct in the Battle of Molino del Rey" he was promoted to the brevet rank of Major, dating from September 8, 1847. October 5, 1857, he was promoted to the position of Major of the First Artillery, which he now holds.

All last summer Major Anderson was occupied as a member of the Commission appointed to inspect the United States Military Academy at West Point—A Commission, by-the-way, whose report singularly confirms certain strictures passed on the diet of the cadets in this Journal last summer. It was only six weeks ago that he took the command at Fort Moultrie.

Of Major Anderson's *physique* a writer, who seems to know him well, says:

"In personal appearance he is about five feet nine inches in height; his figure is well-set and soldierly; his hair is thin and turning to iron grey; his complexion swarthy; his eye dark and intelligent; his nose prominent and well formed. A stranger would read in his air and appearance determination and an exaction of what was due to him. In intercourse he is very courteous, and his rich voice and abundant gesticulations go well together. He is always agreeable and gentlemanly, firm and dignified."

It is universally conceded by all who know Major Anderson, that he is a man who will die at his post rather than surrender. The following letter, written by him on Christmas Day to a friend in Baltimore, shows that he is as modest as he is brave:

"FORT MOULTRIE, S. C.,
December 25.

"——, *Esq., Baltimore:*

"DEAR SIR,—I thank you for the trouble you were kind enough to take in correcting some of the rumors about me. You are right in the opinion that I could not, and would not, say any thing contradictory of them. My plan always has been to try to do my duty honestly and fully; and to trust that, in the good sense of justice of the people, they would give me credit for good intentions, even if my judgment should turn out not to have been good.

"I must confess that I regret that the papers are making so much of my position here. I do not deserve the least credit for what I am doing—nothing more than any one else would do in my position — and, perhaps, not half so well as many others would do. I receive, hourly by every mail, letters of sympathy, and many of them from strangers.

MAJOR ANDERSON, U.S.A., COMMANDING AT FORT SUMTER, S. C.—[FROM A PORTRAIT IN THE POSSESSION OF MRS. ANDERSON.]

"I hope that it will not be long before something will occur to give me a chance of being relieved from my present position.

"Thanking you for your kind remembrance of me, I am, yours truly,

ROBERT ANDERSON."

All the officers of the command at Fort Sumter have seen service. Captain Truman Seymour, one of the most gallant officers in the service, is also renowned as a traveler; his successful ascent of Popocatepetl — the highest mountain in North America — has been frequently mentioned. Lieutenant Talbot crossed the Rocky Mountains with Frémont's first expedition; Lieutenant Davis was at Buena Vista, and Captain Foster was badly wounded at Molino del Rey.

A SEAT IN THE CITY CARS.

FIVE o'clock!—getting late!—never mind it a bit, I've a seat in the car, and here I will sit
Till my street is announced. I will, I declare!—
I have paid the half dime—it is no more than fair.

I've been standing all day in the store and the street;
No rest for my limbs or the soles of my feet:
I am tired to death—would not budge for a king,
For an emperor, duke, or any such thing.

If a woman comes in, why, *they* shouldn't try
For a seat in the cars, when the evening is nigh.
"Be hang'd before sunset," I said to myself,
(She's a *wife* for a pattern, she gets home at three).

They say, to be sure, "I can just as well stand!"
But they put up a weak little bit of a hand
In pursuit of a strap that they find is too high,
Settle down on their toes, and give up with a sigh.

Then they seem so unsteady, and waver about
When the cars with a jerk let a passenger out.
There's one getting in!—I would not give up at all.
But stare out of doors: she looks very small.

Standing up in the crowd among those great men,
Her look is this way—I'll look once again.
'Tis a very nice look, and above and upon it,
With a curl peeping out, is a black velvet bonnet.

"Dear me!"—this is bad, then I—Up goes the hand—
Not bigger than Rosie's—she hardly can stand.
I don't feel quite so tired; I will let go all
In spite of temptations to come: and I will.

Well, I'm glad it ain't Rosie—she's not very strong;
A wee little woman, she couldn't stand long.
But stop! let me think: what if that one should be
To some other man what Rose is to me?

And how would I feel if some lazy boor
Should allow her to stand in the draught of the door;
I'm not sure a bit; I am fresh as I can tell
"Here, Madam, a seat"—"Oh. Fred?"—"Rosalie?"

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

SATURDAY, JANUARY 12, 1861.

MAJOR ANDERSON.

SOME journals have so far forgotten themselves as to censure Major Anderson for his removal from the defenseless work called Fort Moultrie to the strong fortification known as Fort Sumter. While chivalrous voices even in the Cotton States are loudly proclaiming that the gallant Kentuckian could not have acted otherwise than he has done, Governor Floyd, of Virginia, has carried his pique so far as to reign his post in the Cabinet in consequence of Major Anderson's proceeding.

We tender to President Buchanan our respectful sympathies on the loss he has sustained in the resignation of Governor Floyd. It is a bereavement which he will feel sensibly if, during the brief remainder of his administration, he should have occasion to sell or to buy new sites for military forts. Judging from the past, Governor Floyd's resignation will not diminish the safety of the property of the Government; though it may militate against the prospective profits of the contractors with the War Department. And we learn from the message which Governor Floyd condescended to transmit to Congress, the late Secretary of War was a man of such exuberant patriotism that he could not contemplate the attitude of the army contractor without emotion, and was ready to issue his own acceptances rather than see the firm which supplied flour to the troops put to any temporary inconvenience. The loss of such a patriot can not but be viewed with anguish; still, this is a country of remarkable recuperative powers, and the ingratitude of republics is proverbial. Mr. Buchanan must nerve himself to the trial: we once lost the City of Washington, and recovered from it; may we not hope to survive the retirement of Floyd?

If Major Anderson, laden with the responsibility of holding the United States forts at Charleston, had remained at Fort Moultrie, which he could not defend, leaving Fort Sumter, which he commanded it, to be seized any day by the Revolutionists, he would have proved himself a very poor soldier. By acting as he did he proved himself a good soldier, and, in all human probability, he saved the lives of the seventy men under his command.

The journals which accuse him of double-dealing forget that he made no contract with any one save with the United States, and that a contract was to hold the United States forts in the harbor of Charleston. That contract he has fulfilled. In forty-five minutes he can destroy Fort Moultrie; in forty-five weeks the South Carolinians can not take Fort Sumter.

The silly sailors who dare to couple his name with the word coward are men who dare not meet him face to face and impugn his conduct. He has proved his courage over and over again in Florida, under Taylor in Mexico, and again under Scott in the same country. Southern army officers unanimously concede that the United States has produced no more gallant soldier than Major Robert Anderson. It is to be hoped that he may not have to add to the long list of his gallant exploits a successful defense of Fort Sumter with an insufficient force against an overwhelming body of insurgents. Still, if he be attacked, it will be better to be with him than against him.

THE COTTON MOVEMENT.

In one of the late cotton circulars, prepared for the information of the trade in this country and abroad, mention was made of a shipment of 57,000 bales to Memphis, Tennessee. So far as our recollection goes the event is unprecedented. Some cotton has, for many years, been shipped north to Memphis, whence it has traveled by rail to the Northern factories. But the amount has always been so small that the belligerigerants of the present time could afford to disregard it till the end of the year. Last year the total amount so shipped was set down at about 300,000 bales—an unusually large quantity for the year. This year it is probable that the receipts at Memphis will amount to several hundred thousand more — perhaps a million bales.

The reasons are very simple. On the fall in cotton which followed the first outbreak of revolution in the South the planters held back their crops. By doing so they very gravely embarrassed the factors, who failed in consequence. Hence, the receipts at the Southern ports to date are more than 500,000 bales short of those to same date last year. From the tone of the letters from the South the planters do not seem disposed to send on their crops at the present time, to Mobile, or New Orleans, or Savannah. They must either hold it, and draw upon their resources for supplies for themselves and their negroes, or else ship to Memphis. They are generally adopting the latter alternative.

Many planters expect to make Memphis their principal receiving port, from the belief that between this and March the principal seaports of the Southern States will be blockaded. In this event, of course, planters would have to elect between shipping to Memphis or keeping their cotton. In the present state of science cotton has not been found to be a nutritious article of diet, and it is therefore presumed that the planters will decide to ship to the North.

Thus the ill wind of which we are all complaining is likely to enrich Memphis and Tennessee generally, to an extent which is not dreamed of by short-sighted politicians. That sagacious statesman, Andrew Johnson, may have seen it afar; the merchants of Memphis see it clearly enough.

THE CHRISTIAN PRISONERS IN CHINA.

WE learn that Captain Brabazon, Mr. De Norman, Mr. Boultby, and others—nineteen in all, French and English, who were taken prisoners by the Chinese on the approach to Pekin—have perished in consequence of the severity of their sufferings in captivity. They were tied with cords so tightly bound across the wrists, ankles, and fingers that mortification ensued, the poor life was engendered, and the wretched prisoners perished in agonizing torments.

We also learn, by telegraph from St. Petersburg, that the Allies have concluded peace and evacuated Pekin.

We are unacquainted with the vengeance exacted from the Chinese for the maltreatment of their prisoners. It is to be hoped that it was calculated to astonish the Chinese the value of Christian life. If it was not, Lord Elgin's expedition has been in vain, and the work will have to be done over again. His own reception in England, in this event, will not be enviable.

The brutal massacre of these Englishmen and Frenchmen is consistent with the uniform tenor of Chinese behavior toward foreigners of every race: and if their barbarous conduct has escaped condign punishment, an opportunity has been lost which might have secured the safety of Christians in China for many years to come.

THE LOUNGER.

A HAPPY NEW YEAR!

IT is not yet Twelfth-Night, and until then one may fairly wish a Happy New Year! The wish recurs often, and the oftener the older one gets. In any case, it comes once a year; and it always comes with the same kindly feeling, the same doubts, the same wistful peering into the future and tender remembrance of the past.

There is one rather melancholy fact made more apparent every time it is heard—not, good Sir, that of you and I are a shade nearer the tomb, but, nor yet, dear Madame, that you begin to see your daughter doing and feeling what you have not laid entirely aside—no, a very different fact from either of those, the decay of the New-Year's call!

Oh yes, there is plenty of calling. Fred, Tom, and Bob, in the full flush of expectation, heroically begin in thin boots and kid gloves, and they push zealously on; but the veteran of seven or eight and twenty knows that he simply can not do it. He may make a few calls, but he can not go through that list which fired his ambition seven or eight years ago.

No; the city has so spread, has so crossed the river and included Brooklyn and Jersey City, that you must either relinquish calling altogether or send your card. And, true enough, when pleasure has become a painful duty, it is time to try it no more. When your joints will not readily give, nor your instep quickly spring in the polka, it is time to perceive and acknowledge that your dancing days have gone by; and when the city has so thickened that you can not hope to stretch out with it to the doors of all your friends as easily and cozily as in the days that are no more, it is time for you to stay at home, and allow that New-Year's has one charm the less.

You may stay at home, and think of the good old Dutch days, when Wall Street was the northern boundary of the city, and on Broad Street the gable ends and stoops rebuilt the Old World in the New. You may dream of the time when the Brooklyn passenger ferry was the ferry-house to summon the boatman, and the high-capped Dutch girls looked like full moons out of the windows. Then a man had time enough and not too many friends for New-Years' visits. Then he could sit for a solid quarter of an hour and chat and smile and toast and wonder, while the young crave looked at him with wide eyes, whether the city would ever really extend beyond the fence, and what queer descendants would people the streets in eighteen hundred sixty-one.

MARIE ZAKRZEWSKA.

SOME time since, more than a year ago, the Lounger spoke of a most pleasant and readable history of the City of New York, compiled by Miss Mary L. Booth, who has since been signally successful in the translation of several French works; among which Achard's novel of "Germaine" is an admirable specimen of her skill. The name of this lady is now associated with another little book, edited by Mrs. Dall, whose forcible, temperate, judicious, and effective pen has done so much for a "Woman's right to labor," have given her a distinguished place among those who really wish to open practical avenues for women to keep themselves. It is not the technical "Women's Rights" spirit, but the broad claim of a common welfare of the sexes which is the motive of Mrs. Dall's devotion.

But we have to talk now of something with which her name and that of Miss Booth are but incidentally associated in the friends of Miss Marie Zakrzewska (pronounced Zak-shef-ska), who is already known to many, and prized as a physician peculiarly well qualified, by natural gifts and the most extensive study, for the treatment of women's diseases. She is still a young woman, but her career has been so profoundly interesting and unusual, that her friends were persuaded her to suffer it to be published; which has been done in the form of a letter to her friend Miss Booth, edited by Mrs. Dall, and offered by her as a "Practical Illustration of Woman's Right to Labor," which is the title of the little neat book of only 167 pages.

How well the friends were persuaded her the work itself proves. In no novel of highly-wrought French life has Miss Booth ever translated a chapter so curiously fascinating as Miss Zakrzewska's of a young German woman making her way in the world, not only against the ordinary, but the extraordinary, difficulties which beset women who, with talent, genius, and ambition, find themselves in a household earn an honest living by a career commensurate with their gifts and cultivation. From her childhood she contributed to the spectacle and care of the sick, with a clouded childhood, in which her love for her mother and her consuming desire to devote herself to a similar profession to that which her father—a highly accomplished midwife—she fought with the wild beasts of prejudice and skepticism at her Ephesus, which happened to be Berlin, and after eliciting the warmest sympathy and co-operation of the most accomplished men of medical science in Berlin—after teaching and practicing in the Hospital in that city, with unqualified success, of which her credentials to those who do not know her, and personal experience to those who do, are the proof—she was at last the victim of envy, jealousy, and finally came to this country with a younger sister.

Here they lived, two German girls who could not speak the language, and whose scant purse upon arriving was soon exhausted; protected by Marie's indomitable resolution, her knowledge of the world gained in the hard way, and by the employments which her quick perception showed would be profitable. When one of these failed, she turned to another; and, almost without a friend, she was gradually constantly improving her own and her sister's condition. At length, by constantly looking and asking for herself, she made the acquaintance of Dr. Elizabeth Blackwell, who introduced Marie to the college at Cleveland, in which she had herself studied. The stranger found other friends there; and after completing her course, returned to New York, where at last, in company with Miss Blackwell, she had the satisfaction of seeing the Woman's Infirmary, for the treatment by women of diseases peculiar to women, formally opened. She remained in it for two years, and then removed to Boston, where she is now the Resident Physician of the Female College.

The sobriety and sincerity of her story, its total freedom from offensive egotism, while it is necessarily all about herself, are most striking. Calm, firm, and capable, she has conquered every obstacle, and secured the heartiest recognition of her ability and skill. In saying so, the Lounger but pays a tribute of personal knowledge. Yet there is an undercore of profound sadness in the autobiography, of which she herself gives the best possible explanation:

"I remember that in January, 1845 [Marie was then sixteen years old] Lamy never attended thirty-five women in childbed—the list of names is still in my possession—and visited from sixteen to twenty daily, with my assistance. I do not think that during the month we were in bed for one whole night. Two-thirds of these patients were unable to pay a cent. During these years I learned all of this that it was possible for a human being to learn. I saw nobleness in dens, and meanness in palaces; virtue among prostitutes, and vice among so-called respectable women. I learned to judge human nature correctly: to see goodness where the world found nothing but faults, and also to see faults where the world could see nothing but virtue. The experience thus gained cost me the bloom of youth; yet I would not exchange it for a life of everlasting lavenescence."

Don't you suppose that what such a woman tells of her life must be of commanding and significant interest? You feel the electric force of her nature through her story. What Indian hales dreams to and wish they dared to do, Marie Zakrzewska has done. There are heroines without halos; and one such life is worth a torrent of talk about woman's sphere.

BROTHER JONATHAN AND TOM BROWN.

SCHOOL-BOYS are freemasons. The moment they meet they understand each other. Mr. Tom Hughes knew this when he wrote "School Days at Rugby"—a book which belongs to literature in America as in England, and which is always sure of a post of honor upon his shelf and in his heart. Stanley's Life of Dr. Arnold sent many pilgrims from this side the sea to the home of the beloved and famous schoolmaster; but Hughes's story has probably sent a larger and more enthusiastic throng. For it is the life of the Master for the men; but that of the pupil for boys. And if there is any pleasure truer and more satisfactory than that which springs from the interest and sympathy and love of boys, it has not yet been mentioned.

It seems that not long ago there was an event at Rugby School in which we all have a peculiar interest. Upon the 22d of November of this year just ended, after the "calling over" of Rugby School in the afternoon, Dr. Temple, the Headmaster, entered the room with a company of ladies and gentlemen, and followed by a man bearing a superb banner. The Doctor, in a few words, after alluding to the peculiar goodwill now existing between England and America, as shown and sealed by the late visit of the Prince, introduced to the school Mr. James Geddes Day, a young gentleman of Newark, in Connecticut, who, so far as appears, is the first representative of the American schoolboy (he is, we believe, a graduate of Yale) who has, in that capacity, visited Rugby School.

Following the Doctor Mr. Day made a little speech upon presenting the banner—a speech remarkable in the annals of American oratory for its brevity and point; saying just what is to be said, and nothing more or less. The report of the speech in the Rugby *Advertiser* of November 24, is as follows:

"'Gentlemen of Rugby, with your permission, in the name of Master Willie Mills, of Newark, Connecticut, of the United States of America, I present to you this standard, as a token of the interest which he and many others in our country feel in your noble school (Cheers). I need not tell you how we know of it. "Tom Brown's School Days" is a household book in America as well as in England, and since it came out I may say that Rugby I do not wonder that Mr. Hughes loved it and was proud of it, and wrote of it as lovingly and as proudly as he did (Great cheering). I hope that you will accept this standard and in the same spirit in which it is given—as an unpretending offering of the good will from a young American to his cousins in the Mother Country (Cheers). And now allow me, in his name and in my own, to promise you a warm, hospitable reception should any of you ever cross the Atlantic. May this (pointing to the banner) remind you of the welcome that awaits you; and may it be a long while ere we become cold and willing to sing as heartily as we do now "God save the Queen" (Immense cheering), and shout as lustily as any of you did Hughes-y-Tom (Renewed applause).

"Mr. Day having ended, three cheers were called for upon his account, and three for the school, and the Headmaster then said that the banner which was given in the well-known hearty manner of the Rugby scholars. The cheering had scarcely ceased when Mr. Day said that it was his desire that the school-house undertake the custody of the banner."

The standard is described as made of crimson velvet, embroidered magnificently with the arms of the school; the letters L. S. upon each side; the colors of England and America entwined in the corners, and mounted with a rich gold bullion fringe.

The incident is in every way graceful and interesting. There is an instinctive and indefeasible loyalty in the American heart toward England. The Revolution was but an event of our history. It did not disturb that deep consciousness that, as we have the same language, so we have the same traditions and literature in the past, and the same great hopes in the future.

A HINT TO WARKINS.

WARKINS is anxious to know what the Lounger thinks of his writing, and in the course of study. He says that he is no longer young, but that he has taste and means, and would like to turn his attention to some department of literature.

Warkins asks the Lounger for the same advice which De Quincey supposed a young man to ask him, and in reply to which he wrote some very sensible letters, which every young man might read with profit. The great point, of course, is to make up your mind what you will try to master, or master as much as possible. No man can read

many books; he may know their titles. No man either can know many things; he may appear to know and smatter about them. This assumption of knowledge you can readily test at any moment. For instance, we are all in high debate about the meaning of the Constitution of the United States. People make the most furious and positive statements. Now try the next man whom you hear declaiming most loudly, and ask him when he read the Constitution last—and you will very probably discover that he never read the Constitution at all —or if he has, that he knows it very imperfectly.

It is precisely so with those who only seem to know in literature.

Beginning modestly then, and understanding how limited your studies must necessarily be, determine first of all whether you will undertake science or mere literature, or whether you will dabble a little in each. If you think of the latter plan you had better relinquish it, because you can't dabble in science,—you must know something of it or be worse than ignorant, that is, ridiculous; but you can not *know* it without making it your chief aim; and it would be foolish to make it your chief aim, unless you are strongly attracted to the study; or, in other words, unless you have a talent for it.

Pure Literature includes all that is not natural science or mathematics, and in all the languages of the leading nations.

Here, again, you must elect your special department—say philosophy, history, or what you will—unless your intention be mere desultory reading; in which case it is no matter when, where, or how you begin.

From this hint, dear Watkins, you can see how to direct yourself. If you wish to do nothing in particular, do it. But if you would accomplish something, determine what it shall be.

DOGS AND THEIR DAY.

It is remarkable that a nation which values dogs as the English nation does should have had no famous dog- festivals corresponding to the horse-races. But at length they are moving, and the dogs are to have their day. At the Birmingham Cattle and Poultry Show some of the sporting noblemen interested themselves in the collection of dogs for comparison and exhibition. There were three hundred picked dogs. One Scotch deerhound helped less than three hounds, although he was more than two years old; and he had killed a huge rat the day before he was brought to Birmingham. He was valued at fifty guineas, or about two hundred and fifty of our dollars. Another little pug, of a ravishing ugliness, was valued, for his inestimable services as a lap-dog, at a thousand guineas, or five thousand dollars, which shows a perfectly dizzy height of civilization.

Yet the show of the nobler dogs must have been very fine. Earl Dugcd contributed bloud-hounds, "a very grand class." Earl Grosvenor and Viscount Curzon were the prize-winners with the foxhounds. Regius devoted deer-hounds were there also, but harriers and beagles few. The Earl of Derby, the Earl of Lichfield, and other gentlemen whom, as the list is an earls, it is unnecessary to mention, took the pointer classes. Lord A. Paget and Mr. Brailsford were strong in retrievers. The spaniels and English and Irish setters were noted. Earl Spencer exhibited the "most meritorious" of Clumber spaniels. There were two German boarhounds, much admired; and the mastiff, the bulldog, the Newfoundland, the many terriers, the ringleted King Charles, the sheep-dog, and the Italian and other greyhounds, were all represented. Among the representatives of foreign breeds, the Alpine mastiffs, the St. Bernards, the rough Russian terriers, Maltese lion-dogs, and Esquimaux fox-dogs are mentioned with praise.

If some such enterprising Barnum would go and do likewise, and give us a complete exhibition of the various breeds, it would be more successful than the Opera.

INDISCRIMINATE LOOT.

THE late accounts of the capture of Pekin by the French and English allied armies, announce that when the Emperor's Summer Palace was taken, "indiscriminate loot was allowed for two days." What is "loot"? does some ingenuous youth inquire? Loot, gentle youth, is pillage, sacking, robbery. When the Indians surprised Deerfield in Massachusetts and Schenectady in New York, they slew all they could, and indiscriminate loot was allowed as long as they chose to stand to it. In like manner, when the Allies captured the Emperor of China's Summer Palace, or rather received it from the authorities who surrendered, they ransacked every apartment, breaking up the valuable articles that were too large to carry away, and ruining the most costly and precious merchandise. How the red American savages would have looked on at the shining eyes and watering mouths! How gladly they would have been instructed by the processes of "civilized warfare" in the grand principles of indiscriminate loot!

In many men's faces the human contour is but a thin and transparent mask over the wild beast. In the countenances of professional pugilists the tiger is very near the surface. In armies and men whose profession is to fight other men, the brute is necessarily not far away. It is perhaps the fault of our education in this country, where we don't fight much, that we had supposed modern warfare to be ameliorated by some amenities. That the army must be used upon occasion—that there must be wars and battles, is not an open question among nations, however civilized or Christian. It is conceded. But that some kind of honor is to be preserved, that the beast in men shall be unchained only to the degree which is absolutely necessary—that we had supposed to be also conceded.

But it is not so. The good old times of giving up a conquered place to wholesome fire and slaughter, of "putting to the inhabitants to the sword," which the valiant heroes of history were so forward in doing, appears, indeed, to have been somewhat bettered upon the present occasion. There were three hundred eunuchs and thirty or forty men in charge of the palaces and gardens, of whom only two were killed, upon some slight show of resistance which they unluckily made; but beyond this there was nothing but ravage and ransacking and destruction of property—in a word, indiscriminate loot.

Now a French-English Chinese war is not very creditable to either nation in any point of view. The English have no business to try to force opium upon China, and that is the real secret of the origin of these wars. If they make a treaty, fair and square, the Chinese ought, of course, to observe it. But will you mention any such treaty made by England with any of the barbarous powers? Would you not describe the English foreign policy toward such powers a bullying policy? But granting that the Chinese, failing to observe their treaty, must be reasoned with from the mouths of forty-pounders—what is the object? The object clearly is to subdue them, and make them feel the superiority of the conquerors. Yes; but would you not facilitate this conviction if you showed your superiority to your discipline as well as in your fighting? Allowing that the Chinese are only accessible to the military argument, would it not be immensely enforced by proving to them not only that your power is irresistible, but under perfect control?

"Indiscriminate loot" shows that the General is afraid of his men. And that is the reason why all modern armies belongs to the nation, not to the soldiers: and if you are obliged to whet their zeal or purchase their good conduct by loot, you do more than what Sir Hope Grant said he had done, take upon yourself "a serious responsibility"—for you have done what you can as such a moment to brutalize your army. Is this a preparation for an English gentleman of the nineteenth century—that of issuing an order to a rabble of armed men for "indiscriminate loot!"

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

A STINGING HEAD-DRESS.

We read in one of the Magazines of Fashion as follows: "Pretty little cops are worn of a round form encircled with a tube." Now, from what we can understand of this, a cache is a hive, and we can hardly imagine that as being about the most becoming coiffure that a lady could wear. We know that many of the beautiful sex carry their love of flowers to the extent of making it out still to encircle one's face with a hive would be decidedly to pertain a method of getting "a bee in one's bonnet" that we can not believe any woman of taste would think of adding her countenance to it. It is true that bees delight to live in a bed of flowers, and a graceful lenary delights in poetically supposing bloom perennially in every woman's heart; nevertheless, it is doubtful whether the most floricultural beauty would like to expose her face to the attacks of insects, even if the will of their sting, even if she could be sure that from the honeyed result there would be distilled for her the very "sweetest of bonnets."

ATTEMPT BY A NEGRO.—There were two learned negroes in Kentucky, of whom the one was already made the great founder of the Roman Empire, and the other bore the name of Cassius Marcellus Brutus, smoking a cigar, was accosted by Julius Cæsar.

"What,—you smoke?" asked the latter slegar.

"I like," said Brutus, "to smoke a little."

"*Si chew*, Brute!" was the exclamation of Cæsar.

THE SPREAD OF FASHION.

(*An Extract from a beautiful and fashionable Young Lady's Letter.*)

"I must tell you, dear, that I have got such a capital Crinoline. I wish I could send you the pattern. It is a perfect love,—the most angelic thing I ever saw,—so light and graceful, and easy, and so comfortable that one feels as though one was expanded into a state of real virtue. Of course it is thoroughly French. I got mine at Rouligne, in the Corso de Rosa. It is distinguished from all the rest by an extra case, which unbuttons down the front, and allows the steels to slip out, so that you would pull a pair of scissors out of their leather sheath. There is no stitching to be undone, I need not say that this is a very great convenience, as it enables a lady to send her Crinoline to the wash with the utmost ease, and she would not ordinary petticoat. The body is deeply gored all the way down on both sides," etc., etc.

Lâid so the letter runs on for twenty lines more, but we think we have printed quite enough to warn the gentlemen to prepare themselves for a very severe Winter.]

CALLING NAMES.

Where are the old familiar names?
John and Ann and Mary Jane?
We never hear of a Susan now,
And it's not Sally, but Evaline,
who follows the plow.

You'll not travel far by Second Class rail
But you are sure to encounter some Florence pale,
With curls and curls, but Dorothy's down in dress,
But with never a trace of loveliness!

Our laundress's infants have no great charms,
Yet they've names that are quite divine;
While Victor Albert swings on a gate,
And mesmerizes his baby village mate.

'Twould be hard to say there is any blame,
There is no monopoly in a name;
But it strikes one as rather absurd
That contrast between the child and the word.

And what will it be when years have flown?
And there's Adolphus and Jane grown grown?
When Evelyn Ada must polish the grates,
While Edith Amelia is washing the plates!

Think of it then, ye sensible mothers,
Before you arrange fine names for the others;
For though it is pretty, nor perhaps next Sunday,
It will happen as sure as my name is Miss Grundy.

VULGAR SUPERSTITIONS.

That it is not "the thing" to run in any public thoroughfare, even although you are in a hurry, is a fact, and (of course) find that the streets are far too crowded for a man except to crawl along as slowly as an alderman would walk after a dinner at the Mansion House.

That when you call on a swell couple you ought to leave two cards, although a single wife, you have no notion of upon as one.

That calling servants by their surnames gives them a higher rank in the eyes of one's acquaintances, and invests a "Button" with the bearing of a butler.

That it betrays a vulgar mind to be seen carrying a parcel, more particularly supposing it to be wrapped up in a newspaper.

That the worse than seeing magpies or walking under ladders is it to be caught drinking a glass of beer at dinner, or eating a cabbage by any other than its genteel synonym of "greens."

A TRUE FOR A NEW SAILOR.—"I'll warm you."

GHOSTS WE NEVER WISH TO SEE.

The Ghost of all our good intentions.
And still less, should we like to see every day of our lives, the Ghost of a leg of mutton.
The only Ghost we do care about seeing is the Ghost in Richardson's show.

NEGATIVE ADVICE.

Never "for form's sake" write your name across a bill, unless you are prepared to "form" a certain concurrence.

Never expect to touch a street musician by your story of your own misfortunes taken in your house, except you emphasize it pointedly with a heavy knock at the door.

Never marry a rich widow who calls you by your Christian name the second time you meet her, unless you have quite made your mind up to the worst.

WHY AND BECAUSE.

Why does a jolum never come up cold at a one-side lodging-house?—Because the rule of such places is, "Cut and come again."

Why does a pint of milk at 5d. go twice as far in New York as it does in London?—Because the same money?—Because water is the cheapest mode of conveyance.

Why do young ladies bore themselves so tight that they can neither swallow easily nor digest properly?—Because they bear so much stress laid upon "Grace before meat."

THE HOME-FARM.

An abundant growth of wild oats is, often, only a proof of the richness of the soil. The ground may always be put into decent, if not into rich tame crops. The deeper you plant or sow the better; but when they are up, keep the ground let'em take their chance, and don't always be pulling up to see how they are doing, lad.

Avoid the dangerous practice of bringing your husband under the harrow.

Don't be in a hurry to grub up your husband's weeds. It is a dangerous experiment, sometimes.

The worst sign of a neglected home-farm is bachelors' buttons on a married man's shirts.

WHAT IS WOMAN'S MISSION?

This momentous question being asked the other evening, Spoonley said: "A woman's mission is whatever she says it must be thought her mission was to—say—wait on the gentlemen—to—to—sit and look pretty—to—to—say about one's dinners, and one's—aw—furniture, and things,—" In fact, said Miss Porter, "Woman's Mission simply is to *polish the spoons!*"

VANITY.—What no man, nor woman either, by any accident, ever becomes, but what is always very largely developed in every body else.

THE GIRL OF MY HEART.—Oyster Patty.

GASTRONOMICAL PARADOX.—Buck venison is the best for venison-pasty, although the pasty must be made of dough.

ZOOLOGICAL EMBLEM.—The hedgehog is well known to be accustomed to roll itself up into a ball. This is remarkable; for not only does it eat black-beetles, but also, kept in a domestic state, it becomes very playful, and its favorite game is cricket.

THE ARITHMETICAL PARADOX.—The half is sometimes more than the whole. That is the case when the half of half-and-half is finite, and the whole be infinite.

INVALID CHITCHAT.—"Why, Sowerby, what's the matter? You don't look as though you were glad to see me. What have you been taking?" "Nothing but my meals for the last fortnight, Mr. Hobbleday." "Ah, I thought you seemed off your physic."

HINT TO ELECTIONEERING AGENTS.—If you want to secure a vote by treating an elector, ask him to dinner, and give him canvass-back ducks.

QUEER QUERIES.

Is it not affectation in husbands of short stature to say that they were married in the Temple of Hy-men?

Why is a man who has lost his wife like *unto* the heir of the French?

Did you ever see a lame dog helped over a stile?

What are the odds that the first owner of a milk walk was a dairy-man?

Was he a great walker that he earned the name of the Colossus of Roads?

What proof is there extant that King James the First wrote the Bible?—Is not the phrase "as cool as a cucumber" was applied first to a Scald?

A WHOLESOME BEVERAGE.—The leaves of Deadly Nightshade, infused in boiling hot water, make a fine tea. It may be sweetened with sugar if need. This has one great advantage over common tea, which, according to some medical authorities, is a slow poison.

NEGATIVE ADVICE.—Never, unless you speak French fluently, enter a shop in Paris where you see the notice, "Here they Spike the English."

HOMEOPATHY.—Like cures like. One irritation relieves another. That is the reason why, from a natural curative instinct, people scratch themselves when they itch. For this purpose, Sowerby says, they do not use a millionth part of the right finger.

OUR COMET CIRCULAR.—We have not the slightest regret in stating that the King of Naples is still confined to his castle, in which he has been for the last three months. He is suffering from a violent blow dealt to him by one Garibaldi on the head. The wound is extremely unceratain—almost as uncertain, we should say, as the recovery of his throne.

CAUTION!

If you value your peace of mind, kind reader, pray don't read this riddle:

Q. When does an old woman who is driving a donkey into a shed resemble another who is giving an alarm of murder?

A. When she cries "ASS-ASS-IN!"

THE DANGER OF JESTING.—"When is a brick a title?" asked Powers, Senior, of Smith, Junior. "Give it up? When it's a prophecy, for it is to throw a brick-bat and broke a window. His precepter forgave him the mischief he had done, but whipped him for punning.

NOTES ON NURSING.

BY A CLOWN.

Toss the baby to Pantaloon, crying "Catchee, catchee!" Snatch it away from Pantaloon, and run with it over the stiles, knocking him down. Squat upon the ground with the baby in your lap, and pretend to be afraid of a huge pan with a great dripping-ladle. Ram the ladle into the mouth of the baby, and scrape the fat into the edges of it, then lick them clean. Now wash the baby by putting it in a tub, pouring hot water on it from the kettle, and swabbing its face with a mop. Dry the baby with a rake; then put the baby into a mangle and roll it out flat. Set the baby in the table-drawer, and shut the drawer. Make the baby cry; then take it out of bed to quiet it, and give it Paregoric to make it sleep. Administer poppy-drop. Smear the slop over its face. Take it away again, catch hold of it by the ankles, and swing it round and round by the legs, thrash Pantaloon off the stage with the baby, and throw it after him.

SPORT IN SEASON.—On Valentine's Day birds may pair, but men go popping on the first of September.

THE POWER OF SOUND.—Of all examples of descriptive music the most perspicuous is certainly a wedding-peal. Bell-ringing is very frequently the essential act of the marriage ceremony, which may be said to consist in ringing a belle; unless, indeed, the bride is a griffin.

MAKING LIGHT OF IT.—That inveterate punster, Jones, hearing that his friend Harding had suddenly had his gas cut off, exclaimed, "Ah yes, I suppose they did it by a *coup de Hardy*."

A BAD ATTEMPT BY A HEADSMEN.—Q. When is a ship's sail most fit to be sold in a linen-draper's shop?—*A.* When it is torn to ribbons.

SENSITIVE.—A young gentleman of our acquaintance, whose genius is perhaps exceeded by his gallantry, declares that no reason for not living in the country is the fear lest it should not have him get into ride health.

SPIRITUALISM.—Surprise has been expressed at the fact that spiritual communications convey no sort of instruction. The fact is accounted for by the supposition that the mediums are inspired by raw spirits.

QUESTION!—To any Debating Society that may want a question for discussion, we would recommend the question, as to whether a dishonest tailor may be deemed a vegetable, on the ground that he lives almost entirely upon cabbage.

SOCIAL STATISTICS.

At a Spiritualist Soirée, which was held in town last summer, as many as six profound testators averred that they felt under the influence of spirits.

Of the hundred young gentlemen who last year travelled on the Continent, no fewer than a dozen did not seize the opportunity to try and get up a mustache.

One hundred and eleven members of the Peace Society have this year duly discontinued dwelling with their penny-cook, on the ground that they believe no death is sinful now, because of the inscription in his window, "Bulls Supplied."

Proofs are extant, in the shape of lines-drapers' bills, that since Macbeth's time ten thousand so-thought-to-be-minded women have been weak enough to purchase things for which they could not afford because they were ticketed "Great Bargains."

Of a hundred young man who last season received cards for what he genteel call "At homes," and the vulgar "Evenings," seventy pleaded "sudden illness" or "previous engagement," and of the ten heroes who virtuously stayed at home only two manage to pass beyond the staircase.

In the course of the last twelve months no less than a couple of advertising vans were discovered being driven on the right side of the road.

Of two million young ladies who last year were asked to sing, it is a fact that sixteen did so without making an apology for having a bad cold.

A DITTY BY A DOCTOR.

Written in the Presence of a nice Orchard-House.

Hurrah! 'tis drear December,
It snows and blows like fun;
Abroad is darkness,
As sure as any gun:
The fogs are growing yellow;
There's Jaundice in the air;
And agues, coming round the wet,
To earth will soon repair.
Chorus.—All among the bottles
When you're sick and sad;
While physic for some throttles
Is washed down such day!

The spring is not a bad time,
When hooping-cough is briggs;
The summer is glad time,
With fever on its wings:
If autumn is bad, lickly,
Our profits are not small;
But in winter we have steady
Complaints around us fall.
Chorus.—So, all among the bottles, etc.

CAUTION TO ELDERLY FEMALES.—Buildings are protected from the effects of lightning by means of conductors, which are long iron rods or wires. The safest place for you in a thunder-storm is that omnibus of which the conductor is tall and wiry.

HOW TO GET A GOOD FRAME CHEAP.

Live temperately, be abstemious, cultivate early hours, rise with the lark and go to bed after owls, have a plenty of exercise, don't be afraid of lots of cold water, make a practice of always being cheerful, avoid debt, draughts, bad company, bills, and wet feet, and you will have a good constitution, which is, or shall be a Frame, moreover, worth more than its weight in gold, such as shall inclose the very picture of health.

RURAL RAPTURES.

'Tis sweet at dewy eve to rove
When softly sighs the western breeze,
And wanderers by the moonlight rove
To take a pinch of snuff and sneeze.

'Tis sweet to see in dalsied field
The flocks and herds their pleasure take;
But sweeter are the joys they yield
In tender chop and juicy steak.

'Tis sweet to hear the murmurous sound
That from the wood woods doth rise,
To mark the virgins shelling round,
And think how nice they'd be in pies.

When nightingales pour from their throats
Their gushing melody, 'tis sweet;
Yet sweeter 'tis to catch the notes
That issue from Thundernold Street.

USEFUL FAMILY RECIPES (FOR WIVES).

Honey Soup.—Take of smiles, soft answers, tolerance, temper, and good humor. Mix well, and place ready for use to your husband.—The above will be found an invaluable recipe for removing all roughness and irritation—for giving smoothness to the temper, and for dertaining all the unpleasant effects of domestic friction.

An Excellent Dish for Any Chafed and Irritable Substance. Placidity, and pleasant looks.

To Render Your Husband Comfortable.—Steep them in common sense, self-respect, and consideration for others.

The Best Way to Preserve Peace.—Make it before marriage.

RECIPE FOR A PLEASANT DINNER-PARTY.

A round table, holding eight;
A hearty welcome and little state;
One dish at a time,
As plain as you please, but always prime;
Beer for strong feeders, sherry for wine;
Servants who don't require a tutor;
Good roasts and good puddings;
Warm plates and hot potatoes.

SLANG.—"Down with your dust." Pay: put down your money. The phrase originated with moral writers, who are accustomed to describe money as dross and dirt, and, as thus implying a contempt of riches, it is much used by the serious.

A NEW ANSWER TO AN OLD QUESTION.—Where was Moses when he put the candle out? Not necessarily in the dark. He might have been a Jewish hairdresser, and have been taking a friend daylight, which his mustache required.

AN INEVITABLE CERTAINTY OF CATCHING A COLD.—Being asked to sleep.

CHINESE POETRY.

It took a three-hours' fight,
It cut four hundred men,
To change the Forts Taku
Into Forts Dakes.

THE BOTHERATIVE OF THE TIMES.—We expect to see, very shortly, houses opened all over the country, at which will be held the following refreshments—namely, sweet:—"A GLASS OF ALE AND A SANDWICH, AND YOUR PHOTOGRAPH, FOR FOURPENCE!"

THE BATTLE OF NEW ORLEANS, FOUGHT JANUARY 8, 1815.—[SEE PAGE THIRTY-ONE.]

[Entered according to Act of Congress, in the Year 1860, by Harper & Brothers, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Southern District of New York.]

GREAT EXPECTATIONS.

A NOVEL.

By CHARLES DICKENS.

Splendidly Illustrated by John McLenan.

☞ Printed from the Manuscript and early Proof-sheets purchased from the Author by the Proprietors of "Harper's Weekly."

CHAPTER XI.

My mind grew very uneasy on the subject of the pale young gentleman. The more I thought of the light and recalled the pale young gentleman on his back in various stages of puffy and in crimsoned countenance, the more certain it appeared that something would be done to me. I felt that the pale young gentleman's blood was on my head, and that the Law would avenge it. Without having any definite idea of the penalties I had incurred, it was clear to me that village boys could not go stalking about the country, ravaging the houses of gentlefolks and pitching into the studious youth of England, without laying themselves open to severe punishment. For some days I even kept close at home, and looked out at the kitchen-door with the greatest caution and trepidation before going on an errand, lest the officers of the County Jail should have come upon me. The pale young gentleman's nose had stained my trowsers, and I tried to wash out that evidence of my guilt in the dead of night. I had cut my knuckles against the pale young gentleman's teeth, and I twisted my imagination into a thousand tangles, as I devised incredible ways of accounting for that damnatory circumstance when I should be haled before the Judges.

When the day came round for my return to the scene of the deed of violence, my terrors reached their height. Whether myrmidons of Justice, specially sent down from London, would be lying in ambush behind the gate? Whether Miss Havisham, preferring to take personal vengeance for an outrage done to her house, might rise in those grave-clothes of hers, draw a pistol, and shoot me dead? Whether subsorned boys—a numerous band of mercenaries—might be engaged to fall upon me in the brewery, and knock me about until I was no more? It was high testimony to my confidence in the spirit of the pale young gentleman, that I never imagined *him* accessory to these retaliations; they always came into my mind as the acts of injudicious relatives of his, goaded on by the state of his visage and an indignant sympathy with the family features.

However, go to Miss Havisham's I must, and go I did. And behold! nothing came of the late struggle. It was not alluded to in any way, and no pale young gentleman was to be discovered on the premises. I found the same gate open, and I explored the garden, and even looked in at the windows of the detached house; but my view was suddenly stopped by the closed shutters within, and all was lifeless and deserted. Only in the corner where the combat had taken place could I detect any evidence of the young gentleman's existence. There were traces of his gore on the spot, and I covered them with garden-mould from the eye of man.

On the broad landing between Miss Havisham's own room and that other room in which the long table was laid out, I saw a garden-chair—a light chair on wheels, that you pushed from behind. It had been placed there since my last visit, and I entered, that same day, on a regular occupation of pushing Miss Havisham in this chair (when she was tired of walking with her hand upon my shoulder) round her own room, and across the landing, and round the other room. Over and over and over again, we would take those journeys, and sometimes they would last as long as three hours at a stretch. I insensibly fell into a general mention of my trade, my life, my prospects, because it was at once settled that I should return every alternate day as noon for these purposes, and because I was going to sum up a period of at least eight or ten months.

As we began to be more used to one another, Miss Havisham talked more to me, and asked me such questions as what I had learned and what was I going to be? I told her I was going to be apprenticed to Joe, I believed; and I enlarged upon my knowing nothing and wanting to know every thing, in the hope that she might offer some help toward that desirable end. But she did not; on the contrary, she seemed to like my being ignorant. Neither did she ever give me any money—or any thing but my daily dinner—nor ever stipulate that I should be paid for my services.

Estella was always about, and always let me in and out, but never told me I might kiss her again. Sometimes, she would coolly tolerate me; sometimes, she would condescend to me; sometimes, she would be quite familiar with me; sometimes, she would treat me energetically that she hated me. Miss Havisham would often ask me in a whisper, or when we were alone, "Does she grow prettier and prettier, Pip?" And when I said yes (for indeed she did), would seem to enjoy it greedily in secret. Also, when we played at cards Miss Havisham would look on, with a miserly relish of Estella's moods, whatever they were. And sometimes, when her moods were so many and so contradictory of one another that I was puzzled what to say or do, Miss Havisham would embrace her with lavish fondness, murmuring something in her ear that sounded like "Break their hearts my pride and hope, break their hearts and have no mercy!"

There was a song Joe used to hum fragments of at the forge, of which the burden was Old Clem. This was not a very ceremonious way of rendering homage to a patron saint; but I believe Old Clem stood in that relation toward smiths. It was a song that imitated the measure of beating upon iron, and was a mere lyrical excuse for the introduction of Old Clem's respected name. Thus, you were to hammer boys round—Old Clem! With a thump and a sound —Old Clem! Beat it out, beat it out—Old Clem! With a clink for the stout—Old Clem! Blow the fire, blow the fire—Old Clem! Roaring fire, roaring higher—Old Clem! One day soon after the appearance of the chair, Miss Havisham suddenly saying to me, with the impatient movement of her fingers, "There, there, there! Sing!" I was surprised into crooning this ditty as I pushed her over the floor. It happened so to catch her fancy, that she took it up in a low brooding voice as if she were singing in her sleep. After that, it became customary with us to have it as we moved about, and Estella would often join in; though the whole strain was so subdued, even when there were three of us, that it made less noise in the grim old house than the lightest breath of wind.

What could I become with these surroundings? How could my character fail to be influenced by them? Is it to be wondered at if my thoughts were dazed, as my eyes were, when I came out into the natural light from the misty yellow rooms?

Perhaps I might have told Joe about the pale young gentleman, if I had not previously been betrayed into those enormous inventions to which I have confessed. Under the circumstances, I felt that Joe could hardly fail to discern in the pale young gentleman an appropriate passenger to be put into the black velvet coach; therefore I said nothing of him. Besides: that shrinking

"WHICH I MEANTERSAY, PIP."

from having Miss Havisham and Estella discussed, which had come upon me in the beginning, grew much more potent as time went on. I reposed complete confidence in no one but Biddy: but I told poor Biddy every thing. Why it came natural to me to do so, and why Biddy had a deep concern in every thing I told her, I did not know then, though I think I know now. Shade of poor Biddy, forgive me!

Meanwhile councils went on in the kitchen at home, fraught with almost insupportable aggravation to my exasperated spirit. That ass, Pumblechook, used often to come over of a night for the purpose of discussing my prospects with my sister; and I really do believe (to this hour with less penitence than I ought to feel) that if these hands could have taken a linch-pin out of his chaise-cart they would have done it. The miserable man was a man of that confined stability of mind that he could not discuss my prospects without having me before him—as it were, to operate upon—and he would drag me up from my stool (usually by the collar) where I was quiet in a corner, and, standing me before the fire as if I was going to be cooked, would begin by saying, "Now, mum, here is this boy! Here is this boy which you brought up by hand. Hold up your head, boy, and be forever grateful unto them whom sis did do. Now, mum, with respections to this boy!" And then he would rumple my hair the wrong way—which, from my earliest remembrance, as already hinted, I have in my soul denied the right of any fellow-creature to do—and would hold me before him by the sleeve; a spectacle of imbecility only to be equaled by himself.

Then he and my sister would fair off in such nonsensical speculations about Miss Havisham, and about what she would do with me and for me, that I used to want—quite painfully—to burst into spiteful tears, fly at Pumblechook, and pommel him all over. In these dialogues my sister spoke of me as if she were morally incapable of my teeth out at every reference; while Pumblechook himself, self-constituted my patron, would sit supervising me with a depreciatory eye, like the architect of my fortunes who thought himself engaged on a very unremunerative job.

In these discussions Joe bore no part. But he was often talked at, while they were in progress, by reason of Mrs. Joe's perceiving that he was not favorable to my being taken from the forge. I was fully old enough now to be apprenticed to Joe; and when Joe sat with the poker on his knees thoughtfully raking out the ashes between the lower bars, my sister would so distinctly construe that innocent action into opposition on his part, that she would dive at him, take the poker out of his hands, shake him, and put it away. There was a most irritating end to every one of these debates. All in a moment, with nothing to lead up to it, my sister would step herself in a yawn, and would swoop upon me, with "Come! There's enough of you! You get along to bed: you've given trouble enough for one night, I hope!" As if I had besought them as a favor to bother my life out.

Well! We were on in this way for a long time, and it seemed likely that we should continue to go on in this way for a long time, when one day Miss Havisham stopped short as she and I were walking, she leaning on my shoulder; and said, with some displeasure,

"You are growing tall, Pip!"

I thought it best to hint, through the medium of a meditative look, that this might be occasioned by circumstances over which I had no control.

She said no more at the time; but she presently stopped and looked at me again; and presently again; and after that looked frowning and moody. On the next day of my attendance when our usual exercise was over, and I had landed her at her dressing-table, she staid me with a movement of her impatient fingers:

"Tell me the name again of that blacksmith of yours."

"Joe Gargery, ma'am."

"Meaning the master you were to be apprenticed to?"

"Yes, Miss Havisham."

"You had better be apprenticed at once. Would Gargery come here with you, and bring your indentures, do you think?"

I signified that I had no doubt he would take it as an honor to be asked.

"Then let him come."

"At any particular time, Miss Havisham?"

"There, there! I know nothing about times. Let him come soon, and come alone with you."

When I got home at night, and delivered this message for Joe, my sister "went on the Rampage, as Joe expressed it, in a more alarming degree than at any previous period. She asked me and Joe whether we supposed she was down-stairs under our feet, and how we dared to use her so, and what company we graciously thought she was fit for? When Joe had escaped a torrent of such inquiries, she threw a candlestick at Joe, burst into a loud sobbing, got out the dust-pan—which was always a very bad sign—put on her coarse apron, and began cleaning up to a terrible extent. Not satisfied with a dry cleaning, she took a pail and scrubbing-brush, and cleaned us out of house and home, so that we stood shivering in the back-yard. It was ten o'clock at night before we ventured to creep in again, and then she asked Joe why he hadn't married a Negress Slave at once? Joe offered no answer, poor fellow! but stood feeling his whisker and looking dejectedly at me, as if he thought it really might have been a better speculation.

CHAPTER XII.

It was a trial to my feelings, on the next day but one, to see Joe arraying himself in his Sunday clothes to accompany me to Miss Havisham's. However, as he thought his court-suit necessary to the occasion, it was not for me to tell him that he looked far better in his working dress; the rather, because I knew he made himself so dreadfully uncomfortable, entirely on my account, and that it was for me he pulled up his shirt-collar so very high behind that it made the hair on the crown of his head stand up like a tuft of feathers.

At breakfast-time my sister declared her intention of going to town with us, and being left at Uncle Pumblechook's, and called for "when we had done with our fine ladies"—a way of putting the case, from which Joe, I thought, declined to augur the worst. The forge was shut up for the day, and Joe inscribed in chalk upon the door (as it was his custom to do on the very rare occasions when he was not at work) the monosyllable HOUT, accompanied by a sketch of an arrow supposed to be flying in the direction he had taken.

We walked to town, my sister leading the way in a flowered large bonnet and carrying a basket like the Captain's head of Flopsy in a straw, a pair of pattens, and an umbrella, though it was a fine bright day. I am not quite clear whether these articles were carried for ostentation or ostentatiously; but I rather think they were displayed as articles of property—much as Cleopatra, or any other sovereign, lolls on the Rampage, might exhibit her wealth in a pageant-procession.

When we came to Pumblechook's my sister bounced in and left us. As it was almost noon Joe and I held straight on to Miss Havisham's house. Estella opened the gate as usual, and the moment she opened it took his hat off and stood weighing it by the brim in both his hands—as if he had some urgent reason in his mind for being particular to half a quarter of an ounce.

Estella took no notice of either of us, but led us the way that I knew so well. I followed next to her, and Joe came last. When I looked back at Joe in the long passage he was still weighing his hat with the greatest care, and was coming after us in long strides on the tips of his toes.

Estella told me we were both to go in, so I took Joe by the coat-cuff and conducted him into Miss Havisham's presence. She was seated at her dressing-table, and looked round at us immediately.

"Oh!" said she to Joe. "You are the husband of the sister of this boy?"

I could hardly have imagined dear old Joe looking so unlike himself or so like some extraordinary bird; standing, as he did, speechless, with his ruff of feathers ruffled, and his mouth open, as if he wanted a worm.

"You are the husband," repeated Miss Havisham, "of the sister of this boy?"

It was very aggravating, but throughout the interview Joe persisted in addressing Mr. instead of Miss Havisham.

"Which I meantersay, Pip," Joe now observed in a manner that was at once expressive of forcible argumentation, strict confidence, and great politeness, "as I hup and married your sister, and I were at no time wishful to slight a call (if you was any ways inclined) a single man."

"Well?" said Miss Havisham. "And you have reared the boy, with the intention of taking him for your apprentice; is that so, Mr. Gargery?"

"You know, Pip," replied Joe, "as you and me were ever friends, and it were look'd for'ard to betwixt us, as long calculated to lead to larks. Not but what, Pip, if you had ever made objections to the business—such as its being open to black and sut, or such-like—but not what you would have been attended to; don't you see?"

"Has the boy," said Miss Havisham, "ever made any objection? Does he like the trade?"

"Which it is well beknown to yourself, Pip," returned Joe, strengthening his former mixture of argumentation, confidence, and politeness, "that it were the wish of your own hart." (I saw the idea suddenly break upon him that he would adapt his epitaph to the occasion, before he went on to say:) "And there were no objection on your part, and, Pip, it were the great wish of your hart."

It was quite in vain for me to endeavor to make him sensible that he ought to speak to Miss Havisham. The more I made faces and contorted myself, the more he persisted mutual, argumentative, and polite he persisted in being to Me.

"Have you brought his indentures with you?" asked Miss Havisham.

"Well, Pip, you know," replied Joe, as if that were a question reasonable, "you yourself see me put 'em in my 'and, therefore you know as they are here." With which he took them out, and gave them, not to Miss Havisham, but to me. I was afraid I was ashamed of the dear, good fellow—I *know* I was ashamed of him—when I saw that Estella stood at the back of Miss Havisham's chair, and that her eyes laughed mischievously. I took the indentures out of his hand and gave them to Miss Havisham.

"Good," said Miss Havisham, as she looked them over, "no premium with the boy?"

"Joe!" I remonstrated, for he made no answer at all. "Why don't you—"

"Pip," returned Joe, cutting me short as if he were hurt, "which I meantersay that were not a question requiring a answer betwixt yourself and me, and which you know the answer to be full well No. You know it to be No, Pip, and wherefore should I say it?"

Miss Havisham glanced at him as if she understood what he really was, better than I had thought possible, seeing what he was there; and took up a little bag from the table beside her.

"Pip has earned a premium here," she said, "and here it is. There are five-and-twenty guineas in this bag. Give it to your master, Pip."

As if he were absolutely out of his mind with the wonder awakened in him by her strange figure and the strange room, Joe, even at this pass, persisted in addressing me.

"This is very liberal on your part, Pip," said Joe, "and it is as such received and grateful welcome, though never looked for, far nor near nor nowheres. And now, old chap," said Joe, conveying to me a sensation, first of burning and then of freezing, for I felt as if that familiar expression were applied to Miss Havisham; "and now, old chap, may we do our duty! May you do your duty, both on us by one and another, and by them which your liberal presents—have—conweyed—to be—for the satisfaction of mind—of—them as never—here Joe showed that he felt he had fallen into frightful difficulties, until he triumphantly released himself with the words, "and from myself far be it!" These words relieved me of a cruel and convincing sound to him that he said them twice.

"Good-by, Pip!" said Miss Havisham. "Let them out, Estella."

"Am I to come again, Miss Havisham?" I asked.

"No. Gargery is your master now. Gargery! One word!"

Thus called to him back as I went out of the door, I heard her say to Joe in a distinct emphatic voice, "The boy has been a good boy here, and that is his reward. Of course, as an honest man, you will expect no other and no more."

How Joe got out of the room I have never been able to determine; but I know that when he did get out he was insanely proceeding up stairs instead of coming down, and was dead to all remonstrance until I went after him and laid hold of him. In another minute we were outside the gate, and it was locked, and Estella was gone.

When we stood in the daylight alone again, Joe backed up against a wall, and said to me, "Astonishing!" And there he remained so long, saying "Astonishing!" at intervals, so often, that I began to think his senses were never coming back. At length he prolonged his remarks by saying, "Pip, I do assure you that this is as-tro-nishing!" and, so, by degrees, became conversational and able to walk away.

I have reason to think that Joe's intellects were bewildered by the encounter they had passed through, and that on our way to Pumblechook's he invented a subtle and deep design. My reason for so thinking is as what took place in Mr. Pumblechook's parlor: where, on our presenting ourselves, my sister sat in conference with that detested seedsman.

"Well?" cried my sister, addressing us both at once. "And what's happened to you? I wonder you condescend to come back to such poor society as this, I am sure I do!"

"Miss Havisham," said Joe, with a fixed look at me, like an effort of remembrance, "made it very particular her that we should give her—were it compliments or respects, Pip?"

"Compliments," I said.

"Which have we got our own belief," answered Joe—"her compliments to Mrs. J. Gargery."

"Much good they'll do me!" observed my sister; but not sharply, "nothing."

"And wishing," pursued Joe, with another fixed look at me, like another effort of remembrance, "that the state of Miss Havisham's health were such as would have—allowed, were it, Pip?"

"Of her having the pleasure," I added.

"Of taking company," said Joe. And drew a long breath.

"Well!" cried my sister, with a mollified glance at Pumblechook. "Much you deserve to have had the politeness to send that message at first, but it's better late than never. And what did she give young Rantipole here?"

"She gave him," said Joe, "nothing."

Mrs. Joe was going to break out, but Joe went on.

"What she giv," said Joe, "she giv' to his friends. And by his friends,' were her explanation, 'I mean into the hands of his sister Mrs. J. Gargery.' There now, you have it, 'Mrs. J. Gargery.' She mayn't have know'd," added Joe, with an appearance of reflection, "whether it were Joe, or Jorge."

My sister looked at Pumblechook: who smoothed the elbows of his wooden arm-chair, and nodded at her and at the fire, as if he had known all about it beforehand.

"And how much have you got?" asked my sister, laughing. Positively laughing!

"What would present company say ten pound?" demanded Joe.

"They'd say," returned my sister, curtly, "pretty well. Not too much, but pretty well."

"It's more than that, then," said Joe.

That fearful Impostor, Pumblechook, immediately nodded, and said, as he rubbed the arms of his chair, "It's more than that."

"Why, you don't mean to say—" began my sister.

"Yes, I do, mum," said Pumblechook; "but wait a bit. Go on, Joseph. Good in you! Go on!"

"What would present company say," proceeded Joe, "to twenty pound?"

"Handsome would be the word," returned my sister.

"Well, then," said Joe, "it's more than twenty pound."

That abject Hypocrite, Pumblechook, nodded again, and said, with a patronizing laugh, "it's more than that, mum. Good again! Follow her up, Joseph!"

"Then to make an end of it," said Joe, delightedly handling the bag by my sister; "it's five-and-twenty pound."

"It's five-and-twenty pound, mum," echoed that beast of wonders, Pumblechook, rising to shake hands with her; "and it's no more than your merits (as I said when my opinion was asked), and I wish you joy of the money!"

If the Villain had stopped here his ease would have been sufficiently awful, but he blackened his guilt by proceeding to take me into custody, with a right of patronage that left all his former criminality far behind.

"Now you see, Joseph and wife," said Pumblechook, as he took me by the arm above the elbow, "I am one of them that always go right through with what they've begun. This boy must be bound out of hand. That's my way. Bound out of hand."

"Goodness knows, Uncle Pumblechook," said my sister (grasping the money), "we're deeply beholden to you."

"Never mind me, mum," returned that diabolical corn-chandler. "A pleasure's a pleasure all the world over, and I'm free to say, you know; we must have him bound. I said I'd see to it—to tell you the truth."

The Justice-room sitting in the Town Hall near at hand, and we at once went over to have me bound apprentice to Joe in the Magistrates' presence. It was a large room, and was presided over by Pumblechook, exactly as if I had that moment picked a pocket or fired a rick; indeed it was the general impression in Court that I had been taken red-handed, for, as Pumblechook shoved me before him through the crowd, I heard some people say, "What's he done? Stole a pie, I'll be bound!" "No, he don't look bad, don't he?" One person of mild and benevolent aspect even gave me a tract onwards-and-upwards, which I put in my pocket, a young man in a perfect sausage-shop of fetters, and entitled, To be read in my Cell.

The Hall was a queer place, I thought, with higher pews in it than the pews—and with people hanging over the pews looking on—and with mighty Justices (one with a powdered head) leaning back in chairs, with folded arms, or taking snuff, or going to sleep, or writing, or reading the newspapers—and with some shining black portraits on the walls, which my companion regarded as a composition of hardtack and sticking-plaster. Here, in a corner, my indentures were duly signed and executed, and the seal of Mr. Pumblechook holding me all the while as if we had looked in on our way to the scaffold to have those little preliminaries disposed of.

The formalities were soon over, and had got rid of the boys who had been put into great spirits by the expectation of seeing me publicly tortured, and I was free. Pumblechook seemed to find that my friends were merely rallying round me, we went back to Pumblechook's. And there my sister became so excited by the money-fever in my business, that nothing would serve her but we must have a dinner out of that windfall, at the Blue Boar, and that Pumblechook must go over in his chaise-cart, and bring the Hubbles and Mr. Wopsle.

It was agreed to be done; and a most melancholy day I passed. Not only was I regarded to stand to reason, in the minds of the whole company, that I was an excrescence on the entertainment. And to make it worse, Joe all asked me separately, whenever in short, whenever they had nothing else to do—why I didn't enjoy myself. And what could I possibly do then but say I was enjoying myself—which I was not.

However, they were grown up and had their own way, and they made the most of it. That swindling Pumblechook got obstinately the best scent curriver of the whole occasion, actually took the top of the table; and, when he addressed them on the subject of my being bound, and fondlingly congratulated them on my being liable to imprisonment if I played at cards, drank strong liquors, kept late hours or bad company, or indulged in other vagaries that were the sowing of my indentures appeared to contemplate as next to inevitable, he placed me standing on a chair behind the table for their better inspection.

My only other remembrances of the present festival are, that they wouldn't let me go to sleep, but whenever they saw me drooping off, woke me up and told me to enjoy myself. That, rather late in the evening Mr. Wopsle gave us Collins's Ode, and threw his blood-stain'd sword in thunder down with such effect that the whole company came in and said, "The Commercials underneath sent up their compliments, and it wasn't the Tumbler's Arms." That, they were all in excellent spirits, on the road home, and sang O Lady Fair! Mr. Wopsle taking the bass, and asserting with a tremendously strong voice (in reply to the ingenious remarks of the company) that music in a most impertinent manner, by wanting, to know all about every body's private affairs, that he was the man with his live lodger flowing, and that he was upon the whole the weakest pilgrim going.

Finally, I remember that when I got into my little bedroom I was truly wretched, and had a strong conviction on me that I should never like Joe's trade. I had liked it once, but once was not now.

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

CONGRESS.

On Thursday, December 27, in the Senate, a bill was reported to provide for a Territorial Government for Arizona. Senator Brown, of Mississippi, wished to have a motion added for the protection of slave property. Senator Trumbull, of Illinois, declared that the law in force when the Territory was annexed to the country was continued until it shall become a State. Senator Doolittle, of Wisconsin, made a long and powerful speech, in which he reviewed the whole question of Slavery. He was followed by Senators Davis of Mississippi, Green of Missouri, Mason of Virginia, and others, and, without taking a vote, the Senate adjourned until Monday.——In the House, Mr. Stevens, of Washington Territory, made personal explanation in reference to a dispatch which had appeared in a Boston and a New York paper. Mr. Morris, of Illinois, Chairman of the Special Committee appointed to investigate the Salaries, offered a resolution empowering the Committee to sit elsewhere than in Washington, should circumstances require it, and after some opposition it was passed. The House then went into Committee of the Whole on the Indian Appropriation Bill, and soon after adjourned until Monday.

On Monday, 31st, in the Senate, Senator Powell, of Kentucky, presented the report of the Committee of Thirteen on the State of the Union, reported that the Committee had been unable to agree, and asked that the journal of their proceedings be printed. Senator Wilson, of Massachusetts, offered a resolution, which was objected to and laid over, requesting the Committee on War to inform the Senate relative to the condition of the arms in the national armories, etc. The Territorial Government Bill was then postponed, and Senator Benjamin proceeded to make his elaborate argument against the right of coercion, and in favor of the right of secession. He argued that the Constitution was a compact between sovereign States, and that the Federal Government was the agent of the whole country. Senator Baker, without concluding, yielded to a motion to adjourn; but before the adjournment took place, Senator Green, of Missouri, read and obtained leave to print an elaborate speech.

In the House, on the same day, Mr. Bingham reported back from the Judiciary Committee the bill further to provide for the collection of duties on imports, with various amendments. The House, for want of a quorum, adjourned over until Monday.

On Tuesday, January 1, in the Senate, Mr. Bingham's bill, reported by him from the House Judiciary Committee on 31, provide, whenever, by reason of unlawful obstructions, combinations, or assemblages of persons, it shall become impracticable, in the judgment of the President, to execute the custom laws and collect the duties on imports in the ordinary way, it shall be lawful for the Secretary of the Treasury, with such district to be established and kept in any secure place within some port or harbor of said district, or in any vessel that may be convenient; and in that case it should be the duty of the Collector to reside at such place, and there perform all vessels and cargoes arriving within the district until the duties imposed on the cargoes by law shall be paid in cash, any thing in the laws of the United States to the contrary notwithstanding; and in such cases it shall be unlawful to take the vessel or cargo from the custody of the proper officer of the customs, unless by a process from some Court of the United States; but the owner or consignee shall be made to take such vessel or cargo by any force or combination, or assemblage as aforesaid, it shall be lawful for any officer of the customs, it shall and may be lawful for the President, or such other person as he shall have empowered for the purpose, to employ such part of the land or naval forces of the United States, or of the militia, as may be deemed necessary for the purpose of preventing the removal of such vessel or cargo and protecting the officers of the customs in retaking such vessel or cargo.

THE SOUTH CAROLINA CONVENTION.

On 26th ult., in this body, citizens of the United States in South Carolina, assembled in the State of South Carolina. An ordinance was introduced by Mr. Rhett, providing for a withdrawal of the Southern States to be held at Montgomery, Alabama. On 27th, the Governor was authorized to receive any fortifications which the State was provided to advise him. On 29th, the collector of customs at Charleston informed the Convention that all the officers of the revenue had entered the service of the State. An ordinance was introduced permitting duties to be paid in gold or specie. On January 2d, an ordinance was passed which defines and prescribes the punishment for treason. It declares that treason against the Carolina war against the State, adhering to its enemies, and giving them aid and comfort within the State, are penalty is "death without the benefit of clergy." Another ordinance provides for the appointment of Commissioners to Texas, and another that all powers heretofore vested in Congress shall be vested in the Legislature and people of the State.

THE SOUTH CAROLINA CABINET.

Governor Pickens has appointed Hon. A. G. M'Grath Secretary of State of South Carolina, Hon. D. F. Jamison Secretary of War, Hon. Christopher G. Memminger Secretary of the Treasury, W. H. Harlee to republish the Postal Department of the United States, and C. Gardington Secretary of the Interior.

THE PRESIDENT'S REPLY TO THE SOUTH CAROLINA COMMISSIONERS.

A dispatch to the *Herald*, dated Washington, January 5, says:

"The President's reply to the Commissioners of South Carolina has just been communicated. The President has given a preliminary step in the initiation of negotiations, that the troops be withdrawn from the forts in Charleston Harbor.

"The President positively refuses to do this, and refers also to views in former public property as set forth in his Messages to Congress, and informs them that he has not only no power to withdraw the troops from the town, but to defend the property of the United States with all the power at his command.

"He does not recognize the Commissioners officially, but regards them as distinguished citizens of the United States from South Carolina.

"The orders to Major Anderson are given in full.

"From them it appears he could only have acted as he has done, and certainly, if he had any tangible evidence that South Carolina designed taking Fort Sumter.

"The policy pursued and the understanding had with the people of South Carolina as to the evacuation of Fort Moultrie are given, and the people of the United States will now understand how the compact was entered between the President and the authorities of South Carolina, and whether South Carolina will be sustained, even by the South, in taking possession of property which does not belong to her.

"The position taken by the President has produced the utmost consternation among the Commissioners and their friends."

THE FIRST HOSTILE MOVEMENTS.

On 31st the people of Charleston seized Fort Moultrie, Castle Pinckney, Governor's Island, the Citadel Arsenal at Charleston, and the revenue cutter in the bay.

The President issued a proclamation to the duties by force, and has sent to the Senate the name of Mr. M'Intyre, of York, Pennsylvania, as Collector, vice Colonel Pickens, who is sheep of war *Brooklyn*, which has recently returned with the expedition sent out to survey the proposed route for a railroad across the Isthmus at Chiriqui, together with another war-vessel at Norfolk, has been ordered to be kept in readiness to proceed to Charleston at a moment's warning, and a rumor is current that all the important Southern ports will be immediately reinforced.

HOW THE REVENUE CUTTER AT CHARLESTON WAS SEIZED.

First Lieutenant Underwood, second in command of the revenue-cutter *Aiken*, seized by the secessionists at Charleston, arrived at Washington on 31, and reported to the Secretary of the Treasury. Lieutenant Underwood states that Captain Coste, the commander of the cutter, was on shore on leave of absence. Some time before South Carolina decided to go out, and agreed, when the State declared herself out of the Union, to turn and hand the vessel over to him, Lieutenant Underwood; but instead of doing so he sailed from Charleston before Major Anderson took possession of it, and examined it for several hours, and finally placed the cutter in such a position as to have her at low-water high and dry on land. While she was thus situated the secessionists took possession of her, Captain Coste being still in command, and Lieutenant Underwood, as second in command, was of course powerless to act. Captain Coste then informed Lieutenant Underwood that his services would not be required there any longer, and he proceeded to Washington, where he arrived and reported the above facts to Secretary Thomas.

THE STATE SEIZED IN GEORGIA.

A dispatch from Charleston states that returns from Georgia indicate that the State has gone largely for secession.

Forts Pulaski and Jackson have positively been occupied by the Georgia State troops, under the Governor's instructions, and it is said that for this the fortresses would be turned over to the Confederate authorities.

Senator Toombs received a dispatch on 3d from Governor Brown, of Georgia, stating that he had ordered the Georgia troops to occupy Fort Pulaski, to prevent the Federal troops from taking it until the meeting of their Convention. Neither Fort Jackson nor the steamer had been taken, and the Governor gave no information that he intended to seize Fort Pulaski. Senator Toombs received a dispatch from Fort Pulaski for the reason that he had learned that the Administration had given orders to reinforce all the forts in the South. Other forts have undoubtedly been taken for the same reason. The Governor of Georgia denied the fact, as one such an order, but it was afterward revoked. The President has received a dispatch announcing the occupation of Fort Pulaski by the Georgia troops.

SEIZURE OF FORTS AT MOBILE.

A telegram from Mobile announces the seizure of the United States Arsenal at that place, in which were stored fifteen hundred barrels of powder, three hundred thousand percussion caps, fifteen hundred guns, and other stores of war, but only six stand of arms. It was also rumored that Fort Morgan had been occupied by troops.

MAJOR ANDERSON BESIEGED.

A dispatch, dated Washington, January 5, says: "Intelligence was received here last night that Major Anderson is besieged; that all Major Anderson's communications are cut off; that Fort Moultrie has been completely spiked, and the guns remounted, and every thing is in readiness to open a fire on Fort Sumter. All the batteries are being erected around him by the secessionists, and every day his danger and the difficulties of reinforcing him are increased. His friends have solicitations for reinforcements, and even the tears and prayers of his wife having failed to move the President, he has determined never again to renew his request, but will perish, if he must, in the fort. He is resolved to hold possession of it as long as he can, and perish with him.

"It is beyond a doubt that a combination is forming to take forcible possession of the government at Washington on or before the 4th of March, but the precise time is not yet determined.

"The above is from sources which leave no room for doubt as to reliability."

MAJOR ANDERSON'S REASON FOR MOVING.

The Wilmington (North Carolina) *Herald* says: "Major Anderson's reasons for leaving Fort Sumter, Governor Pickens sent Colonel Pettigrew and Major Capers down to him with a flag-of-truce. The Governor says his reply had been anticipated, but we learn that a gentleman who arrived here from Charleston on Saturday night, and who had been conversed the above-named gentlemen courteously, and stated to them that he should act upon his own responsibility, and for security; that he deprecated the necessity for it, and hoped no such step would be taken; that he was willing to take to turn his guns upon his countrymen; but unless commanded by the constituted authorities of the United States, he would never surrender the post while he lived; and that if an attack was made upon him he hoped the first shot fired would be aimed at pierce his heart. It is said he has one year's provisions in the fort, and over 900 men."

THE PERILOUS COMMITTEES.

The Senate Committee of Thirteen, as above-mentioned, reported a failure to agree upon a Compromise on Monday. The House Committee, on 28th, voted to report a bill to restore the Missouri Compromise. They passed resolutions in favor of sending a fleet for New York, as the troops of Mr. Adams, of Massachusetts. They have done nothing else of moment. A new Committee composed of members from the border States is in session.

RESIGNATION OF MR. FLOYD.

On 30th Secretary Floyd resigned his position as the head of War Department. He says that the movement of Major Anderson in evacuating Fort Moultrie and occupying Fort Sumter, was by no means according to the spirit of assurances which had been given by Secretary Floyd to the authorities of South Carolina, that no change should be made in the disposition of the Government forces in the harbor of Charleston. He says that the Hon. Jacob Thompson could arrive in Washington and leave a hearing. As soon as the action of Major Anderson became known, the Commissioners called upon Secretary Floyd for explanations. Mr. Floyd disavowed the act, but the Commissioners say that they were satisfied with any kind of disavowal of the troops from Fort Sumter. This, it appears, Secretary Floyd refused to do, although he had accordingly asked the permission of the President to issue the necessary orders. The Cabinet had a very long discussion on the subject; but, finally, the weight of the Cabinet was thrown in favor of the course pursued by Major Anderson, and Secretary Floyd felt himself called upon to resign.

WHY GOVERNOR FLOYD RESIGNED.

In his letter of explanation he says:

"I then considered the honor of the Administration pledged to maintain the troops in the position they occupied, for such had been the understanding given to the gentlemen of South Carolina who had a right to speak for her, and who, on the part of their band, gave reciprocal pledges that no force should be brought by them against the troops or against the property of the United States. The sole object of both parties in these reciprocal pledges was to prevent a collision and the effusion of blood, to the hope that some means might be found for a peaceful accommodation of the existing troubles, the two Houses of Congress having both raised Committees looking to that object. These offices stood until the action of Major Anderson, taken unfortunately while the Commissioners were on their way to Washington with a peaceful mission fraught by the sentiments of bloodshed, has completed matters in the existing manner. Our refusal or even delay to repair affairs has, in my mind, made our agreement inviolate a collision, and

must inevitably inaugurate civil war. I can not consent to be the agent of such calamity. I deeply regret that I find myself under the necessity of tendering to you my resignation as Secretary of War, because I can no longer hold it under my convictions of patriotism nor with honor, subjected as I am to a violation of solemn pledges and plighted faith."

MESSAGE OF THE GOVERNOR OF PENNSYLVANIA.

The Governor's Message was delivered to the Legislature at Harrisburg on 3d inst.

He declares the doctrine of secession erroneous. The Constitution is something more than a mere compact. Organized resistance to the Federal Government is rebellion. If successful, it may be purged of the crime by revolution; if unsuccessful, the persons may be executed as traitors. But while denying the right of a State to absolve its citizens from allegiance to the Federal Government, nevertheless it is proper that we carefully and candidly examine the causes which have led, if they are well founded they should be unhesitatingly removed, and reparation made for the past and security for the future. For a government created by the people should never do injustice to any portion of them. The only complaints being included in the States alleged to have refused compliance with the Fugitive Slave Law, are substantially reduced to that the State has been almost invariably influenced by a high regard for the rights of her sister States. After examining the present State laws, he says there is nothing to prevent the revival of the act of 1826, leaving to the claimant the right to seek a remedy under the State or National laws. He recommends that the consent of the State be given to the matter, while relinquishing the passing through Pennsylvania, to retain the services of the slave. He suggests the propriety of the call of the Missouri Compromise, and that the line be extended to California by amendment of the Constitution; recommends that Legislature to instruct our representatives in Congress to support such an amendment, to be submitted to the State Convention for ratification, and if Congress fails to propose it, let it emanate from the people. He closes by declaring that Pennsylvania is devoted to the Union, and will follow the stripes and stripes through every peril. He adds: "But before assuming the responsibilities that may foreshadowed, it is the solemn duty of Pennsylvania to remove every just cause of complaint, that the cry can stand before high Heaven without fear and without reproach, and then she will be ready to stand or fall with any alliance to the best form of government ever devised by the wisdom of man. Though I am for the Union as long as the Union, my hope and affections still cling to it. My prayer is, my hope is, and that of millions of patriotic, when he shall have punished us for our sins, will again have mercy upon us, and bless us with a Union in stronger and more hallowed bonds of fraternity, so that the Union may remain unbroken through all future time."

MISSOURI FOR THE UNION.

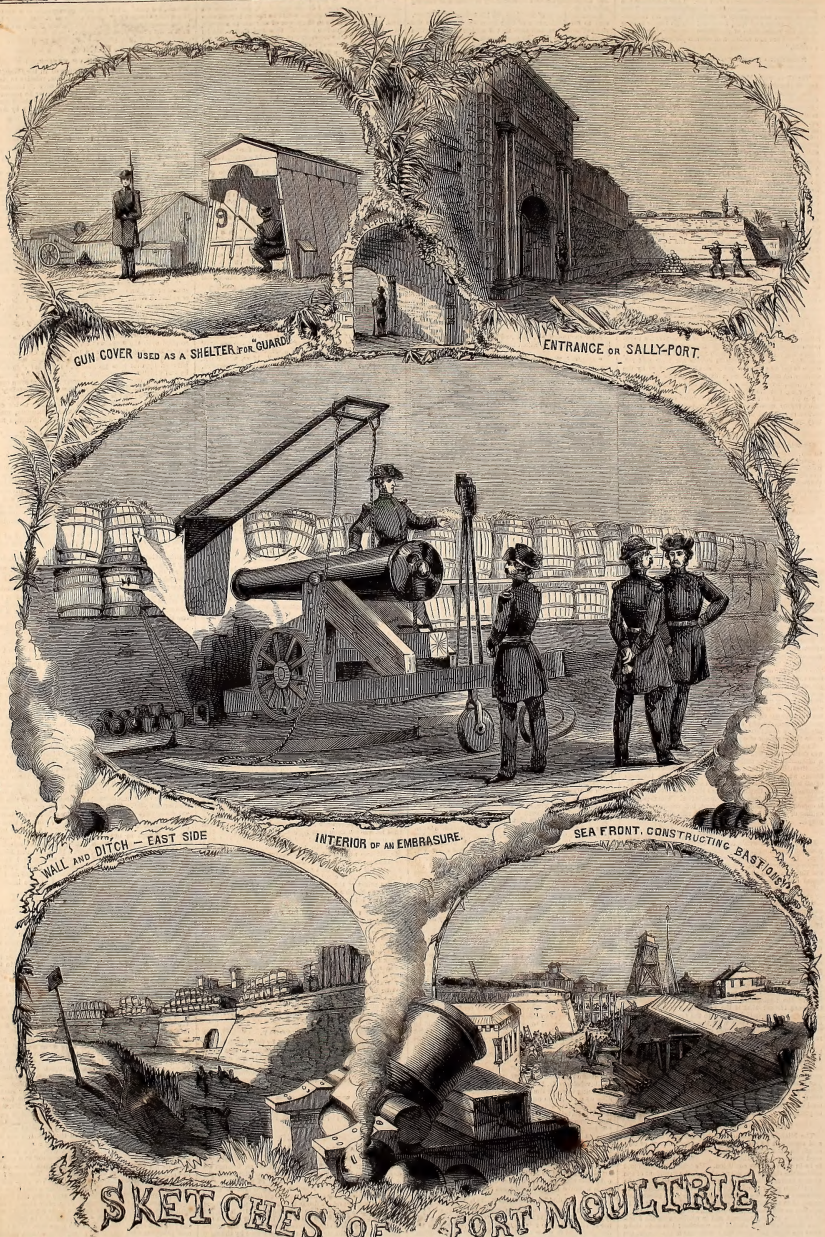
Governor Stewart's Message was read to the Legislature on 3d.

After reviewing the progress of the Abolition and Republican parties, and stating the result of their success, the Governor says that Missouri occupies a peculiar position owing to these troubles that should make her voice potent in the councils of the Union. Her institutions are Christian per se within her borders, she is still determined to demand and maintain her rights at every hazard.

Missouri loves the Union, and will never submit to wrong. She came into the Union upon a compromise, and is willing to abide by a fair compromise, and every subsequent contracts as are enacted by Congress to-day and repealed to-morrow, but a compromise cannot be made the just rights of the States, and agreed to in solemn convention of all the parties interested.

Missouri has a right to speak on this subject, because she has suffered deeply, having been robbed of as much in the past few years by abductions of slaves as all the rest of the Southern States put together.

Speaking of secession, the Governor deprecates the action of South Carolina, and says: "Her people have passed the point of no return, and will never submit to wrong. She does not stand alone. Mississippi, Alabama, Georgia, and Florida will follow in her footsteps, and will be joined by all the Southern States, and even Virginia notes are not long delayed in the event of coercion. Missouri will not be long behind. Her people are not disposed to submit to wrong. She will not submit to the degradation of coercion. She will not submit to the degradation of coercion. She will not submit to the degradation of coercion



SKETCHES OF FORT MOULTRIE

BY AN OFFICER OF MAJOR ANDERSON'S COMMAND.

ENTRY OF MAJOR ANDERSON'S COMMAND INTO FORT SUMTER ON CHRISTMAS NIGHT, 1860.

THE REVOLUTION AT CHARLESTON.

We are enabled, through the kindness of an officer of Major Anderson's command, and others, to present our readers with a series of pictures of Fort Moultrie, which was evacuated by the United States troops on the night of Christmas; also of the occupation of Castle Pinckney by the Charlestonians; and of the entry of Major Anderson and his force into Fort Sumter. The relative bearing and general appearance of these various works have already been fully illustrated in the *Weekly*.

The pictures of Fort Moultrie explain themselves. At the time the sketches were taken it is not probable that the officers had any intention of evacuating the work; if their chief had formed the resolution, he kept it to himself. It will be seen that, notwithstanding the weakness of the place, our gallant troops had prepared for a desperate struggle.

The evacuation took place, as was said, on the night of 25–26th December. Major Anderson had dined with the Charleston authorities, and returned to Fort Moultrie about 9 A.M. One story says that the Major deceived his friends by pretending sleep, and that accordingly the watch kept on his movements by the *Nina* was that night relaxed. At any rate, to use the language of a Charleston contemporary, "the evacuation commenced on Tuesday evening. The men were ordered to hold themselves in readiness, with knapsacks packed, at a moment's notice; but up to the moment of their leaving had no idea of abandoning the post. They were reviewed on parade, and were then ordered to two schooners, lying in the vicinity, where they embarked, taking with them all the necessaries, stores, etc., requisite in their evacuation. Several trips were made during the night, and a great part of the provisions and camp furniture were transported under cover of night. The brightness of the moon, however, afforded but slight concealment to their movements; and in one of the trips, Lieutenant Davis in command, a schooner full of soldiers and baggage passed directly under the bow of the guard-boat *Nina*. The officer who made the statement expressed himself to be ignorant whether the watch on board the *Nina* discovered the movement or not—at all events, he said they did not signify any cognizance of the fact."

Next day the Charlestonians were greatly ex-

OCCUPATION OF CASTLE PINCKNEY BY THE CHARLESTON MILITIA, DECEMBER 26, 1860.

cited at the news. They had calculated, it seems, on taking Fort Sumter without resistance; and as it commands Fort Moultrie, they would have reduced that work, and taken Major Anderson and his command prisoners whenever they chose. The Major was a little too smart for them, however. With the small force he has he can hold Fort Sumter against a very large body of assailants, and in the event of an attack, can shell Charleston with his heavy guns. However, to console themselves, the people of Charleston resolved to occupy Castle Pinckney, a fort of minor importance. The Charleston *Mercury* gives the following account of the movements:

"The Rifle battalion, under command of Colonel J. J. Pettigrew, assembled promptly upon the Citadel green. They were substantially equipped in winter uniform, with blankets, knapsacks, and revolvers. The battalion numbered some 190 men, and consisted of detachments from the Meagher Guards, the Carolina light infantry, and the Washington light infantry. Shortly after four o'clock the word was given, and the companies advanced in double quick time, without music, toward the Cooper River. None of them, we believe, excepting the officers, were aware of their destination. They embarked on the steamer *Nina*, which immediately headed for Castle Pinckney, and the surmise soon became confirmed that the destination of the command was to take possession of that fortress. On nearing the fort, a number of men were observed on the wharf, one of whom, in advance of the others, was observed holding what appeared to be a paper in his hand. This was said to have been the civil war. As soon as the front touched the wharf, the storming party who had been detailed for that duty sprang ashore, and rushed round to the rear of the fortress, where the gate is situated. This was found closed, and a cry for storming ladders was soon answered by a mechanic hurrying forward with one or more of them. These were instantly planted, and under cover of the rifles of the battalion, the walls were escaladed and the gates thrown open.

"On entering the fort it was found to be tenanted only by an officer of engineers and a number of laborers—none of whom made any resistance. The engineer officer was informed that he was at liberty to leave, and remove his personal effects, and in a few minutes he set out in a boat belonging to the fort, accompanied by four other men. From the direction in which he steered, it is supposed that he went to Fort Moultrie.

"The flag of the *Nina*, consisting of a white star on a red ground, was then hoisted amid loud cheers; and when our reporter left a strong guard had been mounted, and preparations for garrisoning the fortress were well advanced."

A DAY'S RIDE:

A LIFE'S ROMANCE.

By CHARLES LEVER,

AUTHOR OF "CHARLES O'MALLEY," "HARRY LORREQUER," ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER XXXI.

WHAT a pleasant little dinner we had that day! It was laid out in a little summer-house of the inn garden. All overgrown with a fine old fig-tree, through whose leaves the summer wind played deliciously, while a tiny rivulet rippled close by, and served to cool our "Achen thoier"—an amount of luxury that made Unthenfeck quite wild with laughter.

"Is it cold enough?" she asked, archly, in her peasant-dialect, each time the old man laid down his glass.

As I came gradually to pick up the occasional meaning of her words—a process which her expressive pantomime greatly aided—I was struck by the marvelous acuteness of a mind so totally without culture, and I could not help asking Vaterchen why he had never attempted to instruct her.

"What can I do?" said he, despondently; "there are no books in the only language she knows, and the only language I could condescend to speak. She can understand Italian, and I have read stories for her, and sonnets too, out of Leopardi, but though she will listen in all eagerness till they are finished, no sooner over than she breaks out into some wild Calabrian song, and asks me is it not sweet; all the fine things I have been giving her, thrice told."

"Could you not teach her to write?"

"I tried that. I bought a slate, and I made a bargain with her, that she should have a scarlet knot for her hair when she could ask me for it in written words. Well, all seemed to go on prosperously for a time; at last she got through half the alphabet very successfully, till we came to the letter H. This made her laugh immediately, it was so like a scaffold set up in the circus for certain exercises; and no sooner had I marked down the letter than she snatched the pencil from me and drew the figure of a man on each side of the letter. There, in a hour forth, as though her wayward humor had been only imprisoned, she burst forth into every imaginable absurdity at our lessons. Every ridiculous event of our daily life she drew, and with a rapidity almost incredible. I was not very apt, as you may imagine, in acquiring the new accomplishments they thought to give me, and she caricatured me under all my difficulties."

"Si, si," broke she in at this; for with a wonderful acuteness she could trace something of a speaker's meaning where every word was unknown to her. As she spoke she arose and led down the garden at top speed.

"Why has she gone? Is she displeased at your telling me all these things about her?" asked I.

"Scarcely that; she loves to be noticed. Nothing really seems to pain her . . much as when she is passed over unremarked. When such an event would occur in the circus, I have seen her sob through her sleep all the night after. I half suspect now that she is piqued at the little notice you have bestowed upon her. All the better if it be so."

"But here she comes again."

With the suggestion she now came back to us, holding her slate over her head, and showing that she rightly interpreted what the old man had said of her.

"Now for my turn!" said Vaterchen, with a smile. "She is never weary of drawing me in every absurd and impossible posture."

"What is it to be, Tintenfleck?" asked he.

"How am I to figure this time?"

She shook her head without replying, and, making a sign that she was not to be questioned or interrupted, she nestled down at the foot of the fig-tree, and began to draw.

The old man now drew near me, and proceeded to give me further details of her strange temper and ways. I could mark that throughout all he said a tone of intense anxiety and love prevailed, and that he felt her disposition was exactly that which exposed her to the greatest perils for her future welfare. Her artist instinct who need to follow her through all the South Tyrol, affecting to be madly in love with her, but of whose sincerity and honor Vaterchen professed his grave misgivings. He gave her lessons in drawing, and, what was less to be liked, he made several studies of herself. "Two witless ways," said the old man, "she would come and repeat to me all his raptures about her, was at first a sort of comfort to me. I felt reassured by her confidence, and also by the little impression his praises seemed to make, but I saw later on that I was mistaken. She grew each day more cognizant of his admiration, and it was not power laughingly, but in earnest seriousness she would tell me that she 'Fornarina' in some gallery had not such colors in her cheek that some Roman beauty in that all the world admired was far inferior to her in shape. If I had dared to rebuke her vanity, or to ridicule her pretensions, all my influence would have been gone forever. She would have left us, gone who knows whither, and been lost, so that I had nothing for it but to seem to credit all she said, and yet hold the matter lightly, and I said beauty has no value except when associated with rank and station. If queens are often fitted to adorn high estate, but for humble folk it is as great a mockery as these tinsel gems we wear in the circus.

"'Max says not,' said she to me one evening, after one of my usual lectures. 'Max says there are queens whose beauty seemed to have my hair, ay, or even one of the dimples in my cheek.'

"'Max is a villain,' said I, before I could control my words.

"'Max is a very signor!' said she, haughtily, 'and not like one of us; and more, too, if I will and tell him what you have said of Max.' She bounded away from me at this, and I saw her no more till nightfall.

"'What has happened to you, poor child?' said I, as I saw her lying on the floor of her room, her forehead bleeding, and her dress all draggled and torn. She would not speak to me for a long while, but by much entreating and caressing I won upon her to tell me what had befallen her. She had gone to the top of Unkenhaupt, and thrown herself down. It was a fearful height, and only was she saved by being caught by the brambles and tangled foliage of the cliff; and this for some idle word of her master, she said. But I knew better; the struggle was deeper in her heart than she was aware of, and Max had gone suddenly away, and we saw no more of him."

"Vagabonds!" Yes," thought I, "there was once on a time such a vagabond, and he strolled along from village to village making of his flute a livelihood; a poor performer, too, he tells us he was, but yet he could touch the hearts of these simple villagers with his tones as he could move the hearts of thousands more learned than they with his marvelous skill, and this vagabond was called Oliver Goldsmith." I have no words to say the ecstasy this thought gave me. Many a proud traveler doubtless saw in the poor wayfarer only a strolling beggar and footsore, and who was, nevertheless, journeying onward to a great immortality; to be a name remembered as a blessing and treasured as a boon. The haughty man that scorned him was forgotten forever. "And so now," thought I, "some splendid Russian or some Austrian will crash by Goldsmith's home without a thought that the gentle and breezy minded poet, that I told her of my love. We were walking along, our arms around each other, as might two happy, guileless children be, when my young ambition is called the world, but I had a boundless confidence in myself; my theory was, "If I be strengthened by the deep devotion of one loving heart, I have no fears of failure." Beautiful words, and worthy of all memory! And then he goes on: 'I drew her gently over to a grassy bench on the roadside, and taking my purse from my pocket, poured out before her its humble contents, in all something less than twenty sestents, in all something less than twenty sestents, but by her eyes a very Pactolus of wealth.'"

"What if I were to try this experiment?" thought I; "what if I were, so to say, to anticipate my own biography?" The notion pleased me much. There was something novel in it, too. It was making the experiment in the "compare vile" of accident, to see what might come of it.

"Come here, Catinka," said I, pointing to a moss-covered rock at the roadside, with a little

seek companionship with the sluggish. If his tendency bear to over-imagination, let him frequent the society of realists. Why, therefore, should not I and Tintenfleck be mutually beneficial? Take the two different kinds of wood in a bow: one will supply resistance, the other flexibility. It was a pleasant notion, and I resolved to test it.

"Vaterchen," said I, "call me to-morrow, when you get ready for the road. I will keep you company as far as Innsbruck."

"Ah, Sir," said he, with a sigh, "you will be well weary of us before half the journey is over; but you shall be welcome."

CHAPTER XXXII.

NEXT morning, just as day was breaking, we set out on foot on our road to Constance. There was a pinkish gray streak of light on the horizon, sure sign of a fine day, and the bright stars twinkled still in the clear half-sombre sky, and all was calm and serene—nothing to be heard but the tramp of our own feet on the hard causeway.

With the cowardly caution of one who feels the water with his foot before he springs in to swim, I was glad that I made my first experiences of companionship on these humble terms. Should evil ensue, I was yet dark and none could see us. The old leaven of snobbery was unsubdued in my heart, and as I turned to look at poor old Vaterchen, and then at the tinsel finery of Catinka, I bethought me of the little consideration the world extends to such as these and their belongings. "Vaterchen," I should say some rich banker, as he rolled by in his massive travelling-carriage, creaking with imperials and dingling with "Lagabonda all'!' would not utter the Jew peddler as he looked down from the banquette of the diligence. How slight is the sympathy of the realist for the poor creatures whose life-labor is to please! How prone to regard him as useless, or, even worse, forgetting the while how a wiser than he has made many things in this world of ours for the very use they should merely minister to enjoyment, gladden the eye and ear, and make our pilgrimage less weary! Where would be the crimson joy? where the scarlet bustard? where the gorgeous peacock, with the nosegay on his tail? where the rose, and honeysuckle, and the purple convolvulus, mingling with the wild thorns in our hedgerows, if the universe were of *their* creation, and this great globe but one big workshop? You never insist that the navy and the daffodil should be pot-herbs; and why are there not to be wild flowers in humanity as in the fields? It is but a proud pride to say that you are not bell-glass, nurtured and cared for, and with your name attached to a cleft-stick at your side—is it not a great pride to say that you are not a pot-herb nor poor dog-roses? Be satisfied, then, with that glory; we only ask to live! Shame on me for that "only!" As if there could be any thing more delightful than life. Life, with all its capacities for love, and friendship, and heroism, and self-devotion, for generous actions and noble aspirations! Life to feel life; to know that we are in a sphere specially constructed for the exercise of our senses and the play of our affections; free to choose the road we would take, and with a glorious reward if our choice be the right one!

"Si, si," broke she in at this; for with a wonderful acuteness she could trace something of a speaker's meaning where every word was unknown to her. As she spoke she arose and led down the garden at top speed.

"Why has she gone? Is she displeased at your telling me all these things about her?" asked I.

"Scarcely that; she loves to be noticed. Nothing really seems to pain her . . much as when she is passed over unremarked. When such an event would occur in the circus, I have seen her sob through her sleep all the night after. I half suspect now that she is piqued at the little notice you have bestowed upon her. All the better if it be so."

"But here she comes again."

With the suggestion she now came back to us, holding her slate over her head, and show-

well at its base—"come here, and let me have a drink of this nice clear water."

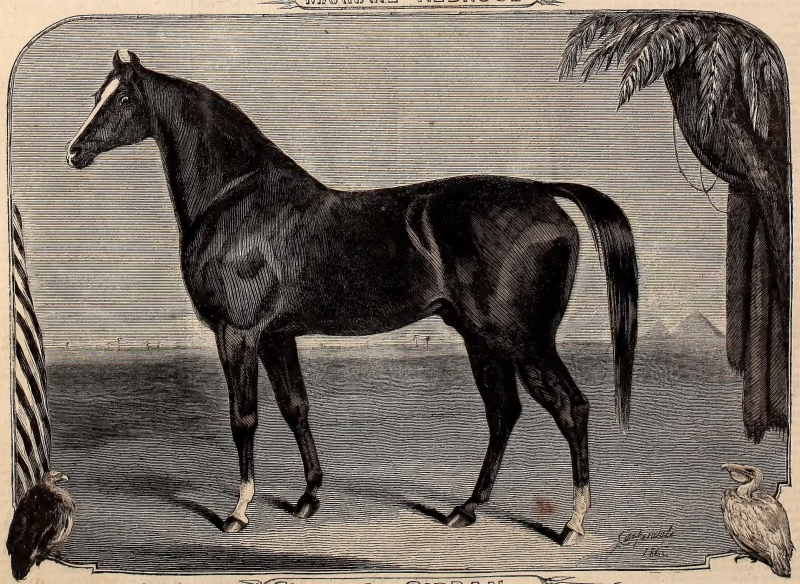
She assented with a smile and a nod, detaching at the same time a little cup from the flask which she wore at her side, in vinaigrière fashion. "And we'll fill my flask, too," said she, showing that it was empty, with a sort of childish glee. She now knelt beside the stream, and washed the cup. What is it, I wonder, that gives the charm to running water, and imparts a sort of glad feeling to its contemplation? Is it that its ceaseless flow suggests that "forever" which comprises so powerful an all shortlived pleasures? I can not tell, but I was still musing over the difficulty, when, having twice offered me the cup without my noticing it, she at last raised it to my lips. And I drank—oh, what a draught it was! so clear, so cold, so pure; and all the time my eyes were resting on hers, looking, as it were, into another well, the deepest and most unfathomable of all.

"Sit down here beside me on this stone, Catinka, and help me to count these pieces of money; they have got so mangled together that scarcely know what is left me." She seemed delighted with the project, and sat down at once, and I, throwing myself at her feet, poured the contents of my purse into her lap.

"Ducats ma!" was all she could utter, as she beheld the gold. Aladdin in the cave never felt a more overwhelming rapture than did she at sight of those immense piles of

THE SEWARD ARABIANS.

MÄANÄKE HEDROGE.



SIKLAUY-GIDRAN.

SENATOR SEWARD'S ARABIAN HORSES.—[SEE NEXT PAGE.]

neath: in his whole face and bearing an expression of temper amounting to ferocity.

He spoke to me peremptorily and haughtily; asked me my name, age, family condition, previous history, as if he had been examining me on oath, scarcely waiting for my answers, and all the while fixing me with those small angry eyes till I felt dazed and restless, as creatures under torture. Then he said, abruptly:

"You have a strange look—a scared look, I may call it. How have you come by it?"

"I am of a nervous temperament, Sir," I answered, pulling at the ends of my gloves.

"Nothing else? Nothing hereditary?"

"Yes, Sir," said I, as steadily as I could, "there is hereditary insolvency among us."

"Father or mother?"

"Mother."

"Ah!" he said the man, rubbing his mustache, and looking at me with eyes all aflame; "so much the nearer and more dangerous."

"I am not dangerous, Sir," said a little too humbly, perhaps; but that man was completely subduing me. "I am nervous, but I have no worse tendency."

He laughed.

"Perhaps not," he said, with a sneer that made my blood curdle; "no one ever has. Don't you know that all maniacs are philosophers, when they are not kings and queens? Shall I take you on trust, then, according to your own estimate of yourself, or discharge you at once, according to mine?"

"I think I may be trusted, Sir," I answered, looking every where but into his face.

"What do you think, Mrs. Brand?" he said, turning to the pale woman unraveling her strip of muslin, at which she had not, as I thought, looked at me once yet.

"She is ugly," said she, in a dull, monotonous voice; "all the ugly people."

Mr. Brand laughed again.

"Never mind that, Mrs. Brand; goodness don't go by looks, does it, Miss—Miss what? Are you a nun or a nurse?"

"Miss Erfurt."

"Oh, yes! I forgot—Jane Erfurt—I remember now; and a queer name it is, too. Does it, Miss Jane Erfurt?"

"Not always, Sir," I said, moving restlessly.

"Well, Mrs. Brand, what do you say?"

"She is ugly, and George will not like her," said the lady, in the same half-alive manner.

"Why the deuce cares?" shouted Mr. Brand, flaming with passion on the instant. "Let him like it or not, who cares for a stupid fool, or for what he thinks? *That* for his liking!" snapping his fingers insolently.

The lady's face grew a shade paler; but beyond a furtive, terrified glance at her husband she took no notice of his words. He then turned abruptly to me, and told me that I was to hold myself engaged to perform the duties of companion to Mrs. Brand, and that I was to enter on those duties early next week.

"But without the lady's consent?" said I, too weak to resist, and too nervous to accept.

She put away her muslin and rose. "Mr. Brand is master here," she said; "do what he tells you: it saves trouble."

The week after I went to Penhouse as the companion of Mrs. Brand.

The first day's dinner was a strange affair. After we had seated ourselves to what was a very scanty supply, there lounged in a youth of about seventeen: a heavy, full-blooded, lumpish being, with a face devoid of intelligence, but more animal than imbecile: not specially good-natured, but not vicious—a mere idle, eating and drinking clown, scarcely raised above the level of a dog or a horse, and without even their instinctive emotions. What an unwholesome, unnatural circle we made! I longed for a little healthy life among us, not intense, but in a feeling of envy and relief to the commonplace servant-maid, who, if not intellectual, was at the least more in accord with pure or lively than we.

There was ill-blood between Mr. Brand and Master George, as the boy was called; and I soon understood why. His mother's only son by a former marriage, and heir of the entailed lands by long round Penhouse, he stood in the way of his step-father, whose influence over his wife was supreme, but not for the boy's good. He had also absolute possession of every thing. He had married for money, and had been balked of half his prize. I used often to wonder that the woman was not afraid to trust themselves in the hands of one so passionate and unscrupulous; but though Mrs. Brand was undisputed head of her husband, and the boy was no too stupid to understand that he was hated, and why, neither seem d to look forward to evil days. I did not think that they had mind enough to look to the future in long or dread. Mother and son loved each other, with the mute instinctive love of dumb animals—a love in which both would be helpless to save if calamities came. They were not much together, and they seldom spoke when they met; but they sat close to each other, played at the same game and on the same chairs, and Mrs. Brand unraveled her eternal slips of muslin, while her son gathered up the threads and thrust them into a canvas bag.

I had been there a fortnight, and I never saw either of them employed in any thing else; and I never heard half a dozen words pass between them. It was a silent house at all times; more silent than this, it was a house full of hate. Save this dumb animal kind of love between the two, not a ray of even kindly feeling existed among any of us. The servant was the mark for every one's ill-temper, while I stood out as a kind of pariah among them all, not even dignified by active dislike. I was shunned, and could not understand why I was there at all. The lady never spoke to me—not even to say good-morning; she gave me no duties, but she forbade me no employment. I was free to do what I liked, provided I did not make my existence too manifest to her, and did not speak to her husband or Master George. If by chance any thing like a conversation began—for Mr. Brand had his talkative moods in a violent, angry kind of way—she used to order me out of the room in just the same tone as she used to speak to the dog. If I remonstrated, as I did once, her only answer was, "You can go if you like; I did not hire you."

One thing especially troubled me. It troubled me because, like all morbidly imaginative people any thing of a mystery terrified me more than an open danger; and this, of which I am going to speak, was a mystery. The boy took no notice of me at the first. He never spoke to me when he came into the room; he passed me in the fields as if he did not see me; indeed, he had always that manner to me—he did not see me—I did not exist for him. I was well content that this should be; but after I had been three a short time Mr. Brand began to make distinct mischief between us. From brutish indifference Master George passed rapidly into dislike, aggression. When he met me in the lanes and fields he made mouths at me, and once he flung stones and mud as I passed him; at table he would kick me silently, and whenever I caught his eye he made hideous grimaces, muttering in his broad, provincial accent, "Mad dog! mad dog! We hang mad dogs here-away!" His insolence and brutality increased daily, and Mr. Brand encouraged him. This was the mystery. Why should he wish this lad to hate me?

There was a plot underneath it all which I tormented myself to discover. Day and night the thought haunted me, till I felt growing crazed with dread and terror. I could not conceal my abhorrence of the youth—I was too nervous for this—nor hide the fear with which that wicked man inspired me. I was as helpless as the most pale woman there, and as thoroughly the victim of a stronger fate.

One night Master George had been more than usually intolerable to me. He had struck me openly before both father and mother, had insulted my life more up before me with the force and vividness of living scenes actually present to my senses. I paced my room for some time in a state of despair, wringing my hands and sobbing violently, but without tears. By degrees a little calmness came to me, and I determined to go down stairs for a book. I would get some quiet, calm, religious book, which would soothe me like a spiritual opiate, and take me out of the abyss of misery into which I had sunk. What friend, indeed, had I in the world save the Great Father above us all?

As I opened the door I fancied I heard a stealthy step along the passage. I held my breath to listen, shading the candle with my hand. I was not deceived; there was a step passing furtively over the creaking boards in the direction of Master George's room. I shrank back into the door-way. Not there was nothing to alarm me. A quiet footfall at midnight might be easily accounted for; why should it affect me with mistrust and dread? Why should I feel this overpowering impulse to go toward the sound? I scarcely knew what I expected to find; but something stronger than myself seemed to impel me to the discovery of something horrible; and placing the candle on the floor, I crept noiselessly along the passage, every nerve strung to its utmost tension.

Master George slept in a room at the end of the back-stairs gallery, which ran at right angles to the passage in which my room was situated. My door faced Mr. and Mrs. Brand's; Master George's faced the kitchen stairs, and was properly the servant's room; but she had been moved to a small closet next to me, Mr. Brand not approving of her holding so large a chamber for herself, neither willing to allow the boy any thing of a better class. When I stood by my door I could see Mr. and Mrs. Brand's room; but it was only by going the whole length of the back-stairs gallery that I could get to Master George's. I could see now, however, that his door was open, for a ray of light fell along the staircase wall, and I could hear his heavy snoring breath. And I heard another sound. I heard a man's step in the room; I heard the boards creak and the bed-clothes softly rustle; I heard an impatient kind of moan as of some one disturbed in his sleep, and then a heavy blow, a stifled groan, a man's deep-drawn breath, and the quick, sharp drip of something spilled upon the floor. Dumb from terror, I stood in the door-way of the boy's room. Pale, heavy, motionless on the bed lay the youth, his large limbs carelessly flung abroad in the unconsciousness of sleep, and his face as calm and quiet as if still dreaming. The sheets were wet with blood—red—the light of the candle glittering upon a small red stream that flowed over the side of the bed, on the floor beneath. At a little distance stood Mr. Brand, wiping a knife on a handkerchief. He turned, and our eyes met. He came up to me with an oath, caught me by the throat, and drew the knife across my hands. I remember no more until I awoke in the broad daylight and found myself in the midst of a crowd gathered round my bed.

Curious eyes stared at me; harsh voices mocked me; rough hands were laid upon me; and I heard myself branded with the burning name of Murderess. Red tracks made by a woman's naked feet—made by my feet—led from the boy's room to mine; each track plainly printed on the bare uncarpeted floor—tracks of a woman's feet, and of none other. There was no explaining away these marks as the signs of guilt. Who would believe an, a half-mad lonely stranger with such a family history as mine, and, according to popular belief, at any moment liable to murderous attack against any one offending? Had not this unhappy youth notoriously offended, and had I not, only that very evening, openly defied and threatened him? Escape was impossible. To all the evidence heaped up against me with such art and cunning I had but an unsupported assertion, which would be set down as maniacal raving, and only deepen the case against me.

All day I lay there; all that weary sobbing winter's day; and when the night came they fastened me with cords and left me once more alone. I was so well secured—bound hand and foot, and triply bound—that it was not thought needful to watch me, and they were all too much excited and overwrought to wish to remain through the night with a lunatic murderer, as I was called. So they went, and Mr. Brand locked the door, saying, as he turned away, "We must have no more such dangerous fits of madness, Miss Erfurt!" with a sneer on the word.

I was too hopeless and desolate to think of any plan of escape, too broken or not. The reaction had set in, and I was content to lie there in quiet, and to feel that I had done with life forever. It had not offered me so many joys that I should grieve to leave it, and for what else—what—moves for shame in the grave? No; I was content to have done with all that had weighed upon me so long and heavily. I had no one to mourn for me, no one to love me, with a broken heart and a sorrowed faith: I was alone—alone—and might well die out of once, and sleep tranquilly in my murdered grave. And I was not unhappy, thinking all these things. Perhaps my brain was slightly paralyzed, so that I could not suffer. However it might be, it was a merciful moment of calm.

It was nearly three o'clock when I heard a light hand upon the door. The key was turned softly in the lock, and, pale and terrified, like an avenging ghost, the poor bereaved mother glided into my room. She came up to my bed and silently unfastened the cords. She said no consoling word, she gave me no kind look, no pitying human touch, but in a strange, weak, wan way, she unbound me limb by limb until I was free.

"Go," she then said, below her breath, still not looking at me. "I do not love you, and he did not; but I know that you are innocent, and I do not want your blood on my head. My turn is to come next; but I do not mind, now he has gone. Go at once, that sleep will not last long. I made it come for you."

Without another word she turned from the room, leaving the door open. I got up as she bade me. Without a moment's hope, I mostly dressed myself, and left the house, going forth into the darkness and desolation, more because I had been bidden to do so than to escape a greater peril. I wandered through the fy-rends aimlessly, nervelessly; not shaping my course for any goal, but simply going forward to whatever chance might lead me. A poor woman gave me some milk, and I slept, I believe, once beneath a haystack. I remember lying down there, and finding myself again after many hours. In time—I am not tell you how or when, nor how long I had been out in the fields, but it was evening, and the lamps were lighted—I was in London, reading a description of myself posted up against the walls. I saw myself described as a murderess and a maniac, and a reward offered for my apprehension; my dress, my manners, appearance, gait, voice, all were so minutely noted as to render safety impossible. Seized with terror I fled: I fled like a wild deer hunted and pursued, and I have never rested since.

OUR ANGEL.

MR. SEWARD'S ARABIAN HORSES.

We publish on page 28 five portraits of the two Arabian horses presented to Mr. Seward by Ayoub Bey Tradirky, assistant of the Colonial Court of the Ayalet of Sayda. They are drawn by Mr. T. C. Carpendale, who describes them as follows:

Mianlike is of bay hair color, with black legs and feet, fifteen hands high, and seven years old. His extraordinary power of endurance can not be doubted when we look at the immense size of his chest, and shoulder with which he is furnished. The head is somewhat large, the back perfectly straight; while the neck and wither are so strong as that of the bull. In the whole, he is a remarkable fine beauty. His best point is the immense length from the hip to the tail, which is greater than we have ever seen in a horse of his size; and to this very important point we beg to call the attention of the horseman. For a better idea of his angular formation we would refer to the drawing from life, which is pronounced an excellent likeness.

Sikluy Gidran is a sorrel colt, with face and feet white, blaze white legs, and two years and ten months old. He is a noble specimen of the Arabian horse. Beautiful as a statue, fiery as the sun that tints his native sands, he awakens in the mind of the beholder a sense of admiration and wonder; while a glance at his graceful head and neck is sufficient to confirm all that we have heard or read of the superior beauty of the Arabian horse. If *speed* be the consequence of symmetry of form and stoutness of limb, we predict for this powerful colt a glorious career on the turf.

We have been permitted to see the official pedigree of these horses, drawn up at Beyrout, and duly certified at the Arabian consulate. Both are said to be of the race called Mianlike Hedgee, one of the most highly esteemed races of Arabian horses.

MY ANGEL'S VISIT.

IF seemed as if our prayers were wasted.

During the six years we had been married every thing else went well with us. Our business, in which my husband was a partner, had prospered so much that two years since he sold his own connection with it for a large sum. This money so obtained, added to what he had previously saved —(he was elderly when I, not an heiress, married him)—formed a very sufficient provision for people of a middling station, who meant to live quietly, and yet have it in our power to be hospitable to friends, and, at the same time, live respected by the poor people near, who might look to us for help when no one else could give it. Since he left the business, too, a certain sleeping interest he retained in it became of increased value, so that, though retired from active work, the fruits of work still ripened on the old tree. Alas, that our

tree of life was the one which hung fruitless. That our paradise could attract no little angel from heaven to sport in it.

We had bought Elmbury Hall, and were now resident there. It was not much of a hall indeed, but the park was full of fine old elms, and it had a good garden.

It was a silly notion of mine, which I could not help nursing, that the habit of looking on a vacant home would, in time, make George think it vacant. Oh how I wearied him with these promises, protesting that I would lead to gentle ways my son's earliest feet. As if I would talk over the Life-Giver with fine speeches.

At last love was pitiful.

Oh merciful pity bright after clouds—came Mary, our dawn. She came with the flowers of May—when birds are blithest. But no wild wood-note rang clearer than Mary's cry; no flower-bud revealed dearer charms than the infant blossom that unfolded on my breast. All inflated with the gladness the world rose heavenward, as far as the straining cords that bound it apart would allow. What more could we wish? Our hearts' desire had been given to us. The little child-helplessness, that now and then cast shadows, were but passing clouds. The next breeze of health blew them aside, and the atmosphere was again clear.

We were playing in the garden with Mary on her birthday. She was then a year old. We had a small difference as to whether Mary's husband was to be a great merchant or a man of high rank. Being slightly annoyed because George persisted that the station of a rich merchant's wife was not so much amiss, I walked aside to cool my heat, as I desired to show my husband how much he had offended me.

Just then a shower of feathers fell around us. Immediately a broken-winged pigeon, which a hawk or some other bird had struck, fluttered with loud screams to my feet, and nestled under my dress.

After washing it clean I laid it in the kitchen on some folded flannel. I remarked to George what a graceful providence it was that we had quarreled, because else we might not have noticed this poor creature which had, no doubt, been sent for us to nurse. George, too, thought the quarrel providential, as it saved me from saying a good deal of nonsense, in addition to what I did say, or perhaps it was our dinner providentially sent to us all but cooked.

I thought this cruel, and said so. George defended his proposal, and asked if it was not better to kill a half-dead pigeon than one in full life. When I could not answer for indignation he gave me Mary's wrapper to throw over the "other dove," and recommended feeding it with some of the child's food which the nurse was preparing. To my astonishment it ate well enough.

Next morning we found the poor bird dead. I was shedding some natural tears over it when George observed, as a consolation, that there was *another dove* on which I could expend ministrations. Perhaps good fortune would favor it also with some kind of broken wing that would keep my hand in. I saw that George was still cross, after yesterday's quarrel, so I said nothing.

I know not how it was, but dating from this incident, a vague uneasiness took possession of me. I, at first, fancied it symptomatic of some illness establishing itself in me; but as no disease broke out, I was fain to laugh myself, as best I could, out of my alarm. Insensibly the fear that was on me somewhat itself with the wonder I had felt when noticing how slow Mary was to repeat words. Always the lightest movement that caught her eye drew it away, and I pounded myself that she was all too young. Day by day, however, the first faint darkness deepened, till the winter tempest came, and the terrible conviction broke on me that Mary was dead. I saw, too, that other people had divined the secret, though no one spoke of it.

My husband was not a musician, but was fond like nearly every body, of hearing good music. I felt an inexpressible pang, as he expatiated, according to his habit, on how he would have Mary's musical skill cultivated. It was some months after I made the discovery I have mentioned before the child's father knew the real state of matters; so that, many a time, with his words cutting me, have I listened smiling for my doom.

He spoke of this so continually that I dreaded more and more the hour when he must know the truth, and though I longed for Mary to tell him, I saw no chance of being able to do it otherwise than abruptly. It was not altogether in jest that he proposed a residence in Italy—for the influences that foster music might affect Mary at her most impressible period of life; and where, as he averred, the capacity to train this kind of aptitude exists in the highest degree.

Mary was a year and a half old, with her father still unaware that for her music must ever be a frozen fountain. The children of the village school had come up to the hall to sing the Christmas hymn. They were well trained in most of their schooling, but unusually so in music, in which Miss Smithers, their teacher, was a proficient. She has since, under another name, obtained celebrity in the music world.

Before they commenced the hymn George made them a small oration. He had not so forgotten his town-councilor habits but that an opportunity like this, to air his rhetoric, came like a true Christmas friend.

George's oratory was decidedly of the fervid cast. He told the school-children that music was the great gift which we held in common with higher intelligences. In fact, deafness to music was a mark upon any one which meant "let not that man be trusted." A taste for music was the sure concomitant of virtue, there could be no doubt of it: and an ear against which sweet sounds beat in vain was a rock that rose from a wicked heart. Let them ever remember that.

The young musicians sang with a will, to show themselves virtuous, and obtain the extra cake and half-pence which form virtue's reward. As the impressive sounds of many well-drilled young voices swelled on our ears, I saw George, with moist eyes (he was partly affected by the singing, and partly by his own eloquence), turning to little Mary, who sat playing at his feet with some toys Miss Smithers had just given her. He lifted the child up, and tried to divert her toward the singing; but after looking vacantly at the group, she struggled to be set down again to her playthings. A sudden restlessness affected her father, and he continued watching her during the remainder of the hymn. When the children sat down he gave her again took up Mary on his knees, and without remarking to me that he meant any thing beyond play, he made sudden noises to her—and sometimes back from Mary's ear, while her eyes were turned from him. She took not the slightest notice. But as soon as the hymn was ended him and smiled, an answering smile at once responded. Having thus caught her eye, he opened his lips and imitated the movements made by a person speaking. The child watched him again. He then went through the same movements in an exaggerated fashion, but this time did really emit his sounds which the same movements properly accompany. The child mimicked the exaggerated movements, but failed to give out voice. He then put the child down with little sensible attention.

Later on in the evening I noticed that he was watching an opportunity of communicating his discovery. He was very cautious, lest any one someone he had been saying to the school-children, and regretted the bad habit he had acquired of speaking without thinking. He could very easily conceive the mischief he might do by sitting around a fire that burns warm and cheery in a locked-up house, whose broken bell-wires have ceased to tell their tale to the outside. He could think also of a fleet of ships sailing in company and obeying one set of signals; but so too a vessel might voyage alone, and not the less safely reach her haven.

So it was he endeavoring to break the news to me. Then I perceived how silly it was to make believe that I did not know what he was trying to tell me gently. I therefore said broadly out that I knew Mary had only four senses; and though at first I felt the information to be cruel, and could not but be always painful, yet when I said to myself that for part in life's battle would be proportioned to her want of faculties, I considered that the heavy sorrow was not without alleviation.

Our plans thenceforth were formed in concert. We determined at every cost to exhaust the possibility of cure, before we considered her deafness as any thing but an accident which admitted of removal. I was then steadily of opinion that it is one of her conditions of existence. For some years our life was little else than waiting upon doctors—for the most part charlatans and nurses. Promises, indeed, we had, for they fell like snowflakes every where; but melted with the same facility. Each new auriat gave us new hope, though not for long. Disappointment after we had not come to him sooner. In some cases we were cruelly victimized, and the health of our darling grievously injured by the time we discovered the truth was told us plainly as perhaps they thought we could bear it—namely, that medical science could do nothing whatever for Mary. One celebrated case in London came before the police magistrate, and at least two others might have gone; but certain difficulties in establishing legal guilt in that kind of swindling, and the fact that the law appropriates the men were callous, if indeed they did not flourish upon it, notoriety standing them in the same stead as delicacy.

At last even hope of cure died in us. What finally dissipated our delusion was the non-success of a painful and dangerous experiment she underwent in Paris. Her ears had been cut and blistered in the course of our wanderings, and all sorts of regimen prescribed and abided by without effecting improvement. In deep despondency we agreed to try this Parisian remedy, which we were assured had proved successful in every case in which it had been undertaken. I was present at the operation, and dared not ask how she bore it, but it consisted in removing with a trepan a piece of the skull bone that would reach the brain through the opening.

To induce Mary to let her ears be examined, her father had bought for her a costly but exquisitely-beautiful work of Parian which I used to call him. It represented an angel standing on a half-globe, and bearing, mouth upward, a cornucopia with flowers. Mary, who was then about five, as a doll, though careful in handling it to keep it clean and uninjured. Accustomed to stipulate for some present before each manipulation, she now desired that the flowers MARY, which were to be her name, might be carved on the vase, and filled in with black. By some culpable awkwardness—for awkwardness I deem it—the operator was criminal—the figure was shattered in the carving, and though put together again with some skill, the fracture was visible. I was present when her reward under its glass-shade in Mary's room at home, Mary herself making no attempts to uncover it.

She recovered from the operation with difficulty, but of course required protection against whatever would communicate even moderate concussion. She had now repose from the torture of being cured. As she recovered from the strength and as she was capable of reaching, we began to think of having her educated; but the dreadful results of the operative process had left her with some legal partial disbelief, or rather, a disinclination to belief, in the benefits of schooling. On this account we suffered her to remain at home till she was twelve years old. She could write from memory some verses of the Bible which Dr. Oneway, the rector, had pointed out to me as important for her to remember. Want of understanding them, the doctor said, should not deter me; for our part was to sow the seed, leaving to other influences its development. This determined, however, that she should not repeat words like a parrot. Accordingly, I began to open her mind to religious truth by explaining to her, as the foundation on which belief must rest, the series of words which form the entire mencement of the sacred book.

"In the beginning God created the heaven and the earth."

I explained the first word by pouring water into a bottle, and telling her that that was in. The second word, *the*, I judged to have no meaning worth explaining, and accordingly passed it by. The third word, *beginning*, puzzled me greatly. I thought of giving up the verse and trying an easier one; but I could not, after search, find one without difficulties. It then struck me that as I got the word in a bottle, I might get *beginning* out of it as well. I repeated the act of pouring water into the bottle, in order that the beginning of the operation might be seen. I was a little dubious as to the accuracy of her conception of this third word, and slightly alarmed as to whether I might not have confused her previously clear idea of in. For I began to see that words in a sentence are like joined pieces of a water-pipe, the separate pieces are plain enough, but the meaning inside of them is all run together, and forms one idea. How, for instance, would the child pick apart the separate significations of the word *beginning*? However, I could not afford to dwell longer on this, for if every word were to be drained of its difficulties we should never get forward. Besides, future lessons would unlock what was left locked now.

I saw no trouble in the fourth word; for I had already given her an insight into her relationship toward a Maker. This I had done by spelling slowly the hallowed name, and pointing upward with extreme reverence, pointing also toward the church, which was visible from the windows up stairs. *Created* seemed to me harder of interpretation. After much thought I drew the figure of a blacksmith at work, and wrote down the word *making*. I then wrote down the word *created*, to signify that *making* and *creating* were similar acts. I had been told by a friend how an ingenious lady once explained the use of the child by tying a thread between a pen and an inkstand. The piece of thread was *and*. I therefore, on my system of instructing my pupil, required no new materials, but tied together the bottle and water-jug which I had already used to explain in and *beginning*. For the word *and* I pointed to the ground and swept my finger backward and forward to show.

After going over in this careful manner the sentence, whose important meaning I desired to elicit, I resolved to try it on her mind. For after all, it is not the quantity of instruction one gets that benefits, but that part of it which is well digested.

In the evening, when I considered the digestive process might be accomplished, I told her father what I had done. He commended my prudence in not cramming her. Particularly as to how the child would know the difference between *in* and *beginning* he shared. He agreed in the propriety of omitting the first word altogether. He seemed to doubt whether I had really imparted an idea of the Supreme Being by pointing upward reverentially, inasmuch as I myself believed in much the same way. Our perplexity was that we could not ascertain what real notion she formed as to meanings of words; for she always imitated with accuracy the action of her mother or us made use of in conveying an explanation.

The more I thought on it the less I was satisfied. Pitiful as the part will be in detailing, especially in her state of weakened health, brought about too by our misjudging care, our duty demanded the sacrifice. I resolved to tell her that what we terribly feared was, mischief befalling her in the course of some school-game. That unhappy opening in the skull-bone was always our most sensitive point.

When, however, we visited the school, and found her among companions like herself, saving that their deafness had been guarded from by them cures; found her, so to speak, in a sheltered nook where the influences of many minds acting on hers could not but be of the intelligence and develop whatever germs of good were in her, we experienced a relief we had not hoped for, and thought instinctively of the wind tempered to the shorn lambs.

When she came to us at the end of the second year, and repeated the few words she had been taught to utter, pronouncing *I am happy*—it seemed as if so great a stream of happiness could not have flowed to us through any other channel. How true is the saying of Paul!

She had been at school wearing on to five years when a somewhat severe illness attacked her father. Mary, informed of it by letter, begged to be allowed to nurse him. Her father afterward said that he found her mere presence in the room, whether still or in movement, had a soothing effect upon him which all the prescribed opium could exert. Perhaps from being habituated to read thought on the countenances before it took expression in words, she was more than another able to minister relief to hidden suffering. Perhaps it was the microscope of her very strong affection that assisted her eyesight, and rendered visible symptoms that the sufferer himself would have suppressed. Alas! when, in the course of only a few weeks afterward, she herself required doses for her daughter, little to those she was now performing, much as we loved her and would with thankfulness have taken her great agony on ourselves, if there had been any means, the microscope revealed little to our eyes that availed her in way of relief.

Originally not of a strong constitution, and cruelly shattered by the cures she had undergone, the most we had hoped for was, by excess of care, to wrap her from rough contact with life, and enable her sweetness of disposition to mature, as it were, within a conservatory, instead of exposed to open storms.

She seemed in an excellent state of health, as good, that is, as she ever enjoyed, when she went back to school after nursing her father through his illness. She had spoken of nursing us both when we were old and tottering, and herself an erect woman; so that those justified premonitions of early death, which are sometimes known to have occurred to the mind of a child, had not affected her.

As a proof that the tone of her mind was healthy, I give here her reply to the Rev. Bernard Oldtrack, Dr. Oneway's young curate, who was generously attempting to show her that, as faith entered by hearing, a padlock on this door caused the goods to be taken away again. She repeated the beautiful story of how divine love, walking in flesh and doing good, had bidden deaf ears be opened, and a bound tongue be unloosed. There were some additions in her version of the story that were not uninteresting, considering who she was that told it, and among whom it was current.

She conceived that we, her father and mother, had spent much money and taken her to many places, in the hope that some one would speak to her sealed ears the command—"Ephphatha;" but the proper way to speak this word was known to no man. At last, however, when all that had ever lived stood before Him—by whom blessed lips that word had been spoken—He would speak it again. They, whose tongues had through life remained unused and free from stains, like the sword in a cutler's shop that are carefully kept in sheaths, would now begin to flourish them in hymns; while the rest of the innocent crowd, having endured the power of speech when on earth, would find their tongues thereby grown rusty, and would, with difficulty, rive them out like bloody swords glued in scabbards.

This was her illustration.

Her description of the process of cleansing the rusty tongues was, though ingenuity, and could at least, to have satisfied those expounders of the compensation-laws of nature, who insist upon it that all our senses are not of good and ill-regard, however widely the items in our accounts may vary. In this unexpected and bold manner Mr. Oldtrack, seeking wool, had the scissors applied to his own back.

After remaining five weeks at home, Mary had returned to school. We were not to see her again till after Christmas, as she and her schoolmistress generally would be busy rehearsing the pantomime, which their custom was to enact at this holiday-time, for the edification of themselves and such kind-hearted school-friends as would lend their assistance in capacity of applauding spectators. We were pleased to hear this with the rest, as fragile barks have reached land while strong-built vessels have gone down, perhaps the great Shipowner above, seeing in His mysterious ways, would wait dear Mary over into the land that she would thus sail onward after we put into port.

Our dreams were scattered by a letter from the matron. It announced that Mary's health was suddenly low, and added, that the doctor was urgent she should have the benefit of home. In the greatest alarm, and without delay, we went by this time the smouldering disease of her brain had burst into flame, and they feared she could not bear removal—we conveyed her to Elmbury with as much speed as was consistent with extreme care.

She never rallied. All night she lay in stupor, from which the alteration was to spasms of pain. She muttered various of the expressions she had been taught to articulate. "Going home," she said; "going home." In particular that the word "Ephphatha," which had manifestly taken strong hold of her imagination. Early in the morning she sat up in bed, and made signs to some imaginary companions, for she took no notice of us. When I gave her the spoonfuls of wine-and-water ordered, she turned on me her dull heavy eye on which no change passed to indicate that she recognized me.

It had been a wild night, but with daylight the storm ceased. Even the wind that gnarled the old trees in the park, and beat with fury against the window of her sick-room where we were watching, left but a subdued relief from other sounds, as our thoughts were thereby diverted from a too concentrated fixedness on the desolation that was being wrought inside of the house. Poor Mary sank lower and lower. A terrific attack of convulsions that lasted some minutes, and made us hold our breath in awe, her strength seemed all but drained away. Unable to sit still, she was assisted by the nurse, and if impelled by an instinct to find, in bodily activity, some alleviating resources, would have struck me that she had fallen into playthings—the vase she had once been so fond of—would recall her mind. I had heard of inanimate things being recognized when familiar faces were forgotten. But I was agitated, and threw it down. As I stooped to pick up the fragments a sudden roaring blast shook the house, and the grash of an elm-branch driven with force against the window, the thick sash-bars of which gave way like lucifer-matches, startled us to some purpose. We were busy forcing the shutters back sufficiently to let out the wind, till we could remove our beloved to another room, but the violence of the tempest was too great. It rushed inside the shutters with ruin again as they slapped upon the wall, and sweeping like an eddy round the room, stripped the clothes from the sick bed with a vindictiveness of fury that seemed to have gathered force in the calm. We ran to cover her, another wild blast drove in, through the smashed window, a poor unhappy dove which it had caught in its fury, and flung it against the wall right above where the child lay, but happily with a spent impetus. Recovering itself the bird fluttered about to avoid being handled, and, by-and-by, reaching the open window—when a lull in the storm occurred—flew out again.

What little life had been in Mary was by this time quite shaken out. We did not see the breath go from her, and were only sensible that the clay-mask was separate from the spirit which had worn it when we remarked the growing coldness of the form we continued to watch.

THE BATTLE OF NEW ORLEANS.

WE publish on the twentieth page a picture of the Battle of New Orleans, which, as every school-boy knows, was fought on January 8, 1815, just forty-six years ago. Our artist has been greatly assisted in making his drawing by an old print of the battle kindly furnished us by the Rev. Richard O. Curry, of Tennessee.

It was on 23d December, 1814, that the British fleet, carrying 12,000 well-disciplined troops, commanded by some of Wellington's most experienced generals, anchored off the entrance to Lake Borgne, Louisiana. Jackson was at New Orleans, which place was soon in a state of terror and confusion. The population of the place was only 20,000, one half of whom were whites, and many of the latter were not implicitly trusted. There were no arms in the city, and a supply of muskets made at Pittsburgh, and daily expected, had not arrived. A body of militia from Tennessee and Kentucky were also behind time. Jackson, however, made the best arrangements he could for defence; organized all the troops at his disposal, even calling upon free men of color to join in the conflict; and proclaimed martial law, in order to provide against treachery in the city. By December 22 the English army had advanced to the head of Lake Borgne, and there to a point on the Mississippi about fifteen miles below New Orleans. There Jackson first attacked them, coming upon them with a fierce shout one-fourth as large as theirs, on the night of 23d. The action was indecisive; the British are said to have lost more men than the Americans; but neither party lost ground. Next morning the British received reinforcements. But instead of renewing the attack, they sent down for more artillery. This delay was of essential service to Jackson, who raised a rampart with cotton bales, mounted some pieces of heavy artillery taken out of the schooners in the Mississippi, and sent for and received reinforcements from New Orleans.

A week or more was spent in these preparations, diversified by some cannonading from the batteries opposed to each other; at length, on the night of 7th-8th January, General Packenham sent Colonel Thornton across the river to attack General Morgan, who had thrown up works on the west bank, and was defending them with some 1500 men. Early on the morning of 8th Packenham himself advanced to the attack of Jackson's position, under cover of a battery erected in the night. It has always been understood in this country that the British General was "Booty and Beauty;" this is denied by the British historians of the war, and it is to be hoped that their denial is well founded. The British column advanced straight at the American line, in the teeth of a hot fire from its large guns, and in front of the Tennessee riflemen. In the course of a very few minutes the advancing column began to waver. Officers and men fell thickly. Packenham was killed, and the other two generals wounded, one of them mortally; and after a brief, desperate attempt to rally the troops, Lambert, who succeeded to the command, gave the order to retire. Colonel Thornton had taken Morgan's position on the west side of the river, but on witnessing the defeat of the main body he too withdrew. There were some officers in the British army who were for renewing the attack; but 2000 men had fallen, and General Lambert did not care to risk any more. He fell back to Lake Borgne, and re-embarked his army, unmolested, on January 27.

Thus New Orleans was saved. Jackson's total loss was only 71 men on both sides the river. Considering the difficulties he had to contend with, the smallness of his force, his scanty supply of arms and ammunition, and the well-won prestige of the troops against whom he fought, the victory deserves to be ranked among the most glorious in the annals of war. May Americans never cease to celebrate it; and may the Union, in whose history it is a bright a page, never know any battles save against a foreign enemy!

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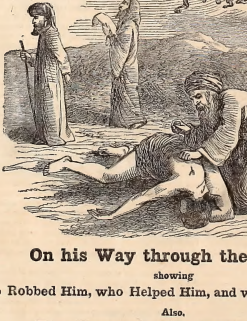

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HARPER'S NEW MONTHLY MAGAZINE

For February, 1861.

CONTENTS.

A PEEP AT WASHOE. By J. ROSS BROWNE.—(*Concluded.*)
ILLUSTRATIONS.—Carson Valley.—An old Friend.—Holding on to it.—Creppings.—Honest Miner.—A Gloomy Prospect.—Mount Ophir.—The Flowery Diggings.—Setting out from Washoe.—Outgoing and Incoming.—The Jew's Beds.—Snow Sliders.—Sierra Nevada.—Returning to San Francisco.—Reading Extra Bulletin.

TO RED RIVER AND BEYOND.—(*Concluded.*)
ILLUSTRATIONS.—Cathedral of St. Boniface.—Cathedral of St. Boniface.—Fort Garry.—Residence of J. H. Harriott.—Lower Fort Garry.—St. Andrew's Church.—The Kirk.—Bishop Anderson's Church.—Old Mill.—View near Fort Garry.—Other Mill to Grow Wing.—Fording Red Lake River.—Otter Tail City.—Buffalo Skull.

MORE ABOUT SPIDERS.
ILLUSTRATIONS.—Lycosa Gyrophora.—Nest of Lycosa.—Theridion Schizopodo.—Nest of Theridion.—Clubiona Fligifera.—Nest of Clubiona.—Segestria Fibers.—Clubiona Cryptenea.—Clubiona Agurica.—Drassus and Epeira.—The Fight.—Epeira Fasciata.—Nest.—Theridion Nigrimanum.—Phalangium.—Another Fight.—Lycosa Noctes.—Lycosa Violacea.—Tegenaria Tubifera.—Ocelus of Lycosa and Tegenaria.—Mandibles and Eyes.—Palpi.

SAINT BARBARA.
BATTLE GOSSIP.
THE SKATERS.
COUSIN DALRYMPLE.
A MOST FORTUNATE MAN.
THE HAUNTED AND THE HAUNTERS. By Sir E. BULWER LYTTON.
INTROSPECTION. By GEORGE ARNOLD.
THE ADVENTURES OF PHILIP. By W. M. THACKERAY.
CHAPTER I. Doctor Fell.
CHAPTER II. At School and at Home.
CHAPTER III. A Consultation.
ILLUSTRATIONS.—Going Down to Jericho.—Doctor Fell.—Master and Pupil.—The Sketch in the Coast.
THE DUELISTS. By Sir E. BULWER LYTTON.
PORTRAIT OF A RUSSIAN GENTLEMAN.
MONTHLY RECORD OF CURRENT EVENTS.
LITERARY NOTICES.
EDITOR'S EASY CHAIR.
OUR FOREIGN BUREAU.
EDITOR'S DRAWER.
LITTLE DAUGHTER.
ILLUSTRATIONS.—In haste.—A fine Girl.—Weighing.—The Nurse.—Takes Notice.—Can Use her Hands.—Can Walk.—Her Treasure.—Papa at Work.—At Play.—Mutinied.
FASHIONS FOR FEBRUARY.
ILLUSTRATIONS.—Morning Negligee.—Under-Sleeve.—Boy's Costume.—Infant's Robe.

MR. THACKERAY'S New Story is commenced in this Number of HARPER'S NEW MONTHLY MAGAZINE. It is here printed simultaneously with its publication in England, from advance sheets furnished to the Publishers by the Author. The admirers of "Pendennis" and "The Newcomes" will be glad to renew, in the opening chapters, their acquaintance with their old friends, Arthur Pendennis, Laura, and the Major; and the circle will doubtless be enlarged in the succeeding portions of the story.

The Publishers have also made arrangements with the Author of "Adam Bede" and "The Mill on the Floss" for a New Story for the Magazine.

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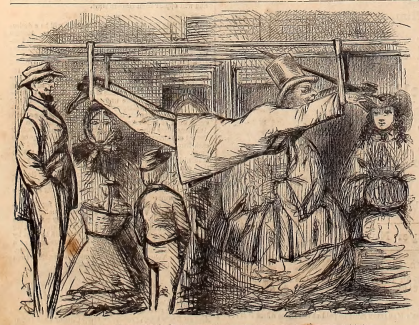
STATE OF AFFAIRS AT WASHINGTON.

Member after Member of the Cabinet resigns, or is allowed to withdraw; the Public Chest is empty, and the President does nothing but wring his hands and bemoan himself.—*Washington Letter.*

ARABELLA (*with the dog*). "The worst of these Fashionable Places is, that there are so many Adventurers looking for Wives, and one is continually afraid of being proposed to!"



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HARPER'S WEEKLY.

A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION.

VOL. V.—No. 212.] NEW YORK, SATURDAY, JANUARY 19, 1861. [PRICE FIVE CENTS.

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the Year 1861, by Harper & Brothers, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Southern District of New York.

HON. FRANCIS W. PICKENS, GOVERNOR OF SOUTH CAROLINA.

GOVERNOR PICKENS, OF SOUTH CAROLINA.

We publish herewith a portrait of Governor Pickens, the newly-elected Governor of the State of South Carolina.

Governor Pickens comes of good revolutionary stock. His grandfather, General Pickens, commanded the American forces at the Battle of the Cowpens. His father, Colonel Pickens, held a military command in the war of 1812, though it is not known that he was ever engaged in active service. The present Governor, Francis W. Pickens, was born in South Carolina about fifty years ago, and has been some twenty years in public life.

He took an active part in the nullification movement in 1832, and was one of the most ardent champions of actual resistance by arms. In 1835 he was sent to Congress, where he represented one of the South Carolina districts for ten years. He was offered the mission to England by President Polk, and the mission to France by President Tyler: he declined these, but accepted from President Buchanan the mission to Russia, which he filled until recently. On his return home he was elected, as the world knows, first Governor of the Independent State of South Carolina.

REV. DR. BACHMAN, WHO ASKED A BLESSING ON THE SECESSION ORDINANCE.

HON. JUDGE MAGRATH, SECRETARY OF STATE OF SOUTH CAROLINA.

The *Herald* publishes the following anecdotes about the Governor:

"During the nullification times, the remark was made that the occasion was one that might excite fears and apprehension, when Colonel Pickens is alleged to have replied as follows:

"'Fear! fear! Mr. President, I was born insensible to fear!'

"His servant man, Tom, an old negro about sixty-five years of age, stands in the relation to him of a confidant and a friend more than that of a slave. When Colonel Pickens received his appointment to Russia he said to his faithful old servant:

"'Now, Tom, I have been appointed as Minister to Russia. It is a very cold, a very bad climate for you. On my way there I'll have to pass through the State of New York, and also through England, where you'll be a free man, and if you have a desire to leave me you will have an opportunity to do so. If you would rather go to Russia, Tom, you can go; but it appears to me you would enjoy yourself better if you stay at home. But you can do as you please.'

"'Master Colonel Pickens,' said the faithful old fellow—'Master Colonel Pickens, your father and my old master died in my arms on the banks of the Mississippi: I took from his pocket thirteen hundred dollars in money and his gold watch, and I let nobody know it, and I came on foot through the woods and brought it safely to you in Carolina—you know, master; and if you die in Russia, you shall die in my arms, like your father.'

"So Tom went to St. Petersburg, and he was the head

THE CHARLESTON ZOUAVES.—[FROM A PHOTOGRAPH.]

man at the door on all state occasions, and acquitted himself with all the dignity due to the position. When Colonel Pickens was about leaving St. Petersburg he said to his old servant, "Tom, I am going through Germany, and I want to send a courier with very important dispatches to our Minister, Mr. Dallas, in London. Now, Tom, I shall make you courier; you shall go with my dispatches to Mr. Dallas."

"Tom accepted the mission, and we do him but justice when we say that he discharged his duty with promptness, correctness, and fidelity to his master."

JUDGE MAGRATH.

We publish on page 33, from a photograph sent us from Charleston, South Carolina, a portrait of Judge Magrath, late Judge of the United States District Court at Charleston. Judge Magrath is a lawyer of high standing at the South Carolina bar, and enjoys the respect of the public. He has hitherto taken no leading part in politics outside of his State; but in the Convention he was reckoned one of the strongest men, and is now one of the Executive Council of the new nation of South Carolina. The first act which directed public attention to him was his resignation of his office on 7th November last. On that day, when the Grand Jury reported that there was no more business before them, Judge Magrath said:

"The business of the term has been disposed of. And under ordinary circumstances, it would be our duty to dismiss you to your several avocations, with my thanks for your presence and aid. But now I have something more to do; the omission of which would not be consistent with propriety. In the political history of the United States an event has happened of eminent import to fifteen States holding the Union. The State of which we are citizens has been always understood to have deliberately fixed its purpose, whenever that event should happen, by calling an assurance of what will be the action of the State, I consider it my duty, without delay, to prepare to obey its wishes. That preparation is made by the resignation of the office I have held. For the last time I have, as a Judge of the United States, administered the laws of the United States within the limits of the State of South Carolina. While thus acting in obedience to a sense of duty, I can not be indifferent to the emotions it may produce. That department of government which, I believe, has best maintained its integrity and preserved its purity, has been suspended. So far as I am concerned, the Temple of Justice, raised under the Constitution of the United States, is now closed. If it shall be ever again opened, I thank God that its doors have been closed before its altar has been decorated with sacrifices to tyranny. May I close my eye to you that in the future which we are about to penetrate, next to the reliance we should place in the goodness of that God, who will guide us in the right way, should be our confidence in our State, and our obedience to its laws. We are about to sever our relations with others, between whom we have broken their covenant with us. Let us not break the covenant we have made with each other. Let us not forget that what the laws of our State require is the measure of duties. And that he who acts against the wish or without the command of his State usurps that sovereign authority which we must maintain inviolate. To you, gentlemen of the jury, I may speak as the representative of the juries with whom I have been connected: and to you I now give expression to that conviction I have always had, of the fidelity with which the responsible duties of juries have been discharged. To my brethren of the bar, whose uniform courtesy and aid have made my official intercourse and duties those of pleasure and not labor, I tender the assurances of my kind and grateful recollection. To the officers of this court, with whom I have been so long and pleasantly associated; to the attorney of the United States for this State, whose ability and fidelity in the discharge of his duties merit the highest commendation; to the Marshal whose zeal has ever kept pace with the obligations of his office; to the Clerk, whose experience has ever been generously exercised in the business of the Court; to all other officers, who have invariably been exact in all they were required to do; with all of whom my official relations have been productive of the highest gratification: I now tender, as the last official act which I shall here discharge, my kindest wishes for their happiness and prosperity."

At the conclusion of these remarks his Honor laid aside his gown and retired.

REV. DR. BACHMAN, OF SOUTH CAROLINA.

We publish on page 33 the portrait of the Rev. Dr. Bachman, of South Carolina, the minister who was selected by the Secession Convention to ask a prayer on the ratification of the Ordinance of Secession. Dr. Bachman is distinguished as a naturalist, but has made himself more conspicuous, latterly, by his strong political leanings to the side of disunion. The Charleston *Mercury* thus describes the scene which attended the signing of the Ordinances of Secession:

"The scene was one profoundly grand and impressive. There were a people assembled through their highest representatives, some most of them gray, upon whom the snow of sixty winters had been shed—patriarchs in age—the dignitaries of the land—the High Priests of the Church of Christ—to invoke His benediction—and the very Judge of the law. In the midst of deep silence an old man, with bowed form and hair as white as snow, the Rev. Dr. Bachman, advanced forward, with upraised hands, in prayer to Almighty God. His blessing and favor in this great act of the people about to be consummated. The whole assembly at once rose to its feet, and, with hats off, listened to the touching and eloquent appeal to the All-Wise Dispenser of events.

"At the close of the prayer the President advanced with the ominously parchment upon which was inscribed the decision of the State, with the great seal attached. Slowly and solemnly it was read unto the last word—distinctly! when men could contain themselves no longer, and a shout that shook the very building, reverberating long continued, rose to heaven, and could only subside in the loss of breath. In proud, grave silence the Convention itself waited the end with beating hearts."

CHARLESTON ZOUAVES.

We have given pictures of the Chicago Zouaves, whose admirable discipline has rendered them an object of general envy among our military folks. We now publish on the preceding page a picture of the Charleston Zouaves, a corps less generally known, but one which may become pretty conspicuous in the course of the next few weeks. The uniform, it can not be denied, is very handsome; and the men who wear it are gallant and brave.

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

SATURDAY, JANUARY 19, 1861.

THE TRADE AND PROSPECTS OF NEW YORK CITY.

THE exports of produce, goods, and merchandise from the port of New York during the year 1860 were valued at the Custom-house at the sum of $103,492,280, about thirty per cent. more than the heaviest previous export on record. Adding specie to produce, goods, and merchandise, New York exported in 1860 $145,683,451, against $137,696,187 in 1859, $85,039,643 in 1858, and $117,724,209 in 1857. The peculiarity of the commercial movement of 1860 was that our specie export was comparatively small, while our aggregate exports were notwithstanding largely in excess of previous years.

To explain this more fully: the Atlantic States receive from California some forty millions of gold annually. The amount is uncertain, because a portion of the gold which comes here is not manifested. Taking an average of five years, we export the whole of this gold to Great Britain and France. In 1858 the year after the panic, when the importations were light, exchange ruled low, and we only exported $26,001,431 in specie. This was less than we received, and left a gain in the country. But the year following (the imports being heavy) we exported $69,715,866 in specie —nearly seventy-five per cent. more than we received. Last year we exported $77,711,711 —say about as much as we received from California, Pike's Peak, and the Southern gold mines. But as during the year 1860 we imported $8,822,859 in specie from Europe and elsewhere, it results that the close of the year leaves the United States nearly nine millions richer in specie than they were at New Year, 1860.

During the same year, 1860, New York received $238,260,460 in foreign goods—not quite as much as it received in 1859, but considerably more than any other year. It is probably safe to say that, in 1860, New York received three-fourths of the exports of the United States, and exported one-third of their exports.

The commercial statistics have directed attention to the commerce of this port, and alarm has been created by threats of raising up commercial rivals to New York. It does not appear that there is any room on a commercial basis. Before the Revolution Charleston imported more foreign goods than any Northern city. After the Revolution, and previous to 1800, Philadelphia was the principal emporium of foreign goods on this sea-board. New York has now superseded both. It has done so without the least favors from Government, but simply by the force of natural advantages and the energy of its people. Philadelphia urges that the availability of New York harbor in winter is the cause of our supremacy. But Charleston harbor is freer of ice than ours. Charleston is always at the depth of water over the bar at Sandy Hook explains the mystery. But Portland has no bar, and vessels of very heavy draught can enter at Philadelphia. The simple fact is that a variety of concurrent circumstances—an excellent harbor, a central position, an energetic commercial community, an unequaled system of internal communications, a liberal commercial code, and a uniformly healthy climate—have combined to render this city the metropolis of commercial America. Our taxes are heavier than those of any other city on the continent; our Municipal Government indisputably worse than any. Last year we raised $11,000,000 for Municipal purposes; in a year or two the Common Council will demand $15,000,000 or $20,000,000. Yet in thirty notwithstanding, and two-thirds of the business of the country are done here.

Those who fear that the sceptre is passing away from New York will do well to bear these facts in mind. It is very easy to open a port, and to *expect* a great trade, but it is very hard to create a rival to New York. This city is the product of a variety of concurring influences such as may never be united again on this continent. Until equally powerful influences are combined in favor of some other sea-port, New York will maintain its supremacy undisputed.

THE GROWTH OF THE WEST.

THE returns of the census of 1860 which have been made public reveal a growth of population in our Western States that is unexampled in history. In ten years six States—to wit, Ohio, Indiana, Illinois, Michigan, Iowa, and Wisconsin—have increased from less than four millions to nearly eight. They have, besides this, peopled Minnesota, an entirely new State, and thrown a few hundred thousand people into the Pike's Peak Region, Washington Territory, and Oregon. They have built more miles of railway than there are in all the rest of the Union; and, if New York and Pennsylvania be omitted from the comparison, we will venture to say that they have more cities, better hotels, schoolhouses, and churches, than all the rest of the country together. The men still live who remember to have walked over the bare prairie where Chicago now rears her splendid face; unless present appearances are very deceptive indeed, many of us who read these lines will live to see Chicago the most populous city on the continent.

For eight millions of working people are a mighty few. Much has been said and written about the delinquency of the West in the matter of debts. No doubt Wisconsin has something to answer for in the way of stay-laws and repudiation; but the people of these States, too, will need, by-and-by, to clear their record of certain laws and legal proceedings of the hard times. But it must be remembered that the West relies solely for subsistence on its crops, and that they really had not a good crop there between 1856 and 1860. Two good crops in the West enable a man to pay for his land. Two bad crops make a man a bankrupt. The creditors of the West will get good news from there this spring.

Eight millions of free, intelligent, reading people are a force which overrides a legion of minor drawbacks and temporary checks.

THE SOUTHERN FORTS.

EVERY thing relating to the United States property in the Southern States is now of interest, and we shall be able to subjoin the following accurate list of the United States Forts in those States. The list begins with the forts in Louisiana, and follows the coast line to Maryland:

FORT JACKSON AND FORT ST. PHILIP, on the Mississippi River, 75 miles below New Orleans.

FORT MORGAN,

Mobile Point, at the entrance of Mobile Bay, 40 miles below Mobile.

FORT GAINES

(unfinished), on Dauphin Island, opposite Fort Morgan and three miles distant.

(These two Works defend the entrance to Mobile Bay—of which Fort Morgan is the key. It immediately adjoins the ship channel, and for the most important. This has been taken possession of by Alabama troops.)

FORT PICKENS,

Santa Rosa Island, entrance to Pensacola harbor. One of the largest works on the Gulf. Finished.

FORT M'REE,

on Foster's Island, opposite Fort Pickens, and 1¼ miles distant. A powerful casemated water-battery.

FORT BARRANCAS,

near the Navy Yard, Pensacola, and facing the entrance to the harbor. Key West is the key to the Navy Yard from a land attack. Much smaller than the other two.

FORT JEFFERSON,

a very important work—not quite finished—intended to protect the Tortugas Harbor. The Tortugas, as a naval depôt and station for guarding the immense commerce which follows the mouth of the Gulf Stream, and for controlling the navigation of the Gulf.

FORT TAYLOR,

Key West—an important work, nearly finished—protects the harbor of Key West, and (with Fort Jefferson) protects the commerce of the Gulf.

FORT PULASKI,

Cockspur Island, a few miles below Savannah, protects the entrance to the river and harbor of Savannah. A very important work—now taken possession of by Georgia troops.

FORT MOULTRIE AND FORT SUMTER

protect the entrance to Charleston harbor. "The former is on Sullivan Island, about 3 miles below the city—an old work repaired. The latter is a new and powerful work, 1 mile distant from Fort Moultrie, and 1 mile from the nearest land.

CASTLE PINCKNEY,

a small work on the approach to, and near the city of Charleston. This as well as Fort Moultrie is now held by South Carolina troops. Major Anderson holds Fort Sumter.

FORT MONROE AND FORT CALHOUN,

entrance to Hampton Roads, protect these Roads and the approach to Norfolk, James River, etc. The former is the largest work in the United States. The latter is but recently commenced, and not in available condition.

FORT M'HENRY,

an old work, protecting the harbor of Baltimore.

FORT CARROLL,

a few miles below Baltimore. A very important work, now in progress of construction.

THE LOUNGER.

OLD FASHIONED.

DID you ever hear of a good old-fashioned snowstorm? Did you ever Know a satisfactory fall of snow any where that somebody was not sure to call it a good old-fashioned snow-storm? If people want you to be very sure of enjoying yourself, and wish to give an irresistible point to their invitation, have you observed that they infallibly promise you a good old-fashioned time? And the orators who mourn every thing that exists will not end without an eloquent invocation of the good old-fashioned ways.

And yet in our secret souls, we lucky fellows, who have water hot and cold all over the house, can not have a very profound admiration for the good old-fashioned inconveniences of a pump in the kitchen or a well in the yard, as the sole resources and supply. We who, by a dexterous twist of the valve in the air-box, shed a soft summer heat through our houses—so that while it may be the fiercest January outside it is the temperate June within—can not regret very deeply the great barns of halls and the little barns of passages, and the freezing on one side and roasting on the other before the great open fire in the parlor. There were good old-fashioned fires, wood fires, but we have compromised to them again, and a hundred-fold more comfortable than they were. The days of anthracite coal grates, the dark and dreary days of the thin, black, air-light stove, are gone, and we have the low open ranges of soft coal, Cannel best of all, which crackles and sparkles and flames, and restores the luxury of the old fire, with a comfort it never knew.

Then you have not forgotten the good old-fashioned times of stone-cold chambers? Leigh Hunt, in the *Indicator*, has a most judicious paper upon early rising, under the good old-fashioned circumstances. How one did dally with bed! How heavy the air which crept over hands and face moved it visibly and defiantly in your face, by way of impressing you with the terrible fact of cold! How doubly warm and comfortable your position, as you lay close upon your back, hating to stir! The very demon of cold seemed waiting for you. He had planted his window with frost. Even the snowmans came chilled and white through that impertinent crust. And oh! in the pitcher and the pail, you could not see but you knew. It was ice, unmitigated ice.

Do you think these good old-fashioned conditions of getting up were favorable to good health and good habits? Do you think that the fear of dawdling blue and numb was likely to do justice to his ablutions, for instance? And was he not sure to sit his chair to breakfast? Is it all very fine to sleep with your window open or your head out of the window, but dressing is another matter. Why should you select an hour or two in the morning to expose your body to a pinching extreme of temperature? If you afterward dressed in muslin and dropped out in the snow, *à la Jessie Brown*. But you do nothing of the kind; furs, mufflers, woolens, are your only wear. No, no. Habits of general cleanliness, the universal morning bath, come in with the new-fashioned times, when they don't use ice for soup.

The world would have been in a bad way if it had listened more credulously to this incessant siren song of the good old-fashioned times. The old-fashion was new-fashion once, and if it is a poor thing to be a new thing, there are many who are already self-condemned. Do you suppose Harry, who was betrothed under the clear moon last night to Sally, would have had the good old-fashioned times of old lovers see so splendid as the new times of the new lovers? Will you renounce your Erard for the open old-fashioned harpsichord? Will your orchestra of the Philharmonic for the limited bands for which Mozart wrote? Will you exchange your space-annihilating and time-saving rail, which laughs the winter to scorn as it turns the snow from its track, for the good old-fashioned covered sleigh in which you packed and froze and dozed, accomplishing forty miles a day, or wrecked in a snow-drift?

The good old-fashioned sunshine we have as our fathers had it. The good old-fashioned beauty of all the world is ours unimpaired. The good old-fashioned traits of character that make them honored and loved by old and old die with them. There were no more honest, generous, religious people than we are. The world is not set back. Let who will begin the New Year with a groan. The good, new-fashioned times shall be the best times of all.

A SHORT SPEECH UPON SPEECHES.

AT last the Egyptian collection of Dr. Abbott is established in its permanent position at the Historical Society's rooms. It has been fitted to us, and we have it; but the feeling of satisfaction is allayed a little by the thought that the collector can not share in the pleasure. His portrait, however is to be hung in the rooms, and so his visible memory be perpetuated. There was a pleasant meeting to commemorate the final lodgment in the new home. There was plenty of good talking, of Egyptian reminiscence and scholarship, and some speech-making. We, as lookers, were not bored enough to dispense with the speeches, we may have reasons as agreeable as the soirées of the Royal Society at the Marquis of Northampton's a few years ago.

But we must exercise the demon of speech-making before we can hope for millennial meeting. There are many of the pleasantest and most pleasing people in the country who will not go to meetings because they may be obliged to speak; and it is not left to your discretion. If you are invited for any thing you must make a speech. Now you may be the most charming novelist, or essayist, or poet, or historian, or inventor, or discoverer, or mechanic, but it does not follow that you can turn an oratorical period. And then, unhappily, *per contra*, you may reel off the most fluent and felicitous harangue, and yet not be so very great a man after all. Washington Irving would not go to public meetings. Your blind eagle upon the express understanding, not only that he was not to speak, but that he was not to be called upon, and so have to speak in declining. Thackeray, at a dinner in Liverpool, when he rose to speak was suddenly deserted by the mass of eloquence, and after saying, good-humorously, "Really I thought I had something to say, but I don't," sat down. In general that remark should be put in the form of statement and rejoinder—

ORATOR. "Really I thought I had something to say."

AUDIENCE. "Yes, but we see that you haven't."

The secret of the evil enjoyment of club meetings and social dinners is, that nobody can spring the trap of a speech upon you. May an humble inquirer reverentially ask why the Historical Society can't have meetings without speeches—not the papers which are read, but the ceremonious harangues?

HUMOR AND HEROISM.

WHEN Thackeray was first in this country he wrote a lecture, at the invitation of a charitable society, upon Charity and Humor. It was a charming, simple, and touching performance, and is included in the volume of lectures upon the English humorists.

But there is another text of the same kind from which the sermon has not yet been preached, and that is, heroism and humor. The illustrations in recent history should be Charles Lamb and Thomas Hood—faithful soldiers both, and true heroes. Tommy Moore, whose power of perceiving a humane character was not so remarkable as his skill in writing sentimental songs, thought Charles Lamb a poor person, a kind of parlor clown. But when the "Final Memorials" appeared, and Talfourd reverently lifted the veil from the holy mystery of his life, it was seen that Nelson and of Wellington did not seem greater. In fact, the test of heroism is, that it is purely private. Even small men can behave like heroes, if they know that the world is looking at them and admiring.

The Memorials of Thomas Hood, recently published by his son and daughter, curiously enough tell very little about his life, but a great deal about his death. A few letters describing the discomforts of life upon the Rhine, but overflowing with satisfactory, give a very inadequate idea of the man or the life he led. Of course, there was not a great deal of event or variety in his life; but neither was there in Lamb's: that all the difference of the impression in the story of the two is very striking. We have no account whatever of the circumstances of the writing and printing of the "Bridge of Sighs;" yet such things are the events in the life of a literary man.

But every thing is forgiven for the sake of the picture of the calm and heroic end of the poet, who seems always to have been content to consider himself a guest, and to be used slowly, with considerably, day by day. He took leave of his friends—still in the prime of his manhood and of his power, looking death sweetly in the face, and unawering the conqueror. The gayety of his spirit was not quenched. It was cheerful, manly, hearty, to the last. The common humanity of his genius was more universal as the clear light of death showed life more truly. Two months before he died, as he lay expectant in his house, he wrote to thank Sir Robert Peel for the pension granted to his wife, and to say that they should not meet in the flesh. It was his last letter.

"Thank you," the mind is composed and my reason undisturbed; but my nice as an author is run. My physical debility robs me toxic virtue in a single sentence. Were I well enough to write a more paper—a forewarning one—against an evil, or the danger of it, arising from a literary movement in which I have had some influence—and humanity, opposite to that cathetic Shakespearian sympathy, which felt with King as well as Possum, and duly estimated the mortal temptations of both situations, I should then cleanse at the poles of society are already too far asunder; it should be the duty of our writers to draw them nearer by kindly attractions, or else generate the explosive elements and place a wider moral gulf between Rich and Poor, with Hate on the one side and Fear on the other. But I am too weak for this task, the last I had set myself; it is death that stops my pen, you see, and not the pension."

They are the words of a "humorist;" but how they transfigure the word!

"Poor comfort still for honest grief to cherish!
Poor bliss which memory alone supplies!
Death took away all earthly affections perish—
Though in this world of woe the good man dies."

SKATING PARKS.

WE all thought of the Central Park as a summer resort—a retreat in July—a country made easy for the city—a place in which every citizen should be his own gentleman. But, as we have urged on a week or two ago, it is more than that. It is questionable whether it is not visited as much, and even more assiduously, in the winter than in the summer. For we stroll about in shady walks with shady minds: but who does not skate with ardor?

Six years ago skating was an amusement poor liar to other lands in the country; it is now an amusement universal and of every age. Do you remember, Dr. M——, that pond near New Haven, how it was always glittered with the gliding girls and youths a short year ago? If we should pass it now, I do not doubt it would show us the same scene. It was a great resort then, for there have not forgotten, M——, the beautiful Jamaica Pond near Boston—that shining ball-room floor, upon which the lovely and the gallant were seen to sweep and darted in myriad bewildering mazes, in motion that made its own music—over which the keen bright air whirled with a smile, and around which the pretty villas upon the shore and the solemn, stately evergreens gathered with sympathy and admiration? Why did you not detain the Prince to see this hall of joy? Surely with the walls and a good rider, might he not have crowned his glory and his conquests by chasing you, fan-darting and agile fair, upon his shining steel, through the parting and emulous throng?

The Ami noblesse of the metropolis are a little slower to give the goddess to the new and exhilarating pursuit than those of other cities not so large. Boston, for instance—and the Lounger does not mean to institute a comparison—has a right to be a city "not so large"—Boston goes all together. Not some girls, but all the girls, skate, or go to the Rehearsals, or collect photographs, or read Charles Auchester, or dream of Boolh, or ride sitting in the saddle, under the Polish régime. They are unanimous. You take the street car on a sunny winter afternoon, and sylph after sylph leaps from with her skates hanging to her arm. To her cater Gustavus and Randolphus. They are going to skate. Young Boston, of either sex, will amuse itself this afternoon by gyrations upon frozen water. Now in New York, if you would skate, you go to the Central Park, and look go with you! In other places you go to the ocean, or river, or canal. So in Boston, it used to be Jamaica Pond or the "Back Bay"—(the front bay yet remains to be heard of); but the circumstances have certainly a clever way of managing matters—a different way, at least, as they had in France. For they have instituted skating parks. They have improvised theatres for the new amusement.

For instance: in Roxbury a little stream was dammed in a hollow of hills or ridges, and in a bit of wood upon the rising shore. This overflow makes a pond of an average depth of four feet, and covering perhaps two acres or more. This is carefully inclosed with a fence, a large quantity is set for the skaters to put on the skates in comfort, warmed and furnished with seats, and serving for the office of the Superintendent. He is a responsible man, and takes care of every thing. The admission is by tickets—two dollars for the entire skating season. At night the place is lighted either by gas-burners or scores of lanterns; and all day long it is filled with skaters of all ages and both sexes. In the morning is held and the ice is rolled, steal-carefully along, and little children come to learn quite unaccompanied: and in the afternoon and evening the science and skill comes pouring in, and it is high carnival.

The expense of such a park is considerable—not less, probably, than two thousand dollars for the season. It is overflowed at proper times, and carefully scraped after a snow-storm, so that it may be always in order. Doubtless we shall yet see new and brilliant developments of such a new amusement. Feasts of colored lanterns—games for two or three hundred players—what not? It is an ice Boston season, and will come to perfection.

In the intervals of skating, if the skaters want to laugh, let them refresh their remembrance of the Christmas doings at Dingley Dell, in Pickwick.

OLD HOUSES.

SOMEHOW we seem resolved in this country that we will have no visible relics of the older epochs of our history. A few months since the most interesting building in the city of New York, which was also only the third upon its site since the settlement of the island, was quietly demolished without raising the least dust. It was a dingy, shabby edifice, emitting so much as a dying speech and confession to let the passer-by know that it was in any manner different from the rest of the dingy, and without a guilty of being more than twenty years old, and therefore justly suffer demolition.

At this moment the only buildings of historic interest actually survive in New York! Even the few that remain are so changed that the association is necessarily lost. Take, for instance, the most venerable neighbor, of whom we have chatted before with high respect, is a sailors' boarding-house; yet it is not externally altered, and is still a Mason in rough cast, with projecting gables, and outquarters, at the corner of Battery Place and Broadway, is entirely changed. It is not the house in which Washington bade farewell to his officers, and Baron Burr and then John André were lungers. The old tavern at the corner of Broad and Pearl streets, in which Hamilton "drank deep draughts of love and gratitude," drank farewell to his officers, still preserves something of its quaint respectability of aspect.

But when you saunter up the busy street, where you can not find a footing upon the sidewalks, they are so crowded with carts and barrels and bales, and remember the quiet dwellings of wealthy and broad stoops that lined the street a hundred and fifty years ago, long before we had our Government and a President, and the only residence of the first President was inaugurated in the balcony of the old City Hall that fronted the head of Broad street, and where he solemnly swore to the people of the chief, the chancellor, the famous group, and you raise your eyes to see the very spot and to burn in the glorious scene, you are saddened to think how your patriotism anew. Alack! alack! what is that foolish imitation of a white Greek temple that stares at you from the same memorable spot?

Buildings of historic renown are the most impressive public monuments. They are parts of what they commemorate. They are the contemporary witnesses of events with us. They look at them, we see the times of which they were contemporaries; touching them, we touch the great men who moved among them.

Now and then, in quiet country-places, you come upon the untouched remains of the old magnificence, or, it may be, of the old simplicity. For instance, I lately stopped at a hotel in a retired town, which outwardly looked like a private mansion, and found the old-fashioned house was established. The oft ceilings—the old-fashioned sweep of the staircase, with a balustrade of white painted posts surmounted by a mahogany railing—the ample doors and broad hall indicated that the private residence of wealth and respectability now declined to public purposes. I followed the waiter up stairs to my room. He opened the door of massive wood door with the old-fashioned knobs, and ushered me into a lofty and spacious apartment, which would have made half a dozen of the small rooms of an ordinary "first-class" hotel. A bright fire burned upon the hearth, the window curtains were drawn, the old-fashioned easy chairs were standing temptingly before the fire, and the gas was turned down over the table. Another square heavy door opened into the bedroom, and I saw at a glance the same comfortable and domestic aspect.

It was clear that the house was some handsome home of the past day which had become a hotel. The room in which I sat was evidently almost unchanged. I felt myself an intruder. I awaited the coming of some stately host to freeze me with haughty politeness of rebuke. As the night deepened I heard the faint rustle of ghostly robes. I was aware of the unseen presence of the gay company of another generation. I was an unbidden guest at the feast. I arose and tried to steal away. But the measured music of the minute paused. The company turned upon me reproachful and resentful eyes. I was the occasion of many voices died away, and, overwhelmed with mortification, I began to explain how the coachman had brought me thither, when the sound of my voice awoke me. I was sitting in the spacious room by the kindly fire; but the music, the murmuring throng, the rustling robes, the high polite society, were only what might have been.

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

LATIN UNDER THE LOSH.—A schoolmaster, in giving a boy a flogging, remarked about a minute between the cuts of the rod. *Tres dat qui cito dat*, cried the victim to the commentor.

CONUNDRUMS.

Why is a chimney-sweep like clothes a pot of beer like a church-proficating vegetable?—Because he is a pot-tater.

What animal must needs have been a bad Frenchman?—A *cellon-rat (scelerat)*.

If an egg were questioned about its parentage, what person would it most likely name?—Mother-land.

What cat is like a large abbey?—A gray tabby (*a great abbey*).

Why is a hatter like a valuer of goods?—Because he's a hatter-viser (*appraiser*).

Why is a stoker on a railway-engine like another progressive breakfast?—Because he gets his steam *ald* (*aid*) *ing* hand by hot water.

Can you name the greatest corn-growers in Europe and America?—Yes; tight boots.

Why should a cigar-smoker always smoke?—Because tobacco-smoke is generally a coughing-maker.

Why is a lawyer's office like a bird?—Because it's a bit of *ges* (*a bit of gese*).

In trying to make a contract, what do you mean by a "sealed tender"?—A love-letter.

TELLING YOUR FORTUNE.—A witness in the Court of Queen's Bench being cross-examined by Mr. Garrow, that gentleman pertinaciously asked him if he was not a fortune-teller?—"I am not," answered the witness; "but if every one had his due I should be entirely in telling your fortune."—"Well, fellow," says Mr. Garrow, "pray what is to be my fortune?"—"Why, sir," replied the witness, "if I understand you made your *first* speech at the old Bailey, and I think it is possible that you will there make your *last speech*."

A Frenchman thinks the English language is very tough. "I have been to the theatre," he says, "and took a pit on your head and see; and look out, which is to haud your hand and not for to see—just contrarie."

A TIGHT boy state what were the dark ages of the world?—Why Jemima, I suppose, you think you will me, what the dark ages were?"—The ages before gas was invented.

Sergeant Cockle, a rough, blustering fellow, and well known on the northern circuit, once got from a witness more than he bargained for. "Pray, sir, right of fishery, he asked the witness, "Don't you love fish?"—"Ah," replied the witness, with a grin; "not I unless like Cockle sauce with it."

A CHOICE OF A JURY.—A certain sea-captain who had been accustomed to sail in vessels with officers and the cook aboard his vessel, were once to be tried for an offense committed on board his own vessel; a nature as put their lives in some jeopardy. The cook displayed every mark of fear and apprehension for his safety. The captain, on the contrary, stood in very good spirits, and said, "I, sure up, mate; why should you be cast down? I fear nothing, and why should you? Why, I'll tell you what, I'll get rejected the fellow, "I should be as courageous as you are if we were to be tried by a jury of cooks."

HORSE TOOK having challenged Wilkes, who was then sheriff, received the following laconic reply: "Sir, I do not think it my duty to risk the existence of every despicable that may be tired of his life; but as I am at present the sheriff of the city of London, it may happen that I shall shortly have an opportunity of attending you in my official capacity at the place of execution, where if it that you shall have no ground left to complain of my endeavors to serve you."

VEILED BEAUTIES.—The King of Dayrels is much averse to ladies wearing veils in the streets, and frequently stops those who have their veils down to adjust them strictly to it. The other day there was a great assemblage with three ladies in the street which heavy his name, and in which he had a lady very much in love with, but of each one, and hying it on the top of her bonnet in a way suitable to the artistic fancies of the days of Schwantzhaber and the friend of Thorwaldsen. He then let them proceed, and, of course, all the veils were down as soon as he was out of sight. It seems King Ludwig once exposed himself in the midst of a crowd Mexican veils. He lifted the veil of an old lady, looked at her face, and dropped it instantly, saying, "Ah, pardon, I thought it was Egypt."

In a certain English parish, a Quaker barber received the other day a note for church-rates, five shillings and sixpence at your service," and upon the clergyman of the parish, and said,

"Pray, friend, what does this mean by this note?"

"Mean! Why, it is for the church-rate; don't you see?"

"Yes, friend; but what is that for?"

"Why, for the repair of the church, and for the maintenance of the clergyman, to be sure."

"Well, friend, but what have I to do with that? I don't attend the church."

"Oh, that can't signify; the church is always open, and you may go when you please; and, besides, you go to the law, and you must pay."

"Well, friend, I am willing to tell thee that I think that a very unjust law that obliges me to pay a ministry and a church which I never attend. Therefore I will not pay."

A few days afterward the barber, by way of straightening accounts with the person, sent his reverence a note: "Mr. Barber to Timothy Shears, for shaving and hair-cutting, five shillings and six-pence." The receipt of this note by the person very quickly brought him to the shop, in no good humor either.

"What do you mean by sending me this bill? You never cut my hair nor shaved me in your life!"

"Nay, friend, but I assure you my shop is always open, and it's thine own fault if thou dost not come to be shaved."

SIR JAMES MACKINTOSH declared that the next thing ever said of physics was a physician. One day, when asked by a lady if he believed in them, replied, "No, madam, I believe too many for believers in them."

THE GHOST OF THE WORK.—Said a man to a little boy, strutting up Broadway with his dinner-basket, "Boy, what's your name?"—"My name is Bill Jones, sir."—"My boy, you would look better with bread-and-butter in your mouth than with that cigar."—"I know it," said the urchin, "but it would not be half so glorious."

TWO passengers were conversing in a railway carriage said of physics was a physician. One, when asked by a lady if he believed in them, replied, "No, madam, I believe too many for believers in them."

WHAT HURTS THE MOST.—It is not the tanning that "gets the 'ores," said a philosophic hostler; "it's the tanning 'ginger;' it's the 'hamering,' 'sawing,' 'hammering over a nail 'ighway;' it 'urts 'is 'ooves. When you're not go-ing to 'ard, 'ire a 'ack and 'amper along with 'im."

"Madam, a good many persons were very much disturbed at the concert last night by the crying of your baby."

"Well, I do wonder such people will go to concerts."

THE STORM LIKES.—"Coachman," said an outside passenger to the master of the Dover Mail, on the cover one of the most mountainous roads in the country, "I suppose you have no consideration for our lives and limbs?" "What are your lives and limbs to me?" was the reply. "I am behind my time."

WOULDN'T TELL A LIE FOR THE SAKE OF A PUDDY.—The following dialogue is reported between two boys: "What do you think? my father, the other day, shot nine hundred and nine-ty-nine pigeons with one barrel of his gun." "Oh, why didn't he say a thousand at once?" (Reply puzzled.) "Do you suppose my father would tell a lie just for the sake of one pigeon?"

THE MAYOR'S NEST.—There is a good anecdote told of Bobbie Johnson, who, in the year 1703, was Provost of Dundee. His services being required on a certain occasion, a messenger was dispatched to his house, upon asking for the Provost, was told by the goodwife that he was "awa' to the wine hill for a bottle o' white." Off scampered the gallant to the "white hill," not over the Provost appeared, his charming eyes like lynx, pulled off his bonnet, and wiping the sweat from his bald pate, said, "Mayor, your servant, I am sent to tell ye that the guse *hasna'* laid an egg since ye left the house." "Is it, indeed?" quoth the Mayor, "then I'll be home in a minute. Depend upon it, you may rest unconcerned."

What piece of carpentry becomes a goss as soon as it is finished?—A-gate.

A bachelor good-girl is acquainted with all rocks except rock the cradle.

"Matchless misery" has been defined to be having a cigar and nothing to light it with.

Artists may not be guilty of direct falsehoods, but they frequently give false colors.

THE WELSH PARSON.—A friend was staying with a Welsh parson, and heard him preach in the afternoon.

"By Jove," said he, "there was good in your sermon. I didn't think you—there was good in your sermon.

"Is it would be old if there was not," said the preacher. "It was one of my father's."

"Bishop Bull'ck, was it?" Well, now, you surprise me. I have read Bull'ck, and I have read Tillotson, but I never agree it.

"Oh," says the other, "you don't know how I manage. I have two services—one in Welsh, one in English. Well, I translate the Welsh sermon into English on Sunday, and then I am safe; my Welsh flock don't read Butler. Then I make my Welsh sermon translate it into Latin after that the old boy himself would not know them again."

A Frenchman who had learned English wished to be particularly polite, and never neglected an opportunity of saying something pretty. One evening he observed to a lady, whose dress was of the colored, and that of her daughter pink, "Madam," said he, "your daughter is the pink of beauty."

"Ah, Monsieur, you Frenchmen always flatter," said the lady.

"No, Madame, I only do speak the truth," said he, "and what all the world will allow, that your daughter is the pink, and you, madame, are the *dried pink*."

It was with great difficulty the Frenchman could be made to comprehend this *mistake*.

A young, quiet, sensible, good-looking country lass was asked what she thought of "smiling and smoking." "Well," was the reply, "smiling is pleasant enough; but I would like no man to be a smoker."—"Why?" was immediately asked. "Because," was the reply, "my father comes home every see cross, as same as he gets the pipe lights and begins a blast he's a pleased again."

TWO PHILOSOPHICAL RIDDLES.—How is it possible to proceed in the direction of the sun without the sun? By walking from the forward to the aft part of a vessel while steaming.—What is the center of gravity? The letter V.

An epigram should never be extended to eight lines. Four lines ought to be the *ne plus ultra*; if only two or three the better. Of the following extract from a gentleman, whose daughter Arabella importuned him for music:

"Dear Bob, to gain money, sure silence is best,
For about as much music as Arabella's a jest."

INTELLIGENCE ON THE ROAD.—A gentleman on a stage-coach, passing through the city of Bristol, and observing a handsome edifice, inquired what the new building it was. The driver replied.—"It is the Unitarian Church."—"Unitarian!" exclaimed the gentleman, "and what is that?"—"I don't know," said John, "but I believe it is in the opposition line."

Stammering, says Coleridge, is sometimes the cause of a pun. Some one was mentioning in Lamb's presence the odd-sweetness of the Duke of Cumberland in preventing the duchess from going to the window to see the sun, whom she had not seen for a considerable time, and insisting on her seeing the Duke.

"How horribly cold it was!" said the narrator.

"Yes," said Lamb, in his stuttering way, "but you know he is the Duke of Cu-cum-ber-land."

An old gentleman went out to shoot partridges accompanied by his son. The latter was charged with the duty of up the muzzle, and when at last the old gentleman started some birds, he was very much surprised on attempting to see some fun, of course; but not so did it happen, for the gun recoiled with such force as to knock him over. The old man got up, and while rubbing the sparks out of his eyes, inquired of his son, "Dick, did I point the right end of the gun to the birds?"

OLD SNARLE.—"Look here, old fellow, how's this? That strawberries were out of season? Make licker taste good, don't they?"

BAD TIMERS.—Strawberries, why there ain't any strawberries in yet plenty. It's only the reflection of pye-nose pye-sea in yer licker!"

Etiquette requires that in Chinese conversation each should compliment the other, and every thing belonging to him, in the most laudatory style, and depreciate himself, with all that belongs to him, to the lowest possible a pitch. The following is no exaggeration, though not the profuse style in which it would be rendered: "What is your magnificent appellation in Wenge." "Where is your magnificent residence?" "Your most contemptible hut is called?" "How many are your illustrious children?" "My vile, worthless little dog is called Fido." "I know it," said the unenlightened pagan. "My mean, good-for-nothing old woman is well."

WHO ARE WE TO-DAY?—Two old ladies, known to be of the same age, had the same desire to keep the real number concealed; one therefore used always upon a New Year's Day to go to the other, and say, "Madam, I am come to know how old we are to be this year."

A WARNING TO SHOPKEEPERS.—It is said that in some parts of Turkey whenever a shopkeeper is convicted selling a falsehood his house is at once pulled bleeds to remain on for one month. If there was such a law in force in this country, what a noble and gloomy appearance some people's houses would present!

No man can avoid his own company—so he had best make it as good as possible.

MR. RAREY, THE HORSE-TAMER, IN NEW YORK.

EVERY one has heard of MR. RAREY, the horse-tamer, whose exploits in Europe created such a sensation. We have on several occasions illustrated MR. RAREY's performances, and in No. 84, published August 7, 1858, we gave a full account of his method. MR. RAREY is now in New York giving exhibitions. His first exhibition took place on January 8th at Niblo's.

The stage at Niblo's was converted for the time into a sort of stable-yard, strongly walled with boards on three sides, and with ropes toward the audience. Before MR. RAREY made his appearance the famous horse CRUISER, who was trained in England by him, was introduced into this inclosure. MR. RAREY then came forward and said:

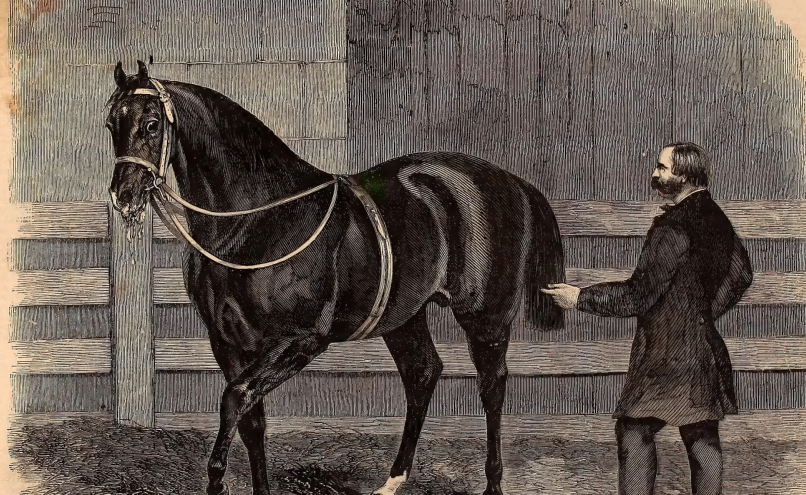
"LADIES AND GENTLEMEN,—I have here to-day several subjects upon which I will endeavor to explain my system. I placed them upon him by letting a rope down through the roof of his stall, fastening it under his neck, and raising him off his fore feet. This is the first time he has been on the stage in this country. We have had no rehearsal; but instead of kicking, as he used, he will now (as you see) give me his foot like a gentleman."

MR. RAREY and his subject walked several times round the inclosure, and finally came to a standstill, when, taking a couple of leather straps from his pocket, RAREY said,

"These two straps are all that I used to tame this horse."

A moment, and one of the straps, dexterously placed upon the fore leg, reduced the quadruped to a tripod. The second strap was as quickly looped around the other fore foot, and drawn through the belly-band. Cruiser took a step forward, MR. RAREY pulled the second strap, and the animal was on his knees to his master, who fell beside him, and, rising, began pulling his head backward and forward. Up jumped Cruiser like mad, and quickly with his head between the horse's heels. As he did this he said:

"I am just as sure that he will not kick me as that a stone will not of itself fly up and strike me. Why should he? He will not unless he gets angry, and I shall not that immediately. At my first exhibition before the Queen and Prince Albert, after experimenting with an unbroken colt and a very vicious horse, the riding-master asked if I would try a very nervous horse. I said certainly, but that I had already detained them over two hours. They asked me how long I should take. I said fifteen minutes. The Queen said she would give me half an hour, and the party would walk about till then. None of them then knew my system; so I went into the box where the horse was, and in less than fifteen minutes had the animal under control. When I showed it to the party all were astonished. Prince Albert, thinking that I used some powerful drug, asked if the horse had the use of its legs. I replied that no means had been used to deprive the animal of its faculties, and made the horse get up. Subsequently I performed before them four times. See, I place this horse's foot upon me. There is no danger. He would no more tread heavily upon me than a mare upon her foal."



MR. RAREY AND CRUISER—"CRUISER, SHAKE HANDS!"

When I went to England and exhibited there the papers all said, 'This is very well, but try Cruiser.' I immediately wrote to Lord Dorchester about the horse, and he replied that the horse could not be brought to me, but that I must come to him. I did go to him. The horse had not been out of his box for three years; a brick stable had to be built for him, and he would have been shot but he was the last of a race of splendid blood-horses, and his owner was anxious to preserve him if possible. I found that by his biting and kicking he had so injured himself that he could not be taken out of his box, and so I had to wait for his recovery. I went down to see him quietly and unknown, but somehow the papers got hold of it, and every body said that I dared not go near Cruiser. Under this I had to remain three weeks, and then I was able to take him to London. I will now show you Cruiser."

Cruiser is a large, bony horse, over sixteen hands high, and of immense bone and muscle. His color is a very dark bay, with white spots on the head and feet; he looks the English thoroughbred all over, and, with kind treatment, may prove a great acquisition in this country.

"There," said MR. RAREY, exhibiting them, "are the reins and straps which Cruiser used to wear. They as a flash MR. RAREY crawled out of danger. Before the frightened stable boys could run away RAREY had his horse again at the footlights, and, pointing to a graze upon Cruiser's hip, said:

"In coming over the horse injured his hip, and is unusually restive and ill at ease. You see he will not allow himself to be dragged about. I have not laid hands on him before, except when I took him from his box, since we left the Crystal Palace, London. I will not detain you longer with him, as I have several other untamed horses ready."

The next horse introduced was a "hard and nervous puller"—an animal of the Messenger blood. By gently fondling his head and caressing him, MR. RAREY succeeded in making him follow him round the arena. He led him by a straw. He then, fastened a strap round his fore leg so as to make him limp on three legs, and finally kneel. When the second strap was attached, a struggle ensued, which ended in the horse lying down. MR. RAREY sat on him, took off the straps, knocked the horse's feet together, rubbed them against his face, and lay down upon him.

The next subject was a wild horse from South America, which threw MR. RAREY several times, plunging, rearing, and biting with every sign of rage and fury. On his leg, too, MR. RAREY attached the fatal strap, and after a struggle of prolonged duration, he, too, was thrown, and MR. RAREY was upon him. After rising up and sitting down again on the horse's back several times, in order to accustom the horse to the sensation, MR. RAREY raised him up, and concluded his remarks on the animal's back. He said:

"It is entirely wrong to leap upon a horse's back and hold fast, no matter how frightened he may be. There is now a perfect understanding between us. All beasts like me after this process. They all come to me gladly. This is the test of breaking: if they fly away from you, then know you have treated them badly; if they come to you, they know you as a friend."

The last horse tested was a vicious stallion owned by MR. LUFF of Harlem Lane, and named "Jo Anderson." The struggle with this horse was brief but fierce, and he was down, and MR. RAREY was on his back. He rose again after a few moments, and was again forced down. As he had the reputation of biting, MR. RAREY struck his jaws together until the horse seemed to realize that they did not belong to him; then he put his arm in his mouth without accident. In closing the lecture MR. RAREY said:

"I have never had an accident since I became perfect in my system, and I don't fear any. I have been among horses since I was twelve years old, and at first had a great many accidents. Every limb has been broken except my right arm; but being young when these accidents happened, the bones fortunately healed strongly. Now I know horses' every thought, and can break any animal, of whatever age and habits, in the world. I can make any animal sensible of my power—make them gentle and even affectionate."

On Tuesday MR. RAREY gave another exhibition, and introduced Cruiser to the audience. He said:

"Cruiser was about as celebrated for his viciousness as I have been for taming him. Noblemen used to go and throw articles into his brick box in order to see him fight. I was asked to explain the other evening how I approached Cruiser, and with your permission I will do so. I think a horse have a reason for every thing they do. I know if I approached Cruiser with a stick he would fight me, as he had fought others who came to whip him. In the box was a double door, so that I could open the upper half. I went quietly; opened the door accidentally. Cruiser turned round, saw me, started back frightfully, but did not attempt to come at me. Cruiser came slowly up to smell of me after a while, and, in spite of Lord Dorchester's entreaties, I stood still. Presently, when I saw that he stood naturally, I began to fondle him. Lord Dorchester begged me to tie his head, and I did so, but you never saw such fighting. Finding that he would either kill himself or tear down the box I released him, and began all over again. After he allowed me to fondle him, I took him into the straw-yard, and proceeded as with any other horse, until at last he would let me take any liberty with him, and Lord Dorchester mounted him with impunity."

Cruiser then gave MR. RAREY his foot, like a gentleman, and was then withdrawn; MR. RAREY stat-

ing that he had had a little private conversation with the horse, and that it had begged him not to drag it about till its side was healed.

One of the horses of the Second Avenue Railroad was then sent in, with the following note:

"NEW YORK, Jan. 7, 1861.

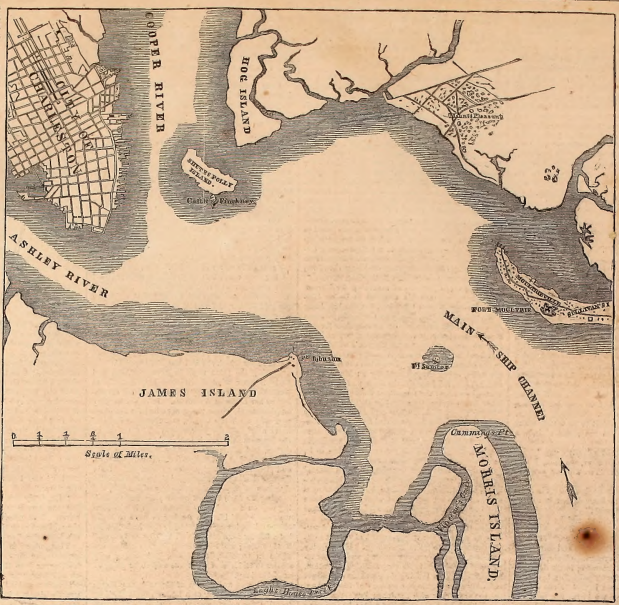
"MR. J. S. RAREY.—The mare I send you is a very bad kicker, and strikes with her fore feet. No one is able to go into her stable. She is very treacherous, and gives no warning. If you can tame her your system is good for any horse."

The *Herald* reporter thus describes how she was tamed:

"When the horse appeared upon the stage it was a tough-looking customer enough. A regular car-horse—thin, wiry, dirty, stubborn, vicious, evil-eyed. It has not been shod except with all its feet tied, and then with difficulty. Every time Rarey touched it the horse kicked most savagely. First one little strap was tied on, however, and then another. The horse fell easily, as it had been used to be thrown thus to be shod. But when the straps were taken off, and Rarey began his familiarities, however, then came the tug of war. It was kick and bite, scathe and fardle, get up and fall down, until at last the poor car-horse succumbed to kindness. Rarey's head lay between those formidable hoofs; Rarey's hand unbossed the bridle which had not been removed for months; Rarey played blacksmith, and hammered at the shoe without any difficulty, and curing the last bit of restlessness by turning the horse round and round a while. Rarey led off the subdued old equine hog with as much complacency as if biting and kicking had never been known. The owner sat beside our reporter, and his surprise—he knew the horse so well—only outran that of the audience."

On Thursday, 10th, Mr. Rarey experimented on Peacock, a very savage brute, which seems to possess every vice. The New York *Times* says of the experiment:

"The collar which he had round his neck had not been removed for a great length of time. He was a dangerous horse to look at, with a switch tail that seemed to bid defiance to the world. Mr. Rarey placed his hands upon him. The contest occupied some time, for Peacock possessed pluck as well as endurance, but at length he had to succumb."



MAP SHOWING THE FORTS, ISLANDS, ETC., OF THE HARBOR OF CHARLESTON, SOUTH CAROLINA.

LADY SEAMER'S ESCAPE.

A LOVE STORY.

MISS DULCY DIGBY had at last won what she had been begging and praying for all the days of her life—that is to say, all the days of her life since she was wise enough to realize her mother's theory—that it is the first duty of a poor, well-born, highly-educated young lady to marry a man of good family, of good fortune, and of any other good which nature might have made incidental to the bargain.

Sir John Seamer had proposed to her, and she had accepted him.

It was in the drawing-room, after a state dinner party; and, when the momentous transaction was accomplished, the gentleman went over and talked to her mother. Dulcy stood leaning against the piano, turning over her music. Mr. George Milner approached her and spoke; she answered him confusedly, and with the tears in her eyes. Dulcy was not a lachrymose person, and what had occurred flashed upon him immediately.

Dulcy Digby and he had been great friends once upon a time (once upon a time was about four years ago), but George was even poorer then than now, and she was ambitious and did not use him well. He remembered the miserable pain she had made him suffer, and though he was radically cured of that wound, which had not even left a cicatrice, he had not forgiven her. He did not address her a second time, but turned away with a remorseful generosity. He had first loved and then hated her. When she would have aroused her leisure with him again, he mortified her. Now he was indifferent; she had lost her power of fascinating him. If he had seen the man in the moon courting her he would not have cared.

The same can not be said for Dulcy. George was a generous, sensible, affectionate, lovable man—if he only could have gratified her grand desire. Mere's the pity, George could not. He could only give her a genuine love and admiration, a share of his younger son's moderate allowance, and a venture in his Bank of Hope. Dulcy preferred certainties and securities, and she refused him at her peril—refused him with much misgiving and reluctance, and a pain, the permanence of which she had yet to learn. She had a certain tenderness for George which his persistence might have blown up into a flame of devotion;

FORT JOHNSON, OPPOSITE FORT SUMTER, HARBOR OF CHARLESTON, SOUTH CAROLINA.—[SEE PAGE 40.]

but her suitor lacked patience and humility, and withdrew altogether. So her chance was lost—her best chance, as I view it. And now, season after season had slipped away, until she was turned of four-and-twenty, until, possibly in the just fulfillment of her destiny, Sir John Seamer, whom she neither loved nor respected, was talking confidentially to mamma, and Dulcy was answering George Milner with the tears in her eyes. There was no pin for those tears—but she had got what she craved most. It behooved her to look triumphant and to feel triumphant, but somehow the mood would not come. Perhaps, in the moment of elation, her heart was sorer than it had ever been since she refused George, and by-and-by found out that he had quite ceased to love her. As he came ever away from her she perceived that he had understood her dignified position, and that he despised her for having attained to it. But it was too late to care for that now—Sir John finished his brief colloquy with her mother, and returned to her side with the assured, jubilant air of an accepted lover. Then George was tempted to watch her. He saw her smooth her brow and summon reluctant smiles; but finding the problem above all, rather dismal, he took leave of his hostess and walked away house, smoking a cigar. All sentimental reminiscences of Dulcy disappeared with the vapor, and when he reached his chambers he was his own man again completely.

After the great event of the evening Mrs. Digby could not be sorry to see her guests depart, and, by eleven o'clock, the house in Curzon Street was cleared of them all—even of Sir John Seamer himself—and Dulcy was shut up with her mamma in that pretty retirement called the boudoir. With a softness quite unusual to her, Dulcy had stolen one arm round her mother's waist, and was resting her brow against her shoulder. The confession had been made, the successful daughter had been kissed and blessed abundantly, and still Dulcy kept that firm yet caressing hold upon her mother, as if she had yet more to say. Presently it came.

"Mamma, I do not want it to be talked about until quite the time; I am not proud of it, you know."

"My love, half the world will envy you."

"Let them envy. But remember, I will not hear it talked about. You are not even to tell Lady Milner."

"But, sweet, it must be known. Sir John will speak of it himself. Lady Milner is one of the oldest friends of his family."

"I tell him to say nothing, and he promised me he would not—not, at least, until we got down home again, and then I shall take care. There is nobody at Wexham to make this sad worry."

"You look at it in a very strange light, Dulcy. There is nothing to be ashamed of in Sir John, or in being mistress of Netherlop—such a beautiful romantic place! I am sure it will be one of the proudest days of my life when I give you to him."

Dulcy shuddered from head to foot. "I was sure you would wish it," said she bitterly.

"My dearest, I have always your good at heart. But come, you are feverish and excited; I shall see you and bed to-night myself, and to-morrow all will look gay and promising."

So Mrs. Digby led her daughter to her room, and performed for her tender nursing offices, such as she had never put her hand to since poor Dulcy was ill of the scarlet fever, and would let no one else touch her. She understood, in part, the girl's sudden revulsion of feeling; but she knew that it would wear off, and believed that it had better not be expressed. When Dulcy's head was on her pillow she received her maternal benediction, and left her. As Dulcy was quite alone, and no spy peered into her chamber, we have no actual evidence that she passed half the night in miserable tears; but this is very probable, for she was unit to appear at breakfast the next morning, and for two days nobody called at the house saw her, not even Sir John Seamer.

When she reappeared, it was to find that her urgent plea for secrecy had not been respected, and to receive the congratulations of friends, envious, surprised, curious, and compassionate, with a serenity which struck nobody with so much wonder as it struck herself. Any light or frivolity which she had tried to retain about her fate was completely dissipated, and she saw her future very distinctly when her Lady Seamer of Netherlop, wife of Sir John Seamer, the wealthiest landowner in the county, a man passionately fond of her, likely to command her with a devotion and indulgence her heart could desire, mentally and morally her inferior, but not evil-spoken of by his class, though not much looked up to either; a position many young women would have embraced with triumphant delight—which had often, in fact, been secretly coveted by herself. That was, when it was seen through the illusion of distance and improbability; nearer at hand, its colors were far more sombre than attractive.

She knew a good deal about Sir John Seamer, and she knew all the particulars of his disastrous family history, which people spoke low about when they spoke at all. Netherlop was but about four miles from Avenham, where she had been brought up by her mother, and in a country neighborhood, gossip—especially romantic gossip—is the current coin of domestic society. Dulcy liked to hear her nurse tell of the curse of the Seamers, who had driven the sons from Netherlop centuries ago, and got wrongful possession of their estates, which had never brought them luck, but only murder, disgrace in battle, early death at home, or a driveling old age; and then the whispered stories which her words by asking, with awful solemnity, who lives in the high-walled garden on the edge of the park, where nobody ever passed by from year's end to year's end?—who but Sir Reginald Seamer, who had been Bedlam-mad since his marriage almost—nay, some folks said before it? His one son had been cashiered from the army for cowardice, and was living obscurely somewhere abroad, and his grandson reigned with his frigid mother in the old hall alone. All this was happening when Dulcy Digby was a girl, and she heard whispers of it, as children do; and when John came to Avenham to play with her brothers she used to watch him timidly from a distance with a suspicious fear, lest the curse of his people might also have fallen on him, and that he might suddenly spring at her and strangle her.

But all this nonsense faded from her mind as she grew up to womanhood. The high-walled garden lost its mysterious interest, and the mysterious tablet to his memory appeared on the chancel wall of Netherlop Church; then the disgraced son died in a drunken gambling-house brawl at Hamburg, and John became Sir John, a young man of importance in his county by reason of his large landed property, if for nothing else. He was about three-and-twenty then, and not ill-looking—far from it. He had a frame of vast muscular power, and a bronzed, bold face, rather unusually good-tured in its ordinary expression, but with certain indications, nevertheless, that he did, now and then, give himself up to a fit of passion, and suffer himself to be carried away by paroxysms of brutal rage. The servants, when he was a boy, used to give awful accounts of him, but as he grew up open-handed and generous to a proverb, they forgave him rough words, and contented themselves with shaking their heads when alluding to him, and saying he would be very bad a Netherlop master."

Sir John was just out of mourning for his mother when he made his proposal to Dulcy Digby. He had been living at Netherlop, and Lady Seamer detested Mrs. Digby as a scheming woman on the look-out to entrap an unwary heir for her numerous family, and had forbidden her mamma in that pretty retirement called the boudoir. With a softness quite unusual to her, Dulcy had stolen one arm round her mother's waist, and was resting her brow against her shoulder. The confession had been made, the successful daughter had been kissed and blessed abundantly, and still Dulcy kept that firm yet caressing hold upon her mother, as if she had yet more to say. Presently it came.

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So Mrs. Digby led her daughter to her room, and performed for her tender nursing offices, such as she had never put her hand to since poor Dulcy was ill of the scarlet fever, and would let no one else touch her. She understood, in part, the girl's sudden revulsion of feeling; but she knew that it would wear off, and believed that it had better not be expressed. When Dulcy's head was on her pillow she received her maternal benediction, and left her. As Dulcy was quite alone, and no spy peered into her chamber, we have no actual evidence that she passed half the night in miserable tears; but this is very probable, for she was unit to appear at breakfast the next morning, and for two days nobody called at the house saw her, not even Sir John Seamer.

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arranged that when the London season in town closed they should go abroad for a few months, and Lady Seamer had expressed great pathos at meeting with other wandering friends, when Sir John one night suddenly informed her that on the morrow she must prepare to go down to Netherlop; he was tired of London, and he was not in the humor for traveling.

Lady Seamer ventured to ask why? He told her (this it was like will), and that was enough. She acquiesced with a beautiful meekness, and it must have been a terrible fear that had brought Dulcy Digby to that pass of submission: but she said afterward, in confidence to her mother, "I dare not oppose him; it would be more than my life is worth even to plead with him; when he is in one of his passions he is capable of killing me, and I believe he would be no more responsible for it than a savage would be. Those days and nights of horrible, sickening terrors I went through last winter I can never tell you! I have wished myself dead many and many a morning."

This was what she had exchanged the chance of love and happiness with George Milner for! She had fine houses and fine equipages, costly jewels and many friends; but a husband whom she could only compare to a savage animal, and with whom she existed in terror of her life. Fear had rendered her very tractable; observing persons noticed how she deferred to Sir John's wishes, consulted his opinions, and watched his eye if it might be possible for her to divine his desire before it was expressed; and thoughtful persons said she was much to be pitied, and her mother was much to be blamed, and that Sir John Seamer would come of it, but that really they should not at all like to be in Lady Seamer's place, even for twice the pomp and splendor for which she had sacrificed herself.

During the third week in June Sir John and Lady Seamer went down thus unexpectedly to Netherlop, and there was a dreadful time returning to her house at Avenham. It was a country neighborhood, where the gentry had for the most part only carriages and horses, and therefore lived at home nearly all the year round. The arrival of the Seamers at Netherlop was therefore a gratification, and while the summer lasted they were made the object of numerous dinner-parties, picnics, and water-parties without end. Lady Seamer thankfully encouraged these moderate dissipations as a relief from the misery of her life, and keeping Sir John in good humor; the last depending now on a continuous effort which it was most strenuous and painful for her to have to make alone. People began to whisper that Lady Seamer led a life far from enviable with "that surly brute" her husband; but Sir John Seamer was known home again in October, his mother had twenty ugly stories to tell him of what was said to be going on at Netherlop.

But it was no concern of George's any more; Dulcy had chosen her own lot, and must abide by it. He was a barrister, and, perhaps, the wrongs and miseries which he saw done to him; he was very sorry, of course, but he had nothing more to say. Dulcy's brothers were angry with their mother for having encouraged the match, but obviously that could do no good; and as for a separation (which was suggested), there was no absolute cruelty to allege, and the law would have come forward to claim protection, which she would not; in fact, when questioned by any one except her mother, she systematically and intimately denied that she had any ground of complaint against Sir John; but the servants' tongues were free to wag, and they wagged to a very different tune.

During the autumn months Netherlop was filled with constant relays of guests; and when the shooting season was over and the hunting began, Sir John's house was kept unceasingly busy, and less time to annoy his wife, which was fortunate; for during the month of December Lady Seamer paid a visit to one of her friends, during which there were all the ordinary rejoicings.

The winter months passed away to the middle of March without any outbreak from Sir John of more than average ferocity; but about that time George Milner came down into the country on a visit to his friends in company with whom he called at Netherlop. Sir John was out; but the visitors saw Lady Seamer looking handsomer than ever, in great spirits, and with a color quite capable of being an ill-used wife. Lady Milner said it was all put on. She half seen Dulcy frantically clutch at the corner of her to keep a veil over her wretchedness with the world in general; it did not mend matters to make them the gossip of the neighborhood.

For three weeks past there had been dry weather and a parching east wind, which was blowing keenly over the hills as Lady Milner and her son drove away from Netherlop. Its carriage stood at the fine old mansion perched above the Nethercliff, below which roared and boiled the Loup, tumbling from ridge to ridge of its rock, all white with foam and spray. Seen from the road, the house appeared in some parts almost to overhang the precipice, but there was really a terrace of some twenty feet in width between the walls and the cliff above the Loup; a very agile and surefooted man could even descend to the bed of the torrent by clinging to the bushes and springing to projecting ledges on the face of the rock, but it was a very hazardous feat, and not one that was often attempted. The situation was picturesque in the highest degree, with its mingling of wood and water, gray cliff and green turf; but whether it was worth having the price Dulcy had paid for it, George could not determine. That night, when Mrs. Digby was about to retire to bed, less at ease in her mind now than she used to be on those maxims of worldly wisdom in which she had trained her daughter, she put aside the curtain from the window to look out, as her custom was, toward Netherlop. It was full moon, and the bare outline of the hills was distinct, even the Netherlop hills, three miles away: and with a high, still tempered by a lurking hope that matters would grow more harmonious there by-and-by, she dropped the drapery and betook herself to her bed.

In the dead of the night she was awakened by a cry below her window, "Mamma, mamma!" and then the house-bell rang as if pulled by a terrified tremulous hand, and the agonized voice rose again, "Mamma, mamma!" Mrs. Digby thought for a moment that she was the victim of a horrible nightmare, but that was simply because she had heard a scurry of feet, and by the time she had got out upon the landing the door was being hastily opened below, and her old servant, who had lived with her ever since her own marriage, exclaimed, in accents of awe and amazement,

"Lord bless my heart upon us, Miss Dulcy! but you must be stark staring mad to ha' run across the country a night like this, and nothing on but your night-clothes and the blessed light o' Goodness grant you ha' not both gotten your deaths!" And trembling as if she had the palsy, Mrs. Digby tottered down the stairs and received in her arms the form of her daughter, who hugged her vehemently, exclaiming,

"Oh, mamma, we are safe, we are safe!" in hysterical sobs of terror and thankfulness.

By this time all the household was assembled, and the women, in sympathetic sorrow, got the poor young creature and her child into a warm room and bathed her bleeding feet. The old nurse and Mrs. Digby listened to her spasmodic complaints and exclamations, and heard the case as well as they could. Dreadful shivers ran through and through her frame, and sometimes her words were lost in wild thirst for water. She was seized with sudden frenzy; but they were true enough.

"He swore he would kill me," was one of these revelations; "he has said so often before; but tonight I know he meant he would, and I waited until the house was still, and then I thought I would get away; but he had fastened my door on the outside, and there was only the window, and while I was listening and thinking, I heard a crackling in the corridor, and I knew he had begun to curl in at the crevices, and there was a smell of fire. So I took up baby and put a blanket over him; he screamed, poor mite, as I let down over by the great old ivy bushes on the tower. Oh, mother! and I got down by the Loup and over the water."

"Eh, Lady Seamer, but that was a long step, but the angels helped you, surely!" cried her nurse. But Lady Seamer had to have to make alone. People began to whisper that Lady Seamer led a life far from enviable with "that surly brute" her husband; but Sir John Seamer was known home again in October, his mother had twenty ugly stories to tell him of what was said to be going on at Netherlop.

But it was no concern of George's any more; Dulcy had chosen her own lot, and must abide by it. He was a barrister, and, perhaps, the wrongs and miseries which he saw done to him; he was very sorry, of course, but he had nothing more to say. Dulcy's brothers were angry with their mother for having encouraged the match, but obviously that could do no good; and as for a separation (which was suggested), there was no absolute cruelty to allege, and the law would have come forward to claim protection, which she would not; in fact, when questioned by any one except her mother, she systematically and intimately denied that she had any ground of complaint against Sir John; but the servants' tongues were free to wag, and they wagged to a very different tune.

During the autumn months Netherlop was filled with constant relays of guests; and when the shooting season was over and the hunting began, Sir John's house was kept unceasingly busy, less time to annoy his wife, which was fortunate; for during the month of December Lady Seamer paid a visit to one of her friends, during which there were all the ordinary rejoicings.

The winter months passed away to the middle of March without any outbreak from Sir John of more than average ferocity; but about that time George Milner came down into the country on a visit to his friends in company with whom he called at Netherlop. Sir John was out; but the visitors saw Lady Seamer looking handsomer than ever, in great spirits, and with a color quite capable of being an ill-used wife. Lady Milner said it was all put on. She half seen Dulcy frantically clutch at the corner of her to keep a veil over her wretchedness with the world in general; it did not mend matters to make them the gossip of the neighborhood.

For three weeks past there had been dry weather and a parching east wind, which was blowing keenly over the hills as Lady Milner and her son drove away from Netherlop. Its carriage stood at the fine old mansion perched above the Nethercliff, below which roared and boiled the Loup, tumbling from ridge to ridge of its rock, all white with foam and spray. Seen from the road, the house appeared in some parts almost to overhang the precipice, but there was really a terrace of some twenty feet in width between the walls and the cliff above the Loup; a very agile and surefooted man could even descend to the bed of the torrent by clinging to the bushes and springing to projecting ledges on the face of the rock, but it was a very hazardous feat, and not one that was often attempted. The situation was picturesque in the highest degree, with its mingling of wood and water, gray cliff and green turf; but whether it was worth having the price Dulcy had paid for it, George could not determine. That night, when Mrs. Digby was about to retire to bed, less at ease in her mind now than she used to be on those maxims of worldly wisdom in which she had trained her daughter, she put aside the curtain from the window to look out, as her custom was, toward Netherlop. It was full moon, and the bare outline of the hills was distinct, even the Netherlop hills, three miles away: and with a high, still tempered by a lurking hope that mat-

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

CONGRESS.

On Monday, January 7, in the Senate, a petition was presented for a National Convention to meet in Philadelphia on 4th March, to consider the present state of affairs, or submitting the Crittenden resolutions to the people. Senator Crittenden spoke at length in compromising vein, followed by Senator Toombs, who made a war speech.——In the House, after some preliminary business, Mr. Curry, Cobb of Alabama and Etheridge of Tennessee, the General Appropriation Bill was passed with an amendment appropriating $135,000 for a national post-office. Mr. Adrain, of New Jersey, spoke at length in favor of the resolution to thank the bold and patriotic act of Major Anderson in evacuating Fort Moultrie and occupying Fort Sumter, and pledging the House to adopt such measures as may be recommended measures to enforce the laws and preserve the Union. After an interchange of views by Mr. Clingman, Mr. Barr, Mr. Pryor, of Kentucky, for a withdrawal of the resolution, a vote was carried on a motion to lay the whole subject on the table, and resulted 124 for and only 62 against suspension. The resolution was then put upon its passage, and carried by 134 votes, while only 55 were cast against it.

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On Wednesday, in the Senate, the President's Message on the agitated condition of the country was read, and Senator Crittenden obtained leave to introduce to Senator Davis, who made some remarks on the South Carolina Commissioners' correspondence, and leave of absence. On motion of Senator Bigler, of Pennsylvania, the Message was referred to a special committee of five, with power to investigate every thing pertaining to the present difficulties, and with liberty to send for persons and papers. There was strenuous opposition to the appointment of a committee, but it was thrown by a vote of 123 against 62. The House subsequently went into the Committee of the Whole on the Civil and Miscellaneous Appropriation Bill, but rose without debate, and adjourned over to Monday next.

On Thursday, 10th, Senator Slidell, of Louisiana, called up a resolution offered by him on Wednesday, encouraging the President for appointing a Secretary of War at once, to give confidence to the people. After debate, a vote was taken on its passage, and the result was 25 for and 17 against. Senator Davis, of Mississippi, then proceeded to make a speech on the state of the Union. When he had concluded, a resolution was offered by Senator Crittenden with the Special Committee of Thirty-three, and declared his disappointment with the action of that committee. He despaired of any good being effected through their deliberations, but seemed the House that if another week was allowed to elapse it would be too late for the introduction of any measure to save the Union. Various memorials and other papers relating to the national troubles were presented and laid on the table for the present, among them the resolutions of the New York Common Council, approving the conduct of Major Anderson and the determination of the President to enforce the laws. The House

then proceeded to the consideration of District of Columbia business, but transacted without any thing.

On Friday, 11th, in the Senate, Senator Hunter, of Virginia, on the present condition of affairs in the country. He was followed by Senator Durkee, of Iowa.——In the House, Mr. Looney, of Illinois, asked leave to offer a resolution recommending the President to confer temporarily upon General Scott the power of Commander-in-Chief of the Army and Navy, with a charge to see that the Republic receives no detriment. Objection was made, and no action was taken on it. The House, then, after the consideration of private bills, passed the Civil and Miscellaneous Appropriation bill, and adjourned.

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The House Special Committee of Thirty-three have closed their deliberations, and will probably soon be ready to report. The two propositions submitted by Mr. Davis, of Indiana—that have been posted to the States from armed invasion, and for the relief of citizens of the several States while traveling or sojourning in other States—were the two principal points. The proposition was not formally previously adopted, provided for the admission of New Mexico by the amendment of the Constitution. Mr. Lee, giving a brief by jury at the place of escape, and requesting Northern States to repeal the Personal Liberty Laws, and for such an amendment of the Constitution as will make it impossible ever hereafter to amend it so as to interfere with Slavery in the States.

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The select treason committee of the House has been named by the Speaker, as follows:—Alabama, Mr. Curry, Republican; Hickman, of Pennsylvania, Republican; Dawes, of Massachusetts, Republican; John Cochran, of New York, Democrat; Branch, of North Carolina, Democrat.

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The correspondence between the South Carolina Commissioners and President Buchanan appears in the papers. It consists of three letters, the first dated December 28, from the Commissioners to the President, in which they demand, as a preliminary to all negotiation, a disapproval by the President of the act of Congress, and that Sumter, Fort Sumter, the second, dated December 30, from the President, in which, while admitting that the Commissioners acted without express orders, he yet refuses to repudiate the act; and the third, dated January 1, in which the Commissioners attempt to refute the allegations of the President's letter, in which he justifies his own official conduct. This last letter the President returned to the Commissioners with the following indorsement on its back: "This paper, just presented to the President, is of such a character that he declines to receive it."

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Since our last several changes have been made in the Cabinet. Secretary Thompson, of the Interior, resigned on 8th; he has not been replaced. Secretary Howard Thomas resigned, and was succeeded by John A. Dix, of New York. Mr. Holt continues to act as Secretary of War.

WHY MR. THOMPSON RESIGNED.

The following correspondence has been published:

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"SIR,—It is with extreme regret I have just learned that additional troops have been ordered to Charleston. This subject has been frequently discussed in Cabinet Council; and when, on Monday night, 31st December last, the order for reinforcements to Fort Sumter were unanimously and distinctly understood that no such order of the kind would be made without being previously reconsidered in Cabinet Council. At less than on Wednesday, January 2, this subject was again discussed in Cabinet, but previously to the meeting of Council, and the War Department was not justified in ordering reinforcements to Charleston. Under these circumstances I have left my resignation with the President, this morning, for the first time, that the steamer Star of the West sailed from New York on Saturday night with two hundred and fifty men, under Lieutenant Brooke, destined for Fort Sumter. Under these circumstances I feel myself bound to resign my commission, as one of your Constitutional advisers, into your hands. With high respect, your obedient servant,

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"His Excellency, James Buchanan, President of the United States."

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"On Monday evening, 31st December, 1860, I suspended the order which had been issued on the 29th by the War Department to send the Brooklyn with reinforcements to Fort Sumter, and the Star of the West with the same troops. I stated to you my reason for this suspension, which you have, from its nature, would be kept confidential in consequence of your request, however, I promised that this order should not be executed without being previously considered and decided in Cabinet.' This promise was faithfully observed on my part. In order to carry it into effect I called a special Cabinet meeting on Wednesday, Dec. 26, January, 1861, in which the question of sending reinforcements to Fort Sumter was amply discussed by yourself and others. The decided majority of opinions was against the policy of reinforcing the garrison of the South Carolina 'Commissioners' to my communication to them of 31 in January we received and read, the moment of my decision much indignation among the members of the Cabinet. After this had been read, I proposed to read the following language: 'It is now all over, and reinforcements must be sent.' Before I had time to utter another word, however, that after this letter the Cabinet would be unanimous, and I would not have had time to read it. The next and issue of the letter left no doubt on my mind that Fort Sumter would be immediately attacked, and under the necessity of sending reinforcements there without delay.

"While your views on Wednesday, January 2, this subject was again discussed in Cabinet, you say, 'but every mind on conclusion was reached, and the War Department was not justified in ordering reinforcements without something more than was then said.' You are certainly mistaken in alleging this 'no conclusion was reached.' In this your recollection is entirely different from that of your four oldest colleagues in the Cabinet. Indeed, my language was so unmistakable that the Secretaries of War and the Navy proceeded to act upon it without any further intercourse with myself than what you heard or might have heard me say. You had been so emphatic in opposing these reinforcements that I thought you would resign in consequence of my decision. I deeply regret that you have been unwilling to act with me in this matter. I believe honestly mistaken. Still it is certain you have not the time been mistaken.

"Yours, very respectfully, JAMES BUCHANAN.

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Governor Hicks has published an address to the citizens of Maryland, giving his reasons for refusing to convene the Legislature. It indicates alarm of the American, and abounds in the most emphatic Union sentiments. The following are extracts:

"I firmly believe that a division of this Government would inevitably produce civil war. The secession leaders in South Carolina, and the fanatical demagogues of the North, have aided and abetted each other in the work of evil and no man of reason, in my opinion, can question it. Shall could the Legislature do this end? Is this evil, which will move the present troubles which beset the Union? We have been deprived, by the action of the South Carolina Convention, that neither the election of Mr. Lincoln nor the non-execution of the fugitive slave law by any State could be pleaded, constitute their grievances. They declare that the real cause of difficulty dates back as far back as 1850. Maryland, and every other State in the Union, with united voice, then declared the cure insufficient to justify the course of South Carolina. Even the Union men, who then unanimously supported the cause of General Jackson, will not justify secession for the causes now so modern Secessionists. I have been told that the position of Maryland should be defined. I think her position can understand it. Do any really understand her position? Who's that which I have already said in my letter of 11? Action of the Legislature would be simply to declare that Maryland is still in favor of the Union as it was, that the demands from the North the repeal of offensive, unconstitutional statutes, which she has not, is conscientious; that she will wait reasonable time for the North to change her statute laws, and for justice to her Southern brethren, and if her appeals are vain, will make common cause with the South. I believe that the Legislature would, if need be, it would only be saying what the whole country well knows, and which may be said much more effectually by the people themselves in their elections. But if the Legislature should eighteen months since, when none of the present complications existed, declared that the Personal Liberty Law is a conservative Southern State still know who know any thing of her people or her position. Her Legislature is of cultured citizens—planters, merchants, mechanics, and laboring men—there is not a class in the State which is represented who would be forced to pay the taxes and do the fighting. Are they more than those who stand by the Government to extend politicians, many of whom, having nothing to lose from the destruction of the Government, are ever to receive some gain from the ruin of the State. Such men will unjustly denounce the Legislature the editors of this 'secured Union,' which their allies at the South have nominated a 'covenant with hell.'

"The people of Maryland, if left to themselves, would decide, with scarcely an exception, that there is nothing in the present cause to justify a dissolution of the Union, secession; and yet, against our judgments and solemn protestations of the people of the Southern States in this revolution, because South Carolina thinks differently. Are we prepared to go with her in consequence of her decision? After we have solemnly declared for ourselves, as every man must do, that there is no cause for secession, besides to those of another State, and the effect, may be to inaugurate a civil war between the States, are we prepared to go with her in consequence of her decision? After we have solemnly declared for ourselves, as every man must do, that there is no cause for secession, besides to those of another State, and the effect, may be to inaugurate a civil war between the States, are we prepared to go with her in consequence of her decision? Are we bound to obey her commands?

"The people of Maryland are not implicated in this scheme to overthrow the Legislature will spare no pains to carry their point. The whole plan of operations in the event of the assembling of the Legislature is laid out. Their emissaries already marked out, the list of Embassadors who are to visit the other States, and the list of the Commissioners which they hope will be passed by the Legislature, fully empowered to act in the emergency which is to be already prepared.

"In the course of nature I can not have long to live, and I fervently trust to be allowed to end my days a citizen of a free State. But how should I be able to submit to witness the downfall of that Government inherited from our fathers, established by the valor and wisdom of the old God, I will at least have the consolation, at my dying hour, that I withdraw by word or deed assisted in hastening its disruption.

THOMAS H. HICKS."

MESSAGE OF THE GOVERNOR OF VIRGINIA.

Governor Letcher's Message, alluding to the condition of the country, says that the State of Virginia is prepared if imminent, and all true patriots are exerting themselves to save us from threatened danger. He says the only question in his last Message for a convention of all the states, and says: "It is unnecessary for me to say that I have not destroyed merely because men can not agree about a definite limitation. Disruption is inevitable, and of confederations are to be formed we must have the best guarantees for security. Virginia will not secede, but, if she does, she denies the unity action of South Carolina, which has taken her destinies entirely into her own hands. She has no official reference to her course and he not been invited to do so by her late Commissioners, who have gone home to Carolina. The non-invalidating States are chargeable for the present condition of affairs by their course. Under these circumstances I feel myself bound to resign my commission, as one of your Constitutional advisers, into your hands. With high respect, your obedient servant,

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Governor Hicks has published an address to the citizens of Maryland, giving his reasons for refusing to convene the Legislature. It indicates alarm of the American, and abounds in the most emphatic Union sentiments. The following are extracts:

"I firmly believe that a division of this Government would inevitably produce civil war. The secession leaders in South Carolina, and the fanatical demagogues of the North, have aided and abetted each other in the work of evil and no man of reason, in my opinion, can question it. Shall could the Legislature do this end? Is this evil, which will move the present troubles which beset the Union? We have been deprived, by the action of the South Carolina Convention, that neither the election of Mr. Lincoln nor the non-execution of the fugitive slave law by any State could be pleaded, constitute their grievances. They declare that the real cause of difficulty dates back as far back as 1850. Maryland, and every other State in the Union, with united voice, then declared the cure insufficient to justify the course of South Carolina. Even the Union men, who then unanimously supported the cause of General Jackson, will not justify secession for the causes now so modern Secessionists. I have been told that the position of Maryland should be defined. I think her position can understand it. Do any really understand her position? Who's that which I have already said in my letter of 11? Action of the Legislature would be simply to declare that Maryland is still in favor of the Union as it was, that the demands from the North the repeal of offensive, unconstitutional statutes, which she has not, is conscientious; that she will wait reasonable time for the North to change her statute laws, and for justice to her Southern brethren, and if her appeals are vain, will make common cause with the South. I believe that the Legislature would, if need be, it would only be saying what the whole country well knows, and which may be said much more effectually by the people themselves in their elections. But if the Legislature should eighteen months since, when none of the present complications existed, declared that the Personal Liberty Law is a conservative Southern State still know who know any thing of her people or her position. Her Legislature is of cultured citizens—planters, merchants, mechanics, and laboring men—there is not a class in the State which is represented who would be forced to pay the taxes and do the fighting. Are they more than those who stand by the Government to extend politicians, many of whom, having nothing to lose from the destruction of the Government, are ever to receive some gain from the ruin of the State. Such men will unjustly denounce the Legislature the editors of this 'secured Union,' which their allies at the South have nominated a 'covenant with hell.'

"The people of Maryland, if left to themselves, would decide, with scarcely an exception, that there is nothing in the present cause to justify a dissolution of the Union, secession; and yet, against our judgments and solemn protestations of the people of the Southern States in this revolution, because South Carolina thinks differently. Are we prepared to go with her in consequence of her decision? After we have solemnly declared for ourselves, as every man must do, that there is no cause for secession, besides to those of another State, and the effect, may be to inaugurate a civil war between the States, are we prepared to go with her in consequence of her decision? After we have solemnly declared for ourselves, as every man must do, that there is no cause for secession, besides to those of another State, and the effect, may be to inaugurate a civil war between the States, are we prepared to go with her in consequence of her decision? Are we bound to obey her commands?

"The people of Maryland are not implicated in this scheme to overthrow the Legislature will spare no pains to carry their point. The whole plan of operations in the event of the assembling of the Legislature is laid out. Their emissaries already marked out, the list of Embassadors who are to visit the other States, and the list of the Commissioners which they hope will be passed by the Legislature, fully empowered to act in the emergency which is to be already prepared.

"In the course of nature I can not have long to live, and I fervently trust to be allowed to end my days a citizen of a free State. But how should I be able to submit to witness the downfall of that Government inherited from our fathers, established by the valor and wisdom of the old God, I will at least have the consolation, at my dying hour, that I withdraw by word or deed assisted in hastening its disruption.

THOMAS H. HICKS."

MESSAGE OF THE GOVERNOR OF VIRGINIA.

Governor Letcher's Message, alluding to the condition of the country, says that the State of Virginia is prepared if imminent, and all true patriots are exerting themselves to save us from threatened danger. He says the only question in his last Message for a convention of all the states, and says: "It is unnecessary for me to say that I have not destroyed merely because men can not agree about a definite limitation. Disruption is inevitable, and of confederations are to be formed we must have the best guarantees for security. Virginia will not secede, but, if she does, she denies the unity action of South Carolina, which has taken her destinies entirely into her own hands. She has no official reference to her course and he not been invited to do so by her late Commissioners, who have gone home to Carolina. The non-invalidating States are chargeable for the present condition of affairs by their course. Under these circumstances I feel myself bound to resign my commission, as one of your Constitutional advisers, into your hands. With high respect, your obedient servant,

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"While your views on Wednesday, January 2, this subject was again discussed in Cabinet, you say, 'but every mind on conclusion was reached, and the War Department was not justified in ordering reinforcements without something more than was then said.' You are certainly mistaken in alleging this 'no conclusion was reached.' In this your recollection is entirely different from that of your four oldest colleagues in the Cabinet. Indeed, my language was so unmistakable that the Secretaries of War and the Navy proceeded to act upon it without any further intercourse with myself than what you heard or might have heard me say. You had been so emphatic in opposing these reinforcements that I thought you would resign

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

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The Special Message of President Buchanan in reference to the present agitated condition of the country, and particularly regarding the recent action of South Carolina, was on 9th sent to Congress. The Message was prepared immediately on the departure of the South Carolina Commissioners from Washington, and the President has endeavor to induce the Administration to surrender the Forts in Charleston Harbor to the new State. But the most important feature of the document is in reference to the exercise of the federal power in the execution of the Federal property. The President says there is no alternative but to Coercion, the reverse of which is, that the subject the public property so far as practicable under existing laws. The right and duty to use the military and naval forces against those who illegally annul the Government are clear and indisputable; but he says that the present state of things revolutionary, and beyond Executive control, and hence he asks for wide popularity of action by the sovereign upon Congress, which alone has the power to declare war, or to recover a property lost by a defective title or war. He therefore appeals to Congress to take some measures to quiet the public mind, by the passage or retention of the 34 36' 30' Compromise line as calculated to produce a real result. He alleges, as a reason for the Executive not having recommended to Major Anderson, that such an action would have furnished the pretext, if not the provocation, for assault upon the forts, and that Congress and at the same time admits that Fort Moultrie has been attacked which Anderson could not prevent, and possibly more than sixty hours.

THE HOUSE PEORIAN COMMITTEE.

The House Special Committee of Thirty-three have closed their deliberations, and will probably soon be ready to report. The two propositions submitted by Mr. Davis, of Indiana—that have been posted to the States from armed invasion, and for the relief of citizens of the several States while traveling or sojourning in other States—were the two principal points. The proposition was not formally previously adopted, provided for the admission of New Mexico by the amendment of the Constitution. Mr. Lee, giving a brief by jury at the place of escape, and requesting Northern States to repeal the Personal Liberty Laws, and for such an amendment of the Constitution as will make it impossible ever hereafter to amend it so as to interfere with Slavery in the States.

THE TEXAS COMMITTEE.

The select treason committee of the House has been named by the Speaker, as follows:—Alabama, Mr. Curry, Republican; Hickman, of Pennsylvania, Republican; Dawes, of Massachusetts, Republican; John Cochran, of New York, Democrat; Branch, of North Carolina, Democrat.

CORRESPONDENCE BETWEEN THE SOUTH CAROLINA COMMISSIONERS AND THE PRESIDENT.

The correspondence between the South Carolina Commissioners and President Buchanan appears in the papers. It consists of three letters, the first dated December 28, from the Commissioners to the President, in which they demand, as a preliminary to all negotiation, a disapproval by the President of the act of Congress, and that Sumter, the second, dated December 30, from the President, in which, while admitting that the Commissioners acted without express orders, he yet refuses to repudiate the act; and the third, dated January 1, in which the Commissioners attempt to refute the allegations of the President's letter, in which he justifies his own official conduct. This last letter the President returned to the Commissioners with the following indorsement on its back: "This paper, just presented to the President, is of such a character that he declines to receive it."

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WHY MR. THOMPSON RESIGNED.

The following correspondence has been published:

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"SIR,—It is with extreme regret I have just learned that additional troops have been ordered to Charleston. This subject has been frequently discussed in Cabinet Council; and when, on Monday night, 31st December last, the order for reinforcements to Fort Sumter were unanimously and distinctly understood that no such order of the kind would be made without being previously reconsidered in Cabinet Council. At less than on Wednesday, January 2, this subject was again discussed in Cabinet, but previously to the meeting of Council, and the War Department was not justified in ordering reinforcements to Charleston. Under these circumstances I have left my resignation with the President, this morning, for the first time, that the steamer Star of the West sailed from New York on Saturday night with two hundred and fifty men, under Lieutenant Brooke, destined for Fort Sumter. Under these circumstances I feel myself bound to resign my commission, as one of your Constitutional advisers, into your hands. With high respect, your obedient servant,

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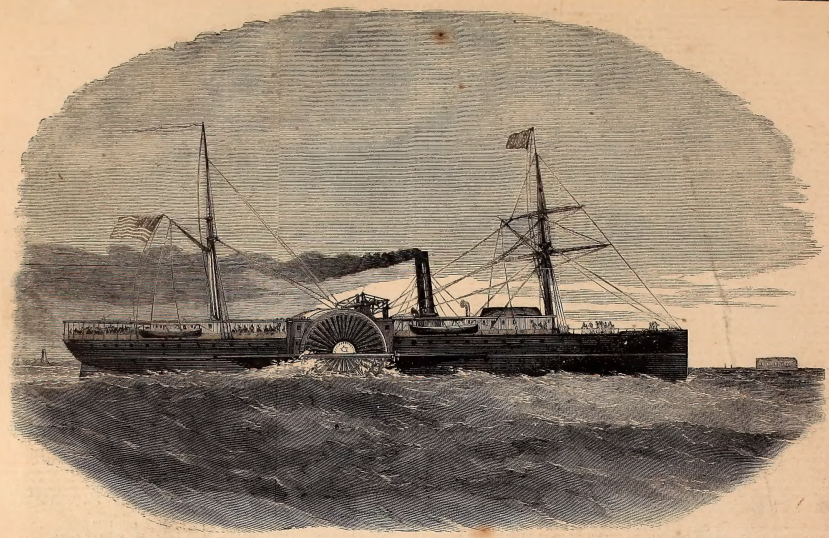


THE STEAMSHIP "STAR OF THE WEST."

THE FIRST OF THE WAR.

WE publish herewith pictures of the United States steam-sloop *Brooklyn*, of the steamship *Star of the West*, and of the steamship *Marion*, which three vessels figured so prominently in the movements of last week; and on page 37 we give a large plan of Charleston harbor, showing the forts, etc., together with a view of Fort Johnson. These pictures will enable our readers to realize what is going on in this most memorable contest of the present age.

On Wednesday morning, January 9, 1861, the first shots were fired. At daybreak on that morning the steamship *Star of the West*, with 250 United States troops on board, attempted to enter the harbor of Charleston for the purpose of communicating with Fort Sumter. The people of Charleston had been warned of her coming and of her errand by telegraph. They determined to prevent her reaching Fort Sumter. Accordingly, as soon as she came within range, batteries on Morris Island and at Fort Moultrie opened on her. The first shot was fired across her bows; whereupon she increased her speed, and hoisted the stars and stripes. Other shots were then fired in rapid succession from Morris Island, two or more of which hulled the steamer, and compelled her to put about and go to sea. The accompanying picture shows the *Star of the West* as she entered Charleston harbor; the plan will explain the situation of the forts, and the position of the steamer when she was fired upon. The channel through which she passed runs close by Morris Island for some distance.

Fort Sumter made no demonstration, except at the port-holes, where guns were run out bearing on Morris Island.

About eleven o'clock A.M. on 9th a boat from Fort Sumter, bearing Lieutenant Hall with a white flag, approached the city. Lieutenant Hall had an interview with Governor Pickens, and was afterward escorted to his boat and re-embarked for Fort Sumter. The communication from Major Anderson was as follows:

MAJOR ANDERSON TO GOVERNOR PICKENS.

"*To His Excellency the Governor of South Carolina:*

"SIR,—Two of your batteries fired this morning on an unarmed vessel bearing the flag of my government. As I have not been notified that war has been declared by South Carolina against the United States, I can not but think this a hostile act, committed without your sanction

THE STEAMSHIP "MARION," SEIZED BY THE STATE OF SOUTH CAROLINA TO BE CONVERTED INTO A MAN-OF-WAR.

THE UNITED STATES SLOOP OF WAR "BROOKLYN."

ce authority. Under that hope I refrain from opening fire on your batteries. I have the honor, therefore, respectfully to ask whether the above-mentioned supplies, which I believe without parallel in the history of our country or any other civilized government—are committed in obedience to your instructions, and notify you, if it is not disclaimed, that I regard it as an act of war, and I shall not, after reasonable time for the return of my messenger, permit any vessel to pass within the range of the guns of my fort.

"In order to save, as far as it is in my power, the shedding of blood, I beg you will take due notification of my decision for the good of all concerned. Hoping, however, your answer may justify a further continuance of forbearance on my part, I remain, respectfully,

"ROBERT ANDERSON."

"Governor Pickens, after stating the position of South Carolina to the United States, says that any attempt of United States troops into Charleston harbor to reinforce the forts would be regarded as an act of hostility, and in accordance with that any attempt to reinforce the troops at Fort Sumter, or to retake and resume possession of the forts within the waters of South Carolina, Major Anderson abandoned after spiking the cannon and doing other damages, can not be regarded by the authorities of the State as indicative of any intention but that coercion of the State by the armed force of the Government.

"Special agents, therefore, have been off the bar to warn approaching vessels, armed and unarmed, having troops to reinforce Fort Sumter of the fact, and to order the harbor. Special orders have been given the commanders at the forts not to fire on such vessels until a second arrives their hero should warn them of the prohibition of the State. Under these circumstances the *Star of the West*, it is understood, this morning attempted to enter the harbor with troops, after having been notified she could not enter, and consequently she was fired into. The act is perfectly justified by law.

"In regard to your threat about vessels in the harbor, it is only necessary for me to say you must be the judge of your responsibility. Your position in the harbor has been tolerated by the authorities of the State, and from the act of which you complain is in perfect consistency with the rights and duties of the State, it is no perceived how far the conduct you propose to do can find a parallel in the history of any country, or be reconciled with any other purpose than that of your government imposing on the State the condition of a conquered province.

"I. W. PICKENS."

To His Excellency Governor Pickens:

"SIR,—I have the honor to acknowledge the receipt of your communication, and say that, under the circumstances, I have deemed it proper to refer the whole matter to my Government, and intend deferring the course I indicated in my note this morning until the arrival from Washington of such instructions as they receive.

"I have the honor also to express the hope that no obstructions will be placed in the way, and that you will permit the ferry of giving facility for the departure and return of the bearer, Lieutenant T. Talbot, who is directed to make the journey.

"I am, sir, your obedient servant, ROBERT ANDERSON."

Lieut. Talbot left Charleston accordingly for Washington, without hinderance by the authorities.

The picture on page 37 will convey to the beholder some idea of the work going on at Fort Johnson, on the nearest extremity of James Island to Fort Sumter. In the event of an attack upon that Fort from the shore, Fort Johnson would most naturally be the principle point from which the attack would be made. At present it is hardly a fortified point, there being nothing but a few barracks and a few store-houses to certify to its military character. But the Charleston papers state that men are busily engaged in throwing up earth-works and batteries there.

STEAMSHIP "MARION."

The steamship *Marion*, 800 tons burden, of the New York and Charleston line, was seized by the State authorities of South Carolina on 10th, to be converted into a vessel of war. She was built here by Jacob Bell, and was launched on February 3, 1851. At the time of her capture she was commanded by Captain Sam Whiting.

STEAMSHIP SLOOP OF WAR "BROOKLYN."

The *Brooklyn* is at present hourly expected at Charleston, and may take an active part in any future contest at that point. She was launched at New York on the 27th of July, 1858, and took her place on the navy list of the 4th of August, 1860. She is by far the largest sloop of war in our navy, or in the world, and carries the heaviest battery ever placed on the deck of any vessel of her class; yet she only draws 16 feet water. Her length on deck is 247 feet, breadth of beam 43 feet, depth of hold 24½ feet, being 2000 tons government measurement; and is rated at 14 guns on the navy register, although pierced for 24 9-inch shell guns and two 10-inch pivot guns, the weight of each being nearly six tons. Her 9-inch and most combings on this deck are of mahogany—a wood never before used for such a purpose in our navy. All the spare spars required, together with three boats, are carried upon a bridge amidships, elevated above the deck sufficiently high to walk under, which is an entirely new arrangement. By this improvement the space upon deck is kept clear and unobstructed for working the guns. Her entire complement is about 1000 men. The captain's cabin occupies the space of 25 feet in length at the after end of this deck. The boilers are Martin's patent, now generally adopted in the naval service. Her propeller is of composition, 14 feet 6 inches in diameter, and weighing 13,500 pounds. It is arranged for hoisting on deck when not needed, and can be taken out of water by means of a capstan, arranged for the purpose, in less than two minutes. She is spurred precisely like sailing vessels of similar tonnage in the merchant service, her screw being merely an auxiliary affair. Her speed is estimated at ten knots under steam.

A BRANCH FOR A CHRISTMAS-TREE.

THE mean stairs of the tenement-house rattled and creaked with the steps of late risters; all the foot-worn boards sprang again with the tread of loutish men that stumbled through the damp, ill-lighted halls of the house No. 600 and odd Fourth Street.

With the cap of Fortunatus on I saw what I relate.

In one meagre, garret room of the house aforesaid sat, on a Christmas-Eve, a lady and a child. I knew she was such by her voice, manner, and gesture, in spite of the mean garb which covered her. She worked upon a sewing-machine. All the fittings of the room said poverty: for they were the remnants of a once fine suit of furniture. A handsome bureau and a cheap chair eyed each other askance; the chair with ill-concealed plebeian contempt frowned upon the bureau, and it with lofty indifference held itself high above its neighbor. Will only? The child sat upon the floor, carried in its case. The child sat upon the floor, with its tiny legs crossed outside its dress; in its hand it held a stocking.

"Shall I hang it up, mamma?" she asked.

I thought from where I stood that mamma had not heard her; for she kept on working until a long, and the machine stopped its clicking. The little Yankee clock on the mantle, interpreting the lady's thoughts, struck every second, "Be quick!" "Be quick!" "Be quick!"

"Shall you hang it up, my child? Yes, indeed you shall, though Heaven alone knows who will fill it. What indeed is left to us in the world?"

She fell into a reverie, and thoughts of other Christmas-Eves, past and gone, were running in her head. She saw the gay parlor of her father, and stirred upon the floor; its red lips moved convulsively, which the mother seeing, caught the baby up and hushed it to her bosom until it fell asleep. When she saw this was accomplished she put the child upon the bed, hung the red stocking by the mantle, and filling her shawl on went out.

With the cap on I followed.

When the close air of the corridors was passed we came to the open air among the lights and the throng of dirt, but riotous by reason of the anniversary of the dear Christ's birth. I thought, and the lady thought, that even the gas-lamps burned brighter and the stars shone. I know that the snow shining more brilliantly than ever, and that the white beams they scintillated through the cold air were only the rays of the Star of the East which rose near upon that night. Carefully threading our way, we went toward the Bowery. All the living tide of people was setting in that direction; and rows of humanity upon the walk; all their pockets were plethoric; all their baskets ran over; all the sweet-voiced bells of Christmas chimed vividly in the faces of the populace: for, as I knew, and the people knew, they had forgotten care, and were careless. Lights, lights, lights! Lights burning in each window where toys were for sale, where all the wondrous people of fairy-land had their abiding places. In some shops there were great trees with such wealth of gifts about upon them of every kind that I looked about to see the trap-door, and the ring with the magician above; for surely we were in Aladdin's cave. Some were already upon the counter and entered one of these little stores. The lady, after looking all about, purchased a doll and some sweetmeats, and, with a heavy heart, drew her purse to a dollar. She put it down with a sigh, and was going away. There were many people in the store, and among them a handsome woman with a fur collar to his cloak. He saw the look and action of my companion, and motioned the shopkeeper to give it her. She took it with a surprised look of gratitude, and left the store. I followed behind.

I should have known it was Christmas-Eve by this gentleman's action.

As we wended our way with swift steps homeward I heard the sound of feet pursuing us. The lady looked back and I also. We saw a man in a fur collar coming down the street after us: when we stopped, he also stopped; as we loitered, he also loitered: his acts were the counterpart of ours. I had thought to doff my cap and render assistance if need be; but he never came any nearer, and we walked on. As we turned the last corner but seven up and the place where the child lay quietly sleeping we both looked back: in the bright starlight the Fur Collar was coming down the street at a swinging pace: intelligent, he also landed in the door, just to see the Fur Collar turn the corner and discover her retreat. What evil thoughts had he masked under that fur collar?

Then I pondered; can this be Christmas-Eve?

Panting and breathless the lady gained her room; she looked at the child, and laid her head on her shoulder; it lay so softly in its rest, with one idle arm of ivory over its face to ward off the world and life, that I wished I too were a baby asleep upon Christmas-Eve. Afterward the lady took the sewing-machine and put it away in a corner; then the doll and sweetmeats were placed in the stocking and hung over the mantle; then she undid first all upon them on waking; then going to the bureau she took from thence a miniature, and gone were and faded her tears.

If I had been visible to mortal eyes then I should have been seen in a corner with folded arms and gathered brow closely watching. This was what the lady said:

"It is no harm to look upon your face now, dear Walter; it is no sin, since my husband is gone. Oh, why did you not come before I was sold, and take me to your heart as you promised?"

Why, indeed? I said to myself, and peeped over her shoulder. A sweet, young man's face, full of kind light in the eyes and altogether most noble-featured.

The lady reached and took up the letters with tender care—how old and how silent the room and the world were then! I thought I heard the beatings of her heart as she read the love-words of ivory breast. I surely saw her bodice vibrate. All the fluttering leaves of the sacred epistles fell apart, and with their white lips told me her tale.

I saw there the record of a sorrowful, disappointed life; I saw the accomplishment of an unequal and unhappy marriage, because without love; I saw the long, long days she watched and waited for the tarrying bridegroom; and, finally, the reluctant assent to the sacrifice of all hopes. Then I saw a gap in the volume and the burial of the husband, the surrendering of house and home to pay debts; and, finally, the cap of Fortunatus, which I wore, brought me back to the room where we were and the daily tenor of this lady's life.

"Twelve long years (she spoke again)—twelve long years, and no sign of him ever yet gladdened my heart." Then looked to where the child lay, and said, "This is not his."

The wells in her heart afforded such bounteous store of sensibility that they ran over after eyes.

"What a change it is, and what a life I lead!" she spoke once more. "Who could have thought that in twelve short years these things could have come to pass?" I went to the window and looked out: the cap was not water-proof and betrayed my eyes. As I live I saw the Fur Collar in the street, pacing up and down, and glancing occasionally at the window. Still the woman sat in thought.

It was late in the night when the streets were silent, and the city dead and dumb. Alone in the wide world, we two kept watch and communion; then my companion suddenly put away the letters and picture, and drew out the machine to work upon, but by the aid of the cap the task was completed. She bent over it unmindful. "I must have done it in a dream," she said, and would not be satisfied until it had been thoroughly pulled.

I looked out at the window again, but the streets were silent and deserted. The man with the Fur Collar has given it up and gone away," I said. The lady kneeled and made her devotions. In the firmament, which I saw through the pane for a little while the cap. As she arose I heard footsteps on the stair; they came nearer and nearer, and I thought my heart stopped. A hand knocked at the door for admittance. The lady started in fear—looks were at hand to save from danger: she trembled, but, with the courage of a child, mustered courage to approach the door and say,

"Who is there?"

There came the answer back, "A friend."

"I am alone, friend, and can not let you in. What do you wish?"

"To come in," said the friend.

At the sound of the voice she gave a start and made an effort to breathe: she unlocked the door instantly, her face as white as stone.

It was the Fur Collar and a domino on.

If the lady had had any vitality left she would have shrieked out, but all manner of contending emotions left her powerless to do so. I prepared to take off the cap, but the Fur Collar had taken off his domino, and I saw the face of the patriarch who had married the lady. She still sat fainting when he disclosed his face: he bent tenderly over and kissed her into animation. When she was alive he told her that the reason of his not coming years ago to fulfill his word. He said that he had been cast away, and unable to reach his home until the present time; that he had escaped to California, and there made his fortune, all but that he knew of her marriage, and but for her situation would never have seen her again, and might have searched for her in vain. She was overcome again in the toy-shop. Then the lady fell to upbraiding herself for her faithlessness in not keeping her vow; but he told her she could have none of it. He told her she was forgiven, if she would now fulfill it.

The lady said she would.

The lady and the Fur Collar sat long in quiet talk afterward: they sat so long that I heard a cock crow, and saw the eye of day unclose in the east. I was about to awake and catch at its treasure with a ringing laugh.

Then I knew for a surety that Christmas had indeed come.

A CHAPTER ON THE PHRENIE.

A BEAUTIFUL morning; a delicious breeze tempered by touches of the mild-summer sun; a boundless wilderness of prairie afforded a rich feast for the eye—which did not, however, satisfy the earnest protest of our lank and famished stomachs. Yet, like the accumulating rays of brilliant-colored verdure lay concealed the treacherous sloughs.

"These sloughs," said Lanky, "make me think of a girl I once lived and wanted to marry, but didn't. You see she was handsome, and knew it; had any quantity of lovers, but somehow allowed me to make love to her, and by giving me to understand that I was *the* one. All at once she up and married another fellow, leaving me in a slough as I, ha, ha! I wonder how I ever got out! Since that I never see a pretty woman without thinking of the poor devils she has left floundering in the slough of gilded lovers, and hoping that after I've had eaten the apple the old Serpent had ended the trouble by swallowing her. Whoa! whoa!"

Rip! splash! bang! A shower of mud and water. The shafts broke into splinters; down went the whiffle-trees. The horse rearing and plunging, sinking deeper and deeper into the soft, oozy, black mire. My hat had not landed to the right, and had thoughtlessly driven into the Big Slough!

"Gee! gee!" cried Lanky. "Turn around and drive back."

Easier said than done. The struggling horse was down, and both thills broken short off. Lanky jumped, caught the bit in the reins, and finally got his face in the soft mud. I was more successful. Seizing the horse by the bits, I have a very indistinct recollection of going through a series of gymnastic and equestrian performances never equaled by the champions of the saw-dust arena. I turned impossible somersaults, made unknown leaps, stood upon my head one moment, lay upon my back the next, rolled over the horse, rolled under the horse, swung round his head like a whip-lash, my feet cutting down the tall grass in swaths equal to those made by a first-rate mower, and all this upon a carpet of mire wherein the horse at times sank almost out of sight.

At last I somehow reached dry land, still clinging to the bits, where I was joined by Lanky, who, as he scraped the mud from his face, hair, and whiskers, said,

"What the devil am I going to do? Mud from head to foot, and not a clean rag to put on! I'm in a pretty pickle! Look here! I've torn the seat clean out of my pants!"

"Never mind that now," said I. "Mount the horse, ride back to the cabin where we staid last night, and tell the old man to come here with his oxen and help us get out the wagon!"

Lanky galloped off instanter.

I waded back to the wagon, and sat down. I was too cross, wet, muddy, and hungry to think or care about my thing in particular. I only desired the speedy return of Lanky.

Sitting thus, and broiling, broiling in the hot, red-hot rays of the sun, a century (so it seemed) must have passed, when, greatly to my relief, a man, with horse and wagon, came in sight, leaving off toward the north upon the ridge we should have followed. That, too, trotting along so nicely, I was envious of the team and driver, and —down went the fore wheels of his wagon, snap went the axle, the horse sprang clear of the harness and ran off like the wind, the traveler turned a somersault over the dash-board, landing upon his head.

That traveler was undoubtedly astonished—I am sure I was; but no opportunity was given to express my feelings or go to his assistance. As I turned to jump from the wagon I saw two men, with a team, at a stand-still about a quarter of a mile to the south, shouting and gesticulating as though addressing an assemblage of politicians upon the political issues of the day. They were in a bad predicament, in the middle of the Big Slough.

I shouted and waved my hat. They shouted and waved their hats. But alas! I could not understand them; they could not understand me. At length one of the men left the wagon and panuloons, and commenced wading toward me. That man will ever have a distinct recollection of that quarter-mile hour. It was a weary while. I sank sinking nearly to his waist, slipping here and falling there, he staggered up to the wagon, panting and blowing, and looking as though in a state of perspiration—as most dismal-looking specimen of a man.

"I say, friend," gasped he, "I'm a hard-looking customer just now, but I never said the odds and lock too! We have had a sweet old time, t'other side of this slough. Had to leave our wagon—axle broke, by the way—and a team a-top spot, and there we are! Can you help us any?"

I explained my situation to the man, and advised that we should be the reinforcements came up. He assented; and we stood ourselves watching the other traveler, who had recovered from his astonishment, and was now "pegging" away toward the shore after the runaway team.

Soon came Lanky with the old man and his oxen. We immediately commenced work—and such work! In three hours we were on terra firma of the slough. As it was then late in the afternoon, we reluctantly concluded to favor the old man with our company for another night.

We were a sorry-looking assemblage. The poorest rag-picker would have turned up his nose at our old clothing. Our faces, our hands were incrusted in black mud, which, having dried and cracked, gave us the appearance of a damaged lot of Congo negroes.

During the remainder of the day torn clothes, broken harnesses, fractured wagons, and mud furnished plenty of employment. We expatiated in glowing terms and vigorous language upon the beauties of a prairie country, especially in a wet season. At supper our potatoes were boiled in a kettle in which Lanky was wont to wash the old lady wash her feet, the night before. We ate them, however, with a keen relish. We were too hungry to be over-fastidious about *trifles*.

A DAY'S RIDE:

A LIFE'S ROMANCE.

AUTHOR OF "CHARLES O'MALLEY," "HARRY LORREQUER," ETC.

By CHARLES LEVER.

CHAPTER XXXIII.

RESPECTABLE reader, there is no use in asking you if you have ever been in the Hotel of the "Balance," at Constance. Of course you have not. This is rather presumptuous. Look of John, nor otherwise known to fame. It is an obscure hostel, only visited by the very humblest wayfarers, and such poor objects of wretchedness as are fain to pick up a trickle-bed and sup meanly. Vaterchen, however, spoke of it in generous terms. There was a certain onion soup he had tasted there which the mere flavor had not yet left his memory. He had seen, besides, the most delicious schweine fleisch hanging up from the rafters, which he would have been revealed to him in a dream that a solvent traveler might have rashers on demand.

Poor Lanky! he had not the most idea of the eloquence he possessed till he came to talk on these matters. From modest and distrustful, he grew bold and confident, and the hesitation of speech was replaced by fluent utterance and a rich vocabulary; and he repeatedly declared that though the exterior was unprepossessing, and the service generally homely, there were substantial comforts obtainable which far surpassed the resources of more pretentious houses. "I can see served on newer, it is true," said he; "but newer is a rare material to impart relish to a savory mess." Though we should dine in the kitchen, he gave me to understand that even in this there were advantages, and that the polite guest of the salon never knew what it was to taste that rich odor of the "roast," or that fragrant incense that stemmed up from the luscious stew, and which were to cookery what bouquet was to wine.

"I will not say to you, honored Sir," continued he, "that in the mixed company which

frequent such humble hearths there would be matter of interest or amusement; but to a man like myself these chance companionships are delightful. Here all are strangers, all adventurers. Not a man that deposits his pack in the corner and draws in his chair to the circle but is a wanderer and a pilgrim of one sort or other." He drew me an amusing picture of one of these groups, wherein, even without telling his story, each gave such insight into his life and travels as to present a sort of drama.

Whether it was that my companion had drawn too freely on his imagination, or that he had fallen on an unfortunate moment, I can not say; but though we found the company at the Bad once numerous and varied, there was none of the sociality I looked for, still less of that generous warmth and good greeting which he assured me was the courtesy of such places. The men were chiefly couriers, with their portmanteaux and heavy wagons, bound for the Bavarian Tyrol. There was a sprinkling of Jew peddlers, on their way to the Vorarlberg; a deserter from the Austrian army, trying to get back to Hesse Cassel; and an Italian image carrier, with a green parrot and a well-filled purse, going back to finish his days at Lucca.

Now none of these were elements of a very exalted or exclusive rank; they were motley and all of them taken from the very base of the social pyramid; and yet, would it be believed that they regarded our entrance among them as an act of rare impudence.

A more polished company might have been satisfied with several heads or cold looks; these were less equivocal. They called out to the landlord to know if he expected any gipsies; another, affecting to treat us as solicitors for their patronage, said he had no license to have on buffoonery; a third suggested we should get up our theatricals under the cart-shed outside, and beat the drum when we were over; and the deserter, a poor, weak-looking, mangy wretch, with a ragged fustian-jacket and broken boots, put his arm on Caterina's waist, and drew her on his knee, for the which she dealt him such a slap on the face as fairly sent him on the floor, in which upside position the Vaterchen kicked him again and again. In an instant all were upon us. Carters, peddlers, and image men rushed furiously. I suppose I beat somebody; I know that several beat me. The impression left upon me when all was over was of a sort of human kaleidoscope, where the people turned and grew without ceasing. Now we seemed all on our feet, now on our heads, now on the floor, now in the air, Vaterchen flying about like a demon, while Caterina stood in a corner with a gleaming stiletto in her hand, saying something in Calabrian, which sounded like an invitation to come and be killed.

The police came at last; and after a noisy scene of accusation and denial, the weight of evidence was against us, and we were marched off to prison, poor old Vaterchen crying like a child for all the disgrace and misery he had brought on his benefactor; and while he kissed my hand, swearing that a whole life's devotion would not be enough to recompense me for what he had been the means of inflicting on me, Caterina, who is more cruel, her chief regret apparently being that nobody came near enough to give her a chance with her knife, which she assured us she wielded with a notable skill, and could, with a jerk, send flying through a door, like a javelin, at full six paces' distance; nor, indeed, was it without considerable compunction she could be induced to restore it to its sheath, which truth obliges me to own was inside her garter, and, in fact, all lower adjoining the lake, had been once the dungeon of Jodi Hiss, and the torture chamber, as it was still called, continued to be used for mild transgressors, such as we were. A small hole indeed in the jailer's wife to take poor Tintenfleck for the night into her own quarters, and Vaterchen and I were sole possessors of the gloomy old hall, which opened by a balcony, railed like a sort of cage, over the lake.

If the torture chamber had been denuded of its flesh pincers and thumb-screws, and the other ingenious devices of human cruelty, I am bound to own that its traditions as a place of suffering had not died out, as the fleas left nothing to be desired on the score of misery. Whether it was that they had been pinched by a long fast, or that we were more tender, commonly, than the aborigines, I know not, but I can safely aver that I never passed such a night, and sincerely trust that I may never endure such another. Though the air from the lake was cold and chilly, we preferred to crouch on the balcony to remaining within the walls, but even here our persecutors followed us.

Vaterchen slept through it all; an occasional convulsive groan, and shout, at times, when one of the enemy had chanced upon some nervous fibre; but, on the whole, he bore up like one used to such proceedings, and did not brave it. As for me, when morning broke, I looked like a strong case of confluent small-pox, with the addition that my heavy eyelids nearly closed over my eyes, and my lips swelled out like a Caffre's. How that young miss Catiaka laughed at me! All the old man's signs, warnings, menaces, were in vain; she screamed aloud with laughter, and never ceased, even as we were led into the tribunal and before the dread presence of the judge.

The judgment-seat was not imposing. It was a long, low, ill-lighted chamber, with a sort of raised counter at one end, behind which sat three elderly men, dressed like master sweepers—that is, of the old days of climbing-boys. The prisoners were confined in a thing like a fold, and there leaned against one end of the same pen as ourselves a square-built, thick-set man of about eight-and-forty, or fifty, dressed in a suit of coarse drab, and whose red whiskers and bluff face proclaimed to be English. He was being interrogated as we entered, but from his total ignorance of German the examination was not proceeding very glibly.

"You're an Englishman, ain't you?" cried he, as I came in. "You can speak High Dutch, perhaps?"

"I can speak German well enough to be intelligible, Sir."

"All right," said he, in the same free-and-easy tone. "Will you explain to those old beggars there that they're making fools of themselves, and me too, for that matter? My report was made out for two; for Thomas Harper, that's me, and Sam Reggis. Now, because Sam Reggis ain't here, they tell me I can't be suffered to proceed. And is that stupid? Did you ever hear the like of that for downright absurdity before?"

"But where is he?"

"Well, I don't mind telling you, because you're a countryman, but I don't like blackening an Englishman to one of those confounded foreigners. Sam has run."

"What do you mean by 'run?'"

"I mean, cut his stick; gone clean away; and what's worse, too, carried off a stout bag of dollars with him that we had for our journey."

"Whither were you going?"

"That's no matter just now there, and don't concern you in any respect. What you've to do is, explain to the old cove under the table there in the middle of the roast of them,—tell him it's all right, that I'm Harper, and that the other ain't here; or look here, I'll tell you what's better, do you be Reggis, and it's all right."

I declined to take this arrangement, but undertook to plead his cause on its true merits.

"And who are you, Sir, that presume to play the advocate here?" said the President, angrily. "I fancied that you stood there to answer a charge against yourself."

"That charge may be very speedily disposed of, Sir," said I, as proudly; "and you will be very fortunate if you succeed as readily in exclaiming against the outrage to a citizen of the higher court of your country."

With the eloquence which we are told essentially belongs to Irishmen, I narrated how I had witnessed, as a mere passing traveler, the outrageous insult offered to these poor wanderers as they entered the inn. With the warm enthusiasm I had inspired by my theme, I painted the whole incidents with really scarcely a touch of embellishment, reserving the only decoration I added to a description of myself, whom I mentioned as an agent of the British government, especially employed on a peculiar service, the nature of which I proudly established by my passport setting forth that I was a certain "Ponto, Charge des Dépêches."

Now, if there be one thing more sentimental life fixed and immutable, it is this, that wherever the German language be spoken, the reverence for official documentary is supreme. If you can only show on document of authority that you are grandson of the man who made the broom that swept out a government office, it is enough. Now, Vaterchen had represented as one of the younger children of Bareaucracy. You are under the protection of the state, and though you be the smallest cog in the machinery, there is no saying what mischief might not ensue if you were either lost or mislaid.

"Let him go!" cried the President, when I had ceased, and I said, in a voice of careless insolence, "Go on, I beg of you; and send me back to prison; chain me; perhaps you would like to torture me. The supreme court I represent is especially slow in vindicating the rights of its injured officials. It has a European reputation for deliberation, and for its unbecoming ease. Yes, Englishmen can be impaled, burned, flayed alive, disemboweled. By all means, avail yourself of the opportunity, and instruct me led out instantly to the scaffold, unless you prefer to have me broken on the wheel!"

"Will nobody stop him?" cried the president, almost choking with wrath.

"Stop me: I suspect not, Sir. It is by these declamations and appeals to law openly, that my country will found that demand for reparation which will one day cost you so dearly. Lead on, I am ready for the block." And as I said this, I drew myself erect, and appeared to prepare for the headsman.

"If he will not cease, the court shall be dismissed," said the President, angrily.

"Never, Sir. Never, so long as I live, shall I surrender the glorious privilege of that freeborn by which I assert my birth-right as a Britton."

"Well, you are as impudent a chap as ever I listened to," muttered my countryman at my side.

"The prisoners are dismissed, the court is adjourned," said the president, rising; and amidst a very general cry from crowd, not entirely enthusiastic in our favor, we were all hurried into the street.

"Come along down here," said Mr. Harpar.

"I'm in a very tidy sort of place they call the Golden Pig. Come along, and bring the vagabonds, and let's have breakfast together."

I was hurt at the speech, but as my companions could not understand its coarseness, I accepted the invitation, and we followed him.

"A great deal. I am a sort of citizen of the world," said I, with a jaunty easiness.

"For a citizen of the world you appear to have strange tastes in your companionship. How did you come to foregather with these creatures?"

I tried the time-worn cant about seeing life in all its gradations—exploring the cabin as well as visiting the palace, and so on; but there was a rugged sort of incredulity in his manner that checked me, and I could not muster the glib readiness which usually stood by me on such occasions.

"You've not a man of fortune," said he, dryly, as I ended; "no one sees that pillainly enough. You're a fellow that should be earning his bread somehow; and the question is—Is this the kind of life you'd like to be leading? What humbug it is to talk about knowing the world, and such like! The thing is, to know a trade, to understand some art, to be able to produce something, to manufacture something, and have something to a useful purpose. When you've done, the knowledge of men will come later on, never be afraid of that. It's a school that we never miss one single day of our lives. But here we are; this is the Pig. Now, what will you have for breakfast? Eggs and bacon, too, and tell them there's a wide choice here; they have every thing you can mention in this little inn."

An excellent breakfast was soon spread out before us, and though my humble companions did it the most ample justice, I sat there, thoughtful and amused. The words of that stranger rang in my ears like a reproach and a warning. I knew how truly he had said that I was not a man of fortune, and it grieved me sorely to think how poor a one he saw it. In my heart of hearts I knew it was the delusion I loved best. To appear to the world at large as eccentric men of good means, free to do what he liked and go where he would, was the highest enjoyment I had ever prepared for myself; and yet there was in the commonplace sort of man—at least his manners were unpolished and his tone underbred—and he saw through it all at once.

I took the first opportunity to step away unobserved from the company, and retired to the little garden in front, to commune with myself and be alone. But ere I had been many minutes there, Harpar joined me. He came up smoking his pipe, quite the lounging lazy air of a man at perfect leisure, and consequently quite free to be as disagreeable as he pleased.

"You went off without eating your breakfast," said he, "and that's bad for you. You didn't like my freedom with you. You fancied that I ought to have taken all that nonsense of yours for gospel, and that your way of life for gospel; or, at least, that I ought to have pretended to do so. That ain't my way. I take things as they are.

It was not very easy to reply good-humoredly to such a speech as this. Indeed, I saw no particular reason why this man's freedom with any indulgence, and drawing myself haughtily up, I prepared a very dry but caustic rejoinder.

"Now, if you mean to be offended, you are welcome to, and welcome two points," said I, "on which you can inform me, I may be better able to answer what you have said. The first is: By what possible right do you take to task a person whom you have met but for the life till now? and, secondly, What benefit on earth could it be to me to impose upon a man from whom I neither want nor expect any thing?"

"Easily met, both," said he, quickly. "I'm a practical sort of fellow, who never wastes time on useless matters. That's your first proposition. Number two: you're a dreamer, and you hate being awakened."

"Well, Sir," said I, coldly, "to a gentleman so remarkable for perspicuity, and who reads character at sight, ordinary intercourse must be wearisome. Will you excuse me if I take my leave of you for the present?"

"Of course, make no ceremony about it; go or stay, just as you like. I never cross any one's humors."

I muttered something that sounded like a dissent to that doctrine, and he quickly added, "I mean, fortunately, in that same mind, that's all; nothing more. If you had been a man of good means, and for a frolic thought it might be good fun to consort for a few days with rapscallions of a traveling circus, all one could say was, it wasn't very good taste; but being evidently a fellow of another stamp, a young man who ought to be in his father's shop or his uncle's counting-house, following some honest craft or calling—for you, I say, it was perfect madness."

"Indeed!" said I, with an accent of intense scorn.

"Yes," continued he, seriously, "downright ruin. There's a poison in the lazy, good-for-nothing life of these devils, that never leaves a man's blood pure. 'Tis a notion that it wouldn't hurt a man's nature so much were he to consort with house-breakers; there's at least something real about these fellows."

"You talk admirably, with knowledge, Sir," said I, glad to say something that might offend him.

"I do," said he, seriously, and not taking the smallest account of the impertinent allusion. "I know that if a man hasn't a fixed calling, that is always leading him to this, that, and the t'other, he will very soon cease to have any character whatsoever; he'll just become as shifty in his nature as he has been in his course. I've seen scores of fellows wrecked on that rock, and I hadn't looked at you twice till I saw you were one of them."

"I must say, Sir," said I, summoning to my aid what I felt to be a most cutting sarcasm of manner—"I must say, Sir, that, considering how short has been the acquaintance which has subsisted between us, it would be extremely difficult for me to show how gratefully I feel the interest you have taken in me."

"Well, I'm not so sure of that!" said he, thoughtfully.

"May I ask, then, how?"

"Are you sure, first of all, that you wish to show this gratitude you speak of?"

"Oh, Sir, can you possibly doubt it?"

"I don't want to doubt it, I want to profit by it."

I made a bland bow that might mean any thing, but did not speak.

"There's the way of it," said he, boldly. "Reggis has run off with all my loose cash, and though there's money waiting for me at certain places, I shall find it very difficult to reach them. I have come down here on foot from Wildsad, and I can make my way, in the same fashion, to Lindau or Genoa; but then comes the difficulty, and I shall need about ten pounds to get to Malta. Could you lend me ten pounds?"

"Really, Sir," said I, coolly, "I am amazed at the innocence with which you can make such a demand on the man whom you have, only a few minutes back, so acutely depicted as an adventurer."

"It was for that very reason I thought of applying to you. Had you been a young fellow of a certain fortune, you'd have naturally been a stranger to the accidents which now and then leave men penniless in out-of-the way places, and it's just as likely that the first thought in your head would be, 'Oh, he's a swindler. Why hasn't he his letters of credit or his circular notes?' But, being exactly what I take you for, the chances are you'll say: 'What has befallen *him* to-day may chance to *me* to-morrow. Who can tell the day and the hour some mishap may not overtake him? and so I'll just help him through it.'"

"And that is your calculation?"

"That was my calculation."

"How sorry I feel to wound the marvelous gifts you possess to conceive of interpreting character! I am really shocked to think that for the time, at least, your acuteness is at fault."

"Which means that you'll not do it?"

I smiled a cordial assent.

He looked at me for a minute or more with a sort of blank incredulity, and then, crossing his arms on his breast, moved slowly down the walk without speaking.

I can not say how I detested this man; he had offended me in the very acutest point of all my nature; he had wounded the nicest susceptibility I possessed; of the pleasant fancies wherewith I delighted to clothe myself he would not leave me enough to cover my nakedness, and yet, now that I had resented his cool impertinence, I hated myself far more than I hated him. Dignity and reason, forsooth! What a fine opportunity to display them, truly! The man might be rude and underbred; he was rude and underbred; and was that any justification for my conduct toward him? Why had I not had the candor to say, "Here's all I possess in the world, and see yourself that I can not lend you ten pounds." How I wished I had said that; and how I wished, even more ardently still, that I had not met him, never interchanged speech with him!

"And why is it that I am offended with him —seemingly the one who discovered that I am Potts?" Now, these reflections were all the more bitter, since it was only twenty-four hours before that I had resolved to throw off delusion either of myself or others; that I would take my place in the ranks, and fight out my battle of life, a mere soldier. For this it was that I made common cause with Vaterchen, seeking the high road with that poor old man of motley, and actually speculating—in a sort of artistic way—whether I could not make friends with Tintenfleck! And if I were sincere in all this, how should I feel wounded by the honest candor of that plain-spoken fellow? He extended a hand at my hands: he owned ths; and yet, instead of approaching me with flattery, he at once assails my weakness, proud of my self-esteem, and says, "No humbug, Potts; at least, not with *me!*" He opens acquaintance with me on that masonic principle by which the brotherhood of Poverty is universal throughout the civilized and all peoples, and whose great maxim is, "He who lends to the poor man borrows from the rugged man."

"I'll go after him at once," said I, aloud. "I'll have more talk with him. I'm much mistaken if there's not great stuff in that rugged fellow."

When I re-entered the little inn I found Vaterchen fast asleep, and had divested of my decanter on the table, and lay breathing stertorously, and giving a long-drawn whistle in his nares, that smacked almost of apoplexy. Tintenfleck was standing to her guitar before a select audience of the inn servants, and Harpar was gone!

I gave the girl a glance of rebuke and displeasure. I aroused the old man with a kick, and imperiously demanded my bill.

"The bill has been paid by the other stranger," said the landlord; "he has settled every thing, and left a 'trenkgeld' for the servants, so that you have nothing to pay."

I could have almost cried with spite as I heard these words. It would have been a rare solace to my feelings if I could have kicked the man down for a rogue, and then been able to say to myself how cleverly I had escaped the snares of a swindler. As it was, I know now that he was not only honest but liberal, and to think, besides, that I had been his guest—eaten of his salt—it was more than I well could endure.

"Which way did he ride?" asked I.

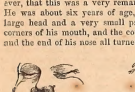
"Round the head of the lake for Lindau. I told him that the steamer would take him there to-morrow morning, but he would not wait."

"Ah me!" sighed Vaterchen, but half awake, and with one eye still closed, "and we are going to St. Gallen."

"Who said so?" cried I, imperiously. "We are going to Lindau; at least, if I be the person who gives orders here. Follow!" And as I spoke I marched proudly on, while a slipshod, shuffling noise of feet, and a low, half-smothered sob, told me that they were coming after me.

PART I.

IN A LITTLE boy strayed away from home on a bright morning in December, and wandered down by the sea-shore. This happened in California, where many other wonderful things happen; though people are not generally aware that little boys stray from home and wander by the sea-shore in so new a country. It must be admitted, however, that this was a very remarkable little boy. He was about six years of age, and had a very large head and a very small pair of legs. The corners of his mouth, and the corners of his eyes, and the end of his nose all turned up at the same



MITCHÉ NOT CRYING. MITCHÉ CRYING

time, except when he cried, which sometimes happened, and then they all turned down at the same time. The toes of his shoes were always kicked out against little pebbles and stumps, on account of a propensity this little boy had for trying what every thing was made of; and the knees of his trowsers and elbows of his jacket seemed always to be burst wide open laughing at his bare toes, because they looked so much like little new potatoes just dug out of the ground. What was still more remarkable, no matter how many new hats were put on his head, his hair grew so straight up in the middle that it generally found out a way of getting through the crown, and looking about in every direction as if in search of another hat. All of which resulted, no doubt, from the wonderful genius of this little boy.

As he was walking by the sea-shore on a very pleasant morning when he strayed away from home, he observed that the sun was bright and warm, and the sea looked as smooth as glass. Said he to himself, smiling pleasantly at the idea,

"Oh, if I had every thing I wish for, how happy I would be!" A very unreasonable wish, as you must admit; for our little friend had kind parents, and brothers and sisters, and every thing in the world that any reasonable boy of his age ought to have. Just as he repeated this indiscreet wish a voice, apparently from under the rocks, called out to him, "Hallo! my little friend, tell me your name, and I will give you whatever you wish for."

It was the old King of the Sea that spoke. The little boy was startled, and no wonder, for at the same moment he heard a splashing in the water, and up rose the oddest figure imaginable. It was that of a very old man, all covered with seaweeds, and the salt brine dripping from his beard, arms, and legs. On his head was a crown made of a large conch-shell. All the rest of his costume consisted of variegated sea-weeds, which seemed to grow on him naturally, just as they grow upon the rocks along the sea-shore. The face of the old Sea-King was wrinkled, partly by age and partly by exposure to bad weather. His nose was very long, and he had only one eye, which seemed to be made of an oyster-shell with a shining pebble fastened in the middle of it. I am unable to say what happened to the other eye, but imagine he must have struck it against a sharp rock one dark night when he was diving down in search of a starfish.

Although the little boy was naturally startled when he saw this odd figure standing before him on the rocks, he promptly answered, "My name, Sir, is Mitché!"

"Oho!" said the old Sea-King. "I thought so. You look like a boy of that name; and a very pretty name it is, too — derived from the French, perhaps. Now, Mitché, you shall have every thing you wish for, on one condition."

"And pray, Sir, what is the condition?" Mitché asked.

"Nothing more than this," replied the old Sea-King,—"you must only wish for one thing at a time. The moment you wish for any thing else what you first wished for will vanish. In this, you perceive, I go farther than any of the great Genii of which you read in the Story-books. They only give THREE WISHES, but I give as many as you please — only, one at a time. The reason of this is, because I am the great-grandfather of Neptune, and have much more experience in the world than any of the Genii at present known to mankind."

The little boy reflected a while over the many thousand things that he was in want of — including kites, marbles, tops, wooden soldiers, pop-guns, and bows and arrows—but could think of nothing so desirable that something else still more attractive did not present itself to his mind. Puzzled by the variety of beautiful things to be had merely by expressing a wish, he gazed out upon the sea in search of an idea on the subject.

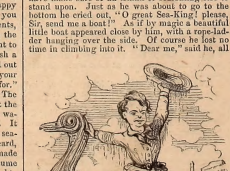
"I have it!" cried Little Mitché, joyfully; "the sea is as smooth as glass! I will go skating on the water! Since you are so kind, Sir," said he, turning to the Sea-King, "as to promise me whatever I desire, I will thank you to furnish me with a pair of skates that will bear me over the beautiful sea!"

No sooner had he uttered these words than the skates were on his feet, and away he went skating over the bright blue sea, a thousand times faster than ever a boy skated upon ice.

So delighted was he with the sport that he chased the sea-gulls and flying-fish from island to island,

MITCHÉ SKATING.

and never stopped skating till he began to grow hungry with the exercise. "This is glorious fun!" said Little Mitché, "I could not have a better toy any thing better. I can now follow all the great ships that sail upon the sea, and find out where they are going. However, I am getting rather hungry. I wish I had a piece of bread-and-butter." In an instant a piece of bread-and-butter was in his hand, but before he could raise it to his mouth down he went in the water; for, as the old Sea-King had told him, the second wish had caused what he had first wished for to vanish. Poor Little Mitché floundered about in the sea, crying for help and almost choking for breath. It was certainly quite natural for him to wish for bread-and-butter when he was hungry; but he should first have made sure of an island or something else to stand upon. Just as he was about to go to the bottom he cried out, "O great Sea-King! please, Sir, send me a boat!" As if by magic a beautiful little boat appeared close by him, with a rope-ladder hanging over the side. Of course he lost no time in climbing into it. "Dear me," said he, all

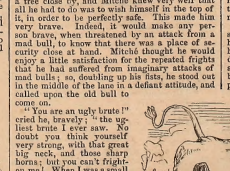


MITCHÉ IN THE BEAUTIFUL BOAT.

dripping with salt-water, "how wet I am! I never thought of it! Next time I'll take good care not to wish for one thing till I can do without the other. It was very careless of me to forget what the old Sea-King told me so soon. I won't do so again in a hurry, for it is certainly very unpleasant sitting here in wet clothes—I wish I had some dry ones!" No sooner had he said this than his clothes were perfectly dry; but at the same time the boat sank from under him, and he was soon

MITCHÉ OUT OF THE BEAUTIFUL BOAT.

floundering about again in the sea. What an absurd Little Mitché! to do the very same thing he had just done before, and determined not to do again! As he was about to sink for the third and last time he cried out, at the top of his voice, "Oh dear me! oh dear! I shall certainly be drowned! Oh, if I were only on dry land!" Sure enough, at the very same moment he was standing on a great desert of land, so dry that not a blade of grass grew upon it. Even the earth had popped out of the holes in the ground to look at him, and not keep their eyes open, so intensely hot was the sun; and a horned frog, that incautiously exposed his head to the heat, was immediately rendered insensible, and had to be dragged back into his hole by the other horned frogs that lived with him. Little Mitché began to burn up with thirst. "What a horrible country this is!" said he, looking all around; "not a tree or shrub to shield one's head from the sun, and not a drop of water to drink. I wish I had a glass of water!" Instantly he found himself hanging to a glass filled with water; but there was neither earth nor sea around him—nothing but thin air. He imagined that he was falling down through the sky, and would presently strike something—a very natural thing for a little boy to imagine under the circumstances. So he cried out in despair, "Dear me! I shall certainly be killed falling from such a height!" Almost any boy, with a very large head and a very small pair of legs to balance it, would have come to the same conclusion at the same height. "Oh dear! oh dear!" cried Mitché, "I can see the great big rocks! I wish I had a pair of wings!" As he said the words he found himself flapping about in the air



MITCHÉ WITH WINGS.

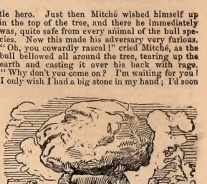
with a pair of big wings, just like a crow. A portion of his shirt conveniently answered the purpose of a tail. As he was flying over a corn-field he spied a man with a gun, who was apparently a dead shot at crows. "Now," said Mitché, "this fellow will certainly shoot me if I come within range of his gun. He has a very bad expression of countenance, as well as I can perceive at this distance. But in fact, as I am so tired I must light on the fence. I do wish I had a bow-and-arrow, and I would give him a pop on the head as I pass over, merely to teach him how he would like to be shot at if he were a crow!" Exactly as he wished, the bow-and-arrow were instantly in his hands; but at the same moment, as he might have known would be taken time for reflection, his wings vanished, and down he tumbled plump on the top of the man's head! This broke his fall, and frightened the man very seriously. "A demon! A fiend!" cried the man, clapping his hand on the top of his head, and running away as fast as his legs would carry him. "A demon with wings! Get out of the way, every body!" And he ran so fast that the people thought he was a madman, and all began running in every direction to get out of his way.

Little Mitché sat upon the ground for some time thinking what he would do next, when a furious wild bull came bellowing at him. There was a tree close by, and Mitché knew very well that all he had to do was to climb himself in the top of it, in order to be perfectly safe. This made him very brave. Indeed, it would make any person brave, who was assailed by an attack from a mad bull, to know that there was a place of security close by. Mitché thought he would enjoy a little satisfaction for the repeated frights that he had suffered from imaginary attacks of mad bulls; so, doubling up his fists, he stood out in the middle of the lane in a defiant attitude, and called upon the old bull to come on.

"You are an ugly brute!" cried he, bravely; "the ugliest brute I ever saw. No doubt you flatter yourself very strong, with that great big neck, and those sharp horns; but you don't frighten me! When I was a small boy you might have done so, with your horrible red tongue and fiery nostrils. Now, you see, the case is different. I am big, and can whip you with one hand. So, you may bellow with rage! I dare you to come on, you ugly old scamp!" Of course the bull couldn't stand this. No bull in existence could be insulted in that way with impunity. The enraged animal flashed fire out of his eyes, tore up the ground, put out his great red tongue, and rushed full tilt at our brave lit-

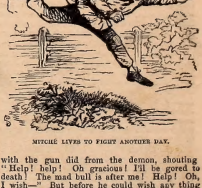
MITCHÉ DEFYING THE MAD BULL.

tle hero. Just then Mitché wished himself up in the top of the tree, and there he immediately was, quite safe from every animal of the bull species. Now this made his adversary very furious. "Oh, you cowardly rascal!" cried Mitché, as the bull bellowed all around the tree, tearing up the earth and casting it over his back with rage. "Why don't you come on? I'm waiting for you! I only wish I had a big stone in my hand; I'd soon



MITCHÉ AND THE BIG STONE.

spoil your beauty!" Upon which he immediately found himself armed with a stone so big that he could hardly carry it with both hands. But alas! the tree had vanished from under him, and the furious bull was coming at him full tilt. The position was certainly very awkward, and afforded no time for reflection. Mitché took to his heels and ran away a great deal faster than the man



MITCHÉ LIVES TO FIGHT ANOTHER DAY.

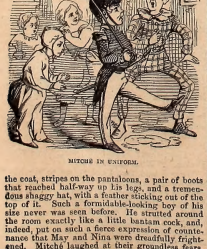
with the gun did from the demon, shouting "Help! help! Oh gracious! I'll be gored to death! The mad bull is after me! Help! Oh, I wish—" But before he could wish any thing the bull had inserted one of his horns in the ragged part of his trowsers and tossed him over the fence into the corn-field. It was a very fortunate but inglorious termination of the battle.

After all these strange adventures Mitché, as soon as the way was clear, walked very soberly home. When he arrived there, and related what had occurred, he was soundly corrected by his judicious Mamma for escaping so many dangers, and put to bed, where he quickly forgot his troubles and fell fast asleep. And thus ends the first part of the Christmas *Story*.

MITCHÉ IS TOSSED OVER THE FENCE.

PART II.

THE next morning was Christmas. Bright and early all the children were awake. Now it happened that they began talking about Christmas gifts—a very remarkable thing for children to talk about on a Christmas morning. Spenser, the eldest, said, "If I had only one wish, what do you think I would wish for?" All the children said they didn't know. "I would wish," said he, "for the purse of Fortunatus', which can never be emptied, though you may money out of it every day in the year." Indiscreet Spenser! when you might have wished for a mustache that would have made a man of you for life! Then every body asked May what she would wish for. What do you think May said? "I would wish for a beautiful bonnet, made of figured velvet, with a border of blue flowers." Oh, foolish little May! when you had only one wish in the world, and might have wished for a splendid pink-satin dress! Then the sleepy little Bruder woke up, and said, "I'd like to have another." "What! another bonnet?" all the children cried out, laughing. "No," said Bruder, rubbing his eyes; "another new top. I thought you were talking of tops." Oh, sleepy little Bruder, to wish for a new top, when you had but one wish, and might have wished for a whole box of paints! Then they all asked little Nina what she would wish for. "I'd wish for a new bonnet, just like May's," said Nina. Silly little Nina, to throw away your wish on a trifling bonnet, when you might have had a brass-new set of silver tea-things! All this time Little Mitché was laughing to himself, because he knew he was the only one who really could get what he wished for. Now, he thought, he would astonish all the children. "What do you think *I'd* wish for?" said he, pompously. Every body said nobody knew. "Well, guess," said Mitché. Spenser guessed a brass trumpet; May, a humming-top; Bruder, a wheel-barrow; and Nina, a whirligig. "None of these," said Mitché, disdainfully. "Bang! don't you hear the guns? I'm a soldier! I'd wish to be dressed in a beautiful suit of soldier-clothes!" And to the delight and astonishment of all the children, including the baby, up jumped Mitché out of bed dressed off splendidly in a red suit of soldier-clothes, with epaulets and brass buttons on


MITCHÉ IN UNIFORM.

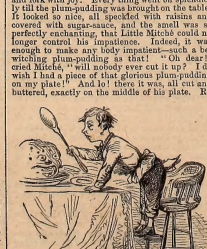
the coat, stripes on the pantaloons, a pair of boots that reached half-way up his legs, and a tremendous shaggy hat, with a feather sticking out of the top of it. Such a formidable-looking boy of his size never was seen before. He strutted around the room exactly like a little bantam cock, and, indeed, put on such a fierce expression of countenance that May and Nina were dreadfully frightened. Mitché laughed at their groundless fears, and said, chivalrously, "Don't be afraid of me, ladies! A soldier never hurts the ladies. He only kills men."

Now, all in the house hearing the cries of admiration occasioned by the splendid appearance of our little gentleman in regimentals, got up and called him out on the front porch, where all the neighbors knew he began to assemble to see the wonderful sight. Mitché was prouder than any peacock, and strutted up and down, shouting, "Bang! bang! boom-a-laddie! boom!" And from proud he began to grow very vainglorious, as some military heroes do now and then. He thought he would look still more formidable if he had a beautiful little live pony to ride upon. And as he expressed the wish, as sure as every word of this story is true, he was astride of the prettiest little pony that mortal eye ever saw! But alas! alas! with shame I tell it! At the very same moment his suit of soldier clothes disappeared, and he was stark naked! Now about before all the people! To make matters worse, the pony was a very stubborn little animal, and took a notion to stand stock-still. With the fore-legs braced out to keep himself from moving an inch, Mitché, bursting with rage and shame, cried out, "Go! wo! get up!" It was no use—not an inch would the animal go. "Oh, you little brat! I had a whip I'll make you go! I do wish I had one!" At that identical moment he felt a whip in his hand, but the pony had disappeared from under him, and he went hopping about on his bare shanks before all the people, flourishing his whip and wondering where the pony was. So loud was the laughter

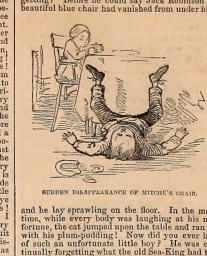
MITCHÉ ON THE PONY.

caused by his odd appearance that he soon roared out crying, and then every body laughed louder still, which so mortified this little soldier that he started off as fast as his legs could carry him to bed, where he covered up his head in the clothes, and never stopped crying till Sally, the servant girl, dressed him. Oh, valiant Little Mitché! to make such an inglorious end of your military career! "It is all owing to that abominable old King of the Sea," he said, after he was dressed. "I have had nothing but trouble ever since he gave me what I wished for. I don't intend to wish for any thing more this blessed Christmas-day!"

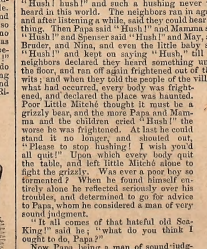
Mitché was as good as his word, and never wished for a single thing till dinner-time, when all the family were gathered around the table to eat the smoking-hot turkey, the nice mince-pies, and the great big plum-pudding. It happened that there was no chair in his place, and he was very much afraid if he went in search of a chair somebody would take possession of the vacant place. "Oh, I do wish I had a chair!" said he, dancing with impatience. "I do wish— Hallo! Jim-crickey! what a beautiful chair!" for as sure as I am telling the exact truth he beheld at that moment conveniently fixed at his place, the prettiest little blue arm-chair, with long legs, that ever was seen. In a trice he hopped into it, flourishing his knife and fork with joy. Every thing went on splendidly till the plum-pudding was brought on the table. It looked so nice, all speckled with raisins and covered with sugar-sauce, and the smell was so perfectly enchanting, that Little Mitché could no longer control his impatience. Indeed, it was enough to make any body impatient—such a bewitching plum-pudding as that! "Oh dear!" cried Mitché, "I will nobody ever cut it up? I do wish I had a piece of that glorious plum-pudding on my plate!" And lo! there it was, all cut and buttered, exactly on the middle of his plate. Ri-


LITTLE MITCHÉ GOING TO EAT HIS CHRISTMAS DINNER.

diculous Little Mitché! Will you be forever forgetting? Before he could say Jack Robinson his beautiful blue chair had vanished from under him,


SUDDEN DISAPPEARANCE OF MITCHÉ'S CHAIR.

and he lay sprawling on the floor. In the mean time, while every body was laughing at his misfortune, the cat jumped upon the table and ran off with his plum-pudding! Now did you ever hear of such an unfortunate little boy? He was continually forgetting what the old Sea-King had told him. I have no doubt that there have been a great deal wiser, my dear young friend, and never have wished for any thing that you did not feel a strong desire to possess. To make matters worse, instead of wishing to have his plum-pudding back again, as any judicious boy would have done, he got so angry because every body laughed at him, that he cried out at the top of his voice, "Stop laughing at me! I don't want you to laugh at me! I wish somebody would make you all cry!" No sooner had he said the word than every body began to cry in good earnest. Papa cried so violently that he shook the roof of the house, and the tears ran down Mamma's eyes at such a rate that she had to catch them in a big Chinese bowl to keep from drowning the baby; Spenser roared out so loud that the butcher came running to see if there was a new calf for sale; May sobbed till a little river of tears ran down from both eyes and drowned three dolls-babies that she had concealed in her lap to play with under the table. Poor little sleepy Bruder sat with his eyes wide open, and a great tear as big as an apple-dumpling sticking straight out of each corner. Nina did just the same as May. Mitché, seeing every body in such an awful state of affliction, knew it was because the cat had run away with his pudding, and his feelings were so deeply affected by such sympathy that he lost control of the middle of the floor, almost doubled up with grief, with his hands on his knees and his feet down on the floor, and cried louder than any of the family. As for the dear little baby, it shrieked at such a rate that Mamma was obliged to give it a dose of paregoric; and when the old cat, having by this time finished the pudding, mewed most pitifully, it was a perfect mad bedlam of the most uncholy family concert. All the neighbors ran in to ask what was the matter; but nobody could speak a word on account of the hard crying. What made it worse, when the neighbors saw there was nobody hurt, they thought every body was crying because there was no more dinner. So they wondered much, and after crying a while for sympathy, went off to tell their friends that this unfortunate family had eaten up their Christmas dinner, and were all crying because they could eat no


LITTLE MITCHÉ HAS LOST HIS PUDDING.

more—which was such an unhappy state of affairs that the whole village began to cry. In the mean time Little Mitché became frightened at the terrible uproar he had created, and sang out with all his might, "Don't cry so any more! I wish you would all hush!" At this every living soul in the room, including the baby, commenced whispering "Hush! hush!" and such a hushing never was heard in this world. Mitché was the first to begin, and after listening a while, said they could hear nothing. Then Papa said "Hush!" and Mamma said "Hush!" and Spenser said "Hush!" and May, and Bruder, and Nina, and even the little baby said "Hush!" and kept on saying "Hush," till the neighbors declared they heard something under the floor, and ran off again frightened out of their wits; and when they told the people of the village what had occurred, every body was frightened, and declared the place was haunted.

Poor Little Mitché thought it must be a grizzly bear, and the more Papa and Mamma and the children cried "Hush!" the worse he was frightened. At last he could stand it no longer, and shouted out, "Please to stop hushing! I wish you all quit!" Upon which every body quit the table, and left little Mitché alone to fight the grizzly. Was ever a poor boy so tormented? When he found himself entirely alone he reflected seriously over his troubles, and determined to go for advice to Papa, whom he considered a man of very sound judgment.

"Now Papa, being a man of sound judgment, reflected a moment, and then said, "My son, you have thrown away a great many valuable wishes on trifles. Why don't you wish for something worth having —a handsome family-carriage, for instance, in which we might all go traveling!"

Little Mitché clapped his hands with joy, and immediately wished for a magnificent family-carriage, which at the very same moment appeared in place of Papa's house, and all the family got into it. But, lo! it would not move an inch, and how could it, for there were no horses!

"Just as I expected," said Mamma; "to wish for a fine carriage without any horses to put before it! Besides, you see we have no house to live in now. I suppose we are all to reside in the carriage for the future!"

Papa looked rather blank at the result of his wish, and thought a carriage would certainly be a little inconvenient as a permanent place of residence. Now Mamma, having much more judgment in regard to these matters, remarked, triumphantly:

"I hope you will admit now that men don't know every thing. Had you desired the boy to wish for something really useful there would have been some sense in it—a sewing-machine, for instance. You see the poor little fellow has scarcely a rag on his back!"

Papa, like the Irishman, thought he had a good many; but being a man of sound judgment said nothing, though I regret to say he puffed his cigar in a very provoking manner.

Little Mitché was delighted at the idea of a sewing-machine, and immediately wished his Mamma had a very fine one. As sure as the old Sea-King lives the whole family were at that very moment seated on the ground around a beautiful sewing-machine! Papa puffed his cigar away, and muttered something about taking board and lodging under the machine, and sleeping on to; "it during the warm December nights to keep himself cool—and perhaps Mamma could sew the children up in a big bag every night and hang them on a tree to keep the gobblers from running away with them. Then all the children clapped their hands and laughed so heartily that Mamma was obliged to smile at Papa's foolishness. However, though she did not choose to admit it, she had evidently that a sewing-machine would be even a more inconvenient piece of residence than a carriage, and Mitché very sensibly wished for the horse back again just as it stood before; in which, of course, he was at once gratified.

He now came to the conclusion that the Sea-King was not to be trusted, since both old and young derived nothing but trouble from the gift of wishing; so he retired into the library to study what ought to be done. After turning the whole business over in his mind a happy thought struck him. He would go to the old Sea-King to be present, and then get Papa to give him a good beating; for Mitché, like many other little boys, had an idea that his Papa was the wisest man in the world. "Oh, it will be such fun fun," said he, clapping his hands joyfully, "to see the old fellow jumping about and crying with pain! Oh, I wish Papa were here!" At that moment Papa stood exactly before him. Mitché exclaimed, "Oh, Papa, can't you punish the old Sea-King for troubling me?" "To be sure, Mitché, where is he? I'll give him a good flogging." Mitché looked all around; but of course the old Sea-King was not there. Then he shouted a while, and said, "I just wish he would pop in here!" "Ho, ho!" cried a voice like the grating of sea-shells on a gravelly shore, "Ho, ho! my fine little fellow! I think you said you wanted me?" Mitché turned around, and saw, standing before him, all dripping with salt-water, the venerable King of the Seas.

"Now, Papa!" cried Mitché in triumph. But, of course, Papa had vanished!

"And pray, my little man," said the old Sea-King, with a sly leer, "what do you want with your Papa?"

Mitché was terribly frightened to find himself alone with this shaggy old monster, and replied, in a faltering voice:

"I thought, Sir, that your kind services merited some reward, and I merely wanted my Papa to give it to you."

"Ho, ho! Well, never mind! We'll excuse him this time. Take heart, my little friend," said the monster; "I've taken a great fancy to you, and little boys who tell the truth. But really I must go and attend to my chickens. They are dying all about probably for want of me. Is there any thing else you would like?"

At this Mitché took courage and said: "Please, good Sir, will you be so kind as to take back the gift of having whatever I wish for that you gave me on the night of the 24th of December, and truth."

At this the old Sea-King shook his sides with laughter, so that the water-spout ran down all over the floor. As soon as he could speak he turned his great oyster eye on Mitché and said, in a voice of unbounded gravity, "Very well, my little friend, as you please. Just call to mind this word when you want any thing. But bear this in mind: If little children had every thing they wish for, they would be very unhappy. Even if all little children quit to be such as they deserve; any thing more would do them harm instead of good." With a chuckle, continued the old Sea-King, rolling his oyster eye all around, and chuckling to himself, "of course the case is quite different with grown people. Being very judicious on account of their superior age and experience, they never wish for foolish things which they ought not to have, as innocent little children do. Ho, ho! good-by, Mitché!" Saying this, the jolly old Sea-King gave one roar of laughter that sounded like the dancing of waves over a thousand rocks—and vanished in a cloud of spray.

After all these wonderful adventures Little Mitché fell asleep and was put to bed; and so ends our Christmas Story.

LITTLE MITCHÉ STUDIES HIS LESSONS.

SONG.

Why did I give my heart away,
Gave it so lightly, gave it to pay
For a pleasant dream on a summer's day?

Why did I leave my mother dear,
Left her with never a doubt or fear,
For him who has left me without a tear?

Why not believe the words they said,
That I'd better be lying cold and dead,
Than go with one whom I'd never wed?

Why did I love? I did not know
How surely passing years would show
My love could bring me nothing but woe.

Why did I give my heart away,
Gave it so rashly, gave it to pay
For a false sweet smile one summer's day?

[Entered according to Act of Congress, in the Year 1860, by Harper & Brothers, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Southern District of New York.]

GREAT EXPECTATIONS.

A NOVEL.

By CHARLES DICKENS.

Splendidly Illustrated by John McLenan.

☞ Printed from the Manuscript and early Proof-sheets purchased from the Author by the Proprietors of "Harper's Weekly."

CHAPTER XIII.

IT is a most miserable thing to feel ashamed of home. There may be black ingratitude in the thing, and the punishment may be retributive and well deserved; but that it is a miserable thing, I can testify.

Home had never been a very pleasant place to me, because of my sister's temper. But Joe had sanctified it, and I had believed in it. I had believed in the best parlor as a most elegant saloon; I had believed in the front door as a mysterious portal of the Temple of State whose solemn ingress was attended with a sacrifice of roast fowls; I had believed in the kitchen as a chaste though not magnificent apartment; I had believed in the forge as opening the road to manhood and independence. Within a single year all this was changed. Now it was all coarse and common, and I would not have had Miss Havisham and Estella see it on any account.

How much of my ungracious condition of mind may have been my own fault, how much Miss Havisham's, how much my sister's, is now of no moment to me or to any one. The change was made in me; the thing was done. Well or ill done, excusably or inexcusably, it was done.

Once it had seemed to me that when I should at last roll up my shirt-sleeves and go into the forge, Joe's 'prentice, I should be distinguished and happy. Now the reality was in my hold, I only felt that I was dusty with the dust of smallcoal, and that I had a weight upon my daily remembrance to which the anvil was a feather. There have been occasions in my later life (I suppose as there are to most lives) when I have felt for a time as if a thick curtain had fallen on all its interest and romance, to shut me out from any thing save dull ordinance and monotony. Never has that curtain dropped so heavy and blank as when my way in life lay stretched out straight before me through the newly-entered road of apprenticeship to Joe.

I remember that at a later period of my "time" I used to stand about the churches pretty on Sunday evenings when night was falling, comparing my own perspective with the windy marsh view, and making out some likeness between them by thinking how bad and low both were, and how on both there came an unknown way and a dark mist and then the sea. My sense of dullness quite agreed on the first working-day of apprenticeship as in that after-time; but I am glad to know that I never breathed a murmur to Joe while my indentures lasted. It is about the only thing I am glad to know of myself in that connection.

For, though it includes what I proceed to add, all the merit of what I proceed to add was Joe's. It was not because I was faithful, but because Joe was faithful, that I never ran away and went for a soldier or a sailor. It was not because I had a strong sense of the virtue of industry, but because Joe had a strong sense of the virtue of industry, that I worked with tolerable zeal against the grain. It is not possible to know how far the influence of any amiable honesthearted man may plump flies out into the world; but it is very possible to know how it has touched one's self in going by, and I know right well that any good that intercepted itself with my apprenticeship came of plain contented Joe, and not of restlessly aspiring discontented me.

What I wanted who can say? How can I say when I never knew? What I decided was, that in some unlucky hour I, being at my grimiest coal-and-dust, should lift up my eyes and see Estella looking in at one of the wooden windows of the forge. I was haunted by the fear that she would, sooner or later, find me out, with a black face and hands, doing the coarsest part of my work, and would exult over me and despise me. Often after dark, when I was pulling the bellows for Joe and we were singing old Clem, and when the thought how we used to sing it at Miss Havisham's would seem to show me Estella's face in the fire with her pretty hair fluttering in the wind and her eyes scorning me—often at such a time I would look toward those panels of black night in the wall which the wooden window then were, and would fancy that I saw her just drawing her face away, and would believe that she had come at last.

After that, when we went into supper, the place and the meal would have a more homely look than ever, and I would feel more ashamed of home than ever in my own ungracious breast.

CHAPTER XIV.

AS I was getting too big for Mr. Wopsle's great aunt's room, my education under that preposterous female terminated. Not, however, until Biddy had imparted to me every thing she knew, from the little catalogue of prices to a comic song she had once bought for a halfpenny. Although the only coherent part of the latter piece of literature were the open lines,

When I went to Lunnon town sirs
'Too rul too rul
'Too rul too rul
When I came home my brown sire
'Too rul too rul
'Too rul too rul

—still, in my desire to be wiser, I got this composition by heart with the utmost gravity; nor do I recollect that I questioned its merit, except that I thought (as I still do) the amount of Too rul somewhat in excess of the poetry. In my hunger for information I made overtures to Mrs. Wopsle to bestow some intellectual crumbs upon me: with which he kindly complied. As it turned out, however, that he only wanted me for a dramatic lay figure, to be contradicted and embraced and wept over and bullied and clutched and stabbed and thrown about in a variety of ways, I soon declined that course of instruction; though not until Mr. Wopsle in his poetic fury had severely mauled me.

Whatever I acquired I tried to impart to Joe. This statement sounds so well that I can not in my conscience let it pass unexplained. I wanted to make Joe less ignorant and common, that he might be worthier of my society and less open to Estella's reproach.

The old Battery out on the marshes was our place of study, and a broken slate and a short piece of slate-pencil were our educational implements: to which Joe added a pipe of tobacco. I never knew Joe to remember any thing from one Sunday to another, or to acquire, under my tuition, any piece of information whatever. Yet he would smoke his pipe at the Battery with a far more sagacious air than any where else—I would even say with a learned air, as if his consciousness were to be advancing immensely. Dear fellow, I hope he did.

It was pleasant and quiet out there, with the sails on the river seeming to pass by intent on their own affairs, and sometimes, when the tide was low, looking as if they belonged to sunken ships that were still sailing on at the bottom. It was pleasant, whenever the light struck asfant afar off, upon a cloud or soil or green hill-side or water-line, it was just the same. Miss Havisham and Estella and the strange house and the strange life appeared to have something to do with every thing that was picturesque.

On Sunday when Joe, greatly enjoying his pipe, had so plumed himself on being "most awful dull," that I had given him up for the day, I lay on the grass and thought about these my chin on my hand descrying traces of Miss Havisham and Estella all over the prospect, in the sky and in the water, until at last Pip appeared to have something to do with every thing that was picturesque.

"Joe," said I, "don't you think I ought to make Miss Havisham a visit?"

"Well, Pip," returned Joe, slowly considering. "What for?"

"What for, Joe? What is any visit made for?"

"There is some wisits p'raps," said Joe, "as for ever remains wisits, and others comes to an end in regard of wisiting Miss Havisham. She might think you wanted something—expected something of me."

"Don't you think I might say that I did not, Joe?"

"You might, old chap," said Joe. "And she might credit it. Similarly she mightn't."

Joe felt, as I did, that he had made a point there, and he pulled hard at his pipe to keep himself from wandering from it. Presently he

"You see, Pip," Joe pursued, as soon as he was past that danger, "Miss Havisham done the handsome thing by you. Miss Havisham done the handsome thing by you, she called me back to say to me as that were all."

"Yes, Joe. I know."

"ALL," Joe repeated, very emphatically.

"Yes, Joe. I tell you, I heard her."

"Which I mentions it, Pip, for the fact is that her meaning were—Make a end on it!—As you was!—Me to the North and you to the South! —Keep in sunders!"

I had thought of that too, and it was very far from comforting to me to find that he had thought of it; for it seemed to render it more probable.

"But, Joe."

"Yes, old chap."

"Here am I, getting on in the first year of my time, and since the day of my being bound I have never thanked Miss Havisham, or asked after her, or shown that I remember her."

"That's true, Pip; and unless you was to turn her out a set of shoes all four round—and which I mean'say as even a set of shoes all four round might not act acceptable as a present, in a total vacancy of hoofs—"

"I don't mean that sort of remembrance, Joe: I don't meant a present."

But Joe had got the idea of a present in his head and must harp upon it.

"Or even," said Joe, "if you was helped to knocking her up a new chain for the front door—or say a gross or two of shank-headed screws for general use—or some light fancy article, such as a mahogany fork when she took her muffins—or a gridiron when she took a sprat or such like—"

"I don't mean any present at all, Joe," interposed.

"Well," said Joe, still harping on it as though I had particularly pressed it, "if I was yourself, Pip, I wouldn't. No, I would not. For what's a door-chain when she's got one always up? And shank-headers is open to misrepresentations. And if it was a roasting-jack, you'd go into brass and do yourself no credit. And the oncommonest workman can't shove himself oncommon in a gridiron—for a gridiron is a gridiron," said Joe, steadfastly impressing it upon me, as if he were endeavoring to rouse me from a fixed delusion, "and you may spile him at what you like, but a gridiron it will come out, either by your leave or again your leave, and you can't help yourself."

"My dear Joe," I cried, in desperation, taking hold of his coat, "don't go on in that way. I never thought of making Miss Havisham any present."

"No, Pip," Joe asserted, as if he had been contending for that all along; "and what I say to you is, you are right, Pip."

"Yes, Joe; but what I wanted to say was, that as we are rather slack just now, if you could give me half holiday to-morrow, I think I would go up town and make a call on Miss Est—Havisham."

"Which her name," said Joe, gravely, "ain't Estavisham, Pip, unless she have been rechristened."

"I know, Joe, I know. It was a slip of mine. What do you think of it, Joe?"

In brief, Joe thought that if I thought well of it, he thought well of it. But he was particular in stipulating that if I were not received with cordiality, or if I were not encouraged to repeat my visit as a visit which had no ulterior object but my own pleasure, I would allow for a first visit to be my last. These conditions I promised to fulfill.

Now Joe kept a journeyman at weekly wages whose name was Orlick. He pretended that his Christian name was Dolge—a clear impossibility —but he was a fellow of that obstinate disposition that I believe him to have been the prey of no delusion of that sort, but willfully to have imposed that name upon the village as an affront to its understanding. He was a broadshouldered, loose-limbed, swarthy fellow of great strength, more than Joe, and always slouching. He never even seemed to come to his work on purpose, but would slouch in as if by secret machinery he had been set in motion by Joe's Bargeman to eat his dinner, or went away at night, he would slouch out like Cain or the Wandering Jew. No one knew where he lived, or was going and no intention of ever coming back. He lodged at a sluice-keeper's out on the marshes, and on working days would slouch down from his hermitage, with his hands in his pockets and his dinner loosely tied in a bundle round his neck and dangling on his back. On Sundays he mostly lay about the sluice gates, or stood against ricks and barns. He always slouched, locomotively, with his eyes on the ground, and never by chance looked before him. Required to raise them, he looked up in a half resentful, half puzzled way, as though the only thought he ever had in his life was rather an odd and injurious fact that he should never be thinking.

This morose journeyman had no liking for me. When I was very small and timid, he gave me to understand that the Devil lived in a black corner of the forge, and that he knew the fiend very well; also that it was necessary to make up the fire once in every seven years with a live boy, and that I might consider myself that live boy. From Joe's 'prentice, he was perhaps confirmed in some suspicion that I should displace him; howbeit, he liked me still less. Not that he ever said any thing, or did any thing, openly imputing hostility; I only noticed that he always beat his sparks in my direction, and that whenever I sang Old Clem he came in out of time.

Dolge Orlick was at work and present, next day, when I reminded Joe of my half-holiday. He said nothing in reply, for he and Joe had just got a piece of hot iron between them and I was at the bellows; but by-and-by he said, looming out of the smoke:

"Now, master! Sure you're not a going to favor only one of us. If Young Pip has a half-holiday, do you mean to tell Old Orlick?" I suppose he was about five-and-twenty, but he usually spoke of himself as an ancient person.

"Why, what do you do with a half-holiday, if you get it?" said Joe.

"What'll I do with it! What'll he do with it? I'll do as much with it as him," said Orlick.

"As to Pip, he's going up town," said Joe.

"Well, then, as to Old Orlick, he's going up town," retorted that worthy. "Two can go up town. Tain't for the like of me to go up town."

"Don't lose your temper," said Joe.

"Shall if I like," growled Orlick. "Some and their up-towning! As if one wasn't one. No favoring in this shop. Be a man."

The master refusing to entertain the subject until the journeyman was in a better temper, Orlick plunged at the furnace, drew out a red-hot bar, made at me with it as if he were going to run it through my body, whisked it round my head, laid it on the anvil, hammered it out—as if it were I, I thought, and the sparks were my spirting blood—and finally said, when he had hammered himself hot and the iron cold, and he again leaned on his hammer:

"Now, master?"

"Are you all right now?" demanded Joe.

"Ah! I am all right," said grim Old Orlick.

"Then, as in general you stick to your work as well as most men," said Joe, "let it be a half-holiday for all."

My sister had been standing silent in the yard, within hearing—she was a most unscrupulous spy and listener—and she instantly looked in at one of the windows.

"Like you, you fool!" said she to Joe, "giving holidays to great idle hulkers like that. You are a rich man, upon my life, to waste wages in that way. I wish I was his master!"

"Yond be every body's master, if you durst," retorted Orlick, with an ill-favored grin.

("Let her alone," said Joe.)

"I'll be a match for all noodles and all rogues," returned my sister, beginning to work herself into a mighty rage. "And I couldn't be a match for the noodles without being a match for your master, who's the dunder-headed king of the noodles. And I couldn't be a match for the rogues, without being a match for you, who are the blackest-looking and the worst rogue between this and France. Now!"

"You're a fool shrew, Mother Gargery," growled the journeyman. "If that makes a judge of rogues, you ought to be one."

("Let her alone, will you?" said Joe.)

"What did you say?" cried my sister, beginning to scream. "What did you say? What did that fellow Orlick say to me, Pip? What did he call me, with my husband standing by? O! O! O!" Each of these exclamations was a shriek; and I must remark of my sister, what is equally true of all the violent people I have ever seen, that passion was no excuse for her, because it is undeniable that, instead of lapsing into passion, she consciously and deliberately took extraordinary pains to force herself into it, and became blindly furious by regular stages; "what was the name he gave me before the base man who swore to defend me? O! Hold me! O!"

"Ah-h-h!" growled the journeyman, between his teeth, "I'd hold you, if you was my wife. I'd hold you under the pump, and choke it out of you."

("I tell you, let her alone," said Joe.)

"O! To hear him!" cried my sister, with a clap of her hands and a scream together—which was her usual vent—"To hear this fellow backing me! That Orlick! In my own house! Me, a married woman! With my husband standing by! O! O!" Here my sister, after a fit of clappings and screamings, let her hands upon her bosom and upon her knees, and threw her cap off and pulled her hair down—which were the last stages on her road to hysterics. Being by this time a perfect Fury and a complete success, she made a dash at the door, which I had fortunately locked.

What could the wretched Joe do now, after his disregarded parenthetical interruptions, but stand up in the chimney-corner and look into the fire? He could not do it long, for my sister was quite incensed by the mildness and submission that he meant by interfering betwixt himself and Mrs. Joe; and further, whether he was man enough to come on? Orlick felt that the situation admitted of nothing less than coming on, and was on his defense straightway; so, without so much as pulling off their singed and burned aprons, they fell at one another like two bears. But if any man in that neighborhood could stand up long against Joe I never saw the man. Orlick, in the course of one round, discovered than the pale young gentleman, was very soon among the coal-dust and in no hurry to come out of it. Old Orlick Joe unlocked the door and picked up my sister, who had dropped insensible at the window (but who had seen the fight first, I think), and who was carried into the house and laid down, and who was recommended to survive, and would do nothing but struggle and clench her hands in Joe's hair. Then came that singular period of solemn stillness which succeed all paroxysms, and then, with the vague sensation which I have always connected with that lull—namely, that it was Sunday, and everybody was dead—I went up stairs to dress myself.

When I came down again I found Joe and Orlick sweeping up, and no other trace of discomposure than a slit in one of Orlick's nostrils, which was neither expressive nor ornamental. As per agreement, I appeared before Dolge Bargemen, and they were sharing it by turns in a peaceable manner. The lull had a sedative and philosophic influence on Joe, who followed me out into the road to say, in a subdued declamation that might do me good, "On the Rampage, Pip, and off the Rampage, Pip—such is Life!"

With which general emotion I drew off, that the feelings that are very serious in a man quite comical in a boy) I found myself again going to Miss Havisham's counters little fire. But now I passed and repassed the gate many times before I could make up my mind to ring; nor have I declared whether I should ring at all without ringing; nor how I should undoubtedly have gone, if my time had been my own to come back.

Miss Sarah Pocket came to the gate. No Estella.

"How, then? You here again?" said Miss Pocket. "What do you want?"

When I said that I only came to see how Miss Havisham was, Sarah evidently deliberated whether or not she should go and tell about my business. But unwilling to hazard the responsibility, she let me in, and presently brought the sharp message that I was to "come up."

Every thing was unchanged, and Miss Havisham was alone. "Well?" said she, fixing her eyes upon me. "I hope you want nothing? You'll get nothing."

"No, indeed, Miss Havisham. I only wanted you to know that I am doing very well in my apprenticeship, and am always much obliged to you."

"There, there!" with the old restless fingers. "Come now and then; come on your birthday.—Ay!" she cried suddenly, turning herself and her chair toward me, "you are looking round for Estella? Hey?"

I had been looking round, in fact, for Estella; and I stammered that I hoped she was well.

"Abroad," said Miss Havisham; "educating for a lady; far out of reach; prettier than ever; admired by all who see her. Do you feel that you have lost her?"

There was such a malignant enjoyment in her utterance of the last words, and she looked me into such a disagreeable laugh, that I was at a loss what to say. She spared me the trouble of considering by dismissing me. When the gate was closed upon me by Sarah, of the walnut-shell countenance, I felt more than ever dissatisfied with my home and with my trade and with every thing; and that was all I took by *that* motion.

As I was loitering along the High Street, looking in disconsolately at the shop-windows, and thinking what I should buy if I were a gentleman, who should come out of the book-shop but Mr. Wopsle. Mr. Wopsle had in his hand the affecting tragedy of George Barnwell, in which he had that moment invested sixpence, with the view of holding every word of it by the head of Pumblechook, with whom he was going to drink tea. No sooner did he see me than he appeared to consider that a special Providence. He put a 'prentice in his way to be read at; and he laid hold of me, and insisted on my accompanying him to the old churchyard to hear it. As I knew it would be miserable at home, and as the nights were dark and the way was dreary, and almost any companionship on the road better than none, I made no great resistance; consequently we turned into Pumblechook's just as the street and the shops were lighting up.

As I never assisted at any other representation of George Barnwell, I don't know how long it may usually take; but I know very well that it took until past nine o'clock that night, and that wh n Mr. Wopsle got into Newgate I thought he never would go to the scaffold, he became so much slower than at any former period of his disgraceful career. I thought it a little too much that he should complain of being out short in his part, for that was as if he had not been running to seed, leaf after leaf, ever since he was taken up. This, however, was a mere question of length and conscientiousness. What stung me was the identification of the whole affair with my unoffending self. When Barnwell began to go wrong, I declare that I felt positively apologetic, as Pumblechook's indignant stare so taxed me with it. Wopsle, too, took pains to present me in the worst light. At once forsworn and soft-headed, I was made to murder my uncle with no extenuating circumstances whatever; Millwood put me down in argument as a minx gone astray; it became sheer monomania in my master's daughter to care a button for me; and all I can say for my gasping and perspiring on the pavement on the fatal morning is, that it was worthy of the general feebleness of my character. Even after I was happily hanged, and Wopsle had closed the book, Pumblechook sat staring at me, and shaking his head, and saying, "Take warning, boy! take warning!" as if it were a well-known fact that, in my previous state of existence, I constantly murdering a near relation, provided I could induce one to have the weakness to become my benefactor.

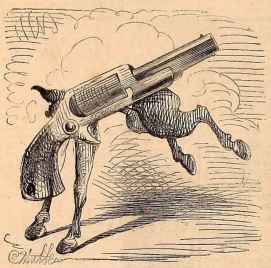
It was a very dark night when it was all over, and when I set out with Mr. Wopsle on the walk home. Beyond town we found a heavy mist out, and it felt very damp to me, and shaking his head, and saying, "Take warning, boy! take warning!" as if it were a well-known fact that, in my previous state of existence, I contributed

RAREY'S HORSE-TAMING.

The Poney's the Pet. Puppies below par.

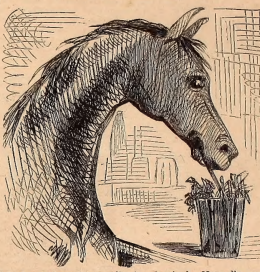
Mr. RAREY Lunches upon the Hind Quarters of a subdued Mustang.

When I first knew this Brute, &c., &c. But now he is so tame he will Eat out of my Hand.



A fine Subject for Rarey: The Dangerous Colt, "Revolver."

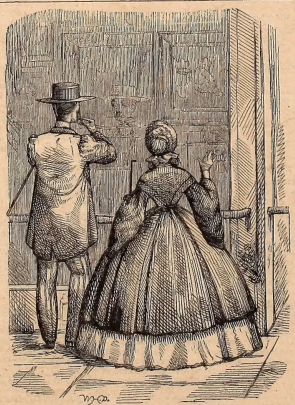
Portraits of a few Other Brutes Mr. RAREY's tamed—*Horse-Breakers.*



Cruiser is becoming rapidly Americanized. Naturally enough, he takes to Straw Drinks. Lately, he has been frequently seen to Smile like any other Gentleman.

"Say, ENOCH, in case there's a row, your country may rely upon you, eh?"

"Yes; to my last Red Cent!"



AT GOUPIL'S WINDOW.

YOUNG LADY. "Charming! How Graceful! What Expression is given?"

EXQUISITE (*abstractedly*). "Expression? Ya-as; it does."

YOUNG LADY. "It's a Frere; isn't it?"

EXQUISITE. (*still more abstractedly*). "A what? A Frere? Oh, no; a Louis Napoleon, First Cla-ass."

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HARPER'S WEEKLY

A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION

VOL. V.—No. 213.] NEW YORK, SATURDAY, JANUARY 26, 1861. [PRICE FIVE CENTS.

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the Year 1861, by Harper & Brothers, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Southern District of New York.

THE PRAYER AT SUMTER.

We publish herewith an illustration of one of the most striking scenes in the present national crisis—we may say in the history of the nation. The scene is described in a letter from Fort Sumter.

It is known that, on leaving Fort Moultrie, Major Anderson brought away with him the flag which he had been in the habit of hoisting over that fort. He entered Sumter on the night of 26-27th Dec., and determined to hoist the flag at noon on 27th. We give the scene in the words of an eye-witness:

"A short time before noon Major Anderson assembled the whole of his little force, with the workmen employed on the fort, around the foot of the flag-staff. The national ensign was attached to the cord, and Major Anderson, holding the end of the lines in his hands, knelt reverently down. The officers, soldiers, and men clustered around, many of them on their knees, all deeply impressed with the solemnity of the scene. The chaplain made an earnest prayer—such an appeal for support, encouragement, and mercy, as one would make who felt that 'Man's extremity is God's opportunity.' As the earnest, solemn words of the speaker ceased, and the men responded Amen with a fervency that perhaps they had never before experienced, Major Anderson drew the 'Star Spangled Banner' up to the top of the staff, the band broke out with the national air of 'Hail Columbia,' and loud and exultant cheers, repeated again and again, were given by the officers, soldiers, and workmen. 'If,' said the narrator, 'South Carolina had at that moment attacked the fort, there would have been no hesitation upon the part of any man within it about defending that flag.'"

FORT SUMTER.

By the kindness of two officers of Major Anderson's command, who forwarded sketches to us by Lieutenant Talbot on his recent mission to Washington, we are enabled to lay before our readers, in this Number, a complete series of illustrations of Fort Sumter, the work toward which every eye in this country is now directed. We publish on page 56 an exterior view of Sumter; on page 57 a large engraving of the great battery; and on page 60 several views of the interior of the work. All of these, as we stated, are from pictures drawn, within a day or two, by officers of Major Anderson's command.

The following description of the fort is from high authority:

"Fort Sumter is a modern truncated pentagonal fort, built upon an artificial island at the mouth of Charleston harbor, three and three-eighths miles distant from the city of Charleston. The island has for its base a sand and mud bank, with a superstructure, if we may so term it, of the refuse chips from several Northern granite quarries. These rocks are firmly imbedded in the sand, and upon them the present fortification is reared. The island itself cost half a million of dollars, and was ten years in construction. The fortification cost another half million dollars, and at the time of its occupancy by Major Anderson was so nearly completed as to admit the introduction of its armament. The walls are of solid brick and concrete masonry, built close to the edge of the water and without a berme. They are sixty-feet high and from eight to twelve feet in thickness, and are pierced for three tiers of guns on the north, east, and west exterior sides. Its weakest point is on the south side, of which the masonry is not only weaker than that of the other sides, but it is not protected by any flank fire, which would sweep the wharf. Once landed, an entrance may, at the present state of the construction, be easily made; for the blinds of the lower embrasures, though six inches in thickness, may yet be easily blown away, and even if this was impossible, scaling ladders can reach those of the second tier, which are not protected in this manner.

"The work is designed for an armament of one hundred and forty pieces of ordnance of all calibres. Two tiers of the guns are under bomb-proof casements, and the third or upper tier open, or, in military parlance, *en barbette*; the lower tier for forty-two-pounder Paixhan guns; the second tier for eight and ten inch Columbiads, for throwing solid or hollow shot, and the upper tier for mortars and twenty-four-pound guns. The full armament of the fort, however, had not arrived there when Major Anderson took possession; but since its occupancy by the present garrison no efforts have been spared to place the work in an efficient state of defense, by mounting all the available guns and placing them in salient points. As we before remarked, the full armament of the fort is not in position, as only seventy-five of the one hundred and forty guns required for it are now mounted. Eleven Paixhan guns are among that number—nine of them commanding Fort Moultrie, which is within easy range, and the other two pointing toward Castle Pinckney, which is well out of range. Some of the Columbiads, the most effective weapon for siege or defensive operations, are not mounted. Four of the thirty-two-pounder barbette guns are on pivot carriages, which gives them the entire range of the horizon, and others have a horizontal sweep of fire of 160 degrees. In addition to these weightier preparations for defense, the walls are pierced every where for muskets, of which there are endless numbers ready and loaded. The magazine contains seven hundred barrels of gunpowder and an ample supply of shot, powder, and shells for one year's siege, and a large amount of miscellaneous artillery stores. The garrison is amply supplied with water from artificial wells, which are supplied by the frequent showers of rain.

"In a defensive or strategical point of view, Fort Sumter radiates its fire through all the channels from the sea approach to Charleston, and has a full sweep of range in its rear, or city side. The fort is sufficiently out of range from a land artillery attack, so that all apprehensions for breaching it from that source may be put at rest. The maximum range of the guns from Sumter is three miles; but for accurate firing, sufficient to hull a vessel, the distance would require to be reduced one-half of that figure. The war garrison of the fort is six hundred men, but only seventy-nine of that number are within its walls."

Some military men have communicated to the *Herald* a plan for taking Fort Sumter, which is likely to be adopted by the South Carolinians in the event of an attack. The *Herald* says:

"The question so often mooted, Is Fort Sumter impregnable against any attack that may be made by the South Carolina troops? we answer emphatically in the negative. In making this statement we have the opinion of an officer who has served twenty-seven years in the American army, who says the work can be carried by an assault on the south or gorge side of the fort—its weakest point—and thus force the main gateway entrance to the work, and by attacks with smaller detachments effecting an entrance through upon embrasures of the fort, at which no guns are mounted. The attack would no doubt be made just before daybreak, so that the movements of the assailants would be covered by darkness. At all events, the only obstacle to the approach of a flotilla from Charleston would be exposure to the fire of a few barbette guns; and if the attacking force should be so fortunate as to gain a position within one-half a mile of the fort these guns could not be depressed enough to keep the assailants in short range; hence the defense of the fort would depend upon the mastery of the garrison, and, when the assailants shall approach near the wall of the fort, to complete the defense with hand-grenades and shells dropped from the ramparts. That the assault of Fort Sumter is fully planned we have not the slightest doubt; and that that attack, when it shall be put into execution, will be made upon the most scientific and strategical principles."

The same authority gives us the following about Columbiad guns:

"Many persons are under the impression that guns of very large size, such as those with which Fort Sumter is armed, can do great damage at a distance of four or five miles; but such is not the fact, as ascertained by actual experiment by the United States Board of Ordnance. Commander Dahlgren, in his work on heavy artillery, has given the result. The farthest range of a hundred-pound shell, even at an elevation of thirty-five degrees, gives to the gun, a 8438 yards; the time of flight being thirty-five seconds. The great twelve-inch Columbiad, the largest gun made, loaded with twenty-five pounds of powder, a shell of 173 pounds, and the piece at an elevation of thirty-five degrees, has made a range only of 5460 yards, the projectile occupying thirty-two seconds in its flight. By increasing the elevation to thirty-nine degrees, only 100 yards more was gained in the range. From the same gun, with a charge of powder twenty-eight pounds, a shell of 180 pounds, and an elevation of thirty-five degrees, a range of 5671 yards has been attained; and at an elevation of thirty-nine degrees, a

THE PRAYER AT SUMTER, DECEMBER 27, 1860.

range of 8761 yards (three and a third miles), which is the greatest that has ever been accomplished by any gun in our service. The flight occupied forty-six seconds. Charleston is therefore perfectly safe from the guns of Fort Sumter. If it were even within the farthest range of those guns, the angle of elevation necessary to accomplish such a distance is so extreme that to hit the city would be a matter of extreme uncertainty. The guns of Fort Sumter can only be raised to an elevation of thirty-three degrees, on account of the embrasure, and consequently could do no damage beyond about two miles and a half.

"A ten-inch Columbiad, at an elevation of thirty-three degrees, will throw a shell about three miles. There are no such guns in barbette at Fort Sumter, and if there are any casemate guns of that calibre no such elevation could be had. The upper surface of the gun would strike against the top of the embrasure at an elevation far short of thirty-three degrees."

The garrison of the fort consists of the following United States troops:

Names.	Rank.	Regiment or Corps.	Original Entry into Service.	Born in
R. Anderson	Major	1st Artill'y	1825	Kentucky
R. W. Crawford	Asst. Surg'n	Med. Staff	Mar. 29, 1851	Penn.
Alex. Doubleday	Captain	1st Artill'y	July 1, 1838	N. York
Truman Seymour	Captain	1st Artill'y	July 1, 1846	Vermont
Theodore Talbot	1st Lieut.	1st Artill'y	July 1, 1838	Virginia
A. C. M. Davis	1st Lieut.	1st Artill'y	July 1, 1838	N. York
J. G. Foster	1st Lieut.	1st Artill'y	July 1, 1838	N. York
J. R. Ferrer	Captain	Engineers	July 1, 1838	N. H.
G. W. Snyder	1st Lieut.	Engineers	July 1, 1838	N. York
R. K. Meade	1st Lieut.	Engineers	July 1, 1837	Virginia
Officers				10
Band				24
Artillerists				45
Total				79

The Italians, now generally united under the sway of Victor Emanuel, demand that the whole peninsula, from the Alps to the Mediterranean, be united under one head. The brave but hopeless struggle which the ex-King of Naples is making at Gaeta will soon be brought to a close. As soon as Venetia is settled, the Pope will probably be disposed of, without bloodshed, by some scheme which will leave him a nominal sovereign without lay subjects, residing within the dominions of the King of Italy. But the question of Venetia can not apparently be decided without an appeal to arms. The Italians are determined that Venetia shall form part of their kingdom. The Venetians are bent on freeing themselves from a foreign yoke. Austria, on the other hand, resolutely refuses either to sell or to give away Venetia on any terms. This seems to be one of those questions which can not be settled without an appeal to arms. Some compromises have been suggested by friends of peace; but we do not think they have created much much respect from either side. An appeal to force alone can settle the question; and, as both sides are preparing for it, it may be taken for granted that we have not seen the last of the thereabouts, and that Venetia will form part of the kingdom of Italy before the end of the summer.

FORT MOULTRIE AT PRESENT.

WE publish on page 53, from sketches just sent us from Charleston, two pictures of Fort Moultrie, on Sullivan's Island, Bay of Charleston, South Carolina. One of them represents the Battery at Moultrie, opposite Fort Sumter; the other the guns and gun-carriages disabled by Major Anderson before he left. We may add that Fort Moultrie is at present under the command of General Dunovant, of the South Carolina army, and that under him is serving Major Ripley, ex United States officer, whose history of the war with Mexico is well known. A correspondent of the *Evening Post* visited Fort Moultrie last week, and thus describes it:

"Fort Moultrie is, as the newspapers will tell you, 'an inclosed work of battery, having a front on the south, or water side, of a depth of about three hundred feet, built with salient and re-entering angles on all sides, and is admirably adapted for defence, either from the attack of a stunning party or by regular approaches.' That is to say, *provided* it is not exposed to the fire of a hostile position in Fort Sumter. Passing along its narrow and not very deep moat, we joined the throng of the spectators at the entrance.

"Here a couple of soldiers on guard, with crossed muskets and bayonets, blocked the way, and an officer (I believe a lieutenant) responded to many applications for admission, according to the rule. Passes were carried, in a quantity of newly-washed linen, a negress in a pyramidal turban of bright colors, half a dozen recruits, a bottle of whisky, and a cheese were passed in. Under cover of this

seat. If any person persists in pushing in when the seats are full, he excites a natural indignation, and is regarded as an intruder and not a gentleman. So well established is this understanding that, when a passenger upon the street hails an omnibus which is full, the people inside call up to the driver peremptorily, "Full!" and he drives on without heeding the uplifted finger upon the sidewalk.

Now your Committee wish to know why the same rule should not regulate the system of horse-cars? When they are full—that is, when every seat is occupied, let it be the duty of the driver to do as the late lamented David Crockett advised, regardless of threats and oaths from the impatient candidate in the street. This is reason—this is common sense, and is the equal right of every man who has occasion to use a car; and if the holders of stock would run such a regulation, then let it be adopted by all means. It may reduce their dividends from fifteen per cent. to twelve, but let them be made to suffer that less rather than permitted to break their contract with the public.

Your Committee, therefore, beg leave to recommend strongly (not "to strongly recommend"), the careful consideration of Senator Ramsay's proposition in the Legislature of this State to reduce the ordinary fare from five cents to three, and to halve that rate for every passenger who is compelled to stand. As a matter, however, your Committee would suggest that the rate of fare be continued at five cents, and that the company pay that sum to every passenger for whom that company does not furnish a seat. The matter can be arranged just as easily for cars as for omnibuses.

And if you will consent, with three cheers for Senator Ramsay, will ever pray—to be delivered from all extortion.

MORE LIGHT.

IT is curious and interesting to watch the progressive development in Europe of the principles of civil and religious liberty which are so dear to us Americans. In the course of the French Emperor, if a tacking course, is still an advancing one; the resurrection of Italy, which will yet be fully accomplished, is one of the contemporary miracles; the completion of the system of self-emancipation in Russia; the erection of the French Senate into a kind of independent power, and the removal of various restrictions of the press, are all signs of day, so that the new year opens with more hope than any year in history.

But the wonder of wonders is that Austria is moving. King Canute may plant his throne and bid the sea retire, but he will infallibly get his feet wet if he does not presently retire himself. The Emperor of Austria has been latterly the peculiarly well-beloved son of the venerable P. O. M., the Papa of the Faithful at Rome. Rome has used the unshrinking hand of Austria to "maintain order" in the Papal dominions. Only yesterday I saw the photograph of the soldier who saved the American family in Perugia, last year, and if he were the best of the soldiery (and he is quite a good fellow it appears), what must the worst of them have been? It is not that they were an Austrian, but the force of Rome has been Austrian.

Then the secret history of that empire, of which Mr. Abbott gives us the details as they have been exposed in modern times, is as fearful and repulsive as that of imperial Rome or Bourbon France. Always there is a change of ill. But who shall tell the truth of the melancholy Spielburg? Even in the dark places the light begins to shine. Even in Austria there are some signs of sunrise.

There is to be freedom of religious worship in the Austrian dominions. Think of that, Papa Pio! The neutral relations of the different sects is to be established upon an equitable footing and "upon real love for one's neighbor." Was not that thunder, your Eminence, Cardinal Minister of State, Antonelli? Public instruction is to be promoted by every possible means, says Baron von Schmerling; the Austrian Premier; and the free development of nationalities is to be "accorded."

That is vague, but it may mean something. He says, further, that "every preventive interference is removed from the press." Does that mean freedom of the press? Publicity is to be introduced to the civil and penal courts. That is good, except that it would seem to be more probable that the courts are to be introduced to the public. There is also to be an extension of electoral rights and privileges.

So finely reads the programme. But a traveler of the old guard of 1848, like the Lounger, is very wary and slow to accept the promises of Empires. They must come, sooner or later; but he is a wise prophet who can say exactly when Austria, too, must grant the freedom and arouse. The rising tide of popular development will float her off and on at last. Although, at the opening of the year, the most listless Lounger can see that nations are more excited than at any time within his experience—except the old Loungers who date from 1812—yet he is not to say, that in all the movements the good old cause is not back, but that the principles of our American Fathers are becoming the faith and practice of the world.

FREAKS OF FAME.

FAME is a coy goddess. She stamps for immortality the wise and the foolish, the good and bad, alike. Washington and Benedict Arnold will walk together down in our future visionary history. He who built and he who fired the temple shall be equally remembered. The goddess, indeed, has two hands, one black and the other white. Yet it is but the difference of a syllable. With one hand she seals men to be famous; with the other, infamous.

It is so that one of the peculiar associations of one of the most quaint of New England towns is to be explained. Salem is one of the decayed great sea-ports of an earlier day. Probably the first American ship sailed for Calcutta out of Salem harbor. The merchants are Salem East India Company. It dealt with remote and half-fabulous lands; and from the trade its merchants accumulated half-fabulous fortunes. To this day the solitary ship that, on some summer morning, you may see standing out of the harbor, is probably going for spices, and ivory, and strange stuffs at Zanzibar. To this day you may find yourself paying for the railroad ticket that shall bring you away with a bill of "Asiatic Bank"—the very name suggesting lacs of rupees, and rich palaces crusted with jewels, and solid coin, and bars of Oriental gold. And still, as you walk about the narrow streets, you come upon immense square houses, mostly of brick, sometimes of wood—suburban palaces. The general aspect of silence, inaction, and decline fingers upon the deserted marble thresholds. They stand upon the street and about the square with speechless rigidity, like the old Roman Senators in the Forum—like the Gods same and plucked their beards. Alas! the Lungers of to-day pluck those stately houses by the beard! Where be your dwellings now—your ships, your grandeur? And a mournful echo answers across the waste common, "Gone to Boston!"

Let us stop here. The fact is quite too much like Aaron's rod, and begins to blossom with all kinds of moralization. The particular freak of fame that it is our last to mention is, that in this interesting, historic town, with the ancient witch-relics (they show in a bottle the pins that the witches stuck into people), the object of most universal interest to the stranger is the house in which Capt. Mr. White was murdered! By-and-by it will be the gable-roofed house in Union Street in which Hawthorne was born.

I remember as a boy seeing, in a lonely room of a melancholy "museum," a representation of the White murder in wax. It was in a glass case, and the murderer had on real clothes, and held a real dagger in his raised hand, and he wore a real glazed cap on his head. I was always drawn to the spot and fascinated as if by a magnet, but I was always in mortal terror lest the wicked man should turn and look at me with real eyes: and to this day I never see a dress of a glazed cap without wondering whether he murdered Mr. White, or whether he will not stab somebody with a dagger before he takes his cap off.

The house is one of the fine mansions; but it is built of wood, not brick. You ask at once for Brown Street—one of the corners of the common—for guard, and the whole dark story is present in your mind. Why this murder of an old man—who was to go public property, and of so especial public prominence—should be one of the most *famous* crimes in our modern history, and invest a town with a kind of ghastly interest, is a question not easily answered, until you consider that the actors were of a class in which murderers are rarely found, that the argument against them was the greatest criminal law plea of Daniel Webster. It is this last fact which explains the peculiar interest of strangers. The argument of Webster is like the most artful romance. It has the most intense interest of description and detail, and its peroration is more truly eloquent than any part of any sheer effort of imagination. This plea makes the scene of the murder in Salem what Scott's story makes the Tolbooth in Edinburgh—memorable and interesting, not for itself, but for the power that deals with it.

Few towns are more quaintly interesting than Salem. Yet it owes half a freak of fame it happens that it is noted for the gone glory of its commerce, its wretched witch-delusions, and the murder of one of its aged citizens.

A LITTLE MUSIC.

AMONG the means and influences of modern civilization there is one domestic instrument which has not had its due commendation, and that is the familiar piano. It stands in the parlor, a necessary piece of furniture even to families of but moderate means, ready to join its voice in leading the psalm tune, or the last new love-song, or the stroll ballad, or to reproduce the passionate sighs and exquisite dreams of the great composers. The piano is a feminine instrument, sounds best or gushing by the hearth-stone—a grove of fresh and fragrant melodies planted in the home and perennially blooming. It is the voice of the past and the future—a wondrous casket of tender memories: you lift the lid, and there lie the days and the loves that were!

But it is a great pity that the young people should be unwilling to play unless they can play like Thalberg or the famous players. What would become of the world if everybody could only paint unless they could paint like Titian or Raphael? or the merchants to engage in trade except they could be Rothschilds or Barings? or the young men to study unless they could be Humboldts? or that you are asked to sit down at the piano and play or sing, you are not permitted to do better than anybody else ever did; no, nor so well as many?

Why should you flatter yourself by the supposition that you are? If you can play simply some simple old melody in a simple manner, without trying to rumble over the keys in variations. The romance of an Irish or Scotch air is sure to enchant the audience even after famous players and singers. Thalberg played nothing more captivating than *Home, sweet Home*; Jenny Lind sang nothing more tender and touching than *John Anderson my jo* or *Auld Robin Gray*; and the most charming point of Fiotow's opera of *Martha* is the melody of the *Last Rose of Summer*.

These things belong rather to singing than playing. But it is one of the delights of the piano that it is a voice as well as an instrument. If you have more than the common sentimental enjoyment of music, you will naturally wish to become familiar with the literature of the piano. Then you will not be content to sing at the bay-board, but you will read Beethoven, and Weber, and Mendelsohn, and Chopin, and Mozart there. And as sure as you do that only by hard study and constant practice, it is not worth while to try unless you feel that you really wish to master the instrument. You may hum upon the keys the pleasant melodies, and we shall all be grateful, even if you are unable to sing them out boldly: but no mere smattering of the great composers is tolerable. Play well, or touch not the enchanted keys, is the rule with them.

There is no mystery greater than that of an ear for music. It is inscrutable how one man should have such wonderful sensibilities of enjoyment, and his neighbor, apparently of as fine a temperament, be utterly unable to understand his delight. Color blindness is one of the recent interesting speculations. It is quite without seeing, as it were; as the want of an ear for music is hearing without perceiving. It is looking upon a language you do not understand; but he who can read it is thrilled and penetrated by a power incredible to you.

And yet so many are gifted with the hearing ear that one touch of music makes the whole world kin. In Canada, upon the desert, on shipboard, in lovely mountains, in gay cities, the familiar song restores the friends and the places with whom and in which it was heard, and the singer, entranced, floats homeward, wherever he may be, as the wanderer died contented as he heard at last the ringing of the evening bells of Limerick. Will they ever forget, *O Richard, O mon roi!* who have heard thy manly voice pealing out like cathedral chimes,

"The bells of Shandon,
That sound so grand on
The pleasant waters of the River Lee."

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

ITALY'S CHRISTMAS WAITS.

YES!—Christmas comes but once a year—
The longest for their pains;
Who dread the ills of Christmas bills,
And don't appreciate "Waits."
There's frost upon the window-panes,
There's snow upon the sky,
While underneath the blankets
Is your humble I.
For worse than save a-setting,
Or dogs that bay the moon,
Those horrid Waits with wheezy flute,
Cracked cornet and bassoon!

But let me hug this comfort still,
There are worse fates than mine;
Try but 'gainst others' misery, and's grace
Our Christmas Waits combine!
But there are those of the same sex,
That work more wide anney,
Whole nations of them, as the spi ure,
And kingdoms' peace destroy;
There's Kossuth-ballon—while her flag
Dark France to arms invites—
A Christmas Wait at Gaeta
Breaks Bomba's repose.

His drum ecclesiastical
The Pope, that holy man,
A Christmas Wait, is also beating
From out the Vatican.
While Antonelli fills with breath
His brazen serpents' round,
And rattles forth the Christmas box
Where Peter's Pence resound.
Poor Italy may have her wars,
And bid these Waits begone;
But still they'll play their discord loud,
And won't move off or on.

And, last, as if such Waits as these
Weren't of themselves enough
To break the rest of Italy
With rude alarms and rough,
Comes he, who darkling discord still
Can find the music in make,
Who keeps not only Italy,
But Europe wide awake.
No Christmas Wait like him who plants
At Rome his red-legged band,
Whose tricolor at Gaeta
Helps Bombaline's stand.

CLERICAL NEWS.—The Bishop of Rochester has written to the clergy of Colchester, intimating that he shall suspend any Parson who eats an oyster with its beard on.

AN OLD NURSERY RHYME.

New Dressed à la Tartare.

The Tartar heap are scattered like sheep,
E'en Sam-Sodi-Ma can't tell them;
May the Allies come home, and let Pekin alone,
But not before they've sacked them.

THE SCOTCH EXITE'S SONG.—"Will you go home with Heather?"

AUSTRIAN PAPER MONEY.

POOR Austria, her finances are so tight,
Where she can't get a copper, she's like a kite.

A CARDINAL VIRTUE THAT YE POPE WANTS.—Resignation.

AFFECTION IN MAN AND WOMAN.—Women are said to have stronger attachments than men. It is not so. Strength of attachment is evinced in little things. A man is proved by the way he eats his bread, but did you ever know of a woman having an attachment for an old bonnet?

A CHEER FOR ELGIN.

He has done his work feebly, adroitly, completely,
He sails Mr. Bruce's Canadian Shanty to Sheffey;
And except that the weldin don't rhyme to Lord Elgin,
The former deserves the ring with the praise of the latter.

AN ESCUTCHEON SUGGESTED.—At Leeds, near Hayfe, France, a cap was seen in the water with a string of corks around it, and a label upon it, inscribed, "Pull this string, and I am at the end of it!" The string was pulled, and brought there was found the late writer of the letter, with a paper, detailing the cause of his intended away with him; the same and inclosing the medicine grey stone.

A lawyer, on circuit, dropped a ten-pound note under the table, while playing cards at the inn. He did not discover his loss until he got to bed, but then returned immediately. On reaching the room he was met by the waiter, who said, "I know what you want, Sir; you have lost something." "Yes, I have lost a ten-pound note." "Well, Sir, I have got it safe here in bed." "Thanks, my good lad, here is a sovereign for you." "No, Sir; I won't be reward for being honest, but," looking at him with a knowing grin, "wasn't it lucky that none of the gentlemen found it?"

A priest, proceeding to the chapel one Sunday morning through the burial-ground, observed several sprightly girls seated on a tombstone, and wishing to be jocular with them, asked what they were doing there. "Nothing at all, place yer reverence," was the reply of one of them. "Nothing!" said he. "What is nothing?" "Shut your eyes, your Riverence," retorted one of the girls, "and you'll see it."

Husbands and letter-paper should always be well ruled.

STRAY THOUGHTS.

Your calman is the most aspiring of mortals: no matter what his rank may be, he is always looking for a hive.

A round of pleasure sometimes renders it difficult to make both ends square.

EVEN a puffing tradesman sometimes underrates himself; his cheap puff, "twenty years in bottle," turns out to be older; his delivery to be Medoc's cradle-born O.D.

If the schoolmaster is still abroad, why does not he come home and educate the ignorant?

Who cares to know the pedigree of a London sausage? Animal instinct is one of the most extraordinary things under the sun. Why should a sheep cut capers in a turnip field?

Nature is dependent on Art. What is beauty without sweep?

When you want to borrow, it is astonishing the number of *absent* people you want.

HOW BE SAVED A SHILLING.—A Journeyman weaver took to his employer a piece of cloth he had just finished. Upon examination, two holes but half an inch apart were found, for which a deduction of two shillings was demanded. "Do you charge the same for small as for large holes?" asked the workman. "Certainly—not a shilling for every hole, big or little."—Whereupon the workman immediately tore the two holes into one, exclaiming, "Then save a shilling, any how." His employer was so well pleased with his wit that he remitted the whole fine in case.

"Well, Jane, this is a queer world," said Joe to his wife; "a set of women philosophers has just sprung up." "Indeed!" said Jane, "and what do they hold?" "The strangest thing in nature," said he—"their tongues!"

The man that was stuck up with pride has been taken down, and hangs on his own hook at present. In case the hook should give way, let him lie upon his own inflatables until he is prepared to sleep on a clear conscience.

Dobbs (who is a jolly old bachelor) and a bright young lady were discussing the relative bantering each other in marriage. "Oh," said she, "you'll get married one of these days. I know you will." "Indeed!" said he, "and what do they hold?" "The strangest thing in nature," said he—"their tongues!"

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The extensive authority of parents under the Chinese laws is well known. A Chinese father "kept his son" above aged mother flogged him every day, shed tears in the company of every visitor, and said, "Why do you weep? Are things are not as they used to be! The poor woman's arm grows feebler every day."

Pulley, the engineer's young man, declares that he always works the better the more wages he receives.—A good screw, he says, is the best propeller.

"Will you do as we do on Christmas-day?" inquires Mr. Jasper of a waiter who was engaged to serve him in "hunting" for an invitation. "Oh, with pleasure!"—"Dine at home, then."

"How many times can you play?" asks Timmins of a street fiddler. "Any you like to call for." "Can you play Beautiful Star?" "Yes." "Old Dog Tray?" "Yes." "Polly, put the Kettle on?" "Yes." "Evening Hymn?" "Yes." "Then play them all together, for I'm in a hurry!"

We suppose that there is quite as large an amount of cash upon the hand as there is upon the water.

A hopeful schoolmaster says he has a pupil *in his eye*. Our boss with he, he can't see how there is room for one.

A man asked another, whom he was about to help to some chicken, whether he wished a leg or a wing. "It is a matter of indifference to me," said he, "which you do." "And infinitely more so to me," replied the carver, laying down the knife and fork, and resuming his own dinner.

A man's hat has but one nap on it; his bed has a new one every night.

When a man wants money or assistance, the world, as a rule, is very forgiving and indulgent, and—lets him want it.

Many a man thinks it a virtue that keeps him from turning a rascal, when it is only a little stomach. One should be careful, and not mistake potatoes for principles.

When two gentlemen fight a duel, each of them is a man after his own heart.

Did you ever know a woman that would not think you intelligent if you told her children were pretty?

He who is a tiger in his own family is generally a sheep in society.

If a man is dissipated, his fortune will probably coon be so too.

A GENTUS.—"Can you draw, young man?" inquired Gulp, of a youth who called for a private tutorship.—"Certainly," replied the candidate. "At ten years old I could draw a cheer; at twelve, a picture; at fifteen, a hand-cart, loaded with coals; and now I can draw a lawyer out of a jury, a bill of exchange. If I were an actor, I believe I could draw the public kind of a house; being a teacher, I am content to draw a salary, and the bigger the better." "Well, Sir," said Gulp, "call again."

Why can not the Emperor Napoleon insure his life? Because no one can be found who can make out his policy.

A San Francisco paper states that a system of wife-stealing has been developed among the Chinese of that city, which is based on upon the principle of insurance and semi-legal principle that the Celestials understand and accept. If a man be some fairly eminent man, who seems to be the end of the matter, the bereaved husband's only chance of ever being confined to his hopes of carrying off somebody else's wife.

THE MACHINE GOES BY STEAM.—There is a story of one of the linguists—he who got chaff because they need them, and had been appointed engineer, a business of which he had not learned the rudiments—that after his appointment a gentleman and two ladies had the curiosity to look at the engine-room and to examine the machinery. Finding the new office-holder on duty merely as usher, practical engineer doing the real duty of the so-called "assistant engineer." "How many horses power is your engine?" inquired one. "Horses-power?" replies grunty, with a look of mingled pity and contempt, "I don't know what the machine goes by steam."

In a recent case for assault the defendant pleaded guilty. "I think I must be guilty," said he, "because the plaintiff and I were both drunk; there was in the room; and the first thing I knew was that I was standing up, and he was doubled under the table. You'd better call it guilty."

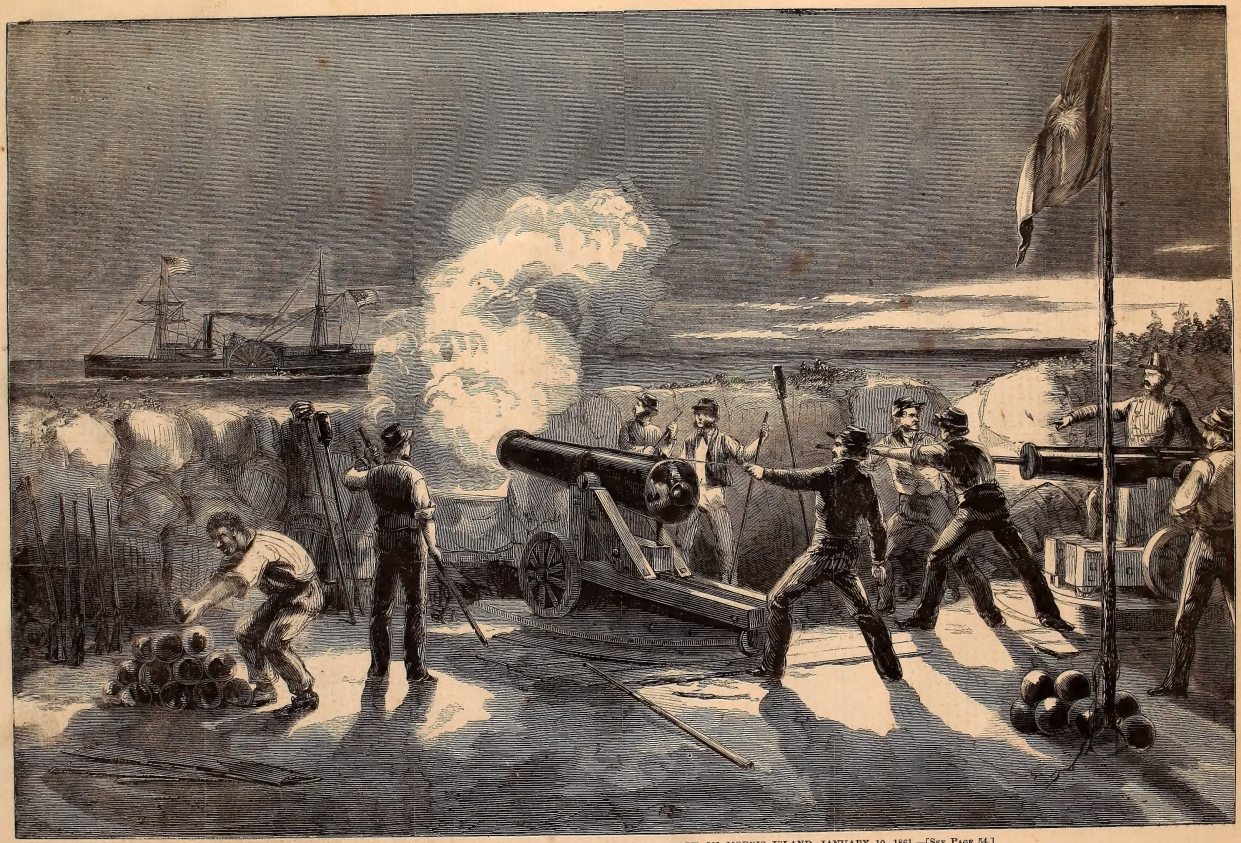
If some men's bodies were not straighter than their minds they would be crooked enough to ride upon their own backs.

A QUANDARY.—If a person catch hold of your ear, and demand if he has the wrong pig by the ear, would you answer yes or no?

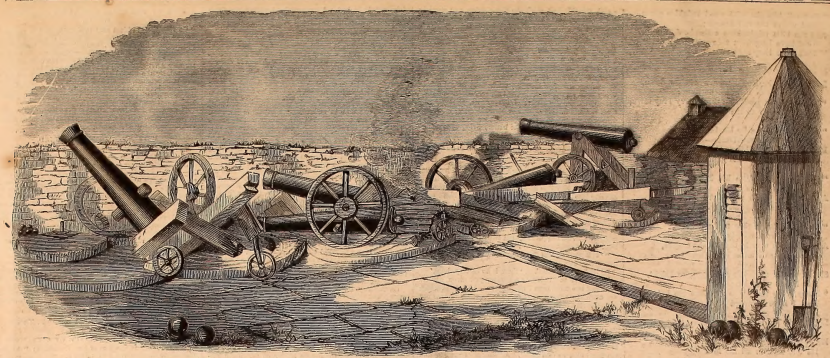
A man winds up his clock to make it run, and his business to make it stop.

As soldiers in the march of life, we may never learn to mark time, but time never fails to mark us.

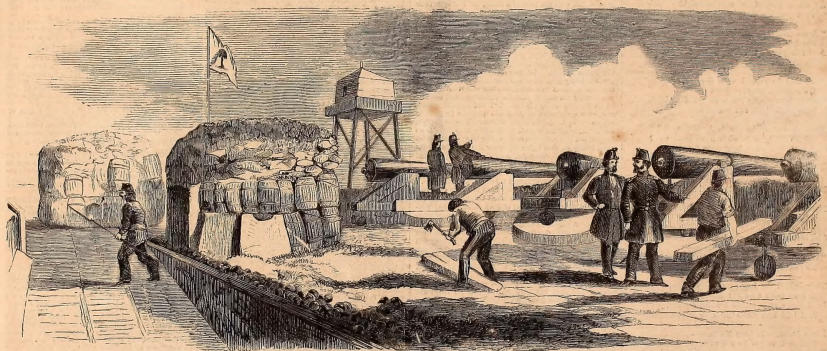
A DESIRING CHARACTER.—An Architect.



FIRING ON THE "STAR OF THE WEST" FROM THE SOUTH CAROLINA BATTERY ON MORRIS ISLAND, JANUARY 10, 1861.—[SEE PAGE 54.]



GROUP OF GUNS AND GUN CARRIAGES DISMANTLED BY MAJOR ANDERSON AT FORT MOULTRIE.—DRAWN BY AN OFFICER OF HIS COMMAND.—[SEE PAGE 50.]



BATTERY AT FORT MOULTRIE, BEARING ON FORT SUMTER.—DRAWN BY AN OFFICER OF MAJOR ANDERSON'S COMMAND.—[SEE PAGE 50.]

THE DEATH OF ŒNONE.

I.

Now many a rolling month was gone,
And years were past away,
And Paris he dwelt in merry Troy town,
He and his lady gay.

The lady Œnone sate in her bower,
Nursing her sorrow and teen;
Ivy and briony twined her round,
And vine-leaves nodded between.

All pale and wan was that lone lady,
And thrice she deeply sighed:
"'Tis long, 'tis long for a knight to be
Away from his own true bride.

"But here yesteren came the wild woman,
That redeth things to come,
And up the mountain-side she ran,
And away from her Trojan home.

"She spake me words so keen, so keen,
And shriek'd one deadly shriek;
And now I know the town below
Will fall by hand of Greek.

"And they will slay my traitor lord,
Their hands in his blood they will wet:
Now, by my fay," said the lone lady,
"I'll save my shepherd yet."

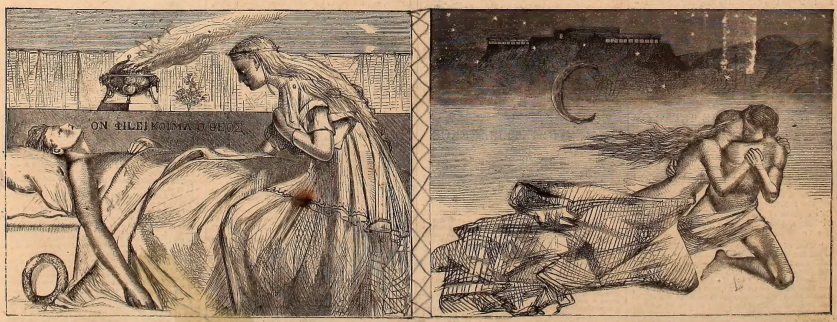
With that she clapt her lily-white hands,
Her lily-white hands clapt she,
And to her came running her sweet young son,
The boy was fair to see.

All men might tell that scann'd him well
He came of a royal race—
By the eyes below his forehead of snow,
And the light of his godlike face.

Twice seven summers on Ida hill,
And all with his lone, lone mother;
And all with the goats and painted pards,
For a sister and a brother.

"Now hie thee, hie thee, my winsome lad,
And tell your traitor sire,
The Greek will take Troy town so gay,
And burn it in the fire.

"The wild woman she redd it to me,
In sooth as I you say;
And yet there are days but two and three
And the Greek will have his way.



"SHE LOOK'D ON HIM DYING—THE SHEPHERD SHE KNEW—"

"AND DOWN SCAMANDER TWO SILENT GHOSTS."

"But tell him the wild wood twinkles green,
And waves the tall fir-tree;
And the hills might keep a shepherd, I ween,
That have long kept thee and me, my son,
That have long kept thee and me."

II.

Lady Helen she look'd from a window down,
Her face shone clear as the light:
"Now who comes walking thro' merry Troy town,
A boy full fair to the sight.

"All men may see by his bearing free
His come of a royal race—
By the eyes below his forehead of snow,
And the charm of his godlike face."

"O lady, I come from Ida hill,
In sooth as I you say;
And I would speak with Lord Paris:
Fair lady, say me not nay."

"Lo, I will bring thee to Lord Paris,
For thou art a comely lad;
And take this mantle thy shoulder upon,
I doubt it will make him glad."

She gave him a mantle so bright, so bright,
Her hands wove long ago;
"Fardy," she said, "he will love the lad
That I have engirded so."

Lord Paris lay in a chamber dark,
Apart from his Grecian wife;
He saw the very comeliest lad
He had seen in all his life.

He raised him up from his couch of gold,
He spoke the boy full fair;
Ay me, said he, what a stately height
That girt his shoulder there.

"Some trife," quoth he, "she wove long syne
For her Grecian husband true;
And this young lad that wears it now,
He shall it dearly rue."

With that he rushed upon the lad,
He smote a deadly blow:
The straight young limbs on the floor lay dead,
And life's blood ran therefro.

Then up and spake the Lady Helen,
"Lord Paris, now what have you done?
The mantle I wove long syne for you,
And this was your sweet young son."

III

They told his lone mother on Ida hill,
At the setting of the sun:
Never a sigh nor a shriek she utter'd—
Of mother's tears there was none.

She looked with no word out over the sea,
Then when the day was done:
"O gold! come never more help from me
To the slayer of my young son!"

They buried the boy by salt-sea shore,
Waves came soothing his sleep;
Lord Paris at eventide wander'd forth,
And laid him down there to weep.

Lame Philoctetès bent his bow—
Full well might he see him there lie—
Said, "Greet now brave Hector, Lord Paris, below,
For this hour thou shalt die."

He smote him right into the traitor heel,
Smote him there as he lay
"Now bear me to Ida," said Lord Paris,
"With all the speed ye may.

"The lady Œnone hath cunning and skill,
Never knife so mighty a foe;
And if to save me she but will,
This arrow is harmless to me."

She look'd on him dying—the shepherd she knew—
And then she look'd on him dead:
"A false, false-hearted man he was,
But he was fair," she said.

When the stars began to look out from heaven,
A corpse by his side she lay:
And down Scamander two silent ghosts
Slode into the evening gray.

THE FIRING ON THE "STAR OF THE WEST."

We publish on page 52 a fine illustration of the firing on the *Star of the West* from the Morris Island Battery Harbor of Charleston, on 10th January, 1861. The event was mentioned in our last Number; and it is only necessary to say here that she was on her way to Fort Sumter with men and supplies for the reinforcement of Major Anderson. The captain of the *Star of the West*, by name M'Gowan, gives the following account of the event:

"When we arrived about two miles from Fort Moultrie —Fort Sumter being about the same distance—a masked battery on Morris Island, where there was a red Palmetto flag flying, opened fire upon us—distance, about five-eighths of a mile. We had the American flag flying at our flag-staff at the time, and, soon after the first shot, hoisted a large American ensign at the fore. We continued on under the fire of the battery for over ten minutes, several of the shots going clean over us. One passed just clear of the pilot-house. Another passed between the smoke-stack and walking-beams of the engine. Another struck the ship just abaft the fore-rigging, and stove in the planking; and another came within an ace of carrying away the rudder. At the same time there was a movement of two steamers from near Fort Moultrie—one of them towing a schooner (I presume an armed schooner) —with the intention of cutting us off. Our position now became rather critical, as we had to approach Fort Moultrie to within three-fourths of a mile before we could keep away for Fort Sumter. A steamer approaching us with an armed schooner in tow, and the battery on the island firing at us all the time, and having no ammunition for ourselves from the attack of the vessels, we concluded that, to avoid certain capture or destruction, our only endeavor to get to sea. Consequently, we wore round and steamed down the channel, the battery firing upon us until their shot fell short.

A reporter of the *Evening Post*, who was on board, thus describes the scene:

"On we go; the soldiers are below with loaded muskets, and the officers are ready to give the word if there is anything to do. Now it is broad daylight, and we are making directly into the great bay of Charleston, where the forts are distinctly visible. The little steamer at our right is burning a signal light aft, and is making all possible headway up the harbor. Now we discover a large steamer at our left on Morris Island, a little village called Cumming Point, and apparently but little more than a mile from Fort Sumter.

"It is possible that those fellows have got a battery off here?' asks one.

"'No,' answers another, 'there is no battery there.'

"But there is. We see the flash of a gun, and we are about two miles from Fort Sumter and Moultrie, which are equidistant from us, and, suddenly, *whiz-z-l* comes a *ricochet* shot across Morris Island. It plunges into the water and skips along, but falls short of our steamer. The fire was forward of our bow, and was, of course, no injunction to stop. But we are not ready to accept the proffered hospitality, and the captain pays no attention to it, except to run up the stars and stripes to the mast-head, and a second flag which was on board. A moment of anxious suspense, and there comes from the same point a second masked battery. The shot falls short of us a hundred yards or more, and bounds clean over our vessel aft, nearly on a line with the head of a sailor, but below the level above it.

"On we go, and—*whiz-z-l* again goes the smaller gun next fired, and another *ricochet* shot skips along the water and falls short of us.

"'Both!' exclaims the captain; 'you must give us bigger guns than that, boys, or you can not hurt us.'

"On we go, without heeding the compliments of our Charleston friends. Another moment and bang! again goes the heavy gun. The ball now strikes our ship in the water-chain, about the level of the deck, where a sailor was holding the lead to take the soundings, and the ball struck directly under his feet. It is not surprising that, under the circumstances, Jack was strongly inclined to take to his heels, and he began to scramble up with might and main, when the captain ordered him to his post. No danger, one ball having struck so near him; on the principle, I suppose, that lightning never strikes twice in the same place. Jack, therefore, patiently takes his place and drops the lead again.

"The ball, fortunately, was too far spent to go through the side of our vessel, although it left an honorable scar.

"The battery continues to play upon us, and a huge ball comes clean over us, and near the pilot-house. We can get within range of the guns of Fort Moultrie, and yonder is a cutter in for it; a steamer, apparently, is coming upon us. A moment longer, and we shall be in range of these three batteries. The gunners on Morris Island are growing confident. Two more fly-wheel shots, and we are round a shot through our side, scattering death and destruction. Moultrie, I expect, will bring her heavy guns to bear, and will drive their deadly missiles into our bow, while the cutter will open on our right.

"Why does not Major Anderson open fire upon that battery and save us? We look in vain for help; the American flag flies from Fort Sumter, but no answering flag at our bow and stern is fired upon, yet there is not the slightest recognition of our presence from the fort from which we took our departure. The reinforcements sent on Morris Island has cut off all hope of escape by running the enemy's batteries and gaining shelter under the forts. Is it possible that Fort Sumter has been taken by the South Carolinians? If it has not, why does not Major Anderson open fire and protect us, or at least recognize us in some way? To go within range of the guns of Fort Moultrie only to expose vessel, men, and stores to almost inhuman destruction, is to expose us to the enemy.

"'Helm out of port!' shouts the Captain, and the *Star of the West* is turned seaward, and we are out of range at time, as you may will imagine. We turn without accident, and steam away, with the stars and stripes still floating, and the battery still playing upon us by way of a parting salute."

A person who was on Morris Island at the time of the firing thus describes the excitement:

"The shots were fired by the Citadel Cadets, under command of Major Stephens, who has this had the honor, which he no doubt considers as equaling the surrender of Sumter. Major Stephens is at the head of the State Military Academy, which occupies the Charleston Citadel. He is apparently about forty years of age, 6 ft. high, of dark or black hair, black and heavy beard, and large black eyes. He is about the middle size, of lithe form, with quick, nervous motions. His guns were directed at the steamer with scientific accuracy, and even the shot which failed to strike the ship fell within a few feet of her, and bounded down, and she immediately retreated. She was struck certainly three times, and perhaps five. The last shot which took effect was fired after she had turned to go out. The steamer was seen to shoot forward with a jerk the instant the shot struck her. Two balls were struck within her hull; one just forward of her wheel-house, the other upon the larboard quarter."

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

CONGRESS.

On Saturday, January 5, in the Senate, Senator Seward made his great speech on the crisis, expatiating on the injury that would be done to the Union by secession, the dissolution of the Union, and offering certain concessions, which are given below. The Senate was crowded to bear him, and all the diplomatic corps were present. Nothing of importance was done after he ended.——In the House, Mr. Dunn, of Indiana, introduced a resolution to give the right of way to the Star Spangled Banner, and to declare that it shall not be able to cover in the views which are certain, so far as I understand them, touching the authority, under existing laws, to reinforce the colonies of the country, the port of Charleston.

"Under such circumstances, after mature consideration, I have concluded that I can not longer continue in your Cabinet without disagreement to you and to myself, upon questions of vital importance to the country. I therefore request you to accept the resignation of the commission I now hold as Secretary of the Treasury. In order that my successor shall be appointed and qualified. In doing so I am myself the bearer of a request to you for an advance of the high respect and regard which, personally, I entertain for you, with which I have the honor to be, sir,

"Your friend and obedient servant,

"PHILIP F. THOMAS.

"THE PRESIDENT."

THE MISSISSIPPI ORDINANCE OF SECESSION.

The following is the Ordinance of Secession. An Ordinance to dissolve the Union between the State of Mississippi and other States united with her under the compact entitled 'The Constitution of the United States of America.'

"The people of Mississippi in Convention assembled declare and ordain, and it is hereby ordained and declared, as follows, to wit:

"*Section* 1. That all the laws and ordinances by which the said State of Mississippi became a member of the Federal Union of the United States of America be, and the same are hereby repealed, and that the Union now subsisting between the said State and the people thereof to observe the same by withdrawing from the said States shall cease to possess the rights, functions, and powers which by any of said laws and ordinances were possessed and exercised by the said United States, and is dissolved from all the obligations, restrictions, duties and liberties created by the Federal Union, and shall henceforth be a free, sovereign, and independent State.

"*Section* 2. That so much of the first section of the seventh article of the Constitution of this State requires members of the Legislature and all officers, legislative and judicial, to take an oath to support the Constitution of the United States, be and the same is hereby abrogated and annulled.

"*Section* 3. That all rights acquired and vested under the Constitution of the United States, or under any act of Congress passed in pursuance thereof, and now by law of this State, and not incompatible with this ordinance, shall remain in force, and have the same effect as the said ordinance had not been passed.

"*Section* 4. That the people of the State of Mississippi hereby consent to form a Federal Union with such of the States as have seceded, or may secede from the Union of the United States of America, upon the basis of the present Constitution of the said United States, except such parts thereof as embrace other portions than such seceding States.

"Adopted. Yeas 84, nays 15."

AFFAIRS AT CHARLESTON.

On Monday, January 14, communication passed between the Governor and Major Anderson. The Legislature passed unanimous resolutions declaring that any attempts to reinforce Fort Sumter will be regarded as an act of war. The Governor sent a Message to the House of Representatives declaring that he is guarding the coast only for the purchase of three steam propellers. He prefers small iron screw propellers. He has ordered the propeller to be provided with thirty-two seamen: one propeller to be stationed at Charleston, one at Georgetown, and one at Beaufort; also to fortify all the inlets and mouths of the rivers with obstacles and defenses. He says that he has had a constant communication between them as a protection against sudden hostile attack on Southern States. On Tuesday and Wednesday a bill passed the House staying the collection of all debts due to persons in the non-slaveholding States till after December next. Governor Pickens sent in a Message giving the details of the Steps Military Commission reported in favor of raising more troops, and urging the State on a war footing. The following telegraphic messages have been sent from Governor Pickens:

"C. S. Lamar, President Bank of the Republic, New York:

"SIR,—Authority has been positively published that no flag and no vessel will be disturbed or prevented from entering our harbor with stores bearing foreign brands or munitions of war for Fort Sumter.

"All such will be seized, and all vessels in commerce only will be gladly received. F. W. PICKENS."

THE SOUTH CAROLINA ARMY.

The following Message has been sent to the South Carolina Legislature:

"EXECUTIVE OFFICE, *January 7, 1861.*

"*To the Members of the Senate and House of Representatives:*

"A Convention has passed resolutions authorizing the Governor to raise two regiments of militia men—one regiment for twelve months and one regiment for twelve additional months. Under these resolutions, I have commissioned fifteen from the companies down in point-Rinaldi, and in one instance I have commissioned a captain to raise immediately a full company. This force is the most effective expensive as possible to the State, I have for the present confined myself to the companies down in point-Rinaldi. Perhaps it may not be necessary to enlist for the second regiment.

"The Convention also, by resolution, authorizes the Governor to call immediately into active companies, and their officers, somewhat on the principle of volunteers, and to form them into a regiment by appointing the field-officers. I have made a call for one hundred men for present a present, and appointed Colonel Maxey Gregg, a brave and able officer, to command it. A portion of the company is in actual position on Sullivan's Island, and other companies for its support are arriving. This regiment is for six months. If a regiment of men enlisted for twelve months be called for, I suppose about 1,000 men will be necessary.

"The regiment for six months, under Colonel Gregg, will be at an expense of about $100,000. If the other regiment be called for, for six months, as above necessary, it will be an additional expense of $100,000.

"The Convention has specifically recommended that some provision be made for the pay and support of those regiments in such manner as the wisdom of the Legislature may adopt. I recommend also that the bill which is before the Legislature, entitled 'a bill for the establishment of a Coast Police for South Carolina,' be passed. This, it is supposed, will involve an expense of $250,000.

"The act passed to provide an armed military force may involve an expenditure of $50,000, and provision has been made for raising $400,000 more for the purchase of arms and munitions. These several sums amount to $1,400,000. It is hoped that circumstances may arise which will give a specific settlement to our difficulties; and if so, every reasonable endeavor will be made to prevent the expenditure of the whole amount; but the more certain way to produce a pacific turn to events is to be thoroughly prepared to meet any emergency. F. W. PICKENS."

ACTION OF THE SENATE ON THE NEW APPOINTMENTS.

On 12th the President sent to the Senate the nomination of Mr. Holt as Secretary of War. It was considered in Executive Session, and, from all accounts, the preliminary discussion—and it was a striking character—had an effect was made by its opponents to refer it to the Committee on Military Affairs, but this was unsuccessful and unreasonable, resisted, by the motion of reference being defeated by a vote of 34 against 18. The objection of Mr. Hale by his opponents is that, in their opinion, he is a corrionist, and this some of them openly avow. On 15th Mr. Holt's nomination was confirmed by 33 to 12.

The nomination of Mr. M'Intyre as Collector of Customs in the neighborhood of Charleston is still suspended in the Committee of Commerce.

WHY MR. THOMAS RESIGNED.

The following letter has been published:

"WASHINGTON, D. C., *January 11, 1861.*

"MY DEAR SIR,—I do not see how it is any longer. You are aware, to agree with you, and with a majority of your constitutional advisers, in the measures which have been adopted in reference to the present condition of things in South Carolina. I feel that it is all probable that I shall be able to concur in the views which are certain, so far as I understand them, touching the authority, under existing laws, to reinforce the colonies of the country, the port of Charleston.

"Under such circumstances, after mature consideration, I have concluded that I can not longer continue in your Cabinet without disagreement to you and to myself, upon questions of vital importance to the country. I therefore request you to accept the resignation of the commission I now hold as Secretary of the Treasury. In order that my successor shall be appointed and qualified. In doing so I am myself the bearer of a request to you for an advance of the high respect and regard which, personally, I entertain for you, with which I have the honor to be, sir,

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"*Section* 1. That all the laws and ordinances by which the said State of Mississippi became a member of the Federal Union of the United States of America be, and the same are hereby repealed, and that the Union now subsisting between the said State and the people thereof to observe the same by withdrawing from the said States shall cease to possess the rights, functions, and powers which by any of said laws and ordinances were possessed and exercised by the said United States, and is dissolved from all the obligations, restrictions, duties and liberties created by the Federal Union, and shall henceforth be a free, sovereign, and independent State.

"*Section* 2. That so much of the first section of the seventh article of the Constitution of this State requires members of the Legislature and all officers, legislative and judicial, to take an oath to support the Constitution of the United States, be and the same is hereby abrogated and annulled.

"*Section* 3. That all rights acquired and vested under the Constitution of the United States, or under any act of Congress passed in pursuance thereof, and now by law of this State, and not incompatible with this ordinance, shall remain in force, and have the same effect as the said ordinance had not been passed.

"*Section* 4. That the people of the State of Mississippi hereby consent to form a Federal Union with such of the States as have seceded, or may secede from the Union of the United States of America, upon the basis of the present Constitution of the said United States, except such parts thereof as embrace other portions than such seceding States.

"Adopted. Yeas 84, nays 15."

AFFAIRS AT CHARLESTON.

On Monday, January 14, communication passed between the Governor and Major Anderson. The Legislature passed unanimous resolutions declaring that any attempts to reinforce Fort Sumter will be regarded as an act of war. The Governor sent a Message to the House of Representatives declaring that he is guarding the coast only for the purchase of three steam propellers. He prefers small iron screw propellers. He has ordered the propeller to be provided with thirty-two seamen: one propeller to be stationed at Charleston, one at Georgetown, and one at Beaufort; also to fortify all the inlets and mouths of the rivers with obstacles and defenses. He says that he has had a constant communication between them as a protection against sudden hostile attack on Southern States. On Tuesday and Wednesday a bill passed the House staying the collection of all debts due to persons in the non-slaveholding States till after December next. Governor Pickens sent in a Message giving the details of the Steps Military Commission reported in favor of raising more troops, and urging the State on a war footing. The following telegraphic messages have been sent from Governor Pickens:

"C. S. Lamar, President Bank of the Republic, New York:

"SIR,—Authority has been positively published that no flag and no vessel will be disturbed or prevented from entering our harbor with stores bearing foreign brands or munitions of war for Fort Sumter.

"All such will be seized, and all vessels in commerce only will be gladly received. F. W. PICKENS."

THE SOUTH CAROLINA ARMY.

The following Message has been sent to the South Carolina Legislature:

"EXECUTIVE OFFICE, *January 7, 1861.*

"*To the Members of the Senate and House of Representatives:*

"A Convention has passed resolutions authorizing the Governor to raise two regiments of militia men—one regiment for twelve months and one regiment for twelve additional months. Under these resolutions, I have commissioned fifteen from the companies down in point-Rinaldi, and in one instance I have commissioned a captain to raise immediately a full company. This force is the most effective expensive as possible to the State, I have for the present confined myself to the companies down in point-Rinaldi. Perhaps it may not be necessary to enlist for the second regiment.

"The Convention also, by resolution, authorizes the Governor to call immediately into active companies, and their officers, somewhat on the principle of volunteers, and to form them into a regiment by appointing the field-officers. I have made a call for one hundred men for present a present, and appointed Colonel Maxey Gregg, a brave and able officer, to command it. A portion of the company is in actual position on Sullivan's Island, and other companies for its support are arriving. This regiment is for six months. If a regiment of men enlisted for twelve months be called for, I suppose about 1,000 men will be necessary.

"The regiment for six months, under Colonel Gregg, will be at an expense of about $100,000. If the other regiment be called for, for six months, as above necessary, it will be an additional expense of $100,000.

"The Convention has specifically recommended that some provision be made for the pay and support of those regiments in such manner as the wisdom of the Legislature may adopt. I recommend also that the bill which is before the Legislature, entitled 'a bill for the establishment of a Coast Police for South Carolina,' be passed. This, it is supposed, will involve an expense of $250,000.

"The act passed to provide an armed military force may involve an expenditure of $50,000, and provision has been made for raising $400,000 more for the purchase of arms and munitions. These several sums amount to $1,400,000. It is hoped that circumstances may arise which will give a specific settlement to our difficulties; and if so, every reasonable endeavor will be made to prevent the expenditure of the whole amount; but the more certain way to produce a pacific turn to events is to be thoroughly prepared to meet any emergency. F. W. PICKENS."

PRESENT CONDITION OF CHARLESTON.

A Washington correspondent says: "I have just received a dispatch from Governor Pickens, stating that Major Anderson has now unincorporated mail facilities, and Major Anderson has now unincorporated mail facilities, and that no more is to be sent to market for fresh provisions and vegetables whatever desired. In fact, he has the same facilities that he enjoyed before he occupied Fort Moultrie.

"I am authorized to state by the South Carolina Commissioner that all property seized has been divested by the ordinance of the Convention, to be held subject to an adjustment of accounts between the two Governments hereafter.

"The Star Bill has not yet passed either House of the South Carolina Legislature. It is utterly false that any special sanction has been given to any other party currency. The contributions of negro labor have been entirely voluntary on the part of those who have rendered it. It is also the same of contributions of money, which have been very liberal. It is equally false that Governor Pickens or any body else, has had any requisition for money or labor made on him. All the appropriations of money made so far made by the Legislature have been furnished by the State banks in exchange for par, and the public debt paid from the Bank of State stock, of which the State is the only stockholder. Commerce goes on as usual with out restriction. There is no scarcity of provisions, and the market is at ordinary prices."

WILL FORT SUMTER BE SURRENDERED?

A telegram to the *Herald*, dated Washington, January 17, says: "Colonel Huyn sent his communication to the President to-day. It is understood to set forth the arrival of Colonel Hayne, after a free conference with his South ern friends here, in no somewhat changed the original intention and purpose, and instead of making an unconditional demand for the surrender and evacuation of Fort Sumter, he now presents it in the shape of a suggestion. He thereby leaves it to the discretion of the President of the surrender, in order to avoid bloodshed.

"The firmness of the Administration in dealing with the secession movement now have caused the prominent secessionists in the city to join in advising the withdrawal of Charleston, and the reservation of their threat to take Fort Sumter until after the 4th of March, and Major Anderson is to be provided with provisions from Charleston, providing the South Carolina authorities accept the proposition and Major Anderson accepts the following terms. The South Carolinians may yield, but it is believed that Major Anderson will not consent to leave Charleston for his supplies if his government will not supply him."

THE WILL IT BE TAKEN?

The following is an extract of a letter from a reliable gentleman in Charleston to a friend in this city:

"CHARLESTON, Jan. 11, 1861.

"The steamer *Star of the West* attempted on Wednesday night to come into our harbor to bring government troops, but she was driven back by our forces at Morris Island, and by the fire other than was made a similar attempt. We are in every way prepared to keep out any force that may attempt to enter here without such purposes. There is but one feeling here—the sentiment is unanimous not to submit to the rule of the President just having elected. It will not be done by South Carolina. This can be relied upon. Many of us suffer under hardships, but she can never be made to submit. It is utterly out of the question. Should there be a collision, I am ready to fight to death on this question. You can form no idea of the feeling here. Under no circumstances will be driven out of Fort Sumter if it costs 10,000 lives. This is a fixed fact, and in my opinion it will be done ere long. Every preparation is being made to do it. He is in a very strong fortification, and once that it is difficult to take, but it will be done by force of numbers. There are 16,000 men now anxious to make the attempt, but the authorities wish it done with the least loss of life, and will not be up to pouring themselves. It may be done before this reaches you, but I think not. Governor Pickens, whom Major Anderson surrenders, and that I do not think he will do. He has but about 1,000 effective men, and no force as a state of revolt. They are unwilling to fight in a war of this kind. Many have families in Charleston, besides their lives and friends, and it is reported they refused, on the morning that they were to take the *Star of the West*, to work the guns. Anderson did not fire a single gun on that morning, which, if he would, he would have done if he could have got his men to obey. He has now more than half his force in irons for refusing to obey him on that morning. The two men from a deserter found him full."

AFFAIRS IN ALABAMA.

The passage of the secession ordinance is said to have given great satisfaction in Mobile. Money was subscribed for the defense of the city. It seems, however, that the members of the Convention have not yet come to sign the ordinance of secession; they have telegraphed their delegation in Congress not to resign their seats. All the ships in Mobile have cleared for foreign ports. On 15th the Legislature met in Montgomery. Governor Moore's Message urges the necessity that Alabama at once be placed upon the same footing as before leaving, and the appointment of a Military Board by the Legislature.

SECESSION OF FLORIDA.

The ordinance of secession was signed on 11th at Tallahassee, and the Ship of course sailed for Pensacola next day. The seizure of the forts was noticed in our last number.

SEIZURE OF THE FLORIDA FORTS.

Secretary Holt has received the following dispatch from Flag-officer Armstrong, commanding Pensacola Navy Yard:

"Armed bodies of Florida and Alabama troops appeared before the gates of the Navy-yard and demanded possession. Having no means of resistance, I surrendered, and hauled down my flag. They are now in possession."

Captain Farrand, Commander of the Navy, has notified the Department of his resignation.

A dispatch from Pensacola says:

"We required down here and captured Fort Barrancas and Navy-yard, and have possession of the latter, granting them permission to continue to occupy their quarters. We are now in possession. This morning we hauled down on the Government garrisoning Fort Pickens, which has before remained neutral. You will see by telegram to the Administration resuming the *status quo ante bellum*, and we will maintain it accordingly."

It is said at the Department that the Navy-yard contained a hundred and fifty-six thousand dollars' worth of ordnance stores.

THE GEORGIA SECESSION CONVENTION.

This body met last week, and duly organized. On 18th it adopted a resolution declaring—Ayes, 164; Nays, 133—that it is the duty of Georgia to secede from the Union; and second, appointing a committee to draft an ordinance of secession. The resolution was adopted by a vote of 165 to 130.

THE CONVENTION IN ARKANSAS.

An ordinance for a Convention in Arkansas has failed to pass the Senate of Arkansas, the Arkansas Legislature on 15th unanimously passed a bill submitting the question of calling a Convention to the people on the 18th of February. If a majority favor a Convention, the Governor is to appoint the day.

ACTION OF MISSOURI.

Mr. Johnson, Chairman of the Committee on Federal Relations, in the Missouri Senate, introduced a bill in the Senate on 14th of January, which provides that the Governor shall appoint one Commissioner from each congressional District to a Constitutional Convention of the States, to be held at Washington, on the 4th of February, to agree upon a common basis, by way of amendment to the Constitution, to be made by the three States, and the result to be laid before the Convention called in the third section. To that Convention the Governor is directed to appoint three Commissioners from this State, to meet three Commissioners from each of the thirty-three States—the latter Convention to be held at Washington on the 11th of February, for the purpose of adjusting the present difficulties, to preserve the Union, and to avert civil war. The Governor is also required to appoint one Commissioner to proceed to Illinois and request the Legislature to extend the moneyguard, and use its influence with the other Free States to have conventions were appointed to the Wheeling Convention. The Missouri Senate has still gone farther than secession.

The bill was amended by the adoption of a provision similar to that contained in the Virginia bill, submitting the action of the Convention to the people, after which the whole subject was tabled, and a substitute, embracing an entirely new proposition—asking Congress to call a Convention for the redress of grievances, as provided in the fifth article of the Constitution—was introduced by Mr. Stevenson.

A petition praying for the adoption of the Crittenden propositions by Congress, bearing nearly 6000 names, has been forwarded to the Missouri Congressional delegation at Washington.

THE VIRGINIA LEGISLATURE.

In the Virginia Senate, on 17th January, the Committee on Federal Relations reported resolutions that, in the opinion of the General Assembly, the amendments proposed in the Crittenden resolutions constitute a basis of adjustment on which we would recommend the Union be kept together; that Commissioners be appointed to the General Government, also to the Northern States, and other seceding States, with instructions respectfully to request the President and the Congress of the United States to convene, recommending the proceedings contemplated by the action of this General Assembly, they being calculated to produce a satisfaction of arms between the States and the General Government. Considerable opposition was manifested, and a substitute offered.

The House has adopted the resolutions reported by the Committee on the part of Virginia to the proposed National Convention at Washington on the 4th of February, with the amendment that the Commissioners be instructed on the subject, at all times to the control of the General Assembly. It is a matter of much doubt whether Virginia will embrace the approval of Mr. Crittenden's proposition.

THE NEW SOUTHERN CONFEDERACY.

The following appears in the Washington correspondence of the Baltimore *Sun*:

"It is said that the secession movement and consulting as to the best mode of consolidating their interests into a southern confederacy, is a subject now uppermost. The plan is to make Senator Hunter, of Virginia, Provisional President, and Senator Toombs, Provisional Secretary of State and of defense. Mr. Hunter possesses in a more eminent degree the philosophical acumen of Jefferson than any other statesman now living. Colonel Davis is a graduate of West Point, and was a gallant officer in the service of Texas, and served as Secretary of War under President Pierce, and is next to General Scott in military science or courage."

WHY MAJOR ANDERSON DID NOT PROTECT THE DOCKYARD.

The *Tribune* correspondent says: "As Major Anderson's correspondence with Governor Pickens has been submitted to some members of Congress that certain important facts should be known to the public. In consequence of the peculiarity of his position, Major A. has made no correspondence with the War Department, to know its purpose or policy, but has acted entirely by accidental and unfrequent opportunities. It was decided here, after much hesitation, that the Star of the West, with the South Carolina Commissioner, to send reinforcements, and four companies were detailed for the service, were ordered on the *Brooklyn* for that purpose. These orders were afterwards countermanded, and the vessel sailed without them—nothing between hope and fear—and, moreover, it was considered important as to the subject of the secret existence of Wilkes."

CONSPIRACY AT NAPLES.

A telegram dated Paris, Wednesday, January 4, says: "A conspiracy of the Bourbon party has been discovered, but has been suppressed. Several Royalist officers have been arrested, with some of the agents of King Francis II. They were found guilty. The Count de Trapani and others on the 19th inst. Several Neapolitan officers have been arrested."

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THE LOOT OF THE PALACE.

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"Miramon, in order to make with the greater part of his troops, to attempt to carry out his plans, and the first news we had of his movements was that he had left the capital on Saturday, the 23d. He arrived here, accompanied only by two or three officers, and his army was said to be not far off, but very thing. Consternation was at once depicted upon the faces of all the Reactionists, whose hopes were all centered in him.

"The account of the battle is thus briefly given by General Ortega:

REPUBLIC OF MEXICO, FEDERAL ARMY.

THE GENERAL-IN-CHIEF TO HIS EXCELLENCY THE MINISTER OF WAR:

"On this day, after a hard fight, the forces under my command have entirely routed the troops of the enemy, who, in strength of eight thousand men, with thirty pieces of artillery, were defeated by the forces under the Generals Velez, Negrete, Ayestaran, Cobos, Valle, and Joaquin Miramon. The enemy abandoned on their retreat all artillery, ammunition, and thousands of prisoners. The fight commenced at eleven o'clock in the morning, and ended at half-past six in the afternoon, and was finished a little after ten o'clock at the hacienda of Salazar. Those of the enemy who took part in the action were the divisions from Zacatecas, San Luis Potosi, Guanajuato, and one brigade from Guadalajara. To the valor of these we owe this important triumph, which has undoubtedly secured the pacification of the republic.

"I beg your Excellency to congratulate to the President upon this glorious event, and to bring him that probably the day after to-morrow the Federal army will be in the capital of the republic; and in the name of the army I beg his Excellency the President to come as soon as possible to that city, in order to act more promptly in behalf of the constitutional order.

"HACIENDA DE SAN FRANCISCO, *December 29, 1860.*"

Early on the morning of the 31st the forces of Arellinas entered and took possession of the city gates, and early in the day the Constitutional forces commenced pouring in. General Ortega entered about noon, without the pomp or display and took up his quarters in the National Palace.

President Juarez and his Cabinet are expected here within a few days.

FOREIGN NEWS.

ENGLAND.

THE WAR AGITATION AGAIN.

A PRELIMINARY WAR-PANIC in England, France, Italy, and America, has been held at the Mansion House, London, for the purpose of concerting new efforts for the restoration of the child Mortara to his parents.

FRANCE.

THE RECEPTION ON NEW-YEAR'S DAY.

"The Pope's Nuncio," says the *Herald*, "presented himself on New-Year's Day to proceeding to Napoleon the respects and congratulations of the Diplomatic corps, in whose name he spoke. The Emperor replied: "I thank you for the wishes which you have expressed to me. I regard the union with other Governments that the friendly understanding between the Powers will maintain peace, which is the object of my desires."

FRANCE AND THE EASTERN QUESTION.

We read in the correspondence to the London *Herald*: "The great topic of conversation to-day is an incident which took place last night at the Théâtre du Cirque Impérial, during the performance of the 'Massacres de Syrie,' a melodrama, which, though produced under authority, is not to be the worse for that. Rachel, the Marquard, the Emperor's Secretary and Chef du Cabinet, and the wife of the latter, were there—the Empress was represented in the blackest colors, and the Maronites are the very embodiment of all the virtues, while the Druses are by the Christians, avengers, liberators, etc. There is much expenditure of gunpowder, but the glory, 'grosses-os,' and the 'dénouement' of Rachel, in a long white shroud, followed by the end of the fifth act. The authorship of the piece belong well known. It was received by the audience with attention to 'assist' at the first performance, a great number of officers of the army and navy, and the members of the audience was made up of Senators, functionaries, journalists, and men of letters. The Emperor arrived at about eight o'clock, when the first act was over, and was received with cries of 'Vive l'Empereur!' The piece was literally crammed with allusions to the 'beneficent' influence of the Emperor, and when Napoleon put down the house, all turning their eyes on the Emperor, who looked on with an approving smile, the applause was deafening. There was a climax when, in the middle of the third act, the actor representing Abd-el-Kader, gave utterance to the following sentiment: 'The Christians have come to be solved by the sword of Napoleon III.' The audience rose in a state of indescribable excitement. 'Vive l'Empereur!' 'Vive le Guerrier d'Orient!' He plainly appeared to approve of the sentiment, and the whole house rose. Rachel, in front of the box, bowing repeatedly, while the members of the royal family applauded vociferously also. In Paris to-day the incident was spoken of as a political manifestation, and the Bourse particularly it produced a very painful impression."

PRUSSIA.

DEATH OF THE KING.

A telegram from Cape Race announces the death of the King of Prussia. His Majesty King Frederick William IV., son of Frederick William III., was born on October 15, 1795. The very greatest care was bestowed upon his education, and some of the most distinguished men of the day were his instructors. The late monarch was present at most of the great battles fought in 1813, 1814, and 1815, although he was not intrusted with any command. He was called to the throne in 1840 by the death of his father, and distinguished his accession by repealing several of the injurious which had grown out of his predecessor's system of government. But the liberality that marked the early part of King Frederick William's reign was not kept up. The Constitution, promised in 1850, was long delayed, and when granted, the King, on the first pretext or occasion, sought the aid of the Chambers to redress him from the provisions that guaranteed representative Government. During the Crimean war, the king, in endeavoring to keep friends with either party, lost the regard of both. He showed himself to be time-serving, vacillating, and irresolute. With all his faults, however, Frederick William was a sincere friend of science and the arts. He contributed his throne with considerable sum. His Majesty had been in exceedingly bad health and often insane for several years, during which time the entire government of the Kingdom was administered by his brother, the late Prince Regent, but now Prince William of Wirtemberg. The new King is generally regarded as an absolutist, and opposed to popular representation. It has been predicted that, upon his assuming the throne, he would make war upon the Government of undergo a revolution. He is exceedingly ambitious, energetic and determined by character. Should the Grand Duke's cousin be married to the Princess Royal of England.

AUSTRIA.

PROTESTANTISM IN THE ASCENDANT.

The Austrian Ministry has drawn up a bill relative to the liberty of the Protestant worship in the Hungarian Provinces. Several enactments of it are absolutely contrary to the stipulations of the Concordat.

DISTURBANCES IN HUNGARY.

A telegram dated Pesth, Sunday, January 6, says: "Disturbances took place yesterday at Arad, in Lower Hungary, which necessitated the intervention of the military. The soldiers were compelled to make use of their fire-arms, and five persons were severely wounded."

ITALY.

THE FRENCH AT GAETA.

The rumored departure of the French fleet from Gaeta has been contradicted. Up to now eleven French steam frigate, fully armed, has anchored off Gaeta, and suspicion is of course entertained that this event is the first symptom of the rumored intention of Russia to supply the protection of the Pope. The Paris *Constitutionnel* says: "It is somewhat premature to draw any decided inference from the fact that the French squadron has left Toulon. As the Queen of Naples has left Gaeta, in consequence of the approach of the Sardinian troops."

The Paris correspondent of the London *Star* says: "The report of the withdrawal of the French fleet from Gaeta is thought to be directly the reverse of true. The steam vessel, well armed and equipped, alongside of the French ships, which have been the announcement of the last few days in the *chancelleries* of the various Russian embassies, and which has been confirmed to-day by several French journals, is that the Emperor Alexander would take his place. The Russian vessel has been treated with singular consideration here—anchoring between hope and fear—and, moreover, it has been evident present as to the subject of the secret existence of Wilkes."

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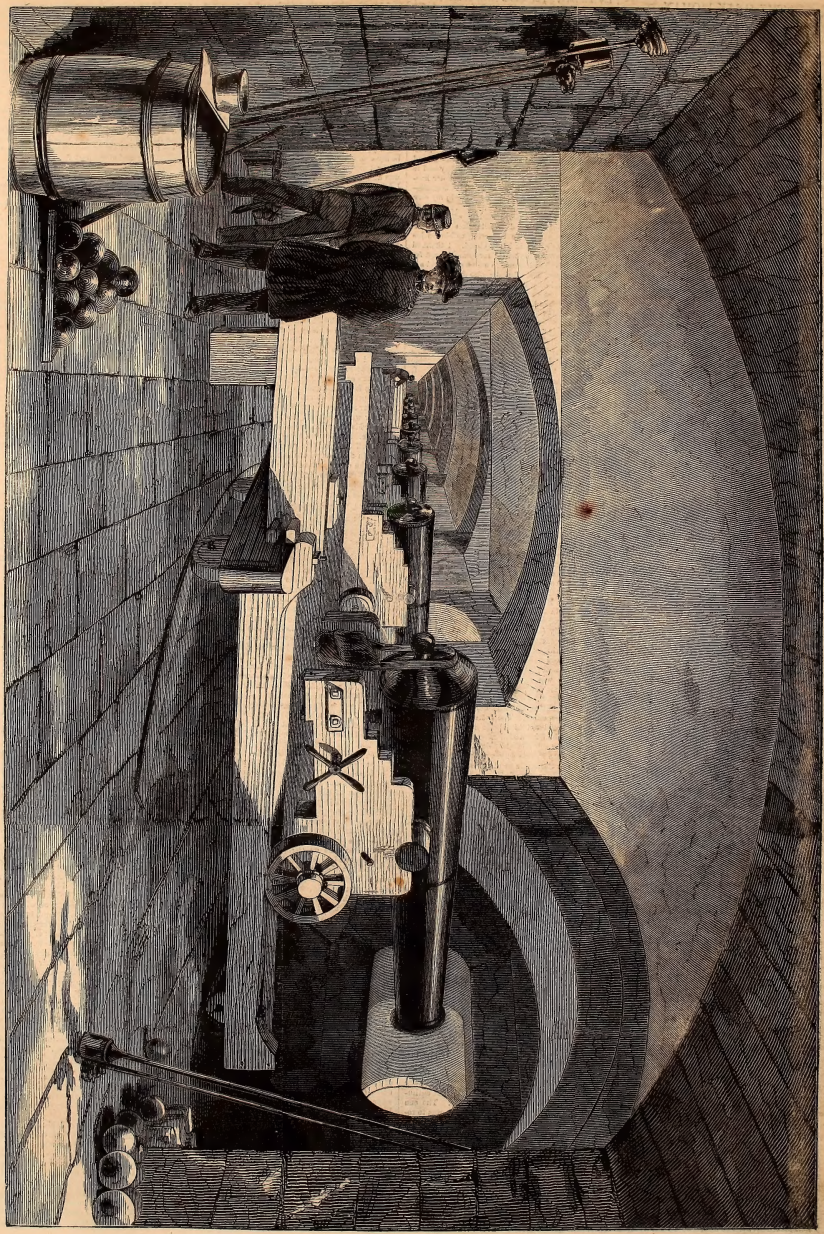


MAIN BATTERY AT FORT SUMTER, BEARING ON FORT MOULTRIE AND THE CHANNEL.—FROM A SKETCH BY AN OFFICER OF MAJOR ANDERSON'S COMMAND.—[SEE PAGE 62.]

THE GRAY WOMAN.

THERE is a mill by the Neckar-side to which many people resort for coffee, according to the fashion which is almost national in Germany.

I used to drink coffee there with some friends in 184—. The stately old miller came out to greet us, as some of the party were known to him of old.

My friend asked the daughter of the house for permission to go into an inner chamber, and see her mother. It was granted, and we went into a sort of salon overlooking the Neckar, very small, very bright, and very close. Sitting there, while my friend kept up a brisk conversation in a language which I but half understood, my eye was caught by a picture in a dark corner of the room, and I got up to examine it more nearly.

It was that of a young girl of extreme beauty; evidently of middle rank. There was even a sensitive refinement in her face, as if she almost shrank from the gaze which, of necessity, the painter must have fixed upon her. It was not over-well painted, but I felt that it must have been a good likeness, from the strong impress of peculiar character which I have tried to describe. From the dress, I should guess it to have been painted in the latter half of the last century. And I afterward heard that I was right.

There was a little pause in the conversation.

"Will you ask Frau Scherer who this is?"

My friend repeated my question, and received a long reply in German. Then she turned round and translated it to me.

"It is the likeness of a great-aunt of her husband's." (My friend was standing by me, and, looking at the picture with sympathetic curiosity.) "See! here is the name on the corner—page of this Bible, 'Ursula Scherer, 1778.' Frau Scherer says there is a tradition in the family that this pretty girl, with her complexion of lilies and roses, lost her color entirely through fright that she was known by the name of the Gray Woman. She speaks as if this Anna Scherer lived in some state of life-long horror. But she does not know details; refers me to her husband for them. She thinks he has some papers which were written by the original of the picture for her daughter, and he had in this very house not long after our friend there was married. We can ask Herr Scherer for the whole story if you like."

"Oh yes, pray do!" said I. And as our host came in at this moment to ask how we were faring, and to tell us that he had sent his daughter in her carriage to convey us home, seeing no chance of the heavy rain abating, my friend, after thanking him, passed on to my request.

"Ah!" said he, his face changing, "the aunt Anna had a sad history. It was all owing to one of those hellish Frenchmen; and her daughter suffered for it—like cousin Ursula, as we all called her when I was a child. To be sure the good cousin Ursula was his child as well. The sins of the fathers are visited on their children. The lady would like to know all about it, would she? Well, there are papers—a kind of apology the aunt Anna wrote for putting an end to her daughter's engagement—or rather, facts which she revealed that prevented cousin Ursula from marrying the man she loved; and if the lady would never have any other good fellow, else I have heard say my father would have been thankful to have made her his wife." All this time he was unremarkingly in the full current of his household bureau, and now he turned round, with a bundle of yellow MSS. in his hand, which he gave to my friend, saying, "Take it home, take it home, and if you are to make out our crabbed German writing, you may keep it as long as you like, and read it at your leisure. Only I must have it back again when you have done with it, that's all."

And so we became possessed of the manuscript of the following letter, which is the only supplement, during many a long evening that ensuing winter, to translate, and in some parts to abbreviate. The letter began with some reference to the pain which she had already inflicted upon her daughter by some unexplained opposition to a project of marriage; but I decided, without the slightest delay, that the good miller had furnished us we could have made out even this much from the passionate, broken sentences that made us fancy that some sense between the mother and daughter —and possibly a third person—had occurred just before the mother had begun to write.

"Thou dost not love thy child, mother! Thou dost not care if her heart is broken!" Ah, God! and those words of my husband's about Ursula have in my ears as if the sound of them would fill them when I lie a-dying. And her poor tear-stained face comes between me and everything I see. Child! hearts do not break; life is very tough as well as very terrible. But I will not decide for thee. I will tell thee all; and then shalt thou bear the burden of choice. I may be wrong; I have little wit left, and never had much, I think; but an instinct serves me in place of judgment, and that instinct tells me that Hans and I should not as yet be married. Yet, I may be in error. I would fain make my child happy. Lay this paper before the good pring Schriesheim[illegible] after reading it, that hast doubts which make thee uncertain." Only I will tell thee all now, on condition that no spoken word ever passes between us on the subject. It would kill me to be questioned. I should have to see all present again.

My father held, as thou knowest, the mill on the Neckar, where thy new-found uncle, Scherer, now lives. Thou remembereat the surprise with which we were received there last vintage twelvemonth. How thy uncle disbelieved me when I said that I was his sister Anna, whom he had long believed to be dead, and how I had to lead thee underneath the picture, pointed of me long ago, and point out, feature by feature, the likeness between it and thee; and how, as I spoke, I recalled first to my own mind, and then to my speech to his, the details of the time when it was painted; the merry words that passed between us then, a happy boy and girl; the position of the articles of furniture in the room; our father's habits—his grey-stone pipe, and chair, that shaded the window of my bedroom, through which my brother was wont to squeeze himself, in order to spring on to the topmost bough that would bear his weight; and thence would pass me back his cap laden with fruit to where I sat on the window-sill, too sick with fright for him to care much for eating the cherries.

And at length Frits gave way, and believed me to be his sister Anna, even as my own eyes were from the dead. And thou remembered how he fetched in his wife, and told her that I was not dead, but was come back to the old home once more, changed as I was. And she would scarce believe him, and scanned me with a cold, distrustful eye, till at length—for I knew how old are the Hubette Müller—I said that I was well-to-do, and needed not to seek out friends for what they had to give. And then she asked—not me, but her husband—why I had kept silence, my own brother, father, brother, every one that loved me in my own dear home—to esteem me dead? And then thine uncle (thou remembered'st) said he could not to know more than I cared to tell; that I was his Anna, found again, to be a blessing to him in his old age as I had been in his boyhood. I thanked him in my heart for his trust; for were the need for telling all less than it seems to me now, I could not speak of my past life. Of course, my own brother's home still, held back her welcome, and, for want of that, I did not go to live in Heidelberg as I had planned beforehand, but with my own brother Frits, for I committed myself with his promise to be a father to my Ursula when I should die and leave this weary world.

That Baron Müller was, as I may say, the cause of all my life's suffering. She was a baker's daughter in Heidelberg—a great beauty, as people said, and, indeed, as I myself can bear witness. I, too—thou sawest my picture—was reckoned a beauty, and I believe I was so. Babette Müller looked upon me as a rival, I think, before she so admired, and had no one much to love her. I had several people to love me—my grandfather Fritz, the old servant Katherine, and the young apprentice at the mill—and I feared admiration and notice, and the being stared at as the 'Schöne Müllerin' whenever I went to make my purchases in Heidelberg.

Those were happy, peaceful days! I had Katchen to help me in the house-work, and what, o'er you all the time, was my father, who was always gentle and indulgent toward us women, though he was stern enough with the apprentices in the mill. Karl, the young miller, was his favorite; and I can see now that my father wished him to marry me, and that Karl himself was desirous to do so. But I was a child, shrinking and passionate—not with me, but with the others—and I shrank from him in a way which, I fear, gave him pain. And then my father would call me a naughtiness; and Babette was brought to the mill to be its mistress. Not that I cared much for giving up my post, for, in spite of Katchen's kind kindness, I always felt that I did not manage well for so large a family (with the men, and a girl under Katchen, we sat down seven each night to supper). But Babette and Katchen could not fault with Katchen, I was unhappy at the blame that fell on faithful servants; and by-and-by I began to see that Babette was gaining the power which some open love to me, and, as she once said, to get done with it, and take me off to a home of my own. My father was growing old, and I helped him always in my daily discomfort. The more Karl advanced, the more I disliked him. He was good in the main, but I had no sympathy of taste with him, and could not bear any one who talked to me about it.

Things were in this way when I had an invitation to go to Carlsruhe to visit a relation, for whom I had been very fond. Babette was all for my going; I don't think I wanted to leave home, and yet I had been very fond of Sophie Rupprecht. But I was afraid of my father missing me, and how the affair was settled for me, but not until both Fritz and my father had made inquiries as to the character and position of Sophie's family. They learned that the father had held some kind of inferior position about the Grand Duke's court, and was now dead, leaving a widow and Sophie, and two daughters, the elder of whom was Sophie, my friend. Madame Rupprecht was not rich, but more than respectable—genteel, in fact. Her means sustained, my father made no opposition to my going; Babette forwarded it by all the means in her power, and even my dear Fritz had his word to say in favor.

At last I quitted the mill by the Neckar-side. It was a long day's journey, and Frits went with me to Carlsruhe to see me comfortably up at the third floor of a house a little behind one of the principal streets, in a cramped-up court, to which we gained admittance through a narrow gate in the street. I remember how pinched their rooms looked after the large space we had at the mill; and yet they had not the feeling of confinement which was new to me, and which gave me pleasure, faded as some of it was. Madame Rupprecht was too formal a lady to be very fond of me at the first interview; but Sophie was all that I had recollected her at school—kind, affectionate, and only rather too ready with her expressions of admiration and enjoyment of everything new to her own way, and that was all we needed in the first enthusiastic renewal of our early friendship. The one great object of Madame Rupprecht was to retain her position in society; and as her means were much diminished since her husband's death, there was not much comfort, though there was a great deal of show, in their way of living—just the opposite of what it was at my father's house. I believe that my coming was not too much desired by Madame Rupprecht, as I brought with me another mouth to be fed; but Sophie had spent a year or more in entreating for permission to invite me, and her mother, having once consented, was too well-bred not to give me a stately welcome.

The life in Carlsruhe was very different from what it was at home. The hours were later, the coffee was weaker in the morning, the potage was weaker, the boiled beef less relieved by other diet, the dresses finer, the evening engagements constant. I did not find these visits pleasant. We might not knit, which would have relieved the tedium a little; but we sat in a circle, talking together, only interrupted occasionally by gentlemen, who, breaking out of the knot of men who stood near the door talking eagerly together, stole across the room to Sophie, but rather to her aunt, and, bringing his feet together in the position we called the first at the dancing-school, made a low bow to the lady he was addressing. The first time I saw these manners I could not help smiling; but Madame Rupprecht saw me, and spoke to me next morning rather severely about it, telling me that, of course, in my country breeding I could have seen nothing of court manners or French fashions, but that that was what was expected in Carlsruhe. Of course I tried never to smile again in company. This visit to Carlsruhe took place in '93, just when every one was full of the events taking place at Paris; and yet as Carlsruhe French fashions were not talked of than French politics. Madame Rupprecht, especially, thought a great deal of all French people. And this again was quite foreign to us at home. Frits could hardly bear the name of a Frenchman; and it had nearly been an obstacle to my visit to Sophie that our mother preferred being called Madame to her proper title of Frau.

One night I was sitting next to Sophie, and longing for the time when supper would have supper and go home, so as to be able to speak together—a thing forbidden by Madame Rupprecht's rules of etiquette, when a gentleman entered who was the most necessary conversation passing between members of the same family when in society. I was fretting, I remember, back my inclination to yawn, when two gentlemen came in, one of whom was evidently a stranger to the whole party, from the formal manner in which the host led him from room to room to the hostess. I thought I had never seen any one so handsome or so elegant. His hair was powdered, of course; but one could see from the color that it was in fair in its natural state. His features were as delicate as a girl's, and set off by two little "mouches," as we called patches in those days, at the left corner of the mouth, the other prolonging, as it were, the right eye. His dress was blue and silver. I was so long in admiration of this young man, that I was as much surprised as if the angel Gabriel had spoken to me when the lady of the house brought him to where we were sitting. She called him Monsieur de la Tourelle, and he began to speak to me in French; but though I understood him perfectly, I dared not trust myself to reply to him in that language. Then he tried German, speaking it with a kind of soft lisp that I thought charming. But before the end of the evening I became a little tired of the extreme softness and effeminacy of his manners and the exaggerated compliments he paid me, which had the effect of making all the company look at me, and of which Madame Rupprecht was, however, pleased with the precise thing that displeased me. She liked either Sophie or me to be admired, but of course she would have preferred that it should have been her daughter, but her daughter's friend was next best. As we went away I heard Madame Rupprecht and Monsieur de la Tourelle reciprocating civil speeches with might and main, from which I found out that the French gentleman was coming to call on us the next day.

I do not know if I was more glad or frightened, for I had been kept upon stilts of good manners all the evening. But still I was flattered when Madame told me next day as if she had invited him because he had shown pleasure in my society, and even more gratified by Sophie's undisguised delight at the honor—for I had not expected it so fine and agreeable a gentleman. Yet, with all this, they had hard work to keep me from set efforts at the salon that day when we heard his voice inquiring at the gate on the stairs for Madame Rupprecht. They had made me put on my best grey gown, and they themselves were dressed as for a reception.

When he was gone away, Madame Rupprecht congratulated me on his company. I had myself, I fancied, been entirely spoken to any one else beyond what mere civility required, and had almost invited myself to come in the evening to the most invited himself to come in the evening to bring over some new pieces from all the fashion in Paris, he said. Madame Rupprecht had been out all morning, as she told me, to glean information about Monsieur de la Tourelle. He was a proprietaire, had a small château on the Vosges Mountains; he owned land there, but had a large enough income to be quite independent of that property. Altogether, he was a good match, as she emphatically observed. She never seemed to think that I could refuse him after this account of him, and indeed so I believe she would have allowed Sophie a choice, even had he been as old and ugly as he was young and handsome. I do not remember what the events have come to pass since then, and blurred the clearness of my recollections—if I loved him or not. He was very much devoted to me, and rather frightened me by the excess of his demonstrations of love. And he was very charming to every body around me, who all spoke of him in the most flattering of terms, and of me as the most fortunate of girls. And yet I never felt quite at my ease with him. I was always relieved when he was not there, although I disliked his presence when he did not come. He prolonged his visit to the friend with whom he was staying at Carlsruhe as long as he could. He sent presents, which I was unwilling to take, only Madame Rupprecht seemed to consider me an affected prude if I refused them. Many of these presents consisted of articles of valuable old jewelry, evidently belonging to his family; by accepting these I doubled the ties which were formed around me by circumstances even more than by my own consent. In those days we did not write letters to absent friends as frequently as is done now, and I had been unwilling to name him in the few letters that I wrote home. At length, however, I learned from Madame Rupprecht that she had written to my father to announce the splendid conquest I had made, and to request his presence at my betrothal. I started with astonishment. I had not realized that affairs had gone so far as this. But when she asked me, in a stern, offended manner, what I had meant by my conduct if I did not intend to marry Monsieur de la Tourelle—I had received his visits, his presents, all his various advances, without showing any unwillingness or repugnance—(and it was all true; I had shown no repugnance, though I did wish to be married to him—but there was so strong a feeling in the old hang my head, and silently consent to the rapid enunciation of the only course which now remained for me if I would not be esteemed a heartless coquette all the rest of my days?

There was some difficulty, which I afterward learned that Monsieur de la Tourelle had made my betrothal taking place from home. My father, and Frits especially, were for having me return to the mill, and there be betrothed, and from there be married. But the Rupprechts and Monsieur de la Tourelle were equally urgent on the other side; and Babette was unwilling to have the trouble of the communion at the mill; and also, I think, a little disliked the idea of the contrast of my grander marriage with her own.

So my father and Frits came over to the betrothal. They were to stay at an inn in Carlsruhe for a fortnight, at the end of which time the marriage was to take place. Monsieur de la Tourelle told me he had business at home which would oblige him to be absent during the interval between the two events—at least I was very glad of it, for I did not think that he valued my father and my brother as I could have wished him to do. He was very polite to them, and all the other usual manœuvres, which he had rather dropped with me; and complimented us all round, beginning with my father and Frits, and ending with cousin Ursula and Babette. But he little scoffed at the old-fashioned church ceremonies which my father insisted on; and I should have been very much put out of his compliments as satire, for I saw certain signs of manner by which I knew that my future husband, for all his civil words, had irritated and annoyed my father. But all the necessary arrangements were liberal in the extreme, and more than satisfied, almost surprised, my father. Even Frits jeered in his way—rough and whistling. I should not care about any thing. I was bewitched—in a dream—a kind of despair. I had got into a net from which I could not possibly make escape. I did not see how to get out of it. I clung to my own home-people that fortnight as I had never done before. I was always with them in a way as pleasant and familiar to me after the constraint in which I had been living. I might speak and do as I liked, without being checked by Madame Rupprecht, or reproved in a delicate, complimentary way by Monsieur de la Tourelle. One day I said to my father that I did not know what I meant by it, I would rather go back to the dear old mill; but he seemed to feel this speech of mine as a declaration of duty as great as if I had committed perjury; and I felt after the ceremony of betrothal, on the next day right ever me but my future husband. And yet he asked me some solemn questions; but my answers were not such as to do me any good.

"Dost thou know any fault or crime in this man that should prevent God's blessing from resting on the marriage with him? If so, thou dost foul aversion or repugnance to him in any way?"

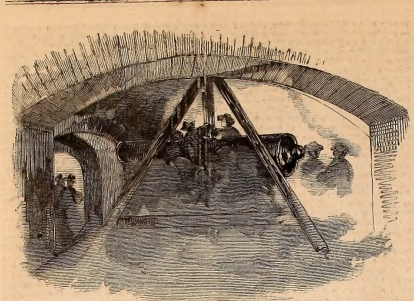
And to all this what could I say? I could only stammer out that I did not know of any fault in him enough; and my poor old father saw in this reluctance only the fancy of a silly girl who did not know her own mind, but who had now gone too far to recede.

So we were married in the Court chapel—a privilege which Madame Rupprecht had procured for us, and which she must have thought was to secure us all possible happiness, both at the time and in recollection afterward.

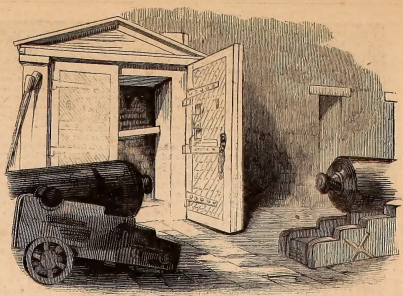
We were married; and after two days spent in festivity at Carlsruhe, among all our new fashionable friends there, I bade good-by forever to my dear old father, and to Frits, and began my life as I take me by way of Heidelberg to his old castle in the Vosges; but I found an amount of determination, rather than of unwillingness, in appearance, for which I was not prepared, and he refused my first request so decidedly that I dared not urge it.

Henceforth, Anna, said he, I was to live in a different sphere of life; and though it is possible that you may have the power of showing favor to your relations from time to time, that will be a matter entirely within my own discretion, and is what I can not allow." I felt almost afraid, after this formal speech, of asking my father and Babette to come and see me; I did beg them to pay me a visit ere long, when the agony of bidding them farewell overcame all my prudence. But they shook their heads, and said that my home, of different kinds of life, of my being a French woman now. Only my father broke out at last with a passing, and, I fear, a bitter word, against which God forbid!—let her remember that her father's house is ever open to her." I was on the point of crying out, "Oh! take me back then now, my father!—oh, my father!" when I felt, rather than saw, my husband present near me. He looked on with a slightly contemptuous air, and taking my hand in his, he led me weeping away, saying that short farewells were always the best when they were inevitable.

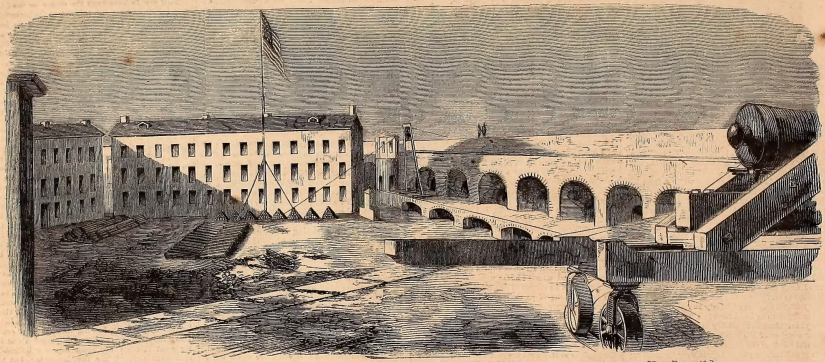
It took us two days to reach his château in the Vosges, for the roads were bad and the way difficult to ascertain. Nothing could be more devoted than he was all the time of the journey. It seemed as if he were trying in every way to make up for the separation, which every hour made me feel the more complete, between my present and my former life. I seemed as if I were only now wakening up to a full sense of what marriage was, and I dare say I was not a cheerful companion on the tedious journey. At length jealousy of my regret for my



FORT SUMTER—THE CASEMATES: HOISTING A GUN.



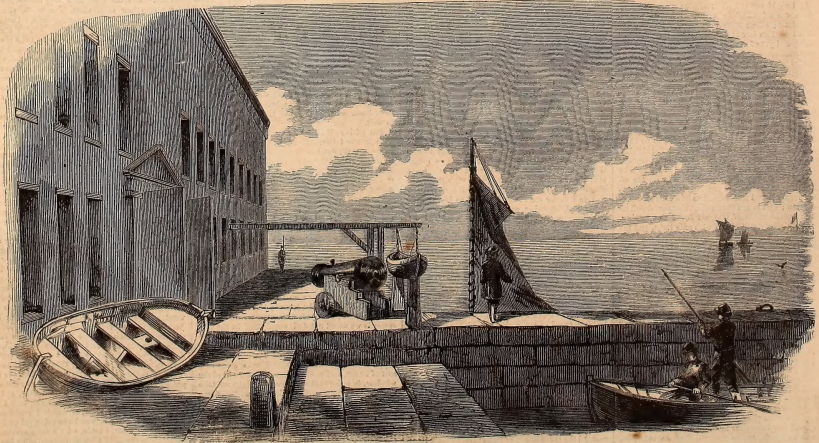
FORT SUMTER—THE SALLY-PORT.



INTERIOR OF FORT SUMTER, FROM THE PARAPET.—DRAWN BY AN OFFICER OF MAJOR ANDERSON'S COMMAND.—[SEE PAGE 49.]

ters, my face toward the window, which, both from the darkness of the wood growing high up the mountain-side and the faint light of the declining moon, seemed only like an oblong of paler, purpler black than the shadowy room. How much I remembered from my one instantaneous glance before the candle went out, how much I saw as my eyes became accustomed to the darkness, I do not know; but even now, in my dreams, comes up that room of horror, distinct in its profound shadow. Amante could hardly have been gone a minute before I felt an additional gloom before the window, and heard soft movements outside—soft, but resolute, and continued until the end was accomplished, and the window raised.

In mortal terror of people forcing an entrance at such an hour, and in such a manner as to leave no doubt of their purpose, I would have turned to fly when first I heard the noise, only that I feared by any quick motion to catch their attention, as I also ran the danger of doing by opening the door, which was all but closed, and to whose handlings I was unaccustomed. Again, quick as lightning, I bethought me of the hiding-place between the locked



GORGE OF FORT SUMTER—SALLY-PORT.—DRAWN BY AN OFFICER OF MAJOR ANDERSON'S COMMAND.—[SEE PAGE 49.]

father and brother got the better of M. de la Tourelle, and he became so much displeased with me that I thought my heart would break with the sense of desolation. So it was in no cheerful frame of mind that we approached Les Rochers, and I thought that perhaps it was because I was so unhappy that the place looked so dreary. On one side the château looked like a raw new building, hastily run up for some immediate purpose, without any growth of trees or underwood near it, only the remains of the stone used for building, not yet cleared away from the immediate neighborhood, although weeds and lichens had been suffered to grow near and over the heaps of rubbish; on the other were the great rocks from which the place took its name, and rising close against them, as if almost a natural formation, was the old castle, whose building dated many centuries back.

It was not large nor grand, but it was strong and picturesque, and I used to wish that we lived in it rather than in the square half-furnished apartment in the new edifice, which had been hastily got ready for my reception. Incongruous as the two parts were, they were joined into a whole by means of intricate passages and unexpected doors, the exact positions of which I never fully understood. M. de la Tourelle led me to a suite of rooms set apart for me, and finally installed me in them, as in a domain of which I was sovereign. He apologized for the hasty preparation which we had been able to make for my reception, and before I asked, or even thought of complaining, that they should be made as luxurious as heart could wish before many weeks had elapsed. But when, in the gloom of an autumnal evening, I caught my own face and figure reflected in all the mirrors, which showed only a mysterious background in the dim light of the many candles which failed to illuminate the great proportions of the half-furnished salon; I begged M. de la Tourelle that I might be taken to the rooms he had occupied before his marriage; he seemed angry with me, although he effected to laugh, and so decidedly set aside the notion of my having any other rooms but these that I trembled in silence at the fantastic figures and shapes which my imagination called up as peeping from the background of the gloomy mirrors. There was my boudoir, a little less dreary—my bedroom, with its grand and tarnished furniture, which I unlikely made more my visiting-room, looking up the various doors which led into the boudoir, the salon, the passage—all but one, through which M. de la Tourelle always came from his own apartments in the older part of the castle. But this preference of mine for occupying my bedroom surprised M. de la Tourelle, and, although he did not care to express his displeasure. He would always allure me back into the salon, which I disliked more and more as the constant separation from the rest of the building by the long passage into which all the doors of my apartment opened. This passage was lined by heavy doors and portières, through which I could not hear a sound from the other parts of the house, and, of course, the servants could not hear any movement or cry of mine unless expressly summoned. To a girl brought up as I had been in a household where every individual lived all day in the sight of every other member of the family, and created either cheerful words or the sense of silent companionship, this grand isolation of mine was very formidable; and the more so, because M. de la Tourelle, as a landed proprietor, sportsman, and what not, was generally out of doors the greater part of every day, and sometimes for two or three days at a time. I had no pride to keep me from associating with the domestics; it would not have been natural to me in many ways to have sought them out for a word of sympathy in those dreary days when I was left so entirely to myself, had they been like our kindly German servants. But I disliked them, one and all; I could not tell why. Some were civil, but there was a familiarity in their civility which repelled me; others were rude, and treated me more as if I were an intruder than the mistress and future wife; and yet of the two sets I liked these last the best.

The principal male servant belonged to this latter class. I was very much afraid of him, he had such an air of suspicious surliness about him in all he did for me, and yet M. de la Tourelle spoke of him as most valuable and faithful. Indeed, it sometimes struck me that Lefebvre ruled his master in some things; and this I could not make out. For, while M. de la Tourelle behaved toward me as if I were some precious toy or idol, to be cherished, and fostered, and petted, and indulged, I soon found out how little I, or, indeed, any one else, could bend the terrible will of the man who had, on first acquaintance, appeared to me too effeminate and too good to exert his will to the slightest particular. I had learned to know his face better now; and to see that some vehement depth of feeling, the cause of which I could not fathom, made his gray eye glitter with pale light, and his lips contract, and his delicate cheek writhen on certain occasions. But all had been so open and above board at home that I had no experience to help me to unravel any mysteries among those who lived under the same roof. I understood that I had made what Madame Ruppredt and her set would have called a great marriage, because I lived in a château with many servants, bound ostensibly to obey me in minutes. I supposed that M. de la Tourelle was fond enough of me in his way—proud of my beauty, I dare say (for he often enough spoke about it to me)—but he was also jealous, and suspicious, and uninfluenced by my wishes, unless they tallied with his own. I felt at this time as if I could have been fond of him too, if he would have let me; but I was timid from my childhood, and before long my dread of his displeasure (coming down like thunder into the midst of my love, for such slight causes as a hesitation in reply, a wrong word, or a sigh for my father) conquered my humorous inclination to love one who was so handsome, so accomplished, so indulgent and devoted. But if I could not please him when indeed I loved him, you may imagine how often I did wrong when I was so much afraid of him as to quietly avoid his company for fear of his outbursts of passion. One thing I remember noticing, that the more M. de la Tourelle was displeased with me the more Lefebvre seemed to relish it; and when I was restored to favor, sometimes on as sudden an impulse as that which occasioned my disgrace, Lefebvre would look askance at me with his cold, malicious eyes, and once or twice at such times he spoke most disrespectfully to M. de la Tourelle.

I have almost forgotten to say that, in the early days of my life at Les Rochers, M. de la Tourelle, in contemptuous indulgent pity at my weakness in disliking the dreary grandeur of the château, sent up to the milliner in Paris from whom my corbeille de mariage had come, to desire her to look out for me a maid of middle age, experienced in the toilet, and with as much refinement that she might on occasion serve as companion to me.

A Norman woman, Amante by name, was sent to Les Rochers by Madame Prunier milliner, to become my maid. She was tall and handsome, though upward of forty, and somewhat gaunt. But on first seeing her I liked her; she was neither rude nor familiar in her manners, and had a pleasant look of straightforwardness about her that I had missed in all the inhabitants of the château, and that I foolishly set down in my own mind as a national want. Amante was directed by M. de la Tourelle to sit in my boudoir, and not with the servants. He also gave her many instructions as to her duties in matters which, perhaps, strictly belonged to my department of management. But I was young, and inexperienced, and thankful to be spared any responsibility.

I dare say it was true what M. de la Tourelle said—before many weeks had elapsed—that, for a great lady, a lady of a castle, I became sadly too familiar with my Norman waiting-maid. But you know that by birth I was nothing so far apart in rank: Amante was the daughter of a Norman farmer, I of a German miller; and, besides, that my life was so lonely. Illness and sorrow had left me not please my husband. He had written for some one capable of being my companion at times, and now he was jealous of the influence of her—an agency because I could sometimes laugh at her original tones and amusing proverbs, while when with him I was too much frightened to laugh.

From time to time families from a distance of some leagues drove through the bad roads in their heavy carriages to pay us a visit, and there was occasionally high festivity in the château; more public affairs should be a little more settled. These little events and plans were the only variations in my life for the first few months. Of the social alternations in M. de la Tourelle's temper, his unreasonable anger, and his passionate fondness.

Perhaps one of the things which caused me keen pleasure and comfort in Amante's society was, that whereas I was afraid of every body (I do not think I was half a knave) she was afraid of no one but M. Tourelle, which respectfully informed him that she had detected the weak point, but forbore to press him too closely upon it out of deference to his position as her master. Lefebvre, with all his influence to others, she had quite teader ways with me; all the more so at this time because she knew, what I had not yet words to express, that M. de la Tourelle, by-and-by I might become a mother, that wonderful object of mysterious interest to single women, who no longer hope to enjoy such blessedness themselves.

It was once more autumn; late in October. But I was reconciled to the dreariness of the look of the new part of the building no longer looked bare and desolate; the débris had been so far cleared away by M. de la Tourelle's orders as to make me a little flower-garden, to which I tried to cultivate those plants that I remembered as growing at home. Amante and I had moved the furniture in the suite of rooms, so as to be living as my husband had ordered many an article from time to time that he thought would give me pleasure, and it was becoming a very comfortable imprisonment in a certain part of the great building, the whole of which I had never yet explored. It was October, as I said, when M. de la Tourelle spoke of, though short in duration, and M. de la Tourelle had occasion, so he said, to go to that distant estate on the superintendence of which he was living at him away from home. He took Lefebvre with him, and possibly some more of the lackeys; he often did. And my spirits rose a little at the thought of his absence, and the new sensation that he was the father of my unborn babe came over me, and I tried to invest him with this fresh character. I tried to persuade myself that passionate love for me that made him so jealous and tyrannical, imposing, as he did, restrictions on my very intercourse with my dear father, not fatherly. I was so entirely separated, as far as personal intercourse was concerned.

I had, it is true, given myself go into a sorrowful review of all the troubles which lay hidden beneath the seeming luxury of my life. I knew that no one cared for me except my husband, and sometimes for it was clear enough to see that I, as his wife, and also as a parvenu, was not popular among the few neighbors who surrounded us; and as for the servants, they were a lurking kind of enemies, looking, treating me with a semblance of respect that had more of mockery than reality in it, while the men had a lurking kind of familiarity with them, sometimes displayed even to M. de la Tourelle, who on his part, it must be confessed, was often severe even to cruelty in his treatment of them. My husband loved me, I said to myself, but I said it almost in the form of a question. His love was shown fitfully, and more in ways calculated to please himself than to please me. I felt that for no wish of mine would he deviate one little from any predetermined course of action. I had learned the inflexibility of those thin, delicate lips; I knew how anger would turn his fair complexion to deadly white, and bring the cruel light into his pale blue eyes. The love I bore to any one seemed to be a reason for his hating them, and as I went on pitying myself one long dreary afternoon during this absence of his of which I have spoken, only sometimes remembering to check myself in my murmurings by thinking of the new unseen link between us, and then crying afresh to think how wicked I was, how very ill. I remember that long October evening! Amante came in from time to time, talking away to cheer me—talking about dress and Paris, and I hardly know what, but from time to time looking at me keenly with her friendly dark eyes, and with serious interest, too, though all her words were about frivolity. At length she heaped the fire with wood, drew the heavy silken curtains close; for I had been anxious hitherto to keep them open so that I might see the pale moon mounting the skies, as I used to see her—the same moon—rise from behind the Kaiser Stuhl at Heidelberg; but the night made me cry, so Amante set it out. She dictated to me as a nurse does to a child.

"Now, Madame must have the little kitten to keep her company," she said, "while I go and ask Marchon for a cup of coffee." I remember that speech, and the way it roused me, for I did not like Amante to think I wanted amusing by a kitten. It might be my petulance, but this speech—such as she might have made to a child—annoyed me, and I said that I did not want for my lowness of spirits—meaning that they were not of so imaginary a nature that I could be diverted from them by the gambols of a kitten. So, though I did not choose to tell her all, I told her a part; and as I spoke, I began to suspect that the good creature knew much of it all, and, withal, that the little speech about the kitten was more thoughtful kind than it had seemed at first. I said that it was so long since I had heard from my father; that he was an old man, and many things might happen—I might never see him again—and I so seldom heard from him or my brother; it was a more complete and continuous cry than I had ever anticipated when I married, and something of my home and of my life previous to my marriage I told the good Amante, who had been brought up as a great lady, and the sympathy of any human being was precious to me.

Amante listened with interest, and in return told me some of the events and sorrows of her own life. Then, remembering her purpose, she set out in search of the coffee, which ought to have been brought to me an hour before; but in my husband's absence my wishes were but seldom attended to, and I never dared to give orders.

Presently Amante returned, bringing the coffee and a great large cake.

"See!" said she, setting it down. "I took at my pleasure. Marchon is civil. Those who eat always laugh. And, besides, I have a little news that will please Madame." Then she told me that, lying on a table in the great kitchen, was a bundle of letters, come by the courier from Strasburg that very afternoon; then, fresh from her conversation with me, she had recognized the string that bound them, but had only just traced out one that she thought was from Germany, when a servant-man came in, and with the start he gave her she dropped the letters, which he picked up, swearing at her for having untied and disarranged them. She told him that she believed there was a letter there for me from my father, and swore the more, saying that if there was it was no business of hers, or of his either, for that he had the strictest orders always to hand to me whatever arrived during his master's absence into the private sitting-room of the latter—a room into which I had never entered, although it opened out of my husband's dressing-room.

I asked Amante if she had not conquered and brought me the letter. No, indeed, she replied, it was almost as much as her place was worth to live among such a set of servants; it was only a month ago that Jacques had stabbed Valentin for some jesting joke. That poor Valentin—that handsome young lad who carried up the wood into my salon? Poor fellow! he lies dead and cold now, and that is the way with them. One has not an end to himself, but those of the household knew better. Oh! I need not be afraid; Jacques was gone, on an errand to Paris, and his wife was such a fool as not to be afraid of him. Monsieur would be at home the next day, and it would not be long to wait.

But I felt as if I could not exist till the next day without the letter. It might be to say that my father was ill, dying—he might pray for his daughter from his death-bed! In short, there was no end to the thoughts and fancies that haunted me. It was of no use for Amante to say that, after all, she might be mistaken, and that the letter was writing well—that she had but a glimpse of the address; I let my coffee cool, my food all became distasteful, and I urged Amante to have patience to get at the letter, and have some news of my dear ones at home. All the time Amante kept her imperturbable good humor, and tried to console me accordingly. At last she said, as if wearied out, that if I would consent to make a good supper, she would see what could be done. Accordingly, when Monsieur's room in search of the letter, after the servants were all gone to bed. We agreed to go together when all was still, and look over the letters; there could be no harm in that, she argued, as we were such cowards we dared not do it openly and in the face of the household.

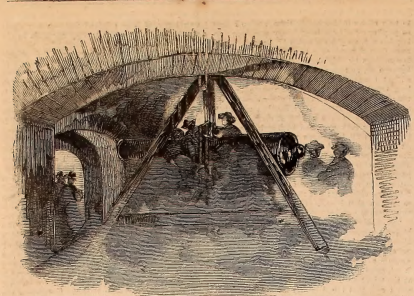
Presently our supper came up—partridges, bread, fruits, and cream. How well I remember that supper! We put the untouched cake away in a sort of buffet, and set the cold coffee out of the window, in order that the servants might not take offense at the apparent fancifulness of sending down for food I could not eat. I was so anxious for all to be in bed that I told the footman who served that he need not wait to take away the plates and dishes, but might go to bed. Long after I thought the house was quiet, Amante, in her caution, made me wait. It was past eleven before we set out, with candle steps and veiled light, along the passages, to go to my husband's room and steal my own letter, if it was indeed there—a fact about which Amante had become very uncertain in the progress of our discussion.

To make you understand my story, I must now try to explain to you the plan of the château. It had been at one time a fortified place of some strength, perched on the summit of a rock, which projected from the side of the mountain. Additions had been made to the old building (which must have borne a strong resemblance to the castles overlooking the Rhine), and these new buildings were placed so as to command a magnificent view, being on the steepest side of the rock, from which the mountain fell away, as it were, leaving the great plain of France in full survey. The ground-plan was something of the shape of three sides of an oblong; my apartments in the modern edifice occupied the narrow end, and had this grand prospect. The front of the castle was old, and ran parallel to the valley below. In this were contained the offices and public rooms of various descriptions, into which I never penetrated. The back wing (considering the new building in which my apartments were, as the centre) consisted of many rooms, of a dark and gloomy character, as the mountain-side shut out much of the sun, and heavy pine woods came down from the far ravels of the windows. Yet on this side—on a projecting plateau of the rock—my husband had formed the flower-garden of which I have spoken; for he was a great cultivator of flowers in his leisure moments.

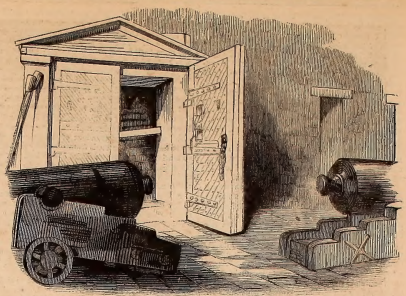
Now my bedroom was the corner room of the new buildings on the part next to the mountain. Hence I could have let myself down into the flower-garden by the window on the western or south side, without danger of hurting myself; while the windows at right angles with these looked shore down a descent which rendered it fearful. Still further along this wing, you came to the old building; in fact, these two fragments of the ancient castle had formerly been attached by some such connecting apartments as my husband had rebuilt. These rooms belonged to M. de la Tourelle. His bedroom opened into mine, his dressing-room lay beyond; and that was where nearly all I knew, for the servants, as well as he himself, had a knack of turning me back, under some pretense, if ever they found me walking about alone, as I was inclined to do, when first I came, from a sort of curiosity to see the whole of the place of which I found myself mistress. But M. Tourelle never encouraged me to go out alone, either in a carriage or for a walk, saying always that the roads were bad, or that those climbing paths indeed, I have sometimes fancied since that the flower-garden, to which the only access from the castle was by these rooms, was made on purpose in order to give me exercise and employment under his own eye.

But to return to that night. I knew, as I have said, that M. de la Tourelle's private room opened out of his dressing-room, and this out of his bedroom, which again opened into mine, the corner room. But there was no other door to all these rooms, and these doors led into a long gallery, lighted by windows, looking into the inner court, if I do not remember incorrectly. And now that we went through my room into my husband's apartment through the dressing-room; but the door of communication into his study was locked, so there was nothing for it but to turn back and go by the gallery to the other door. I recollect noticing every one of these things in succession, then seen by me for the first time. I remember the sweet perfume that hung in the air, the scent toilet-table, and the dressed his clothes, and the whole apparatus for bathing and dressing, more luxurious even than those which he had provided for me. In the room itself was less splendid in its proportions than mine. In truth, the new buildings ended at the entrance to my husband's dressing-room. There were deep window recesses in walls eight or nine feet thick, and in one of the partitions between the chambers were three feet deep; but over all these doors or windows there fell thick heavy draperies, so that I should think no one could have heard in one room what passed in another. We went back into my room, and out into the gallery. And then I made out what was a fear that possessed us, I don't know why, lest some of the servants in the opposite wing might trace our progress toward the door of study made unused by any one except my husband. Somehow, I had always the feeling that all the domestics, except Amante, were spies upon me, and I was so trammelled in a web of observation and unspoken limitation extending over all my actions.

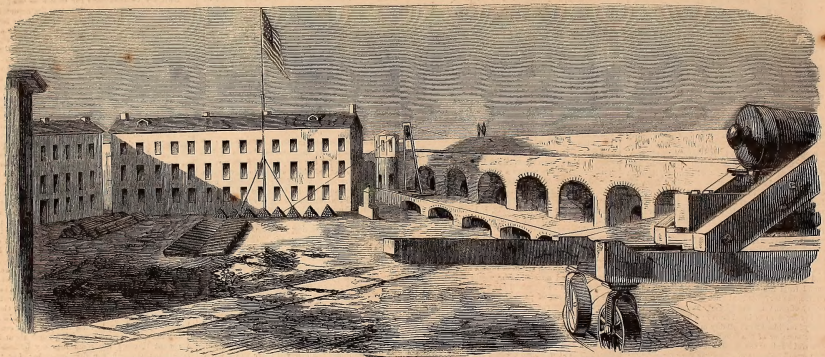
There was a light in the upper room; we paused, and Amante would have again retreated, but I was chafing under the delays. What was the harm of my seeking my father's unopened letter to me in my husband's study? I, pitiful and ill-used, now blamed Amante for her unusual timidity. But the truth was, she had far more reason for suspicion as to the proceedings of that terrible household than I had ever known of. I urged her on, I pressed on myself; we entered the door, locked, and with the light in my hand I searched for the letters lay on the table, their white oblongs catching the light in an instant, and revealing themselves to my eager eyes, before even the words of love from my peaceful distant home. But just as I pressed forward to examine the letters the candle which Amante held, even in some draught, went out, and we were in darkness. Amante proposed that we should carry the letters back to my salon, collecting them as well as we could in the dim, and returning all but the expected one for me; but I begged her to return to my room, where I kept tinder and flint, and to strike a fresh light; and so she went, and I remained alone in the room, of which I could only just distinguish the size and the principal articles of furniture: a large table, with a deep overhanging cloth, in the middle, escritoires and other heavy articles against the walls, all this I could see—I stood there, my hand on the table close by the let-



FORT SUMTER—THE CASEMATES: HOISTING A GUN.



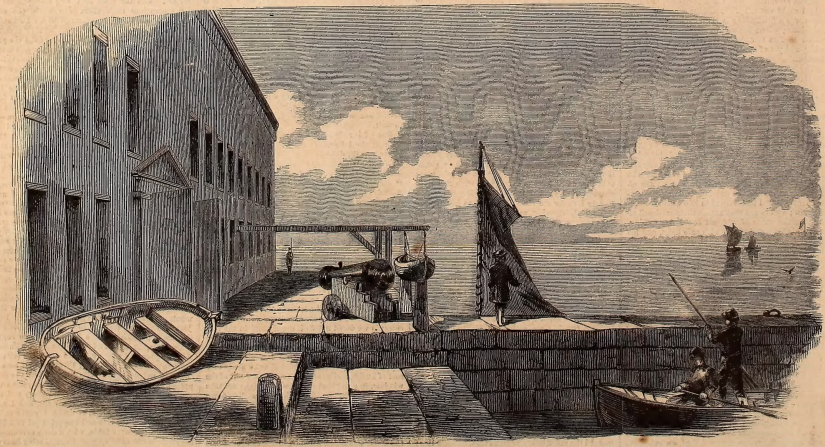
FORT SUMTER—THE SALLY-PORT.



INTERIOR OF FORT SUMTER, FROM THE PARAPET.—DRAWN BY AN OFFICER OF MAJOR ANDERSON'S COMMAND.—[SEE PAGE 49.]

ters, my face toward the window, which, both from the darkness of the wood growing high up the mountain-side and the faint light of the declining moon, seemed only like an oblong of paler, purpler black than the shadowy room. How much I remembered from my one instantaneous glance before the candle went out, how much I saw as my eyes became accustomed to the darkness, I do not know; but even now, in my dreams, comes up that room of horror, distinct in its profound shadow. Amante could hardly have been gone a minute before I felt an additional gloom before the window, and heard soft movements outside—soft, but resolute, and continued until the end was accomplished, and the window raised.

In mortal terror of people forcing an entrance at such an hour, and in such a manner as to leave no doubt of their purpose, I would have turned to fly when first I heard the noise, only that I feared by any quick motion to catch their attention, as I also ran the danger of doing by opening the door, which was all but closed, and to whose handlings I was unaccustomed. Again, quick as lightning, I bethought me of the hiding-place between the locked



GORGE OF FORT SUMTER—SALLY-PORT.—DRAWN BY AN OFFICER OF MAJOR ANDERSON'S COMMAND.—[SEE PAGE 49.]

THE CITY OF CHARLESTON, SOUTH CAROLINA.—[See Page 62.]

door to my husband's dressing-room and the portiers which covered it; but I gave that up, I felt as if I could not without screaming or fainting. So I sank down softly, and crept under the table, hidden, as I hoped, by the great deep cover, with its heavy fringe. I had not recovered my swooning senses fully, and was trying to assure myself as to my being in a place of comparative safety, for, above all things, I dreaded the betrayal of fainting, and struggled hard for mastery, because as I might attain by deadening myself to the danger I was in by inflicting intense pain on myself. You have often asked me the reason of that watch on my hand; it was where, in my agony, I bit out a piece of flesh with my relentless teeth, thankful for the pain, which helped to numb my terror. I say I was but just concealed when I heard the window lifted, and one after another stepped over the sill, and stood by me so close that I could have touched their feet. They laughed and whispered; my brain swam so that I could not tell the meaning of their words; but I heard my husband's laughter among the rest —low, hissing, and scornful—as he kicked something heavy that they had dragged in over the floor, and which lay near me; so near that my husband's kick in touching it touched me too. I don't know why—I can't tell how—but some feeling, and not curiosity, prompted me to put out my hand, clear of the folds, over the table, and feel in the darkness for what lay spurned beside me. I stole my groping palm upon the clenched and chilly hand of a corpse!

[TO BE CONTINUED IN OUR NEXT NUMBER.]

THE CITY OF CHARLESTON.

THE render will find on the preceding page a General View of the City of Charleston, South Carolina, showing the City, the Bay, the Forts, etc. The wide street which occupies the centre of the picture is Broad Street. The *Mercury* office stands on the left-hand side of this street as you walk down toward the Custom-house — the building at its extremity. Many merchants have their offices here; it is, in fact, the Broadway of Charleston.

Charleston is one of the oldest, and was once one of the greatest cities in the United States. It was founded by British noblemen under a special grant from the Crown, and was intended to be the chief town of the most aristocratic province in America. Before the Revolution it was one of the wealthiest cities on the sea-board; it is recorded, that fine ladies in London, York and Philadelphia sent to Charleston for the silks and laces which they could not get at home. During the Revolution it was for many years in possession of the British, and the city abounds with memorials of the struggle they had to take it, and of the straits to which the patriots of that day were put. Not the least interesting of these famous relics is the arsenal, where the citizens were ordered to deposit their arms on the surrender of the city. They did so, but threw down loaded as they were, so that the work was scarcely done when a terrific explosion almost uprooted the town itself. Some 20,000 pounds of powder were ignited, and the lunatic asylum, poor-house, guard-house, barracks, etc., were all destroyed. Many lifeless carcasses were dashed against the walls of the old church of the Unitarians, which were splashed with blood and brains.

The population of Charleston is about 40,000 souls; the city covers a corporate domain nearly three miles long by something less than two miles at the widest.

WHAT.

SHE was working a slipper; but she didn't like *that*. She sang a little melody, *that* wouldn't do:

She tried to read a little, then sat down with the cat, And then commenced a note—"Dearest, why didn't you—?"

And then she tore it up, and then tried to keep still And watch the spent sun till he dropped behind the hill.

She was reading a novel, but he didn't like *that*, So he took down his fishing-rod, *that* wouldn't do; Then he whistled to his dog, then he looked on his hat, And *then* commenced a note—"Dearest, why didn't you—?"

And then he tore it up, and then tried to keep still And watch the spent sun till he dropped behind the hill.

The sun dropped out of sight, and she walked up the lane;

He too, quite by chance, of course, came along:
So they met, and they stopped: not a word she would either deign:

Then he said—nothing, and naught had she to say.
It last he took up at her, and she took up to his,
And *then* commenced a note—"Dearest, why didn't you—?"

"Why *didn't* you—Dearest?"—"Dearest, why didn't you—?"

A DAY'S RIDE:

A LIFE'S ROMANCE.

By CHARLES LEVER.

AUTHOR OF "CHARLES O'MALLEY," "HARRY LORREQUER," ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER XXXIV.

MY poor companions had but a sorry time of it on that morning. I was in a fearful temper, and made no effort to control it. The little romance of my meeting with these creatures was beginning to scale off, and there beneath lay the vulgar metal of the natures exposed to view. A few old Vitrichen shuffling along in his tattered shoes, half-stupid with wine and shame together, I could bear to look at him; while Tintenfleck, although at the outset abashed by my rebukeful tone and cold manner, had now rallied, and seemed well disposed to assert her own against all comers. Yes, there was a palpable air of defiance about her, even to the way that she sang as she went along; every third and cadence seemed to say, "I'm doing this to amuse myself; never imagine that I care whether you are pleased or not." I decided, before me no method of avoiding this conclusion, since at every time that I turned on her a look of anger or displeasure she reply was to sing the louder.

"And it was only yesterday," thought I, "and I dreamed that I could be in love with this creature—dreamed that I could replace Kate Herbert's image in my heart with that coarse travesty of woman's gentleness. Why, I might as well hope to make a gentleman of old Vatercken, and present him to the world as a man of station and eminence."

What an insane hope was this! As well might I shiver a fragment from a stone on the roadside, and think to give it value by having it set as a ring. Neither of my companions them company for a day might be pardonable. It was the whim of one who is, above all, a student of mankind. But why continue the companionship? A little more of such intimacy, and who is to say what I may not imbibe of their habits and their natures; and Tottz, the man of sentiment, the child of impulse, romance and poetry, become a slave of the Play—a satimbanque! Now, though I could implicitly rely upon the honesty of the latter, to prevent the possibility of my ever displaying any feats of agility, I could yet picture myself in a long-tailed blue coat and buckle-kneed shoes, round and round in the saw-dust circle, with four or five other creatures of the same sort, and who have no consciousness of their degradation till they are made the butt of some extempore drollery by the clown.

The creative temperament has this great disadvantage, that one can not always build castles, but must occasionally construct bowls, and sometimes even wigwams and tilts. Such then was I now, with a large contract order for this species of edifice, and certainly I set to work with a will. The impatience of my mind communicated itself to my gait, and I walked along at a tremendous rate.

"I can scarcely keep up with you at this pace," said Tintenfleck, "and I fear we have left poor Vaterchen a long way behind."

I made some rude answer—I know not what —and told her to push on before.

"I will not leave him," said she, coming to a halt, and standing with a composed and firm attitude before me.

"Then I will!" said I, angrily. "Farewell!" And waving my hand in a careless adieu, I walked briskly onward, not even turning a look on her as I went. I had not proceeded above a hundred a heavy sob close behind me, but I would not look round for worlds. I was in one of those moods—and I have had many of them—when a harsh or an ungracious act appears something very daring and courageous. The very pain in my nerves from the sobs convinced me that it must be heroic, just as a devotee is satisfied after a severe self-castigation.

"Yes, Tottz," said I, "you are taking the right thing here. A little more of such association as this, and you would be little better than themselves. Besides, and above all, you ought to be true. Now these are not real purses more than the tinsel gems and tin-foil splendors they wear on their tunics." It broke on me too, like a sudden light, that by the Rights of Tottz, the many-sided, many-tinted—what a German would call 'der mehrfarbig farben bedeckte Pottz'—I ought to be true to myself, and in my changes of character requiring great resources and unlimited "properties," as stage folk call them; whereas, "Tintenfleck, Vaterchen and Pottz" might be as poor as Lazarus. Indeed, the poorer the more real, since more natural.

"How inconsiderate," thought I, "of me to our search after riches! Not taking account of the fact that the very identity of which we are each of us so tenacious and so vain is ever merged in wealth. Rich men must, of necessity, be very much alike, their surroundings being so similar. They will naturally conform to the same sort of pursuits, have common ties—even family resemblance, whereas poverty has manifold aspects: it makes this man moody, that other man reckless; have rendered abject, slavish, and degraded; some become morose, stern, and defiant. I wonder what precise effect it will have upon me?"

While I thus speculated, I caught sight of a man scaling one of the precipitous paths by which the winding road was shortened for foot travelers; a second glance showed me that this was Harpar, who, with a heavy knapsack, was toiling along. I made a great effort to come up with him, but what I reached the road he was still a long distance in front of me. I could not, if there had been any one to question me, say why I wished to overtake him. It was a sort of chase suggested simply by the object in front; rare type, if we but knew it, of one-half the pursuits we follow throughout life.

As I mounted the last of these by-paths which led to the crest of the mountain, I felt certain that with a slight accession of strength I should come up with him; but scarcely had I gained the top than I saw him striding away vigorously on the road full a mile away from me. "He shall not beat me," said I, and I increased my speed. It was all in vain. I could not do it; and when I drew nigh Lindau at last, very weary and footsore, the sun was just sinking on the western horizon of the lake.

"Which is the best inn here?" asked I of a shopkeeper who was lounging carelessly at his door.

"Yonder," said he, "where you see that post-carriage turning into."

"To-night," said I, "I will be guilty of an extravagance. I will treat myself to a good supper, and an honest glass of wine." And on these hospitable thoughts intent I unslung my knapsack, and, throwing as much of distinction as I could into my manner, strolled into the public room.

So busied was the household in attending to the travelers who arrived "extra post," that none condescended to notice me, till at last, as the hunger grew, a venerable old waiter approached me, and said, in a half-friendly, half-rebukeful tone, "It is at the Swan you ought to be, my friend, the next turning but two to the left hand, and you'll see the blue lantern over the gateway."

"I insist to remain where I am," said I, imperiously, "and to remember your impertinence when I am about to pay my bill. Bring me the carte."

I was overjoyed to see the confusion and shame of the old fellow. He saw at once the grievous error he had committed, and was so overwhelmed that he could not reply. Meanwhile, with all the painstaking accuracy of a practiced gourmand, I was making a careful note of what I wished for supper.

"Are you not ashamed," said I, rebukefully, "to have ordered me here, when you know in your heart they are swallows?"

He was so abject that he could only give a melancholy smile, as though to say, "Be merciful, and spare me!"

"Bohemian pheasant, too—come, come, this is too bad! Be frank and confess; how often has that same stuffed bird sold done duty on a capon of your own raising?"

"Gracious Heir!" muttered he, "do not crush us down with irony!"

I don't think that he said this in actual words, but his terrified eyes and his shaking cheeks declared it.

"Never mind," said I, encouragingly, "it will not hurt us to make a sparing meal occasionally; with the venison steak, the fried salmon, the dish with oysters, and the apricot tart, we will satisfy appetite, and persuade ourselves, if we can, that we have fared luxuriously."

"And the wine, Herr?"

"Ah, there we *are* difficult. No little Baden vintage, no small wine of the Bergstrasse, can impose upon us. Let us have which, or, if you can guarantee it, Marcobrunner will do; but, mind, no substitutes!"

He laid his hand over his heart and bowed low; and, as he moved away, I said to myself, "What a mesmerism there must be in real money, when even in the mockery of it, I have made that creature a bond slave." Brief as was the interval in preparing my meal, it was enough to allow me a very considerable share of time for reflection on what, of what I would, a certain voice within would whisper, "Where are your fine resolutions now, Pottz? Is this the way you have begun to find promised yourself? Are you not at the old work again? Are you not masquerading it once more? Don't you know enough that all this pretension of yours is bad money, and that at the first ring of it on the counter you will be found out?"

"This you may rely on, gracious Sir," said the waiter, as he laid a bottle on the table beside me with a careful hand. "It is the orange seal, I'll be bound, and, in a whisper, "taken from the Margrave's cellar in the revolution of '93, and every flask of it worth a province."

"We shall see—we shall see," said I, haughtily; "serve the soup!"

If I had not been a Bohemian, I believe I should have eaten very heartily, and drunk my wine with a great relish, notwithstanding that dram reward. I did eat, however, a little, but if I can only see the smallest bit of terra firma between myself and the edge of a precipice, I feel as though I have the freest, widest range over. For the life of me I can not realize any thing that may, or may not, befall me remotely. "Blue are the ships far off," says the adage; and on the contrary are the dramin do I aver, that faint are all dangers that are distant. A sudden peril overwhelms me; but I could look forward to a whole week this day fortnight with a fortitude truly heroic.

After this confession, valued reader, marvel no more that I should remain in my present beatitude, and sipped my Rhenish with a racy enjoyment.

"This is a nice old half-forgotten sort of place," thought I; "a kind of vulgar Venice, water-washed, and muddy, and dreary, and dothing. I'll stay here for a week or so; I'll give myself up to the genius loci; I'll Germanize to the top of my bent; who is to say what metaphysical melancholy, dashed with a strange element of humor, may not come of constantly feeding on this heavy cookery, and eternally listening to their gurgling gutturals? I may come out a Wieland or a Herder, with a sprinkling of Henri Heine! Yes," said I, "this is the true way to approach life; first of all, develop your own nature, and then mark its effect in their exercise you influence your fellow-men. Above all, however, cultivate your individuality, your own peculiar gift, your own idiosyncrasy."

"Ja, guideger Herr," said the old waiter, as he tried to step away from my grasp, for, without knowing it, I had laid hold of him by the wrist while I spoke to him this speech. Desirous to re-establish my character for sanity, somewhat compromised by this incident, I said,

"Have you a money-changer in these parts? If so, let me have some silver for this English gold." I put my hand in my pocket for my purse; not finding it, I tried another and another. I ransacked them all over again, patted myself, shook my coat, looked into my hat, and then, with a sudden flash of memory, I bethought me that I had left it with Catinka, and was actually without one sou in the world! I sat down, pale and almost fainting, and my arms fell powerless at my sides.

"I have lost my purse!" gasped I out, at length.

"Indeed!" said the old man, but with a tone of such palpable scorn that it actually sickened me.

"Yes," said I, with all that force which is the peculiar prerogative of truth; "and in it all the money I possessed."

"I have no doubt of it," rejoined he, in the same dry tone as before.

"You have no doubt of what, old man? Or what do you mean by the supercilious quietness with which you assent to my misfortune? Send the landlord to me."

"I will do more; I will send the police," said he, as he shuffled out of the room.

I have met scores of men on my way through life who would not have felt the slightest embarrassment in such a situation as mine; fellows so accustomed to shipwreck that the cry of "Breakers ahead!" or "Man the boats!" would have occasioned neither excitement nor trepidation. What stuff they are made of instead of nerves, muscles, and arteries, I can not imagine, since, to me, the question is self-preservation, how can it possibly be more imminent than when not alone your animal existence is jeopardized, but the very and more precious life of fame and character is in peril?

For a moment I thought that though this besotted old fool of a waiter might suspect my probity, the more clear-sighted intelligence of the landlord would at once recognize my honest nature, and, with the confidence of a noble conviction say, "Don't tell me that the fine gentleman is a knave. I read him very differently. Tell me your story, Sir." And then I would tell it. It is not improbable that my position that night have been verified had it not been that it was a landlady and not a landlord who swayed the destinies of the inn. Oh, what a wise intention of our ancestors was the salic law! How justly they appreciated the unbridled rashness of the female character in commercial life—well they understood the one-sided impetuosity with which they rush to wrong conclusions!

Until I listened to the Frau von Wintner, I imagined the German language somewhat weak in the matter of epithets. She undeceived me on this head, and the resources of abusive import that would have done credit to a Homeric hero. Having given me full ten minutes of a strong vocabulary, she then turned on the waiter, scornfully asking him if, in his time of life, he ought to have let himself be imposed upon by so palpable and undeniable a swindler as myself. She then very plainly showed that she was no extenuation of his fault, that rogue and vagabond had been written on my face, and inscribed in characters not to be misunderstood if he had followed the well-beaten track of all my fraternity in fraud, and ordered every thing like meat coarsely but honestly dressed. In fact, so strenuously did she urge this point, and so eager did she seem about enforcing a belief in her statements, that I almost began to suspect she might suggest an anatomical examination of me to sustain her case. Had she been even less eloquent, the audience would still have been with her, for it is a curious but unquestionable fact that in all little visited localities the stranger is ungraciously regarded and ill-looked on.

Whatever I attempted to make a stand in my defense I was overborne at once. Indeed, public opinion was so decidedly against me that I felt very happy in thinking French law was not a Teutonic institution. The room was now filled with retainers of the inn, strangers, townfolk, and travelers, and, to judge by the looks of their gestures and the loud tones of their voices, one would have pronounced me a criminal of the worst sort.

"But what is it that he has done? What's his offense?" I heard a voice say from the crowd, and I fancied his accent was that of a stranger. A perfect inundation of this unparticular accusation, however, now poured in, and I could gather no more. The turmoil and uproar rose and fell, but at every swell, and it was still at its greatest utterly exhausted, I burst out into a very violent attack on the uncivilized habits of a people who could thus receive the bitterness to a man totally unconvicted of any offense.

"Well, well, don't give way to passion; don't let temper get the better of you," said a fat, citizen-like man beside me. "The stranger there has just paid for what you have had, and all is settled."

I thought I should have fainted as I heard these words. Indeed, until that instant I had never brought home to my own mind the utter destitution of my state; but now these I stood, realizing to myself the condition of one of those we send of in our newspapers as having received five shillings from the poor-box, while D. 450 is deputed to make inquiries after him at his lodging, and learn particulars of his life and habits. I could have been being sent to prison. I could have endured any amount of severity, so long as I revolted against its injustice; but the sense of being an object of actual charity crushed me utterly, and I could nearly have cried with vexation.

By degrees the crowd thinned off, and I found myself standing alone beside the table where I had dined, with the hateful old waiter, as though standing a sentinel over me.

"Who is this person," asked I, haughtily, "who, with an indelicate generosity, has presumed to interfere with the concerns of a stranger?"

"The gracious nobleman who has paid for your dinner is now eating his own, at No. 8," said the old monster, with a grin.

"I will call upon him when he has dined," said I, transfixing the wretch with a look so stern as to make rejoinder impossible; and then, throwing my plaid wrapper and my knapsack on a table near, I strolled out into the street.

Lindau is a picturesque old place, as it stands rising as it were out of the very waters of the Lake of Constance, and the great mountain of the Sentis, with its peak of six thousand feet high, is a fine object in the distance; while the gorge up of the Upper Rhine offers many a grand effect of Alpine scenery, not the less striking when looked at with a setting sun, which made the fore-ground more massive and the hill-tops golden; and yet I carried that in my heart which made the whole picture as dark and dreary as Poussin's "Deluge." It was all very beautiful. There was the snow-white summit, reflected in the still water of the lake; there the rich wood, browned with autumn, and now tinted with a golden glory, richer again; there were the white-sailed boats, asleep on the calm surface, streaked with the variegated light of the clouds above, and it was peaceful as it was picturesque. But in what I could not feel joy it, and all because I had lost my purse—just as if certain fragments of a yellow metal the more or the less ought to endure eyesight, and the sense of hearing, and make a man's whole existence miserable. "And after all," thought I, "Catinka will be here this evening, or to-morrow, at farthest. Vätterchen was tired, and could not come on. It was I who left them; I, in my impatience and ill-humor. The old man is doubtless counting out the purse confided to the girl, nor is it at all needful that he should. They will certainly follow me, and why, for the mere inconvenience of an hour or so, should I persist in seeing the whole world so crape-covered and sad-looking? Surely this is not the philosophy my knowledge of life has taught me. I ought to know and feel that these daily accidents are but stones on the road one travels. They may, sometimes, wound the foot or damage the shoe, but they rarely delay the journey, if the traveler be not faint-hearted and craven. I will trample this incident in a higher spirit. I will wait for their coming in that tranquil and assured condition of mind which is the ripe fruit of a real insight into mankind. Fit said, after long years of experience, that there was more of good than of bad in human nature. Let it be the remark of some future biographer that Potts spread out his hands!"

When I got back to the inn I was somewhat puzzled what to do. It would have been impossible with any decency to have accosted any former tone of command, and for the life of me I could not bring myself down to any thing like entreaty. While I thus stood, uncertain how to act, the old waiter approached me, almost courteously, and said my room was ready for me when I wished it.

"I will first of all wait upon the traveler in No. 8," said I.

"He has retired for the night," was the answer. "He seems in very delicate health, and the fatigue of the journey has overcome him."

"To-morrow will do, then," said I, easily; and not choosing upon any inquiry as to the means by which my room was at my disposal, I took my candle and mounted the stairs.

As I lay down in my bed I resolved I would take a calm survey of my past life: what I had done, what I had failed to do, what were the guiding principles which directed me, and whether they were like to teach me. But scarcely had I administered to myself the preliminary oath to tell nothing but the truth, than I fell off sound asleep.

My first waking thought the next morning was to inquire if two persons had arrived in search of a very elderly man and a young woman. I described them. None such had been seen. "They will have sought shelter in some of the inferior hotels," thought I; "I'll up and look after them." I searched the town from end to end; I visited the meanest halting-places of the wayfarer. I inquired at the private houses—at the gate—but none had arrived who bore any resemblance to those I asked after. I was vexed—very vexed at their delay—gradually I found myself growing distrustful. The suspicion that the ice is not strong enough for your weight, and then, close upon that, the shock of fear that comes on when the ice gives a crack or fracture breaks on the ear, are mere symbols of what one suffers at the first glimmering of a betrayal. I repelled the thought with indignation; but certain thoughts there are which, when turned out, stand like sturdy duns at the gate, and will not be sent away. This was one of them. It followed me wherever I went, importunately begging for a hearing, and menacing me with all the consequences if I were obdurate enough not to listen. "You are a simpleton, Potts—a weak, foolish, erring creature! and you select as the object of your confidence those whose lives of accident present exactly as the most irresistible of all temptations to them—the Dupe! How they must have laughed—how they must yet be laughing at you! For that old drunken fox will chuckle over your simplicity, and the minx Tintenfleck indulge herself in caricatures of your figure and face. I wonder how much of truth there was in that old fellow's story? Was he ever the syndic of his village, or was the whole narrative a mere fiction like—like—" I covered my face with my hands in shame as I muttered out, "like one of your own, Potts?"

I was very miserable when I arrived at this, for I could no longer stand proudly forward as the prosecutor, but was obliged to steal ignominiously into the dock and take my place beside the other prisoners. What became of all my honest indignation as I bethought me that I of all men could never arraign the counterfeit and the sham? No, no, there is a Nemesis for this as for all the other faults of one's nature, and as we see fish chased and devoured by other fish, who themselves have persecutors, so they who deceive must in their turn be deceived; the one grand ground of consolation which remains to the honest dupe—the sense of having deserved better—is lost to him who is a knave toward others.

"Let them go, then," cried I, "and prosper if they can; I will never pursue them. I will even try and remember what pleased and interested me in my first fortune, and so may be, forget that they have carried away my little all of wealth."

A loud tramping of post-horses, and the cracking of whips, drew me to the window, and I saw beneath in the court-yard a handsome traveling-carriage getting ready for the road. By the way suggestive is a well-cushioned caleche, with its many appliances of ease and luxury, its trim imperials, its comfortable rug—all suggestive of gentle-books—all little episodes of those who are to journey in it!

"Who are the happy souls about to travel thus cheerfully?" thought I, as I saw the waiter and the courier discussing the most convenient spot to deposit a small hamper with eatables for the road; and then I heard the landlady's voice call out,

"Take up the bill to No. 8."

So, then, this was he, who was fat getting ready to depart—No. 8, who had interposed in my favor the evening before, and toward whom in a night's rest and refreshment I had altered my feelings and changed my sentiments very remarkably.

"Have you ask the gentleman at No. 8 if I may be permitted to speak with him?" said I to the man who took in the bill.

"He'll scarcely see you now—he's just going off."

"Give the message as I speak it," said I; and he disappeared.

There was a long interval before he issued forth again, and when he did so he was flurried and excited. Some overcharges had to be taken off, and some bad money in change to be replaced by honest coin, and it was evident that various little well-intended rogueries had not achieved their intended success.

"Go in, you'll find him there," said the waiter, insolently, as he went down to have the bill rectified.

I knocked. A full, round voice cried, "Come in!" and I entered.

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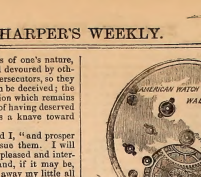

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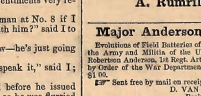

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VOL. V.—No. 214.] NEW YORK, SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 2, 1861. [PRICE FIVE CENTS.

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REUBEN DAVIS.
LUCIUS Q. C. LAMAR.

SENATOR JEFFERSON DAVIS.
SENATOR ALBERT G. BROWN.
WILLIAM BARKSDALE.

OTHO R. SINGLETON.
JOHN J. McRAE.

THE SECEDING MISSISSIPPI DELEGATION IN CONGRESS.—PHOTOGRAPHED BY BRADY.—[SEE NEXT PAGE.]

THE MISSISSIPPI DELEGATION IN CONGRESS.

JEFFERSON DAVIS, a Senator from Mississippi, is the son of Samuel Davis, a Revolutionary soldier, and was born in Kentucky on the 3d of June, 1808. Soon afterward his father removed to Mississippi, where he received his elementary education, and then entered Transylvania University, Kentucky, from whence he entered the Military Academy at West Point in 1824. After graduating, he served with such ability in the line and staff, that when a new regiment of dragoons was raised in 1833 he received a first lieutenant's commission therein, and for two years was actively engaged in the expeditions against the Indians at the Northwest. Resigning his commission in 1835, he settled down on his plantation, devoting many of his hours to the study of political economy, until in 1843 he was tempted from his retirement to "take the stump" in behalf of the Democratic party, and was, as he terms a shanghai, that he was nominated and afterward elected a member of the Electoral College which gave the vote of Mississippi to Polk and Dallas. In 1845 he was elected to Congress, but resigned at the commencement of the Mexican war, to accept the colonelcy of the First Mississippi Rifles, which performed such effective service at Monterrey and at Buena Vista. Returning home severely wounded, he was elected in 1847 to the United States Senate, where he took high States Rights grounds, and was re-elected in 1851, but resigned to enter into a contest with Henry S. Foote for the gubernatorial chair. Although he reduced the majority of his opponent, he was defeated by 999 votes; but he continued to take a leading part in politics, and was appointed Secretary of War when General Pierce became President. His able administration of military affairs is well known; and since his return to the Senate in 1857 he has, as chairman of the Military Committee, done much to increase the efficiency of our army. Personally, Senator Davis is the Bayard of Congress, *sans peur et sans reproche*, a finished scholar; a high-minded gentleman; an easy, yet vigorous and effective speaker; a devoted father; a true friend. He is emphatically one of those "born to command," and is doubtless destined to occupy a high position, either in the Southern Confederacy or in the United States. While so gloriously linked with the Union, by services in the field, the forum, and the cabinet, he has repeatedly declared: "If, in the contingency of the election of a President on the platform of Mr. Seward's Rochester speech, *let the Union be dissolved.*" Let the "great, but not the greatest, evil" come; for, as did the wise and good Calhoun, from whom he drawn that expression of value, I love and venerate the Union of these States, but I love Liberty and Mississippi more."

ALBERT GALLATIN BROWN, a Senator from Mississippi, was born in Chester District, South Carolina, in 1813, and about ten years afterward was taken by his father to the State where he now resides, and where he commenced life as a farmer's boy. After receiving the limited educational advantages, he was admitted to the bar when only nineteen years of age, commenced practice, and in 1835 was elected to the State Legislature, where he soon distinguished himself by a report against the Constitutional right of the General Government to charter a United States Bank. After becoming the Democratic leader in the Legislature, he was, in 1839, elected to the National House of Representatives, and, after declining a re-nomination, was placed on the bench of the Circuit Court. In 1844 he was elected Governor, and served four years with great credit, restoring the finances of the State to a healthy condition, establishing a State University and Common Schools, and taking the initiative steps in the works of internal improvement since so nobly carried out. In 1849 he was again elected to the House of Representatives; and in 1854 was transferred to the Senate, where his frank, energetic nature gives him a commanding position in debate. Emphatically "a man of the people," Governor Brown is the sworn foe of extravagance and profligacy in the management of public affairs, and a zealous advocate for the interests of the people of the District of Columbia, who are represented by him as chairman of the Committee on Territories. That the Confederated Government should acknowledge slaves as property, and protect them as such, he believes to be the right of Mississippi to claim, and if she is refused he considers secession the proper course for her and every other Southern State to take.

LUCIUS Q. C. LAMAR, who represents the First District in the House, was born in Central Georgia, in 1820, and was educated for the bar. Removing to Mississippi, he settled at Oxford, Lafayette, where he now resides, and identified himself with the States Rights party at an early period of its existence. After filling many local offices, he was elected to Congress in 1857, and was placed by Speaker Orr on the Committee on Elections—a tribute to his ability for cursus. Involving such complicated questions and the often contradictory decisions which accompany contests for seats. In various debates involving the question of slavery he has taken a prominent part, regarding the negro "as his own words—"as an institution of property, of society, and of government, in the Constitution." If the constitutional rights of the South could have been protected, he would not have been a "Secessionist" for he openly declared in debate so recently as December, 1859: "For one, I am no disunionist *per se*. I am devoted to the Constitution of this Union, and so long as this Republic is a great tolerant Republic, throwing its loving arms around both sections of the country, I, for one, will bestow every talent which God has given me for its promotion and its glory. We intend to abide by it and to maintain it, and we will submit to no persistent violation of its provisions. I do not say it for any purpose of menace, but for the purpose of defining my own position. When it is violated, persistently violated—when its spirit is no longer observed upon this floor—I war upon your government; I am against it. I am upon the basis of secession, and I will fight under it as long as the blood flows and ebbs in my veins."

REUBEN DAVIS, the Representative from the Second District, is the son of a Virginian who fought under General Washington in the revolutionary struggle, and who removed in 1815 to Tennessee, where Reuben was born in January, 1813. After acquiring such an education as the limited means of his father permitted, he went to Alabama, and thence to Mississippi, where he studied medicine and practiced a short time. Returning to Alabama he read law, as a profession more congenial to his tastes, and was admitted to the bar at Tuscaloosa, after which he removed to Aberdeen, in Mississippi, where he has since resided. In 1835 and in 1837 he was chosen District Attorney for the Sixth Judicial District, and in 1842 he was appointed to a seat on the bench of the State High Court of Errors. In 1845 he was a prime colleague of the Second Mississippi Regiment, which did not arrive in season for the battle of Buena Vista, but was retained by General Taylor in the column under his command until the expiration of its term of service. In 1851 Colonel Davis took a prominent position among the States Rights men, received the nomination for Governor, and in 1855 was elected to the State Legislature on that platform. Elected to Congress in 1857, he has been a useful member of the Democratic party in Congress, and has mingled freely in prominent debates, his marked personal resemblance to Daniel Webster making him an object of curiosity to many to the strangers from New England. Mrs. Davis, it may not be amiss to state, is the writer of some of the sweetest poems which have been contributed to Southern literature, and shares with her husband the warm esteem of devoted friends in every section of this Union. Like her husband, she fearlessly express his regard for, as protected by the Constitution. Yet he has ever warned his Northern friends that Mississippi will maintain her rights if the "irrepressible conflict" is inevitably arrayed against them.

"We, Sir," said he, in a speech delivered over a year since, "will resist. We are the descendants of a revolutionary country, who fought for liberty like water, and spent their money without regret, to strike on the shackles of British injustice and legislative tyranny. We are the descendants who burn our houses, and convert our sunny South—now beautiful as a garden of flowers, rich in soil, and yielding abundant harvests—into a desolate once which has given to the North and the world its present commercial and national prosperity—into a wilderness waste. We, Sir, at the hazard of bringing upon the world bankruptcy and ruin, famine and pestilence, lamentation and mourning."

WILLIAM BARKSDALE, the popular member from the Third Representative District of Mississippi, was born on the 21st of August, 1821, in Rutherford County, Tennessee, at the residence from which his father had gone, in the war of 1812, to fight the battles of the Confederacy. After receiving his education at Nashville, Barksdale entered William removed to Columbus, Mississippi, where he read law, and was admitted to the bar before he was of age. He soon gained a lucrative practice, he also conducted the Columbus *Democrat*, in which he sustained the doctrine of Jefferson and Madison, that the right to judge of "infractions of the Constitution, as well as the mode and means of redress," has never been delegated to the Federal Government, and consequently each State has the right of peaceable secession. In 1846 he went to Mexico, as a staff officer in the Second Mississippi Regiment, performing his arduous duties with great credit. In 1849 he published a series of powerful measures of 1850, he was a member of the State Convention called to discuss them in 1851; and in 1853 (the Legislature having refused to instruct the State) he was elected to Congress on the general ticket. Since then, he has been a leading member of the States Rights wing of the Democratic party, and his fearless, manly, yet gentlemanly bearing, and social courtesy have given weight to his decided remarks. "Never," said he, in a speech delivered in January, 1860, "will I submit to the dictation of this Union; but should the Republican party obtain the control of the Government, I shall be for dissolution. Heavier taxation than has ever been borne by the South, as the statistics which I have before me will clearly prove: and we have patriotically submitted to it because of the interests which the Union of our fathers. For the future, I would demand that all the compromises and guarantees of the Constitution shall be rigidly enforced, and I would state the Union upon the issue. And even in the event of its dissolution, I shall have no fears for the South. With a territory larger than all of Europe, with our cotton crop worth at this day to more than two hundred million dollars; with our rice, and sugar, and tobacco; with a people united in feeling and sentiment, and with her own borders all the elements of a splendid nationality. If, then, we are to have no peace, if fierce aggressions shall be still the order of the day, if sectional warfare is never to cease, the South, with the strong arms and brave hearts of her gallant sons, will build up for herself a proud name."

OTHO R. SINGLETON, the Representative from the Fourth District, was born in Jessamine County, Kentucky, and received an English education. Settling at Bardstown in that State, after which he removed to Mississippi, where he has since been a leading member of the bar. Having identified himself with the States Rights party, he served two years in the Lower, and six years in the Upper House of the Legislature of Mississippi, during which time he took an active part in all measures calculated to develop the resources of the State, and make her an independent power. In 1852 he was elected a member of the Electoral College which gave the vote of Mississippi to Pierce and King, and the following year he was elected to Congress. In discussing the great question of the day he has ever taken what were considered such ultra Southern views that he was opposed by a more conservative States Right Democrat at the Election for the Thirty-Sixth Congress, but in a district of 14,000 votes he was elected by a majority of 3564, showing that he represents his constituents. He has never hesitated in proclaiming that, in his opinion, the election of a Republican President would bring on resistance at the South, and in 1859 announced in debate that the only plan for preserving the Union was this: "You of the North must recede at once from the position you have taken; throw open the Territories to us; acknowledge our rights to slave property, declare to the world that, if a Territory apply for admission as a slave State, you will at once, and without any reservation, admit her; execute the Fugitive Slave Law; however unpleasant it may be to you, give assurance to the people of the South, that when their slaves run away, you will not, hereafter, interpose no obstacles to their recovery; cease your eternal war upon this institution, and then we may expect the storm to subside, the waves of passion to recede, and the vessel of state to right herself, and dance gayly away before a prosperous breeze. I am no prophet, nor the son of a prophet; but I tell you that, unless you do this, unless you decide from the course which you are pursuing, the historian now lives who will write the sad epitaph of *Ilium fuit* upon the mountains of the country."

JOHN J. MCRAE, Representative from the Fifth District, was born where he now resides, in Wayne County, Mississippi, in the year in which the State was admitted into the Union. Receiving a thorough education, he was admitted to the bar, and so distinguished himself in his profession that he was sent to the State Legislature soon after attaining his majority. Repeatedly re-elected, and twice chosen Speaker, he was finally transferred to the Senate, and in 1854 was elected Governor, succeeding Hon. Henry S. Foote. While in the gubernatorial chair he distinguished himself in advancing the internal improvements of the State, in perfecting her educational system, and in developing her mechanical interests. After the death of the lamented Quitman, Governor McRae was elected as his successor, and took his seat during the second session of the Thirty-Fifth Congress. During the prolonged contest which resulted in the election of Mr. Pennington as Speaker of the Thirty-Sixth Congress, he took an active part in the exciting debates; and his prolonged encounter with Mr. Carter of New York, on the tenets of the Republican party, in a good-natured yet determined manner, was a feature of the struggle. He himself, he not only deemed slavery national, but "a universal institution of God and man, nature and Christianity, earth and heaven—having its origin in the law of God, sustained by the Bible, sustained by Christianity, sustained by the laws of all nations, sustained by all history in all parts of the world."

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 2, 1861.

HIGH TREASON.

THE crime of high treason is unfamiliar to our courts and juries; the very word—treason—is not understood by the bulk of our people—so calm and tranquil has been our national life during the past two generations.

"Treason against the United States," says the Constitution (Art. 3, Sect. 3), "shall consist only in levying war against them, or in adhering to their enemies, giving them aid and comfort." A subsequent clause in the Constitution empowered Congress to pronounce the penalty of treason, as will be seen in the statute of April 30, 1790, declaring that persons convicted of treason should "suffer death," and that persons "adjudged guilty of misprision of treason"—that is to say, persons who knew of the treason and did not make it known to the authorities—should be "imprisoned not exceeding seven years, and fined not exceeding $1000." This is the sum of treason in the United States.

There is but one very famous case of treason in our judicial records—that of Aaron Burr.

Fifty-six years have elapsed since Burr committed the acts which led to his trial. He had been Vice-President of the United States, and had vainly hoped to be President. He not only failed in that project, but on the re-election of Jefferson was set aside as Vice, and Clinton, of New York, chosen instead; he failed again in his effort to become Governor of the State. It was the smart of these defeats which set him boiling. His scheme was to establish an independent government west of the Alleghanies, which should include Ohio, Indiana, Kentucky, Tennessee, the Territory of Louisiana (now Missouri), and to annex to the States of Louisiana, Arkansas, Missouri, and Kansas, and part of Mexico. Some of his letters and confessions justify the belief that the form of government he would adopt was monarchical, with himself as sovereign, and New Orleans as his capital. At any rate, it is certain that he looked to the secession of the States and Territories named to the acquisition of part of Mexico, and to the consolidation of a great empire on the banks of the Mississippi. He proceeded so far with his enterprise as to collect bodies of men in various places, to seize some military posts, to secure the confederation of certain dissatisfied officers of the army and navy, and to enter into negotiations with some foreign Powers, whose aid he proposed to secure by allowing them peculiar commercial privileges. From the contemporaneous accounts of his proceedings it would seem that he obtained very considerable encouragement from the people of the Territories of Mississippi and Louisiana. It is supposed that the pulse of Jackson was felt, for in a letter to Claiborne he says: "I hate the Dons, and would like to see Mexico reduced; but I would die in the last ditch before I would see the Union dissolved." But at Frankfort, Kentucky, where Burr was arrested by a zealous district-attorney, he was triumphantly acquitted, and honored by a public ball afterward. Matters were working favorably enough for his schemes, a considerable force had been collected on Blennerhasset Island, and newspapers were sedulously engaged in imbuing the people on the Mississippi with secession-ist doctrines, when President Jefferson issued his famous proclamation against Burr. This vigorous measure turned the tide. The people, brought face to face with the emergency, naturally took the side of the Government and loyalty. The Legislature of Ohio authorized the seizure of Burr's boats. The Legislature of Kentucky posted militia to guard the river. The Governor of Mississippi Territory called out 400 men to arrest Burr. At New Orleans several of his accomplices were arrested. The great secessionist himself was taken in Mississippi, sent to Richmond, Virginia, and there tried for high treason. Chief Justice Marshall presided, and charged the jury that there was no evidence of there having been any assembling of men *in arms* to resist the Government, and no evidence to connect Burr with the gatherings which had taken place on Blennerhasset Island. If the Government had proved that there had been assemblages of men in arms instigated by Burr, and intending to resist the Government, it would seem that he would have been convicted and hanged.

This famous case is the only precedent in our reports which sheds any light on the law of treason in the United States.

Within the last few days the painful subject has been agitated in legal and social circles. Persons have been summoned before the Grand Jury in New York for shipping arms to Alabama and South Carolina. A collector is said to have been arrested in South Carolina for protesting his willingness to pay over duties to the United States Government. Affidavits have been laid before the Supreme Court charging ex-members of the Cabinet with high treason, with treason. If the present controversy be not adjusted by a compromise our courts will soon be busily engaged in cases of treason.

Two rather interesting legal questions have been suggested by recent events:

1. What is "levying war" against the United States? Blackstone says (Book IV., p. 81) that war may be levied "by taking arms to reform the laws, to remove evil counselors, or other grievances whether real or pretended.....To resist the King's forces by defending a castle against them is a levying of war; and so is an insurrection with a view to pull down all inclosures, and the like." Chief-Justice Marshall said: "If a body of men be actually assembled for the purpose of effecting by force a treasonable purpose, all those who perform any part, however minute, or however remote from the scene of action, and who are actually leagued in the general conspiracy, are to be considered as traitors."

2. What is "adhering to the enemies of the United States, giving them aid and comfort?" Blackstone (Book IV., p. 82) says that "giving the enemy intelligence, sending him provisions, selling him arms," is giving him aid and comfort.

The authority of Blackstone is the more important as it has been cited in the decisions above quoted was, as we learn from Curtis on the Constitution (Book IV., Chap. xii., p. 384), taken verbatim from the great English statute, 25 Edward III. cap. 2, upon which Blackstone's commentary is based.

THE LOUNGER.

ON THE WATCH.

COMMODORE BANKS, of Massachusetts, recommends, in his last Message, that the dome of the Boston State House be gilded. That dome is the most conspicuous object as you approach the city; and it is seen from all the neighboring heights, the dome of St. Peter's is seen from the villas about Rome. Boston also sits upon its three hills, dark and massive, like a feudal baron; and the gilded dome would be only like a glittering crown, reminding the feudatory villages around off the grandeur of their lord. That lord ought to be proud of his subjects, for no city in the world had ever a more thrifty, prosperous, intelligent neighborhood of villages. Each wears its style and runs each apart contented with themselves and proud of the whole.

Now if, some winter morning, when you wish to get a little more of the secret of that thrift and character, you take one of the trains that incessantly departing westward from Boston, after crossing the Back Bay, and gliding through the gardens of Brookline and Brighton, skirting the valley of the Charles River, you will find yourself in the pretty village of West Newton. It is white and wooden, and neat and cheerful, especially as you see it the next moment from the comfortable robes, wrapped in which you are slipping along the road behind a solid pair of horses, making music as they go. A few moments bring you to the road which winds above a broad basin of the Charles,

upon which they are cutting ice. The surface of the river is furrowed by a horse and machine, and the process looks to you like winter plowing. But yonder are spires among the trees; and nearer, upon the very edge of the river basin, is a low two-story building, full of windows. The spires are the spires of Waltham, and the many-windowed building is the factory of the American Watch Company.

Of all manufactures, that of watches must be the most exquisite and delicate. But why should Europe make our watches? asks common sense and the genius of American enterprise. Why should it? asks the American Watch Company; and in this factory that Company is demonstrating why we should make them for ourselves. And it is a very pretty and satisfactory answer to a very plain question.

There are some two hundred and forty or fifty hands employed, of which about a third are women, and only about a dozen in all are foreigners, mainly Englishmen; and the work is almost exclusively done by machinery, but machinery so delicate and beautiful that, when your mind has become a little excited by observing the innumerable and to you inexplicable processes of the different wheels, you feel as if you had seen the human brain in full play, thinking out watches.

The fineness of the work is bewildering. Here are screws not exceeding a hundred of an inch which make a pound. They are kept in little glass phials, like those of the Homeopathic medicine cases. And here are springs of metal so fine that five thousand must be laid side by side to make an inch; and here are measures that will indicate the ten thousandth part of an inch. Here, with a flying steel point, notched with a paste of diamond-dust, the inside of the fine bores of the "jewels" are polished; and in the gallery engraving machines the pure gold upon the plates; while just beyond, wheels with their outer rim studded with small wisps or brooms of brass wire, revolve with a velocity that makes the room hum, and impart to the plates that sparkling, frosty complexion which is peculiar to the inner plates of watches.

The genius of the work by machinery mobilizes the whole business. The Company may have turned out about forty or fifty thousand watches, and these are all divided into different classes, sizes, etc. For instance, there may be a thousand or five thousand "foundations" cut and shaped local. They are all exactly of the same size; each line in one corresponds with the same in all the others. Each hole is drilled in precisely the same spot, so that the screw which will fit one hole in one will perfectly fit the corresponding hole in all. So with the wheels also; and if your watch in California or Hindostan loses some such part, you have only to send to the factory for number and class, and you have by return-mail the part wanting. Do you guess how it is packed? A thin layer of wool is set open and the exact

RALPH FARNHAM'S LAST DREAM.

In the midst of his children's children, by the home-fire's cheerful blaze,
An old man sat in an easy-chair, dreaming of by-gone days;
Dreaming of wearisome marches, by flood, morass, and wold,
Where many a brave heart fainted with hunger and thirst and cold:
Dreaming of midnight watches in the dreary, drizzling rain,
And the hum of his comrades' voices, that he never should hear again;
Of the smouldering fires of the bivouac, the sentinel's measured tread,
The smoke and roar of the battle, and the faces of the dead—
Of the fair young son of his neighbor, who fought and fell by his side,
And the sacred message he gave him to his girl-love when he died.
He saw the face of the maiden grow as cold as death and as pale,
As he sat by her father's hearth-stone and told her the cruel tale.
"Ay, ay!" in his sleep he murmured, "she was fair and he was brave,
But she faded away like a blossom, and we made him a soldier's grave.
But we routed the British legions, and sent them over the sea,
For the God of battles helped us, and our native land was free.
My son, I have been dreaming a dream that gave me pain;
I thought I was young, and a soldier, fighting for freedom again:
I saw the tents and the banners, and the shining ranks of the foe,
And the crimson tracks our poor recruits left on the frozen snow.
But is it true, this rumor, or only an idle tale—
Do they talk of dissolving the Union?—Ah, well may your cheek grow pale,
And well may an old man tremble, and his heart beat faint and low,
When he thinks of the price it cost us some fourscore years ago!
I have watched its growing greatness through a life of many years,
But I never forgot that its blessings were purchased with blood and tears.
I never forgot the privations of fourscore years ago,
When the naked feet of our poor recruits left crimson tracks in the snow.
I never forgot their faces, and I seem to see them still,
Who looked straight into the face of death at the battle of Bunker's Hill.
And so the home of Marion is the first to break the band
That bound the beautiful sisterhood of our beloved land;
The children of the heroes around whose memory clings
The glory of King's Mountain, Cowpens, and Eutaw Springs!
I saw our blessed banner, with its white and crimson bars,
When fair South Carolina was one of the thirteen stars;
And if ever that constellation is marred or rent in twain,
It would blast the sight of these poor old eyes to see its folds again.
If God has forsaken our country, the only boon I crave
Is that He will delay its ruin till I have gone down to the grave;
For I could not breathe with traitors, nor turn my face to the sun,
Nor dwell in the land of the living, when the States are no longer one."

SARAH T. BOLTON.

UNDER THE FIR-TREES.

A HARVEST ROMANCE.

"HA, MARIAN! well met, fair maid! Where roaming this bright morn?"
The maiden, with a sigh, replies, "My Lord, to lease the corn."
Her hair with blossoms wild bedeck'd, her cheek with blushes dyed,
She stands a very queen of flowers, yet downcast as a bride.

"Come, Marian, my love, with me; nay, why so bashful now?
This scorching sun will deeply tinge the whiteness of thy brow;
The coarse, harsh stubble of the fields these little hands will spoil;
My village beauty was not born to suffer heat and toil.

"Come, fairest, come, why linger still? Such rude employment leave;
Beneath the fir-trees' welcome shade, we'll wander as at eve.
Have you that happy hour forgot—my murmur'd vows and sighs?
Dear Marian, turn, and let me read my answer in thine eyes!"

Fair Marian at his bidding turns; they pace beneath the trees,
Whose tall and tender columns wave and mutter with each breeze.
But those sweet eyes are filled with tears, the blush forsakes her cheek.
"What is it troubles Marian so? Speak, little maiden, speak."

But Marian, resting on a bank, looks down and thinks a while;
The handsome noble, lounging near, looks on with careless smile.
No sound disturbs the solitude but labor's distant hum:
Impatiently at last he cries, "My sweetest, art thou dumb?"

Then, hands clasped loosely round his arm, upturn'd her pretty face,
Fair Marian says with earnest air, yet full of modest grace,
"The words you whisper'd me last night, and once we met before,

SEA BATTERY, FORT MONROE, OLD POINT COMFORT, VIRGINIA.—[SEE PAGE 70.]

Were best unsaid—must be forgot—and we must meet no more.

"Nay, hear me, while I tell you how, in listening to those vows,
With joyful heart methought I heard the waving fir-tree boughs
Say, as the soft wind through them sang, 'Such fond words must be true.
Ah! happy, happy Marian! he loves and loves but you!'

"We parted—homeward went your steps, but mine here linger'd still,
Lest other eyes should guess what hopes my flutt'ring bosom fill;
But as I mused, another song the trees sang in mine ear,
'Ah, simple, simple Marian! Doubt, maiden, doubts and fear!'

"Then asked I again my heart—'But could my lord mean guile?
Would one so great as he deceive poor Marian with a smile?
The untarnish'd honor of his house, his name be all forgot?'
So mournfully the branches waved, I trembling fled the spot!

"And through the long and wakeful night still sounded in mine ear
The soughing of those fir-tree boughs—'Doubt, maiden, doubt and fear!'
My lord, I have no more to tell, my inmost thought you know:
But now her falt'ring voice in vain essays to bid him go.

The young man listened with his head bent down upon his breast.
He answered, "Little friend, forgive this sad and sorry jest;
In seeing you so beautiful, I have been much to blame,
For trifling with so pure a heart, regardless of your fame!"

Bending yet lower, that fair face he once more looks upon.
"Forgive—forgive me, Marian." One kiss, and he is gone!
Faintly, more faintly falls his step—it dies in far-off grove,
And with it fade the maiden's dream, her first sweet dream of love.

Up, up, there is no longer time here grievingly to stay;
For in the fields ask many tongues "Where Marian is to-day?"
The griefs and cares of poverty must workfully be borne;
But Marian's tears fall thick and fast, while leasing in the corn.

(Entered according to Act of Congress, in the Year 1860, by Harper & Brothers, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Southern District of New York.)

GREAT EXPECTATIONS.

A NOVEL.

By CHARLES DICKENS.

Splendidly Illustrated by John McLenan.

☞ Printed from the Manuscript and early Proof-sheets purchased from the Author by the Proprietors of "Harper's Weekly."

CHAPTER XV.

WITH my head full of George Barnwell, I was at first disposed to believe that I must have had some hand in the attack upon my sister, or at all events that as her near relation, popularly known to be under obligations to her, I was a more legitimate object of suspicion than any one else. But when, in the clearer light of next morning, I began to reconsider the matter and to hear it discussed around me on all sides, I took another view of the case which was more reasonable.

Joe had been at the Three Jolly Bargemen, smoking his pipe, from a quarter after eight o'clock to a quarter before ten. While he was there my sister had been seen standing at the kitchen door, and had exchanged Good-night with a farm-laborer going home. The man could not be more particular as to the time at which he saw her (he got into dense confusion when he tried to be) than that it must have been before nine. When Joe went home a few minutes before ten he found her struck down on the floor, and promptly called in assistance. The fire had not then burned unusually low, nor was the snuff of the candle very long; the candle, however, had been blown out.

Nothing had been taken away from any part of the house. Neither, beyond the blowing out of the candle—which stood on a table between the door and my sister, and was behind her when she stood facing the fire and was struck—was there any disarrangement of the kitchen, excepting such as she herself had made in falling and bleeding. But there was one remarkable piece of evidence on the spot. She had been struck with something blunt and heavy on the head and spine: after the blows were dealt, something heavy had been thrown down at her with considerable violence as she lay on her face. And on the ground beside her, when Joe picked her up, was a convict's leg-iron which had been filed asunder.

Now Joe, examining this iron with a smith's eye, declared it to have been filed asunder some time ago. The hue and cry going off to the Hulks, and people coming thence to examine the iron, Joe's opinion was corroborated. They did not undertake to say when it had left the prison-ships, to which it undoubtedly had once belonged; but they claimed to know for certain that that particular manacle had not been worn by either of two convicts who had escaped last night. Further, one of those two was already retaken, and had not freed himself of his iron.

Knowing what I knew, I set up an inference of my own here. I believed the iron to be my convict's iron—the iron I had seen and heard him filing at on the marshes—but my mind did not accuse him of having put it to its latest use. For I believed one of two other persons to have become possessed of it, and to have turned it to this cruel account. Either Orlick or the strange man who had shown me the file.

Now as to Orlick, he had gone to town exactly as he told us when we picked him up at the turnpike; he had been seen about town all the evening, he had been in divers companies in several public houses, and he had come back with myself and Mr. Wopsle. There was nothing against him save the quarrel; and my sister had quarrelled with him, and with every body else about her, ten thousand times. As to the strange man, if he had come back for his two bank-notes there could have been no dispute about them, because my sister was fully prepared to restore them. Besides, there had been no altercation; the assailant had come in so silent and suddenly that she had been felled before she could look round.

It was horrible to think that I had provided the weapon, however undesignedly, but I could hardly think otherwise. I suffered unspeakable trouble while I considered and reconsidered whether I should at last dissolve that spell of my childhood, and sell Joe all the story. For months afterward I every day settled the question finally in the negative, and reopened and reargued it next morning. The contention came, after all, to this: the secret was such an old one now, had so grown into me and become a part of myself, that I could not tear it away. In addition to the dread that, having fed up to so much mischief, it would be now more likely than ever to alienate Joe from me if he believed it, I had the further restraining dread that he would not believe it, but would assort it with the fabulous dogs and veal cutlets as a monstrous invention. However, I temporized with myself, of course—for, was I not wavering between right and wrong, when the thing is always done?—and resolved to make a full disclosure if I should see any such new occasion as a new chance of helping in the discovery of the assailant.

The Constables, and the Bow Street men from London—for this happened in the days of the extinct red waistcoated police—were about the house for a week or two, and did pretty much what I have heard and read of like authorities doing in other such cases. They took up several obviously wrong people, and they ran their heads very hard against wrong ideas, and persisted in trying to fit the circumstances to the ideas, instead of trying to extract ideas from the circumstances. Also, they stood about the door of the Jolly Bargemen, with knowing and reserved looks, that filled the whole neighborhood with admiration; and they had a mysterious manner of taking their drink, that was almost as good as taking the culprit. But not quite, for they never did it.

Long after these constitutional powers had dispersed my sister lay very ill in bed. Her sight was disturbed, so that she saw objects multiplied, and grasped at visionary tea-cups and wine-glasses instead of the realities; her hearing was greatly impaired; her memory also; and her speech was unintelligible. When at last she came round so far as to be helped down stairs, it was still necessary to keep my slate always by her, that she might indicate in writing what she could not indicate in speech. As she was (very bad handwriting apart) a more than indifferent speller, and as Joe was a more than indifferent reader, extraordinary complications arose between them, which I was always called in to solve. The administration of mutton instead of medicine, the substitution of Tea for Joe, and the baker for bacon, were among the mildest of my own mistakes.

However, her temper was greatly improved and she was patient. A tremulous uncertainty of the action of all her limbs soon became a part of her regular state, and afterward, at intervals of two or three months, she would often put her hands to her head and would then remain for about a week at a time in some gloomy abstraction of mind. We were at a loss to find a suitable attendant for her, until a circumstance happened conveniently to relieve us. Mr. Wopsle's great aunt conquered a confirmed habit of living into which she had fallen, and Biddy became a part of our establishment.

It may have been about a month after my sister's reappearance in the kitchen when Biddy came to us with a small speckled box containing the whole of her worldly effects, and became a blessing to the household. Above all, she was a blessing to Joe, for the dear old fellow was sadly cut up by the constant contemplation of the wreck of his wife, and had been accustomed, while attending on her all the evening, to turn to me every now and then, and say, with his blue eyes moistened, "Such a fine figure of a woman as she once were, Pip!" Biddy instantly taking the cleverest charge of her, as though she had studied her from infancy, Joe became able in some sort to appreciate the greater quiet of his life, and to get down to the Jolly Bargemen now and then, for a change that did him good. It was characteristic of the police people that they had all more or less suspected poor Joe (though he never knew it), and that they had to a man concurred in regarding him as one of the deepest spirits they had ever encountered.

Biddy's first triumph in her new office was to solve a difficulty that had completely vanquished me. I had tried hard at it, but had made nothing of it. This it was:

Again and again and again my sister had traced upon the slate a character that looked like a curious T, and then, with the utmost eagerness, had called our attention to it as something she particularly wanted. I had in vain tried every thing producible that began with a T, from tar to toast and tub. At length it had come into my head that the sign looked like a hammer, and on my lastly calling that word in my sister's ear she had begun to hammer on the table, and expressed a qualified assent. Thereupon I had brought in all our hammers, one after another, but without avail. Then I bethought me of a crutch, the shape being much the same, and I borrowed one of a cripple in the village, and displayed it to my sister with considerable confidence. But she shook her head to that extent, when she was shown it, that we were terrified lest, in her wrath and shattered state, she should dislocate her neck.

When my sister found that Biddy was very quick to understand her, this mysterious sign immediately reappeared on the slate. Biddy looked thoughtfully at it, heard my explanation, looked thoughtfully at my sister, looked thoughtfully at Joe (who was always represented on the slate by his initial letter), and ran into the forge, followed by Joe and me.

"Why, of course!" cried Biddy, with an exultant face. "I know what you see!"

Orlick, without a doubt! She had lost his name, and could only signify him by his hammer. We told him so, and he wanted him to come into the kitchen, and he slowly laid down his hammer, wiped his brow with his arm, took another wipe at it with his apron, and came slouching out, with a curious loose, vagabond bend in the knees that strongly distinguished him.

I confess that I expected to see my sister denounce him, and that I was disappointed by the different result. She manifested the greatest anxiety to be on good terms with him; was evidently much pleased by his being at length produced, and noticed that she would have him given something to drink. She watched his countenance as if she were particularly wishful to be assured that he took kindly to his reception; she showed every possible desire to conciliate him; and there was an air of humble propitiation in all she did, such as I have seen pervade the bearing of a frightened child toward a hard master. After that day, a day rarely passed without her drawing the hammer on her slate, and without Orlick's slouching in and standing doggedly before her, as if he knew no more than I did what to make of it.

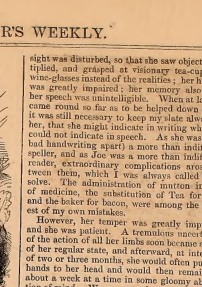
CHAPTER XVI.

I NOW fell into a regular routine of apprenticeship-life, which was varied, beyond the limits of the village and the marshes, by no more remarkable occurrence than the arrival of my birthday and my paying another visit to Miss Havisham. I found Miss Sarah Pocket still on duty at the gate; I found Miss Havisham just as I had left her; and she spoke of Estella in the very same way, if not in the very same words. The interview lasted but a few minutes, and she gave me a guinea when I was going, and told me to come again on my next birthday. I may mention at once that this became an annual custom. I tried to decline taking the guinea on the first occasion, but with no better effect than causing her to ask me, very angrily, if I expected more? Then, and after that, I took it.

So unchanging was the dull old house, the yellow light in the darkened room, the faded spectre in the chair by the dressing-table glass, that I felt as if the stopping of the clocks had stopped Time in that mysterious place, and, while I and every thing else outside it grew older, it stood still. Daylight never entered the house as to my thoughts and remembrances of it, any more than as to the actual fact. I bewildered me, and under its influence I continued at heart to hate my trade and to be ashamed of home.

Imperceptibly I became conscious of a change in Biddy, however. Her shoes came up at the heel, her hair grew bright and neat, her hands were always clean. She was not beautiful—she was common, and could not be like Estella—but she was pleasant and wholesome and sweet-tempered. She had not been with us more than a year (I remember her being newly out of mourning at the time it struck me), when I observed to myself one evening that she had unobtrusively thoughtful and attentive eyes; eyes that were very pretty and very good.

It came of my lifting up my own eyes from a task I was poring at—writing some passages from a book, to improve myself in two ways at once by a sort of stratagem—and seeing Biddy observant of what I was about. I laid down my pen, and Biddy stopped in her needle-work without laying it down.



"HULLOA!" HE GROWLED; "WHERE ARE YOU TWO GOING?"

"Biddy," said I, "how do you manage it? Either I am very stupid or you are very clever."

"What is it that I manage? I don't know," returned Biddy, smiling.

She managed our whole domestic life, and wonderfully too; but I did not mean that, though that made what I did mean more surprising.

"How do you manage, Biddy," said I, "to learn every thing that I learn, and always to keep up with me?" I was beginning to be rather vain of my knowledge, for I spent my birthday guineas on it, and set aside the greater part of my pocket-money for similar investment; though I have no doubt now that the little I knew was extremely dear at the price.

"I might as well ask you," said Biddy, "how you manage?"

"No; because when I come in from the forge of a night, my one can see me coming to set it. But you never turn to at it, Biddy."

"I suppose I must catch it—like a cough," said Biddy, quietly, and went on with her sewing.

Pursuing my idea as I leaned back in my wooden chair and looked at Biddy sewing away with her head on one side, I began to think her rather an extraordinary girl. For I called to mind now that she was equally accomplished in the terms of our trade, and the nature of our different sorts of work, and all our various tools. In short, whatever I knew, Biddy knew. Theoretically, she was already as good a blacksmith as I, or better.

"You are one of those, Biddy," said I, "who make the most of every chance. You never had a chance that I know of, come here, and see how improved you are!"

Biddy looked at me for an instant, and went on with her sewing. "I am sure you are teacher enough; wasn't I?" said she, as she sewed.

"Biddy!" I exclaimed, in amazement. "Why, you are crying!"

"No, I am not," said Biddy, looking up and laughing. "What put that in your head?"

What could have put it in my head but the glistening of a tear as it dropped on her work? I sat silent, recalling what a drudge she had been until Mr. Wopsle's great-aunt successfully overcame that bad habit of living. So ugly did she able to be got rid of by some people. I recalled the hopeless circumstances by which she had been surrounded in the miserable little shop and the miserable little noisy evening-school, with that miserable old bandie of incompetence always to be dragged and shouldered. I recollected that even in those untoward times there must have been latent in Biddy what was now developed or developing; for in my first uneasiness and discontent I had turned to her, as a matter of course, to help me. Biddy sat quietly sewing, shedding no more tears, and while I looked at her, and thought about it all, it occurred to me that perhaps I had not been sufficiently grateful to Biddy. I might have been too reserved, and should have understood her quick mind (though I did not use that precise word in my meditations) with my confidence.

"Yes, Biddy," I observed, when I had done turning it over, "you were my first teacher, and that at a time when we little thought of ever being together like this, in this kitchen."

"Ah, a pity to say that," replied Biddy; and it was like her self-forgetfulness to transfer the remark to my sister, and to get up and be busy about her, making her more comfortable; "that's sadly true!"

"Well!" said I, "we must talk together a little more, as we used to do. I am not fit for you, suit you a little more, as I need to do. Let us have a quiet walk on the marshes next Sunday, Biddy, and we can chat."

My sister was never left alone now; but Joe more than readily undertook the care of her on that Sunday afternoon, and Biddy and I went out together. It was summer time and lovely weather. When we had passed the village and the church and the church-yard, and were out on the marshes and began to see the sails of the ships as they sailed on, I began to combine Miss Havisham and Estella with the prospect, in my usual way. When we came to the river-side and sat down on the bank, with the water rippling at our feet, making it all more quiet than it would have been without that sound, I resolved that it was a good time and place for the admission of Biddy into my inner confidence.

"Biddy," said I, after binding her to secrecy, "I want to be a gentleman."

"Oh, I wouldn't, if I was you!" she returned. "I don't think it would answer."

"Biddy," said I, with some severity, "I have particular reasons for wanting to be a gentleman."

"You know best, Pip; but don't you think you are happier as you are?"

"Biddy," I exclaimed, impatiently, "I am not at all sure that I am. I am disgusted with my calling and with my life. I have never taken to either since I was bound. Don't be absurd!"

"Was I absurd?" said Biddy, quietly raising her eyebrows; "I am sorry for that; I didn't mean to be. Only want you to do well, and to be comfortable."

"Well, then, understand once for all that I never shall or can be comfortable—or any thing but miserable—there, Biddy, unless I make myself in a very different sort of life from the life I lead now."

"That's a pity!" said Biddy, shaking her head with a sorrowful air.

Now, I too had so often thought it a pity, that, in the singular kind of quarrel with myself which I was always carrying on, I was half-inclined to shed tears of vexation and duress when Biddy gave utterance to her sentiment and my own. I told her she was right, and I knew it was much to be regretted, but still it was not to be helped.

"If I could have settled down:" I said to Biddy, plucking up the short grass within reach, much as I had once upon a time pulled my feet-tops out of my hair and kicked them into the brewery wall: "if I could have settled down and been but half as fond of the forge as I was when I was little, I know it would have been much better for me. You and I and Joe would have wanted nothing then, and Joe and I would perhaps have had partnership business out of my time, and I might even have grown up to keep company with you, and we might have sat on this very bank on Sunday, quite different people. I should have been good enough for you; shouldn't I, Biddy?"

Biddy sighed as she looked at the ships sailing on, and returned for answer, "Yes; I am not over particular." It scarcely sounded flattering, but I knew she meant well.

"Instead of that," said I, plucking up more grass and chewing a blade or two, "see how I am going on. Dissatisfied, and uncomfortable, and—I was going to say, a bad boy, but that's coarse and common, if nobody had told me so!"

Biddy turned her face suddenly toward mine, and looked for more than usually at me than she had looked at the sailing ships.

"It was neither a very true nor a very polite thing to say," she remarked, considering her eyes to the ships again. "Who said it?"

I was disconcerted, for I had broken away without quite seeing where I was going to. I was not to be shuffled off now, however, and I answered, "The beautiful young lady at Miss Havisham's, and she said it to me, and to others, over and over, and I admire her dreadfully, and I want to be a gentleman on her account." Having made which lunatic confession I began to throw my pebbles into the river, as if I had some thoughts of following it.

"Do you want to be a gentleman to spite her or to gain her over?" Biddy quietly asked me, after a pause.

"I don't know," I moodily answered.

"Because, if it is to spite her, Biddy pursued, "I should think—but you know best—that might be better and more independently done by saving money and working hard. And it is to gain her over, I should think—but you know best—she was not worth gaining over."

Exactly what I myself had thought many times. Exactly what I should have thought to me at the moment. But how could I, a poor dazed village lad, avoid that wonderful inconsistency into which the best and wisest of men fall every day?

"It may be all quite true," said I to Biddy, "but I admire her dreadfully, for all that."

In short, I turned over on my face when I came to that, and got a good grasp on the hair on each side of my head, and wrenched it well. All the while knowing the madness of my heart to be so very mad and misplaced, that I was quite conscious it would have served my face right if I had pitched it into the river. And I knocked it against the pebbles as a punishment for belonging to such an idiot.

Biddy was a good deal my senior, and she tried to reason no more with me. She put her hand, which was a comfortable hand though roughened by work, upon my two hands as they clenched her, and gently took them out of my hair. Then she softly patted my shoulder in a soothing way, while with my face turned away I became a little—exactly as I had done in the brewery yard—and felt vaguely convinced that I was very much ill-used by somebody, or by every body; I can't remember which.

"I am glad of one thing," said Biddy, "and that is, that you have felt you could give me your confidence, Pip, and that I am not of another thing, and that is, that of course you know you may depend upon my keeping it and always so far deserving it. Now, dear, dear, you don't get such a poor one, and so much in need of being taught herself!) had been your teacher at the present time, she would have been much tested. she would set. But it would be a hard one to learn, and you have got beyond her, and it's of no use now." So, with a quiet sigh for me, Biddy rose from the bank, and, with a fresh and pleasant change of voice, "Shall we walk a little further, or go home?"

"Biddy," I said, throwing up, putting my arm round her neck, and giving her a kiss, "I shall always tell you every thing."

"I'll just wish you joy," said Biddy.

"You know I never shall be, so that's always. Not that I have any occasion to tell you any thing, for you can see into every I know—as I told you at home the other night."

"Ah!" said Biddy, quite in a whisper, as she looked away at the ships. And then repeated, with her former cheerful change: "Shall we walk a little further, or go home?"

I said to Biddy we would walk a little further, and we did so, and the summer afternoon tended down into the summer evening, and it was very beautiful. I began to consider whether I was not more mannerly and wholesome company, after all, in these circumstances, than playing beggar my neighbor by candlelight in the room with the stopped clocks, and the shrouded by Estella. I thought it would be very good for me if I could get her out of my head, with all the rest of those remembrances and fancies, and could go to my forge cheerfully to relish what I had to do, and stick to it, and make the best of it. I asked myself the question whether I did not sorely know that if Estella were beside me at that moment instead of Biddy she would make me miserable? I was obliged to admit that I did know it for a certainty, and I said to myself, "Pip, what a fool you are!"

We talked a good deal as we walked, and all that Biddy said seemed right. Biddy was never insulting or capricious, or Biddy to-day and somebody else to-morrow; she would have desired only pain, and not pleasure, from giving me pain; she would far rather have wounded her own breast than mine. How could it be, then, that I did not like her much the better of the two?

"Biddy," said I, when we were walking homeward, "I wish you could put me right."

"I wish I could," said Biddy.

"If I could only get myself to fall in love with you—you don't mind my speaking so openly to such an old acquaintance?"

"Oh dear, not at all!" said Biddy. "Don't mind me."

"If I could only get myself to do it, *that* would be the thing for me."

"But you never will, you see," said Biddy.

It did not seem quite so unlikely to me that evening as it would have done if we had discussed it a few hours before. I therefore observed I was not quite sure of that. But Biddy said she was sure of it decisively. In my heart I believed her to be right; and yet I took it rather ill, too, that she should be so positive upon the point.

When we came near the church-yard we had to cross an embankment, and get over a stile near a sluice-gate. We came through the gate, or from the rushes, or from the ooze (which was quite in his stagnant way), old Orlick.

"Hollo!" he growled; "where are you two going?"

"Where should we be going, but home?"

"Well, then," said he, "I'm jiggered if I don't see you home!"

This penalty of being jiggered was a favorite suppositious case of his. It attached no definite meaning to the word that I am aware of, but used it, like his open pretended Christian name, to affront mankind, and convey an idea of something opprobrious. When I was younger, I had had a general belief that if he had jiggered me personally he would have done it with a hammer, or a red-hot hook.

Biddy was much against his going with us, and said to me in a whisper, "Don't let him come; I don't like him." As if I did not like him either, I took the liberty of saying that we thanked him, but we didn't want seeing home. He received the offer of our company with a yell of laughter, and dropped back, as came slouching after us at a little distance.

Curious to know whether Biddy suspected him of having had any hand in that murderous attack of which my sister had never been able to give any account, I asked her why she did not like him?

"Oh!" she replied, glancing over her shoulder as he slouched after us, "because I—I am afraid he likes me."

"Did he ever tell you he liked you?" I asked, indignantly.

"No," said Biddy, glancing over her shoulder again, "he never told me so; but he dances at me whenever he can catch my eye."

However novel and peculiar this testimony of attachment, I did not doubt the accuracy of the interpretation. I was very hot indeed upon old Orlick's daring to admire her: as hot as if I were an accepted lover of her own.

"But it makes no difference to you, you know," said Biddy, calmly.

"No, Biddy, it makes no difference to me: I only I don't like it; I don't approve of it."

"Nor I either," said Biddy. "Though *that* makes no difference to me."

"Exactly," said I; "but I must tell you I should have no opinion of you, Biddy, if he danced at you with your own consent."

I kept an eye upon him that night, and, whenever circumstances were favorable to his dancing at Biddy, got before him to observe that demonstration. But he struck root in Joe's establishment by reason of my sister's sudden fancy for him, or I should have tried to get him discharged. He said I never thanked and reciprocated my good intentions, as I had reason to know thereafter.

And now, as many my mind was not confused enough before, I complicated its confusion fifty thousand-fold, by having states and seasons when I was clear that Biddy was immeasurably better than Estella, and times when Estella's working life to which I was born had nothing in it to be ashamed of, but offered me sufficient reasons of self-respect and happiness. At those times I would decide conclusively that my dissatisfaction to dear old Joe and the forge was gone, and that I was growing up as a fit way to be partners with Joe and to keep company with Biddy, when all in a moment some confounding remembrance of the Havisham days would fall upon me like a destructive missile and scatter my wits again. Scattered wits take a long time picking up; and often, before I had got them well together again, they would be dispersed in all directions by one stray thought, that perhaps after all Miss Havisham was going to make my fortune when my time was out.

If my time had run out, it would have left me still at the height of my perplexities, I dare say. It never did run out, however, but was brought to a premature end, as I proceed to relate.

FORTRESS MONROE, VIRGINIA.

WE publish on page 68 a view of the sea battery at Fortress Monroe, Virginia. This fort, which is one of the strongest in the United States, constitutes the north point of the entrance of James River. It is one mile from Fort Calhoun, on the Rip Raps; the two works command the entrance to the River. In summer, the spot, which is known as Old Point Comfort, is a favorite resort for bathers. A few weeks ago considerable apprehension was felt for the safety of Fort Monroe; it is now understood that it is garrisoned by some 800 men, and that ample measures have been taken for its protection in case of serious trouble or popular outbreak.

Speaking of this fortress, a Virginian authority says:

"It is very large. The walls are more than a mile in circuit, very thick and high, surrounded by a moat, which is from sixty to one hundred feet wide, with eight feet of water, drawbridges, and outer batteries. It mounts some three hundred heavy guns, has quarters for three thousand men, and is capable of containing twice the number. Its walls are built of the finest granite, and are of such a height that the tops of the largest vessels, as they sail past, are on a level with the parapets. The ramparts are covered with grass, and command a fine view of the surrounding country. The fortress is a magnificent place. The walls inclose some seventy-five acres. In the centre is the parade-ground, and all around are the quarters for the troops. Live oak and other trees make it very pleasant in summer. Outside the moat is a fine walk, with a view of the sea."

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

CONGRESS.

On Saturday, January 19, in the Senate a number of petitions, memorials, &c., in favor of the preservation of the Crittenden adjustment, were presented. The Senate was engaged upon the bill to admit Kansas into the Union, but final action was staved off through the efforts of Senator Green, of Missouri. The House resumed the Army Appropriation Bill and the Civil Service War Debt Bill. The first involves an appropriation to the amount of ten million dollars, and the latter four million.

On Monday, 21st, in the Senate, Senator Hunter, of Virginia, after reporting from the Committee on Indian Affairs the Indian Appropriation Bill, was excused from further service on the Committee, Senator Chandler has been Chairman for fifteen years. Several petitions for the passage of the Crittenden Compromise were presented. Senator Slidell, of Louisiana, called up the President's Message, in answer to his inquiries relative to the appointment of Mr. Holt as Secretary of War, and offered a resolution censuring the President for same, which was laid over. Senators Yulee of Florida, Clay of Alabama, and Davis of Mississippi successively announced the secession of those States from the Union, and their consequent withdrawal from the Senate. The bill for the admission of Kansas was taken up, and it was finally passed: yeas 33, nays 7. The Senate until the afternoon session.—In the House, Mr. Lovejoy, of Illinois, asked leave to present a memorial from Methodist ministers of that State, asking for protection from religious persecution: laid on the table. Letters from the Adjutant and Paymaster Generals, recommended their withdrawal. A bill was introduced by Mr. Colfax, of Indiana, and was referred to the Judiciary Committee, which provides for the suspension of all the postal laws in those States which have passed ordinances of secession, on the ground that the Federal laws can not be enforced. Mr. Quigley of Pennsylvania introduced a resolution directing the Committee of Thirty-three to take the necessary measures to carry into effect the Crittenden compromise. The Judiciary Committee was instructed to inquire into the propriety of providing by legislation for the use so as to prevent the transportation of men and arms into a seceding State. Mr. Vandever, of Iowa, asked leave to offer resolutions declaring secession a crime, and that the Government do not interfere with Slavery in the States, and that any amendment of the Constitution is unnecessary. The Democratic members expressed a desire to vote on the resolutions immediately; but they were willing to wait a week for the report of the Committee of Thirty-three, which Mr. Corwin, of Ohio, Chairman, accompanied with a speech. He was followed by Mr. Millson, of Virginia, as the conclusion of whose remarks the House adjourned.

On Tuesday, 22d, in the Senate, on a motion to fix the vacancies in the Committee of Thirteen, Mr. Clay, of Alabama, from seceding States, the question of the exact relation between these members and the body from which they refuse to have withdrawn, arose. The question was not decided, consideration of the matter being postponed, and several others waived. The Kansas resolutions were then taken up, and debated until the adjournment.—In the House, Mr. Barksdale, of Mississippi, presented memorials from 17,000 citizens of that State, in favor of the passage of the resolutions adopted by the Border State Committee. He also gave notice that he should move these resolutions as an amendment to the propositions reported from the Committee of Thirty-three. Mr. Corwin reported from the Post-office Committee a bill for the stoppage of postal facilities in the seceding States. Mr. Brown, of North Carolina, reported a substitute, which Mr. Colfax declined to accept. Mr. Stevens, of Pennsylvania, also reported a substitute, and further consideration of the bill was postponed, to make way for the report of the Committee of Thirty-three, and Mr. Bingham, of Ohio, and Mr. Burnett, of Virginia, addressed the House. The latter took very strong ground against disunion. Mr. Washburne, of Illinois, also made a speech, advocating his minority report.

On Wednesday, 23d, in the Senate, after the presentation of a number of memorials, principally in favor of the Crittenden Compromise, Senator Slidell, of Louisiana, made a motion, which was agreed to, that his resolution censuring the President for signalizing Mr. Holt as Secretary of War without consultation with the Senate, be referred to the Judiciary Committee. Senator Toombs, of Georgia, was excused from further service on the Committee on Claims. After considerable discussion, the Tariff Bill was taken up, and referred to a Special Committee of Five to be reported back to the Senate on 30th inst. A motion to take up the Kansas and Crittenden resolutions was then defeated, 27 to 24, and the Pacific Railroad Bill was considered in the adjourned session.—In the House, the Pacific Railroad Bill of last session, which then passed the House and was returned from the Senate with an amendment, was taken up, and nearly all the amendments agreed to. A new one, offered by Mr. Kellogg, of Illinois, to make a specific, to which he consulted finance on the part of the Republicans. Mr. Montgomery, of Pennsylvania, offered a bill to prohibit that all the members of the present House should resign, in order that the Senate could be organized before the 4th of March, so that the exact sense of the people could be ascertained. No action was taken on the proposition, though several members showed a disposition to agree to it.

On Thursday, 24th, in the Senate, the Red River Raft bill was passed. A bill to admit Oregon was also passed by the States of Louisiana, Arkansas, and Texas, providing for the removal of the raft, and the collection of tolls to defray the expenses. The Kansas bill was then taken up, after some objections from Senator Crittenden, who desired that his resolutions should be discussed. In the course of his remarks he took occasion to deny that he had entered caucus in secret sessions a few days since, as reported. What he did say was that he believed there had been a caucus of Senators, and that there might be cases in which it would be proper to use that term. The debate on the Pacific Railroad bill was interrupted by a motion to go into Executive session.—In the House consideration of the Post-route bill was resumed. An amendment was offered by Mr. Hamilton, of Texas, and accepted, to extend the existing contracts for Texas so as to connect with the Butterfield route. The morning hour having expired, the report of the Committee of Thirty-three came up, and was discussed by Messrs. Rust and Hindman of Arkansas, Dunn of Indiana, Gooch of Massachusetts, Farry of Connecticut, and others. During the debate a personal misunderstanding arose between Messrs. Rust and Dunn, which only just failed to a battle on

lution, though it is hoped that this may be averted through the intervention of mutual friends, notwithstanding the fact that a challenge has passed from Mr. Tost to Mr. Dunn.

THE SECESSION OF GEORGIA.

On Saturday evening, 19th, the Georgia State Convention adopted the following secession ordinance by yeas 208, nays 89:

"An ordinance to dissolve the union between the State of Georgia and other States united with her under the compact of government entitled the Constitution of the United States.

"We, the people of the State of Georgia, in Convention assembled, do declare and ordain, and it is hereby declared and ordained, that the ordinances adopted by the people of the State of Georgia, in Convention, on the 25th day of the Constitution of the United States was assented to, ratified, and adopted, and also all acts and parts of acts of the General Assembly ratifying and adopting amendments to the said constitution, are hereby repealed, rescinded, and annulled.

"And we do further declare and ordain that the union now subsisting between the State of Georgia and other States, under the name of the United States, is hereby dissolved, and that the State of Georgia is in full possession and exercise of all those rights of sovereignty which belong and appertain to a free and independent State."

A motion to postpone the effect of the ordinance to 3d March was lost by 20 majority. Hon. Alex Stephens, Judge Johnson, and others—co-operationists—signed the ordinance after it passed. Resolutions of co-operation were adopted continuing the United States laws in force, maintaining the Postmaster, Collector, and other officials, and providing for the execution of sentences by the Federal Courts.

SECESSION OF LOUISIANA.

The State Convention assembled at Baton Rouge on Wednesday, January 23d, and organized after prayer. A Committee was appointed to draft an Ordinance of Secession. On 24th the committee, of fifteen, by their Chairman, John Perkins, Jun., reported an Ordinance dissolving the union between Louisiana and the United States; also a resolution recognizing the right of the free navigation of the Mississippi River to all friendly States bordering thereon, the ingress and egress of the mouth of the river by the same as heretofore enjoyed by those States, with a willingness to stipulate guarantees for the exercise of these rights.

A resolution sustaining the Governor in taking possession of the fortifications, arms, munitions, and eighteen to five. It was considered a test vote on secession.

ALABAMA PROVIDING AGAINST INVASION.

The Alabama House passed, on 19th, a bill to provide against the invasion of the State by the Black Republicans liable to fine and imprisonment who bring foreign vessels into the harbor of Mobile, and authorizing the commander of Fort Morgan to destroy the beacon and landmarks at his discretion. A resolution was also passed to make a contrast for the construction of a telegraph line to Point Clear, in order to effect a more rapid communication with Fort Morgan.

THE COUNTRY TO BE PLACED ON A WAR FOOTING.

Bills are being prepared by the Military and Naval Committees of the House, and by the Committee of Ways and Means, for immediately placing the country on a war footing. The President will be authorized to call for the enlistment of volunteers, and a considerable number of war steamers will be forthwith added to the navy-roll. The recent demonstrations in Southern ports show that we are defenceless in our naval force, and especially in our naval fight-draft vessels. Hence the recent necessity of employing an unarmed vessel—such, like the *Star of the West*, to go upon a warlike errand.

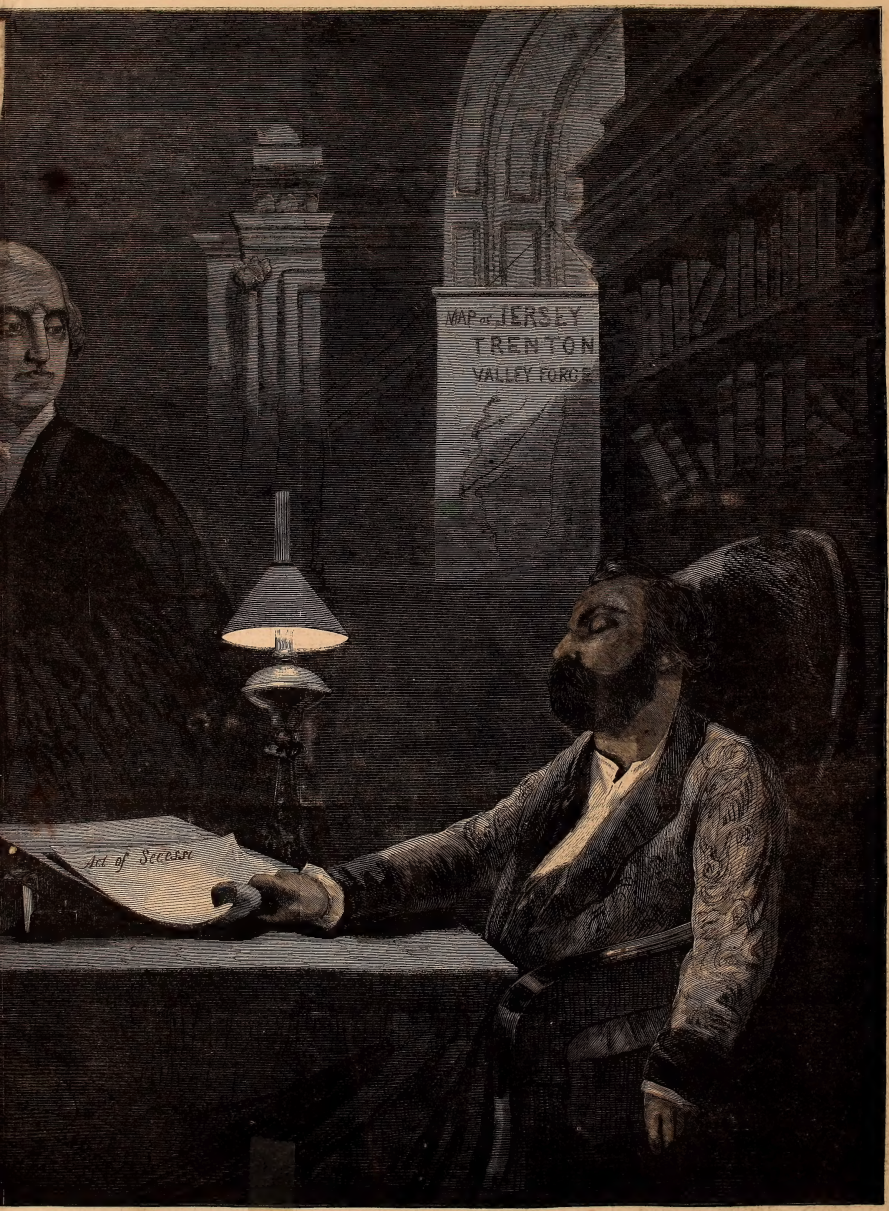
THE INAUGURATION BALL.

The *Herald* Washington correspondent writes: "Preparations are progressing for a grand Union Inauguration Ball, to come off in this city on the night of the 4th of March. It is designed to be in no sense a partisan affair, but one in which Union men of all sections and parties may join. Lieutenant-General Winfield Scott will head the list of Managers, assisted by the veteran Commodore Stewart. General Wool, and other prominent officers of the Army and Navy, Messrs. Crittenden, Seward, Douglas, and other Senators, and distinguished men of each of State of the Thirty-four, are expected to participate in the management. A special building will be erected expressly for the purposes of the ball upon Judiciary Square, adjoining the City Hall. It is designed to make the building five edifice such; and, for the greater convenience of the public, they will be on sale in New York, Philadelphia, Boston, Buffalo, Cincinnati, St. Louis, Memphis, New Orleans, and various other large cities. The Managers, representatives from all of which will probably be present. No effort will be spared to make the occasion a brilliant success in all respects."

THE EX-MEMBERS OF THE CABINET CHARGED WITH TREASON.

F. C. Treadwell, a lawyer of New York, on Saturday handed Chief Justice Taney an affidavit, in which he charges Governor Floyd, Howell Cobb, John B. Floyd, Jacob Thompson, Jeff. Davis, General Lane, of Oregon, and all the Secessionists delegates, except Mr. Toombs, with the greater part of the other Southern delegations in Congress, except Mr. Bodligny, by name, with treasonable misprision of treason, and prays that Winfield Scott, James Buchanan, Abraham Lincoln, and distinguished members of each of the State of the Thirty-four, be

THE DREAM OF A SECESSIONIST.—



VASHINGTON AND VALLEY FORGE.

THE GRAY WOMAN.

(Continued from our last Number.)

STRANGE to say, this roused me to instant vividness of thought. Till this moment I had almost forgotten Amante; now I planned with feverish rapidity how I could give her a warning not to return; or rather, I should say, I tried to plan, for all my projects were utterly futile, as I might have seen from the first. I could only hope she would hear the voices of those who were now busy in trying to kindle a light, swearing awful oaths at the miniad articles which would have enabled them to strike fire. I heard her step outside coming nearer and nearer; I saw from my hiding-place the line of light beneath the door more and more distinctly; close to it her footstep paused; the men inside—at the time I thought they had been only two, but I found out afterward there were three—paused in their endeavors, and were quite still—as breathless as myself, I suppose. Then she slowly pushed the door open with gentle motion, to save her flickering candle from being again extinguished. For a moment all was still. Then I heard my husband say, as he advanced toward her (he wore riding-boots, the shape of which I knew well, as I could see them in the light),

"Amante, now I ask what brings you here into my private room?"

He stood between her and the dead body of a man, from which ghastly head I had taken away as it almost touched me, so close were we all together. I could not tell whether she saw it or not: I could give her no warning, and make any dumb utterance of signs to bid her what to say—if, indeed, I knew myself what would be best for her to say.

Her voice was quite changed when she spoke; quite hoarse, and very low; yet it was steady enough as she said, what was the truth, that she had come to look for a letter which she believed had arrived for me from Germany, and, of course, to Amante. Not a word about me. M. de la Tourelle answered with a grim blasphemy and a fearful threat. He would have her know, from the plain promises; Madame should have her letters, if there were any, when he chose to give them to her, if, indeed, he thought it well to give them to her at all. As for Amante, this was her first warning, but it was also her last; and taking the candle out of her hand, he turned her out of the room, his companions discreetly making a screen, so as to throw the corpse into deep shadow. I heard the key turn in the door after her—I had ever had my thought of escape it was gone now. I only hoped that whatever was to befall me might soon be over, for the tension of nerve was growing more than I could bear. The instant she could be supposed to be out of hearing two voices began speaking in the most angry terms to my husband, upbraiding him for not having told them of the form of their speech was as if they were speaking to equals, yet in their tone there was something of fear. I am sure my husband had their superior, or captain, or somewhat. He replied to them almost as if he were scoffing at them, saying it was such an expenditure of labor having to do with fools; that, ten to one, the woman was only telling the simple truth, and that she was frightened enough by discovering her master in his room to be thankful to escape and return to her mistress, to whom he could easily explain on the morrow how he happened to return in the dead of night. But his companion fell to attacking me, and said that since M. de la Tourelle had been married he was fit for nothing but to dress himself fine and scent himself with perfume; that, as a man, he could have got him twenty girls prettier, and with far more spirit in them. He quietly answered that I suited him, and that was enough. All this time they were doing something—I could not see what —to the corpse; sometimes they were too busy raising the dead body, I believe, to talk; again they let it fall with a heavy, resistless thud, and took to quarreling. They taunted my husband with angry vehemence, enraged at his scoffing and scornful replies, his mocking laughter. Then, holding up his poor dead victim, the better to strip him of whatever he wore that was valuable, I heard my husband laugh as he said he would not risk exchanging repartees in the little salon of the Rupprechts at Carlsruhe. I hated and dreaded him from that moment. At length, as if as a last word of the subject, he said, with cool determination in his voice,

"Now, my good friends, what is the use of all this talking, when you know in your hearts that if I suspected my wife of knowing more than I chose of your plans she would not outlive the day? Remember Victorine. Because she merely joked about my affairs in an imprudent manner, and resented my advice to keep a prudent tongue—to see what she liked, but ask nothing and say nothing —she has gone a long journey—longer than to Paris."

"But this one is different to her; we knew all that Madame Victorine knew, she was such a chatterbox; but this one may find out a vast deal, and never breathe a word about it, she is so shy. Some fine day we may have the country raised, and the gens d'armes down upon us from Strasburg, and all owing to your pretty doll, with her cunning ways of coming over you."

I think this roused M. de la Tourelle a little from his contemptuous indifference, for he ground an oath through his teeth, and said, "Fool! this dagger is sharp, Henri. If my wife breathes a word, and I see such a fool as you to have stopped her mouth effectually before she can bring down gens d'armes upon us, just let that good steel find its way to my heart. Let her guess but one tittle —let her have but one slight suspicion that I am not a' grand propriétaire,' much less imagine that I am a chief of chauffeurs—and she follows Victorine on the long journey beyond Paris that very day."

"Shell outwit you yet, or I never judged women well. Those still, silent ones are the devil. Shell be off during some of your absences, having picked out some secret that will break us all on the wheel."

"Bah!" said his voice, and then in a minute he added, "I bet her go if she will. But where she goes I will follow; so don't cry before you're hurt."

By this time they had nearly stripped the body, and the conversation turned on what they should do with it. I learned that the dead man was the Sieur de Poissy, the leading gentleman from whom I had often heard of as hunting with my husband. I had never seen him; but they spoke as if he had come upon them while they were eating some Cologne merchant, torturing him after the cruel practice of the chauffeurs, by roasting the feet of their victims, in order to make them reveal any hidden circumstances connected with their wealth, of which the chauffeurs afterward made use; and this Sieur de Poissy coming down upon them, and recognizing M. de la Tourelle, they had killed him, and brought him hither after nightfall. I heard him whom I called my husband laugh the little light laugh as he spoke of the way in which the dead body had been strapped before one of the riders, in such a way that it appeared to any passer-by as if, in truth, the murderer were tenderly supporting some sick person. He repeated some mocking reply, of double meaning, which he himself had given to the man who stands in sentry. He enjoyed the play upon words, softly applauding his own wit. And all the time the poor, helpless, outstretched arms of the dead hung over to his dainty boot! Then another stooped (my heart stopped beating) and picked up a letter lying on the ground—a letter which had dropped out of Mr. de Poissy's pocket—a letter from his wife, full of tender words of endearment and pretty babblings of love. This was read aloud, with coarse, ribald comments on every sentence, each trying to outdo the previous speaker. When they came to some pretty words about a sweet Maurice, their little child, away with his mother in the country, they laughed at M. de la Tourelle, and told him that he would be hearing such woman's drivelling some day. Up to this moment I had not felt any fear, save fear for his unnatural, half-ferocious reply, made me hate him even more than I dreaded him. But now they came to the question of the murder; the jewels and watch had been apprized, the money and papers examined, and apparently there was nothing more to do but to bury the interred quietly and before daybreak. They had not dared to leave him where he had been for last people should come and recognize him, and raise the hue and cry upon them. For they had along spoke as if it was their constant endeavor to keep the immediate neighborhood of Les Rochers in the most entire freedom from suspicion, as never to give cause for visits from the gens d'armes. They disputed a little as to whether they should take the body out by the great gate through the gallery, and satisfy their hunger before the hasty interment, or afterward. I listened with eager, feverish attention to every word as something of their speeches reached my hot and troubled brain, for at the time the words they uttered seemed only to stamp themselves on my memory by my memory, so that I could hardly keep from repeating them aloud like a dull, miserable, unconscious echo; but my brain was numb to the sense of what they said, and I remember, as I remembered then, I suppose, some instinct of self-preservation stirred within me, and quickened my sense. And how I should have fainted, and wept my hands and limbs, beginning to twitch with convulsive movements, which, I feared, might betray me! I gathered that they had left the room, not knowing which proposal to wish for, but feeling that whatever was finally decided upon, my only chance of escape was when I was left alone. I decided but my husband should go to his bedroom before I had had that one chance, in which case he would most likely have perceived my absence. He said that his hands were soiled (I shuddered, for it might be with life-blood), and he would go and cleanse them; but some bitter jest turned his purpose, and he left the room, and I heard his step—left it by the gallery door—left me alone in the dark with the stiffening corpse!

Now, now was the moment, if ever; and yet I could not move. It was not my cramped and stiffened joints that crippled me; it was the sensation of that dead mass of humanity close to me—I shrieked —I almost fancy still—I heard the arm nearest to me move, lift itself up as if once more imploring, and fall in dead weight on the table from the edge —I almost fancy still—I heard in mad terror, and the sound of my own strange voice broke the spell. I never myself to the side of the table from which the corpse, with as much slow caution as if I really could have feared the clutch of that poor dead arm, powderless for evermore. I softly raised myself up, and crept, with trembling, cautious steps, the table, too dizzy to know what to do next. I nearly fainted, when a low voice spoke—when Amante, from the passage, the door, whispered, "Madame!" The faithful creature had been on the watch, had heard my scream, and having seen the three ruffians troop along the gallery and down stairs, and across the court to the offices in the other wing of the castle, she had stolen to the door of the room to listen, and had gathered from my voice gave me strength. I walked straight toward it, as one benighted on a dreary moor, suddenly perceiving the small steady light which tells of human dwellings. I found her there, and passed onward. Where I was—where that voice was—I knew not; but go to it I must, or die. The door once opened—I know not by which of us—I fell upon her neck, grasping her tight, till my hands ached with the tension of their hold. Yet she never uttered's word. Only she took me up in her vigorous arms and bore me to my own room, and laid me on my bed. I do not know more; as soon as I was placed there I left sense; I came to myself with a horrible dread lest my husband was by me, with a belief that he was in the room, in hiding, waiting to hear my first words, watching for the least sign of the terrible knowledge I possessed to murder me. I dared not breathe quicker; I measured and timed each heavy inspiration; I did not speak, nor move, nor even open my eyes, for long after I was in my full, my miserable senses. I heard some one treading softly about the room, as if with a purpose, not as if for curiosity or merely to beguile the time; some one passed in and out of the salon; and I still lay quiet, feeling as if death were inevitable, but wishing that the agony of death were over. The weariness stole over me; but just as I was sinking into the horrible feeling of nothingness, I heard Amante's voice close to me, saying,

"Drink this, Madame, and let us begone. All is ready."

I let her put her arm under my head and raise me, and pour something down my throat. All the time she kept talking in a quiet, measured voice, unlike her rough, so dry and authoritative. She told me that a suit of her clothes lay ready for me, that she herself was as much disguised as the circumstances permitted her to be, that what provisions I had left from my supper were stowed away in her pockets; and so she went on, dwelling on little details of the most commonplace description, as if intending for an instant to the fearful cause why flight was necessary. I made no inquiry as to how she knew or what she knew. I never once asked her, either then or afterward. I could not bear it. We kept our dreadful secret close. But I suppose she must have been in the adjoining corridor when I fainted.

In fact, I dared not speak even to her as if there were any thing beyond the most common event in life in our relations. I dared not leave the house of blood by stealth in the dead of night. She gave me directions—short, condensed directions, without reasons—such as you to a child; and like a child I obeyed her. She went often to the door and listened; and often, too, she went to the window and looked anxiously out. For me, I saw nothing but the room I knew so well. I took up eyes wander from her for a minute; and I heard nothing in the deep midnight silence but her soft movements, and the heavy throbbing of my own heart. At last she took my hand and led me in the dark, through the salon, once more into the terrible gallery, where across the black shadow the windows admitted pale, sheeted ghosts of light upon the floor. Clinging to her, I went, unquestioning—for she was human support—down the stairs, into the court by unspeakable terror. On we went, turning to the left instead of to the right, past my suite of sitting-rooms, where the gilding was not visible, and into that unknown wing of the castle that fronted the main road lying parallel far below. She guided me along the basement passages, to which we had now descended, by the light of a dim lamp, which she groped our way to an opening like a window, but which, instead of being glazed, was only fenced with iron bars, like which were loose, as Amante evidently knew, for she took them out with the ease of one who had performed the action often before, and then helped me to follow her out into the free open air.

We stole round the end of the building, and on turning the corner—she first—I felt her hold of me tighten for an instant, and the next step I to heard distant voices, and the blows of a spade upon the heavy soil, for the night was very warm and still.

We had not spoken a word; we did not speak now. Touch was safer and as expressive. She turned once more to the right, and I followed. I did not know the path; we stumbled again and again, and I was much bruised; so doubtless was she, but I knew not that then. At last we were on the plainer path of the high road.

I had such faith in her that I did not venture to speak, even when she paused as wondering to which hand she should turn. But now, for the first time, she spoke:

"Which way did you come when he brought you here first?"

I pointed. I could not speak.

We turned in the opposite direction; still going along the high road. Then we came on a new track up to the mountain-side, scrambling far up before we even dared to rest; far up and away again before we dared to speak. Then we looked about for some place of rest and concealment; and now we dared to speak in whispers. Amante told me that she had arranged for some communication between his bedroom and mine, and, as in a dream, I was aware that she had also locked and brought away the key of the door between the latter and the salon.

"He will have been too busy this night to think much about you—he will suppose you are asleep—I will be there to be sure—but they will only just now be discovering our loss."

I remember those last words of hers made me grasp to get more out of the dim, losing precious time in thinking either of rest or concealment; but she hardly replied to me, so busy was she in seeking out some place of refuge. At length, giving it up in despair, we proceeded onward a little way; the mountain-side sloped downward rapidly, and in the full moonlight we saw ourselves in a narrow valley, made by a stream which forced its way along it. About a mile lower down there rose the pale blue smoke of a village, a mill-wheel was lashing its way with a will at hand, though out of sight. Keeping under the cover of every sheltering tree or bush, we worked our way down past the mill, down to a one-arched bridge, which doubtless formed part of the road between the villages and the mill.

"This will do," said she; and we crept under the space, and climbing a little way up the rough stone-work, we seated ourselves on a projecting ledge, and crouched in the deep damp shadow. Amante sat a little above me, and made me lay my head on her lap. Then she fed me and took some food herself; and opening out her great dark cloak, she covered up every light-colored speck about us; and thus we sat, shivering and shuddering, yet feeling a kind of rest through it all, simply from the fact that motion was no longer imperative, and that during the daylight our only chance of safety was to be still. But the damp shadow in which we were sitting was blighting, from the circumstance of the sunlight never penetrating there; and I dreaded lest, before night and the time for exertion again came on, I should feel illness creeping all over me. To add to our discomfort it had rained the whole day long, and the stream, fed by a thousand little mountain brooks, began to swell and travel, rushing over the stones with a perpetual and dizzying noise.

Every now and then I was wakened from the painful state into which I continually fell by a sound of horses' feet over our head—a strangely lumbering heavily as if dragging a burden, sometimes rattling and galloping, and with the sharper cry of men's voices coming cutting through the roar of the waters. At length day fell. We had to drop into the stream, which came above our knees as we waded to the bank. There we stood, stiff and shivering. Even Amante's courage seemed to fail.

"We must pass this night in shelter somehow," said she. For indeed the rain was coming down pitilessly. I said nothing. I thought that surely the end must be coming on some time; and I only hoped that to death might not be added the terror of the cruelty of men. In a minute or so she had resolved on her course of action. We went up the stream to the mill. The familiar sounds, the scent of the wheat, the flour whitening the walls—all reminded me of home, and it seemed to me as if I must struggle out of this nightmare and waken, and find myself once more a happy girl by the Neckar-side. They were long in unbarring the door at which Amante had knocked, and that an old feeble voice inquired who was there, and what was sought? Amante answered shelter from the storm for two fugitives; but the old woman replied with suspicious hesitation, that she was sure it was a man who was asking for shelter, and that she could not open the door. But at last she satisfied herself, and unbarred the heavy door, and admitted us. She was not an unkindly woman, but her thoughts were fixed in one channel. She said was, that her master, the miller, had told her on no account to let any man into the place during his absence on business; that he did not know if he would not think two women as bad; and yet that, as we were not men, no one could say she had disobeyed him, for it was a shame to let a dog be out such a night as this. And then with ready tact she left Amante let no one know that we had taken shelter there that night, and that then her master could not blame her; and that she was the most discreet fellow as well as the brown mantle that had covered us both, before the great store which warmed the room with the effectual heat that the old woman's failing vitality required. All this time the poor creature was discussing with herself as to whether she had disobeyed orders, in a kind of garrulous way that made me fear much for her capability of retaining any thing secret if she was questioned. By-and-by she wandered away to an unnecessary revelation of her master's wherewithal, to pose to help in the search for his landlord, the Sieur de Poissy, who lived at the château just above, and who had not been heard of since the day before; so the intendant imagined he might have met with some accident, and had summoned the neighbors to look for him in the forest and fields. She told us much besides, giving us to understand that she would gain most with a place as housekeeper where there was no mistress and no children. As her life here was very lonely and dull, especially since her master's son had gone away—gone to the Paris. She was not sorry for supper, which was evidently apportioned out to her with a sparing hand, as, even if the ides had come into her head, she had not enough to offer us any. Fortunately warmth was the chief requisite for sleep. Thanks to Amante's cares, was returning to our chilled bodies. After supper the old woman grew drowsy, and she seemed disposed to sit all night in the act of going to sleep and leaving us still in the house. Indeed, she gave us pretty broad hints as to the propriety of our going to bed, and said we were safe and stormy night; but we begged to be allowed to stay under shelter of some kind, and at last a bright idea came into my head, and she was rummaging by a ladder to a kind of loft, which went half over the lofty mill-kitchen on which we had entered from the yard. She did—and found ourselves in a spacious floor, without any safeguard or wall, boarding, or railing, to keep us from falling over into the kitchen in case we went too near the edge. It was, in fact, the store-room or garret for the household. There was bedding piled up, boxes and chests, mill sacks, the winter store of apples and nuts, baskets of old clothes, broken furniture, and many other things. No sooner were we up there than the old woman dragged the ladder by which we had ascended away with a chuckle, as if she was now secure that we could do no mischief, and sat herself down again once more to doze and await her master's return. We pulled out some bedding, and gladly laid ourselves down in our dried clothes and in warm warmth, hoping to have a sound sleep; but so much needed to refresh us and prepare us for the next day. But I could not sleep, and I was aware from her breathing that Amante was equally wakeful. We could both see through the crevices between the boards that formed the flooring into the kitchen below, very partially lighted by the common lamp that hung against the wall near the stove on the opposite side to that on which we were.

Far on in the night there were voices outside reached us in our hiding-place; an angry knocking at the door, and we saw through the chinks the old woman rouse herself up to go and open it for her

master, who came in, evidently half drunk. To my sick horror he was followed by Lefebvre, apparently as sober and wily as ever. They were talking together as they came in, disputing about something; but the miller stopped the conversation to swear at the old woman for having fallen asleep, and with the very anger, and even with blows, drove the poor old creature out of the kitchen to bed. Then he and Lefebvre went on talking—about the Sieur de Poissy's disappearance. It seemed that Lefebvre had been out all day, along with other of my husband's men, ostensibly assisting in the search; in all probability trying to blind the Sieur de Poissy's followers by putting them on a wrong scent, and also, I fancied, from one or two of Lefebvre's sly questions, combining the hidden purpose of discovering us.

Although the miller was tenant and vassal to the Sieur de Poissy, he seemed to me to be much more in league with the people of M. de la Tourelle. He was evidently aware, in part, of the life which Lefebvre and the others led; although, happily, I do not suppose he knew or imagined one-half of their crimes; and also, I think, he was seriously interested in discovering the fate of his master, little suspecting Lefebvre of murder or violence. He kept talking himself, and letting out all sorts of thoughts and opinions; watched by the keen eyes of Lefebvre doubting out below his shaggy eyebrows. It was evidently not the cue of the latter to let out that his master's wife had escaped from that vile and terrible den; but though he never breathed a word relating to us, not the less was I certain he was thirsting for our blood, and lying in wait for our return of every hour. Presently he got up and took his leave; and the miller bolted him out and stumbled off to bed. Then we fell asleep and slept sound and long.

The next morning, when I awoke, I saw Amante, half raised, resting on one hand, and eagerly gazing—with straining eyes, into the kitchen above. I looked too, and both heard and saw the miller and two of his men eagerly and loudly talking about the old woman's bed not appearing to have stood to make the fire in the stove, and prepare her master's breakfast, and who now, late on in the morning, had been found dead in her bed; whether from the effect of her master's fury the night before, or from natural causes, who can tell? The miller's conscience upbraided him a little, I should say, for he was eagerly searching for its value in the landlord, and repeating how often she had spoken of the happy life she led with him. The men might have their doubts, but they did not express them to the miller, and all agreed that the necessary steps should be taken for a speedy funeral. And so they went out, leaving the house in peace, but so close, that, for the first time almost, we ventured to speak freely, though still in a hushed voice, pausing to listen cautiously; and we both took a more cheerful view of the whole occurrence than I did. She said that, had the old woman lived, we should have had to depart that morning, and that this quiet departure would have been the best thing we could have had to hope for, as, in all probability, the housekeeper would have told her master of us and of our resting-place, and this fact would, sooner or later, have been brought to the knowledge of those from whom we most desired to keep it concealed; but that now we had time to rest, and a shelter to rest in, during the first hot pursuit, which we knew to a fatal certainty was being carried on. The remnants of our food, and the dried-up fruit, would supply us with provision; the only thing to be feared was, that something might be required from the loft, and that the miller, or some one else, would go in search of it. But even then, with a little arrangement of boxes and chests, one part might be so kept in shade that we might yet escape observation. All this comforted me a little; but, I asked, how were we ever to escape? The ladder was taken away, which was our only means of descent. But Amante said that she could make a sufficient ladder of the rope lying coiled among other things, to drop us down the ten feet or so—with the advantage of its being portable, so that we might carry it away, and thus avoid all betrayal of the fact that any one had ever been hidden in the loft.

During the day, when that involved terror we did escape, Amante made good use of her time. She looked into every box and chest during the man's absence, and found among one in one box an old suit of man's clothes, which had probably belonged to the miller's absent son, she put them on to see if they would fit her; and, when she found that they did, she cut her own hair to the shortness of a man's, made me clip her black eyebrows as close as though they had been shaved, and by cutting up old cord into pieces such as would go into her cheeks, she altered both the shape of her face and her voice to a degree which I should not have believed possible.

All this time I lay like one stunned; my body resting, and renewing its strength, but I myself in an almost dreamy state, and unable to realize what had taken the stupid interest which I remember I did in all Amante's energetic preparations for disguise.

I also slept a great deal, and awoke with a smile coming over my stiff face as some new exercise of her cleverness proved a success.

But terror returned when she required me too to exert myself; and then all my heavy despair returned. I let her dye my fair hair and complexion with the decaying shells of the stored-up walnuts, I let her blacken my teeth, and even voluntarily broke a front tooth the better to effect my disguise. But through it all I had no hope of evading my terrible husband. The third night of the funeral was over, the drinking ended, the guests gone; the miller put to bed by his men, being too drunk to help himself. They stopped a little while in the kitchen, talking and laughing about the new housekeeper likely to come; and they too went off, shutting, but not locking the door. Every thing favored us: Amante had tried her ladder on one of the two previous nights, and could, by a dexterous throw from beneath, unfasten it from the hook to which it was fixed, when it had served its office; she made up a bundle of worthless old clothes in order that we might the better preserve our characters of a traveling peddler and his wife; she stuffed a lump on her back, she thickened my figure, she left her own clothes deep down beneath a heap of others in the chest from which she had taken the man's dress which she wore; and with a few francs in her pocket—the sole money we had either of us had about us when we escaped—we let ourselves down the ladder, unhooked it, and passed into the old darkness of night again.

How we wandered—not daring to ask our way—how we lived, how we struggled through many a danger and still more terrors of danger, I shall not tell you now. I will only relate two of our adventures before we reached Frankfort. The first, although fatal to my innocent baby, was yet, I believe, the cause of my safety; the second I shall tell you that you may understand why I did not return to my former home, and that I hoped to find a way in the miller's loft, and I first became capable of grasping after an idea of what my future life might be. Once, I remember, we must have been about three weeks wearily walking through unfrequented ways, day after day, not daring to make inquiry as to our whereabouts, and, as I believe, hopeless in our wanderings—we came to a kind of lonely road-side farrier's and blacksmith's. I was so tired that Amante insisted that, come what might, we would stay there all night; and accordingly she entered the house, and boldly announced herself as a traveling tinker, ready to do any odd jobs of work that might be required for a night's lodging and food for herself and wife. She had adopted this plan once or twice before, and with good success; for, in the north part of France, in Rouen, and as a girl she had often helped him with his work, and knew the tailors' slang and habits, down to the very last nicette and cut with which France could so much to those of a trade. The early November afternoon was closing into evening as we sat down on the ground to eat our scanty meal in the blacksmith's kitchen, drawn close to the window, I close behind her, sewing at another part of the same garment, and from time to time well scolded by my seeming husband. All at once she turned round to speak to me. It was only one word—"Courage!" I had no—nothing; I sat out of the light; but I turned sick for an instant, and then I braced myself up into a strange strength of endurance to go through I knew not what.

(TO BE CONCLUDED IN ONE NEXT NUMBER.)

TRIMMING THE CHURCH.

JEANIE SHERMAN, looking out of the front parlor windows of her father's country-house, through a little aperture she had rubbed in the beautiful frost-traceries of the pane, one day in December, saw the well-known figure of Fay Howard, well wrapped in furs, coming up the gravel walk.

An expression of mischievous delight passed over her pretty blonde face, and she hastened to admit him, beating the snow from his back and shoulders—she had to stand on tip-toe to reach them—with much unnecessary violence.

"Spare me, my dear!" cried Fay; "leave me a little breath, for I've got something very important to say."

"For the first time in your life, then! Come in and warm your large hands while you tell me what it is."

She pretended to assist him in removing his great-coat but hindered him very considerably, in reality, and she knew it, by little flirtations with his sleeve, adroitly transferred it to his neck, when, spite of his gymnastic contortions, it gradually and artfully caused him cold shivers of an unpleasant lengthiness.

For this trick he endeavored to punish her with a kiss. She submitted in the most lamb-like manner, apparently unaware that he had come about to meet, when she dexterously slipped away from him, and ran into the parlor laughing like Tyll Eulenspiegel.

Fay, who would have liked for once in his life to get a reasonable and sincere reception from his little tormentor, followed her, and threw himself on his face. She noticed it, and after the manner, I grieve to say, of young maidens generally, determined to punish him for it.

"You must know," said he, "that I met Sedgwick and his cousin last night, and they told me that there was to be a grand trim-ation on Wednesday evening. It will be moonlight. Sedgwick's big sleigh will be on hand, with a farm-wagon body on the bottom; lots of straw, and blankets, and shawls, and things; lots of pretty girls; lots of good fellows; lots of fun; Old Cæsar, with his fiddle; the new road to the Three-Mile Tavern; the old road back; dancing, oysters, singing, and other luxuries all the way there and back!"

"Dancing all the way?"

"No; dancing at the tavern; the other luxuries on the road."

"Oysters on the road?"

"Don't be absurd. What I want is to ask you to go with me. It will be, oh, splendid!"

"Wednesday night?"

"Yes."

"What time?"

"Start at about half-past seven or eight."

"Who is going?"

"The Sedgwicks, and Waynes, and that set. Fifteen in all, or maybe sixteen."

"Who is to drive?"

"Sedgwick's man."

"John?"

"No, Robert."

"Well, I can't go!"

"What! can't go!"

"No."

"Why not?"

"Because I'm engaged for Wednesday night."

"Oh no; are you?"

"I said I was."

"What engagement?"

"To go to ride, Mr. Curiosity!"

Howard bit his lip and colored a little.

"May I ask with whom?"

"With a gentleman."

"Won't he go with us?"

"I haven't inquired."

"Now this is very perfidious! and I half promised to bring you."

"Without consulting me at all? Thank you."

He arose, with a strong air of vexation.

"Well, I suppose what can't be cured must be endured, but I wish it hadn't happened so. If I can get them to postpone the straw-ride till Thursday, will you go?"

"I can not promise."

He looked unutterably into her eyes, and held out his hand rather coolly.

"Where are you going?" she asked.

"Down to Sedgwick's to tell them you won't come. Good-by."

"What is the use of going so soon? You're dutifully warm yet."

"Never mind. I don't care for *outside* cold!"

"Now, Fay—are you angry?"

The sideways turn of her head, and the half-grieved, half-coquettish tone of her voice, were indescribably charming; but the young man's pride was a little touched, and he withstood every thing.

There was quite a little scene of petulant, mingled perhaps with fear, on the pretty blonde face, as she watched the retreating figure of her lover through the same frost-traceried window-pane whence she had observed his approach.

The fact was, she had gone a little too far, and found it out too late. She loved Fay with her whole heart; but somehow when they were together, she could not resist the temptation of tormenting him. Her engagement to go to ride with a gentleman, which she had audaciously given as a reason for declining Fay's invitation, consisted merely of an offer her brother—a lad of nineteen—had made to take her out in his sleigh 'any fine night while the moon lasted—any next Wednesday.' What she desired was to make her lover a little jealous, and her many earnest appeals on his part to tell him the truth of the case, and laugh him into good-humor.

He did not visit her again for a day or two, and when he did, preserved a most exasperating air of independence. She hoped he would say something further about the straw-ride, so that she could draw him into repeating his station; but he did not mention it until the morning of Wednesday, when he met her in the street.

"Morning, Jeanie," he said, "see what a splendid day it is! We shall have a delicious night for the ride."

"Are you going, then?"

"Going? Of course! I invited Susie Mitchell. Sorry you couldn't have gone, though."

"Susie Mitchell!"

This simple exclamation contained a volume of comments, unspoken, but easily understood. Perhaps I often wonder a well-evident statement—a truism—in saying that these comments were not of a nature calculated to endear Miss Mitchell to Jeanie, had she known of them.

Every body said that Fay Howard outdid himself on Wednesday night. He was always an excellent man for a merry-making, but on this occasion he was unusually vivacious. Nobody danced so indefatigably, nobody sang so hilariously, nobody laughed so heartily, nobody said so many funny things, and, in short, nobody seemed to enjoy the affair so thoroughly as Fay.

Meanwhile, Jeanie, terribly out of humor, held her brother's hand, and took a dreary ride of a few miles, returning cold, regretful, and almost cynical, but with an inward resolve never to strike with her lover again.

The next salutation that passed between Susie Mitchell and she was a study for a social philosopher.

Some little time afterward, when the whole matter had been explained, forgiven, and forgotten, with all the due forms and ceremonies incidental to a lover's reconciliation, Fay Howard sat in his office engaged upon a labor of love.

In his professional capacity of architect he was called on once to experiment in the trimming of the village church with evergreens—a pious task that, from time immemorial, had devolved upon the youths and maidens of Ingleton. Every Christmas some tasteful and clever hand drew plans for the decorations, while others sought quantities of evergreen logs in the woods. The church was then ransacked, and a vast chaos to make wreaths, stars, and festoons, which were finally arranged around the gallery, over the pulpit and organ, about the windows, and along the walls, presenting a most picturesque and Christmas-like *coup-d'œil*.

Fay's plans were nearly finished, and pleased him. He fancied, justly, that the decoration he had composed for the organ-loft, facing the pulpit, was really artistic; and he was in a condition of sublime good-nature and satisfaction with all this, therefore.

"Come in!" cried he, in answer to a gentle knock at the door.

"Come in!" shouted he; but the visitor was timid, and did not enter.

Fay arose, and, opening the door, found Miss Susie Mitchell standing hesitantly outside, doubtfully examining the little sign that announced the name and profession of the occupant in medieval letters.

"Ah, Miss Susie!" said he, cheerily. "I'm glad to see you. Come in."

The young lady entered, and accepted the best chair, which Fay politely offered her.

"I heard," she said, after a moment of silence, "that you had finished the plans for the church-trimming, and so I thought I would drop in, as I was passing, to look at them, if you would let me."

Fay, touched in a vulnerable point by this little evidence of appreciation, hastened to lay his drawings before her, and explained them with considerable enthusiasm, in which she had tact enough to join.

This young lady, by reason of long residence in New York, had claims to a higher degree of refinement and social knowledge than the maidens of Ingleton aspired to. She was greatly given to reading poetry—not always very well selected; to having special admirers in her piano—not always very well executed; to conversing on a variety of fashionable topics—not always very well understood. In short, she had set up to be the æstheticine (if I may coin a word where none either will answer) of the village. Rather pretty, with her long black ringlets, shadowy brown eyes, clear white complexion, and graceful carriage, she attracted all who met her for the first two or three times. After that her incompleteness began to appear; she exhausted her little stock of cheap accomplishments, and fell proportionately in the estimate of her companions.

Still, she was a cousin of the Sedgwicks—the wealthiest young men in Ingleton—and had enough judgment to make the best use of the little power she possessed in her. There was nothing radically wrong or unpleasant about her; and when she praised Fay's designs, especially that for the organ-loft, he was disposed to treat her with great courtesy.

Her attention being attracted by some of the young architect's water-color sketches that ornamented the walls—little landscapes, bashful, knightly combats, illustrations of his favorite authors, etc., hastily, but cleverly done—she proceeded to find in them certain evidences of great artistic talent, if not genius, and went quite into raptures over a weird, effective bit of light and shade, with a few lines from "The Lady of Shalatt" written beneath it:

> "Often through the silent nights
> A funeral, with plumes and lights,
> And music, went to Camelot."

All this by no means displeased Fay, and they became very merry and sociable together. So much so, indeed, that they did not hear another knock at the door, thrice repeated. The one outside, however, heard Fay speaking, and fancied he said "Come in!" so she entered.

Fate is always amusing herself in a manner more or less cruel to young folk, and to young lovers particularly. In this instance, it was a cruel contrivance of Fate to send Jeanie Sherman to Fay Howard's office just when Susie Mitchell was there, and they were in the most sociable time of it. They say that the blonde type is the angelic temperament; but I can tell you that Jeanie Sherman had her angelic when she saw who was Fay's visitor.

"I came, Fay," said she, with any amount of quiet vivacity in her voice, "to see your designs for the church; but if you are occupied, I'll call another time!"

Fay cast an imploring glance toward her, and, pretending not to hear the last part of the sentence, showed her the drawings with astonishing alacrity.

Miss Susie was dignified and polite to an awful degree; Jeanie was crimson of cheek and glittering of eye; poor Fay was worse embarrassed than Captain Molineux ever dreamed of being in his two "dear charmers;" and, altogether, the scene would have been inexpressibly funny to any body who might have been present save the three personages concerned.

With that tender love for each other's companionship that the young ladies must have felt they departed together, leaving the architect in some doubt as to whether he could lunch on sandwiches or hydrocyanic acid. Fortunately for my story, the former prevailed.

That night he called upon Jeanie, to reassure her of his entire devotion to her, but she had gone to pass the evening elsewhere, and he was disappointed. On the following day affairs assumed a darker complexion when before. Walking from his lodgings to the office he overtook Miss Susie, who immediately entered into conversation with him, and accompanied him as far as he was going. On the next day Jeanie, Susie, Fay, Sedgwick, and the manner with which she bade them good-morning showed that she drew the most serious inferences from these unlucky accidents.

Of course that divine and humanizing old institution, village gossips, soon got hold of the morsel thus afforded. Some said Fay was to blame, some said Jeanie, but all agreed in making the facts look twice as bad as they were. New causes of quarrel grew up through the exaggerations of Miss Catherine Grundy, and, finally, two days before Christmas, when Fay wrote a short, touching note, praying Jeanie to see him, and hear his explanations from his own lips, she sent back word that she would lovingly side by side on the decorations of the church, she returned the billet unopened.

The next day Fay packed up his trunks and departed, to the immense surprise and great sorrow of half Ingleton, for New York.

Never having been similarly situated, I can not be expected to tell how Jeanie felt when she heard of it and I do know, however, that she grew very pale and thin, and during the two months that followed his sudden exodus, and was not seen at any of the numerous festive occasions for which Ingleton is rather famous in winter. She no longer seemed to care for any thing, and moped about the house in such a sad, weary, but uncomplaining way, that her parents were much alarmed.

De facto, she felt that she had lost Fay very badly. After all, there was no positive evidence that his affections had changed from her to Miss Susie. Circumstances certainly looked questionable; but that letter *might* have settled all diffi-

D. F. JAMIESON, PRESIDENT OF THE SOUTH CAROLINA CONVENTION, AND MINISTER OF WAR.—(SEE PAGE 78.)

culties, she thought, and many and bitter were the tears she wept in repenting her severity. She firmly expected him to write again when she returned his note, but had calculated too strongly on his love, and not strongly enough on his pride, making the same error as on the occasion of the straw-ride.

But tears, and paleness, and apathy were of no avail. He had gone, and gone in anger. The gossips had their nine days of idle talk, of praise and blame, ill conceived and worse spoken. The young people sighed for their light-hearted and pleasant friend for a while, and then, intent on their own little comedies, let him pass to a sort of easy half-oblivion.

A year rolled around, and shortly before Christmas young Sedgwick received a packet from New York, which, being opened, proved to contain a wonderfully elaborate and beautiful set of designs, somewhat similar, but decidedly superior, to those that Fay Howard had executed the year before. A brief note accompanied them:

"DEAR SEDGWICK,—I have amused myself, in spare moments, by designing the Xmas decorations for your church, which I inclose to you. Ask our friends to accept them in the name of

FAY HOWARD."

There was no address given, no clew by which a communication could have been made to reach him; and when Jennie Sherman read the note she felt how completely she and Fay were separated, and shed more tears, and wore a sadder, paler face than ever.

Through the snowy and moonlit village, with its vista of white-roofed houses, walked Fay Howard, well wrapped in his great-coat, with the red light of his cigar glimmering periodically from under his mustache.

He took his way directly to the hotel, where the landlord looked in wonderment upon him, and "wanted to know" a good deal more than Fay told him.

"What is that light in the church windows?" asked the young man, as soon as he had arranged his external toilet a little.

"They're trimming it, Sir, with Christmas-green."

"Ah, I thought so. Give me the key to my room. I'll be back late, perhaps."

He took the key, and recrossed the common to the little church, pausing a moment to glance over the ancient churchyard, beneath whose snow-capped gravestones slept the Ingleton dead of nearly two centuries. Then he ascended the steps, noiselessly entered the vestibule, and stood with his hand upon the latch of the baize-covered door.

THE WASHINGTON ARTILLERY OF CHARLESTON, S. C.—(SEE PAGE 78.)

A demon of unrest had haunted him ceaselessly ever since the cold Christmas weather had set in. It had seemed to him that he must see Jennie once more at that blessed season, or die before the New Year was born. Pursued by this idea, and a mysterious prescience of coming joy, he had hastened back to Ingleton. Here he was at the church door, and he knew that she must be inside. He entered, trembling.

There was much joy among the young folk, and many were the greetings he received—many and warm. Last of all came Jennie Sherman, worn and weary-looking, but no longer pale. The riotous blood, knowing that neither voice nor eye could find strength to welcome him, rushed up into her cheeks and dyed them crimson, as a signal of the great joy she could not otherwise express. Their words were few, and merely kind, without reference to the past or the future. Each marked the changes sorrow had wrought in the other, but neither mentioned them, and after a brief space, when all the commonplaces of welcome were over, Fay went quietly to work, explaining the more intricate portions of his designs, and assisting his friends to arrange the evergreens.

The chains that are stronger than links of steel and bands of iron soon worked their simple miracle, and brought Fay and Jennie side by side. It was a little embarrassing at first, and they kept silence. At length he spoke: "Had you forgot-

THE OLD MAN AND HIS SONS

An old Man had many Sons, who were often quarreling with one another. When the father had exerted his authority, and used other means to reconcile them, but all to no purpose, he at last had recourse to this expedient: he ordered his Sons to be called before him, and a short bundle of sticks to be brought; then commanded them each to try if, with all his might and strength, he could break it. They all tried, but to no purpose; for the sticks being closely and compactly bound up together, it was impossible for the force of man to do it.

After this, the father ordered the bundle to be untied, and gave a single stick to each of his Sons, at the same time bidding him try to break it; which when each did with all imaginable ease, the father addressed them to this effect: "O, my Sons, behold the power of unity: for if you, in like manner, would but keep yourselves strictly conjoined in the bonds of friendship, it would not be in the power of any mortal to hurt you; but when once the ties of brotherly affection are dissolved, how soon you become exposed to every injurious hand that assaults you!"

MORAL.—Union is Strength.

THE BROOKLYN ACADEMY OF MUSIC.—EXTERIOR.—[SEE PAGE 78.]

ten me, Jeanie?"—really a very absurd question, and quite malapropos.

"No, indeed!"

"I thought you would"—really a very untrue statement.

"Did you? Oh, Fay!"

"I thought you wished to."

"And you hated me?"

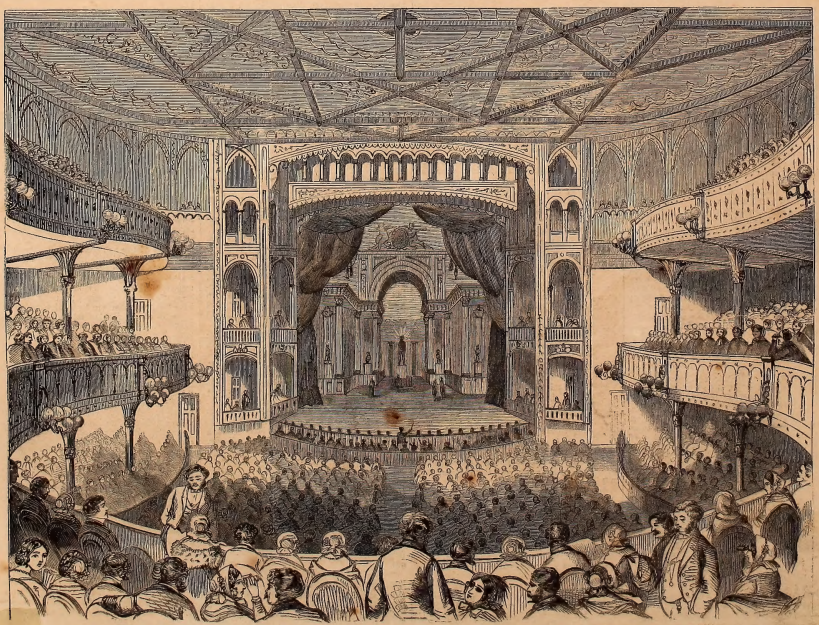
"No, Jeanie, just the opposite—always!"

"And you could forgive me?"

"I hardly know which should forgive the other, Jeanie; but here, in this place, where we have so often listened together to the words of peace, is it not well for us to make our peace?"

She gave him her hand, quickly and silently, as they bent over their evergreens, and the spirit of the olden time came back to them, hallowed, chastened, and made earnest by the grief through which they had passed.

On Christmas morning all the good people of



THE BROOKLYN ACADEMY OF MUSIC.—INTERIOR. OPENING CONCERT ON TUESDAY, JANUARY 15, 1861.—[SEE PAGE 78.]

Ingleton were loud in their praises of the manner in which the church was trimmed. Nothing, it seemed to them, could be more beautiful than the decorations, so artistically planned, so deftly arranged.

But there was something more beautiful. It was a group of young girls—fresh, rosy, and clad in spotless white—attended by intelligent and courtly companions. In the midst of these were Fay Howard and Jeanie Sherman, arrayed in the garb of hymeneal festivity. They entered at the close of the service, and, taking their places before the venerable pastor, were the joined in that bond which makes two hearts one—the highest, holiest, of all human sacraments.

"Love," saith the Apostle, "is the fulfilling of the law."

HON. D. F. JAMIESON.

THE Hon. D. F. JAMIESON, of whom we this week present our readers a faithful portraiture, was born some fifty-two years ago in Orangeburg District, South Carolina. His ancestors, a few generations back, were Scotch and German. Some of them acquired a local distinction as partisan leaders in the Revolution. Mr. Jamieson inherited from his parents a handsome property, enough for independence. He is a graduate of South Carolina College. Shortly after leaving college he was admitted to the bar, but soon retired from practice. He was then elected to the State Legislature, and continued to be returned to his seat, year after year. For many years held the commission of Brigadier-General in the State Service, and had command of a splendid brigade of cavalry, in which branch of the military service he took delight.

In literature Mr. Jamieson has an honestly earned though necessarily limited reputation. In their time he was a frequent contributor to the *Southern Quarterly*, to the *Southern and Western*, and to *Russell's Magazine*. To the second-named magazine he contributed a series of papers setting forth the Scripture argument in defense of slavery. For the past three years his attention has been engaged upon a work entitled "A History of the Life and Times of Bertrand de Guesclin," the well-known hero of France, and, in his day, the best representative of its chivalry.

In 1860 Mr. Jamieson removed from Orangeburg to Barnwell District, and became the next-door neighbor of the distinguished Southern poet, historian, and novelist, W. Gilmore Simms. On the 6th day of December last the people of Barnwell elected him to be their representative in the Sovereign Convention of South Carolina. That Mr. Jamieson was chosen President of that memorable body, and now holds the position of Secretary of War to the Palmetto Republic, are facts so well known that we need not dwell upon them here.

Mr., or, as he is more commonly called, General Jamieson, is a cotton planter, and has a fine estate of two thousand acres, worked by some seventy negroes. As a man he is gentle, unaffected, and earnest. He has an extensive course of reading he possesses resources which make him quite at home in all topics of literature, politics, and sociology. He has a clear, vigorous, and comprehensive mind; but, lacking in brilliancy, his logic seldom calls for aid to the faculties of fancy and imagination. With morals unstained by reproach, with a character guiltless of blemish, no man is more highly esteemed by all who know him than General D. F. Jamieson.

THE WASHINGTON ARTILLERY AT CHARLESTON, S. C.

WE publish on page 76, from a photograph kindly sent us from Charleston, South Carolina, a picture of the Washington Artillery of that city.

This is the largest and most efficient corps in this branch of the service among the citizen soldiers of Charleston, having a roll of 150 active members. A detachment of this corps is at present stationed at Fort Moultrie, where, in the late attack upon the steamship *Star of the West*, they gave strong evidence of what may be expected at their hands should Charleston be besieged. When the ordinance of secession was passed this corps was the first to offer its services to the State. Their arms are six brass field-pieces, and Minié muskets with Maynard primers.

THE BROOKLYN ACADEMY OF MUSIC.

ON Tuesday 15th and Thursday 17th inst., the Brooklyn Academy of Music was formally opened by a concert and a ball, and we take this opportunity of presenting our readers with two views of it—one showing the interior, the other the exterior.

Some three years have elapsed since the project of an Academy of Music in Brooklyn began to assume reality. Several enterprising citizens of Brooklyn, dissatisfied with the want of a suitable room for concerts, canvassed their friends, and found that people were willing to subscribe money for the purpose of erecting an academy that should be worthy of the city. Prominent among these were Mr. Luther B. Wyman, S. B. Chittenden, E. Whitehouse, John J. Ryan, etc. A sum of 50,000 was at once subscribed, and this was subsequently increased to $200,000; the work was placed in the hands of experienced architects; and so, now, after many weary months of waiting and disappointment, the Brooklyn Academy is placed in the hands of its owners, complete, perfect, and free of debt.

The building is of brick, with decorations of Dorchester stone. The windows, which are Gothic, are faced with stone, with a large brick inserted into the centre of their arched stone cappings. There are seven entrances, the chief of which are through a portico whose arches and pillars combine massive strength with lightness and grace. The exterior of the building is said to be finer than that of any other Academy of Music in the world.

The interior comprises a theatre, a concert-hall, dressing and chorus rooms, a green-room, a kitchen, store-rooms, etc., etc. The theatre will seat 2200 people, every one of whom can see the stage conveniently. There are no less than twelve proscenium boxes. The whole theatre is elaborately decorated in the Gothic style, and the effect, when lit up by gas and filled with handsome women and brave men, is very striking. The concert-hall is 89 feet long by 43 wide and 45 high—a very beautiful room indeed. The smaller rooms are convenient; the kitchen baronial, and suggestive of such feasts as our ancestors used to have in the days of the Tudors. Space compels us to curtail this description, which might be prolonged to any length. Our Brooklyn neighbors have certainly achieved a triumph in their Academy; and the effect of such a building on the study of music and the popularity of lectures—both powerful agents of civilization—can not fail to be felt.

TOO LATE.

HUSH! speak low; tread softly;
Draw the sheet aside;
Yes, she does look peaceful;
With that smile she died.

Yet stern want and sorrow
Even now you trace
On the wan, worn features
Of the still white face.

Restless, helpless, hopeless,
Was her bitter pain;
Now—how still the Violets
Lie upon her Heart!

She who toiled and labored
For her daily bread;
See the velvet hangings
Of this stately bed.

Yes, they did forgive her;
Brought her home at last;
Strove to cover over
Their relentless past.

Ah, they would have given
Wealth, and home, and pride,
To see her just the happy
Once before she died!

They strove hard to please her,
But, when death is near,
All you know is deadened,
Hope, and joy, and fear.

And besides, one sorrow
Deeper still—one pain
Was beyond them: healing
Came to day—in vain!

If she had but lingered
Just a few hours more;
Or had this letter reached her
Just one day before!

I can almost pity.
Even him to-day;
Though he let this anguish
Eat her heart away.

Yet she never blamed him;
One day you shall know
How this sorrow happened;
It was long ago.

I have read the letter;
Many a weary year,
For one night and every day
There are thousands here.

If she could but hear it,
Could but understand;
See—I put the letter
In her cold white hand.

Even these words, so longed for,
Do not stir her rest;
Well—I should not murmur,
For God judges best,

She needs no more pity;
But I mourn his fate,
When he hears his letter
Came a day too late.

A BITTER THOUGHT.

I HAVE a bitter Thought, a Snake
That used to sting my life to pain.
I strove to cast it far away,
But every night and every day
It crawled back to my heart again.

It was in vain to live or strive,
To think or sleep, to work or pray;
At last I bade this thing accursed
Gnaw at my heart, and do its worst,
And so I let it have its way.

Thus said I: "I shall never fall
Into a false and dreaming peace,
And then awake, with sudden start,
To feel it biting at my heart,
For now the pain can never cease."

But I gained more; for I have found
That such a snake's envenomed charm
Must always, always find a part,
Deep in the centre of my heart,
Which it can never wound or harm.

It is coiled round my heart to-day.
It sleeps at times, this cruel snake,
And while it sleeps it never stings:—
Hush! let us talk of other things,
Lest it should hear me and awake.

A DAY'S RIDE:
A LIFE'S ROMANCE.

By CHARLES LEVER.

AUTHOR OF "CHARLES O'MALLEY," "HARRY LORREQUER," ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER XXXV.

"WELL, what next? have you bethought you of any thing more to charge me with?" cried a large full man, whose angry look and manner showed how he resented these chentings.

I staggered back sick and faint, for the individual before me was Crofton, my kind host of long ago in Ireland, and from whose hospitable roof I had taken such an unceremonious departure.

"Who are you?" cried he, again. "I had hoped to have paid every thing and every body. Who are you?"

Wishing to retire unrecognized, I stammered out something very unintelligibly indeed about my gratitude, and my hope for a pleasant journey to him, retreating all the while toward the door.

"It's all very well to wish the traveler a pleasant journey," said he, "but you innkeepers ought to bear in mind that no man's journey is rendered more agreeable by roguery. This house is somewhat dearer than the Clarendon in London, or the Hôtel de Rhin at Paris. Now, three might be perhaps some pretext to make a man pay smartly who travels post, and has two or three servants with him, but what excuse can you make for charging some poor devil of a foot traveler, taking his humble meal in the common room, and, naturally enough, of the commonest fare, for making him pay eight florins—eight florins and some kreutzers—for his dinner? Why, one dinner here for two people was handsomely paid at six florins ahead, and yet you bring in a bill of eight florins against this poor wretch."

I saw now, that, what between the blinding effects of his indignation, and certain changes which time and the road had worked in my appearance, the chances were probable I should escape undetected, and so I affected to busy myself with some articles of his luggage that lay scattered about the room until I could manage to slip away.

"Touch nothing, my good fellow!" cried he, angrily; "touch not my own property, I beg of these things. Let my courier come here—or my valet."

This was too good an opportunity to be thrown away, and I made at once for the door, but at the same instant it was opened, and Mary Crofton stood before me. One glance showed me that I was recognized, and there I stood, speechless with shame and confusion. Rallying, however, after a moment, I whispered, "Don't betray me," and tried to pass out. Instead of minding my entreaty, she set her back to the door, and laughingly cried out to her brother,

"Don't you know whom we have got here?"

"What do you mean?" exclaimed he.

"Can not Frank recognize an old friend, notwithstanding all his efforts to cut us?"

"Why—what—surely it can't be—it's not possible—eh?" And by this time he had wheeled me round to the strong light of the window, and then, with a loud burst, he cried out, "Potts, by all that's ragged! Potts himself! Why, did you not think you could trust to my acting to escape us?" and he wrung my hand with a cordial shake that at once brought the blood back to my face, while his sister completed my happiness by saying,

"If you only knew all the schemes we have planned to catch you, you would certainly not have tried to avoid us."

I made an effort to say something—any thing, in short—but not a word could come. If I was overjoyed at the warmth of their greeting, I was no less overwhelmed with shame; and there I stood, looking very pitiably from one to the other, and most thankful that I might faint outright, and so finish my misery.

With a woman's fine tact Mary Crofton seemed to read something of my sufferings, and, whispering one word in her brother's ear, she stepped away and left us alone together.

"Come," said he, good-naturedly, as he drew his arm inside of mine, and led me up and down the room, "tell me all about it. How have you come here? What are you doing?"

I have not the faintest recollection of what I said. I know that I endeavored to take up my story from the day I had last seen him, but it must have proved a very strange and bungling narrative, from the questions which he was forced occasionally to put, in order to follow me out.

"Well," said he, at last, "I will own to you that, after your abrupt departure, I was sorely puzzled what to make of you, and I might have remained longer in the same state of doubt, when a chance visit that I made to Dublin led me to Dycer's, and there, by a mere accident, I heard of you—heard who you were, and where your father lived. I went at once and called upon him, my object being to learn if he had any tidings of you, and where you then were. I found him no better informed than myself. He showed me a few lines you had written on the morning you left home, stating that you would probably be absent some days, and might be even weeks, but that since that date nothing had been heard of you. He seemed vexed and displeased, but not uneasy or apprehensive about your absence, and the same tone I observed in your college tutor, Doctor Tobin. He said: 'Potts will come back, sir, one of these days, and not a whit wiser than he went. His self-esteem as to his capacity is in the reduplicate ratio of the inverse proportion of his ability, and he will be always a fool.' I wrote to various friends of ours traveling about the world, but none had met with you, and at last, when about to come abroad myself, I called again on your father, and found him just re-married."

"Re-married!"

"Yes! he was lonely, he said, and wanted companionship, and so on; and all I could obtain from him was a note for a hundred pounds, and a promise that, if you came back within the year, you should share the business of his shop with him."

"Never! never!" said I. "Potts may be the fool they deem him, but there are instincts and promptings in his secret heart that they know nothing of. I will never go back. Go on."

"I now come to my own story. I left Ireland a day or two after and came to England, where business detained me some weeks. My uncle had died and left me his heir—not, indeed, so much as I had expected, but very well off for a man who had passed his life on very moderate means. There were a few legacies to be paid, and one which he especially intrusted to me by a secret letter, to a lady and her, by delicate and judicious management, I might be able to persuade the person in whose interest it was bequeathed to accept. It was a delicate, a task of no common difficulty, the legatee being the widow of a man who had, by my uncle's cruelty, been driven to destroy himself. It is a long story, which I can not now enter upon; enough that I say it had been a trial of strength between two very wilful minds—the dead man which should crush the other, and my uncle being the richer, and not from any other reason, conquered.

"The victory was a very barren one. It embittered every hour of his life after, and the only reparation in his power he attempted on his death-bed, which was to settle an annuity on the family of the man he had ruined. I found out once where they lived, and set about effecting this difficult charge. I will not linger over my failure—but it was complete. The family was in actual distress, but nothing would induce them to listen to the proposed settlement; and, in fact, the indignation compelled me to retire from the attempt in despair. My sister did her utmost in the cause, but equally in vain, and we prepared to leave the place, much depressed and cast down by our failure. It was on the last evening of our stay at the town of the little village, a townsman of the place, whom I had employed to aid my attempt by his personal influence with the family, asked to see me and speak with me in private.

"He appeared to labor under considerable agitation, and opened our interview by bespeaking my secrecy as to what he was about to communicate. It was to this purport: A friend of his own, engaged in the Baltic trade, had just declared to him that the widow and her only person I alluded to, working as a common porter on the quay at Riga, that he traced him to his lodging, but, on learning that he was absent, that he was not to be found, and it was then ascertained that he had left the city. W. was, it would seem, a man easily recognized, and the other declared that there could not be the slightest doubt of his identity. The question was a grave one how to act, since the assurance company with which his life was insured were actually engaged in discussing the propriety of some compromise by paying to the family a portion of the money, and a measure of grants arose out of this contingency; for while it would have been a great cruelty to have conveyed hopes to the family that might, by possibility, not be realized, yet, on the other hand, to have induced them to adopt a course on the hypothesis of his death when they believed him still living, was almost as bad.

"I thought for a long while over the matter, and with my sister resumed to aid her. I determined that we should come abroad and seek out this man, trusting that, if we found him, we could induce him to accept of the legacy which his family rejected. We obtained every clew we could think of to his detection. A perfect description of him, in voice, look, and manner; a copy of his portrait, and a few specimens of his handwriting; and then we bethought ourselves of interesting you in the search. You were rambling about the world in that idle and desultory way in which any sort of a pursuit might be a boon, as often in the by-paths as on the high roads you might chance to hit off this discovery in some remote spot, or, at all events, find some clew to it. In a word, we grew to believe, that, with you to aid us, we should get to the bottom of this mystery, and now that by lucky chance we have met you, our hopes are all the stronger."

"You'll think it strange," said I, "but I already know something of this story; the man you allude to was Sir S——."

"How on earth have you guessed that?"

"I came by the knowledge on a railroad journey, where my fellow-passengers talked over the event, and subsequently traveled with Sir S——'s daughter, who came abroad to fill the

station of a companion to an elderly lady. She called herself Miss Herbert."

"Exactly! The widow renamed her family name after W.'s suicide—if it were a suicide."

"How singular to think that you should have chanced upon this link of the chain! And do you know her?"

"Intimately; we were fellow-travelers for some days."

"And where is she now?"

"She is, at this moment, at a villa on the Lake of Como, living with a Mrs. Keates, the sister of her Majesty's Envoy at Kahlbratzenstadt."

"You are marvelously accurate in this narrative, Potts," said he, laughing; "the impression made on you by this young lady can scarcely have been a transient one."

I suppose I grew very red—I felt that I was much confused by this remark—and I turned away to conceal my emotion. Crofton was too delicate to take any advantage of my distress, and merely added:

"From having known her, you will naturally devote yourself with more ardor to serve her. May we then count upon your assistance in our project?"

"That you may," said I. "From this hour I devote myself to it."

Crofton at once proposed that I should order my luggage to be placed on his carriage and start off with them; but I firmly opposed this plan. First of all, I had no luggage, and had no fancy to confess as much; secondly, I resolved to be at least one day for Vicenza's arrival—I'd have given a month rather than come down to the dreary thought of his being a knave, with Lucile a cheat! In fact, I felt that if I were to begin any new project in life with so black an experience that every step I took would be clouded with distrust, I was tarnished with suspicion. I therefore pretended to Crofton that I had given rendezvous to a friend at Lindau, and could not leave without waiting for him. I am not very sure that he believed me, but he was most careful in not dropping a word that might show incredulity; and once more we addressed ourselves to the grand project before us.

"Come in, Mary!" cried he, suddenly rising from his chair at a knock at the door. "Come in, and help us by your good counsel."

It was not possible to receive me with more kindness than she showed. Had I been some old friend who came to meet them there by appointment, her manner could not have been more courteous and easy; and when she had learned from her brother how warmly I had associated myself in this plan she gave me one of her pleasantest smiles, and said,

"I was not mistaken in you."

With a great map of Europe before us on the table we proceeded to plan a future line of operations. I agreed to take certain places, each of us, and to meet at certain others, to compare notes and report progress. We scarcely permitted ourselves to order any great confidence of success, but we all concurred in the notion that some lucky hazard might do for us more than all our best-devised schemes could accomplish; and, at last, it was settled that, while they took Southern Germany and the Tyrol, I should ramble about through Savoy and Upper Italy, and our meeting-place be at Genoa, on exactly that day three months. The great railway centers, where Englishmen of every class and gradation were much employed, offered the best prospect of meeting with the object of our search, and these were precisely the sort of places such a man would be certain to resort to.

Our discussion lasted so long that the Crofton pair left their guests to their following day, and we dined all together very happily, never wearied of talking over the plan before us, and each speculating as to what share of assistance he could contribute to the common stock of investigation. It was when Crofton left the room to search for some map of Whalley that Mary sat down at my side, and said:

"I have been thinking for some time over a project in which you can aid me greatly. My brother tells me that you are known to Miss Herbert. Now I want to write to her; I want to tell her that there is one who, belonging to a family from which you have suffered heavily, desires to expiate so far, maybe, the great wrong, and, if she will permit it, to be her friend. What can I say in a letter explain what I feel on this score, I am well aware how much aid it would afford me to have the personal corroboration of one who could say, 'I know,' writes this is not altogether unworthy of your affection; do not reject the offer she makes you, or, at least, reflect well and long before you refuse it.' Will you help me so far?"

My heart bounded with delight as I first listened to her speech. It was only a moment that I remembered how difficult, if not impossible, it would be for me to approach Miss Herbert once more. How or in what character could I seek her? To appear before her in any feigned part would be, under the circumstances, ignoble and unworthy, and yet, was I, out of any merely personal consideration, any regard for the poor creature Potts, to forego the interests, maybe the whole happiness, of one so immeasurably better and worthier? Would not any amount of shame and exposure to myself be a cheap price for even a small quantity of benefit bestowed on her? What signified it that I was poor and ragged—unknown, unrecognized—if she were to be the gainer? Would not, in fact, the very sacrifice of self in the affair be ennobling and elevating to me, and would I not stand better in my own esteem for this one honest act, than I had ever done after any mock success or imaginary victory?

"I think I can guess why you hesitate," cried she; "you fear that I will say something indiscreet—something that would compromise you with Miss Herbert—but you need not dread that; and, at all events, you shall read my letter."

"Far from it," said I; "my hesitation had a very different source. I was solely thinking whether, if you were aware of how I stood in my relations to Miss Herbert, you would have selected me as your advocate; and though in my pain me to make a full confession, you shall hear every thing."

With this I left her all—all, from my first hour of meeting her at the railway station to my last parting with her at Schaffhausen. I tried to make my narrative as grave and commonplace as might be, but, do what I would, the figure in which I was forced to present myself overcame all my attempts at seriousness, and she laughed immoderately. If it had not been for this burst of merriment on her part, it is more than probable I might have thought down my history to the very moment of telling, and narrated every detail of my journey with Vincenza and Timothée. As it was, however, warned by these circumstances, and concluded in time to save myself from this new ridicule.

"From all that you have told me here," said she, "I only see one—which is, that you are deeply in love with this young lady."

"No," said I; "I was so once, I am not so any longer. But this is not the place to call the chronic stage, and I feel myself her friend—only her friend."

"Well, for the purpose I have in mind this is all the better. I want you, as I said, to place my letter in her hands, and so, as far as possible, entirely to remove from it all, as it were, the impression that it may have derived from ample means is dashed with remembering what power it has been attended with to that poor family. If you urge that one theme forcibly, you can scarcely fail to touch it."

"And what are your intentions with regard to her?" asked I.

"They will take any shape she pleases. My brother would either enable her to return home, and, by persuading her mother to accept an annuity, live himself under per. my roof; or she might—if the idea of independence fires her—she might yet use her influence over her mother and sister to carry our proposals more readily; or she might come and live with us, and this I would prefer to all; but you must read my letter, and more than once, too. You must possess yourself of its details, and, if there be any thing to which you object, there will be time enough still to change it."

"Here he is, with a portrait of our lost sheep," said Crofton, now entering with a miniature in his hand. It represented a bluff, bold, almost insolent boy of about fifteen, with a face not improbably catching an additional expression of vulgar pride from the fact that the likeness was taken in the dress of Cupid—a greatness when he first took the chair as chief magistrate of his town.

"Not an over-refined sort of fellow to deal with, I should say," remarked Crofton. "There are some stern lines here about the corners of the eyes, and certain very suspicious-looking indentations near the mouth."

"His eye has no forgiveness in it," said his sister.

"Well, one thing is clear enough, he ought to be easily recognized; that broad forehead, and those wide-spread nostrils and deeply divided chin, are traits not to be forgotten. Come, I can not give you this," said Crofton to me, "but I'll take care to send you an accurate copy of it as half a dozen favorable moments, while, make yourself master of its details, and try if you can not carry the resemblance in your memory."

"Disabuse yourself, too," said she, laughing, "of all this accessorial grandeur, and bear in mind that you'll not find him dressed in ermine, or surrounded by a court and halberds. Not very like his daughter, I'm sure," whispered she in my ear, as I continued to gaze steadfastly at the portrait. "Is there no trace of softness?"

"Not the very faintest; she is beautiful," said I, "and her whole expression is gentleness and delicacy."

"Well, certainly," said Crofton, shutting up the miniature, "these are not the distinguishing traits of our friend here, whom I should call a hard-minded, keen, calculating fellow, with great self-reliance, and no great trust of others."

"I was just thinking," said I, "that were I to come up with such a man as this, what chance would my poor, frail, yielding temperament have in influencing the rugged granite of his nature? Really, I am at sea."

"Not when your object was a good and generous one," said Miss Crofton. "You might well enough be afraid to confront such a man as this if your aim was to overreach and deceive him; but bear in mind the fable of the man who had the courage to take the thorn out of the lion's paw. The operation, we are told, was a painful one, and there might have been an instant in which the patient felt disposed to eat his doctor; but, with no thought of such a thing, a good purpose, the surgeon persevered, and by his skill and his courage made the king of the beasts his fast friend for life. The lesson is worth remembering."

I was still pondering over this apophthegm when Crofton aroused me by pushing across the table a great heap of gold. "This is all yours, Potts," said he; "and remember, that as you are now my agent, traveling for the house of Crofton & Co., that you journey at my cost."

Of course I would not listen to this proposal, and although urged by Miss Crofton with all a woman's tact and delicacy, I persisted so firmly in my refusal that they were obliged to yield. I now had a hundred pounds all my own, and though the sum be not a very splendid one, I remember some French writer—I'm not sure it is not Jules Janin—saying, "Any man who can put his hand into his pocket and find five Napoleons there, is rich;" and he certainly supports his theory with considerable sophistry and cleverness, mainly depending on the assumption that any of the ordinary daily necessities of life, even in a luxurious point of view, are attainable with such means. Now, although a hundred pounds would not very long supply resources for such a life, yet as I am not a Frenchman, nor living in Paris, still less had I habits or tastes of a costly kind, I might very well eke out three months pleasantly on this sum, and in these three months what might not happen? Is it a hundred to 1 the great Napoleon crushed the whole might of the Austrian empire, and secured an emperor's daughter for his bride; and in another hundred days' he made the tour of France, from Cannes to Rochefort, and lost an empire by the way! Wonderful things might then be compassed within three months.

"What are you saying about three months, Potts?" asked Crofton, for unwittingly I had uttered these words aloud.

"I was observing," said I, "that in three months from this day we should arrange to meet somewhere, and what shall we say?"

"Geneva is very central; shall we name Geneva?"

"Oh, on no account. Let our rendezvous be in Italy. Let us say Rome."

"Rome be it, then," cried Crofton. "Now for another point: I'll make a wager as to who first discovers the object of our search. I'll bet you twenty Napoleons, Potts, to ten—for, as we are two to one, so should the wager be."

"I take you," cried I, entering into his humor, "and I feel as certain of success as if I had your money in my hand."

"Will you make the same wager with me?" whispered Mary Crofton, as she came behind my chair. "It is, that you'll not persuade Miss Herbert to write to you after you say 'No.'"

"I'll bet my life on it," said I, taking the opal ring she drew from her finger, as she spoke.

"I'm in that moment confidence now, I feel there is nothing I could not promise."

"If so then, Potts, let me have the benefit of this favorable moment, and ask you to promise me one thing, which is, not to change your mind more than twice a day; don't be angry with me, but hear me out. You are a good-hearted fellow, and have excellent intentions; I don't think I know one less really selfish, but at the same time you are so fickle of purpose, so undecided in every thing, that I do not be less astonished to hear, when we asked for you to-morrow at breakfast-time, that you had started for a trip to Norway, or on a voyage to the Southern Pacific."

"And is this your judgment of me also, Miss Crofton?" said I, rising from my seat.

"Oh no, Mr. Potts. I would only suspect you of going off into the Tyrol, or the Styrian Alps, and coming at last about us, amidst the glaciers and the cataracts."

"I wish you a good-night, and a better opinion of your humble servant," said I, bowing.

"Don't go, Potts—wait a minute—come back. I have something to tell you."

I closed the door behind me, and hastened off, not, however, perfectly clear whether I was the injured man, or one who had just achieved a great outrage.

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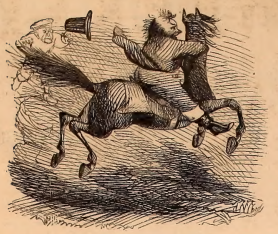

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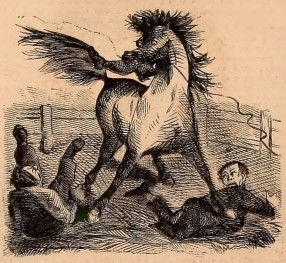
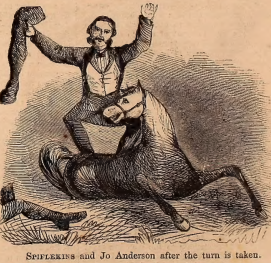


Mr. RAREY's Prize Horse, Jo Anderson.

Jo Anderson after Mr. RAREY has got through with him.

Mr. RAREY invites SPIFLEKINS to take a turn at Jo Anderson.

SPIFLEKINS does a turn.



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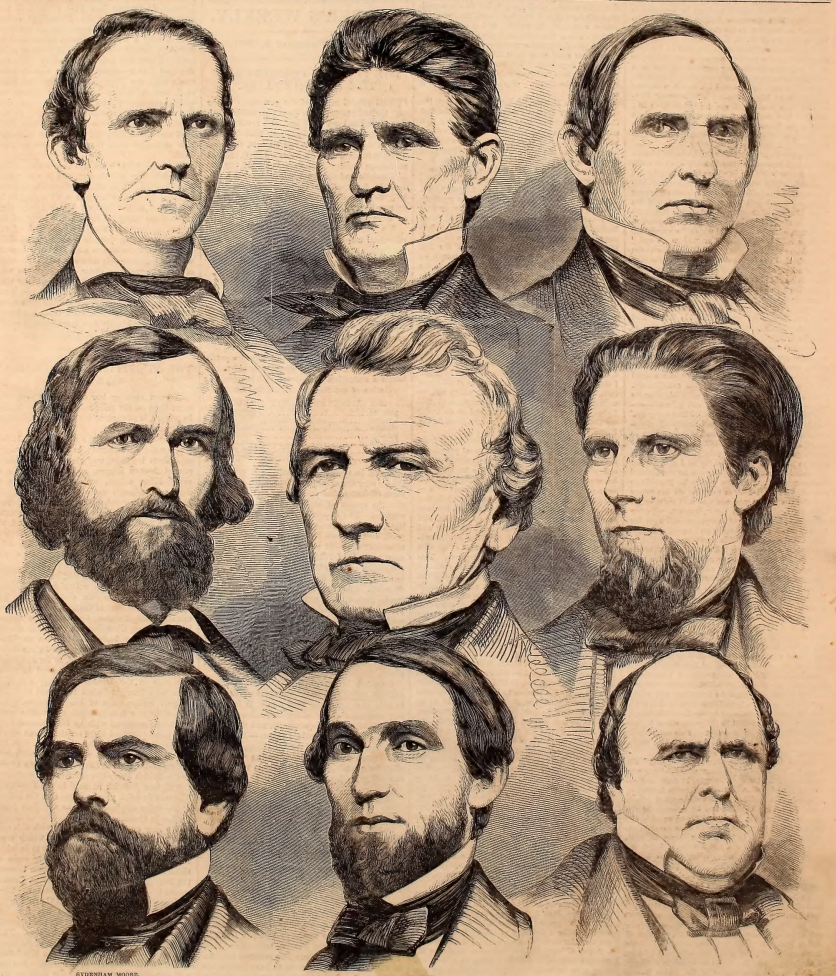

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THE SECEDING ALABAMA DELEGATION IN CONGRESS.—PHOTOGRAPHED BY BRADY.—[SEE NEXT PAGE.]

THE SECEDING ALABAMA DELEGATION IN CONGRESS.

BENJAMIN FITZPATRICK, the senior Senator from the State of Alabama, is, by the vote of his associates, President, *pro tempore*, of the Senate, which would give him the position of Vice-President should Mr. Breckinridge be called to the highest position in the republic. He was born in Georgia, in June, 1802, and was left an orphan at an early age, with no other educational advantages than those afforded by the "old field school" near his rural home. In 1815 he emigrated, with an elder brother, to the fertile valley of the Alabama River, then being settled, and where he has since resided. Prosecuting his studies, he read law, and in 1821 was admitted to the bar, where he soon so distinguished himself that he was elected District-Attorney, and re-elected in 1825, and again in 1829. Application to the arduous duties of this position injured his health, and he retired to a plantation, where he has since given decided proofs of agricultural information and practical skill. In 1840 he was nominated as a Presidential Elector on the Democratic ticket, and succeeded in stemming the popular tide by giving the vote of Alabama to Martin Van Buren. In 1841 he was elected Governor of the State, which position he occupied to 1845. In 1852 Governor Collier appointed him Senator in Congress to fill the vacancy occasioned by the election of W. R. King, which appointment the Legislature confirmed. Since then he has been prominent in the Senate, not only personally (for he is a large, fine-looking gentleman), but as a working member, who rarely intrudes his opinions, but who never fails to record his vote in a manner acceptable to his constituents. Governor Fitzpatrick was nominated on the ticket with Mr. Douglas, but declined the honor; and has since headed the "co-operationists," who advocate the co-operation of all the Slave States in the establishment of a Southern Confederacy.

CLEMENT CLAIBORNE CLAY, Alabama's favorite son and Senator, is already known to the readers of *Harper's Weekly*, in which his biography has appeared. The son of that noble-hearted Virginian, George Clay, who filled the sheriff-service office in his adopted State of Alabama, and the husband of one of the most accomplished daughters of the same family, Senator Clay is a Representative man of that fertile land which the wandering red-men called "Alabama," or "Here we rest." 1806. Mr. Moore was a planter, and owned a few raised companies, and served a twelvemonth on the Rio Grande, and subsequently in Scott's forces at Vera Cruz, Alvarado, Tampico, and Chapultepec. On his return, in 1847, he was made Brigadier-General of Militia; and in 1857 he was elected to Congress, where he has taken a rather conservative course, and was, we believe, the author of some extended remarks, the next day: "I do not profess to belong to the class of disunionists, if there be such a class in the Southern States who dream of death! I come from a State which is, and has at all times been ready to take Constitution, but which will be as ready to take ground for dissolution of this Union, in case the rights guaranteed to us under the Constitution are infringed, as any State in the Union."

A graduate of the University of Alabama, and the Law-school of the University of Virginia; the successful editor of the *Flag of the Union* newspaper; noted as an able lawyer and as a vigilant District-Attorney; an active member of the Alabama Legislature for several years; and an able judge of the circuit-court—he was well qualified, in 1853, to occupy the Senatorial seat which his father had adorned. Since then, his course has been unwavering in bringing about the independent position of Alabama now just taken; and he has ever enjoyed the personal respect and esteem of his associates, even of those who have regarded him as their uncompromising political foe, as he has stood before them the champion of his constituents. "Identified as I am," said he, "with Alabama by my birth, education, interest, and affection—regarding her as the nursing mother and my grave"—indebted to her for the highest honors and greatest trusts she could bestow, and standing here as one of her ambassadors in this grand Exchange of sovereign States, I feel it my duty, as well as privilege, to justify or excuse, as far as I can, all her acts relating to her sister States and to the Federal Government." . . . If she yields to Republican control, "she will deserve to suffer all the wrong and all the shame you can and will accumulate upon her head. But as honor, interest, self-preservation—all that is dear to freemen—all urge her to maintain her individuality and equality as sovereign States, either within or without the Union, I trust she will give you full demonstration of her courage and self-reliance, by refusing any the least concession to your demands, and by resenting your menaces and repelling your attempts at coercion in such manner as will prove that the spirit of the fathers, in Southern States and in New Orleans, consummated in triumph our two wars of independence, yet lives in her sons."

JAMES A. HOLLYWOOD, who represents the first or Mobile District in the House of Representatives, was born in Concush County, Alabama, on the 7th of April, 1822. After having received an academical education he studied law, passed a high examination, and has since enjoyed a lucrative practice. He was twice elected District-Attorney for the circuit in which he resides, and was a member of the State Legislature from 1845 to 1848. After having been defeated by the Know Nothings, he was, in 1857, elected to Congress, where he is a universal favorite, ever ready with an anecdote or a repartee, yet none the less determined in maintaining the rights of his native State.

JAMES L. PUGH, the Representative from the second Congressional District of Alabama, was born in Bartow County, Georgia, in 1820, and received his education at the La Grange Academy, of which Otis Smith was the distinguished principal. Removing to Alabama, he commenced the practice of law, and is said to have no equal in the State before a jury. He was an unsuccessful candidate for Congress in 1849, when Henry W. Hilliard defeated him by a small vote, and left the Whig party in 1850, since when he has been a thorough-going secessionist. Since he has been in Congress he has taken no part in the transaction of business, having expressed his "solemn conviction that no amount of effort, however well directed and praiseworthy, can ever rescue the Constitution from the perils which surround it, or restore the government to its original purity, or perpetuate it in that form." The Territorial action of Judge Douglas, in his opinion, was such that the Southern Democracy could not indorse it without stultifying themselves; and he urged, in January, 1860, a speedy termination of the Union in case the Republicans carried the Presidential election, saying: "The truest conservatism and wisest statesmanship demand a speedy termination of all association with such confederates, and the formation of another union of States, homogeneous in population, institutions, interests, and pursuits. Such a confederacy (said he) would be impregnable, and present to the world a contented, happy, prosperous, powerful people, in the enjoyment of the highest perfection of civilization and free government."

DAVID CLOPTON, the Representative from the Tuskegee District of Alabama, was born in Putnam County, Georgia, about 1820, and graduated at Oxford College, in that State; after which he removed to his present residence, where he commenced a highly lucrative practice at the bar. After filling several responsible positions at home, he was elected a member of the Provisional Congress, where he has distinguished himself as a reformer of the printing abuses. Mr. Clopton has always been a State Rights man, and, when he could not preserved power of secession as the only remedy of sectional differences. "We do not desire war," said he, in a speech delivered during the struggle for the Speakership of the Thirty-sixth Congress; "the policy of the South would be peace. But whenever this Government, in the opinion of the Southern people, shall have failed to accomplish the ends for which it was instituted, the Southern States, exercising their right, will abolish it, and institute a new Government, laying its foundation in such principles, and organizing it in such forms, as to them shall seem most likely to effect their safety and happiness. To this end we are prepar to exercise these rights, then, if war comes, it must come from the North. If war must come, let it come."

SYDENHAM MOORE, the Representative from the Greensborough District, was born in Rutherford County, Tennessee, where he was a boy at parents removed to Alabama, where he received an academical education, and afterward completed his studies at the State University. Studying law, he was admitted to the bar, and rose in a short time appointed Judge of the Green County Court, where he presided for six years, when he was transferred to the Circuit Bench of that County. No sooner were volunteers called for to reinforce General Taylor, after his gallant victories at Palo Alto and Resaca de la Palma, than Mr. Moore hastened to tender a regiment of mounted volunteers, which was mustered into service in June, 1846. Mr. Moore was elected to one of the seats in the Rio Grande, and subsequently in Scott's forces at Vera Cruz, Alvarado, Tampico, and Chapultepec. On his return, in 1847, he was made Brigadier-General of Militia; and in 1857 he was elected to Congress, where he has taken a rather conservative course, and was, we believe, the author of some extended remarks, the next day: "I do not profess to belong to the class of disunionists, if there be such a class in the Southern States who dream of death! I come from a State which is, and has at all times been ready to take Constitution, but which will be as ready to take ground for dissolution of this Union, in case the rights guaranteed to us under the Constitution are infringed, as any State in the Union."

GEORGE S. HOUSTON, the Representative from the Athens district, is one of the most prominent members of the House, where his commanding form and stentorian voice are always to be seen and heard when an attempt is made to smuggle through appropriations not strictly constitutional or economical. Mr. Houston is a Georgian by birth, but has resided near his present home since his boyhood, occupying a high position at the bar, and having repeatedly been honored with seats in the State offices. He was first elected a Representative to Congress in 1841, and has served since, with the exception of the Thirty-first Congress. This long service has rendered him thoroughly familiar with "parliamentary tactics," and given him a commanding position as a party-leader, in whom honesty, courage, and experience, and relentless hostility to the schemes of the lobby, all have confidence. While acknowledging the importance and magnitude of the questions growing out of African slavery, he has taken a great interest in the tariff and other practical issues, and has steadfastly opposed extravagant expenditures.

WILLIAMSON R. W. COBB, who represents the most populous district in Alabama, was born in Ray County, Tennessee, in 1807, and the next year was taken by his parents to the State of Georgia, in Madison County, where he was brought up on a farm, receiving a good common-school education. In 1825 he was sent to Franklin College, Athens, and at the close of his term, in 1847, was elected to the National House of Representatives, where he has since served, and is now the "oldest member." During this long term of service he has ever taken the part of "the people;" and to him other legislators have been content to leave gratefull for the Bounty Land Bill of 1850. He also "engineered" the Graduation Bill of 1854, which other legislators assumed the credit to have fit the laboring classes; but he has been pre-eminent as an advocate of the Union. In 1849 he introduced a series of resolutions into the House that were the first steps taken in the compromise of the ensuing year; and since then it has been his boast that he has, to use his own words, "battled against the wildest fanaticism, and for the widest Union sentiments, and —thank God!—triumphed."

JABEZ L. M. CURRY, the Representative from the Talladega District, was born in Lincoln County, Georgia, June 5, 1825, and removed with his father to his present residence in 1838. After graduating at the University of Georgia, in 1843, he went to Harvard College, where he went through a course of legal studies, and after receiving his diploma returned to Alabama, where he at once entered upon an extensive practice. When the war with Mexico began, in 1846, he joined the Texan Rangers, but was forced to return on account of ill health; and was the following year elected to the State Legislature, to which he was re-elected in 1803 and in 1855. In 1857 he was elected to Congress, where he has taken a commanding position as a statesman and as an orator. Nature has endowed him with a mind so active that he can apparently discover, by a glance so rapid as to seem intuition, those truths which common capacities struggle hard to comprehend, while his genius enables him to enforce by argument, and his accomplishments to illustrate, those topics upon which he addresses the House. While he believes that each State "has the right of secession, the right of interposition for the arrest of evils within its limits," and while he boldly asserts the sovereignty of the State to which he owes his "first and last allegiance," he has never failed to recognize "the true and loyal men in Congress, and in the North, who are ready to lock shields with the South in defense of the Constitution and the Union, which is its creature; and to hope that, in the irrepressible conflict which may be here or elsewhere, the issue may be able to rescue the Constitution of our country from the polluting touch of those who would destroy it."

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 9, 1861.

THE FOREIGN COMMERCE OF THE UNITED STATES.

THE official report of the commerce of the United States for the fiscal year ending 30th June last has been published, and reveals some interesting facts. The fiscal year 1859–'60 was, both in regard to imports and exports, the most active in our history. We imported $362,163,941 of foreign goods; and exported $400,122,296 of domestic and foreign produce, leaving a balance in favor of the United States equal to $37,958,355. This balance is the secret of the extraordinary decline in foreign exchange which we have witnessed during the past few weeks.

We place on record, for purposes of future reference, a few figures showing the progress of our foreign trade:

OUR FOREIGN IMPORTS.	
1855–'56	$214,639,042
1856–'57	360,890,141
1857–'58	282,613,150
1858–'59	338,768,130
1859–'60	362,163,941

The year 1859–'60 is slightly in excess of 1856–'57, the year preceding the crisis of 1857; all other years fall considerably below. The foreign imports in 1860–'61 will not probably exceed those of 1859–'60 more goods were imported than the country could take; hence a reduction of orders; and besides, the revolution at the South shuts off that market.

OUR EXPORTS OF DOMESTIC PRODUCE.	
1855–'56	$278,941,664
1856–'57	275,156,566
1857–'58	288,944,990
1858–'57	302,960,682
1857–'58	324,644,421
1858–'59	342,979,401
1859–'60	382,188,663

It will be noticed that 1859–'60 is considerably in advance of any previous year. Our exports of cotton that year were unusually heavy, and the export of bullion was also above the average. The export of breadstuffs was quite light, the European crop in 1859 having been good, and our own less than an average. The returns of 1860–'61 will show a remarkable contrast to those of 1859–'60. It is probable that our cotton exports will be less than in that year, but our export of food will be the largest ever recorded. As, however, we are sending no specie abroad, it is probable that the total export of domestic produce in 1860–'61 will not exceed that of 1858–'59.

We need hardly observe that the above table does not include foreign goods re-exported, and that our total exports for 1859–'60 were $20,000,000 in excess of the aggregates therein given.

So much is thought and said about specie and the specie movement, that it is worth while to give the figures of that also. It is generally reckoned that California produces about $55,000,000 of specie annually, and that a further sum of nearly $10,000,000 is received from the gold-mines of the Carolinas, Georgia, and Fike's Peak. The following table will show how much, if any, of the gold taken from our soil is retained in the country:

THE SPECIE MOVEMENT.			
Years.	Imports.	Exports.	Net Exports.
1852–'54	$6,363,764	$41,488,488	$34,624,723
1854–'55	4,950,812	56,007,853	51,057,031
1855–'56	4,997,693	45,745,488	41,597,893
1856–'57	12,461,710	68,156,952	55,675,152
1857–'58	19,374,496	57,633,147	38,258,651
1858–'59	7,484,759	66,043,398	58,459,639
1859–'60	8,850,153	66,546,239	58,396,154

A SOUTHERN TRANSATLANTIC STEAM LINE.

We have reason to believe that negotiations are on foot which may lead to the establishment of a line of ocean steamers between Norfolk, Virginia, and Havre, France, touching at New York going and coming. The political troubles in the Southern States seem to have thrown obstacles in the way of the usual outgoing of cotton from Southern ports. Some of the leading planters and their financial agents have, consequently, begun to examine the facilities afforded by Northern ports for the out-let of the staple.

The advantages of New York as a shipping port naturally strike the eye at once. We have the capital, the apparatus, the ships, the harbor, and the internal communications. Cotton can be sent from points south of Memphis to Liverpool, via New York, about as cheaply as *via* New Orleans. Such is the rivalry among our railroads, in fact, that if the trade became brisk perhaps this route would prove the cheapest.

But if Norfolk or Baltimore entered into the competition, they would enjoy advantages over New York. By the Virginia and Tennessee Railroad Norfolk is now in direct connection with Memphis. If a line of steamers were established between Norfolk and Havre, they could rely upon a full cargo of cotton each trip eastward; and there is every reason to believe that they would come westward heavily freighted with French goods for New Orleans and St. Louis. At present New York receives all the European goods for the Southwestern cities. They could be imported more cheaply *via* Norfolk, if only a steam line were established to Norfolk; Memphis being the distributing point for the Upper and Lower Mississippi. We understand that arrangements have already been made with the Virginia and Tennessee Railroad, and with the Mississippi steamers, by which passengers and freight can be sent through from Havre to New Orleans or St. Louis, *via* the Virginia and Tennessee Railroad and the Mississippi River, at a considerable reduction from the present rate *via* New York.

The subject has been laid before the leading steamship men of this city, and is now under consideration. The chief difficulty in the way seems to be the doubt whether Virginia will be a member of the Federal Union at the time matters are ready for the establishment of the ocean service. If Virginia goes out of the Union, steamship proprietors apprehend difficulties about clearances and foreign alliances, which might seriously interfere with the success of the enterprise. Their apprehensions may be gratuitous; but capital is proverbially timid. If it were certain that Virginia and Tennessee were going to remain in the Union, we think it morally certain, from what we know, that the transatlantic line from Norfolk would be in operation by the 1st of April next.

THE FUGITIVE-SLAVE CASE IN CANADA.

A VERY striking law case, which may shed some light on the political status of the British Provinces, is at present occupying public attention.

Some seven years ago a slave named Anderson, owned in Missouri, in attempting to escape from bondage, was stopped by a planter named Seneca Digges, and, in a struggle to avoid being again stabbed Mr. Digges to death. Anderson escaped to Canada. In 1860 he was recognized there. The proper affidavits were laid before the Missouri courts, and the Governor of that State claimed the fugitive under the Extradition Treaty. The Court of Queen's Bench at Toronto, Sir John Robinson presiding, held the case proven, and directed the return of Anderson. An appeal was taken to the Judges sitting in error. Since then the Secretary of the British Anti-Slavery Society, the famous Mr. Chamerowzow, has applied to the Court of Queen's Bench at Westminster Hall, London, England, for a writ of habeas corpus, directing the Canadian Sheriff to produce the body of Anderson at Westminster, and the case has granted the writ.

The case is unprecedented, so far as Canada is concerned. Cases have occurred in which criminals in the Islands of Jersey and Man have been brought before the Courts at Westminster under writs of habeas corpus. But fais is the first case in which a Canadian court has been interfered with by Westminster Hall. The issue will shed light on the nature of the independence which Canada enjoys. It has always been supposed that the British courts had no jurisdiction in Canada, except on appeal to the British Privy Council from judgments of the highest judicial tribunal in the Provinces. The new decision goes to prove that the British courts enjoy original as well as appellate jurisdiction in Canada.

We may notice, in connection with this subject, the singular delusion under which some of our journals and politicians seem to be laboring with regard to Canada. They seem to think that, in the event of a separation between the Northern and the Southern States, Canada would leap into the arms of the former. They evidently know very little about Canada or the Canadian people. Canadians are intensely loyal to their Sovereign; and intensely hostile to America in and American institutions. They are just as likely to accept the rule of Napoleon the Third as to enter the Northern Confederacy. No doubt they are very wrong. But just now our own Government is not working well

enough to justify us in abusing them for declining to join us. In Canada they have a Government.

THE REAL CONDITION OF THE SOUTH.

We willingly give place to the following letter, which explains itself:

"MACON, GEORGIA, *Jan. 24, 1861.*

"MESSRS. HARPER AND BROTHERS,—Permit me to address you a few lines, as a friend, and from an old association of feeling, from having worked in your office in 1821 and 1822. I have favorable associations connected with it, when the elder associate was married, and Wesley and Fletcher Harper were apprentices. I helped to move your office on a cold morning, in 1822, from the north to the south side of Pearl Street, over the bookstore of Collins & Hannay, and completed my portion of the work so as to distribute a handful of letter before breakfast. I do not think, from what I saw three years ago, that your office could now be removed in so short a time. But the above is not the object of my writing. I have taken your *Monthly* and *Weekly*, since the commencement of their publication, through our bookstores—I have noticed many articles in your *Weekly*, as *news items*, with regard to Southern affairs—scarcity of provisions and their prices, etc., which are either highly exaggerated or entirely false. I know the state of the country well, and it does not admit of any such assertions as I see in your columns. I will only say that, although our grain crops were *very middling* last year, we have plenty in our State to produce bread, and from home and not abroad. Also, that very few are out of employment who are disposed to work; and in a short time there will be more labor than laborers to perform it. It is true, that there is some stagnation in business here, and the usual amount of fine goods have not been imported by our merchants for a short time past. This is all very well for them as the stock now on hand is sufficient for the next two years—and may tend for a time to check past extravagance with the ladies who think they can't 'get nothing to eat or nothing to wear,' while all that is necessary is in abundance about them. Such items as I have alluded to are calculated to create a sensitive people in the political ferment we are undergoing. Yours, respectfully, S. ROSE."

We will only remark that the paragraphs alluded to by our correspondent were taken from the Macon correspondence of the New York *Herald*, a journal not generally supposed to be unfair to the South. Some other paragraphs which have appeared in our news columns, and which have led to some abuse of this journal in the New Orleans *Delta* and other Southern papers, were taken from the same source, or others of equal responsibility. Our object in compiling our summary of news is to present the truth to our readers: when, in following our daily contemporaries, we are led into error, it will always afford us pleasure to be set right.

THE LOUNGER.

A PAINTER'S STUDIO.

THE student of the history of American Art will never fail to be struck with the fact that Washington Allston, after living a dozen years in Italy and Europe, returned to America and settled himself quietly in the village, or town, or city of Cambridgeport, one of the populous neighborhoods in which the solid city of Boston ravels out into country, and precisely the last spot that the imagination would hold for propitious nurture for the forms of art. That in the vicinity of a few miles dwells the most cultivated society of the region is very probable; but still you feel that the artist who sits down for life in Cambridgeport has a profound faith in himself and his art.

Somehow our artists gravitate to Broadway. There are good ones and true in Philadelphia, but they have not the same kind of audience and prestige which are secured in New York. And the other day, Mr. Thomas Cole, a painter of this day—stumbling through streets mealy with snow and crowded with hurrying people, a party of three friends, like good Mr. James's two horsemen, might have been seen making their way to a studio. To a studio in Boston? Say, rather, to the heart of Italy and Spain. Winter, Boston, disunion, hurry, disappeared; and we were all golden lilies once more in youth and Italy. That is the delight and secret power of the studio in America. We pretend to be busy pictures or to sit for a portrait; but it is really that we may travel back again toward morning, and the hour "of glory in the grass, of splendor in the flower."

The charm of Hamilton Wild's studio is not only that the subjects of the pictures are Spanish or Italian life and scenery, but that the spirit and treatment of them are so likewise; and they are Italian in the sense that the Italian painting is the truest painting of all. Like Page, Wild is a Venetian, in no imitative sense, but because he believes the school of Venice to have been the greatest in the world, and Titian, Tintoretto, Giorgione, and their friends to have been, in the strictest sense of the words, the greatest painters. He has studied them and Veronese has studied Chaucer, Shakespeare, and Milton; and with what sympathy he has studied, the remarkable development of his power since he went away, seven or eight years ago, attests.

Upon an easel stood a curtained picture. We talked of Venice and the artist threw the curtain back. The picture was Venice and Italy as Titian's portraits are. The first profound impression as the eye fell upon it was that of sumptuousness, richness, and passionate sadness. Then came the outline of the story of the picture, and then the study of the mechanical treatment, the manipulation upon the costly, exquisitely wrought frame which held the picture, as a fit casket a ruby, was graved in German text, *La belle dame sans mercis*. You remember the line in Keats's "Eve of St. Mark," and his ballad in Leigh Hunt's "Indicator."

"All what can all thee, wretched wight!
So haggard and so woebegone,
The squirrel's granary is full,
And harvest's done."

It is not *that* lady. It is not Keats's lady at all. It is its own conception, its own poem. A lady attired as poets see, in green velvet, and full sleeves caught with jewels, and buttoned with pearls, lightened with muslin and heavy with costly texture, holds an apple and a lute of ebony and ivory and box-wood. The face, smaller than life, looks straight at you, straight and calm and sawy of cold, with heavy black hair waving low along the clear, pale forehead, and glittering eyes that tune your eyes away. It is snow, dazzling, serene, pure. But it is not snow that ever melts into impetuous torrents and dashes headlong. Just behind her as she sings leans a youth of the inexpressible tawny beauty of the Italian peasant, his eyes drooping in a dreamy, far-off gaze, beholding her at his side, yet inaccessible forever.

The painting of the picture is masterly. The wood is wood, the ivory ivory, the velvet velvet, and the hair hair. The skill of the hand waits upon the poetic brain—otherwise, quoth an artist, there is no painter.

What, then, is a painter? I asked.

He who sees pictorially and who can make pictures; or, again, he who sees pictures and has the susceptible of adequate representation under the conditions of painting, and who is master of those conditions. A poet without an eye for color could not be a painter. A poet who has the color, but no hand for it, is no more a painter than the other. To indicate with chalk or charcoal or color that you have a fine eye for color is pathetic, is not to be a painter. If Titian had drawn the Presentation in crayon, it would not have been a great picture.

While we talked, Wild placed another picture upon the easel—a woman of Albano looking intently from a window into a warm Italian landscape, with Soracte upon the horizon and the stone pines, that of themselves are Italy. The profile is perfect, the face shadowless, the complexion a wonder of cool gray and rose, the dress with a square neck—all simple, tranquil, beautiful. The beauty of the face is in curious contrast with that of the other picture, which is full of the rose drop of passion, and an alluring inward loveliness.

There was a smaller picture of a Spanish girl, and studies of Spanish and Italian heads painted in Spain and Italy. There was also a reminiscence of a villa near Sienna—a morning-reading under the cypresses—which Old Walter Savage Landor, Robert Browning, and Elizabeth Barrett Browning, and Story, the sculptor of the Zenobia of Rome, will instantly identify.

As Mr. Wild's pictures are seen, his remarkable merit will be conceded. The dullest eye can not be blind to the richness of color, and the most delicate imagination will find in the pure, true poetic sentiment. It will be the loss of all of us if he does not exhibit at the Academy this year.

TO LITERARY ASPIRANTS.

"SIR,—A person who has unfortunately no acquaintance among editors or publishers, would like to make an engagement to furnish an occasional article for a paying paper or magazine. Will you have the kindness to say a few words equivalent for the encouraging.

"If, Sir, you can make it convenient and agreeable to add a stranger by your influence in the matter, you will confer a lasting obligation upon one who is quite ashamed of the request—which is made in a spirit of desperation, as a forlorn hope.

"An early answer would very much oblige,

"Yours, with much respect,

This is the kind of note which every newspaper man or literary man receives. It is sad to read it: sad to think of the weary heart that must have penned it. There is something so uncertain in the nature of literary success that nothing is more natural than that a man who has a taste for it should say, "Well, perhaps I am an author." The same person would not think of applying for employment at a bookseller's, or at a publication office, book-binding; nor at a shoe-factory, if he knew nothing of shoe-making; nor would he seek any employment for which special skill and training and knowledge and familiarity. No—nor would he try the publisher, if he could only know just what is required. But how can he, he argues, until he tries?

No one, if he has not been familiar with periodicals, thinks of the enormous number of failures in such publications. Each is to be rendered a very little goes by favor, and necessarily; for the editor of a Magazine contracts with the public to supply it with articles, and he is not to exhibit his own literature. If he insert what he knows to be poor, to gratify a friend, or from any personal motive, what happens? The public, which is the employer of the publisher, because he was to furnish what seemed to him essentially good, and upon that understanding the publisher risked the enterprise. Second, he has a perfect contract with the public. Third, he helps destroy his own reputation as an editor.

It can not be too often stated for the benefit of literary aspirants that a personal introduction to an editor is never necessary. If your object is to submit a manuscript, you prefer not to see you. He wishes to judge your work impersonally, and to be spared the possible confusion of a personal application. It is easier and shorter for him to write to you than to say to you, "Dear Sir, your paper does not suit." An editor can not give reasons. In such matters he acts by instinct. "This is good for the public: this is bad for the public," is the method of his ratiocination.

And let him not fear that his *MS.* will be overlooked. Manuscripts are *not* overlooked. If any thing is sent to a paper or magazine which seems serviceable it is accepted and used. It is sad for the author to reflect that his work does not appear because it is not considered suitable. But that is the reason, and not because it has been lost or overlooked.

These words will be read by a great many persons who have tried, or will one day try their luck at sending manuscripts to publishers. Let them send those manuscripts to the editor of the paper or magazine selected, and trust them to their own merits, for that is the test that will be ultimately applied to them by the editor.

THE VASSAR COLLEGE.

It is not long since we were talking of the singularly fascinating autobiography of Doctor Marie Zakrzewska, who, under remarkable difficulties, has gradually pushed up to a high and honorable and beloved position. But America means to be kinder to others than any country has been hitherto. As various duties are perfectly performed by them, the question whether they can possibly do them, and the imbecile sneer at "learned women," will sink into the proper contempt.

Here, for instance, is Matthew Vassar, a successful brewer, who has amassed wealth. He endowed a college for women with the princely sum of four hundred thousand dollars. It is to be near Poughkeepsie, a site has been selected, and the plans of a proper building approved. When the charter is obtained and the trustees selected the work will go forward, and every generous heart will cry, God speed!

It is not to be a charity school exclusively, but there will be payment required of all who are able to pay, and the establishment will have the others from the disadvantage of being considered charity scholars. This is a point that may be reconsidered. But the college so nobly endowed would be that all courses shall be open to all comers, upon the payment of an honorary fee. The best teachers will be comprehensive and various studies are included in the plan. Physiology, anatomy, as well as the natural sciences, mathematics, and languages, with their true value. In fact, it is intended that nothing shall be assumed about women's capacity or incapacity, but that the whole question shall demonstrate itself.

Mr. Vassar, like Mr. Cooper, does not leave his design to be executed after he is gone, but will himself see his plan develop as he intends. That his approach to perfection is nothing less than a University for women, and upon the most munificent foundation; and such are the monuments that are great benefactors of their species, and such the arguments by which the question, Whether art and literature and science can flourish without the patronage of the State? is answered. The City of New York, in the Astor Library and the Cooper Institute, and in the Central Park, has three answers to the question. The Smithsonian's gift to Baltimore and his institution at Danvers are further indications. The Lawrence School at Cambridge is another, and the Lowell Institute in Boston.

There is as yet no advantage to the individual citizen proved to be peculiar to any monarchical system; and he must have a dull view of the necessary intelligence of the system who does not see that it is precisely the one in which the most of every kind is secured to every person. It is the royal road and not the royal hand, that lays the corner-stones of so many of our most human enterprises.

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

THE SYMPATHY OF HOLINESS.

On New-Year's Day the Pope received the French officers, and made some remarks to them which are of no consequence. But Henry Bulwer home informs us that "His Holiness also said that, in defending Gaeta, the French fleet serves a pious and holy cause."

The Pope's Holiness has heretofore always been regarded as something peculiar. He never by his own showing is of pretty much the same nature as the Holiness of the Bourbon dynasty of Naples. All right! The Holiness of the Inquisition does not by its own showing differ from the Holiness of the torture-chamber.

THE PARTING BETWEEN WISDOM AND FOLLY.

"It is a very strange thing, but has been true than singular—true, we may say, to a hair—that if a man puts his hair down the middle, we are unchastity apt to look upon him as a fool. But if he parts his hair down the side, we are generally inclined (and with equal want of charity, perhaps) to put him down as a clever woman.

"COUGH NO MORE!"

That a cough is very often made in the treatment of coughs, colds, and sessions quite as present as they are burdensome in families. The medicines prescribed for the relief of these distressing affections are generally sweetened, and, as a matter of consequence, nauseous. This is a great mistake. Instead of that, a cough mixture, especially if intended for children, ought to be rendered as nauseous as possible. Take of Compound Decoction of Aloes, Infusion of Senna, Tincture of Senna, Vinegar of Squills, and Tincture of Assafœtida equal parts. Mix. A teaspoonful or two of this mixture is to be taken whenever the cough is troublesome. Such is the influence of the human mind over the body, that if this mixture is rightly and rigorously administered, the most troublesome cough will, in many instances, very soon cease from troubling.

INNOCENCE.

We copy the following from a recent number of *The Grandmother's Gazette*: "A pretty little child, being asked by her godpapa where eaten grew, replied, with the greatest simplicity, in gentlemen's ears."

A TREMENDOUS BURST OF WIT.—A wretched plumber, trying to mend the plumber, says, in a fool-note, "Piping times, these!"

THE PRINCIPAL ORNAMENT that LADIES SHOULD WEAR AT A RIFLE BALL.—Bullets.

MOTTO FOR A HOMŒOPATHIC PHYSICIAN.

Nec sana, nec entira cura.
I neither understand, nor cure—eh! (*Freely translated.*)

Ned Shutter thus explained his reason for preferring to wear his stockings with holes to having them darned: "A hole," said he, "may be the accident of a day, and will pass upon the best gentleman; but a darn is premeditated poverty."

CROSS PROVERBS.—*Prov.* The more the merrier. *Cross.* Not so; one hand is enough in a purse. *Prov.* Nothing is hard to a willing mind. *Cross.* Yes, to get money. *Prov.* None so blind as they that will not see. *Cross.* Yes, they that can not see. *Prov.* Nothing but is good for something. *Cross.* Not so; nothing is not good for any thing. *Prov.* The world is a long journey. *Cross.* Not so; the sun goes it every day. *Prov.* It is a great way to the bottom of the sea. *Cross.* Not so; it is but a stone's cast.

WHY DON'T YOU RIDE, MISTER OUT?—A man, very much intoxicated, was taken to the station-house. "Why did you not hail him out?" inquired a by-stander of a friend. "Did him out?" exclaimed the other; "why, you could not *pump* him out!"

The importance of preserving a good reputation for truth and honesty is quite strikingly set forth in the following: A mortal fever prevailed on board ship at sea, and a negro man was pronounced by the doctor the bodies of those who died in a short time overboard. One day, when the captain was on deck, he saw the negro dragging out of the forecastle a sick man, who was violently struggling to extricate himself from the negro's grasp, and remonstrating very bitterly against the cruelty of which he feared mercy. "What are you going to do with that man, you black rascal?" said the captain. "Going to throw him overboard, massa, 'cause he dead."—"Dead, you scoundrel!" said the captain: "I tell you he is not dead, and speaks!"—"Yes, massa, I know he says he no dead, but he always lie so, nobody ever know when to believe him."

At a party a few evenings since, as a young gentleman passed Fruit was eating an apple in a quiet corner by himself, a young lady came up and gayly asked him why he did not share it with her. He good-naturedly handed her the, which was not bitten toward her, saying, "Here, take this apple."—"Oh, no, thank you," she exclaimed, backing all him archly. "I would rather have one that is not bitten."—"Then," said he, cut off to join the company, leaving poor Frost with a thaw in his heart.

A JOURNEY DOWN-HILL.—A gentleman lying on his death-bed was visited by his coachman, who had an old servant, and said, "Ah, Tom! I am going a long and rugged journey, John."—"I am sorry you drove me, Sir," said Sir," replied the fellow (he having been an indifferent musician), "never let that discourage you, for it's all downhill."

A NICE DISTINCTION.—A witness on a recent trial in one of the inferior courts testified that she had seen the respondent "tipsy," but denied that she had seen her "drunk." Upon being asked to define the difference between the two expressions, she said, "Why, a man is tipsy when he's very stupid," but tipsy only meant "not bright."

LORD ELDON.—It was the habit of Lord Eldon, when Attorney-General, to say, "It requires more than ordinary talents to be a successful counsel." Please your honor, I don't understand you."—"I say," what has she got?"—"Child and favor, please yer honor."

"IT BURNS ON THE BLOOD!"—A certain king had a son born to him. The astrologers predicted that he would lose his sight if he were permitted to see either the sun or a woman before he had completed his tenth year; on which account the king had him watched and brought up in dark caverns. As the years were elapsed he caused him to be brought out, and shown him the world, and placed before him many fine jewels and fair damsels—telling him the names of every thing, and that the damsels were demons. Being asked when he liked the best, he replied, "The damsels please me more than all the rest." The king then marveled greatly, saying, "What a powerful thing is hereditary!"

A *blind* man, led by a dog, while wandering in the streets of Paris, had his dog seized by some one passing; humanity opening his eyes he gave chase, overtaking the thief, cudgeled him severely; after which he closed his eyes and fell to begging again.

On one occasion, in the neighborhood of Hampstead Heath, a refractory driver was pommeling a miserable horse-laden knife-boree. Lord Erskine's sympathy provoked him to a remonstrance. "Why," said the fellow, "it's my own; mayn't I use it as I please?" And as he spoke, he raised a fresh shower of blows on the raw back of the beast. Lord Erskine, excessively irritated, laid on his walking-stick sharply over the shoulders of the offender, who, crouching and grumbling, asked him what business he had to break his stick. "Why," replied Erskine, to whom the opportunity of a joke was irresistible, "it is my own; mayn't I use it as I please?"

WIT AND WEALTH.

As Beauty's door of glass,
As Wit and Wealth once stood,
They asked of her which was most fair
She answered, "He who could."
Wit laid his key to Wealth's door,
To pass, but Wealth not do;
While Wit in a trice got in before,
And cut his bright way through.

"I'd just like to see you," as the blind man said to the policeman when he had him by the wrist to take him to the station-house if he did not move on.

A reverend sportsman was once boasting of infallible skill in finding a hare. "If," said a Quaker, who was present, "I were a hare, I would run into the field where I should be sure of not being disturbed by thee from the first of January to the last of December."

"Why, where would you go?"

"Into thy stable."

Talbots may not be a very terrible act of human beings, but we have seen many a military officer, who, although void of all conscious, is Quixotic's look his tailor's bill.

A boy not fond of fun and frolic may possibly make a tolerable man, but he is an intolerable boy.

THE LAW'S DELAY.—A few years ago a cargo of ice was imported into England from Norway. Not having such an article on the Custom-house schedules, application was made to the Treasury to the Board of Trade, and, after some little delay, it was decided that the ice should be entered as "dry goods;" but the whole cargo had melted before the decision was obtained.

SIMPLICITY.—A little girl of four years old was recently called as a witness in the Durham police-court, and, in answer to the question as to what became of the child who told lies, she innocently replied that they were sent to bed.

REFINED PHRASEOLOGY.—"You know, Madam, that you can not make a purse out of a sow's ear."—"Oh, Sir, please fan me. I have intimations of a swoon. When you use that odious expression of vulgarity again elucidate it in refined phraseology. Just say it is impossible to fabricate a pecuniary receptacle from the auricular organ of the soft sex of the genus swine."

Many persons are in advance of their age, but an old sould generally manage to be about ten years behind here.

ON THE LADIES' POND.

LIKE swallows darting through the sky,
Now here, now there, now far beyond,
Before the following wind we fly,
And skim along the Ladies' Pond.

Bright arabesques of eyes and hair
Around us ever changing wheel,
And the ice glitters every where
With fairy feet and twinkling steel.

From fur-caps, where rich tassels sweep,
And hoods with fluttering ribbons dressed,
Bright, glowing girlish faces peep
Like robin redbreasts from a nest.

And all is gayety and mirth—
The women's laughter sounds like song;
And I'm the happiest man on earth
As side by side we sweep along.

One small hand to my shoulder clings,
My arm around her waist I fold;
The friendly wind that follows flings
Across my cheek her curls of gold.

I see my rival by the gate—
He follows us with sullen eye;
I care not for his futile hate,
I do not heed his scowl—not I.

For not an hour ago I heard
One sweet, sweet word, and felt a hand
That, timid as a little bird,
Crept into mine—you understand.

So let him scowl—I do not mind;
I'm far too happy now to hate.
Come, dearest, on before the wind,
And leave him standing by the gate.

CAPTAIN J. G. FOSTER, ENGINEER CORPS U.S.A., ON DUTY AT FORT SUMTER.

CAPTAIN FOSTER, U.S.A.

We give above, from a photograph, a portrait of Captain JOHN G. FOSTER, United States Army, second in command at FORT SUMTER, Charleston, South Carolina.

The family of JOHN G. FOSTER has ever been distinguished for its patriotism and valor. His grandfather, in company with the gallant Benjamin Pierce (father of ex-President Pierce), then quite young, was among the first to join the Massachusetts line in the War of the Revolution, and was often commended for his noble conduct on the field of battle. His father, Major Perley Foster, was in active service during the war of 1812, and was in the battle of Plattsburg, on Lake Champlain. The subject of our sketch was born in Whitefield, New Hampshire, May 27, 1833, from which place his family moved to Nashua when he was eight years of age. He early evinced a passionate love for the profession of arms, and formed and commanded a "juvenile artillery company." In 1849 he entered West Point, where he graduated with distinguished honors in his class, in 1846, as Brevet Second Lieutenant in the Corps of Engineers. In January, 1847, he was ordered to Mexico, with General Scott, as a Lieutenant in a Company of Sappers and Miners, and was in all the engagements from "Vera Cruz" to "Molino del Rey." At the latter place he was severely wounded while leading a division of the storming party in the deadly assault on "Casa Mata," where two-thirds of the entire command were cut down, and where he narrowly escaped death from the Mexican bayonet, by the memorable charge of the gallant Cadwalader. For his gallant conduct in Mexico he received three brevets—the first at Contreras, the second at Churubusco, and the last at Molino del Rey, where he was brevetted as captain.

The severity of his wound was such that amputation was thought to be necessary, as a large escopet ball had struck him below the knee, in front, fracturing the bone, and lodging beneath the skin on the opposite side; but he stoutly persisted in retaining his limb, which, though greatly injured, is still sufficient to enable him to do active service. After recovering somewhat from his injuries he was ordered to Fort Carroll (Baltimore); from thence to Washington City, in Coast Survey Office.

From this position he was sent to West Point, as Assistant-Professor in Engineering; and subsequently to the Government works on Sandy Hook. Two years ago he was ordered to Charleston, South Carolina, as Engineer in charge of the forts in Charleston harbor and vicinity, to repair and complete the same.

After the evacuation of Fort Moultrie by Major Anderson, Captain Foster spiked the guns, burned the carriages, and blew up the flag-staff. When the fort was taken possession of by the South Carolina troops he was allowed to make a peaceable departure for Fort Sumter, in a boat, with the laborers under his direction.

Captain Foster is thirty-seven years of age, light complexion, blue eyes, over six feet in height, and weighing over two hundred pounds.

THE ARRIVAL OF THE "NIAGARA" AT JEDDO, JAPAN.

WE publish herewith a picture of the arrival of the United States steamer *Niagara* in the harbor of Jeddo, Japan, on 10th November ult., with the Japanese Embassy on board. A letter from Jeddo, dated 14th, says:

"The Japanese Embassy have arrived, all well. The United States steamer *Niagara*, Captain W. W. McKean commanding, which left New York on the 20th of June with the Japanese Embassy, arrived at this port on the 10th inst., one hundred and thirty-two days from New York, including thirty days' stoppage at the different ports on the way. She stopped two days at Puerto Grande, nine at Lunalo, ten at Batavia, and nine at Hong Kong; making her actual running time one hundred and two days, besides fourteen hours gained by the 214 degrees of longitude made since leaving New York.

"Soon after the *Niagara* anchored, the United States steamer *Sanjonne* came up from Kanagawa and went some two miles nearer shore, and anchored in three fathoms water, being about as far as Captain Schenck dared to go. During the morning all the men of the ship were engaged in hoisting out Japanese baggage, which was put into Japanese boats, and, along with its owners, taken on shore. By eleven o'clock nearly all the heavy and valuable baggage was out, and all the Japanese except the ambassadors and three of the lower officials were on shore.

"Now commenced the ceremony of the ambassadors leaving the ship, which was first by the sailors taking off their jackets and manning the yards. The marines were drawn up on the quarter-deck, opposite the starboard gangway, the captain and all the officers, with their swords, cocked hats, epaulets, etc., were arranged from the gangway down to the poop deck, when the ambassadors came out of their cabin, came down the steps off the poop, and walked along according to their rank, Simme-Bujen ahead, shaking hands with each officer as they passed along, the marines presenting arms, and the band playing 'Auld Lang Syne,' as they went over the gangway.

"When the boat, which was called the imperial barge, but which was a poor specimen of royalty, was leaving, a minister's salute (seventeen guns) was fired; at the last gun the sailors on the yards gave three hearty cheers, which was responded to by the ambassadors in the boat by waving their fans three times.

"The Japanese went ashore in their own boats and in their own way, at their request; the ship offered to take them ashore in its own boats, but they declined."

THE OLD INDIAN AGENCY AT DES MOINES, IOWA.

"*To the Editor of Harper's Weekly:*

"DES MOINES, IOWA, *January* 15, 1861.

"I SEND you, as a historical relic peculiar to the West, an ambrotype, by M. H. Bisbard, of the old Indian Agency building, which is about to be torn down because it comes in the way of the extension of one of our streets. This building is a log-cabin of a 'story and a half' high, weather-boarded, and containing two rooms below and one above. Here all the business with the Indians was transacted during the three years intervening between the time of the treaty at Agency (which was near the western line of the first cession of land made by the Sac and Fox Indians after the Black Hawk war), when their remaining lands in Iowa were ceded to the general government, till their title expired.

"The house is now within the corporate limits of Des Moines, formerly Fort Des Moines, and stands about a mile from the city, at the southeastern limit of the grove in which it (the city) is located. It is situated on elevated ground, on the south side of the road leading to Iowa City, the former capital of the State, and faces to the northwest. The ground falls abruptly, just back of the building, a short distance, and then slopes to the shore of Spring Lake, beyond which the prairie extends eastward three miles to a belt of timber (the extreme back-ground of the picture), known as Four-Mile Timber, from a stream of that name along which it grows. The white streaks across the pic-

ARRIVAL OF THE UNITED STATES STEAM [illegible] "NIAGARA" AT JEDDO, JAPAN, WITH THE JAPANESE EMBASSADORS ON BOARD, NOVEMBER 10, 1860.

THE OLD INDIAN AGENCY AT DES MOINES, IOWA.—[FROM A DAGUERREOTYPE.]

ture back of the house show the snow on the places where the fire last fall burned off the weeds and grass, whereby the snow is permitted to be seen in all its unflecked whiteness.

"Many of our citizens would be glad to see this relic enshrined in the pages of the *Weekly*, so that themselves and children in the future may be able to see the resemblance of one of the landmarks which bore so important a part in the early history of our city and the surrounding territory."

(Entered according to Act of Congress, in the Year 1860, by HARPER & BROTHERS, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Southern District of New York.)

GREAT EXPECTATIONS.

A NOVEL.

By CHARLES DICKENS.

Splendidly Illustrated by John McLenan.

☞ Printed from the Manuscript and early Proof-sheets purchased from the Author by the Proprietors of "Harper's Weekly."

CHAPTER XVII.

IT was in the fourth year of my apprenticeship to Joe, and it was a Saturday night. There was a group assembled round the fire at the Three Jolly Bargemen, attentive to Mr. Wopsle as he read the newspaper aloud. Of that group I was one.

A highly popular murder had been committed, and Mr. Wopsle was imbrued in blood to the eyebrows. He gloated over every abhorrent adjective in the description, and identified himself with every witness at the Inquest. He fainly moaned, "I am done for," as the victim, and he barbarously bellowed, "I'll serve you out," as the murderer. He gave the medical testimony, in pointed imitation of our local practitioner; and he piped and shook as the aged turnpike-keeper who had heard blows, to an extent so very paralytic as to suggest a doubt regarding the mental competency of that witness. The coroner, in Mr. Wopsle's hands, became Timon of Athens; the beadle, Coriolanus. He enjoyed himself thoroughly, and we all enjoyed ourselves, and were delightfully comfortable. In this cozy state of mind we came to the verdict, Wilful Murder.

Then, and not sooner, I became aware of a strange gentleman leaning over the back of the settle opposite me, looking on. There was an expression of contempt on his face, and he hit the side of a great forefinger as he watched the group of faces. "Well!" said the stranger to Mr. Wopsle, when the reading was done, "you have settled it all to your own satisfaction, I have no doubt?"

Every body started and looked up, as if it were the murderer. He looked at every body coldly and sarcastically.

"Guilty, of course?" said he. "Out with it. Come!"

"Sir," returned Mr. Wopsle, "without having the honor of your acquaintance, I do say Guilty." Upon this we all took courage to unite in a confirmatory murmur.

"I know you do," said the stranger; "I knew you would, I told you so. But now I'll ask you a question. Do you know, or do you not know, that the law of England supposes every man to be innocent until he is proved—proved—to be guilty?"

"Sir," Mr. Wopsle began to reply, "as an Englishman myself, I—"

"Come!" said the stranger, biting his forefinger at him. "Don't evade the question. Either you know it or you don't know it. Which is it to be?"

He stood with his head on one side, and himself on one side, in a bullying, interrogative manner, and he threw his forefinger at Mr. Wopsle—as it were to mark him out—before biting it again.

"Now!" said he. "Do you know it, or don't you know it?"

"Certainly I know it," replied Mr. Wopsle.

"Certainly you know it. Then why didn't you say so at first? Now I'll ask you another question;" taking possession of Mr. Wopsle, as if he had a right to him. "Do you know that none of these witnesses have yet been cross-examined?"

Mr. Wopsle was beginning, "I can only say—" when the stranger stopped him.

"What? You won't answer the question, yes or no? Now I'll try you again. Throwing his finger at him again. "Attend to me. Are you aware, or are you not aware, that none of these witnesses have yet been cross-examined? Come, I only want one word from you. Yes or no?"

Mr. Wopsle hesitated, and we all began to conceive rather a poor opinion of him.

"Come!" said the stranger, "I'll help you. You don't deserve help, but I'll help you. Look at that paper you hold in your hand. What is it?"

"What is it?" repeated Mr. Wopsle, eying it, much at a loss.

"Is it," pursued the stranger in his most sarcastic and suspicious manner, "the printed paper you have just been reading from?"

"Undoubtedly."

"Undoubtedly. Now turn to that paper and tell me whether it distinctly states that the prisoner expressly said that his legal advisers instructed him altogether to reserve his defense?"

"I read that just now," Mr. Wopsle pleaded.

"Never mind when you read just now, Sir; I don't ask you when you read. You may read the Lord's Prayer backward, if you like—and, perhaps, have done it before to-day. Turn to the paper. No, no, no, my friend; not to the top of the column; you know better than that; to the bottom, to the bottom." (We all began to think Mr. Wopsle full of subterfuge.) "Well? Have you found it?"

"Here it is," said Mr. Wopsle.

"Now follow that passage with your eye, and tell me whether it distinctly states that the prisoner expressly said that he was instructed by his legal advisers wholly to reserve his defense? Come! Do you make that of it?"

Mr. Wopsle answered, "Those are not the exact words."

"Not the exact words!" repeated the gentleman, bitterly. "Is that the exact substance?"

"Yes," said Mr. Wopsle.

"Yes" repeated the stranger, looking round at the rest of the company with his right hand extended toward the witness, Wopsle. "And now I ask you what you say to the conscience of that man who, with that passage before his eyes, can lay his head upon his pillow after having pronounced a fellow-creature guilty, unheard?"

We all began to suspect that Mr. Wopsle was not the man we had thought him, and that he was beginning to found out.

"And that same man, remember," pursued the gentleman, throwing his finger at Mr. Wopsle heavily; "that same man might be summoned as a juryman upon this very trial, and, having thus deeply committed himself, might return to the bosom of his family and lay his head upon his pillow, after deliberately swearing that he would well and truly try the issue joined between Our Sovereign Lord the King and the prisoner at the bar, and would a true verdict give according to the evidence, so help him God?"

We were all deeply persuaded that the unfortunate Wopsle had gone too far, and had better stop in his reckless career while there was yet time.

The strange gentleman, with an air of authority not to be disputed, and with a manner expressive of knowing something secret about every one of us that would effectually do for each individual if he chose to disclose it, left the back of the settle, and came into the space between the two settles, in front of the fire, where he remained standing: his left hand in his pocket, and he biting the forefinger of his right.

"From information I have received," said he, looking round at us as we all quailed before him, "I have reason to believe there is a blacksmith among you, by name Joseph—or Joe—Gargery. Which is the man?"

"PIP'S A GENTLEMAN OF FORTUN', THEN," SAID JOE, "AND GOD BLESS HIM IN IT!"

"Here is the man," said Joe.

The strange gentleman beckoned him out of his place, and Joe went.

"You have an apprentice," pursued the stranger, "commonly known as Pip? *Is* he here?"

"I am here!" I cried.

The stranger did not recognize me, but I recognized him as the gentleman I had met on the stairs on the occasion of my second visit to Miss Havisham. His appearance was too remarkable for me to have forgotten. I had known him the moment I saw him looking over the settle, and now that I stood confronting him with his hand upon my shoulder, I checked off again in detail, his large head, his dark complexion, his deep-set eyes, his bushy black eyebrows, his large watch-chain, his strong black dots of beard and whisker, and even the smell of scented soap on his great hand.

"I wish to have a private conference with you two," said he, when he had surveyed me at his leisure. "It will take a little time. Perhaps we had better go to your place of residence. I prefer not to anticipate my communication here; you will judge as much or as little of it as you please to your friends afterward; I have nothing to do with that."

Amidst a wondering silence we three walked out of the Jolly Bargemen, and in a wondering silence walked home. While going along, the strange gentleman occasionally looked at me, and occasionally bit the side of his finger. As we neared home, Joe, vaguely acknowledging the occasion as an impressive and ceremonious one, went on ahead to open the front door. Our conference was held in the state-parlor, which was feebly lighted by one candle.

It began with the stranger gentleman's sitting down at the table, drawing the candle to him, and looking over some entries in his pocket-book. He then put up the pocket-book, and set the candle a little aside: after peering round it into the darkness at Joe and me, to ascertain which was which.

"My name," he said, "is Jaggers, and I am a lawyer in London. I am pretty well known. I have unusual business to transact with you, and I commence by explaining that it is not of my originating. If my advice had been asked, I should not have been here. It was not asked, and you see me here. What I have to do, as the confidential agent of another, I do. No less, no more."

Finding that he could not see us very well from where he sat, he got up, and threw one leg over the back of a chair, and leaned upon it; thus having one foot on the seat of the chair, and one foot on the ground.

"Now, Joseph Gargery, I am the bearer of an offer to relieve you of this young fellow, your apprentice. You would not object to cancel his indentures, at his request and for his good? You would not want any thing for so doing?"

"Lord forbid that I should want any thing for not standing in Pip's way!" said Joe, staring.

"Lord forbidding is pious, but not to the purpose," returned Mr. Jaggers. "The question is, Would you want any thing? Do you want any thing?"

"The answer is," returned Joe, sternly, "No."

I thought Mr. Jaggers glanced at Joe as if he considered him a fool for his disinterestedness. But I was too much bewildered between breathless curiosity and surprise to be sure of it.

"Very well," said Mr. Jaggers. "Recollect the admission you have made, and don't try to go from it presently."

"Who's a going to try?" retorted Joe.

"I don't say any body is. Do you keep a dog?"

"Yes, I do keep a dog."

"Bear in mind, then, that Brag is a good dog, but Holdfast is a better. Bear that in mind, will you?" repeated Mr. Jaggers, shutting his eyes and nodding his head at Joe, as if he were forgiving him something. "Now I return to this young fellow. And the communication I have got to make is, that he has great expectations."

Joe and I gasped, and looked at one another.

"I am instructed to communicate to him," said Mr. Jaggers, throwing his finger at me, sideways, "that he will come into a handsome property. Further, that it is the desire of the present possessor of that property that he immediately removed from his present sphere of life and from this place, and be brought up as a gentleman—in a word, as a young fellow of great expectations."

My dream was out; my wild fancy was surpassed by sober reality; Miss Havisham was going to make my fortune on a grand scale.

"Now, Mr. Pip," pursued the lawyer, "I address the rest of what I have to say to you. You are to understand first, that it is the request of the person from whom I take my instructions, that you always bear the name of Pip. You will have no objection, I dare say, to your great expectations being encumbered with that easy condition. But if you have any objection, this is the time to mention it."

My heart was beating so fast, and there was such a singing in my ears, that I could scarcely stammer I had no objection.

"I should think not! Now you are to understand, secondly, Mr. Pip, that the name of the person who is your liberal benefactor remains a profound secret until the person chooses to reveal it. I am empowered to mention that it is the intention of the person to reveal it at first hand by word of mouth to yourself. When that intention may be carried out I can not say; no one can say. It may be years hence; even

many years. Now, you are distinctly to understand that you are most positively prohibited from making any inquiry on this head, or any allusion or reference, however distant, to any individual whomsoever as *the* individual in all the communications you may have with me. If you have a suspicion in your treacherous breast, keep that suspicion in your own breast. It is not the least to the purpose what the reasons of this prohibition are; they may be the strongest and gravest reasons, or they may be mere whim. That is not for you to inquire into. The condition is laid down. Your acceptance of it, and your observance of it as binding, is the only remaining condition that I am charged with, by the person from whom I take my instructions, and for whom I am not otherwise responsible. That person is the person from whom you derive your expectations, and the secret is solely held by that person and by me. Again, not a very difficult condition with which to encumber such a rise in fortune; but if you have any objection to it, this is the time to mention it. Speak out."

Once more I stammered with difficulty that I had no objection.

"I should think not! Now, Mr. Pip, I have done with stipulations." Though he called me Mr. Pip, and began rather to make up to me, he still could not get rid of a certain air of bullying suspicion; and even now he sternly shut up both his eyes and threw his finger at me while he spoke, as much as to express that he knew all kinds of things to my disparagement, if he only chose to mention them. "We come next to mere details of arrangement. You must know that, although I have used the words 'expectations' more than once, you are not endowed with expectations only. There is already lodged in my hands a sum of money amply sufficient for your suitable education and maintenance. You will please consider me your guardian. Oh! I'll make you a handsome allowance, I'll tell you at once I am paid for my services, or I shouldn't render them. It is considered that you must be better educated in accordance with your altered position, and that you will be left to my discretion as to the character of the establishment for that advantage."

I said I had always longed for it.

"Never mind what you have always longed for, Mr. Pip," he retorted; "keep to the record. If you have any to say, you may say so. Am I answered that you are ready to be placed at once under some proper tutor? Is that it?"

I stammered, yes, that was it.

"Good. Now your inclinations are to be consulted. I don't think that wise, mind, but it's my trust. Have you ever heard of any tutor whom you would prefer to another?"

I had never heard of any tutor but Biddy and Mr. Wopsle's great-aunt; so I replied in the negative.

"There is a certain tutor, of whom I have some knowledge, who I think might suit the purpose," he said this Jaggers, "if I could recommend him, observe; because I never recommend any body. The gentleman I speak of is one Mr. Matthew Pocket."

Ah! I caught at the name directly. Miss Havisham's relation. The Matthew whom Mr. and Mrs. Camilla had spoken of. "The Matthew whose place was to be at Miss Havisham's when she lay dead in her bride's dress on the bride's table."

"Now, what's the name?" said Mr. Jaggers, looking shrewdly at me, and then shutting up his eyes while he waited for my answer.

My answer was, that I had heard of the name.

"Oh!" said he, "You have heard of the name. But the question is, what do you say of it?"

I said, or tried to say, that I was much obliged to him for his recommendation—

"No, my young friend!" he interrupted, shaking his great head very slowly. "Recollect yourself!"

Not recollecting myself, I began again that I was much obliged to him for his recommendation—

"No, my young friend," he interrupted, shaking his head and frowning and smiling both at once; "no, no, no; it's very well done, but it won't do; you are too young to fix me with it. Recommendation is not the word, Mr. Pip. Try another."

Correcting myself, I said that I was much obliged to him for his mention of Mr. Matthew Pocket—

"*That's* more like it!" cried Mr. Jaggers.

—And (I added,) I would gladly try that gentleman.

"Good. You had better try him in his own house. The way shall be prepared for you, and you can see his son first, who is in London. When will you come to London?"

I said (glancing at Joe, who stood looking on in moderation), that I supposed I could come directly.

"First," said Mr. Jaggers, "you should have some new clothes to come in, and they should not be working clothes. Say this day week. You'll want some money. Shall I leave you twenty guineas?"

He produced a long purse, with the greatest coolness, and counted them out on the table and pushed them over to me. This was the first time he had made his leg from the chair. He got sat astride of the chair when he had pushed the money over, and sat swinging his purse and eyeing Joe.

"Well, Joseph Gargery? You look dumbfoundered?"

"I am," said Joe, in a very decided manner.

"It was understood that you wanted nothing for yourself, remember?"

"It were understood," said Joe. "And it are understood. And it ever will be similar according."

"But what," said Mr. Jaggers, swinging his purse, "what if it was in my instructions to make you a present, as compensation?"

"As compensation what for?" Joe demanded.

"For the loss of his services."

Joe laid his hand upon my shoulder with the touch of a woman. I have often thought him since like the amiable hammer, rather than a man or pat an egg-shell, in his combination of strength with gentleness. "Pip is that hearty welcome," said Joe, "to go free with his services to honor and fortun', as no words can tell him. But if you think as Money can make compensation to me for the loss of the little child—what comes to me forge—and ever the best of friends!" O dear, good Joe, whom I was so ready to leave and so unthankful to, I see you now, with your muscular blacksmith's arm before your eyes, and your broad chest heaving, and your voice dying away. O dear good faithful tender friend, I feel the loving trouble of your hand upon my arm as solemnly this day as if it had been the rustle of an angel's wing!

But Joe resented Joe at the time. I was lost in the mazes of my future fortunes, and could not retrace the by-paths we had trodden together. I laughed Joe to be contemned, for (as he said) we had ever been the best of friends, and (as I said) we ever would be so. Joe scooped his eyes with his disengaged wrist, as if he were going to use gardening tools, but said not another word.

Mr. Jaggers had looked on at this as one who was recognized in Joe the village idiot, in me his keeper. When it was over, he said, weighing in his hand the purse he had ceased to swing, "Now, Pip, is there anything more to be said? your last chance. No half measures with me. If you mean to take a present that I have it in charge to make to you, say so, and you shall have it. If, on the contrary, you mean to say—I Here, to his great amazement, he was stopped by Joe's suddenly working round him with every demonstration of a determination to speak.

"Which I meantersay," cried Joe, "that if you come into my place bull-baiting and badgering me, comes Pip's fortun' or comes not, comes if you're a man, come on! Which I meantersay that what I say I meantersay, and stand or fall by it!"

I drew Joe away, and he immediately became placable; merely stating to me, in an obliging manner, and not at all addressing any notice to any one whom it might concern, that he was not a-going to be bull-baited and badgered in his own place. Mr. Jaggers had risen when Joe demonstrated, and was standing at the door. Without exercising any inclination to come in again, he there delivered his valedictory remarks. They were these:

"Well, Mr. Pip, I think the sooner you leave here—as you are to be a gentleman—the better. Let a stand for this day week, and you shall receive my printed address in the mean time. You can take a hackney-coach at the stage-coach office in the village, and come straight to me. Understand that I express no opinion, one way or other, on the trust I undertake. I am paid for undertaking it, and I do so. Now, understand that, finally, I make no stipulations!"

He was throwing his finger at both sides, and I think would have gone on, but for his seeming to think Joe dangerous if provoked.

Something came into my head which induced me to run after him, as he was going down to the Blue Boar, and overtake him as he was getting into a chaise.

"I beg your pardon, Mr. Jaggers."

"Halloa!" said he, facing round, "what's the matter?"

"I wish to be quite right, Mr. Jaggers, and to keep to your directions; so I thought I had better ask. Would it be my obligation to keep my taking leave of any one I know about here before I go away?"

"No," said he, looking as if he hardly understood me.

"I don't mean in the village only, but up-town."

"No," said he. "No objection."

I thanked him and ran home again, and there I found that Joe had already locked the front door, and was standing sentinel in the forge-work before the fire, and Joe sat next Biddy, and I sat next Joe in the corner opposite my sister. The more I looked into Joe's face, and took the more incapable I became of looking at Joe; the longer the silence lasted the more unable I felt to speak. At last I brought I got out, "Joe, have you told Biddy?"

"No, Pip," returned Joe, still looking at the fire, and holding his knees tight, as if he had private information that they intended to make off somewhere, "which I left it to yourself, Pip."

"I would rather you told, Joe."

"Pip's a gentleman, sure-ly!" said Joe, "and Joe's blest him in it!"

Biddy dropped her work and looked at me. Joe held his hands and looked at me. I looked at both of them. After a pause they both heartily congratulated me; but there was a certain touch of coldness in their congratulations that I rather resented.

I took it upon myself to impress Biddy (and through Biddy, Joe) with the grave obligation I considered my friends under, to know nothing and say nothing about the maker of my fortune. It would all come out in good time, I observed, and in the mean while nothing was to be said save that I had come into great expectations from a mysterious patron. Biddy nodded her head thoughtfully at the fire as she took up her work again, and said she would be very particular; and Joe, still detaining his knees, said, "Ay, ay, I'll be elevatedly partickler, Pip;" and then they congratulated me again, and went on to express so much wonder at the notion of my being a gentleman that I didn't half like it.

Infinite pains were then taken by Biddy to convey to my sister some idea of what had happened. To the best of my belief those efforts entirely failed. She laughed and nodded her head a great many times, and even repeated after Biddy the words "Pip" and "Property." But I doubt if they had any meaning in them than an election cry, and I can not suggest a darker picture of her state of mind.

I never could have believed it without experience, but as Joe and Biddy became more at their cheerful ease again I became quite gloomy. Dissatisfied with the share of course I could not be; but it is possible that I may have been without quite knowing it, dissatisfied with myself.

Any how, I sat with my elbow on my knee and my face upon my hand, looking into the fire, as those two talked about my going away, and about what they should do when I was gone, and all that. And whenever I caught one of them looking at me, though never so pleasantly (and they often looked at me tenderly enough), I felt in a manner offended: as if they were expressing some mistrust of me. Though Heaven knows they were welcome to all I had.

At those times I would get up and look out at the door; for our kitchen door opened at once upon the road, and was often open on summer evenings to air the room. The very stars to which I then raised my eyes, I am afraid I took to be fine enough for my fortunes. Glittering on the rustic objects among which I had passed my life.

"Saturday night," said I, when we sat at our supper of bread-and-cheese and beer. "Five more days, and then the day before *the* day! They'll soon go."

"Yes, Pip," observed Joe, whose voice sounded hollow in his beer mug. "They'll soon go."

"Soon, soon go," said Biddy.

"I don't like to be thinking, that when I go down town on Monday, and order my new clothes, I shall tell the tailor that I'll come and put them on there, and that I'll have them sent to Mr. Pumblechook. It would be very disagreeable to be stared at by all the people here."

"Mr. and Mrs. Hubble might like to see you in your new clothes, Pip," said Joe, industriously cutting his bread, with his cheese on it, in the palm of his left hand, and glancing at my mistaken aspect of mind for the time when he used to compare slices. "So might Wopsle. And the Jolly Bargemen might take it as a compliment."

"That's just what I don't want, Joe. They would make such a business of it—such a coarse and common business—that I couldn't bear myself."

"Ah, that indeed, Pip!" said Joe. "If you couldn't abear yourself—"

Biddy asked me here, as she sat holding my sister's plate, "Have you thought about when you'll show yourself to Mr. Gargery, and your sister, and Biddy. You will show yourself to us, won't you?"

"Biddy," I returned, with some resentment, "you are unusually quick that it's difficult to keep up with you."

("She always were quick," observed Joe.)

"If you had waited another moment, Biddy, you would have seen for yourself that I shall bring my clothes here in a bundle one evening—most likely on the evening before I go away."

Biddy said no more, and I felt sorry for giving her, I soon exchanged an affectionate good-night with her and Joe, and went up to bed. When I got into my little room, I found that it looked like a mean little room that I should soon be parted from and raised above, forever. I was furnished with fresh young remembrances too, and even at the same moment I fell into much the same confused division of mind between it and the better rooms to which I was going, that I had felt often between the forge and Miss Havisham's, and Biddy and Estella.

The sun had been shining brightly all day on the roof of my attic, and the room was warm. As I put the window open and stood looking out, I saw Joe come softly forth at the dark door below, and take a turn or two in the air; and then I saw Biddy come and bring him a pipe and light it for him, and then recommence her work. and it seemed to hint to me that he wanted comforting, for some reason or other.

He presently stood at the door immediately beneath me, looking down at it, and Biddy stood there too, quietly talking to him, and I knew that they talked of me, for I heard my name mentioned in a loving tone by both of them more than once. I would not have listened for more, if I could have heard more; so I drew away from the window when I had seen my pipe smoked out, and sat down in my chair by the bedside, feeling it very sorrowful and strange that this first night of my bright fortunes should be the darkest I had ever known.

Looking toward the window, I saw light wreaths from Joe's pipe floating there, and I fancied it was like a blessing from Joe—not obtruded on me or paraded before me, but pervading the air we shared together. I put my light out and crept into bed; and it was an uneasy bed now, and I never slept the old sound sleep in it any more.

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

CONGRESS.

On Friday, 25th January, the Senate was engaged on private bills.——In the House, the report of the Special Committee of Thirty-three again occupied attention. Messrs. Nelson of Tennessee, and Leake of Virginia, making the principal speeches. Mr. Branch of Mr. Nelson was replied to by Mr. Taylor.

On Saturday, 26th, the Senate not being in session, in the House leave was granted to Mr. Grow to introduce a resolution instructing the Select Committee of Five to inquire as to the existence of any secret organization in the District of Columbia, the object of which is the seizure of the Capitol and other Federal buildings, and whether any officer of the city or of the Federal Government is a member thereof. The resolution met with considerable opposition, but it finally passed under the operation of the previous question. Mr. Thomas, of Tennessee, presented resolutions passed by the Legislature of that State, in favor of the Crittenden Compromise, and Mr. Morgan, of New York. They assert that the people of Tennessee will unite with the South in resisting invasion at all hazards. Consideration of the report by the Committee of Thirty-three was then resumed, and speeches were made by Messrs. Clark of Missouri, Adams of North Carolina, and Alley of Massachusetts. Mr. Gilmer made a telling speech in favor of a new convention of the Missouri Compromise.

On Monday, 28th, in the Senate, various petitions and memorials in reference to the national troubles were presented. Senator Brown, of Georgia, then announced the secession of his State from the Union, and the consequent withdrawal of himself and his colleague from the Senate. Senator Bigler presented the resolutions of the State of Pennsylvania in reference to the crisis; after which a message was received from the President, accompanying the resolutions of the State of Virginia, tendered with a view to making a motion to print the Message, made a speech in reference to the proposition of Virginia to act as a mediator between the North and the South, in which he deprecated the present spirit of recrimination. He was followed by Senator Hemphill, of Texas, who introduced upon the part of his State to leave the Union, notwithstanding the peaceful character of the Message, which he admitted.——In the House a crowd of petitions was presented relating to the crisis. The Committee on the District of Columbia was instructed, on motion of Mr. Hughes, of Maryland, to inquire into the expediency of reincorporating a portion of the District of Columbia to that State. Mr. Stanton, of Ohio, introduced a bill, which was referred to the Judiciary, under a suspension of the rules, more effectually to organize the militia of the States of the Union. After some time the House was instructed to consider the expediency of repealing the 3d section of the 1st article of the Supreme Court rules. Thirty-three was then considered, and Mr. Pryor, of Virginia, made a long and able speech in vindication of the right of secession. At the conclusion of his remarks the House went into committee, on motion of Mr. Grow, of Pennsylvania, and the Kansas bill was finally passed over. The Senate immediately entering the lows of the United States, besides locally inapplicable, are the new State, and establishing a judicial district. The Special Committee of five on the President's Message, on the 29th inst., were given permission leave to sit during the recess of the House, and to report from time to time such matters as they deem of sufficient importance.

On Tuesday, 29th, in the Senate, the Pacific Railroad Bill took another important step forward. Amendments proposed were acted upon, and the bill was reported complete. The most important amendment proposed yesterday was one offered by Senator Gwin, of California, to provide for a central route only, which was lost—25 to 12. In the House, Mr. Pike introduced a bill authorizing the Government to employ volunteers, and Mr. Wilson, the militia of the District of Columbia, which were referred to the Military Committee.——The House was principally occupied in consideration of the report of the Committee of Thirty-three, and speeches were made by Messrs. Stevens of Pennsylvania, Hardin of Maryland, Winslow of North Carolina, and Van Wyck of New York.

On Wednesday, 30th, in the Senate, the Pacific Railroad bill was read a third time, and passed by a vote of 34 against 14. A number of petitions and memorials relating to the national troubles were presented. The bill to provide for a territorial government for the Territory of Jefferson was taken up and occupied attention until the adjournment. A motion to change the name to Idaho was adopted.——In the House, the Speaker presented a communication from Mr. Clingman, of Alabama, announcing the passage of the Secession Ordinance by that State. Mr. Cobb did not leave at the same time with his colleague a few days since, but protracted his visit until he received a certified copy of the Ordinance of Secession. He was present in the House yesterday, and made a forcible speech, in which he appealed to the Republicans to do something to remedy the evils. After some further unimportant consideration of the report of the Special Committee of Thirty-three on the crisis, and speeches were made by Messrs. Conkling of New York, Stevenson of Kentucky, Diamond of Ohio, and Morris of Pennsylvania, in the midst of Mr. Conkling's remarks a message was received from the President, announcing that he had signed the bill for the admission of Kansas. Mr. Martin F. Conway, the Representative from Kansas, then subsequently made his appearance, presented his credentials, and took the oath of allegiance.

On Thursday, 31st, in the Senate, Senator Seward gave another expression to his views in regard to the condition of the country, on the occasion of the presentation by him to the Senate of the memorial petition from the citizens of New York, praying for the preservation of the Union in its difficulties. The petition is signed by 63,000 persons, and is very numerously attached, each sheet having thereon the Senate Chamber. His remarks were of a conciliatory character. Senator Seward was followed by Senator Mason, in a speech in which he accused the former of advocating coercion. Senator Seward responded, and a somewhat lengthy colloquy ensued between the gentlemen. Senators Douglas, Hale, Nicholson, and others followed.——In the House a bill was presented by Mr. Morehead, of Pennsylvania, to prevent the counterfeiting of private stamps, labels, etc. The Judiciary Committee was instructed to inquire whether Mr. Conway, of Kansas, has been legally elected to Congress. The Senate's amendments to the Deficiency Bill were considered in Committee of the Whole. After reporting the bill back to the House, the establishment of a Naval coaling station at Chirriqui was debated for some time. But no vote was taken, the subject being referred to allow Mr. Adams, of Massachusetts, to make a speech on the part protected. Adjourned over Thursday.

THE COMMERCIAL STATUS OF SECEDING PORTS.

Lord Lyons and other foreign ministers at Washington having written to the British Government to inquire whether duties can be paid to and clearances issued by the Government of South Carolina, Mr. Black, on the 24th inst., replied to Lord Lyons, and sent a copy of his letter to Messrs. Dallas and Adams. He said he did not feel called upon to communicate before the President, who would deeply regret that any step should happen to the exclusion of open or friendly nations, and especially that the British subjects and interests should be affected by the secession of those existing there. Secretary Black quotes from the laws to show that the jurisdiction of the Federal Government to impose duties on goods entered into the United States and collect the duties is exclusive. Whether the state of things will justify the interference of war he will not decide, but a sufficient reason for not executing the penalties incurred by the British subject, is a seeming doubt that there is no necessity for raising until it practically arises. Such duties are now collected in the peaceful ports. Secretary Black regrets that this consideration compels him to decline giving any opinion on the point presented. The Treasury Department, he says, will give public information as to the condition in which South Carolina has put the coast.

CAN A SECEDING MEMBER USE THE FRANKING PRIVILEGE?

Mr. Ashmore, member of Congress from South Carolina, has addressed a letter to acting Postmaster General King asking if he has the right to exercise the franking privilege, as he has some ten or twelve hundred documents upon which he does not feel willing to pay postage, and which documents would be useless unless he can frank them.

Postmaster King replied that according to the theory of the administration South Carolina was still in the Union, and hence he has a right to frank until the first Monday in December next. If, however, he regards South Carolina as out of the Union, it is a question with himself whether he can consistently exercise that privilege, the use of which could be an admission that he does not in his conscience consider that she is out of the Union, and that he is still a member of the Congress of the United States.

DISHONORABLY PUNISHMENTS TO BE REMOVED.

The following letter has been published:

"POST-OFFICE DEPARTMENT, APPOINTMENT OFFICE, }
January 15, 1861. }

"SIR,—In answer to the inquiry in your letter of the 15th to the Postmaster-General, he instructs me to inform you that you were removed from the office of Postmaster at Paducah because you announced yourself as 'decently in favor of Disunion;' and it is not considered prudent to retain in the service of the Government men openly seeking its overthrow.

"I am, respectfully, your obedient servant,

"A. HUGH KERR, ESQ., } "First Assistant Postmaster-General.
"John C. Noble, Esq., Paducah, Kentucky."

THE POSTAL SERVICE IN THE SECEDING STATES.

Applications continue to be received at Washington from postmasters in the seceded United States for supplies of stamps, blanks, wrapping-paper, etc.; but these are forbidden on the condition that the postmasters will acknowledge and conform to the laws affecting the postal service.

THE REVENUE CUTTERS.

When General Dix entered office he ordered immediate precautions to save the revenue cutters in the South from being seized by secessionists, as far as practicable. Orders were sent that the line under repair at Gatewood should be blown up in case it could not be successfully defended. If attacked. Instructions concerning the *Robert M. Lee-land*, which is under the control of the Collector at New Orleans, and one of the finest in the service, were prevented its seizure and conversion against the Government.

THE SECESSION OF LOUISIANA.

A telegram, dated Baton Rouge, January 26, states: "The delay ordinance, moved to be substituted for the secession ordinance reported by the Committee of Fifteen, was voted down yesterday by an immense majority. Commissioners Manning, of South Carolina, and Wilson, of Alabama, made eloquent appeals in favor of immediate secession. There was an animated debate last night on the resolution for submitting the secession ordinance to ratification to the people. The advocates of immediate secession maintained that it did debase, as there was no extreme opposition to the ordinance.

"The vote on submitting the ordinance to the people was taken this morning—ayes 85, nays 54. John Perkins addressed the Convention in the pass against the secession ordinance. The debate closed, and a vote was ordered. The galleries and lobbies were immediately crowded, and a deathlike silence prevailed. On the call of the roll many members were in tears. The Chief Justice announced the votes—ayes 113, nays 17—and the President declared Louisiana a free and sovereign republic.

"Judge Bullard has entered the Convention with a Pelican flag, accompanied by Governor Moore and staff, and put the flag in the hands of the President amidst tremendous excitement. A solemn prayer was then offered, and a hundred guns fired. The Convention adjourned sine die to meet in New Orleans on the 29th inst.

"Before the Convention adjourned the resolution accompanying the ordinance, declaring the right of free navigation of the Mississippi and the common use of it to all friendly States, and the right of egress and ingress to boats of the Mississippi valley, to Seceded States and Powers, was unanimously. A gold pen was given each member with which to sign the ordinance of secession.

"The State Convention has adjourned, to reassemble in New Orleans."

A CONVENTION IN NORTH CAROLINA.

A telegram, dated Raleigh, North Carolina, January 30, says: The House concurred to-day in the Senate's amendments to the bill calling a State Convention. The bill, therefore, has finally passed both Houses. It puts the question of "Convention or No Convention" to the people. Delegates are to be elected at the same time. Federal affairs are left out, and the election is ordered to take place on the 28th of February.

THE GEORGIA CONVENTION.

A telegram, dated Milledgeville, January 29, says: The Convention refused to reconsider the revenue ordinance adopted yesterday. Resolutions were introduced giving the Governor power, under certain circumstances, to grant letters of marque and reprisal, and authorizing the issue of the citizens of the State and the world, giving the causes of Georgia's secession, was adopted. An ordinance declaring it to be the right of the people to be guaranteed the security of all the States was adopted. The Convention adjourned to meet at Savannah at the call of the President.

THE LEGISLATURE OF TEXAS.

A telegram, dated New Orleans, January 30, says: "Dates from Austin, Texas, to the 26th inst., are received. The Texas Legislature had remained firm, and Governor Houston had sent in his Message. He favors the calling of a State Convention. Both Houses had voted to repeal the Kansas Resolutions passed by the Legislature in 1858. The House took up and passed Senate bill directing the Governor to proceed to Washington and receive $10,000 due the State. A resolution had unanimously passed the House that the Federal Union Government has no power to coerce a sovereign State after pronouncing for secession from the Union. The Senate will pass the same resolution by a similar vote. The Legislature favors the secession of Texas by nearly a two-thirds majority of three to one."

Another letter, dated Austin, January 24, says:

"The Legislature to-day passed resolution repudiating the idea of using force as a means to secure existing State rights, and asserting that any such attempt would be resisted to the last extremity.

"Only one-fifth of the members of the House opposed immediate secession. It is expected that the question of secession will be referred to the people."

THE ALABAMA CONVENTION ON THE SLAVE-TRADE.

The Alabama Convention has adjourned until the 4th of March. Previous to the adjournment, it is understood, the Convention, by a large majority, passed resolutions instructing the delegates to the Montgomery Convention to oppose the reopening of the African Slave-trade.

THE ADMISSION OF KANSAS.

At ten minutes past two o'clock, on January 30, the Private Secretary of the President announced to the United States House of Representatives that the name of James Buchanan had been appended to the bill admitting Kansas into the Federal Union as a State. A deputy minister of then Martin F. Conway, representative-elect from the new State, was in attendance with the pen and took his seat. He was immediately congratulated by Mr. Parrish, delegate from the Territory, whose seat ceased where Mr. Conway's commenced, and by other members. The new member then telegraphed the fact of assent to Kansas, and the State Government will go into immediate operation.

The following are the State officers of Kansas elected under the Wyandotte Constitution, and who will assume to administer the new State Government: *Governor*, Charles Robinson, formerly of Massachusetts; *Lieutenant-Governor*, J. P. Root, formerly of Connecticut; *Secretary of State*, C. W. Babcock, formerly of Pennsylvania; *Treasurer*, William Tholen, formerly of New York; *Auditor*, George W. Hillyer, formerly of Ohio; *Superintendent of Public Instruction*, W. R. Griffith, formerly of Illinois; *Chief Justice*, Thomas Ewing, Jun., formerly of Ohio; *Associate Justices*, Samuel A. Kingman, formerly of Connecticut, and Lawrence Bailey, formerly of New Hampshire.

SEIZURE OF THE MARINE HOSPITAL AT NEW ORLEANS.

Information was received by the Government on 30th, from the Collector at New Orleans, stating that the barracks about two miles below New Orleans, now occupied as a marine hospital, were taken possession of on the 11th by Captain Bradford, of the State Infantry, in the name of the State of Louisiana.

There were two hundred and sixteen invalids and convalescent patients in the hospital at the time it was seized. The officer in charge of the station immediately removed the sick to the convalescents, and those who were confined to their beds as soon as practicable. This action on the part of the authorities of that State was regarded by the Government as most outrageous and inhuman. The Government had no authority or means to make provision for these poor creatures, who were thus thrown upon the cold charities of the people of that State. The reason assigned for this transaction was, that the authorities there wanted the quarters for their own troops.

REMONSTRANCE OF THE GOVERNMENT.

The following is Secretary Dix's letter to the Collector of New Orleans, dated 29th ult.:

"SIR,—I did not receive until the 26th inst. news of the 14th, informing me that Captain Bradford had taken the city of New Orleans, which have for several months been occupied as a marine hospital, and its cannon upon the mission of in the name of the State of Louisiana. I found inclosed a copy of the letter of Captain Bradford of the 1st Louisiana Infantry, advising you that he had taken possession of the barracks; that they would be required for the Louisiana troops, and requesting you to immediately remove those patients who are convalescent, and as to those who are unable to do the relief surgeon, it may be practicable and humane, then take who are now under the charge.

"It also states that the barracks contained 216 invalid and convalescent patients in this transaction, as an outrage to the public authority, I have no occasion to say that I have not been authorized to communicate in any manner with the character of the people of the United States, and that you are not authorized to do more than hold the station of the Government of Louisiana. I send a telegraphic dispatch to you yesterday, and had a conversation with him against the inhumanity of Captain Bradford's order, and to ask him to retract it. But if he should decline to interfere, I instructed you in regard to the removal and treatment of the sick and wounded. I trust you will carry out my instruction; not merely with "economy," but with a careful regard to their helpless condition. The order is given, and there was no occasion for any delay in the instant. Captain Bradford's letter is dated the 13th, and reaches me at the end of the 26th, and you are subject until the 26th. I infer from the newspaper paragraphs you have published that you have not received the public order matter show to be of a later date than your letter, that the letter was not dispatched from Baton Rouge on the 13th. I hope I am mistaken, and that the cause of that delay is to be found in the unwillingness of persons in the way. It should otherwise have great reason to be dissatisfied that the instructions of the Government are not communicated. From the tone of the newspaper paragraph you inclosed, it is evident that the State authorities are not aware of the usage of humanity, which in open war between contending nations, and even in the most revengeful civil wars between kindred races, always have been held sacred from disturbance as edifices dedicated to the care and comfort of the sick. I fear this is not the case, but I wish to be respected. You will, therefore, have no more money expended on the barracks than is necessary to make valid for repairs, until I can have the assurance that she will not be seized or occupied in any way that will interfere with service of those who are seeking to break up the Union, and overthrow the Government. I am, very respectfully,

Secretary Dix, in reply to his telegraphic dispatch, has received the following reply from Collector Haich:

"NEW ORLEANS, January 29, 1861.

"Affairs satisfactorily arranged; barracks retained; see my letter of 24th."

THE FORTS AT THE TORTUGAS.

Captain Meigs, who commands the United States forces in the fort at Tortugas, writes to the Government that he is now sufficiently reinforced to defy any power.

While the Government continues to send troops and supplies, the steamer *Galveston*, of New Orleans, with a force on board, left Key West on the morning of the 24th, bound upon discovering the steamer, and probably understanding the object of her visit, she returned to port without any demonstration other than to put shoes and disappear.

It is also stated that Fort Taylor, at Key West, is well manned and provisioned.

FORT MONROE.

A telegram, dated Richmond, January 29, says: Recent proceedings at Fort Monroe have exhibited public feeling. The following was adopted at a large meeting last night:

Whereas, the Legislature has formally declared that any act of coercion against a seceding State will be regarded by Virginia as an act of war, and resisted with all the means at her command:

Resolved, That the attention of the Legislature be hereby called to the fact of the threat of coercion now actually being perpetrated at Fortress Monroe.

THE DEFENSE OF PENSACOLA.

A Washington correspondent says: "The steamer *Brooklyn* has probably joined the *Macedonian* at Pensacola. She should attack be made on Fort Pickens, which is not now improbable within a short time, considering the advice of portion distant from the scene, those vessels will co-operate with Lieutenant Slemmer in the defense. Although it is supposed here he would be able successfully to maintain his position without such assistance."

SEIZURE OF ANOTHER REVENUE CUTTER.

A New Orleans correspondent telegraphs that the revenue cutter *Lewis Cass* has been seized by the State Louisiana secessionists.

THE BLOCKADE OF CHARLESTON HARBOR.

The Government has issued the following official notice of "blockade" of Charleston harbor:

"NOTICE TO MARINERS.

"TREASURY DEPARTMENT OFFICE, LIGHT-HOUSE BOARD, }
January 26, 1861. }

"Information has been received at this office that the light-vessel at Charleston bar has been withdrawn; that the lights on Morris Island and at the entrance into the port of Charleston, including the Ship Channel, are extinguished; the buoys removed, and the main channel so obstructed as to be unsafe for navigation. By order,

"A. D. BACHE, *Superintendent.*"

WHY MAJOR ANDERSON DID NOT FIRE ON THE CHARLESTON BATTERIES.

The following letter from Major Robert Anderson, written in Fort Sumter, to a friend in this city (says the Cincinnati *Commercial*), a few days after he and his Christmas fired upon the *Star of the West*, embodies the first authentic information received from the gallant officer upon the reasons for the fact that the batteries of Fort Sumter were not opened upon the South Carolinians on the 9th inst.:

"FORT SUMTER, JAN. 11, 1861.

"Whether a bloodless separation can now be effected, or whether the Carolina chivalry will insist on a sweet bearing our flag, the other day, I think very doubtful. I was sorely grieved at the late affair; but, perhaps fortunately for the chance of having matters settled without bloodshed, as I could not have touched those guns opened upon her, and my defenses were just then in such a condition that I could not have prevented it. I am now nearly ready. The people have supposed that this work was ready to be occupied two months ago. It was far from it—and it would take me, even now, one week's hard work to put it in a defensible state. I have now but only about one-eighth of what it should be in time of war; but, though not ready, I feel strong in the belief that a force that can be brought against me will guard and guide me safely through any danger that may threaten.

"Yours sincerely, ROBERT ANDERSON."

HOW FORT SUMTER IS TO BE TAKEN.

Floating batteries, the superstructure of which are composed of cotton bales, are in course of erection, by which means in port the South Carolinians expect to attack Fort Sumter. The officer who writes from Fort Sumter, alluding to these batteries, says: "The difference between fighting behind cotton bags in 1812 and now is, that Colonel Jackson commanded behind the bags then, and had no Robert Anderson within the impregnable walls of a Sumter, with the destructive weapons which the ingenuity of man for the 19th century has invented, to contend with. Besides, I don't."

The same writer in another connection says: "We have been wonderfully favored by Providence in all our movements. We abandoned Moultrie under cover of night by all of a vessel chartered to take the soldiers' wives, twenty-five in number, to a safer place. When the captain discovered the intention of Major Anderson he became rebellious, but was soon sent below and locked up until we were safely landed at Sumter. Our night's work was crowned by a glorious sunrise. The men were all summoned around the flag-staff, and the stars and stripes were run up, and the Chaplain invoked God's blessing to rest upon our little band, and upon the work of our enemy's defence, and in defending the national honor and flag. I shall never forget it. Then we had been assailed on that day by any considerable force it is doubtful if we could have held out, as the fort was in a miserable condition for defence. But the Almighty heard our prayers. A storm came up and lasted ten days. It was so terrific that the sea, that of a boisterous day, usually would dash far above and over us. During those ten days no vessel could approach us. The enemy's force in order so that at the end of the storm we could have defied any power on earth."

MAJOR ANDERSON DENIED FRESH PROVISIONS.

Notwithstanding the repeated assurances given that the garrison of Fort Sumter was properly supplied with provisions, and had free communication with Charleston, Major Anderson's correspondence explicitly contradicts these declarations. Governor Pickens of that State, and not Major Anderson, has complained. Major Anderson measurably declined that offer, as one calculated, if not intended, to compromise him by establishing relations which he was forbidden by his instructions to recognize. Supposing that the authorities really intended to relax the Moultrie-Sumter blockade, Anderson remarked, he wrote to the contractor who supplied his command when at Fort Moultrie, requesting that supplies should be sent as formerly. No answer was received, and Major Anderson has not obtained a single pound of fresh beef or any thing else from the city. His garrison is subsisting upon the same salt provisions and other articles of subsistence alone as a rate which must demand replenishment before long.

MRS. SLEMMER ARRESTED AS A SPY.

The Montgomery *Mail* of January 26 has received from a letter from one of Captain O'Hara's company, now at Pensacola, to his friend in Montgomery, wife of Lieutenant Slemmer, commander at Fort Pickens, had been arrested at Fort Barrancas as a spy. It is alleged that she was in the habit of communicating intelligence between them and the reasonable supposition was that she had come there to take notes of the position of things and report them to her husband.

INSTRUCTIONS TO NEW ORLEANS PILOTS.

According to the New Orleans *Picayune*, the Balize pilots are in a tight place. Under the orders of the Governor of Louisiana, who claims to be getting ready to emulate the action of Governor Pickens, the pilots are forbidden to bring any American vessel of war. The *True Delta* says that a correspondent of the Balize writes: "If a vessel of war, bearing the American flag, should overhaul a pilot-boat in the Gulf, the pilots will be forbidden by the State to go on board the vessel of war, or the pilot-boat and all hands will be seized. The pilots will also go on board the vessel of war the next probability is that his attention will be called to the matter, and he will undoubtedly think that if he does not do his duty faithfully he will have to do it himself. So that he is not playing the Balize pilots in a tight box we don't know what is."

MR. LINCOLN'S POSITION.

The *Herald* correspondent at Washington

correspondent: "I learn from a gentleman who had an interview with Mr. Lincoln, at Springfield, within the past week, that he is fully conversant with the existing state of affairs, expressed himself as follows: 'I will suffer death before I will consent or advise my friends to consent to any concession or compromise which looks like buying the privilege to do my duty.' And this Administration, by which we have a constitutional right; because, whatever concessions may be made by the present Congress or before Congress, I should regard any concession in the face of menace to the Government as unconstitutional, and a consent on all hands that our system shall be brought to the level of a mere temporary arrangement which any change in the majority of the people may change in the affairs in Mexico. But this thing will hereafter be as it is now—in the hands of the people of they desire to call a Convention to remove any grievances complained of, or to give new guarantees for the permanence of vested rights it is not mine to prevent."

HIS JOURNEY TO WASHINGTON.

A Springfield correspondent says: "It is now positively stated Mr. Lincoln will leave for Washington on the 11th of February. He will go hence via Lafayette to Indianapolis, and there he will address the Legislature of the Indiana Legislature; thence he will proceed, probably, by way of Cincinnati to Columbus, Cleveland, Buffalo and Albany. From Albany he intends to make for Harrisburg, and then on to Washington. The time allotted for Lincoln's tour to New York and Philadelphia is not impossible.

Mr. Lincoln's friends here say that the way things are making. No military escort will be accepted. The reception, however, is expected to be made loudest of ten days. The Presidential party will start a few days after Mr. Lincoln's departure, under the protection of some friends so as to reach Washington simultaneously with him."

PERSONAL.

The first duel which has resulted from the present political disturbances took place on Saturday morning, on the Pennsylvania border, between Dr. Jones, a partisan of Senator Douglas, and Mr. Hastings, a Breckinridge Democrat, both residents of Washington. Wilson was wounded in the leg. The difficulty arose from the late approval of the parties.

The gallantry exhibited by the wife of Lieutenant Slemmer, at Pensacola, is creating quite a lively sensation in Washington, and a new paper is about to issue a testimonial in her behalf is in contemplation.

It is believed that Governor H. Stephens, of Georgia will be chosen provisional President of the new Confederacy, and that Jefferson Davis will be Commander-in-Chief of the army.

In reply to an address published in the Richmond, Virginia *Commercial*, to the people of the South, relative to delegates to the State Convention, Hon. J. M. Botts publishes a letter in which he declares that he now holds. He is prepared to insist upon every jot or tittle of right to which Virginia can demand under the Constitution, but he will never consent to make the existence or destruction of the Government depend upon any abstract or impracticable question that may or may not arise, outside of the Constitution, such as new projects for the extension of Slavery by Constitutional amendment, in all territories hereafter acquired, south of the line of 36° 30' under Mexico, South America or the Sandwich Islands. Yet he would not shrink from any duty or responsibility, but perhaps fortunately for the chance of having matters settled without bloodshed, if I could not have touched those guns that opened upon her, and my defences were just then in such a condition that I could not have prevented it. I am now nearly ready. The people have supposed that this work was ready to be occupied two months ago. It was far from it—and it would take me, even now, one week's hard work to put it in a defensible state. I have now but only about one-eighth of what it should be in time of war; but, though not ready, I feel strong in the belief that a force that can be brought against me will guard and guide me safely through any danger that may threaten.

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FOREIGN NEWS.

ENGLAND.

THE CASE OF ANDERSON.

Mr. James having applied to the Court of Queen's Bench at Westminster for a writ of habeas corpus directed to Anderson, now in London, their lordships retired to consider their judgment, and after an absence of twenty minutes they returned into court. The Lord Chief Justice then delivered the following judgment: "We have carefully considered this matter, and the result of our anxious deliberation is that we think the writ ought to issue. We feel sensible, at the same time, of the inconvenience this may result from the exercise of such an authority. We feel sensible that it may be thought inconsistent with the higher degree of colonial independence, both legislative and judicial, which has been happily brought into effect in modern times. At the same time, in establishing local legislative and local judicial authority, the Legislature of England has not gone so far as expressly to take away any power with which the Court of Westminster Hall might otherwise have referred to the issue of the writ of habeas corpus. And we find that the existence of the jurisdiction in these courts has been asserted by the highest times, and exercised down to the latest. We find it asserted not only as a matter of practice, but carried into effect as a matter of practice, that even where there is an independent local jurisdiction established by a legislative enactment it would suffice to deprive us of the authority which was conferred upon us by the prerogative of the liberty of the subject. We feel, therefore, we should not be doing right under the circumstances of this case if we refused to issue the writ."

There was a slight manifestation of applause in court on the conclusion of the delivery of his lordship's judgment.

HIS ESCAPE SECURED.

The London *Post* of the 30th ult., in discussing the case of Anderson, the Canada fugitive, illustrates the English method of enforcing the stipulations of the Ashburton treaty. It says: "In regard the freedom of Anderson as a matter already secured. He must be brought to this country; and, as was once here, the people of England will take good care that he is not removed in the tender mercies of the sanguinary Missouri slave code.

FRANCE.

THE EMPEROR ON SKATES.

The Paris correspondent of the London *Herald*, writing on the 15th, gives the following account of the manner in which the Emperor sustains himself. The Emperor Napoleon arrived at the lake in the Bois de Boulogne about three o'clock, and, in a plain chariot drawn by two horses, and unattended by any escort, he alighted from his carriage and crossed the lake on his skates. He was soon recognized by the many wearing blouses, who raised a cry of "Here is the Emperor! Vive l'Empereur!" The cry attracted universal attention, and every body ran and every body cheered. The Emperor continued to skate, occasionally taking off his hat and bowing recognition he met with. The Emperor seeing a child in a sledge, drawn by a large animal, took the reins out of the servant and drove the sledge. Having amused himself for about half an hour in this manner, he suddenly gave a holiday than an Emperor, he left as quietly as he came. There were several fashionably dressed English ladies among the skaters.

PRUSSIA.

THE NEW KING'S SPEECH.

The Prussian Parliament has been opened on the 14th ult. by the King in person, who made a speech on the occasion, in which, that the relations between the great Powers had been made more friendly by the recent meetings which had taken place among the sovereigns, and expressed a hope that the steps taken by Germany for the settlement of the question concerning the constitution of the Germanic Confederation would be successfully maintained without any result. This question he emphatically styled Prussia, and the people of Germany, felt is a national duty to bring to a settlement.

WARLIKE PREPARATIONS.

The *Monitenr* says the following: "A letter from Berlin announces that the recruiting, which does not usually take place before the month of October, will this year commence in April. This hasty mobilization is attributed to the events which may arise on account of the complications existing in Italy. It is not only in Prussia, and a many that the possibility of a conflict on account of the Roman question has attracted the attention of the public. In-mark the same feeling prevails."

The Paris correspondent of the London *Herald* writes: "The preparations going on in Prussia are believed to have a far more serious than any possible reference to a complication with Denmark—that of war with 'the enemy' which throughout Europe means the Emperor of the French."

ITALY.

COURAGE OF THE YOUNG QUEEN.

A correspondent, writing from Gaeta, says that the young wife of Francis II. is always to be seen in the place of greatest danger. On the 19th, 20th, 21st, 22d, 23d, 24th and 25th of December, two officers of her household were killed on the spot by her side, which she received by the explosion of a shell. Although the danger was imminent, and the explosion of the shell near her chamber caused by the removal of the dead bodies in the coolest possible manner, the Queen remained and also a number of ladies, and as he was lying in bed he received the rather unpleasant visit of a round shot, which passed the washing-stand quite opposite.

SPAIN.

ANNEXATION OF SANTIAGO TO SPAIN.

A late number of the *Epoca*, of Madrid, has the following:

The English papers contain a number of letters from Lisbon, which speak of the publication of pamphlets, the object of which is to agitate the union of the Iberian peninsula as a necessity of the new condition of Spain. We are surprised that the English press should go so far as to say that these projects meet with a terrible resistance in Portugal, and that if any Power in Europ should favor them, England would oppose it with all her might.

This new agitation is the work of a party, which says—but a pamphlet is circulating in that capital, favoring the annexation of Portugal to Spain—is believed there that this work, although printed in Paris, was originated in Lisbon, and that it represents the ideas of a party of no mean influence.

TURKEY.

DEMORALIZATION AT CONSTANTINOPLE.

A letter from Europe says: "A young lady of acquaintance has just returned from a six months' stay at Constantinople. By her account nothing can exceed the fraud, peculation, corruption, and uncertainty that are seen daily on the banks of the Bosphorus. This last-mentioned vice is carried to the highest pitch. Along with two eunuchs to guard her, and she laughed a little at the idea of her being in danger in the open streets. This was reported by the eunuchs, and the next morning a present arrived from one of the wives mentioned in the highest bidder. One of the daughters of the Sultan, by one of the earliest wives, was married to a Pasha, who was not being the sort of a man he was taken for, he was sent off to Egypt, and the daughter came to stay at the Dary Jones. In three or four days another husband was found for the damsel; it is to be hoped he was more pliant. All the male children of the Sultan's daughters are at once put out of existence, as their presence might some time get up embarrassing claims to the throne. Not unfrequently a young lady will be called for at the Seraglio by her husband, and when she has been there several days her parents or guardians receive a message to the effect that some one wants to speak to her. As it is the highest indecorum to say nothing and runs to the door. She is at once seized, gagged, and carried off by several men, and never heard of again."

CHINA.

THE LOOT OF THE PALACE.

A correspondent of the London *Times* at Pekin says that the estimate of the property pillaged and destroyed at the Emperor's summer palace exceeds $5,000,000 sterling. Among the articles which were destroyed by the mere wantonness of destruction, were the gems gold, and gems of great value, in the possession of many of the men,

THE HARBOR OF PENSACOLA, FLORIDA, SHOWING THE FORTS, NAVY YARD, ETC.—[SEE NEXT PAGE.]

THE CITY OF MONTGOMERY, ALABAMA, SHOWING THE STATE HOUSE WHERE THE CONGRESS OF THE SOUTHERN CONFEDERACY MEETS ON FEBRUARY 4, 1861.

INTERIOR OF FORTRESS MONROE, VIRGINIA.

THE HARBOR OF PENSACOLA.

THE chart on page 88 will enable our readers to understand the newspaper accounts of the position of affairs at Pensacola. Fort Pickens, the heaviest Fort in the harbor, which occupies to the other Forts the same position that Sumter does to Moultrie and Pinckney at Charleston, is in the hands of the United States troops, being held by Lieut. Slemmer of the Army, with some 80 men. Under its guns lie the United States sloop *Wyandotte* and a Revenue Cutter. Opposite Fort Pickens, and at a distance of about one mile and a half, stands a water battery known as Fort M'Rae; further along the shore stands Fort Barrancas, and further on still is the Pensacola Navy Yard. All of these are held by the Florida and Alabama troops, who are commanded by Major Chase, late of the United States Army.

The Pensacola *Observer* of the 15th ult. gives the following account of the surrender by Commodore Armstrong of the Pensacola Navy Yard. The demand was made by Colonel Lomax, commanding the State troops, in the name of Governor Perry, of Florida:

"Commodore Armstrong responded substantially that he had devoted nearly the whole of his long life to the public service of his country; that he had loved and protected its flag in sunshine and in storm; that his heart was then bleeding over the contemplation of the distracted condition of the American Union; that he was a native of Kentucky, which had no navy, and therefore knew not where he should go to make a livelihood in his declining years; that he had no adequate force to make resistance, and that if he had, notwithstanding the foregoing considerations, he would prefer the loss of his own life to the destruction of the lives of his fellow-countrymen. His voice trembled with emotion as he closed his brief and affecting remarks by the announcement that he relinquished his authority to the representative of the sovereignty of Florida.

"The order was immediately given by Captain Renshaw, Flag-Officer, to haul down the flag of the Union, which was done; and in lieu thereof is another flag with thirteen alternate stripes of red and white, and blue field, with a large white star, emblazoning the changed political condition of our State.

"Every thing was conducted in the most orderly and respectful manner, attended with a degree of solemn interest which was manifested upon the countenances of hundreds of citizens and soldiers present.

"Captain Randolph was placed in command of the yard, and Colonel Lomax took possession of Fort Barrancas and quarters, where he remains stationed, immediately opposite and in full view of Fort Pickens, occupied by the United States troops, with the old flag of the Union flying in the breeze upon its frowning walls. The spiked guns, fifteen in number, in Fort Barrancas, have been repaired, by drilling, for effective use.

"We omitted to mention that the magazine, containing a large amount of ammunition, was taken by a detachment of troops as soon as the command arrived at the yard.

"Lieutenant Slemmer, when he evacuated Fort M'Rae, destroyed about 150 kegs of powder, by knocking out the heads and throwing them into the bay. His object apparently to be only to keep the guns from the fort being opened upon him while he retreated, as he left a large quantity of powder in the magazine. He not only spiked the guns, but rammed down the muzzles the wooden pieces used for stopping them, which had to be bored out by pump borers by our forces before they could be used. They have all been unspiked with the exception of two, and are now ready for use."

MONTGOMERY, ALABAMA.

ON 4th February the delegates to the first Constituent Assembly of the Southern Confederacy meet at Montgomery, Ala. We accordingly present on page 88 a picture of the principal street of that city, showing the State Capitol, in which the deliberations of the Assembly will take place. Montgomery is a pretty city of some nine or ten thousand inhabitants, situated on the River Alabama. It does a lively business in cotton, and its mart is one of the most important of the secondary markets of the South. It is expected that Montgomery will become the capital of the Southern Confederacy.

FORT MONROE, VIRGINIA.

IN our last Number we gave a view of the sea battery of Fort Monroe; we now present the interior of that work, taken from the top of the gateway. Fort Monroe, as every body knows, commands the port of Norfolk. It stands at the mouth of the James River; in summer time it is a place of fashionable resort by sea-bathers, and the parapets of the Fort is crowded every evening with gay

THE CITY OF VICKSBURG, MISSISSIPPI, WHERE THE BATTERY WAS RAISED TO STOP PASSING VESSELS.—[SEE NEXT PAGE.]

promenaders. The Fort itself is one of the largest in the United States, being one mile in circumference. It has lately been the scene of much activity. The garrison has been strengthened, and new guns mounted; so that now the Fort is in a condition of defense.

VICKSBURG, MISSISSIPPI.

We publish on page 89 a view of the city of Vicksburg, Mississippi, where a battery was recently erected by the Mississippians, with a view to prevent the navigation of the Mississippi by vessels carrying United States troops. Vicksburg is a pretty town of some 5000 inhabitants; it is 400 miles from New Orleans, and is the seat of a flourishing cotton trade.

When the battery was first erected it was placed above the city; but the position was afterward changed, as we learn from the following paragraph in the Vicksburg *Whig* of 16th:

"The position of the military companies having been changed to below the steamboat landing, down-stream boats will not be required to stop above the city. Captains should bear in mind that they will not be permitted to pass down without making a landing here, and not get below the starboard with their boats before indicating their intention of stopping. As boats seldom pass here without landing, they will add no trouble in complying with the above."

The people of the West, who were not a little concerned at this interference with the navigation of their great river, were probably somewhat relieved by the following passage in the last Message of Governor Pettus, of Mississippi:

"I further recommend that the most prompt and efficient measures be adopted to make known to the people of the Northern States that peaceful commerce on the Mississippi River will be neither interrupted or annoyed by the authorities or people of Mississippi. Such, in my opinion, will materially aid in preserving peace between the Northwestern and the Southern States, if it can be preserved."

THE GRAY WOMAN.

[CONCLUDED.]

THE blacksmith's forge was in a shed beside the house, and fronting the road. I heard the hammers sing to the ring their continual rhythmical beat. She had seen why they ceased. A rider had come up to the forge and dismounted, leading his horse in to be shod. The broad red light of the forge-fire had revealed the face of the rider to Amante, and she apprehended the consequence that really ensued.

The rider, after some words with the blacksmith, was ushered in by him into the house-place where we sat.

"Here, good wife, a cup of wine and some galette for this gentleman!"

"Any thing, any thing, Madame, that I can eat and drink in my hand while my horse is being shod. I am in haste, and must get on to Forbach to-night."

The blacksmith's wife lighted her lamp; Amante had asked her for it five minutes before. How thankful we were that she had not more speedily complied with our request! In a way, we sat in flusk shadow, pretending to stitch away, but scarcely able to see. The lamp was placed on the stove, near which my husband, for a chill, was stood and warmed himself. By-and-by he turned round and looked all over the room, taking us in with about the same degree of interest as he bestowed on the furniture. Amante, cross-legged, fronting him, stooped over her work, whistling softly all the while. He turned again to the stove, impatiently rubbing his hands. He had finished his wine and galette, and wanted to be off.

"I am in haste, my good woman. Ask my husband to get on more quickly. I will pay him double if he makes haste."

The woman went out to do his bidding, and he once more turned round to face us. Amante went on to the second part of the tune. He took it up, whistled a second for an instant or so, and then the blacksmith's wife re-entering he moved toward her, as if to receive her answer the more speedily.

"One moment, Monsieur—only one moment. There was a nail out of the off-fore shoe which my husband is replacing; it would delay Monsieur again if that shoe also came off."

"Madame is right," said he, "but my haste is urgent. If Madame knew my reasons she would pardon my impatience. Once a happy husband, now a deserted and betrayed man, I pursue a wife on whom I lavished all my love, but who has abused my confidence, and fled from my house, doubtless to some paramour, carrying off with her all the jewels and money on which she could lay her hands. It is possible Madame may have heard or seen something of her; she was accompanied in her flight by a base, profligate woman from Paris, whom I, unhappy man, had myself engaged for my wife's waiting-maid, little dreaming what corruption I was bringing into my house!"

"Is it possible?" said the good woman, throwing up her hands.

Amante went on whistling a little lower, out of respect to the conversation.

"However, I am tracing the wicked fugitives; I am on their track" (and the handsome effeminate face looked as ferocious as any devil's). "They will not escape me; but every minute is a minute of misery to me till I meet my wife. Madame has sympathy, I am not?"

He drew his face into a hard, unnatural smile, and then both went out to the forge, as if once more to hasten the blacksmith in his work.

Amante stopped her whistling for one instant.

"Go on as you are, without change of an eyelid even; in a few minutes he will be gone, and it will be over!"

It was a necessary caution, for I was on the point of giving way, and throwing myself weakly upon her neck. We went on; she whistling and stitching, I making semblance to sew. And it was well we did so; for almost directly he came back for his whip, which he had laid down and forgotten; and again I felt one of those sharp, quickscanning glances sent all round the room, and taking in all.

Then we heard him ride away; and then—it had been long too dark to see well—I dropped my work and gave way to my trembling and shuddering. The blacksmith's wife returned. She was a good creature. Amante told her I was cold and weary, and she insisted on my stopping my work and going to sit near the stove. So over my agitation Amante stopped her whistling and began to talk; and by the time the blacksmith came in she and the good woman of the house were in full flow. He began at once upon the handsome gentleman who had paid him so well; all his sympathy was with him, and both he and his wife quite forgot the knight overhead in their wife, and punish her as she deserved. And then the conversation took a turn not uncommon to those whose lives are quiet and monotonous; every one seemed to vie with each other in telling about some horror; and the savage and mysterious band of robbers called the Chauffeurs, who infested all the roads leading to the Rhine, with Schinderhannes at their head, furnished many a tale which made the very murrow of my bones run cold, and caused me even more than that of talking. Her eyes grew large and wild, her cheeks blanched, and for once she sought by her looks help from me.

Then I felt that my part was to control me. I rose and said, with their permission my husband and I would seek our bed, for that we had traveled far and were quite tired. I added that we would get up betimes, and finish our piece of work. The blacksmith said we should be early birds if we rose before him; and the good wife seconded my proposal with kindly haste. We could tell a story as those they had been relating, and I do believe Amante would have fainted.

On a low truckle bed we set her up; we arose and finished our work betimes, and shared the plentiful breakfast of the family. Then we had to set forth again. We came on night to a small town, with a good large rumbling inn in the very centre of the principal street. We took our supper in the dismal common room. We found company, and demanded in German French to be taken to some private apartment. We heard that she and her maid had come to the house, and driven off from pride, poor young lady! she had avoided all association with her fellow-passengers, thereby exciting their ridicule and dislike. We had little pieces of hearsay had a significance to us afterward, though at the time the only remark made that bore upon the future was Amante's whisper to me that the young lady's hair was exactly the color of mine, which she had cut off and burned in the stove in the miller's kitchen in one of her descents from our bedroom to the inn fire.

As soon as we could we struck round in the shadow, leaving the boisterous and merry fellowpassengers to their supper. We crept into the court, borrowed a lantern from the hostler, and scrambled up the rude steps to our chamber above the stable. There was a ladder to it, but the entrance was the hole into which the ladder fitted. The window looked into the court. We were tired and soon fell asleep. I was awoke by a noise in the stable below. One instant of listening, and I awakened Amante, placing my hand on her mouth, to prevent any exclamation in her half-crossed state. We heard my husband's voice ordering about the to the hostler. It was his voice. I am sure of it. Amante said so too. We durst not move to rise and satisfy ourselves. We durst not even be seen on giving directions. Then he left the stable, and softly stealing to our window we saw him cross the court and re-enter the inn. We were quite at a loss what we should do. We feared to excite remark or suspicion by descending and leaving our chamber, or else should have done so on the unconscious idea. Then the hostler left the stable, locking the door on the outside.

"We must try and drop through the window—if, indeed, it is worth while to go at all," said Amante.

With reflection came wisdom. We should excite suspicion by leaving without paying our bill. We were on foot, and might easily be overtaken. So we sat on our bed's edge, talking and shivering, while from across the court the laughter rang merrily, and the noise of feasting and drinking by one, their lights flitting past the windows as they went up stairs, and settled each one to their rest.

In the stable we heard the hostler let cautious step crossing the yard. Amante looked out, but dared not speak a word. We heard the great door into the street open—no pause for mounting, and the horse's footsteps were lost in distance.

After that we fell sound asleep. We slept long and late. We were wakened by many hurrying feet and many confused voices; all the world seemed awake and astir. We rose and dressed ourselves, and coming down we looked around among the crowd collected in the court, in order to be sure ourselves as was not there before we left the shelter of the stable.

The court was never seen two or three people rushed to us.

"Have you heard?—Do you know?—That poor young lady!—Oh, it is terrible!" and so we were hurried, almost in spite of ourselves, across the court and up the great open stairs of the main building of the inn, into a bedchamber, where lay the beautiful young German lady, so full of graceful pride the night before, now white and still in death. By her stood the French maid, crying and gesticulating.

"Oh, Madame! if you had but suffered me to stay with you! Oh! the baron—what will he say?" and so she went on. Her state had but just been discovered; it had been supposed that she was fatigued, and was sleeping late, until a few minutes before. The surgeon of the town had been sent for, and the landlord of the inn was trying vainly to enforce order until he came, and from time to time drinking little cups of brandy, and offering it to others. When we were all assembled there, pretty much as the servants were doing in the court-yard.

At last the surgeon came. All fell back, and hung on the words that were to fall from his lips.

"See!" said the landlord. "This lady came last night to the diligence with her maid. Doubtless a great lady, for she must have a private sitting-room—"

"She was Madame the Baroness de Roder," said the French maid.

"—And was difficult to please in the matter of supper, and a sleeping-room. She went to bed well, though fatigued. Her maid left her—"

"I begged to be allowed to sleep in her room, as we were in a strange inn, of the character of which we knew nothing; but she would not let me, my mistress was such a great lady."

"—And slept with my servants," continued the landlord. "This morning we thought Madame was still slumbering; but when eight, nine, ten, and near eleven o'clock came, I bade her maid use my pass-key and enter her room."

"The door was not locked, only closed. And there she was found—dead, is she not, Monsieur?—with the fatal wound in her heart, and her beautiful hair all scattered wild; she never would let me tie it up, saying it made her head ache. Such hair!" said the weeping-maid, lifting up a long golden tress and letting it fall again.

I remembered Amante's words the night before, and crept close up to her.

Meanwhile the surgeon was examining the body underneath the bed-clothes, which the landlord, until now, had not allowed to be disarranged. The surgeon drew out his left arm all bathed and stained with blood, and holding up a short sharp knife, with a piece of paper fastened round it.

"Here he has been foul play," he said. "The deceased lady has been murdered. This dagger was aimed straight at her heart." Then, putting on his spectacles, he read aloud on the bloody paper, dimmed and horribly obscured as it was:

NUMERO UN.

Ainsi les Boches font en vengeant.

"Let us go!" said I to Amante. "Oh, let us leave this horrible place!"

"Wait a little," said she." "Only a few minutes more. I will tell you."

Immediately the voices of all proclaimed their suspicions of the cavalier who had arrived last the night before. He had been heard talking about her as we left the room; he must have come in directly afterward; and not until he had learned all about her had he spoken of the deed which necessitated his departure at dawn of day, and made his arrangements with both landlord and hostler for the possession of the keys of the stable-and porte-cochère. In the confusion he had come to the murderer, even before the arrival of the legal functionary who had been sent for by the surgeon; but the words on the paper left no room for any doubt. Les Chauffeurs, who were they? No one knew; some of the gang might even then be in the room, overhearing, in their turn, fresh objects for vengeance. In Germany I had heard little of this terrible gang, and I had paid no greater heed to it than a matter of course. I had been told then in Carlsruhe than one does to tales about ogres. But here in their very haunts I learned the full amount of the terror they inspired. No one would be legally responsible for any evidence criminating the murderer. The public prosecutor shrank from the duties of his office. What do I say? Neither Amante nor I dared to speak of the actual guilt of the man who had killed that poor sleeping young lady, burst breathe a word. We appeared to be wholly ignorant of the thing; we who might have told so much. But how could we? we were broken down with terrific anxiety and fatigue, with all the knowledge of the deed, were doomed victims; and that the blood heavily dripping from the bed-clothes on to the floor, was dripping thus out of the poor dead body because when living she had been mistaken for me.

At length Amante went up to the landlord and asked permission to leave his inn, doing all openly and humbly, as if we were under ill-will nor suspicion. Indeed, suspicion was otherwise directed, and he willingly gave us leave to depart. A few days afterward we were down on the Rhine, in Germany, making our way toward Frankfort, but still keeping our disguises, and Amante still working in her trade.

On the way we met a young man, a wandering journeyman from Heidelberg. I knew him, although I did not suppose he knew me—all neither was Amante questioned him about my brother and his wife. Of course they lived on at the mill; but the man said (with what truth I know not, but I believed I did) that the time had Babette had completely got the upper hand of my brother, who only saw through her eyes and heard with her ears. Then came the most startling gossip of late days about her sudden intimacy with a grand French gentleman who had appeared at the mill—a relation of Babette's, it was said, in fact, to the miller's sister, who, by all accounts, had behaved abominably and ungratefully. But that was no reason for Babette's extreme and sudden intimacy with him, going about every where with the French gentleman; and since he left (as the Heidelberger said he knew for a fact) corresponding with him constantly. Yet her husband saw no harm in it all seemingly; though, to be sure, he was so out of spirits, what with his father's death and the news of his sister's infamy, that he hardly knew how to hold up his head.

"Now," said Amante. "all the [illegible] de la Tourelle has suspected that you would go back to the nest in which you were reared, and that he has been there, and found that you have not yet returned; but probably he still imagines that you will do so, and has accordingly engaged your sister-in-law as a kind of informant. Madame has said that her sister-in-law bore no extreme good-will; and the defamatory story he has got the start of us in spreading will not tend to increase the favor in which your sister-in-law holds you. No doubt the assassin was watching his steps when we met him near Forbach, and having heard of the poor German lady, with her French maid and her pretty blonde complexion, he followed her. If Madame will still be guided by me—and, my child, I beg of you still to trust me," said Amante, breaking out of her respectful formality into the way of talking more natural to those who had shared and escaped from common dangers—more natural, too, where the speaker was conscious of a power of protection which the other did not possess—"we will go on to Frankfort, and lose ourselves, for a time, at least, in the numbers of people who throng a great town; and you have told me that Frankfort is a great town. We will still be husband and wife; we will take a small lodging, and you shall besmear and dye yourself. I, as the rougher and the more alert, will continue my father's trade, and seek work at the tailors' shops."

I could think of no better plan, as we followed this out. In a back street at Frankfort we found two furnished rooms to let on a sixth story. I never stirred abroad, and saw no one, and Amante's want of knowledge of German kept her in a state of comparative isolation.

At length my child was born—my poor weary time finished—and it was a girl, as I had prayed it might be. I had feared lest a boy might have something of the tiger nature of its father, but a girl seemed safe. And safe it was in my eyes, for the faithful Amante's delight and glory in the babe almost exceeded mine; in outward show it greatly did.

We had not been able to afford any attendance beyond what a neighboring sage-femme could give, and she often frequently, inquiring in with her, a little stock of gossip, and wonderful tales culled out of her own experience, every time. One day she began to tell me about a great lady in whose service she had lived as a soubrette, or some such thing. Such a beautiful lady! with such a handsome husband! But grief comes to the palace as well as to the cottage, and very sad was the one she knew, but somehow the Baron de Roder must have incurred the vengeance of the terrible Chauffeurs; for not many months ago, as Madame was going to see her relations in Alsace, she was stabbed dead as she lay in bed at some hotel on the road. Had I not seen it in the Gazette? Ha! I had not read? Why, she had been told that as far off as Lyons there were placards offering a heavy reward on the part of the Baron de Roder for information respecting the murderer of his wife. But no one could help him, for all who could tear evidence were in such terror of the Chauffeurs, there were hundreds of them who had been told, rich and poor, proud gentlemen and peasants, all leagued together by most frightful oaths to hunt to the death any one who bore witness against them; and that even they who survived the tortures to which the Chauffeurs subjected many of the people whom they plundered dared not keep their secret, for they would not dare, even did they see them at the bar of a court of justice; for, if one were condemned, were there not hundreds sworn to revenge his death?

I told all this to Amante, and we began to fear that if M. de la Tourelle, or Lefebvre, or any of the gang at Les Bocages, had been placards, placards would know that the poor lady stabbed by the former was the Baroness de Roder, and that they would set forth again in search of me.

This fearful information told on my health and impeded my recovery. We had so little money we could not call in a physician, at least not one in established practice. But Amante called on a young doctor for whom, indeed, she had sometimes worked; and offering to pay him in kind, she brought him to see me. He was a Jew. He was very gentle and thoughtful, though, like ourselves, very poor. But he gave much time and consideration to the case, and by every one of those he saw my constitution had experienced some severe shock from which it was probable that my nerves would never entirely recover. By-and-by I shall name this doctor, and then you will know, better than I can describe, his character.

I grew strong in time—stronger, at least. I was able to work, and to be busy, and to sun myself and my baby at the garret-window in the roof. It was all the air I dared to take.

One day Amante returned from her work, full of news: she had that day met the traveling jeweler to whom she and I had sold my ring. It was rather a good thing given to me by Schinderhannes; we had felt at the time that it might be the means of tracing us, but we were penniless and starving, and what else could we do? She had seen that this Frenchman had recognized her at the same instant that she did him, and she thought at the same time that there was a look of more than common intelligence on his face as he did so. This idea had been confirmed by his following her for some way on the other side of the street; but she had revealed him with her better knowledge of the town, and the increasing darkness of the night. Still it was well that she was going to such a distance from our dwelling on the next day; and she had brought me in a stock of provisions, begging me to keep within doors, with a strange kind of fearful delicacy for the fact that I had never set foot beyond the threshold of the house since I had first entered it—scarce ever ventured down the stairs. But although my poor, my dear, very faithful Amante was like one possessed that last night, she spoke continually of the dead, which is a bad sign for the living. She blessed you—yes! it was you, my daughter, my darling, whom I bore beneath my bosom away from the fearful castle of [illegible] that I call him so for the first time in a [illegible]

him so once again before I have done—Amante kissed you, sweet baby, blessed little comforter, as if she never could leave off. And then she went away, alive.

Two days, three days passed away. That third evening I was sitting within my bolted doors—you asleep on your pillow by my side—when a step came up the stair, and I knew it must be for me; for ours were the topmost rooms. Some one knocked; I held my very breath. But some one spoke, and I knew it was the good Doctor Voss. Then I crept to the door, and answered,

"Are you alone?" asked I.

"Yes," said he, in a still lower voice. "Let me in." I let him in, and he was as alert as I in bolting and barring the door. Then he came and whispered to me his doleful tale. He had come from the hospital in the opposite part of the town, the hospital which he visited; he should have been with me sooner, but he had feared lest he should be watched. He had come from Amante's death-bed. Her fears of the jeweler were too well-founded. She had left the house where she was employed that morning to transact some errand connected with her work in the town; she must have been followed, and dogged on her way back through solitary wood-paths, for some of the wood rangers belonging to the great house had found her lying there, stabbed to death, but not dead; with the poniard again plunged through the fatal writing, some words, but this time with the word "un" underlined, so as to show that the assassin was aware of his previous mistake.

Nemésis Un.

Ainsi les Chauffeurs se vengent.

They had carried her to the house, and given her restoratives till she had recovered from the swoon of her speech. But oh, faithful dear friend and sister! even then she remembered me, and refused to tell what no one else among her fellow-workmen knew) where she lived or with whom. Lily was ebbing away fast, and they had no resource but to carry her to the nearest hospital, where, of course, the fact of her sex was soon known. Fortunately both for her and for me the doctor in attendance was the very Doctor Voss whom we already knew. To him, while awaiting her confessor, she told enough to enable him to understand the position in which I was left; before the priest had heard half her tale Amante was dead.

Doctor Voss told me he had made all sorts of detours, and waited thus, late at night, for fear of being watched followed. But I do not think he was. At any rate, as I afterward learned from him, the Baron Roeder, on hearing of the similitude of this woman with that of his wife in every particular, made such a search after the assassin that, although they were not discovered, they were compelled to take to flight for the time.

I can hardly tell you now by what arguments Dr. Voss, at first merely my benefactor, sparing me a portion of his small modicum, at length persuaded me to become his wife. His wife he called it, I called it; for we went through the religious ceremony too much slighted at the time, and as we were both Lutherans, and M. de la Tourelle had pretended to be of the reformed religion, a divorce from the latter would have been easily procurable by German law both ecclesiastical and legal, could we have summoned so fearful a man into any court.

The good doctor took me and my child by stealth to his modest dwelling; and there I lived in the same deep retirement, never seeing the full light of day, although when the dye had once passed away from my hair my husband did not wish me to renew it. There was no need; my yellow hair was gray, my complexion was ashen-colored, no creature could have recognized the well-to-do, bright-haired young woman of eighteen months before. The few people whom I saw knew me only as Madame Voss, a widow much older than himself whom Dr. Voss had secretly married. They called me the Gray Woman.

He took me give up his surname. Till now you have known no other father—while he lived you needed no father's love. Once only, only once more, did the old terror come upon me. For some reason that I forget I broke through my usual custom and went to the window of my room for some purpose, either to shut or to open it. Looking out I saw a priest for an instant I was fascinated by the sight of M. de la Tourelle, gay, young, elegant as ever, walking along on the opposite side of the street. He notes I had made with the window caused him to look up: he saw me, an old gray woman, and he did not recognize me! Yet it was not many years since we had parted, and his eyes were keen and dreadful like those of the lynx.

I told M. Voss on his return home, and he tried to cheer me with the magic of seeing M. de la Tourelle had been too terrified for me. I was ill for long months afterward.

Once again I saw him. Dead. He and Lefebvre were at last caught—hunted down by Mr. Baron de Roeder in some of their crimes. Dr. Voss had heard of their arrest, their condemnation, their death; but he never said a word to me, until one day he bade me show him that I loved him by my obedience and my trust. He took me a long carriage journey, where to I know not, for we never spoke of that day again; I was led through a prison, into a closed court-yard, where, decently draped in the last extreme of death, concealing the marks of decapitation, lay M. de la Tourelle, and two or three others, whom I had known at Les Rochers.

After that conviction Dr. Voss tried to persuade me to return to a more natural mode of life, and to go out more. But although I sometimes complied with his wish, yet the old terror was ever strong upon me, and he, seeing what an effort it was, gave up urging me at last.

You know all the rest. How we both mourned bitterly the loss of that dear husband and father—for such I will call him ever—and as such you must consider him, my child, after this one revelation is ever.

Why has it been made? you ask. For this reason, my child. The lover, whom you have only known as M. Lebrun, a French artist, told me but yesterday his real name, although Delft, above passionate to fix upon her canvas the glorious flowers and fruits of a far-off country, from which the town's every canal, lock, street, wall, and rampart combined to sunder him.

Through the mist, through the smoke and the shadow, and over the trees, there were eyes searching out the light for him. She could not see Ostervyk in her studio; and these—gaxy bright, pleasant-looking eyes enough—were fixed in the head of Wilhelm Ostervyk, a painter more than Amante's of Delft, whose studio is exactly opposite to Maria's, on the other side of the street. He has set up his easel, and has work before him—is clever enough artist, painting still-life subjects dexterously, and in good repute for his dead game, scraps of armor, and gold and silver cups. But not a very sedulous worker; unable to devote himself to his labors, unable to forget—as the genuine student ever does—that there is a world going on outside his studio walls. Half a dozen touches, and he looks out of the window, down the street toward the market-place, or over the way at Maria; then another few touches, and a look in the glass at his own handsome face, and a twirling of his mustache, a polling at his beard, or a tossing about of his long, thick clustering hair. Then he sets up his mind at last; and perhaps he hasn't much to operate upon, for that matter. He flings away his pallet and brushes, arrays himself in a handsome velvet doublet, blue with narrow silver edging, dons a hat and feather, buckles on his rapier, and struts from his studio. No more work for the day. He will pay visits; it is really quite a long time since he has seen his friends—twelve hours or so—he will call on Maria van Oosterwyck, and see how her lilies are coming on, and how she is—well, perhaps at the Golden Calf round the corner, and finish the evening there.

Absorbed in his toilet, before white hand supported by her mahl-stick, with the smallest, finest brush ever seen, defining hair-lines of light upon the outer edge of a petal, Maria has not cast the knock at her door—heard not the step upon the floor—knew not that any one had entered the room —was lost in her work, when suddenly a hand was laid gently upon her arm, and a voice murmured, accenting tenderly, "Incomparable Maria!"

She started up with quite a little scream, paled from very, and her eyes open wide with wild alarm, like flowers beaten by a storm. She was a lovely specimen of the thorough blonde, flaxen even to eyebrows and eyelashes, with a human lily herself, so pure, and delicate, and lovable-looking.

"You frightened me, Wilhelm," she said, her first surprise a little passed off, and with just the slightest tone of reproval traceable in her voice. She was about to give her hand with the brush in it, but a glance at Wilhelm's gay doublet, and the thought of however so little a streak of cream-white would soil it, stopped her.

"Enthusiast!" Wilhelm went on, "devotee! You have no thought but for this?" And he pointed to the panel on the easel.

"Is it a fault?" she asked.

"No; but it is a reproach to the less devout."

"To yourself then? Wilhelm, when will you work? When will you paint as you can paint, and be both and sick at heart to leave it? So you have quitted work for to-day, and there remain five more good hours of daylight."

Wilhelm blushed. He was a little crest-fallen at his reception. Had the blue velvet and the silver edging so much effect as this?

"I have nearly finished the picture of the dead falcon and the jeweled goblet."

Maria shook her head sorrowingly.

"You have not to supply your own model, Wilhelm. You may leave off work—you may let it go from your easel—you may barter it for a good price—but you have not to look for your subject: it is not a work such as should bear the name of Van Aalst. Why will you paint only for to-day, for the present hour, to supply your mere needs, and feed for nothing else? You must wish to live, Wilhelm, to be something in the future, to have your name honored and your works cherished. Let you this to yourself. Paint fewer pictures, and work more."

"I have not your talent, gentle Maria."

"You have more than the genius, talent, Wilhelm, a thousand times. With all my labor, pouring out my life at the foot of my easel, I know I can not approach the genius you possess, if you would but render it justice."

"I have not your devotion, Maria."

"You loved your art for its own sake; you had high, grand thoughts about it once."

"Boyish dreams."

"They will have been the facts of your manhood, had you chosen so, good friend."

It was hard upon him—who had come to create a sensation, to win the admiration of the fair enthusiast—to meet so chill a welcome, such a lecture upon his shortcomings. Maria herself began to think so at length, and changed the subject.

"Do you like my lilies?"

"They are exquisite, they are inimitable—full of your own grace, and subtlety, and expression. You have nearly completed them."

"No, there remains much to do. See, these leaves are hardly touched; this bud is more raw color."

There was a pause. He looked from the panel to her. Standing so humbly and gently before a most marvelous effort of painting, how could he help great admiration and love possessing his heart? How could he hinder them from sparkling in his handsome eyes? His one hand rested on his hip, the other toyed gracefully with the silver tassels of his cloak. He was in his most winning attitude. Maria looked up at him innocently, read something of his thoughts in his face, and then turned away, a little frightened, perhaps.

"You remember," he said, at length, in his most musical voice, "you remember, Maria, my first coming here?—my assumed bearing, my affecting to be a dealer, come to purchase your works, when my real aim was—was you, to become acquainted with you?"

It was a trick, Wilhelm, a shameful trick." And she moved away from him.

"It was fair, for I loved you."

She put her hand to her heart, as though she had been stabbed. She could not speak, but she waved her hand, by her gesture imploring him to desist.

"I loved you then, Maria, and from that day I have loved you more and more. If I have neglected my art, as you say, may not love be my excuse? And that plead for me. Do not judge me too harshly."

She heard him like one in pain, trembling, and with closed, quivering eyes. He was about to continue; she forbade him gently upon his.

"Cease, Wilhelm, I entreat of you."

"You don't love me, Maria?" The question was so unusually, strangely, fervidly breathed, it was almost irresistible. For some moments Maria could not speak. Her breath came and went so forcibly, and her heart beat so.

"I dare not"—in a low, broken whisper.

"You doubt me?" She bowed her head affirmatively, and hid her face in her hands and her tears.

Wilhelm had had little experience in failure. He was puzzled, amazed. Could it be that his handsome face, his gay, winning ways, had not into expostulations, into passionate oaths and entreaties; but a look from Maria stopped him.

"You, who have false to art, can I hope that you will be true to me?"

"I have been true."

"You loved art once, Wilhelm: you neglect it now."

"But I will never neglect you, dearest. I swear it."

"False in one, false in all."

"Marie, this is cruelty."

"Let it be so, Wilhelm, and let us part. Leave me to my labors, which must be to me less good, and pure, and true. I can not quit them, to give my truth to one who may one day turn from me, let love fade, and leave a withered leaf. If I surrendered them, Wilhelm, for you, and that time should come, as it would, doubt not, when you would cease to love me—when I should be to you a poor fool with my simplicities, lustreless—I could not bear it. Wilhelm, it would be death."

"But this is a nightmare, darling; it never shall be true. I will work, I will love art; I have never ceased to love art. I will always love you both."

But Maria only shook her head sadly, murmuring, "False in one, false in all."

"But try me. These are not mere words—idle, vain; test them; they will bear it."

She looked at him earnestly: there seemed honesty in his face and in his speech.

"First then: You will be true to art."

"I swear it."

"You will work honestly; you will be at your easel for six hours a day at least, continuously painting earnestly, seeking faithful account of the objects you paint, as they seem to you; not trickily, or to produce rapidly, or to sell quickly. You will attend to nothing else, you will not be seen with Heil, or Brocken, or Vander Noove. You will avoid the Golden Calf; you will cease to make Delft ring with your dissipations. You hear me, Wilhelm?"

"I will do all this, Maria."

"And for six months—mark that; you will do all this for six months?"

"I may see you the while, may I not?"

"No, Wilhelm: it is better not; it is better not, for both our sakes. For the end of six months come to me. Tell me you have done all this faithfully; tell me you have been true to yourself—to art—to me. Tell me that you love art truly, and as you love art, love me."

And if I do this, you—"

She gave him a little, white hand. He pressed it passionately to his lips.

"You are mine, Maria!"

"Six months have yet to pass, Wilhelm."

He hurried from the room, was dashing down the stairs mad with joy, and hope, and love. In five minutes his blue doublet was off, and he was hard at work before his easel.

The poor lily-lady, pressing her hands upon her head, was too shaken and bewildered to resume her pencil immediately. Soon, however, she turned toward her flowers, exclaiming with passion: "True or false, O my lilies, I can not love you less. I am still yours, and you will still be mine!"

There was a thick crust of snow upon all the gable-roofs of Delft; the canals were frozen; ticks ice blocked up the river. The six months had passed. Maria was still at her easel. There were no lilies to be had now, only those upon her panel, perfect as they were they to nature, it seemed not possible to carry imitation further. She was employed in painting a folded drapery of stamped pure-colored satin for the background of her picture. She seemed paler than ever now, and an air of fatigue and suffering haunted her face; yet she worked on in her old placid, simple, hearty way: the tiny pencils moved to and fro as steadily and perseveringly as ever.

"Six months to-day," she murmured once, hitting but for a moment, only to resume again with a redoubled energy. But a step on the stairs soon set her hand trembling and her heart beating. She was compelled to desist. Wilhelm entered splendidly handsome in green velvet, with a thick studding of small gold buttons, a sweeping white feather in his hat, a glittering sword-belt, and heavy fur-trimming on his cloak. There was a triumph, ant flush upon his face as he walked rapidly toward Maria.

"You have come, then, Wilhelm?" she said.

"To claim fulfillment of your promise, dearest."

He threw her glance earnestly upon his face, gazing into his eyes as though to read the truth in them.

"You have fulfilled your promise, Wilhelm; you have been true to art; you have worked seriously, for six hours a day at least, uninterruptedly without quitting your studio; you have shunned low companions, the tavern; you have been true to yourself and to me?"

Wilhelm bowed his glossy head affirmatively before her. He looked very superb indeed. Maria turned away her head; she was shivering with nervous agitation—not cold, as he thought.

"And I may trust my happiness to your keeping?" she continued, still looking down.

"Dearest Maria, I swear that you shall never repent so doing."

And he twirled the ends of his ample mustache, and dusted his beard with a bruidered kerchief, which, tucked in his doublet, had been adding to the curve of his massive chest.

Maria started back from him, and an angry light gleamed in the blue eyes wontedly so soft and gentle. It was like forked lightning breaking out suddenly on a calm summer sky.

"Wilhelm, you would scorn to play with cogged dice; you would not cheat to the earth any one who said you tricked at cards; you would not proceed to dupe no man. Why, then, do you come here to trick me, to fool me upon your lips?—why seek to cheat me? What have I ever done that you should turn against me thus? Is it because I am weak, and a woman, that I am to be treated with falsehoods—won by fraud?"

Wilhelm, amazed, puzzled, embarrassed, looked at her. He put forth his hand imploringly; he sought to speak; she waved back his approaches by an angry gesture. You would not have thought such fury could have possessed her. The lily was whirled in a tempest.

"You know that you have broken every letter of your promise; you know that your every act of life has been false to me; you know that I dare not confide my happiness in your hands: that you are utterly unworthy such a trust. This is nothing. You have a right to act as you will. To stain your name, your honor, your art, with mine, if you will; it is not for me to call for an account. But to act thus shamefully, and crown that shame by a lie to me, to one who, God knows, never would or could have done you wrong—Wilhelm, Wilhelm, it is too much!"

There were tears now upon her cheeks, like raindrops on a lily.

Wilhelm stood speechless, abashed, and angry. His intense feeling engendered by passion is cheat, and to be found out too! Yet he tried to plead his heart; and sturdy lying seemed his safest course—so his weak, false mind suggested.

"You wrong me, indeed, indeed."

"Stop!" she cried, putting her hands to her ears to shut out his words. "No more; you have lied enough. Leave here!" and she pointed to the window-post: there were hundreds of streaks of lily white. "Each time you have failed in your promise I have registered the failure here. You have been absent from your studio; you have been idle; you have been gaping at the window, or idling at the door; you have been out days and nights at the Golden Calf. Heil has been with you, and Brocken, and Vander Noove, and—O Wilhelm! others no more worthy have been seen!"—and a blush crossed her cheek; it was as a sunset on a lily—"and you have painted worthless pictures. You know it—none better. Oh, in a thousand ways, you have been false; and here, see, here are the proofs."

In Wilhelm's culprit face, midst all his shame and confusion, yet lingered an interrogative: "How did you know all this?" She read it in his looks, without needing his words.

"My studio is opposite to yours; I can see you from here as well as you can see me from there."

"Yet your back was always turned?"

She could not help smiling, it was such a wretched, pitiful, shallow excuse.

"*You forgot the mirror!*" With that in front of me I had no need to turn."

Wilhelm sank down on the ground with rage and disappointment, cursing a thousand times his own stupidity.

"Adieu! Maria van Oosterwyck."

"Adieu! Wilhelm van Aalst."

Utterly crushed and mortified, he moved to the door. There he stood for a moment, rallied a little, and with a feeble, broken swagger, made an attempt to conjure back something of his old grand manner, whispered softly: "And there is no hope, Maria?"

"None!" said the lady, stoutly. She was deaf to the voice of the charmer, and he went out banging the door to retire. The night was her trial over, broke down completely; she fell into a chair, weeping copiously.

"Heaven help me!" And I so loved that man!" With a strange curiosity and weakness, she sent her servant on the following morning to make inquiry concerning him. She learned that he had quitted Delft: it was said forever. Then she was thought to be his destination. Then Maria was on her knees once more before her panel: "O my lilies! I am yours forever—only yours. I will love but you."

And she kept her word, devoting herself to her art, and glorifying it by her devotion. And Europe struggled for possession of her works; not numerous, but all perfect. And Emperor Leopold, and Louis the Magnificent, and England's great monarch, William of Orange—all bought from her easel.

In 1693 she painted her last lily—never having seen again the faithless Wilhelm—never having loved again—still Maria van Oosterwyck.

REVOLUTION IN NAVAL WARFARE.

SHOT-PROOF IRON STEAMSHIPS.

We engrave herewith pictures of the famous new experiments in ships of war—the British *Warrior*, and the French *La Gloire*, which are just now attracting so much attention. A British authority gives the following description of the two vessels:

"When the *Warrior* was designed, *La Gloire* was not afloat. All that was then known of her in England (and we have learned but little more of her since) amounted to this: that she was a timber-built ship, very much resembling one of our line-of-battle ships cut down, and cased from end to end with iron plates 4½ inches thick; that she was 252 feet 6 inches long (between the perpendiculars), 56 feet broad, and 27 feet 6 inches deep below the water-line; that her ports were to be 8 feet 6 inches apart, and from 6 to 6 feet above the water; that she was to be lightly rigged, and to possess but small sail-power; that her engines were to be of 900 (nominal) horse-power; that her estimated speed was about 11 knots per hour; and that she was to carry 34 guns on her main-deck, each firing 8-in. shot, and two shell guns forward. The problem which the naval architects of this country were called upon to solve was this: what kind of vessel will best enable our seamen to contend successfully against *La Gloire* and similar ships?

"Before this problem came practically under the consideration of the naval architects at Whitehall, Mr. Scott Russel, the designer and builder of the *Great Eastern*, had, it appears, submitted to the Controller of the Navy designs for an iron-plated ship of war, in which was adopted a novel and ingenious device—that of defending only the central portion of the ship with armor, leaving her extremities free from its encumbrances.

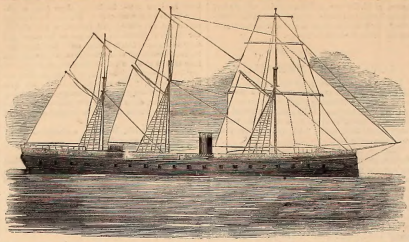
"From the fact that Sir John Pakington and his colleagues insisted upon a speed of 14 knots an hour, and the power of carrying provisions for four months, it is manifest that they resolved to oppose to *La Gloire* a real sea-going ship of war: not a mere floating battery, nor a craft that would have to keep the land in sight, but a ship which should be fit to take the open sea, and, if need be, to bear the flag of old England once more to the enemy's coasts. They clearly were determined, if not to reassert our old supremacy upon the ocean, at least to prevent supremacy being asserted by others. To this end, a high speed, and the power of keeping the sea for months together, were absolutely essential. This rendered several specific qualities necessary. For example, a sea-going ship must be furnished with masts and sails of sufficient dimensions to keep her perfectly manageable and sea-worthy in all weathers, under sail alone. No steamship of war can carry sufficient coals to keep her under full steam for more than a few days, and, consequently, neither the blockade of an enemy's port nor the pursuit of a hostile fleet—operations from which the British navy has never shrunk hitherto—can be performed by ships without large sailing-power. It was necessary, again, to place the battery of such a ship at a considerable height above the water—not less than 9 feet, say; for a vessel whose battery is near the water, has to close her ports and silence her guns at the first approach of rough weather, and is altogether incapable at such a time of defending herself efficiently against a ship that has the advantage of her in this respect.

"In all these features the *Warrior* is, beyond question, superior to *La Gloire*. We assume here, to start with, that her speed will be at least two knots an hour greater than that of the latter ship. *La Gloire*, with her form, dimensions, and engine power, can not keep up an average speed of more than 11½ knots an hour; while, on the other hand, it is pretty certain that the *Warrior*, with her form, dimensions, and engine power, will prove capable of an average speed of at least 13½ knots.

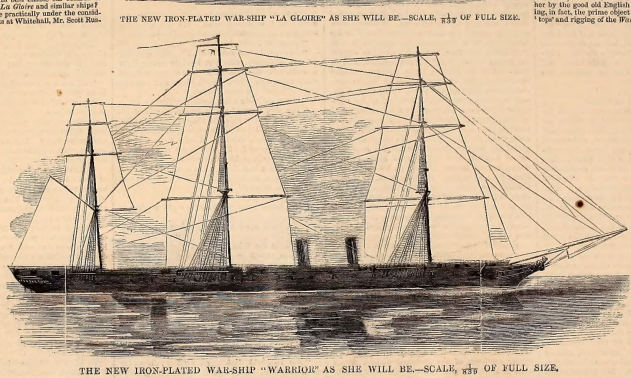
"She will likewise have the advantage of her in respect of sail-power, inasmuch as while *La Gloire* is fully rigged for channel service only, the *Warrior* is furnished with the masts, spars, and sails of an English 80-gun ship.

"A comparison of the armaments of these extraordinary vessels is not a very important matter; because, supposing *La Gloire* to be impregnable, no British officer would think of spending time in exchanging shot or shell with her, when he had a ship of the *Warrior*'s speed under his command. He would, of course, immediately close with her, and carry her by the good old English method of boarding—this being, in fact, the prime object of her great speed. With the 'ope' and rigging of the *Warrior* swarming with riflemen, no crew could be prevailed upon to keep the weather-deck of *La Gloire* when once the faster ship had closed upon her; and although provision for deck defence against boarders has been made in the French ship, we, at least, can not believe that her tri-color would long continue flying. The height of the *Warrior*'s sides is eminently favorable to the operation, as the men could readily leap from them upon the low deck of *La Gloire*.

"Notwithstanding these considerations, however, it may be well to state what the armaments of the two ships are. *La Gloire* is supposed to carry 34 guns upon her main-deck, all of them 54-pounders; and two heavy shell guns forward, with an oblique screen in front of them. All her guns are, therefore, under the cover of armor. In the *Warrior*, on the other hand, only 30 are protected; but all of them are to be large 68-pounders, each weighing 100 cwt. At long range, neither ship could harm the other seriously; at short range the 68-pounders would be by far the most formidable weapon. But besides the 30 guns that are protected, the *Warrior* can, and probably will, carry 12 additional guns on the main-deck, of the same size as the others; and on her



THE NEW IRON-PLATED WAR-SHIP "LA GLOIRE" AS SHE WILL BE.—SCALE, $\frac{1}{512}$ OF FULL SIZE.



THE NEW IRON-PLATED WAR-SHIP "WARRIOR" AS SHE WILL BE.—SCALE, $\frac{1}{512}$ OF FULL SIZE.

LAUNCH OF THE IRON-PLATED WAR-SHIP "WARRIOR."

upper deck she is to have ten more mounted, making an armament of forty-eight heavy 68-pounders in all. Under many circumstances of naval warfare, the twenty-two uncovered guns (unscreened, that is, with thick plates) could be used with terrible effect—in the event, for instance, of her falling in with *La Gloire* on one of those rough days when the waves of the latter were of necessity dim and her guns idle. It should be further stated, that the guns of the *Warrior* could be fought with greater ease and rapidity, and with less exhaustion to the men, than those of *La Gloire*, because of the less crowded state of the deck. We do not know the exact height of the latter ship between decks; but we know that it is comparatively little, and that her guns are but 11 feet 6 inches apart; whereas the *Warrior* has a clear height of 6 feet 6 inches on her gun-deck, between the deck and the beams above, and her guns are no less than 15 feet 6 inches apart. The advantage in time of action of this spaciousness of the fighting-deck will be best understood by those who have fought ships-of-war.

"The enormous dimensions of the *Warrior* must have excited surprise in many minds. Her length is 380 feet, or, at the most, a 48-gun ship, she is no less than 580 feet long (60 feet *aft* the 420 feet limited by the draught of water, and of 6950 tons burden. Why, the general reader may well ask, must she be large, and therefore so costly, when she could be adopted? The short answer is, that the desirable qualities she possesses could not have been obtained with less proportions. Let us briefly explain why. The great primary quality demanded was a speed superior, by a knot or a knot or two, to that of *La Gloire*.

"Again, high speed had to be attained in combination with a shot-proof hull. Had not the proposal to leave the ends of the ship unprotected been thought of, this combination would have been practically impossible, except with far greater dimensions than even the *Warrior*; because the enormous weight the armor would have required a corresponding displacement to support it; and this again would have needed still more armor and more length to drive the ship through the water. But even with her fine ends retained, an immense weight of iron was to be supported. And this weight has not, as some suppose, been determined, in the case of the *Warrior*, by the number of guns which were to be carried. For, let it be understood, there is much more than the guns and armor to be protected. In the *Warrior*, the engines and boilers, the magazines, shaft-rooms, and, most of all, the steering-gear, that is would be dangerous to expose either to fire or to water—a gun placed in front, the shelter of the bulwarks. The engines and boilers alone occupy a length of 120 feet. Here, then, we have a fact that a comparatively *fourth* of shot-proof side becomes requisite. That a great *height* of it is to be opposed in all directions (as long as the ports must (as previously explained) be considerably elevated; next, that the plating must be continued down a few feet below the water-line, in order to prevent shot entering just beneath the sun's surface, or lower down when the ship is at sea, and rolling; and, lastly, to avoid, finally, that the armor must be carried up well above the heads of the gunners, in order to protect them properly. Further, the long and high shot-proof side has to be, from the very nature of the case, a heavy one. It consists of an ordinary but unusually strong iron ship's hull, outside of which are placed in opposite directions two layers of teak timber, one of 10 inches thick and the other of 8 inches, and upon the outside of this mass of timber 4½-inch iron plates are secured.

"After long-tried investigations, it was found by the designers that the iron-cased portion of the ship required to be at least 380 feet long, and that the very extremities could not satisfactorily be made less than 175 feet; giving a total length of 380 feet, or, when the projecting head and overhanging stern are added, 420 feet in all. Just within the limits of her armor, and 205 feet apart, are placed two bulkheads, or walls, extending completely across the ship, and formed almost as stoutly as her sides. They are placed externally with 6-inch plates of iron, which extend down 9 feet below the water-line, in order that shot or shell entering the bow or stern may not pass them. As the exposed ends of the ship could not, with safety, be formed of timber, it was thought desirable to build her throughout of iron, and to make her a solid and complete structure independently of the screw-plates and their timber backings.

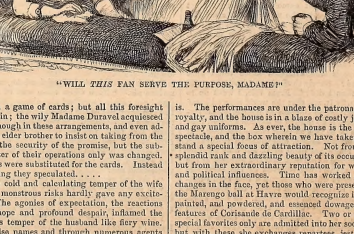
"Very mistaken views are held, as to the probable action of shot and shell upon her uncased extremities, by persons who have studied the *Warrior's* construction but imperfectly. In the first place, it should be understood that no apprehension of the ship there sustaining serious injury from the fire of *shells* need be entertained. The sides are all of iron, the thickness not of iron; and thin iron decks are laid over the beams. The only combustible materials exposed are the light deck planks of the iron deck, and such little matters of ship furniture as may be deemed indispensable. The officers' cabins will be in the after-part of the ship, it is true, and the men's messes in the fore-part; but with the ship bereft of iron, and with well-devised appliances for extinguishing such local ignition as may happen, it will be scarcely possible for fire to make progress in her. But even if it should, the main body of the ship will be perfectly proof to fire, within the plated bulwark, and 9 feet from them, are placed inner iron bulkheads, and the space between are used as water compartments, so that vertical sheets of water, 2 feet thick, intervene between the body of the ship and the extremities through these it would be impossible for fire to make its way. In the next place, there is no good ground for believing that *shot* will do much injury to the ship's extremities; except to the rudder and after sternpost, perhaps: these are the weak points in the *Warrior*, as in all other screw ships of war, notwithstanding that they have in her case been made enormously strong, for the most important purpose of resisting solid shot. To suppose that any number of shot which a ship is likely to receive in action would knock either the bow or stern of such a ship as the *Warrior* to pieces, and leave the rest portion only afloat, would be to manifest great ignorance of the strength with which she is built throughout."

THE FAN.

SOME seventy years ago no name stood higher in commercial repute at Havre than that of Duraval. The founder of the family was not dead at the time when we commence the story; but though the designation was altered from "Claude Duraval and Sons" to "Duraval Brothers," the public trust was unshaken, even by envious conjecture. For Claude, the elder of the two sons, had for some years managed the business, and nothing could exceed the caution, and withal enterprise, of the transactions of the house under his direction, save the uniform and splendid fortune which illustrated them.

The two brothers resided in the same house, a large and roomy old hotel, situated in a garden profusely adorned with statues, bath-houses, balustrades, and fountains, in the Italian style, and called after the name. For four years after the father's death they continued unmarried. No differences were ever reported to have taken place between them. But this things were not destined to be long in this quiet course. One evening at a public ball given to celebrate the most brilliant victory of the First Consul, Jerome was introduced to a certain Mademoiselle Corisande de Carcilhac, who had lately appeared in the gay circles of Havre. Rumor, "pointed full of tongues," told strange stories of the lady's career in the capital. Certain it was she dressed magnificently, coquetted mercilessly, played extravagantly, and consequently was the last person with whom a prudent man of business should have connected himself; but no less certain was the fact, that within six weeks from the Marengo ball she was married, *with the consent and approbation of Claude*, to Jerome Duraval. The explanation of the puzzling words which we have put in italics is short and simple. The elder brother "consented and approved," because he could not help himself, for Jerome had no sooner made the acquaintance of the all-fascinating Corisande than he began to play largely. The circle into which he was introduced consisted of reckless men of pleasure. He was elated with the lavish flattery which they bestowed upon him, and emptied to stake enormous sums on the spinning of the roulette table, or the hazards of the cards at lansquenet. At first the result was invariably the same. The friends of Corisande always won the bank, and the merciless always won. After a while the luck changed, and after the change it set in so uniformly against the merchant that he grew desperate, flew to his brother himself on the rescue, and undertook to play for him. As if by magic, the rouleaux of gold and the piles of bank-notes passed to her side of the table. In short, the conflict was the old one of practice and craft against ignorance and simplicity, and the former as usual won. Though he had at first, however, undertaken to play for him, the merchant was not richer for his handsome partner's gains. His petitions for the winnings were of necessity made with a smile, and were adroitly laughed off as jests. The appetite of the Parisian for costly presents was insatiable, and Jerome found himself hopelessly involved, and after a little equivocation and evasion confessed the whole truth to Claude. At that moment, for the first time for thirty years, the house was in a critical position. Money was of great importance. One plan alone appeared feasible. The lost wealth might be regained by an alliance with the winner of it, so Corisande was married "with the consent and approbation" of Claude to Jerome Duraval.

But the parties were not happy. Instead of the rapture of hazard was not to be bound down again to the comparatively tardy work of legitimate traffic. The elder brother had exacted a pledge from him that he should never enter a gaming-house, and to stake more than a certain conventional number of



"WILL *THIS* FAN SERVE THE PURPOSE, MADAME?"

francs on a game of cards; but all this foresight was in vain; the wily Madame Duraval acquiesced readily in the terms, and Jerome had been at last vivsed the elder brother in stead on taking from the younger the security of the promise, but the subsets-tance of dollars and francs was unchanged. The funds were substituted for the cards. Instead of gambling they speculated. . . .

To the cold and calculating temper of the wife the most monstrous risks hardly gave any excitement. The agonies of expectation, the reactions of wild hope and profound despair, inflamed the impetuous temper of the husband like fiery wine. Under false names and through numerous agents they bought in and sold out of the funds, and for some time the star of Corisande was in the ascendant; but, after a while, the narrow and scarcely perceptible wish separates enterprise from rashness was crossed. They ventured more and more recklessly. Failure succeeded failure. The policies of the day were full of surprises. A superstitious trust in the fire to make business for all most the only guiding principle in Corisande's creed, but long after this was proved fallacious the devotee clung to her faith. Meanwhile, entirely ignorant of the events which were happening under his eyes, Claude Duraval continued to attend regularly at his office, to direct the legitimate transactions of the firm; to dictate its foreign correspondence, and to watch the fidelity of its servants.

Suddenly, one morning, in the October of 1804, a strange and startling report spread over Havre! It was caught up, and passed like lightning from mouth to mouth. All was uncertainty and conjecture, but one fact—Monsieur Claude Duraval had disappeared, and was nowhere to be found. The authorities, and the missing man's relatives who investigated the affair, could only glean very scanty particulars. On the morning of the 18th of October the unfortunate man had been at the counting-house as usual. He had looked exactly as he generally looked, and had done his work in precisely the accustomed manner. About four o'clock he went home, alone, as his brother and his wife were out of town, after dinner sat reading for an hour or so. Later than this there was no decided information. One of the servants, an under-gardener, thought he had observed him pass through the orangery, but was not positive. It was certain he rang the bell for the dessert to be removed, and the footman who answered the summons was the last person who swore to seeing him. Jerome and his wife made every effort to find the lost. Large rewards were offered to the person who should discover any clew, however slender. The law in the matter was equally active. After six weeks leaving the port were searched. The haunts of desperadoes in the city thoroughly scoured. But money, time, and diligence were all wasted. The police left the matter as they found it, an unsolved enigma!

And so, after the usual time, public interest cooled. The house of Duraval stood as firm as before, and the slight, but peculiar embarrassment had any thing to do with Claude's disappearance was proved to be baseless: but after a time it was given out that Jerome's health would not allow him to take an active part in the management. Personal friends hinted that his illness, a nervous complaint, was principally caused by domestic disputes. Jerome grew more and more ill, and he aged rapidly. At last he withdrew from the business entirely, and left Havre with his wife. The first news of them was that they were at the baths of Lucca, since, as his physicians prescribed a warm air, and Jerome was both a connoisseur and an artist, Italy had two recommendations. A second report stated that the husband and wife had separated by mutual consent. This story caused a little gossip among their old friends; but the absent are soon forgotten, and their names were barely ever mentioned.

Twenty years are passed, and we stand in one of the best private boxes in the grand opera at Paris. The performances are under the patronage of royalty, and the house is in a blaze of costly jewels and gay uniforms. As ever, the scene is the grand spectacle, and the box wherein we have taken our stand a special focus of attraction. Not from the splendid rank and dazzling beauty of its occupant, but from her extraordinary reputation for wealth and political influences. Time has worked great changes in the face, yet those who were present at the Marengo ball at Havre would recognize in the painted, and powdered, and essenced dowager the features of Corisande de Carcilhac. Two or three special favorites only are admitted into her society, but with these she exchanges repartees, jests, satire, criticism. She is one of the autocrats of the world of art; her judgment is anxiously looked for by the débutante, for thirty more will follow it. To-night all notice that she is in unusually good spirits.

The curtain rises. One of the veterans of the lyric stage opens the act with a song. It is a marvel of correct vocalization. The house is in a new excitement. The dowager has an unusual difficulty: she has flung away all her bouquets.

"That rose out of your neck, Eugénie," said she to a lovely girl who sits next her. "I never heard Z—— in such voice; and, for the first time in his life, he acts as well as he sings. Quick—that rose, child! He will value it more than all the bracelets from his Majesty's box, I know."

The girl blushed and hesitated. Madame Duraval looked astonished. "Why—*Ma Dieu!* I forgot you had the rose, did he? How naughty of me not to remember it. Well, I suppose I must forgive you. Why—*Ma Dieu!* I have given that little rogue of a danseuse my emerald already."

"You must tell Z—— to-morrow, aunt; that will do as well."

"Oh no! He must have something from the Duraval. What! No bouquets, ladies!—no bouquets, gentlemen! I shall have to throw my fan at him, I protest. Where is it, child? It has 'Alexander's Feast' painted on it, and he will fancy the compliment intentional!"

The looked-for fan, however, could not be found at the moment. The compliant cavaliers sought in vain under play-bills and opera-cloaks.

Suddenly a strangely deep voice, close in the lady's ear, uttered the sentence:

"Will *this* fan serve the purpose, Madame?"

The speaker was the grave-looking man, whose grave face and persistent gaze had annoyed the dowager a moment before.

He leaned over from the next box and presented an open fan. Madame Duraval caught at the toy as he tendered her for a space, wherein you might perhaps have counted sixty: then her face grew too ashy white for the artificial glow on her cheek to be of any avail. Her eyes stared with a hideous fixity of gaze, her jeweled fingers clutched her ivory like the hands of one in the death-struggle. She uttered a strange harsh shriek and fell down the senseless on the floor. All crowded round her. The gentleman would have made way for Eugénie and the attendants, but the duchess kept close to the insensible body of Corisande. There were a few hurried cries of alarm. Some fancied a subtle poison had been administered in the fan, and called out for the arrest of the person who had presented it. Cries of "silence!" arose from all parts of the theatre. The actors stopped, and at last—though not till some time had passed—the group of people in the Duraval box succeeded in bearing the dowager to a lobby. There was some little struggle to get her; and after in vain trying all the means of recovery, which the ability of half a dozen of the first Parisian physicians could suggest, the body among the audience could suggest, she was carried to her hotel. . . . Directly the stiff fingers of the prostrate woman relaxed it, a gentleman, whose curiosity overmastered his fears, picked up and examined the fatal fan. Its handle was ivory, of curious workmanship, and on it was a picture of an Italian-looking bath-house in a garden, and amid the landscape were inscribed the initials "C. D.," and the date "October 18, 1810." There was nothing about the gift apparently to excite the extraordinary emotion which it had been the means of evoking!

All Paris next morning was busy with various versions of the accident to the autocrat of the fashionable world. As twenty years before at Havre, rumor, romance, and exaggeration fastened themselves on the name of Duraval. Some said the veteran must have fainted at the sight of an old lover. Some attached themselves to the first theory of a mysterious poison, and saw in the affair a bungling workings of Brinvilliers or Borgia. Others hinted that the celebrated poisoner had been arrested for debt. These and a dozen other fictions occupied the salons during the mornings, but, about four o'clock, the truth rose to the surface from the bottom of the well, and it became known that the gentleman with the harsh voice—the giver of the fan—was an officer of justice acting under instructions, and that Madame Corisande Duraval, who had partially recovered her senses, was, at the moment, under examination at the Bureau of the superintendent of police, and that the charge against her was murder!

The sequel must be stated in a few words. The day before the scene at the Grand Opera a poor man, miserably dressed and apparently worn out with a long journey on foot, arrived at a low cabaret in the Faubourg St. Antoine. He engaged a bed for a few sous. In the night he was taken dangerously ill, and raved in such a wild and incoherent manner that the other lodgers denounced that he should be turned out. The landlady, however, was more humane, and sent for the priest. There was some delay in procuring one, and in the mean time an officer of police called at the cabaret to see after the lodger. The priest and he were seated was hiding in the same room as the delirious man, and the officer when engaged in securing the sick man found the outcries of the latter. He was struck by some few words which the poor wretch repeated over and over again, especially by the mention of a watch he wished to present to Madame Duraval, for the name of the Duraval had been mixed up with more than one plot, and she was herself, though perfectly unconscious of it, under the strictest surveillance. The savings of the old man were vague and contradictory in the extreme, the practised detective contrived to elicit that it was from the proceeds of the flying man's heart to present the fan which was wrapped up in his ragged little valise to the celebrated queen of fashion. The officer contrived to see the had heard to his chief, and by his instructions took the fan from the old man, dressed himself in evening costume and went to the box of the Duravals. And in the manner we have described carried out the old man's wish. Very different from that which was anticipated was the result of his delicate. They expected to detect some semi-political, semi-mercantile intrigue, and fancied the presentation of the fan a signal for secret agreement on the part. It really was the spell to give voice to a conscience long dumb—the key to unlock a fearful mystery! It had been proposed to Corisande by Jerome at the cabaret with Leontine, but he breathed his last an hour before the examination was to have come on. His pocket-book, in the front page of which was written the words "Claude Duraval," contained a diary, partly written, partly expressed in symbols. But from a few intelligible words the police superintendent was enabled to put such questions to Madame Duraval as made her imagine him in possession of the whole truth, and led to a full confession of her guilt. Soon after her marriage she had speculated, as we know, most recklessly. There was no way to meet the claims upon her husband save to appropriate the money of the firm; this could not be done without Claude being a party to it, and Jerome, always a coward, was afraid to confess the truth to him. The demands for money grew each day more and more pressing. A fiendish idea pos- sessed the adventurers, and the execution followed quick on the conception. She and her husband left Havre for a neighboring watering-place, but

* The *Warrior* will probably cost, when complete, £450,000.

returned secretly after proceeding half way: they knew the habits of Claude, and timed their return so as to meet him in a secluded corner of the shrubbery. His brother struck him down with a heavy iron bar, and the wife buried a knife in his breast. They concealed the body in the disused bath-house near the orangery.

After the crime the two had lived a wretched life, the woman perpetually dreading lest her husband's conscience should prompt him to some rash revelation. She had therefore labored to get rid of him, and had succeeded in her object. He had for a while depended on the supplies of money liberally forwarded on the condition of his keeping out of France; but at last he had become superstitiously fearful of receiving the wages of guilt, and had professed to toil for his bread. He had possessed, as we know, some talent as a painter, and had established himself in a manufactory of handscreens and fans. As a self-imposed penance he had painted one with the scene which was characterized in his memoir in indelible lines, and he had hoped that he might, by suddenly presenting this to his more hardened accomplice, alarm her into confession and repentance. It was, however, ordered that this new Clytemnestra should not escape with the punishment of conscience and the penances of religion. Public indignation, indeed, scarcely allowed the authorities to go through the forms of justice. Strong guards of chasseurs and gens d'armes were required to restrain the mob from tearing the prisoner to pieces as she proceeded to and from the place of trial. The people waited in breathless excitement the answer to the message sent to the authorities at Havre. At last it came with all its fullness of confirmation. The stones of the bath-house had been removed, and beneath a mass of rubbish since accumulated were found the mouldering bones of a human skeleton.

Two days after the receipt of the message Corisande Duravel was guillotined.

A DAY'S RIDE:

A LIFE'S ROMANCE.

By CHARLES LEVER.

AUTHOR OF "CHARLES O'MALLEY," "HARRY LORREQUER," ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER XXXVI.

I AM obliged to acknowledge that I was vainglorious enough to accept a seat in the Crofton carriage on the morning of the departure, and accompany them for a mile or so of the way—even at the price of returning on foot—just that I might show myself to the landlady and that odious old waiter in a position of eminence, and make them do a bitter penance for the insults they had heaped on an illustrious stranger. It was a poor and a paltry triumph, and over very contemptible adversaries, but I could not refuse it to myself. Crofton, too, contributed largely to the success of my little scheme, by insisting that I should take the best place beside his sister, while he sat with his back to the horses, and though I refused at first, I acceded at last, with the bland compliance of a man who feels himself once more in his accustomed station.

As throughout this true history I have candidly revealed the inmost traits of my nature—well knowing the while how deteriorating such innate analysis must prove—I have ever felt that he who has small claims to interest by the events of his life can make some compensation to the world by an honest exposure of his motives, his weaknesses, and his struggles. Now my present confession is made in this spirit, and is not absolutely without its moral, for, as the adage tells us, "Look after the pence, and the pounds will take care of themselves;" so would I say toward yourself in regard to all such petty vices. You and I, most esteemed reader, are—I trust fervently—little likely to be arraigned on a capital charge. I hope sincerely that transportable felonies, and even misdemeanors, may not picture among the accidents of our life; such like are the pounds that take care of themselves, but the "mean" pence, which require looking after, are little envies, and jealousies, and rancors, petty snobberies of display, small exhibitions of "being better than this man or greater than that; these, I repeat to you, accumulate on a man's nature just the same miracles fasten on a ship's bottom—from mere time, and it is wonderful what damage can come of such paltry obstacles.

I very much doubt if a Roman emperor regarded the chained captive who followed his chariot with a more supreme pride than I bestowed upon that miserable old waiter who now bowed himself to the ground before me, and when I ordered my dinner for four o'clock, and said, that probably I might have a friend to dine with me, his humiliation was positive.

"I wish I knew the secret of your staying here," said Mary Crofton, as we drove along; "why will you not tell it?"

"Perhaps it might prove indiscreet, Mary; our friend Potts may have become a 'mauvais sujet' since we have seen him last."

I wrapped myself in a mysterious silence, and only smiled.

"London, of all places to stop at!" resumed she, pettishly. "There is nothing remarkable in the scenery, no art treasures, nothing socially agreeable; what can it possibly be that detains you in such a place?"

"My dear Mary," said Crofton, "you are, without knowing it, violating a hallowed principle; you are no less than lending into temptation. Look at poor Potts there, and you will see that while he knows in his inmost heart the secret which detains him here is some passing and insignificant circumstance unworthy of mention, you have, by imparting to it a certain importance, suggested to his mind the necessity of a story; give him now but five minutes to collect himself, and I'll engage that he will 'come out' with a romantic incident that would have seen the light but for a woman's curiosity."

"Good Heavens!" thought I, "can this be a true interpretation of my character? Am I the weak and impressionable creature this would bespeak me?" I must have blushed deeply at my own reflections, for Crofton quickly added,

"Don't get angry with me, Potts, any more than you would with a friend who'd say, 'Take care how you pass over that bridge, I know it is rotten and must give way.'"

"Let me answer you," said I, courageously, for I was anxious to be up in my assigned place before another. "It is more than likely that you, with your active habits and stirring notions of life, would have no sympathy with those, neither wanting riches nor honors, would adopt some simple sort of dreary existence, and think that the green alleys of the beach wood, or the little path beside the river, pleasanter resorting than the gilded ante-chamber of a palace; and just as likely is it that you would take him roundly to task for his neglected opportunities and misapplied talents, and stigmatize as inglorious indolence what might as possibly be called a contented humility. I would only say, that you should one man be the measure of another? The load you could carry with ease might serve to crush me, and I have often felt the slightest burdens that would sink my strength, and in bearing which I might taste a sense of duty generated in your mind."

"I have no patience with you," began Crofton, warmly; but his sister stopped him with an imploring look, and then, turning to me, said:

"Edward fancies that every one can be as energetic and active as himself, and occasionally forgets what you have just so remarkably and so to the relative capacities of different people."

"I want him to do something, to be something besides a dreamer!" burst he in almost angrily.

"Well, then," said I, you shall see me begin at this moment, for I shall get down here and walk briskly back to the town." I called to the postilions to pull up at the next time, and in spite of remonstrances, entreaties—almost beseechings from Mary Crofton—I persisted in my resolve, and bade them farewell.

Crofton was so much hurt that he could scarcely speak, and when he gave me his hand, it was in the coldest of manners.

"But you'll dine with us, positively, won't you?" said Mary; "we shall meet at Rome?"

"I really wonder, Mary, how you can force our acquaintanceship on Mr. Potts, when he plainly declined. Good-by—farewell," said he to me.

"Good-by," said I, with a gulp that almost choked me; and with a heart throbbing, bursting me standing in the train of dust it had raised. Every crack of the postboys' whips gave me a shock as though I had felt the thong on my own shoulders, and, at last, as swaying round a turn of the road the carriage disappeared from view, such was the sense of utter desolation that came over me, that I sat down on a stone by the wayside and cried bitterly. I do not know if I ever felt such an utter sense of abandonment as at these moments. "What a wealth of friends must a man possess," thought I, "who can afford to squander them in this fashion!" I recalled to mind how slightly the counsels that kindness alone could have prompted? Surely Crofton must know far more of life than I did?" From this, I went on to inquire why it was that the world should visit with unforgiving to idleness in men of small fortune, since, if no burden to the community, they ought to be free to their richer brethren. It was a puzzling theme, and though I revolved it long, I made but little of it, the only solution that occurred to me being that the splendors of humble man is not relieved by the splendors and luxuries which surround a rich man's leisure, and that the former is without the pretension of ease unassociated with riches. In what a profound philosophy was it, then, that Diogenes rolled his tub about the streets, and was a mock purpose in the act that must have flattered his fellow-citizens. I feel assured that a great deal of the butterfly-hunting and beetle-gathering that we get credit for is only a like device. They are a set of idle folk anxious to indulge their indolence without reproach.

Thus pondering and cogitating, I strolled back to the town. So still and silent was it, so free from all movement of traffic or business, that I was actually in the very streets of it without knowing it. There were streets without passengers, and shops without customers, and even cafés without guests, and I wondered within myself why people should thus congregate to do nothing, and I rambled on from street to alley, and from alley to lane, never changing upon one who had any thing on hand. At last I found myself beside of the lake, along which a little quay ran for some distance, ending in a sort of terraced walk, now crowded with loungers and idlers. There were at least the charms of fresh air and scenery here, though the worthy citizens seemed to hold them cheaply, and I sat down on a bench at one where, by a broad flight of steps, the terrace communicated with the lake; a spot, doubtless, where, once on a time, the burghers took the water and went out a pleasuring with fat fraus and frauleins. I had reached the end and was about to turn back again, when I caught sight of a man seated on one of the lower steps employed in watching two little toy ships which he had just launched. Now this seemed to me the very climax of indolence, and I set myself down on the parapet to observe him. His proceedings were indeed of the strangest; for as there was no wind to fill the sails, and his vessels lay still and becalmed, he appeared to have bethought him of another mode to impart interest to them. He weighted one of them with little stones till she brought her gunwale level with the water, and then pressing her down gently with his hand he made her sink slowly down to the bottom. I'm not quite certain whether I laughed outright, or that some exclamation escaped me as I looked, but some noise I must unquestionably have made, for he started and turned his head, and I knew Harpar, the Englishman whom I had met the day before at Constance.

"Well, you are not much the wiser after all," said he, gruffly, and without ever saluting me.

There was in the words, and the fierce expression of his features, something that made me suspect him of insanity, that would willingly have retired without reply had he not risen and approached me.

"Eh," repeated he, with a sneer, "ain't I right? You can make nothing of it?"

"I really don't understand you!" said I, "I came down by the merest accident, and never was more astonished than to see you here."

"Oh, of course; I am well used to that sort of thing," went he on in the same tone of scoff. "I've had some experience of these kinds of accidents myself. You would say, no one, you're not within one thousand miles of it, no, nor any man in Europe."

It was quite clear to me now that he was mad, and my only care was to get speedily clear of him.

"I'm not surprised," said I, with an assumed ease—"I'm not surprised at your having taken to so simple an amusement, for really in a place so dull as this any mode of passing the time would be welcome."

"Simple enough when you know it," said he, with a peculiar look.

"You attach much might, I suppose?" said I, eager to get conversation into some pleasanter channel.

"Yes, I got here very late. I had the misfortune to sprain my ankle, and this detained me a long time on the way, and may keep me for a couple of days more."

I learned where he was stopping in the town, and seeing with what pain and difficulty he moved, I offered him my aid to assist him on his way.

"Well, I'll not refuse your help," said he, direly; "but just go along yonder, about five-and-twenty paces, and you shall I'll join you. You understand me, I suppose?"

Now I really did not understand him, except to believe that his proximity and to suggest to me the notion of profiting by his lameness to make my escape with all speed. I conclude that many persons have entertained this course, for I obeyed his injunctions to the very letter, and waited till he came up to me. He did so very slowly, and evidently in much suffering. Leaning on a stick he moved while he carried his two little boats in the other.

"Shall I take charge of these for you?" said I, offering to relieve him.

"No, don't trouble yourself," said he, in the same rude tone. "Nobody touches these but myself."

I now gave him my arm and we moved slowly along.

"What has become of the vagabonds? Are they here with you?" asked he, abruptly.

"I parted with them yesterday," said I, shortly, and not wishing to enter into further explanations.

"And you did wisely," rejoined he, with a serious air. "Even when these sort of creatures have nothing to plot about them, they are bad company, out of the hap-hazard chance way they gain a livelihood. If you reduce life to a game, you must learn to play like a gambler. Now, there's one feature of that sort of existence intolerable to an honest man: it is, that to win himself, some one else must lose. Do you understand me?"

"I do, and am much struck by what you say."

"Is that true?" said he, with a nudge of his elbow against my side—"in that case you might as well have not come down to watch me! eh?"

I protested stoutly against this mistake, but I could plainly perceive that very little success. "Let it be, let it be," said he, with a shake of the head. "As I said before, if you saw the thing done before your eyes you'd make nothing of it. I'm not afraid of you, or all the men in Europe! There now, there's a challenge to the whole of 'em. Let 'em down seven of ye, with the problem before ye, and see what you'll make of it."

"Ah," thought I, "this is madness. Here is a poor monomaniac led away into the land of wild thoughts and fancies by one dominating caprice: who knows whether out of the realm of this illusion he may not be a man acute and sensible?"

"No, no," muttered he, half aloud; "there are, maybe, half a dozen men in the world at this manufacturing steam-engines; but it took one head, just one head, to set them all a working, and it wasn't for want of brains, the world at that day wouldn't be five miles in advance of what it was a century back. I see," added he, after a moment, "you don't feel much interest in these sort of things. Your line of parts is the walking gentleman, eh? Well, bear in mind it don't pay; no, sir, it don't pay! Here, this is my way; my lodging is down this lane. I'll not ask you to come further; thank you for your help, and good-by."

"Let us not part here; come up to the inn and dine with me," said I, affecting his own blunt and abrupt manner.

"Why should I dine with *you*?" asked he, roughly.

"I can't exactly say," stammered I, "except out of good fellowship—just as, for instance, I accepted your invitation t'other morning to breakfast."

"Ah, yes, to be sure, so you did. Well, I'll come. We shall be all alone, I suppose?"

"Quite alone."

"All right, for I have no cost but this one!" and he looked down at the coarse sleeve as he spoke, with a strange and sad smile, and then waving his hand in token of farewell, he said, "I'll join you in half an hour," and disappeared up the lane.

I have already owned that I did not like this man; he had a certain short abrupt way that repelled me at every moment. When he differed in opinion with me he was not satisfied to record his dissent, but he must set about demolishing my reasons, and this with a self-assurance pervaded all he said. There was, too, that business-like, practical tone about him, that was fearfully on the sensitive fibre of the idler's nature.

It was exactly in proportion as his society was disagreeable to me that I felt a species of pride in associating with him, as though to say, "I am not one of those who must be fawned on and flattered. I am of a healthier and manlier stamp; I can afford to hear my judgments arraigned, and my opinions opposed." And in this humor I ascended the stairs of the hotel, and entered the room where our table was already laid out.

To compensate, so far as they could, for the rude reception of the day before, they had given me now the "grand apartment" of the inn, which, by a long balcony, looked over the lake and all that beautiful range that leads to the Splugen pass. A beautiful bouquet of fresh flowers ornamented the centre of the small dinner-table, tastily decked with Bohemian glass, and napkins with lace borders. I rather liked this little display of elegance. It was a sort of ally on my side against the utilitarian plainness of my guest.

As I walked up and down the room, awaiting his arrival, I could not help a sigh, and a very deep one too, over the thought of what had been my enjoyment that moment if my guest had been one of a different temperament—a man willing to take me on my own terms, and ready to accept any version I should like to give of myself. How gracefully, how charmingly I could have played the host to such a man! What vigor would it have imparted to my imagination—what brilliancy to my fancy! With what a generous grace might I have accompanied my hospitalities, as though such occasions were the daily habit of my life; whereas a dinner à deux at a country inn was nothing more or less than an airing with a "slave in the chariot"—a perpetual reminder, like the face of a poor relation, that my lot was cast in a humble sphere, and it was no use trying to disguise it.

"What's all this for?" said Harpar's harsh voice, as he entered the room. "Why didn't you order one bottle of claret? know wine is the common room, and not a banquet in this fashion? You must be well aware I couldn't do this sort of thing. Why, then, have you attempted it with *me*?"

"I have always thought it was a host's prerogative," said I, "to be the arbiter of his own entertainment."

"So it might where he was the arbiter of his purse; but you were well enough informed to ignor I have any pretension to these costly ways, and they have this disadvantage, that they make all intercourse stolid and unnatural. If you and I had sat down to table, each with our coat suits, with wigs and bags, ain't it likely we'd be easy and cordial together? Well, this is preferable to the other."

"I am really sorry," said I, with a forced appearance of courtesy, "to have incurred so serious a breach; but you must allow me this one transgression before I begin to profit by it." And so saying, I rang the bell and ordered dinner.

Harpar made no reply, but walked the room, with his hands deep in his pockets, humming a tune to himself as he went.

At last we sat down at table; every thing was excellent and admirably served, but we ate on in silence, not a syllable exchanged between us. As the dessert appeared I tried to open conversation. I affected to seem easy and unconcerned, but the cold half stern look of my companion quite froze me, and I grew timid and very sad and much discouraged sipping my wine.

"May I order some brandy-and-water? I like it better than these French wines," asked he, abruptly; and, as I arose to ring for it, he added, "and may I trouble you for having a pipe of strong Cavendish?" And therewith he produced a leather bag and a very much smoked meerschaum, short and capable of much fire service. As he thrust his hand into the pouch a small bont, about the size of a lady's thimble, rolled out from amidst the tobacco, and he quickly took it and placed it in his waistcoat pocket—the act being done with a sort of hurry that with a man of less self-possession might have perhaps excited confusion.

"You fancy you've seen something, don't you?" said he, with a defiant laugh. "I'd wager a thousand acts, if I had them, that you think at this moment you have made a great discovery. Well, there it is, make much of it!" As he spoke, he produced the little boat and laid it down before me. I own that this speech and the act convinced me that he was insane; I was aware that intense suspectfulness is the great characteristic of madness, and every thing tended to show that he was deranged.

Rather to conceal what was passing in my own mind than out of any curiosity I took up the little toy to examine it. It was beautifully

made, and finished with a most perfect neatness; the only thing I could not understand being four small holes on each side of the keel, fastened by four little plugs.

"What are these for?" asked I.

"Can't you guess?" said he, laughingly.

"No; I have never seen such before."

"Well," said he, musingly, "perhaps they *are* puzzling—I suppose they are. But mayhap, too, if I thought you'd guess the meaning, I'd not have been so ready to show it to you." And with this he replaced the boat in his pocket and smoked away. "You ain't a genius, my worthy friend—that's a fact," said he, sententiously.

"I opine that the same judgment might be passed upon a great many?" said I, testily.

"No," continued he, following on his own thoughts, without heeding my remark, "you'll not set the Thames afire."

"Is that the best test of a man's ability?" asked I, sneeringly.

"You're the sort of fellow that ought to be—let us see now what you ought to be—yes, you're just the stamp of man for an apothecary."

"You are so charming in your frankness," said I, "that you almost tempt me to imitate you."

"And why not? sure we oughtn't to talk to each other like two devils in waiting. Out with what you have to say."

"I was just thinking," said I—"led to it by that speculative turn of yours—I was just thinking in what strange *your* abilities would have preeminently distinguished you."

"Well, have you hit it?"

"I'm not quite certain," said I, trying to screw up my courage for an impertinence, "but I half suspect that in our great national works—our lines of railroad, for instance—there must be a strong infusion of men with tastes and habits resembling yours."

"You mean the navvies?" broke he in. "You're right. I was a navvy once; I turned the first spadeful of earth on the Coppleston Junction, and, seeing what a good thing might be made of it, I suggested task-work to my comrades, and we netted from four-and-six to five shillings a day, each. In eight months after I was made an overseer; in six months more seemings can be good alloys to a strong head and a stout will."

I do not believe that the most angry rebuke, the most sarcastic rejoinder, could have covered me with a tenth part of the shame and confusion than did these few quiet words. I'd have given worlds, if I had them, to make a due reparation for my rudeness, but I knew not how to accomplish it. I looked in his face to read, if I might, some trait by which his manner might be approached; but I might as well have gazed at a line of railroad to guess the sort of town that it led to. The stolid, rugged, but calm countenance seemed to imply little else than daring and determination, and I could not but wonder how I had ever dared to take a liberty with one of his stamp.

"Well," said I, at last, and wishing to lead him back to his story, "and after being made inspector—"

"You can speak German well," said he, totally inattentive to my question; "just ask one of these people where there will be any conveyance from this to Ragatz."

"Ragatz of all places!" exclaimed I.

"Yes; they tell me it's good for the rheumatics, and I have got some old shoulder pains I'd like to shake off before winter. And then this sprain that I forgot I shall not be able to walk much for some days to come."

"Ragatz is on my road; I'm about to cross the Splugen this day; I hear you company so far, if you have no objection."

"Well, it may not seem civil to say it, but I have an objection," said he, rising from the table. "When I've got weighty things on my mind I've a bad habit of talking of them to myself aloud. I can't help it, and so I keep strictly about my plans are all dead and settled; after that, there's no danger of my revealing them to any one. There now, you have my reason, and you'll not dispute that it's a good one."

"You may not be too distrustful of yourself," said I, laughing, "but certainly you pay me too flattering in your estimate of *my* acuteness."

"I'll not risk it," said he, bluntly, as he sought for that.

"Wait a moment," said I. "You told me at Constance that you were in want of money; at the time I was not exactly in funds myself. Yesterday, however, I received a remittance, and if ten or twenty pounds be of any service, they are heartily at your disposal."

He looked at me fixedly, almost sternly, for a minute or two, and then said,

"Is this true, or is it that you have changed your mind about me?"

"True," said I, "strictly true."

"Will this loan—I mean it to be a loan—inconvenience you much?"

"No, no, I make you the offer freely."

"I take it, then. Let me have ten pounds; and write down that an acknowledgment I am to remit it some day or other, though I can't say when."

"There may be some difficulty about that," said I. "Stay, I mean to be at Rome some time in the winter; send it to me there."

"To what banker?"

"I have no banker, I never had a banker. There's my name, and let the post-office be the address."

"Whichever way you're bent on going you're not on the road to be a rich man," said Harpar, as he deposited my gold in his leather purse; "but I hope you'll not lose by me. Good-by." He gave me his hand, not very warmly or cordially either, and was gone ere I well knew it.

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*** *This column costs me $33 for one insertion.*

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I refer to the following parties, from each of which I have received $5, with an order for one box of Soap, and a paper, to which they take many of them subscribe. I have received letters, speaking in the highest terms of the Soap, and through their influence have received many others:

Albert Day & Co., Boston, Mass.; Jesse Hardcore, Dayton, O.; James G. Aitken, Washington; H. L. Miner, Westerley, R. I.; Rich. W. Titus, Farmingdale; Wm. J. Hanks, New London; Wm. Dunn, Richmond, Va.; Rev. W. B. Thomas, Orwell; E. J. Ludlow, Bridgehampton; Abm. P. Williams, Sharon Springs; E. H. Baker, Vandalia, Ill.; W. Brown, Buffalo; John Lovejoy, Pennington, N. J.; H. M. Pierson, Pittsfield, Mass.; C. Lush, Hempstead, L. I.; H. W. Dennis, Hudson, N. Y.; Jos. Berry, Southville, Conn.; John L. Moore, Kinkstown, N. Y.; Seth Jennings, Easton, Conn.; E. Bull, Farmington, Conn.; N. Y.; E. S. Estey, Harlem, N. Y.; John A. King, Elmtown, N. Y.; Rev. Wm. Rowland, Rowlandsville, Md.; Rufus Hamilton; J. T. Alden, Cincinnati, O.; Thos. J. Carr, Portland, Me.; S. Hoyt, Stamford, Conn.; Rev. J. Edgell, Oswell, Cleveland, O.; J. R. Stebbins, Rondout, N. Y.; A. P. Whitney, Binghamton, N. Y.; J. Barrow, New York; J. Mabbett, Eden, Pa.; R. Sears, Paterson, N. J.; V. Wood, Hempstead, L. I.; Rev. Mr. Mines, Bergen, N. J.; L. Nowell, Charleston, S. C.; G. Wessels, Cruger's Station; Robt. Patterson, Cincinnati, Ohio; Jeremiah Hinkle, Hinesboro, Pa.; James Culbert, Brandon, Vt.; Rev. John J. Harvey, Newark, Del.; R. Pettingill, Iowa City, Iowa; Wm. N. Hemilon, Parsippany; Rev. J. J. Matthias, Tarrytown; Dr. A. E. Barker, Northp't, L. I.; Mrs. James H. Birdsall, Bedford, Mass.; Rev. Wm. Hamilton, Mount Holly, N. J.; Washington Fox, Cartersville, Geo.; J. H. Mann, Owego, N. Y.; Jeff. Davis, Hayneville, Ala.; Rev. W. V. Breckenridge, Oakland, Miss.; J. O. Donoghue, Bending, Ohio; Rev. Wm. Hamilton, Mount Holly, N. J.; Rev. Peyton Fox, Adams; John Clark, North Argyle, N. Y.; John W. Moore, Danville, Ky.; Philip C. Reading, Schoolmaster; A. Mansfield, Mount Holly, Pa.; H. N. Beare, New York; Robert Hoey, Hempstead, L. I.; Thomas Jones, Wm. Conner, Robert Palmer, Nourish, Conn.; Dr. Ira Edwards, Washington; Jasper Hall, Lapeer, Mich.; Alexander Easton, Rahway; C. Marshall, New York; Rev. J. Greer, Christiansburg; Edwin Hall, Sparta, Ill.; F. Fenton, Ionia; Mrs. R. Rowe, New York, and numerous others.

N.B.—If you will get up a Club of ten names among your friends and send me fifty dollars, I will send each a box of Soap and a paper, and send you a box of Soap and paper for your trouble.

If you do not succeed in getting up a Club at once, you may forward the names as fast as you get them, and when you have said ten names, I will ship you a box of Soap and paper.

Respectfully yours, R. T. BABBITT,
No. 70 Washington Street, New York.

P. S.—If you have no time to get up a club yourself, please hand this Circular to some one who you think would.

A COPY OF ONE OF THE LETTERS.

NEW YORK, Dec. 15, 1860.

R. T. BABBITT, Esq.—*Dear Sir:* I inclose $5, for which please send me one box of your celebrated Soap, and *The Independent* for one year. When I ordered the first box of Soap, from your advertisement, I did not know that you sent a "first-class paper," of *Harper's Weekly* and *Independent*, and R. Spencer a box of Soap and *Examiner*. JONAS HAIDAKER, Dayton, Ohio.

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J. T. ALDEN, Cincinnati, Ohio.

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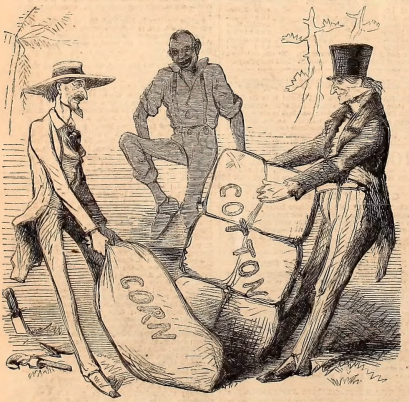
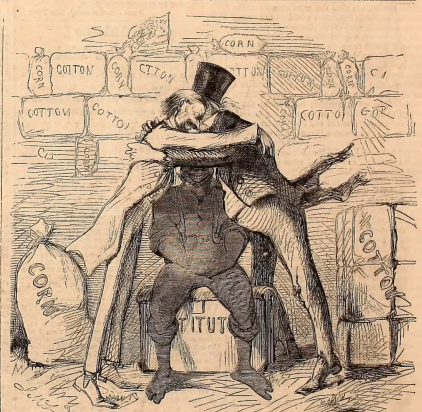
SOUTH. "Don't you *dar* to talk to me, Sir!"
NORTH. "Oh! yoou be derned!"

NORTH. "Looke here, SOUTH, I'm gittin' rayther cold."
SOUTH. "Well, NORTH, can't say I'm cold, but am bloody hungry. Now—you want my *Cotton*."
NORTH. "No, dern yeou, you want my *Corn!* Yeou—acknowledge the *Cor*—."
SOUTH. "No; you *Cotton* to me."——THEY COMPROMISE!



THE COMPROMISE (*Section First and Last.*)——"The NORTH, in consideration of the fact that the SOUTH ACKNOWLEDGES THE CORN, do hereby agree to COTTON TO THE SOUTH."



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HARPER'S WEEKLY.

A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION.

VOL. V.—No. 216.] NEW YORK, SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 16, 1861. [PRICE FIVE CENTS.

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the Year 1861, by Harper & Brothers, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Southern District of New York.

JAN THE HAWKER.

HEAVILY, heavily hangs the sky,
All dull and glazed as a dead man's eye;
The clouds in the north are sullen and low,
Bulging and bursting with ominous snow.
The world looks numb, and the air is chill,
As Jan the hawker comes over the hill.

Tall and strong and lusty is he;
Lithe in his limbs as a sapling tree;
No better man in the country round,
In wrestling ring or on foot-ball ground;
No fleeter foot, or no stronger hand,
Nor a kindlier heart is in all the land.

Jan is clad in his best array,
His face is bright and rosy and gay,
And the cocker spaniels that dog his heel
A sense of holiday seem to feel;
And each to attract his attention tries,
As they look in his face with their great brown eyes.

A quaint old gauntlet gloves his hand,
Curiously broidered in seam and band;
And there with pleats and a silver bell
Is sitting the Merlin he loves so well,
Fluming each feather that sits awry,
And ringing the world with its lustrous eye.

The villagers smile as Jan goes by,
And the maidens follow with envious eye;
For well do they know where Jan is bound—
Over thirty long miles of ground,
Over the moorland far below,
And up to the hills where the cold winds blow.

'Tis just a twelvemonth, lacking a day,
Since Jan was plighted to Bessie Gray;
And once a month, in shine or storm,
He trudges across to her father's farm;
While the girls of the village they pout and sneer,
And think that he might have looked more near.

Cutting and cold the north winds blow;
Heavily, heavily falls the snow;
Night and day, and day and night,
Falling and drifting silent and white;
Choking the highway and thickening the air,
And drowning the landmarks every where.

And so till Sunday the storm keeps on;
The buried country looks white and wan;
The rustics have plodded their way to church,
And gossiping stand in the old stone porch;
When they hear a shout and a murmuring din,
And Bessie's father comes staggering in.

"Jan is lost in the snow!" he cries,
With a terrible fear in his haggard eyes.
"Last night at my door I heard a moan,
And then stood the lad's three dogs alone;
Thin and famished with hunger and thirst,
And howling as if their hearts would burst."

He scarce has finished ere fifty men
Are speeding over the snow again:
Over the moorland and up in the hill,
Where the drifts are lying quiet and still,
Shouting and whistling and calling Jan,
But with never a trace of the missing man.

White, all white, so white and cold,
Whiteness covering forest and wold!
Every outline is smooth and fair:
A breathless hush in the drowsy air;
Earth is so quiet that none might know
Of the terrible secret beneath the snow!

Old Farmer Gray comes trolling on;
Hope and strength are well-nigh gone.
He shouts and shouts through the dreary sky;
He stops and listens—but no reply!
And then he thinks of Bessie at home,
Waiting for him who never will come!

Hark! Is that the scream of a hawk?
The farmer stops in his weary walk.
Again and again! His ear is sure,
So he whistles the hawker's favorite lure;
And he hears the scream, and the silver bell,
The bell of the Merlin he knows so well.

Calling, shouting, and whistling still.
He dashes lustily up the hill;
Till, lo! from the midst of a long white rift,
He sees one gauntleted hand uplift,
And on't the Merlin, with jess and bell,
Tearing the flesh that it loved so well.

Heavily, heavily hangs the sky,
As dull and glazed as the dead man's eye.
Heavily the lusty lungs are stilled
Of Jan, the model of manful strength;
And heavy the heart of Farmer Gray
As he mourns with his daughter that sorrowful day.

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 16, 1861.

COTTON SUPPLY.

OUR Revolution has created a cotton panic in Europe. Merchants and statesmen foresee contingencies which may interfere with the production of cotton in this country; and they are peering round eagerly in search of new cotton fields. India, Australia, the Mediterranean shores, Africa, the West Indies, Central America, and Brazil are summoned loudly to supply the anticipated deficit in the cotton product from the United States. The British Government has directed its consuls to devote especial attention to the subject of cotton culture; and large sums of money have been subscribed by millers and factors for the development of the plant in various localities. A glance at figures may perhaps shed some light upon the prospects of the new movement.

Europe derives its cotton supply from five sources—the United States, Brazil, the West Indies, the East Indies, and Egypt. During the year 1860 the European consumption was 4,532,000 bales, distributed as follows:

From the United States	3,648,000 bales.
From Brazil	186,000 "
From the West Indies	127,000 "
From the East Indies	273,000 "
From Egypt	198,000 "
Total	4,532,000 "

If we look back a few years we shall find that the proportion has not varied materially. Counting by thousands of bales, the cotton supply of Europe has been as follows for the past seven years:

	1854.	1855.	1856.	1857.	1858.	1859.	1860.
From the U. S.	2430	2252	2923	3275	3778	3930	3648
From Brazil	136	160	158	199	179	190	186
From West I.	31	31	31	33	34	36	47
From East I.	203	203	272	295	460	514	573
From Egypt	165	194	193	130	157	149	158
Total	3069	3135	3665	3271	4535	4583	4570

It will thus be perceived that while there has been no perceptible increase in the cotton supply from Brazil, the West Indies, and Egypt during the past seven years, the supply from the United States and from the East Indies has increased fifty per cent.

The price has generally been governed by the condition of the crops in this country. When it became known in Europe that the supply from the United States in 1857 would be short, the price rose, in October of that year, to 9½d. a pound at Liverpool; it fell last year, on the advices of a very handsome crop, to 5½d. in July.

From the fact that strenuous efforts have been made for many years to increase the production of Egypt, the West Indies, and Brazil, while the above table shows that they yield no more now than they did in 1854, it may be inferred that they have reached their maximum product, and that no exertions of the European cottonspinners can extract from them more cotton than they now export.

The question whether Europe can obtain cotton from countries outside of the United States turns upon the possibilities of yield which Colonizations in India, and upon the development of the plant in new regions.

As to British India. In 1857, it is shown above that British India exported 776,000 bales of the bale being, however, as we suppose, of 220 pounds only, the total product was not quite equal to 360,000 American bales. Can this product be increased to five or ten fold? In the face of it, such a development seems impossible. Still, it is as well to look things in the face, and it must be admitted that there are reasons for expecting a very large increase of cotton supply from India. Since 1857 that country has passed out of the hands of the East India Company. The obstacles which that corporation systematically threw in the way of individual enterprise are now removed. English men and English companies may now grow cotton in any part of India with the approval of the Government—a thing which was impossible under the Company's rule. It is reasonable to suppose, on the one hand, that the new Government of India will offer every encouragement to cotton culture, and, on the other, that the fears of the European planters, aroused by the Revolution in our Southern States, will stimulate them to offer liberal encouragement to the growth of Indian cotton. Labor is cheaper in India than in our Southern States; every variety of climate can be found; and there is no difficulty in procuring skilled managers and machinery. Under ordinary circumstances, the proximity of our cotton fields to the work-shops of Europe would have afforded them an insurmountable advantage over Indian rivals; but if politics are to disturb our agriculture and our commerce, who can foresee the result?

It is argued by European political economists that a very large section of the world's surface is adapted to the growth of cotton; that it is not indigenous to the States of this or any country; that it may be produced even to better advantage elsewhere. For instance:

Dr. Livingstone reports that cotton grows wild throughout the regions of Central Africa which he has explored, and that the establishment of friendly commercial relations would lead to the cultivation of the plant on an extended scale for export. This region has its rivers whose mouth is on the eastern shore of Africa.

Cotton is already freely grown for export in the region through which the Niger flows, in Western Africa. One port—Abeokuta—is said to have increased its cotton export from half a bale in 1850 to 2000 bales in 1860. Could the supply from this source be increased?

The Emperor of the French has had careful surveys made of Algeria, with a view to the development of its capacity as a cotton-growing region. It is reported in the Paris journals that they have proved that Algeria can grow all the cotton needed for the consumption of the French mills.

Mr. E. G. Squier, the well-known Central American traveler, publishes a statement to the effect that Honduras is admirably adapted for the growth of cotton; that the plant, which is annual on our sea-islands, is perennial there, and reaches a growth unknown to our latitudes.

Finally, writers in European journals predict a speedy development of cotton culture on shores of the Mediterranean which have never grown a pound of the staple, but which are said to be adapted to its production; and other writers, alluding to the enormous production of cotton in Turkey, affirm that if attention were directed to the subject, an ample supply could be obtained from thence.

These are the principal countries to which Europeans are looking for a supply of cotton—in view of a probable failure of the supply from the United States.

It may be remarked that to produce cotton equal to that of our Slave States, not only climate, but labor, is required. The product of our Slave States could be doubled if they had twice as many negroes to work the cotton fields. And it will serve the European spinners but little to discover soil and climate suited to the growth of cotton, if they can not likewise find laborers to cultivate the plant. This deficiency will at once prove fatal to the proposed culture of cotton in Australia, for instance, which does not contain laborers; and in the West Indies, where cotton culture affords no room to any extent if labor had been forthcoming.

Whether the free negroes of Africa, in the regions watered by the Zambesi and the Niger, will consent to work sufficiently for whole seasons, in order to develop fairly the capabilities of the soil to produce cotton, is one of those problems which can only be solved by experience. Dr. Livingstone has the agents of certain Cotton Supply Associations seem to be sanguine that they will; the experience of Jamaica is on the side of the negative.

It is understood that the Emperor of the French proposes to procure labor from China. Contracts are said to have been made by his agents for large supplies of coolie laborers for Algeria. Mr. Livingstone has been pursued by Great Britain for some time past; Trinidad, and other West India Islands, are supplied with coolie labor, and their crops are raised almost entirely by coolies. The emigration of coolie emigration from Hindostan and China be once established on a permanent basis, no limits can be set to the amount of labor which can thus be obtained. It is said to contain 400,000,000, and Hindostan 150,000,000 inhabitants. Under energetic management, half a million laborers could be conveyed annually from these countries to cotton fields; and in ten years Algeria might contain three or four millions of coolie cotton-producers.

The attempts which have been or will be made by Europe to emancipate itself from dependence on this country for cotton have, hitherto, invariably failed. It is well, however, that our success and our good fortune in the past should not produce carelessness of the proceedings which are being had to dethrone King Cotton in the future.

STAY LAWS.

WE trust that our Southern friends will believe that we have no partisan purpose in view if we direct their attention to the fatal consequences of the stay laws which are now being enacted in certain Southern States. Such measures are calculated to do far more injury to the people of the States which enact them than to the creditors whose just defraud of their just dues. Yet Georgia has already passed an act postponing the compulsory collection of debts till New-Year 1862; similar measures are pending before the Legislatures of Alabama and South Carolina, and have been broached in Mississippi and Louisiana.

According to the Constitution of the United States (Art. I., sect. 10) "no State...shall pass any...law impairing the obligation of contracts." Under this section it is probable that the Supreme Court would decree the invalidity of State stay laws. If, however, it should be urged either, on the one hand, that a postponement of writs of execution does not impair the original validity of contracts, or, on the other, that States which have seceded are no longer bound by the Constitution of the United States, it would nevertheless remain obvious that the practical effect of stay laws must be detrimental to the communities which enact them.

For credit is the life and soul of trade, enterprise, and material prosperity; and laws impairing or postponing the just claims of creditors are necessarily fatal to credit.

For many years our Southern States have enjoyed first-rate credit, both at the North and abroad. Southern obligations have always been preferred in New York to obligations from the East or West. For instance, it has been estimated that the South owes the North at present from $75,000,000 to $100,000,000. Southern men have been considered here as good under all circumstances. Their honor has been relied upon to any extent. Houses which would not trust Western or Eastern dealers a hundred dollars have been delighted to give credits of thousands to Southerners. The simple reason was that people have had an undying faith in the honor of the Southern people—a firm conviction that under no circumstances would they seek to evade payment of their debts. Is this faith, is this conviction to be demolished now by the passage of stay laws?

We warn our Southern friends against the perils of the path into which some of their leaders are hurrying them. Their wealth and prosperity and expansion are in a large measure the fruit of the credit they have enjoyed. Credit is very sensitive: they should not, for their own sake, subject theirs to any rude ordeals.

THE LOUNGER.

GOING! GONE!

EIGHT or nine years ago a jolly company set forth one morning from New York upon a railroad excursion. There were Mr. Fillmore, the President of the United States; and Mr. Daniel Webster, Secretary of State; and Mr. Graham, Secretary of the Navy, and other gentlemen of the cabinet. There were Senator Seward of New York, and Senator Douglas of Illinois, and other Senators and representatives of the people. All the politicians and ex-politicians of the State were also there, and a crowd of authors, artists, men of leisure, and merchants. The business company departed at early morning from the foot of Duane Street in a capacious and "splendid" steamer, and speedily disembarked at Piermont, just beyond the Palisades. There a crowd of the neighbors received them, and they entered the new and nice cars upon the broad gauge of the road. Like impatient locomotive, gay and excited with pretty flags, whistled and shrieked, and at length moved forward, and away went the jolly company into the heart of the hills.

The country left its work that day and came to look at the train, the first "through" train upon the Erie Railroad, that it might feast its eyes upon the promise and prophecy of things to come. Presidents, statesmen, artists, authors, merchants, were only so many samples of the accumulations and influences that should follow upon the opening of the road. The lovely valleys of the Susquehanna and the Delaware should be ready to be decked in belles. The tier of towns along the southern part of the State should feel the iron of the track, and spring into cities, as the squire feels the sword upon his shoulder and rises a knight. The subject valleys of the Chenango, the Genesee, and the rest, should start with the thrill of new life; and above all, the proud and domineering *Central* should go trembling low, and the great stream of Western travel be tapped at Dunkirk and turned into the coffers of the triumphant road.

The night was passed at Elmira. You remember, dear B., how we sat and scribbled late in our little room, writing the day's history while it was fresh, and how the hundreds of less fortunate friends, not members of the fourth estate, stretched their weary lengths upon sofas, and chairs, and floors. There were two new hotels for the city of Elmira that was to be a metropolis to-morrow. They were very comfortable and very new; but they swarmed with guests; and absolute happiness must have reigned in the hearts of all the hosts. It was not a night sacred to sleep, but who would lose a minute of the festival?

In the morning the journey was resumed. At every station there were shouts for some of the great men. The President bowed kindly. The Secretary of State showed his dark, imposing front and stared at the crowd with his deep, mournful eyes. Senators spoke a few words, standing upon the platform; and the senators spoke a great many. On went the train, cutting sentences and words in twain, as a farm was a wood. Then, a gust of hurrahs, hushed suddenly by distance, and then visits to the "saloon," which was administered with the utmost liberality.

Meanwhile the grand scenery along the route unrolled itself for admiration, more lovely and wild as the train went West. At length it was at Buffalo, and suddenly from one point, looking for many a mile over a descending ravine of tree tops, that seemed as solid and as smooth as a vast shaven lawn, the eager travelers beheld a glittering line along the horizon, and shouted for Lake Erie. Then, like fiery steeds impatient to drink, rushed the cars down, and with a prodigious plunge, at the afternoon of the second day rolled into Dunkirk, and the jolly company immediately overflowed with members of the little Dunkirk town. They slept in houses and on steamboats, and wherever a spot could be found; and the next day they parted. Some returned by the lake and Albany, some went westward, and some returned over the Erie road. At sunset of the day they arrived in Dunkirk Webster left from the terrace of the hotel, the last time I saw or heard him. His swarthy, gaunt, melancholy face is not to be forgotten. By its side, ever his shoulder, stood see the sun setting, and seeing that, you neither heard nor cared to hear what the weary voice was saying.

And so the great Erie Railroad was inaugurated. Its cost had been enormous. Yes; but what of that? It shortened travel to the West, it opened up an entirely new and wonderfully rich region, it wound through the finest farming country in the State; it was a stupendous enterprise, worthy the American people, worthy the imperial State of New York, etc., etc., etc. You will find it narrated in the reported eloquent speeches delivered upon the occasion from car platforms and the front steps of hotels. So it was triumphantly inaugurated, after many millions had been paid to build it. Many of the great men at the opening are dead—some actually, others only politically. The great hotels where we passed the nights in revelry, they are there—"though fallen, great." Little Dunkirk dropped asleep again the next day, and dreams upon the shore of her one event. The rich farming country, the fine landscape, the happy valleys, you may see them whenever you choose

to take passage. But the great road itself, falling through every kind of disaster and bad repute, was sold last week—property, franchises, and all—for two hundred and twenty thousand dollars. That includes five mortgages and the back interest of about eight hundred thousand dollars. So we may say that the great road has gone with the great men who celebrated its opening.

It is another triumph of the "practical men;" and an indignant poet asks, "What right have such people as those who built the Erie Railroad to sneer at those of us who build railroads to the moon? The dividends in both cases are the same—pure moonshine: and with this advantage for us, that we started and expended nothing else. We posts went out to get wood, and returned with the very thing we went for. The 'practical men' went out for wood of another kind, and have returned shorn, and shorn very short indeed."

PHOTOMANIA.

The fashions of the drawing-room, in work and play, are always a pleasant study. They are as marvellous and as instant at any other fashion; often like fashions of dress, repeating themselves after long intervals. But science constantly reveals new varieties. A little while since the *Potichomania*—or, the pasting of pictures upon vases and glasses—was the most absorbing and interesting of the pastimes; but the fever of collecting card-photographs of friends and famous people is the most amiable form that the disease has recently assumed.

It began in Paris, of course, where they made the photographic *cartes de visite*. But the effect of these little pictures was so charming that the thought of preserving them in appropriate albums, and so creating a gallery of friendship and fame, was very obvious and natural. The artists in "fancy goods" immediately designed the albums, until now they are quite universal, and as fast as they are brought to us are taken up with enthusiasm. They are of various shapes and sizes; the most convenient being those that are of small quarto form, holding fifty cards.

With the albums came the cards of the chief living celebrities, except among the Americans, for they seem to be rather shy of this particular form of honour. But in a good collection you shall see the royal families in many groups and attitudes. The Queen of England, for instance, standing quietly, being, in a simple dark dress; or leaning over the Prince Consort's chair, who looks ardently up into her eyes: or sitting upon a terrace with her hand held by her sister, and the mute pledges of a happy royal love around them. There is also the Emperor over the way from Windsor, standing in front of a chair; or sitting in it and leaning forward, as if in travail of great state projects; or walking with a baton, in plain clothes, by the side of a fashionable woman, his wife; or leading the young Prince by the hand. The Empress, too, is presented in magic attitudes; and the young Imperial heir riding on a rocking-horse, or standing, a grenadier, drumming—always with the sword, the symbol of his papa's empire, *L'epee, c'est la gaie*. This tall, gaunt, and white-haired gentleman, in a helmet, is the sad king of Prussia; and this pretty Velasquez picture is the Queen of Spain, leaning over a young characteristically Spanish girl, in a fiercely-striped silk dress, writing at a carved table.

As you turn from these you are forced to confess that Bismarck has stamped his strong royal right upon any of them. Her Majesty of England looks like the reverend George Third. His Majesty of Prussia and Jack-in-the-bought, by the most loyal imagination, to resemble an ideal gentleman, in his appearance, at least; and her Majesty of Spain looks like any body's comfortable aunt. The sun does not respect the divinity that doth hedge a king. His only shows, more faithfully than Titian and Vandyck, that kings and queens may look like ordinary men and women. The sun is the most tremendous democrat. Let in light enough, and away go the regal fictions, like ghosts.

But these regular cards are not altogether interesting. Theirs, the French historian, a well-preserved, handsome, substantial Parisian gentleman of sixty; theirs, Habenicht, the Leipsic bookseller; theirs, Lord Brougham, Lord Clarendon, Lord Grey, and others thoroughly English, show how technically British in appearance are the British statesmen. Here is Garibaldi, winking in the Sicilian sun; and Cavour, with his high, broad, thoughtful brow, and the keen, penetrating common sense of his eyes; or Horace Greeley, crossing his leg as he sits, with his long mustache and pointed beard in shadow, or Alphonse Karr, with shaved black hair, a typical French face; or Sir David Dundas, white-haired and whiskered, equally English: or Baron Rothschild, leaning upon his hand, as if money might give him pain. These, and scores more. You make a bundled calls of interest upon as many people you would gladly see just as much of as you do upon these. And it is so much pleasanter to give fifty cents and be presented in slippers to Victoria in her daily dress, than to pay a hundred dollars for a court-dress, and bow to her Majesty in feathers!

There are plenty of others; the leading ladies at the Parisian Court, for instance. Duchesses and Princesses, and the corresponding gentlemen. The Duchess of Hamilton, of Alba, of Luxembourg; the Prince Murat and Prince Metternich; the Countess Montijo, mother of the Empress, and the Princess Mathilde, at your service. Here is Madeleine Brohan, of the Comedie, who knows how to sit for her picture; and lo! Ristori, Mario, and Grisi very well.

What a comment upon history it would be, if we could turn over some photograph album of any famous antecedent period, and know the men and women as they looked, and not as the preposterous court-painters represented them. The nose of history—and the court-painters have been always in conspiracy, and we have admired and condemned in a hundred wrong places where the sun would have put us all right. Shakespeare and his friends, Scott and his friends, Milton and his friends, Johnson and his friends, as the sun saw them and might have painted them, if science had only been shrewd enough to know that he was an artist, would not they be books to have and ponder?

Could there be a prettier present than an album filled with a choice selection of photographic cards?

MR. RAREY.

Mr. Rarey does much more than tame horses—he conquers prejudices. The old farmer, leaning upon his tumble-down wall that guards the patch of ground which he has tilled for forty years starvation for his family every year, sneers with the profoundest complacency at your suggestion that a little more knowledge would help him; that, in fact, science would give him a better dinner every day in the week. "My father did so, and he got on," is his final shaft reply to all your hints and arguments. "What my father did is good enough for me," is always the triumphant rejoinder of ignorance and jealousy.

Now a poor and intelligent farmer has many reasons for turning a deaf ear to whoever suggests a new thing. If my crop fails," he says, with conviction, "all is lost. I scarcely bring the year round as it is, and when I get from my farm all I count upon. But if I lose that, I should never breathe free again. I do not like that kind of science might help me; but there is a risk, and I can not afford to take a risk." It is true enough; for the young part of poverty is that you can not take the pretty safe risks of bettering your fortune which so often offer. The answer to the farmer is that it is not a risk—that science is not a lottery—and that its suggestions to him are based upon proved laws.

And the same kind of reply may be made to those who think that Rarey has a peculiar knack in managing horses. His system is founded upon laws which any sensible person can understand, and any calm, brave person can administer. His principle is, that he has to overcome an animal with brute force. It is akin to the principle that man may conquer a tempest at sea, by understanding the laws of material forces, so as to be able to steer his ship. Brute force is no match for mental force. Brute force is conquered by a superior of the same kind. If you could knock a horse down by a blow of your fist, you could then control him as Rarey does. But men can not knock horses over: then the sly brain suggests that the horse should be caught up, and the effect of knocking down, that is, of mastery, is produced, and the great, fiery animal owns his master's superiority.

Of course there must be no fear, no hesitation, and, above all, no losing of the temper; for the moment a man loses his temper, away goes his intellectual superiority, and he is left to a savage brute, while the other has four legs. But the jockey doctrine with horses has usually been that they must be thrashed and kicked into it. The general stable practice is a system of kicking and jerking and shouting. Reform it altogether, says Rarey. And he said something which should not be seen so generally remarked—that a woman could usually tame a horse more readily than a man, because she has much more quiet and equable and gentle than he.

This is the quality which is always observed in sudden emergency of any kind, requiring watching and attendance; and especially in the management of women. The still, direct, sympathetic efficiency of women, whenever they are on serious duty, is a constant contrast to the popular assumption against their executive capacity.

Besides, why should not women tame horses well, since some men in their case have an animal period of childhood? Men are not the best trainers in their own nurseries—it would be droll if it should turn out that their wives can manage the stables better too! Well, we shall gradually learn that rights are proportioned to powers. The superior sex must become its guard. Its prerogative of oaths, and blows, and general jawing in the management of horses may prove to be not so very valuable; and when Mr. Rarey has succinctly demonstrated that fact in the stables, he had's be better step into the house and demonstrate how success of the same principle among human beings?

THE LION HEART.

It is curious to observe how much of the final opinion of the world upon any man's life is determined upon other grounds than those of fact; and we can always see at any moment of our own history how popular cries of prejudice surround men and measures. The popular idea of Henry Eighth, of England, is declared by Froude, the historian, to be entirely false, and entirely unfounded. That may or may not be; but there is no doubt that Shakespeare is responsible for much of the character of that opinion. The Calif Haroun al Raschid is known to us almost exclusively as he appears in the "Arabian Nights;" and Sir William Wallace is in the general estimation the hero painted in the "Scottish Chiefs."

In the same way one art has a kind of veto upon the others. Shakespeare describes Hamlet in one way, but Sir Thomas Lawrence painted John Kemble as Hamlet in quite another; and it is the Kemble and Lawrence Hamlet that is really familiar to us, and not the Hamlet of Shakespeare's conception and description. So the Lucrezia Borgia of history was a fair-haired woman; but it is Victor Hugo and the Prince of Italian Song, Donizetti, who is our Lucrezia, and that, in a great degree, because the Italian singers who personate her are usually brunettes. The Prince of Song, Opera and our own personal experience are more absolute interpreters of personality than history itself.

There is no more striking illustration of this truth than the popular conception of Richard the Lion Heart of England. We of this generation see King Richard as Scott, drunk with feudal enthusiasm, describes him; and it is Scott's Saladin, not the historical Sultan, with whom we are familiar. We see Richard as the embodiment of chivalry, as the romantic knight in the castle upon the Danube, answering the song of the loyal Blondel, as the stalwart soldier with the terror of whose name Saracen mothers hushed their babes. The Richard of history, on the contrary, was half a savage: ignorant, willful, brutal, and powerful. He was a man of no particular moment, except, probably, as a man-at-arms, and certainly of no representative significance to English history, as William the Norman was, or Henry the Eighth; and yet his statue has just been erected in the palace yard at Westminster, in London, by the entrance of the House of Peers.

And the same chance that seems to settle so much of the impression of history is evident also in the erection of this statue.

Whoever recalls the American Crystal Palace, and the exhibition there, will not forget the huge plaster cast of Washington on his horse, the work of Baron Marochetti. There were persons who wanted to have it put into marble and purchased as a permanent ornament of our great man. But a kind Providence overruled the wish. The Baron, however, had another string to his bow. He had evidently exhibited a similar work, representing Richard the King, at the London Crystal Palace. It was too large and unimportant to stand within the building, and stood without: but the Baron is an amateur, it appears, *and* a Baron, and "influence" persuaded certain persons to purchase, and the English Government to favor the purchasing of the statue in marble; and it now stands in a conspicuous spot, with the Government as sponsor—a ridiculous knight-sitting in armor upon a horse, and holding his sword erect up with a drawn sword on the hand. The work is sharply criticised; but there it stands, and there it will stand, while good sculptors and more representative men go unrepresented. It will not commemorate a half-barbarous King of England so much as the half-barbarous conception of art, or, rather, indifference to art, among the ruling powers of England. But it will be a good text for *Punch*, and we shall perhaps not lose by it, after all.

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

FROST AND THAW.

It was hard King Frost and soft Queen Thaw
Came lately to a tussle,
Where the latter he prevailed, with his hands ice-mailed,
And his iron strength of muscle.
And with overthrow soon he bruised the Queen,
Who strove to invade his dominions,
Till her injured sighs, and her weeping eyes,
And her soft and drooping pinions—

Quoth he, "Begone to the aniveling South,
Where the mad hungry folk are starving hard,
There bid parched air from steaming earth
Its tell of exhalation;
Go, slacken the hold of the slight Spring-cold,
And melt the frosted vapor;
But leave to me black Januarie,
And the bitter New Year mine."

"I crack the fire, I rive the rill,
I make the lone, and shatter the stone,
At the summons with the sword,
I touch—the mattock and spade are still,
The travel and the toil.
The bound is bare and the hearth is chill,
And the ploughshare holds fast.

"And it is thou, poor pulling Queen,
Wouldst tame a might like mine?
And thou, with thy soft and trifling hand,
And knee where I confine?
Go, do thy service, and thy green burn,
My fetters, an if they may,
And with rapiers, give the birds a voice,
And make wine of the rain."

Then soft Queen Thaw to her side 'gan draw
Her gracious ministrie:
She summoned the warm airs from the South,
The soft rains from the sea,
And she bade them move by the might of love,
King Frost's hard rule to quell,
And the stir in her veins, and her shivering again,
And her rains they froze or they fell!

Then sudden this thought to her heart was brought,
"I'll try a wile," said she,
"In not King Frost, whose path I've crost,
But 'tis Nature's goodness to be."
Beneath His lay stand Frost and Thaw;
We vote for the Queen's wile!
King Frost's keen knife cleave way for life,
When he makes beast it kills.

"In earth and air I'll strife forbear:
Leave them to Nature's care."
But Frost shall see, though strong he be,
Love's a trimmer, and will be.
On human hearts I'll turn my arts,
And there shall Spring begin
Till the hard shall give, and the dead shall live,
And the cold shall be kin.

God speed such Thaw! still may it draw
A fire from all around,
Till, like Nature's, the heart's love rises fair and free,
From out the frozen ground.
Of many it spring and broadly fling
His palm-like branches wide,
May find wherewith to clothe itself,
To shelter, warm, and hide.

ALL SOULS IN A NUT-SHELL.

Punch likes dat. Give over your strains,
Nor swear like angry cats:
The Dons are right to banish brains,
For All Soles must be Flats.

Who is the most melancholy of young ladies?—Miss-Ann-Thrope.

ENGLISH PRIZE RING.—"The Irish Directory," said Brown. "Can Ireland produce such a thing? Surely, to know a country is to study its Directory. But if Dublin does?" "Yes, to accurate, it ought," said Jones.

The real victim of a cossette is the man she marries.

A young scapegrace, who had seen out a fortune, took up his residence in a country village, pretending to be an author. His shabby appearance was therefore accounted for, and as his address was good, and marks of personal beauty remained, many a romantic villager maid sighed over the "cruel fate of genius." Sighs would not pay his landlord's bill, and when a month had expired, he was dunned in good earnest. At length the landlord told him he never saw copy of his productions, and wished to know what work he had been the author of. Being thus pushed, he replied, "Why, Sir, I call myself an author, and so *I am—the author of my own misfortunes.*"

* The Palm explains both food, shelter, clothing, and fuel.

REVOLUTION IN EVENING PARTIES.
BY A RED-NOSED OLD WALL-FLOWER.

There is a madness staring, stark,
At which I'm in amazement hurt,
Thermometers some twenty mark,
Or twenty odd, degrees of frost,
Not only common rivers clean
Toward the sea their waves to pour,
While up them come with wild ducks and geese,
But Thames himself is frozen o'er!

The frantic folly that astounds
My reason with its awful height,
Is that of people going rounds
Of evening parties given by night.
They go at ten or later; leave
At two or three; perhaps at four.
Why, girls themselves, one would believe,
Must find such doings a bore!

Or if to dances go at times
Afford a pleasure so intense,
And such an appetite they give
As to carelate all other sense,
There is prospect which might well
Appall the girl of simplest mind
That ever was by ball-room belle,
"Tis that of going home to bed.

The fire extinct—the middle-class
At least must let their servants sleep—
Oh, dear, how cold! and what an ass
Are you, such hours as these to keep!
What could've put you on your drive
From having on the finest clothes,
Concerning most of us you're alive,
You'll have a cold; talk through your nose.

But homeward if you have to ride
Miles from a city in every hill,
That scene of vanity and pride,
That gathering-place of all,
What have your hapless bodies done,
That their shell have the last severe
Imposed on them to drive—no fun—
Such hours in the hour of year?

Oh, brothers! I appeal to you,
For men have reason, since have ruth,
All evening parties to eschew,
Combine and vote to let all our youth,
Until they shall no more extend
From midnight to the morning sun;
Enough in dancing time to spend,
To go at seven and leave at one.

UN CUF IS AS GOOD AS A FEAST.

Why should a clouted shoeboy never attempt to count eggs more than one at a time?

Because he would not be able to count them oat and one.

When are the shores of a company like the Emperor of China's Summer Palace near Pekin?—When they are *riotic*.

A young Tipperary widow, Nelly M'Phee, was courted and actually had an offer from Tooley O'Flanagan, on her way to her husband's funeral. "She accepted, of course," said Grossmuth. "No, indeed," replied Smith. "Lady, dear," says she, "you too late; four weeks ago it was I much have to ask you that question." "And you have him a dacent time after poor M'Phee was under board." "Why, Grossmuth, you're a regular villain of all mankind, alive. There was a Dutch woman whose husband, Diedrik Van Frank, died and left Mrs. Gromsdahl. He was buried on Cap's Hill. Folks said that grief would kill that widow. She had a fine piece of wood carved that looked very like her late husband, and constantly kept it in bed for several months. She had a pan of live brimstone inserted in a young shoemaker, who took the length of her foot, and kept it under the bed. He kept on this winter not more than a fortnight when the servant told her they were out of kindling-wood, and asked what should be done. After a pause, the widow replied in a very quiet way, "Mayn't it will enough now to nlight up old Van Frank wid teh up stairs."

A butcher was in the habit of killing pigs for a neighbor—a quiet, decent woman, and a little shrewd in her way. The butcher, it seems, had a large pocket, the contents of which were nobody's business; and it so happened that the woman's pigs after the slaughtered were always found minus the kidneys. Deeming this deedcertain some uncomfortable fraud, she one morning went over to the butcher to the truth as possible, she one day, on seeing another of her pigs laid open with the butcher-company, referred to the lowest butcher: "How is it, Master Donald, that my pigs are at weather always the first to have their insides atop of the cerulk pocket, but replied, "It's just the breed, gold wife, just the breed."

If an editor can find nobody that will credit a word he says, he may fairly boast that he has no enemies.

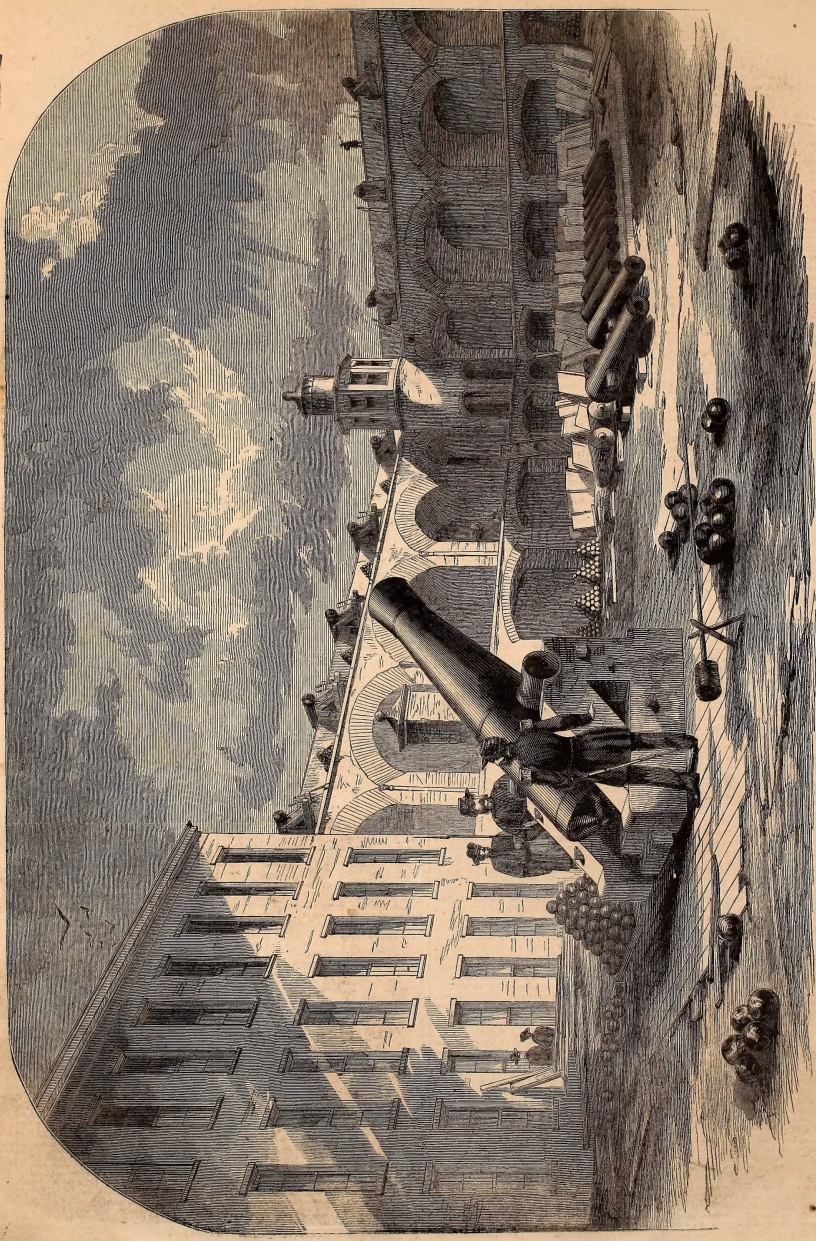
The servant at No. 1 told the servant at No. 2 that her master expected his old friends, the Bayleys, to pay him a visit at Christmas. The servant at No. 2 told No. 3 that expected the Bullies in the house every day; and No. 3 told No. 4 that it was very likely that the Bayleys might stop their bailiffs out; whereupon No. 4 told No. 5 that the offices were after No. 1. The result was that no such man as he ought to be prevent himself from being taken in execution, and that it was talking about No. 1 all over the street, as it was becoming and increasing, until it got to No. 33, where it was reported that the attorney police had taken up the gentleman who lived at No. 1, for killing his poor dear wife with arsenic, and it was confidently said that the verdict that he would be executed at Horsemonger Lane Jail as the facts of the case were very clear against him.

"John, who was this wicked man?"—"Don't know, Sir."—"Yes, you do know. Tell me."—"Well, I guess it was smoke; for father axe he was so cunning he got every body to trust him, and he was a regular deceiver of everybody."

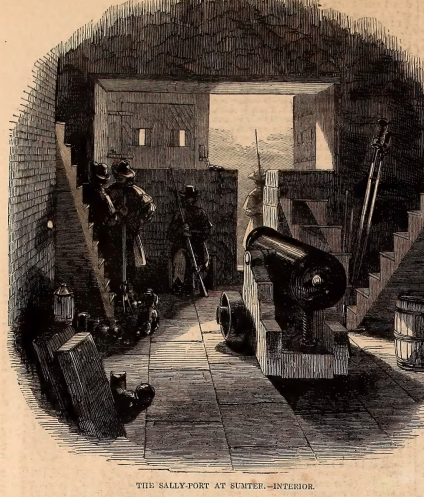
Lord Chief Justice Kenyon was conspicuous for economy in every article of his dress. Once, in the case of an action brought for the loss of a pantaloon, the counsel, on a large scale, for ours, the question mainly was, whether or not they were rent and wantonly made, and with the full materials. A number of witnesses were called: one of whom, being cross-examined by counsel, contradicted himself, when the Chief Justice observed, pointing to his own shoe, which were tapped on heelstriken by the two different buckles of the day—"Were the shoes any thing like these?" "No, my Lord," replied the witness, "they were a great deal better, and more genteeler." The Court was contented with laughter, in which the Chief Justice heartily joined.

"You will please to observe," said old schoolmaster Lowell, as he led a group of truants through his school, "that the boys are required to observe the utmost attention to quietness as they file into the discipline." They had at this moment arrived in front of several boys standing around a water-bucket, and one had just charged his mouth with the contents of the bucket, and was preparing to squirt it over to receive his pen from the floor, when another, going about his business, tripped his fingers quick under the drinker's ear, which caused him on a sudden to eject the contents of his mouth over the person behind and prior. Starting upright, with his face and hair dripping, he shouted, with a voice of thunder, "Who done that?" Promptly cried out, "Jim Gunn, Sir!"—"Jim Gunn, who did you do that for?" Jim, appalled at his indiscretion and fondness, muttered that it was not his fault—that Tom Owen tapped him. This changed the direction of old Lowell's wrath, and shaking his cane pertinently over Owen's head, he asked, "Did you tap Gunn?" The culprit, trembling with fear, muttered, "Yes, Sir, I tapped Gunn, but I didn't know that he was cracked."

Goethe says "If you no fault committed that I have not committed myself." Did the gentleman ever committed suicide?



A TEN-INCH COLUMBIAD MOUNTED AS A MORTAR AT FORT SUMTER.—[DRAWN BY AN OFFICER OF MAJOR ANDERSON'S COMMAND.]



THE SALLY-PORT AT SUMTER.—INTERIOR.

FORT SUMTER.

We are again enabled, through the polite attention of officers of Major ANDERSON'S command, to illustrate FORT SUMTER. We publish on the preceding page a large picture of the COLUMBIAD which has just been placed in position as a mortar; and above a VIEW OF THE SALLY-PORT, from the inside. The question having been raised whether the guns at FORT SUMTER can reach the City of Charleston, it may be interesting to know that the problem has been solved, as the following letter from FORT SUMTER explains:

"*To the Editor of Harper's Weekly:*

"The *Weekly* of January 26 quotes the *Herald* in proof that these guns can not send a shell to Charleston, and gives very fair data for that opinion. But a 10-inch COLUMBIAD throws its shell easily 4828 yards.

"By making this shell eccentric, at least 500 more can be gained; and all intelligent artillerists know of certain other expedients by which the difference between this total (5328 yards) and 8500—the distance to Broad Street—can be overcome. Q.E.D. And we trust we shall not be compelled to prove it practically."

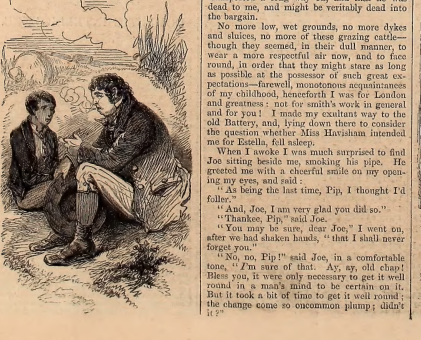
GREAT EXPECTATIONS.

A NOVEL.

By CHARLES DICKENS.

CHAPTER XVIII.

MORNING made a considerable difference in my general prospect of Life, and brightened it



so much that it scarcely seemed the same. What lay heaviest on my mind was the consideration that six days intervened between me and the day of departure; for I could not divest myself of a misgiving that something might happen to London in the mean while, and that, when I got there, it would be either greatly deteriorated or clean gone.

Joe and Biddy were very sympathetic and pleasant when I spoke of our approaching separation; but they only referred to it when I did. After breakfast Joe brought out my indentures from the press in the best parlor, and we put them in the fire, and I felt that I was free. With all the novelty of my emancipation on me, I went to church with Joe, and thought perhaps the clergyman wouldn't have read that about the rich man and the kingdom of Heaven if he had known all.

After our early dinner I strolled out alone, purposing to finish off the marshes at once, and get them done with. As I passed the church, I felt (as I had felt during service in the morning) a sublime compassion for the poor creatures who were destined to go there, Sunday after Sunday, all their lives through, and to lie obscurely at last among the low green mounds. I promised myself that I would do something for them one of these days, and formed a plan in outline for bestowing a dinner of roast beef and plum-pudding, a pint of ale, and a gallon of condescension, upon every body in the village.

If I had often thought before, with something allied to shame, of my companionship with the fugitive whom I had once seen limping among those graves, what were my thoughts on this Sunday, when the place recalled the wretch, ragged and shivering, with his felon iron and badge! My comfort was that it happened a long time ago, and that he had doubtless been transported a long way off, and that he was dead to me, and might be veritably dead into the bargain.

No more low, wet grounds, no more dykes and sluices, no more of these grazing cattle—though they seemed, in their dull manner, to wear a more respectful air now, and to face round, in order that they might stare as long as possible at the possessor of such great expectations—farewell, monotonous acquaintances of my childhood, henceforth I was for London and greatness: not for smith's work in general and for you: I made my exultant way to the old Battery, and, lying down there to consider the question whether Miss Havisham intended me for Estella, fell asleep.

When I awoke I was much surprised to find Joe sitting beside me, smoking his pipe. He greeted me with a cheerful smile on my opening my eyes, and said:

"As being the last time, Pip, I thought I'd foller."

"And, Joe, I am very glad you did so."

"Thankee, Pip," said Joe.

"You may be sure, dear Joe," I went on, after we had shaken hands, "that I shall never forget you."

"No, no, Pip!" said Joe, in a comfortable tone, "I'm sure of that. Ay, ay, old chap! Bless you, it were only necessary to get it well round in a man's mind to be certain on it. But it took a bit of time to get it well round: the change come so uncommon plump; didn't it?"

Somehow I was not best pleased with Joe's being so mightily secure of me. I should have liked him to have betrayed emotion, or to have said, "It does you credit, Pip," or something of that sort. Therefore I made no remark on Joe's first head: merely saying, as to his second, that the tidings had indeed come suddenly, but that I had always wanted to be a gentleman, and had often and often speculated on what I would do if I were one.

"Have you though?" said Joe. "Astonishing!"

"It's a pity now, Joe," said I, "that you did not get on a little more, when we had our lessons here; isn't it?"

"Well, I don't know," returned Joe. "I'm so awful dull. I'm only master of my own trade. It were always a pity as I was so awful dull; but it's no more of a pity now than it was—say this day twelve month—don't you see?"

What I had meant was, that when I came into my property and was able to do something for Joe, it would have been much more agreeable if he had been better qualified for a rise in station. He was so perfectly innocent of my meaning, however, that I thought I would mention it to Biddy in preference.

So, when we had walked home and had had tea, I took Biddy into our little garden by the side of the lane, and, after throwing out in a general way for the elevation of her spirits, that I should never forget her, said I had a favor to ask of her.

"And it is, Biddy," said I, "that you will not omit any opportunity of helping Joe on a little."

"How helping him on?" asked Biddy, with a steady sort of glance.

"Well! Joe is a dear good fellow—in fact, I think he is the dearest fellow that ever lived—but he is rather backward in some things. For instance, Biddy, in his learning and his manners."

Although I was looking at Biddy as I spoke, and although she opened her eyes very wide when I had spoken, she did not look at me.

"Oh, his manners! Won't his manners do then?" asked Biddy, plucking a black currant leaf.

"My dear Biddy, they do very well here—"

"Oh! they *do* very well here?" interposed Biddy, looking closely at the leaf in her hand.

"Hear me out—but if I were to remove Joe into a higher sphere, as I shall hope to remove him when I fully come into my property, they would hardly do him justice."

"And don't you think he knows that?" asked Biddy.

It was such a very provoking question (for it had never in the most distant manner occurred to me), that I said, snappishly, "Biddy, what do you mean?"

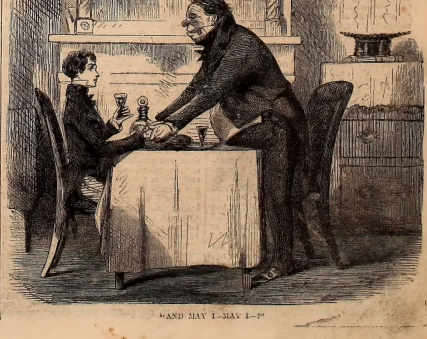
Biddy having rubbed the leaf to pieces between her hands—and the smell of a black currant bush has ever since recalled to me that evening in the little garden by the side of the lane—said, "Have you never considered that he may be proud?"

"Proud!" I repeated, with disdainful emphasis.

"Oh, I there are many kinds of pride," said Biddy, looking full at me and shaking her head; "pride is not all of one kind—"

"Well? What are you stopping for?" said I.

"Not all of one kind," resumed Biddy. "He may be too proud to let any one take him out of a place that he is competent to fill, and fills



"AND MAY I—MAY I—?"

well and with respect. To tell you the truth, I think he is: though it sounds bold in me to say so, for you must know him far better than I do."

"Now, Biddy," said I, "I am very sorry to see this in you. I did not expect to see this in you. You are envious, Biddy, and grudging. You are dissatisfied on account of my rise in fortune, and you can't help showing it."

"If you have the heart to think so," returned Biddy, "say so. Say so over and over again, if you have the heart to think so."

"If you have the heart to be so, you mean, Biddy," said I, in a virtuous and superior tone; "don't put it off upon me. I am very sorry to see it, and it's a—it's a bad side of human nature. I did intend to ask you to use any little opportunities you might have after I was gone of improving dear Joe. But after this I ask you nothing. I am extremely sorry to see this in you, Biddy," I repeated. "It's a—it's a bad side of human nature."

"Whether you scold me or approve of me," returned poor Biddy, "you may equally depend upon my trying to do all that lies in my power here at all times. And whatever opinion you take away of me, shall make no difference in my remembrance of you. Yet a gentleman should not be unjust neither," said Biddy, turning away her head.

I again warmly repeated that it was a bad side of human nature (in which sentiment, waxing its application, I have since seen reason to think I was right), and I walked down the little path away from Biddy, and Biddy went into the house, and I went out at the garden gate and took a dejected stroll until supper-time; again feeling it very sorrowful and strange that this, the second night of my bright fortunes, should be as lonely and unsatisfactory as the first.

But morning once more brightened my view, and I extended my clemency to Biddy, and we dropped the subject. Putting on the best clothes I had, I went into town as early as I could hope to find the shops open, and presented myself before Mr. Trabb, the tailor, who was having his breakfast in the parlor behind his shop, and who did not think it worth his while to come out to me, but called me in to him.

"Well!" said Mr. Trabb, in a hail-fellow-well-met kind of way. "How are you, and what can I do for you?"

Mr. Trabb had sliced his hot roll into three feather beds, and was slipping butter in between the blankets, and covering it up. He was a prosperous old bachelor, and his open window looked into a prosperous little garden and orchard, and there was a prosperous iron safe let into the wall at the side of his fire-place, and I did not doubt that heaps of his prosperity were put away in it in bags.

"Mr. Trabb," said I, "it's an unpleasant thing to have to mention, because it looks like boasting; but I have come into a handsome property."

A change passed over Mr. Trabb. He forgot the butter in bed, got up from the bedside, and wiped his fingers on the table-cloth, exclaiming, "Lord bless my soul!"

"I am going up to my guardian in London," said I, casually drawing some guineas out of my pocket and looking at them; "and I want a fashionable suit of clothes to go in. I wish to pay for them," I added—otherwise I thought he might only pretend to make them, "with ready money."

"My dear Sir," said Mr. Trabb, as he respectfully bent his body, opened his arms, and took the liberty of touching me on the outside of each elbow, "don't hurt me by mentioning that. May I venture to congratulate you? Would you do me the favor of stepping into the shop?"

Now Mr. Trabb's boy was the most audacious boy in all that country-side. When I had

entered he was sweeping the shop, and he had swattered his labors by sweeping over me. He was still sweeping when I came out into the shop was Mr. Trabb, and he knocked the broom against the possible corners and obstacles, to express (as I understood it) equality with any blacksmith, alive or dead.

"Hold that noise," said Mr. Trabb, with the greatest sternness, "or I'll knock your head off. Do me the favor to be seated, Sir. Now this," said Mr. Trabb, taking down a roll of cloth, and tiding it out in a flowing manner over the counter, preparatory to getting his hand under it to show the gloss, "is a very sweet article. I can recommend it for your purpose, Sir, because it really is extra super. But you shall see some others. Give me Number Four, you!" (To the boy, and with dreadful severity, foreseeing the danger of that miscreant's brushing me with it, or making some other sign of familiarity.)

Mr. Trabb never removed his stern eye from the boy until he had deposited number four on the counter and was at a safe distance again. Then he commanded him to bring number five and number eight. "And let me have none of your tricks here," said Mr. Trabb, "or you shall repent it, you young scoundrel, the longest day you have to live."

Mr. Trabb then bent over number four, and in a sort of deferential confidence recommended it to me as a light article for summer wear, an article much in vogue among the nobility and gentry, an article that it would be a satisfaction for him to reflect upon a distinguished fellowtownsman's (if he might claim me for a fellowtownsman) having worn. "Or as you're bringing numbers five and eight, you say?" said Mr. Trabb to the boy after that; "or shall I kick you out of the shop and bring them myself?"

I selected the materials for my suit, with the assistance of Mr. Trabb's judgment, and re-entered the parlor to be measured. For, although Mr. Trabb had my measure already, and had previously been quite contented with it, he said apologetically that it "wouldn't do under existing circumstances, Sir—wouldn't do at all." So Mr. Trabb measured and calculated me, in the parlor, as if I were an estate and he the trustee speaks of me; and when he had thoroughly got a world of trouble that I felt that no suit of clothes could possibly remunerate him for his pains. When he had at last done, and had supported to send the bodies to Mr. Pumblechook's on the Thursday evening, he said, with his hand upon the parlor lock, "I know, Sir, that London gentlemen must be expected to be very particular local work, as a rule: but if you would give me a turn now and then in the quality of a townsman, I should highly esteem it. Good-morning, Sir, much obliged. Door!"

The last word was flung at the boy, who had not the slightest notion what it meant. But I saw him collapse as his master rubbed me out with his hands, and my first decided experience of the stupendous power of money was that it had morally laid upon his back Trabb's boy.

After this memorable event, I went to the hatter's, and the bootmaker's, and the hosier's, and felt rather like Mother Hubbard's dog, whose outfit required the services of so many trades. I also went to the coach-office, and took my place for seven o'clock on Saturday morning. It was not necessary to explain every where that I had come into a handsome property; but whenever I said any thing to that effect, it followed that the officiating tradesman ceased to have his attention diverted through the window by the High Street, and concentrated his mind upon me. When I had ordered every thing I wanted I directed my steps toward Pumblechook's, and as I approached that gentleman's place of business I saw him standing at his door.

He was waiting for me with great impatience. He had been out early with the chaise-cart, and had called at the forge and heard the news. He had prepared a collation for me in the Barnwell parlor, and he too ordered his shopman to "come out of the gangway" as my sacred person passed.

"My dear friend," said Mr. Pumblechook, shaking me by both hands, when he and I and the collation were alone, "I give you joy of your good fortune. Well deserved, well deserved!"

This was coming to the point, and I thought it a sensible way of expressing himself.

"To think," said Mr. Pumblechook, after another interruption in the same nonsensical manner, "that I should have been the humble instrument of leading up to this, is a proud reward."

I begged Mr. Pumblechook to remember that nothing was to be ever said or hinted on that point.

"My dear young friend," said Mr. Pumblechook, "you may rely upon my not making myself known."

I murmured "Certainly;" and Mr. Pumblechook took me by both hands again, and communicated a new movement to that portion that had an emotional appearance, though it was rather low down—"My dear young friend, rely upon my doing any little all in your power to back up the fact before the mind of Joseph. Joseph!" said Mr. Pumblechook, in the way of a compassionate explanation, "Joseph, Joseph!" Thereupon he shook his head and tapped it, expressing his sense of deficiency in Joseph.

"But my dear young friend," said Mr. Pumblechook, "you must be hungry, you must be exhausted. Be seated. Here is a chicken had round from the Boar, here is a tongue had round from the Boar, here's one or two little things that I hope you may not despise. But do I," said Mr. Pumblechook, getting up again the moment after he had sat down, "see afore me, him as I ever sported with in his times of happy infancy? And may I—may I—?"

This May I mean, might he shake hands? I consented, and he was fervent, and then sat down again.

"Here's wine," said Mr. Pumblechook. "Let us drink, Thanks to Fortune, and may she ever pick out her favorites with equal judgment! And yet I can not," said Mr. Pumblechook, getting up again, "see afore me One—and likewise drink to One—without again expressing—May I—may I—?"

I said he might, and he shook hands with me again, and emptied his glass and turned it upside down. I did the same; and if I had turned myself upside down before drinking, the wine would not have gone more direct to my head.

Mr. Pumblechook helped me to the liver wing, and to the best slice of tongue (none of those out-of-the-way things for me), and took two, and took, comparatively speaking, no care of himself at all. "Ah! poultry, poultry! You little thought," said Mr. Pumblechook, apostrophizing the fowl in the dish, "when you was a young fledgling, what was in store for you. You little thought you was to be refreshment beneath this humble roof for one as—call it a weakness, if you will," said Mr. Pumblechook, getting up again, "but may I? may I?"

It began to be unnecessary to repeat the form of saying he might, so he did it at once. How he ever did it so often without mortally wounding himself with my knife, I don't know.

"And your sister," he resumed, after a little steady eating, "which had the honor of bringing you up by hand? Ah! If she could be reflected that she's no longer equal to fully understanding the honor. May—"

I saw he was about to come at me again, and I stopped him.

"We'll drink her health," said I.

"Ah!" cried Mr. Pumblechook, leaning back in his chair, quite flaccid with admiration, "that's the way you know 'em, Sir!" (I don't know who Sir was, or why he should have known her, and there was no third person present); "that's the way you know the noble minded, Sir! Ever forgiving and ever affable. It might," said the servile Pumblechook, shaking both his untasted glass in a hurry and getting up again, "to a common person, have the appearance of repeating myself—but may I?"

When he had done it he resumed his seat and drank to my sister. "Let us never be blind," said Mr. Pumblechook, "to her faults of temper, but it is to be hoped she meant well."

At about this time I began to observe that he was getting flushed in the face; and as he spoke, I felt all face, steeped in wine and smarting.

I mentioned to Mr. Pumblechook that I wished to have my clothes and linen sent to me at his establishment, as an old distinguishing him. I mentioned my reason for desiring to avoid observation in the village, and he lauded it to the skies. There was nothing, he said, but what illustrated, worthy of my confidence, and—in short, might he? Then he asked me tenderly if I remembered Biddy and the forge, and how we had gone together to have me bound apprentice, and, in effect, how he had ever been my favorite fancy and my chosen friend. At last, I had gotten times as many glasses of wine as I had, I should have known that he never had stood in that relation toward me, and should in my heart of hearts have repudiated the idea. Yet for all that, I remember feeling convinced that I had been much mistaken in him, and that he was a sensible, practical, good-hearted, prime fellow.

By degrees he fell to reposing such great confidence in me, as to ask my advice in reference to his own affairs. I recollected that there was an opportunity for a great amalgamation and engrogoly of the corn and seed trade and coal trade with those premises, if a man were only enterprise occurred before in that, or any other neighborhood. What alone was wanting to the realization of a vast fortune was capital, and the power of Capital. These were the two little words, more capital. Now it appeared to him (Pumblechook) that if that capital were got into the business through a sleeping partner, Sir: which sleeping partner would have nothing to do but walk in, by self or deputy, whenever he pleased, and examine the books—perhaps walk in twice a year and take his profits away in his pocket, to the tune of fifty per cent.—it appeared to him that the profits might be expected to be pretty considerable. If spirit combined with property, which would be worthy of his attention. But what did I think? He had great confidence in my sound opinion, what did I think? I gave it as my opinion, "Wait a bit!" The united vastness and importance of this notion at this point, that he no longer asked if he might shake hands with me, but said he really must—and did.

We drank all the wine, and Mr. Pumblechook pledged himself to write over again to keep Joseph up to the mark (I don't know what mark), and to render me efficient and constant service if anything should go wrong. He also made known to me for the first time in my life, and certainly after having kept his secret wonderfully well, that he had been left sole of me, "That boy is no common boy, and mark me, his fortun' will be no common fortun'." He said with a touch of pathos, that he was unequal to say to think of now, and I said so too. Finally, I went out into the air with a dim perception that there was something remarkable in the contrast of the sunshine, and found that I had stumbled only got to the turnpike without having taken any account of the road.

There I was roused by Mr. Pumblechook's bailing me. He was a long way down the sunny street, and was making expressive gestures for me to stop. I stopped, and he came up breathless.

"No, my dear friend," said he, when he had recovered wind for speech. "Not if I can help it. This occasion shall not entirely pass without that affability on your part.—May I, as an old friend and well-wisher? *May I?*"

We shook hands for the hundredth time at least, and he ordered a young carter out of my way with the greatest indignation. Then he blessed me, and stood waving his hand to me until I had passed the crook in the road; and then I turned into a field and had a long nap under a hedge before I pursued my way home.

I had exactly baggage to take with me to London, for little of the little I possessed was adapted to my new station. But I began packing that same afternoon, and got my packed up things that I knew I should want next morning, in a fiction that there was not a moment to be lost.

So Tuesday, Wednesday, and Thursday passed, and on Friday morning I went to Mr. Pumblechook's to put on new clothes and pay my visit to Miss Havisham. Mr. Pumblechook's own room was given up to me to dress in, and was decorated with clean towels expressly for the occasion. My clothes were rather a disappointment, of course. Probably every new and eagerly expected garment ever put on since clothes came into fashion has been a disappointment. But after I had had my new suit on some half an hour, and had gone through an immensity of posturing with Mr. Pumblechook's very limited dressing-glass, in the futile endeavor to see my legs, it seemed to fit me better. It being market morning at a neighboring town some ten miles off, Mr. Pumblechook was not at home. I had not told him exactly when I meant to leave, and was not likely to shake hands with him again before departing. This was all as it should be, and I went out in my new array: fearfully ashamed of having to pass the shop-man, and trembling lest I should, if I was at a personal disadvantage, something like Joe's in his Sunday suit.

I went cautiously to Miss Havisham's by all the back ways, and rang at the bell constrained by, on account of the stiff long fingers of my gloves. Sarah Pocket looked out of the gate, and positively reeled back when she saw me so changed; her walnut-shell countenance like wise fluttering before me in green and yellow.

"You?" said she. "You, good gracious? What do you want?"

"I am going to London, Miss Pocket," said I, "and want to say good-by to Miss Havisham."

I was not expected, for she left me locked in the yard while she announced me. If I were to be admired. After a very short delay she returned and took me up, staring at me all the way.

Miss Havisham was taking exercise in the room with the long spread table, leaning on her crutch stick. She looked lighted as of yore, and at the sound of our entrance she stopped and turned. She was then just abreast of the centre of the rotted bride-cake.

"Don't go, Sarah," she said. "Well, Pip?"

"I start for London, Miss Havisham, to-morrow"—I was exceedingly careful what I said—"and I thought you would kindly not mind my taking leave of you."

"This is a gay figure, Pip," said she, making her crutch stick play round me, as if she were fairy godmother who had changed me, were bestowing the finishing gift.

"I have come into such good fortune since I saw you last, Miss Havisham," I murmured. "And I am so thankful for it, Miss Havisham!"

"Ay, ay," said she, looking at the disposition and envious Sarah with manifest delight. "I have seen Mr. Jaggers. *I* have heard about it, Pip. So you are to be memorized?"

"Yes, Miss Havisham."

"And you are adopted by a rich person?"

"Yes, Miss Havisham."

"Not named?"

"No, Miss Havisham."

"And Mr. Jaggers is made your guardian?"

"Yes, Miss Havisham."

She quite gloated on these questions and answers, so keen was her enjoyment of Sarah Pocket's disappointment. "Well, Pip," she went on; "you have a promising career before you. Be good—deserve it—and abide by Mr. Jaggers's instructions." She looked at me, and looked at Sarah, and Sarah's countenance wrung out of her watchful face a cruel smile. "Good-by, Pip!—you will always keep the name of Pip."

"Yes, Miss Havisham."

"Good-by, Pip!"

She stretched out her hand, and I went down on my knee and put it to my lips. I had got considered how I should take leave of her; I remember doing it with the best grace in this. She looked at Sarah Pocket with triumph in her weird eyes, and so I left my fairy godmother, with both hands on her crutch stick, standing in the midst of the dimly lighted room beside the rotten bride-cake that was hidden in cobwebs.

Sarah Pocket conducted me down as if I were a Ghost who must be seen out. She could not get over my appearance, and was in the last degree confounded by it. "Good-by, Miss Pocket;" but she merely stared, and did not seem collected enough to know that I had spoken. Chuck and his hoop, I made the best of my way back to Pumblechook's, took off my new clothes, made them into a bundle, and went back home in my old dress, carrying it—to speak the truth, much more at my ease too, though I had the bundle to carry.

And now remained the days which were to have run out so slowly, had run out fast and were gone; and to-morrow looked me in the face more steadily than I could look at it. As my evenings had dwindled away to five, to four, to three, to two, I had become more and more appreciative of the society of Joe and Biddy. On this last evening I dressed myself out in my new clothes for their delight, and sat in my splendor until bedtime. We had a hot supper on the occasion, graced by the inevitable roast fowl, and some flip to finish with. We were all very low, and none the higher for pretending to be in spirits.

I was to leave our village at five in the morning, carrying my little bundle downstairs, and I had told Joe that I wished to walk away all alone. I am afraid—I am sore afraid—that this purpose originated in my sense of the constraint there would be between me and Joe if we went to the coach together. I had pretended with myself that there was nothing of this taint in the arrangement; but when I went up to my little room on this last night I felt compelled to admit that I had not. So, sat late at night upon me to go down again and entreat Joe to walk with me in the morning after all. I did so entreat.

All night there were coaches in my broken sleep, going to wrong places instead of to London, and having in the traces, now dogs, now cats, now pigs, now men—never horses. Fantastic failures of journeys occupied me until the day dawned, when I was very sleepy indeed.

I got up and partly dressed, and sat at the window to take a last look out, and in taking it fell asleep.

Biddy was astir so early to get my breakfast that, although I did not sleep an hour, I smelled the smoke of the kitchen fire when I started up with a terrible misgiving that it must be late in the afternoon. But long after that, and long after I had heard the clinking of the tea-cups and was quite ready, I remained with my resolution to go down stairs. After all, I remained up there, trying to cheat myself by repeatedly unlocking and unstrapping my small portmanteau, locking it again and strapping it up again, until Biddy called to me that I was late.

It was a hurried breakfast with no taste in it. I got up from the meal, saying with a sort of brickness, as if it had only just occurred to me, "Well! I suppose I must be off!" Joe said it also, and kissed my sister, who was laughing and nodding and shaking in her usual chair, and kissed Biddy, and put her arm across Joe's neck. Then I took up my little portmanteau and walked out. The last I saw of them was when I presently heard a scuffle behind me, and looking back, saw my sister throwing an old shoe after me and Biddy throwing another old shoe. I stopped then to wave my hat, and dear old Joe waved his strong right arm above his head over my hashly, "Hoorow!" and Biddy put her apron to her face.

I walked away at a good pace, thinking it was easier to go than I had supposed it would be, and reflecting that it would never have done to have an old shoe thrown after me, even in sight of all the High Street. I whistled and made nothing of it. But the village was very peaceful and quiet, and the light mists were solemnly rising as if to show me the world, and I had been so innocent and little there, and all beyond was so unknown and great, that all in a moment my heart failed me, and I sat down and broke into tears. It was by the finger-post at the end of the village, and I had my hand upon it, and said "Good-by, O my dear, dear friend!"

Heaven knows we need never be ashamed of shedding tears, for they are rain upon the blinding dust of earth, overlying our hard hearts. I was better after I had cried them before—more sorry, more aware of my own ingratitude, more gentle toward all men. As I had cried before, I should have had Joe with me then.

So subdued I was by those tears, and by their breaking out again more than once in the course of the quiet walk, that when I was on the coach, and it was clear of the town, I deliberated with an aching heart whether I should not get down when we changed horses, and walk back, and have another evening at home, and a better parting. We changed, and I had not made up my mind, and still considered for my comfort that it would be quite practicable to get down and walk back, when we changed again. And while I was occupied with these deliberations, I would fancy an exact resemblance to Joe in some man coming along the road toward us, and my heart would beat high. As if he could possibly be there!

We changed again, and yet again, and it was now too late and too far to go back, and I went on. And the mists had all solemnly risen now, and the world was before me.

[TO BE THE END OF THE FIRST STAGE OF PIP'S EXPECTATIONS.

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE

CONGRESS.

On Friday, 1st February, in the Senate, Senator Ten Eyck presented the resolutions of the Legislature of New Jersey in favor of the Crittenden Compromise, but took occasion to disclaim any sectional sympathy. A resolution offered by Senator Trumbull, providing for the appointment of a committee to confer with a committee of the House, in counting the Electoral votes for President and Vice-President, was objected to by Senator Bigler and laid over. The President's Message was then taken up for further consideration, and Senator Latham, of California, proceeded to address the Senate. When he had concluded Senator Clingman, of North Carolina, offered resolutions, with amendments; and the Diplomatic, and the Executive and Judicial Appropriation Bills were passed through. In the House, Mr. Sherman, from the Committee of Ways and Means, reported a bill authorizing the Secretary of the Treasury to borrow $25,000,000, should so much be found necessary. Mr. Kellogg, of Illinois, offered a resolution, which was adopted, requesting such information. An evening session was held for general debate.

On Saturday, 2d, in the Senate, a petition from Michigan was presented by Senator Chandler, asking the Congress to adopt coercive measures toward the seceding States. The joint resolution presented on Friday, providing for the counting of the Electoral votes for President and Vice-President, was passed.——In the House, similar provision was made for counting the Presidential vote. Mr. Sherman called up the bill authorizing the President, before the 1st of July next, to borrow $25,000,000, should so large a sum be necessary to meet the exigencies of the Government, which was passed after considerable opposition. The Chimpal amendment to the Deficiency Bill was

then debated in Committee of the Whole, but no vote was taken upon it.

On Monday, 4th, the Senators from Louisiana withdrew from the Senate. Both Senators Slidell and Benjamin made speeches on the occasion. Senator Slidell took occasion to set forth the objects and aims of the new Confederacy, which he announced was to be constructed soon, and asserted the tenure that all the citizens and the United States would be faithfully regarded, including those relative to the African Slave-trade. A just proportion of the public debt would be assumed; the fortifications and other public property which had been acquired would be protected for, and the free navigation of the Mississippi would be guaranteed to all those residing on its valley. Senator Wilson, of Massachusetts, offered a resolution, which was laid over, making inquiries relative to the late alleged seizure of Federal property by order of Texas. The President last Message was debated, and speeches were made by Senators Clingman of North Carolina, and Hale of New Hampshire. The bill to provide for a government for the Territory of Idaho, was taken up and passed, the new name had been changed from Idaho to Colorado. The Home Loan bill was made the special order for Tuesday.

—In the House, Mr. McClernand, of Illinois, offered a resolution similar to that introduced by Senator Wilson in the Senate, asking for information regarding late proceedings at New Orleans. The Deficiency Bill was considered. The Committee of the Whole, and the Senate's Chrisp amendment was read down, when the question of the appropriation the Wendell printing establishment was concurred in. The House resolved to hold evening sessions after general debate during the remainder of the week.

On Tuesday, 5th, in the Senate, after the presentation of a great number of petitions and memorials on the subject of the national troubles, a resolution, providing for the usual manner for the counting of the Electoral vote for President and Vice-President, was adopted. The Loan bill was taken up and passed, it meeting with no further opposition. The President's Special Message was then considered, and Senator Johnson, of Tennessee, gave his views of the crisis at length. His speech was a very powerful argument for the preservation of the Union, and a solemn rebuke to secession. A message was received from the President, accompanying an official communication from the Legislature of Kentucky, asking Congress to do something to arrest the troubles, &c. In the House, Mr. Taylor, of Louisiana, announced the secession of his State, and made a farewell speech. Mr. Boyce, of Louisiana, asked leave to make an explanation, and leave being granted, he proceeded to answer some points in the revised instructions from his immediate constituents to withdraw. It should excite no surprise to see us in the House, and when he did withdraw he should also resign his seat. The action of the Committee of the Whole on the amendments of the Deficiency Bill were concurred in. Mr. Colfax then called up his bill authorizing the Postmaster-General to suspend postal facilities in the seceding States, and speeches were made on it by Messrs. Branch of North Carolina, and Sickles of New York—the former in opposition to, and the latter in favor of it. The report of the Committee of Thirty-three was then read previous to the recess. An evening session was held.

On Wednesday, 6th, in the Senate, a bill was reported from the Military Committee, by Senator Wilson, of Massachusetts, and laid over, providing for the better organization of the militia of the District of Columbia. The President's Message and the Confederate Senator, Senator Johnson, of Tennessee, then proceeded to finish his speech, commenced on Tuesday.—In the House, a message from the President similar to that sent to the Senate on Tuesday, accompanying the resolutions of the Kentucky Legislature, asking for the calling of a National Convention, was received. The Senate's amendments to the Deficiency bill were considered and disposed of, and a Committee of Conference was asked for. Mr. Colfax called up his bill relative to the postal service, which was passed, and will prevent the impression that it was intended to recognize in the remotest degree the right of secession, as had been intimated by Mr. Hindman, of Arkansas, he protested a more cruel-worded substitute, which was passed by a vote against 90. Mr. Florence, of Pennsylvania, presented a memorial from the Philadelphia Board of Trade, asking for an extension of the limits of entry and delivery at that port, accompanying it with the plea that the present was a tropical object. It was referred to the Committee on Commerce. A report of the Committee of Thirty-three was then considered, and speeches were made by Messrs. Humphrey of New York, Harris of Virginia, Maynard of Tennessee, and Wells of New York. Mr. Harris made a Union speech, as did also Mr. Wells, the latter advocating the adoption of the Crittenden Compromise.

On Thursday, 7th, in the Senate, Senator Thompson presented petitions in favor of the Crittenden Compromise. Petitions were also presented by Senator Collamer of Vermont, and Senator Chandler of Michigan, in favor of the compromise. The President's Message was then taken up for consideration, and Senator Bayard, of Texas, proceeded to reply to the speech of Senator Johnson, of Tennessee.—In the House, the bill regulating the Patent-Office and amending the Patent Laws, which originated in the Senate during the last session, was considered and passed. The report of the Committee of Thirty-three was taken up, and Mr. Corwin, the Chairman, Messrs. Winslow, Davis, of Maryland, and Mr. Sedgwick spoke against secession. Mr. Valladingham, of Ohio, spoke in favor of a project to amend the Constitution so as to provide for four distinct Confederacies, to be known as the North, the West, the Pacific, and the Southern Confederacies. It does not seem to have commanded any attention. A joint resolution allowing Lieutenant Craven, of the Navy, to accept a medal from the Spanish Government for rescuing the crew of a Spanish vessel, was passed. Mr. Sickles, of New York, asked leave to introduce a resolution calling for information as to whether the forts in that State still collected at the ports of South Carolina, Georgia, Alabama, Louisiana, Florida, Texas, Virginia, or North Carolina, objected, and Mr. Sickles announced his intention to call up the resolution on Monday. An evening session for debate was held.

THE PEACH CONFERENCE.

This body assembled, at the invitation of Virginia, at Washington, District of Columbia, on 4th, and organized. Ex-President Tyler was chosen President, and Mr. Wallis, of Ohio, Secretary. The proceedings are private; reporters are excluded. A Committee of one from each State was appointed to draft a scheme of adjustment. The following are such Committees: Connecticut, Kennedy; Vermont, Fowler, New Hampshire, Hall, Vermont; Ames, Rhode Island; Hollister, Massachusetts; Briggs, New York; White, Pennsylvania; Baton, Delaware; Johnson, Maryland; Scarlett, Virginia; Rencher, North Carolina; Gilmer, Kentucky; Ewing, Ohio; Smith, Indiana; Logan, Illinois; Haglan, Iowa.

THE SECESSION CONGRESS AT MONTGOMERY.

The Convention of the Southern Confederacy met at Montgomery, Alabama, on 4th inst., and formed a provisional temporary Union. An impressive prayer was offered by Rev. Basil Manley. On motion of R. B. Rhett, Howell Cobb was elected for permanent President by acclamation, and Johnson F. Hooper was selected as permanent Secretary, by the Rhett party, in opposition to Mr. R. A. Morton, of Florida. In the course of Mr. Cobb's address, after taking the Chair, he said, the secession which was heralded us together was one of no ordinary character. We meet as the representatives of sovereign and independent States, who by a solemn judgment have dissolved all the political association which connected them with the Government of the United States. It is now a fixed irrevocable fact. The separation is complete, and perpetual. The great duty now imposed is to provide a Government for our future security and protection. We can and should extend to our sister States, and our late sister States, who are identified in feeling and political institutions, a cordial invitation to unite in a common destiny, and should be desirous at the same time of maintaining with our confederates friendly relations, political and commercial.

During the discussion on 5th, on the adoption of the rules for the Southern Congress, Hon. Alexander H. Stephens, of Georgia, said that the rules were made on the principle that we were a Congress of sovereign and independent States, and must vote as States.

THE SECESSION OF TEXAS.

The informal State Convention of Texas on the 1st inst. passed an Ordinance of Secession, by a vote of 166 to 7. The action of the Convention is to be submitted to the people on the 23d, and if adopted, Gov. Houston is to go into office on the 2d of March. Governor Houston, it is understood, has recognized the Convention's action. Meantime rumor echos us from Fort Smith, Arkansas, that the Texans intend still further to prove that secession must necessarily be accompanied with outrage. Forts Wachita, Cobb, and Arbuckle, in the Indian Territory, are threatened by them.

THE ILLINOIS LEGISLATURE.

The Illinois Legislature, on Saturday, 26, out of respect for Virginia, requested the Governor to appoint five Commissioners to meet the Virginia Commissioners, and, at the same time, that it should not be regarded as an expression of opinion on the part of any State that any plan submitted by the Federal Constitution is requisite to afford to the people of the slaveholding States adequate guarantees for the security of their rights, or as a concession of the basis of settlement of our difficulties proposed by the State of Virginia.

THE LEGISLATURE OF MICHIGAN.

This body has passed the following joint resolution on the subject of the crisis:

"Whereas, Certain citizens of the United States are, at this time, in open rebellion against the Government, and by overt acts threaten its peace and harmony, and consummate its destruction; therefore

"Resolved, That the Government of the United States is supported, with the undivided sentiment of the people, in defense.

"Resolved, That Michigan adheres to the Government, as ordained by the Constitution, and for sustaining it in fact, hereby proffers and tenders to the General Government all its military power and military resources.

"Resolved, That concession and compromise are not to be entertained by the Government, as rights and not interests of Union-loving citizens shall be regarded and maintained at every hazard and by every sacrifice."

"Resolved, That his Excellency, the Governor, be requested to forward a copy of these resolutions to our Senators and Representatives in Congress, and to the Governors of our sister States."

AN INTERCEPTED DISPATCH FROM THE SECRETARY OF THE TREASURY.

The New Orleans *Delta*, of January 19, publishes the following dispatch, which explains itself:

To the Governor of Louisiana:—Governor of Texas:

The following dispatch was received here to-day, and has been by me forwarded:

WASHINGTON, January 18.

Hon. Hemphill Jones, New Orleans:

Till Lieutenant Caldwell to arrest Captain Brashwood, upon consultation of the Secretary of War, and myself, and the order I gave through you. If Captain Brashwood, after arrest, surrenders the forts, you will be the bearer of the order. Lieutenant Caldwell to consider him as a volunteer, subject to Brashwood's order, and not to attempts to haul down the American flag, shoot him on the spot. JOHN A. B. MOORE, *Secretary of War.*

A. B. MOORE, *Governor of Alabama.*

THE MARINE HOSPITAL AT NEW ORLEANS.

The New Orleans *Picayune* says that the Marine Hospital at that place, the property of the United States Government, and which is still under the charge of United States officers.

THE DEMAND FOR THE SURRENDER OF FORT SUMTER.

The correspondence between South Carolina and the United States, relative to the demand of Fort Sumter, has been published. It is as follows:

STATE OF SOUTH CAROLINA, EXECUTIVE OFFICE, Columbia, December 30, 1860.

SIR,—At the time of the separation of the State of South Carolina, you withdrew the troops from Fort Sumter, and still in, in the possession of troops of the United States, under the command of Major Anderson. This unusual possession as not consistent with the dignity or safety of the State, and I am instructed by the Convention to demand to Major Anderson a communication to obtain from him the surrender of the Fort, with the public property therein. The reply of Major Anderson informs me that he has no authority to do what I required, but he desires a reference to the Government at Washington. I am, sir, &c.

"Under the circumstances now existing, and which need no comment from me, I am instructed by the Hon. Governor R. W. Hayne, the Attorney-General of the State of South Carolina, and have proceeded to this city for the purpose of Fort Sumter, in the harbor of Charleston, to the constituted authorities of the State of South Carolina.

"The demand I have made of Major Anderson, and which I am now here to enforce, is based upon the just and earnest desire to avoid the bloodshed which a persistence in the occupation of Fort Sumter by troops of the United States; and which will be unavailing to secure you that possession which you have already so deeply to be deplored.

"If consequences so unhappy shall ensue, I will accept for this State, in the demand which I now make, the satisfaction of having exhausted every attempt to avoid it.

"The bearer of this letter is Lieutenant Hall, formerly within Fort Sumter, Hon. I. W. Hayne, who will hand you this communication, is the Attorney-General of the State, upon the adjustment of its relations with the United States, of which I was a citizen.

"I. W. HAYNE.

"To the President of the United States."

ANOTHER LETTER FROM MAJOR ANDERSON.

The following letter from Major Anderson has been received by the Secretary of War, and by the Military Association:

"FORT SUMTER, S. C., January 23, 1861.

"H. Rossa, Corresponding Secretary of the New York State Military Association:

"SIR,—There are so many things which require my attention that I have only time to acknowledge, very briefly, the receipt of your letter of the 19th inst., and to enclose a copy of the resolutions of the New York State Military Association, tendering their services to the State of Carolina, to assist the proper authority of the Federal Government and myself, in the defense of this work.

"I thank the Association for the complimentary and flattering terms in which they have spoken of me, for the blessing of God, done in the hope of preserving peace, and also for the honor conferred upon me by my election as an honorary member.

"Accept, if you please, my thanks for the expression of your own sentiments, and those of others, for me to be, very respectfully, your obedient servant,

"ROBERT ANDERSON,
"Major U.S.A., Commanding."

THE ULTIMATUM OF SOUTH CAROLINA.

The last document in the series is a long dispatch from Hon. A. G. Magrath, reviewing the whole subject, for the purpose of showing that South Carolina is entirely wrong in the position he has assumed—and closing thus:

"You will perceive from the foregoing that the position of the President should be distinctly understood. The safety of all the seceding States is involved in the safety of the State of South Carolina. If it be so that Fort Sumter is held and retained by the United States contrary to the rights which they be, of the United States can be ascertained, and the time for the exercise of those rights, and privileges of the South Carolina you are authorized to give. If Fort Sumter and the State of South Carolina regards such a right, when asserted, or with an attempt at its exercise, as a declaration of war. If the President intends it shall not be so understood, it is proper, to avoid any misconception hereafter, that he should be informed of the manner in which the Governor will feel bound to regard it.

"If the President, when you have stated the reasons which prompt the Governor in making the demand for the delivery of Fort Sumter, shall refuse to deliver the fort, upon the pledges you have been authorized to make, you will communicate that refusal without delay to the Governor. If the President shall not be prepared to give you an immediate answer, you will communicate to him that his answer may be transmitted, within a reasonable time, to the Governor, at this place. The Governor does not consider it necessary that you should remain in Washington, unless you deem it necessary to execute this, the closing duty of your mission, in the manner now indicated to you.

As soon as the Governor shall receive from you the information that you have closed your mission, and the reply, he will convene the Legislature, when he will consider the conduct which will be necessary on his part."

A SAMARITAN IN HOOPS.

A correspondent in the Charleston *Mercury* states that a lady who resided in South Carolina, a few years ago, carried under her hoops a box of candles and some other articles which she purchased for the benefit of the garrison.

MR. CRITTENDEN AGAINST A CONVENTION IN KENTUCKY.

The following letter we find in the Frankfort Commonwealth of Saturday:

FRANKFORT, Ky., January 18, 1861.

"MY DEAR COZEN,—I feel under many obligations to you for your many letters, and I beg that you will continue the correspondence, notwithstanding the unpleasant topics, conditions, and unavoidable contingency. I have in truth, nothing to write a line to the absent friend, or even to draw a free breath. Your letters have a freshness and vivacity that makes me forget some of the things you tell me. All things here are in chaos and darkness, [it is to be hoped] that even though my calculations may not pass, they will be the root out of which a better system will grow.

"The news from Frankfort is that you will not call a Convention. I hope it is true, for it is no cause why we should secede out of the Union at this time, and unless it is attended by that result, it will be worse than nothing. Preparations made often induce us to do things from which we cannot recede, and have restrained us. Old Kentucky has too much dignity and history to be drifted into a Convention, and I hope that the Legislature now in the present crisis ought to be well measured, well considered, and mature deliberations. Impulsive action is no cure clearly what we are to gain by dissolution. Our Southern friends I think we have enjoyed so much liberty, so much prosperity, and so many blessings. I write in haste and must conclude.

"Yours, &c., "J. J. CRITTENDEN.

"General L. Cozen."

MAJOR ANDERSON SUPPLIED WITH FRESH PROVISIONS.

Accounts from Charleston to the 4th inst. state that Major Anderson's command still have contract to supply him to obtain supplies of fresh provisions from that city. The steamer Star of the West, from New York, on Saturday has not heretofore obtained supplies from Charleston is, it will be stated, to be sent there under a contract, having, as is alleged, personal violence from their fellow-citizens.

THE INAUGURATION BALL.

The gentlemen who have undertaken to get up a grand Union Inauguration Ball on the 4th of March, have suppressed finely thus far in their work, and it promises to be a magnificent affair. The only request for delay is a temporary building to be erected for the purpose on the occasion, and the Committee have given it to the responsible one, as it will afford ample accommodation for a large number of people. The building is now in use in front of the barracks, recently erected near the City Hall Park, and will be removed to the grounds immediately selected here by order of General Scott. The expense of the hall is estimated at $5,000, and to be paid by the subscribers. Books for subscription will soon be opened in the principal cities, and in Washington.

MR. LINCOLN'S FIRST PUBLIC LETTER.

Mr. Lincoln's first public letter since his election as President is addressed to the Indiana Legislature, and reads as follows:

"SPRINGFIELD, ILLINOIS, Jan. 26, 1861.

"*Messrs. R. A. Chapman, Wm. Hendricks, and D. Q. Pennington, Committee:*

"GENTLEMEN,—I have the honor to acknowledge the receipt, by your hands, of a copy of a joint resolution of the Legislature of Indiana, which I have read on the 25th instant, inviting me to visit that honorable body on the 11th of February next, expressing my profound and grateful for the flattering testimonial of their regard and esteem. It will be my best to be there in my acceptance of their kind invitation, and trust even that I will embrace the visit them, in accordance with their expressed desire, on the 11th of February next. With feelings of high consideration, I remain your obedient servant,

"A. LINCOLN."

RETURN OF SOLDIERS' FAMILIES FROM THE SOUTH.

The United States steamship *Supply*, Commander Walker, left Brooklyn navy-yard on Saturday last, bound for wives and families of the Commander, officers, and others of the United States Navy, stationed at the various ports of passage, a portion of which was rough. The passengers left command and reached Norfolk safely.

The wives and children of the officers at Fort Sumter arrived on Wednesday in the *Harriet*.

PERSONAL.

The cause of the Republican members of the Legislature, held at Albany on Saturday 26, nominated the Hon. Ira Harris for re-election to the United States Senate of the United States. Judge Harris was nominated on the 64th ballot, the Democratic candidate, Hon. William M. Evarts, and Mr. Horace Greeley. Mr. Harris was the Republican candidate, and the Democrats voting for Governor Seymour.

The *Tribune* says that it is cautiously whispered among the families friends of both parties in Albany that Mr. and Mrs. Beach, Governor Seymour's daughter, are about to create excitement about the country, are about to come together again. This is with a very certain sense that the end of the further prosecution of the controversy was taken out of the Court and Mrs. Beach has received the custody of her young child, and mutual friends are now engaged in effecting a reconciliation upon the basis indicated.

The wife of Commodore Paulding, now Commandant at Port Pickens, arrived at the port last week with about 70 passengers of wives and children of officers of the Navy, soldiers and dismissed on parole.

The Democratic press are up to the Senate the nomination of Mr. Black, new Secretary of State, for Associate Justice of the United States Supreme Court, to fill the vacancy occasioned by the death of Judge Daniels.

The Hon. Henry Winter Davis, of Md. D. Hubbard of Virginia, Anti-Secession under any circumstances, were elected triumphantly on 4th to the State Convention, over their opponents, who refused to pledge themselves that they would not sign a secession ordinance.

It is understood that the New York bankers have met and come to the conclusion that Secretary Cobb is wrong in either dolor of the forthcoming United States loans, unless a compromise is effected which shall be satisfactory to the border Slave States.

FOREIGN NEWS.

ENGLAND.

THE COTTON FAMINE.

An influential meeting was held at Manchester to devise measures to relieve the cotton-trade from the sanitary condition from the dependence on the Southern States of America. Resolutions were passed recommending efforts commensurate with the pressure for cessation of hostilities; approving the steps taken for the formation of a Cotton Company and expressing the desire that the Company recently instituted should commence operations without delay.

Several American vessels have been registered at Liverpool under the British flag, in order to enable them to carry cotton South Carolina and return with cotton without fear of capture. Vessels are on the way to Liverpool with South Carolina Cottonseed.

LETTER FROM LORD JOHN RUSSELL.

Lord John Russell, in a letter to the Manchester Chamber of Commerce, refers to the possible effects on the cotton supplies under the political crisis in the United States, and tenders to the cotton manufacturers the services of British Consuls in all cotton-producing districts, and the dissemination of the wants of the cotton trade, and the acquisition of information relative to possible supplies. Lord John says that Government is not prepared to incur any expenditure, but they are willing to facilitate, by the means the Consuls may be useful in ascertaining what amount of cotton may be forthcoming from their respective districts to meet any sudden demand, or what amount may be brought into the local market, if the native producers had a reasonable assurance of finding customers for it at a given time.

FRANCE.

MILITARY PREPARATIONS IN FRANCE.

The Paris correspondent of the *Daily News* says there is no abatement in the extraordinary activity in the military preparations are being made by France. The excuse is the menacing attitude of Germany toward Denmark, and the speeches of the King of Prussia.

THE PATTERSON CASE.

The *Moniteur* publishes a decree to the one about to be brought before the tribunals, in which M. Jerome Bonaparte and Mrs. Patterson, the divorced wife of the late Prince Jerome, demand a partition of the Prince's property. The Minister recommends that the pleadings be treated before doors are opened.

THE EMPRESS ON SKATES.

A Paris letter says: "The Emperor, Empress and Empress, the Count and Countess de Morny, and, in fact, all the fashionable people who could get on the ice, took in this kind of exercise, are on the ice every afternoon. The Empress is by no means a bad skater. She is a fifty-two years of age—a fact to 'young' in this country, where the ladies are taught through the crowd of skaters as unnoticed as any other private individuals. The Empress is not in the number, and who commenced her ice exercises in a handsome basque of black velvet, trimmed with fur, but has been induced to try skates, and yesterday made her début in a short dress of black velvet, which reached to the ankles and legs, and set off her person to great advantage. Her daughter Eugenie very well for a beginner. The dress was set by the hand by several gentlemen in her first movements—among the rest by Count Walewski, the well-known gran artist, and one of the 'crack' skaters, and the honor was rewarded by Majesty. Several English ladies have appeared on skates; but are be so rare at Paris that skating has not yet become a fashionable amusement. The initiative of the Empress will perhaps give it vogue for say future occasions that may present.

PRUSSIA.

WARLIKE SPEECH OF THE KING.

At an interview with all the Generals in Berlin, the King of Prussia addressed to the following warlike speech: "I have been called to the throne in times full of danger, and with the prospect of combats in which I shall perhaps have to lead you, gentlemen, to bloody successes. If I and the Princes, who, like me, desire the honor of our country, are to succeed in turning aside the storm which is rising, we shall have need of all our forces and of the entire devotion of the army in time as in difficulties. If I do not succeed in turning aside the conflict, we shall be engaged in a contest in which we must vanquish if we are not willing to perish."

The Prussian Chamber of Deputies, on the King said: "You must courageously labor to make the army what it ought to be for the future protection of Prussia."

ITALY.

THE BOMBARDMENT OF GAETA.

Official dispatches announce that at eight o'clock on the morning of the 22d the batteries of Gaeta unexpectedly opened fire against the French fleet, which was then approximately repied, and compelled the place to remain silent. Several French vessels approached the fort. Two grenadiers were stationed before Gaeta, and at noon on the 22d the bombardment was resumed. The batteries were again engaged on new batteries.

The Naples dispatch of the 23d says: "The batteries of Gaeta have slackened fire."

The Kingdom of Naples publishes a declaration of the blockade of Gaeta.

LETTER FROM GARIBALDI.

Garibaldi, in a letter to a Vigilance Committee in Italy, dated 18th of January, says that the Government is pressing the necessary means for facilitating to Victor Emanuel the annexation of Naples and Rome to Italy. Garibaldi is urged to penetrate every Italian with the idea that in the spring of 1862 Italy must be ready to march with a million under arms. He also says a journal should be established in Turin, which will publish literature the choice of deputies, having as their first thought the enfranchisement and Rome. Count Cavour has died within four days of the commencement of the illness.

PARIS FASHIONS.

Our lady readers will find on the two following pages illustrations of the latest Winter Fashions. In mantles there is a great variety. No. 1, at the extreme left of our illustration, is of dark gray *drap velouté*, trimmed with narrow strips of black velvet, which are in turn edged with brown plush. The cut is of black velvet, trimmed with black lace. No. 3 is also of rich black velvet, richly embroidered in black silk. No. 4, the centre figure of the group, is composed of black silk figure, and made of brown cloth, trimmed with black plush. Next on the right of this are two views, back and front, of a mantle of black silk and Cashmere, with orange stripes, and the lower border also having two stripes of orange Cashmere. No. 7 is of black velvet, trimmed with a deep plush, which much resembles fur. The buttons are in gray and black. No. 8 is of black cloth, trimmed with black velvet.

In the upper right-hand corner is a hood, made of a square of fine red flannel, trimmed with black velvet and black lace. The hood is made form a triangular piece, in which the under edges project so as to show two rows of trimming. The short Zouave jacket, of which we give front and back views, is made of blue Cashmere, lined with white silk. It is trimmed in black.

The woolen hood is knit, and requires, as material, two ounces of white zephyr worsted and of gray zephyr worsted, and two ounces of white Angola wool.

The Italian collar consists of four puffs, made of Brussels cloth, each four centimetres broad, and the four sewed together. Each is marked with a border of small black or blue velvet ribbon. To the lower puff is joined a smooth, broad garniture, cut in twelve folds, each fold ornamented with a rosette of narrow velvet ribbon, and the whole edged with a quite narrow gathered edging of the same material; a rosette of narrow black velvet ribbon, with long ends, also covers the junction of the folds in front.

Woolen Hood. Zouave Jacket (Back). Italian

PARIS FASHION

ollar.

Zouave Jacket (Front).

Hood of Red Flannel.

FOR FEBRUARY.

"BRING ME A LIGHT"

A GHOST STORY.

My name is Thomas Whinmore, and when I was a young man I went to spend a college vacation with a gentleman in Westmoreland. He had known my father's family, and had been appointed the trustee of a small estate left me by my great-aunt, Lady Jane Whinmore. At the time I speak of I was one-and-twenty, and he was anxious to give up the property into my hands. I accepted his invitation to "come down to the old place and look about me." When I arrived at the nearest point to the said "old place," to which the Carlisle coach would carry me, I and my portmanteau were put into a little cart, which was the only wheeled thing I could get at the little wayside inn.

After we had journeyed a few miles, my driver, a tall, strong, old man, glancing sharply at me, inquired: "Be ye t'maister, lad?"

"I am," said I. "My name is Whinmore."

"Maister Tom?"

"The same. Do you know any thing about me and my old house?"

"Deed do I. You're the heir of t'auld leddy, Mr. Erle is your guardian, and farms your lands."

"I know so much, myself," I replied. "I want you to tell me who lives in Whinmore Hall now; surely there is somebody, some old woman or other, who lives in the old house and airs the rooms?"

"Deed is there. But it's nobbut ghosts and devil's spawn of that sort."

"I am surprised, Mr. Thirlston, to hear a man like you talk such nonsense."

"What like man do ye happen know that I am, Maister Whinmore? Tho' if I talk nonsense (and I'm no gainsaying what a learned colleague like you can tell about nonsense), yet it's just the things I have heard and seen myself I am speaking of."

"What have you heard and seen at Whinmore Hall?"

"What a' body hears and sees to Whinmore, 'twixt sunset and moonlight; and what I used to see times and oft, when I lived there forming man to t'auld Leddy Jane—what I'm not curious to see again, now. So get on, Timothy," he added to the horse, "or we may chance to come in for a fright."

"Is that the house, yonder, on the right?" I asked.

"There's na ither house, good or bad, to be seen from this," he replied: but I observed that he held out his hand in the direction I had indicated. He kept a look-out straight between the horse's ears; I, on the contrary, never took my eyes off the gray building which we were approaching. Just as we entered the shadow cast by the trees of the shrubbery our horse snorted, and sprang several yards from the inclosure.

"Now for it! It is your evil fault for running away, and bringing us late," muttered Ralph Thirlston, grasping the reins and standing up to get a better hold of the horse. Timothy never stood still; and to my surprise he was trembling in every limb, and shaking with terror.

"Something has frightened the beast," said I. "I shall just go and see what it was," and was about to jump down, when I felt Ralph Thirlston's great hand on my arm: it was a powerful grip.

"For the love of God, lad, stay where ye are!" he said, in a frightened whisper. "It's just here that my brother met his death, for doing what you want to do now."

"What! For walking up to that fence and seeing what trifle frightened a skittish horse?" And I looked at the fence intently. There was nothing to be seen but a straggling bough of an elder bush which had forced its way through a chink in the rotten wood and was waving in the wind.

Finding that the man was really frightened as well as the horse, I lowered him. He still held my arm.

"There is no need for any one to go closer to see the cause of poor Timothy's fear," I said, laughing. "If you will look, Mr. Thirlston, you will see what it was."

"Na! lad, na! I'm not going to turn my face toward the devil and his works. 'Lord have mercy upon us! Christ have mercy upon us! Our Father which art in heaven—" and he repeated the whole prayer with emphasis, slowness, and with his eyes closed. I sat still, an amazed witness of his state of mind. When he had said "Amen," he opened his eyes, and looked down at the horse, who seemed to have recovered, as I judged by his putting his head down to graze, he gave a low whistle, and tightening the reins once more, Timothy allowed himself to be driven forward. Thirlston kept his face away from the inclosure on his right hand, and looked steadily at Timothy. I gave another glance toward the innocent elder bough—but what was my astonishment to see where it had been, or seemed to be, the figure of a man with a drawn sword in his hand.

"Stop, Thirlston! stop!" I cried. "There is somebody there. I see a man with a sword. Look! Turn back, and I'll soon see what he is doing there."

"Na! na! Never turn back to meet the devil, when ye have once got past him!" And Thirlston drove on rapidly.

"But he may overtake you," I cried, laughing. But as I looked back I saw that a pursuit was not intended, for the figure in the field remained where it was, seemed to be, the figure of a man with a drawn sword in his hand.

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"I'll pay a visit to that devil to-morrow," I added. "I shall not harbor such game in my premises."

"Lord's sake, don't talk like that, Maister Whinmore!" whispered Thirlston. "We're just coming to the gate! Maybe they may strike Timothy dead!"

"They? Who? Not the ghosts, surely?" I looked through the great gate as we passed, and saw the whole front of the house. "Why, Mr. Thirlston, you said no one lived in the old Hall! Look! There are lights in the windows."

"Ay! ay! I thought you would see them," he said, in a terrified whisper, without turning his head.

"Why, look at them yourself," cried I, pointing to the house.

"God forbid!" he exclaimed, and he gave Timothy a stroke with the whip that sent him flying past the rest of the garden of the Hall. Our ground rose again, and in a few minutes a good view of the place was obtained. I looked back at it with vivid interest. No lights were to be seen now, no moving thing; the black windows contrasted with the gray walls, and the gray chimneys with the black clouds, as when the lone fire appeared to me. The moon now rose above a dark hill on our left. Thirlston allowed Timothy to slacken his speed, and, turning round his head, he also looked back at Whinmore Hall.

"We are safe enough now," he said. "The only dangerous time is between sunset and moonrise, when people are passing close to the accursed auld place."

About a mile further the barking of a house-dog indicated that we were approaching Mr. Erle's. The driver stopped at a small wicket-gate leading into a shrubbery, got down, and invited me to do the same. He then fastened Timothy to the gate-post. The garden and the house have nothing to do with my present tale, and are far too dear to me to be flung in as an episodical romance. They form the scenery of the romantic part of my own life; for Miss Erle became my wife a few years after this first visit to Whinmore. I saw her that evening, and forgot Ralph Thirlston, the old Hall, its ghosts and mysterious lights. However, the next morning I was forced back to this strange old world in her father's study. There I heard Mr. Erle's account of my property. All the land was farmed by himself, except the few acres round the Hall, which no one would take upon any terms not worth tilling, and because of the evil name of the house itself.

"I suppose you know why no tenant can be found for the Hall, since Ralph Thirlston drove you over?"

"No!" I said, smiling. "But I could get no rational account from him. What is this nonsense about ghosts and lights? Who lives in the Hall?"

"No one, my good fellow. Why, you would not get the stoutest man in the parish, and that's Thirlston, to go into the house after sunset, much less live in it."

"But I have seen lights in some of the windows myself."

"So have I," he replied.

"Do you mean to say that no human beings make use of the house, in virtue of the superstition about it? Tricks of this kind are not uncommon."

"At the risk of seeming foolish in your eyes, I must reply that I believe no human beings now living have any hand in the operations which go on in Whinmore Hall." Mr. Erle looked perfectly grave as he said this.

"I saw a man, with a sword in his hand, start from a part of the fence. I think he frightened our horse."

"I, too, have seen the figure you speak of. But I do not think it is a living figure."

"What do you suppose it to be?" I asked, in amazement; for Mr. Erle was no ignorant or weak-minded person. He had already impressed me with real respect for his character and intellect.

He smiled at my impetuous tone.

"I live apart from what is called the world," said he. "Grace and I are not quite enough to think every thing which we can not account for either impossible or ridiculous. Ten years ago I myself was a new resident in this county, and wishing to improve your property, I determined to occupy the old Hall myself. I had it prepared for my family. No mechanic would work about the place after sunset. However, I brought all my servants from a distance, and took care that they should have no intercourse with any neighbor for the first three days. On the third evening they all came to me and said that they must leave the next morning—all but Grace's nurse, who had been her mother's attendant, and was attached to the family. She told me that she did think it safe for a child to remain another night, and that I must give her permission to take her away."

"What did you do?" said I.

"I asked for some account of the things that had frightened them. Of course I heard some wild and exaggerated tales; but the main phenomena related were what I myself had seen and heard, and which I was as fully determined as they were not to see and hear again, or to let my child have the chance of encountering. I told them so, candidly; and at the same time declared that it was my belief God's providence or punishment was at work in that which I saw, as every where else in creation, and not the devil's mischievous hand. Once more I made a rigorous search for wood-devils, or some what I myself had seen and heard, and which to many had heard and seen, but without any discovery: and before sunset that evening the house was cleared of all human occupants. And so it has remained until this day."

"Will you tell me the things you saw and heard?"

"Nay, you had better see and hear them for yourself. We have plenty of time before sunset. I can show you over the whole house, and if your courage holds good, I leave you there to pass an hour or so between sunset and moonrise. You can come back here when you like; and if you are not frightened by what you see, and care to bear, the story which peoples your old Hall with horrors, I will tell it you."

"Thank you," said I. "Will you lend me a gun and pistols to assist me in my investigations?"

"Gladly." And taking down the weapons I had pointed out, he began to examine them.

"You want them loaded?"

"Certainly, and with bullets. I am not going to play."

Mr. Erle loaded both gun and pistols. I put the latter into my pocket, and we left the room by the window. Grace Erle met us on the moor, riding a shaggy pony.

"Where are you going, so near dinner time?" she asked.

"Mr. Whinmore is going to look at the old Hall."

"And his gun?" she asked, smiling.

"I want to shoot rabbits," I said.

She looked as if she were about to say something eagerly, but checked herself, and rode slowly on with the dogs. I could not wonderer what she was going to say. Perhaps she wished to prevent me from going.

Presently we stood before the great iron gate of Whinmore. Mr. Erle took two keys from his pocket. With one he unlocked the gate, with the other an inner door. There were no other fastenings. These were very rusty, and were moved with difficulty.

"People don't get in this way," said I. "That is clear."

The garden was a sad wilderness, and grass grew on the broad steps which led up to the door.

As soon as we entered the old threshold I felt the influence of that desolate dwelling creep over my spirits. There was a cold stagnation in the air, and the feebleness of the light in the old rooms that was indescribably depressing. All the lower windows had their pierced shutters fastened, and through each circle of light streamed a ray.

Yet I could have sworn I saw lights in two, at least, of these lower windows. I said so to my companion. He replied:

"Yes. It was in this very room you saw a light, I dare say. This is one in which I have seen lights myself. But I do not wish to spoil my little story by telling you beforehand how. We will leave it, and I will hasten to the lady's bedchamber and dressing-room, where the apparitions and noises are most numerous."

I followed him, but cast a glance round the room before I shut the door carefully. It was partly furnished, however, but on one side was a bed, and beside it an easy-chair. "What name is given to this room? It looks ominous of some evil deed," I said.

"It is called 'could Squire's Murder Room' by the people who know the story connected with it."

"Ah!? I said; "then I may look for a ghost there?"

"You will perhaps see one, or more, if you stay long enough," said Mr. Erle, with the utmost composure. After showing me some other rooms, he added: "Most of the rooms are good enough for a gentleman's household. The rooms I have shown you, and the passages and staircase which lead from one to the other, are the only portions of the house in which you are subjected to annoyance. I have slept in both the rooms, and advise no one else to do so."

"You had dreams?" I asked, with an involuntary smile, as I took my gun from the hall-table, where I had left it.

"As you please," said Mr. Erle, smiling also.

I stretched out my hand to him when we stood at the gate together.

"Good-night!" said I.

"Good-night!" said I. "I think I shall sleep in one of those rooms, and return to you in the morning."

Mr. Erle shook his head. "You will be back at my house within three hours, Tom Whinmore; so, *au revoir!*"

He strode away over the moor. His fine figure appeared almost gigantic as it moved between me and the setting sun.

"That does not look like a man who should be a prey to weak superstition, any more than good Ralph Thirlston, who drove home alone willingly enough past this same gate and fence at nine o'clock last night." The witching hour, it seems, is just after sunset. Well, it wants a quarter of an hour of that now," I continued, thinking silently. "There will be time enough for me to explore the garden a little before I return to the house and wait for my evening's entertainment."

I walked through the shrubbery and lingered on the grass-grown steps to look at the last rays of the sun, reddening the heather on the distant fell. As I leaned on my gun enjoying the profound stillness of this place, far from all sounds of village, or wood, or sea—a stillness that seemed to deepen and deepen into unearthly intensity—the charm was broken by a human voice speaking near me—the tone was hollow and full of agony—

"*Bring me a light! Bring me a light!*" it cried. It was like a sick or dying man. The voice came, I thought, from the room next to me on the right hand of the Hall. I rushed into the house and to the door of that room: it was the first which Mr. Erle had shown me. I remembered shutting the door—it now stood wide open; and there was a sound of laughing and mocking within.

"Who is there?" I shouted. No answer came. But there passed by me, as it were, in the very doorway, the figure of a young and, as I could see at a glance, very beautiful woman.

When she moved onward I could not choose but follow, trembling with an indefinable fear, yet borne on by an irresistible attraction. At the foot of the stairs she turned on me again, and smiled, and beckoned me with an upraised arm, whereon great jewels flashed in the gloom. I followed her quickly, but could not overtake her. My limbs—I am not ashamed to say it—shook with strange fear; yet I could not turn back from following the fair form. Onward she led me—up the stairs and through the gallery to the door of the lady's chamber. There she paused, turned, and again turned her bewitching face, radiant with smiles, upon me before she disappeared within the dark doorway. I followed her into the room, and saw her stand before the antique toilet and arrange in her bosom a spray of roses; then she kissed her hand to me and glided to the narrow stairs that led to the little room above. Then came a low, loud, mighty voice—the voice of a woman accustomed to command. It sounded from the little room above, and it could not be the voice of that fair girl. I felt sure. It said:

"*Bring me a light! Bring me a light!*"

I shudder as I write the sound; I know not why, but I stood there still. I then saw the figure of an old female servant rise from a chair by one of the windows, and commence to ascend the stairs. I saw her light two tapers, with her breath, it seemed.

"*Bring me a light!*" was repeated in an angry tone from the upper room.

The old woman passed rapidly to the stairs. Thither I followed in obedience to a sign from her; and mounting to the top, saw into the room.

That beautiful girl stood in the centre, with her costly lace gown sweeping the floor, and her black curls drooping to the waist. Her back was toward me, but I could see her innocent, sweet face in the great glass. What a lovely, happy face it was!

Behind her stood another lady, taller, and more majestic. She pretended to caress her, but her proud eyes, unseen by the young lady, brightened with triumphant malice. They glared darkly in the light of the taper which she took from the maid. "God of heaven! can a woman look so wicked?" I thought.

"*Watch her!*" whispered a voice in my ear—a voice that stirred my hair.

I looked at her. Would to God I could forget that vision! She—the woman, the fiend—bent carefully to the floor, as though to set right the embroidery at the border of the bride's robe. I saw her lower the flame of the candle, and set fire to the dress of the smiling, trusting girl. Ere I could move she was enveloped in flames, and I heard her wild shrieks mingling with the low demoniac laughter of her murderess.

I remember suddenly raising the gun in my hand and firing at the fiend-like apparition. I still she laughed and pointed with mocking gestures to the flames and the writhing figure they enveloped. I ran forward to extinguish them; my arms struck against the wall, and I fell down insensible.

* * * * * * *

When I recovered my senses I found myself lying on the floor of that little room, with the bright cold moon looking in on me. I waited without moving, listening for some more of these demon sounds. All was still. I rose—went to the window—the moon was high in heaven, and all the great moor seemed light as day. The air of that room was stifling. I turned and fled. Hastily I ran down those few steps—quicker yet through the great chamber and out into the gallery. As I began to go down the stairs I saw a figure coming up.

I was now a very coward. Grasping the balluster with one hand, and feeling for the unused pistol with the other, I called out—

"Who are you?" and with stupid terror I fired at the thing without pausing.

There was a slight cry; a very human one. Then a little laugh.

"Don't fire any more pistols at me, Mr. Whinmore. I'm not a ghost."

Something in the voice sent the blood once more coursing through my veins.

"Is it—?" I could not utter another word.

"It is I, Grace Erle."

"What brought you here?" I said, at length, after I had descended the stairs, and had seized her hand that I might feel sure it was of flesh and blood.

"My pony. We began to get uneasy about you. It is nearly midnight. So papa and I set off to see what you were doing."

"What the devil are you firing at, Whinmore?" asked Mr. Erle, coming hurriedly from a search in the lower rooms.

"Only me, papa!" answered his daughter, archly, glancing up at my face. "But he is a bad shot, for he didn't hit me."

"Thank God!" I ejaculated.—"Miss Erle, I was mad."

"No, only very frightened. Look at him, papa!"

Mr. Erle looked at me. He took my arm.

"Why! Whinmore, you don't look the better for seeing the spirits of your ancestors. However, I see it is no longer a joking matter with you. You do not wish to take up your abode here immediately?"

I rallied under their kindly *badinage*.

"Let me get out of this horrible place," said I. Mr. Erle led me beyond the gate. I leaned against it in a state of exhaustion.

"Here. Try your hand at my other pocket-pistol!" said Mr. Erle, as he put a precious flask of that kind to my lips. After a somewhat free application of the remedy I was decidedly better.

Miss Erle mounted her pony, and we set off across the moor. I was very silent, and my companions talked a little with each other. My mind was too confused to recollect just then all that I had experienced during my stay in the house, and I wished to arrange my thoughts and compose my nerves before I conversed with Mr. Erle on the strange visions of that night.

I excused myself to my host and his daughter in the best way I could, and, after taking a slice of bread and a glass of water I went to bed.

The next day I rose late; but in my right mind. I was much shocked to think of the cowardly fear which had led me to fire a pistol at Miss Erle. I began my interview with my host by uttering some expressions of this feeling. But it was an awkward thing to declare myself a fool and a coward.

"The less we say about that the better," said her father, gravely. "Fear is the strongest human passion, so they tell me, and will lead us to commit the vilest acts if we let it get the mastery."

I acknowledge that I was beside myself with terror at the sights and sounds of that accursed house. I was not sane at the moment I saw your daughter! I shall never—"

"Whinmore, she hopes you will never mention it again! We certainly shall not. Now, if you are disposed to hear the story of your ancestor's evil deeds, I am ready to fulfil the promise I made you last night."

"How long ago I can't exactly find out, but some time between the Reformation and the Great Rebellion, the Whinmores settled in this part of the country and owned a large tract of land. They were iron-handed and ironhearted, stanch Catholics, and stanch Jacobites, during the religious and political dissensions of the end of the seventeenth and beginning of the eighteenth centuries. After the establishment of the Hanoverian dynasty the Whinmores of Whinmore Hall ceased to take any part in public affairs. They were too proud to farm their own land; and putting trust in a nefarious steward, the Whinmore who reigned at the Hall when King George the Second reigned over England was compelled to keep up appearances by selling half the family estate.

"The Whinmores, in question, *'could squire,'* as the people call him, was a melancholy man, not much blessed in the matrimonial lottery. His wife, Lady Mary Whinmore, was the daughter of a poor Catholic Earl. Tradition says she was equally beautiful and proud; and I believe it.

"By reason of his couple had only one child, a son. When Lady Henrietta found that her husband was a gentleman of a moping and unenterprising turn of mind, that she could not persuade him to compromise his principles, and ask favor with the new government, she devoted herself to the education of her son, Graham. As he was a clever boy, of healthy health and good looks, she determined that he should retrieve the fortunes of the family. She kept him under her own superintendence till he was years of age. She then sent him to Eton, with his cousin the little Earl of ——. He was brought up a Protestant, and thus the civil disabilities of the family would be removed. He was early accustomed to the society of all ranks, to be found in a first-class English public school; and his personal gifts as well as his mental excellence helped to win him the good opinion of others. Graham came home from Oxford in his twenty-third year a first-class man. He staid at home for a month or two in repose, after the fatigues of study. One afternoon, as he rode home from a distant town, he passed on the top of Whinmore Hill, which commands a good view of the Hall. The simple bareness of the great hills around, the antique beauty and retirement of the Hall—above all, the sweet impressive stillness of the place, had often charmed Graham, as a boy. Now he gazed with far stronger feeling at it all.

"'I shall *not* be lost to me and my children,' he vowed, inwardly. 'I will redeem the mortgage on the house, I will win back every acre of the old Whinmore land. And I will work for wealth; but I must lose no time, or my opportunity will be gone.'

"He looked at the ruined part of the house, and began to calculate the cost of rebuilding as he hastened forward. As soon as he entered the house he went to see his father, whom he had not seen that day. He found him in his bed, with the nurse asleep in the easy-chair beside it. His father did not recognize Graham. Graham's mind looked very much changed since the previous day. He left the room in search of his mother; thinking, as she was not home for her, that she neglected her duty as a wife. 'She should be beside him now,' he thought. Still he framed the best excuse he could for her then, for he loved and reverenced her. She was so strong-minded, so beautiful. Above all, she loved him with such passionate devotion. He dreaded to tell her the resolution he had formed. She was an aristocrat and a woman. She did not understand the mutation of things in that day; she would not believe that the best way to wealth and power was not through the Court influence, but by commercial enterprise. He went to her bedroom, the Lady's Chamber, in which you were last night. She was not there, and he was about to retreat, when he heard her voice in anger speaking to some one in the dressing-room or oratory above. Graham went toward the stairs, and was met by an old female servant who was in his mother's confidence, and acted as her maid and bedmate to his father. She came down in tears, murmuring, 'I can not bear it. It was you gave me the draught for him. I will send for a doctor.'

"'A doctor, indeed! He wants no doctor,' cried the angry mistress. 'And don't talk any more nonsense, my good woman, if you value your place.'

"In her agitation the woman did not see her young master, and hastily left the room.

"Astonished at the woman's words, he slowly ascended the stairs to the dressing-room. He found his mother standing before the long looking-glass arrayed in a rich dress of old point lace, over a brocaded petticoat, with necklace, bracelets, and

"MY ARMS STRUCK AGAINST THE WALL, AND I FELL DOWN INSENSIBLE."

tiara of diamonds. She looked very handsome as her great eyes still flashed and her cheek was yet crimson with anger. She turned hastily to her son's foot was heard on the topmost stair. When she saw who it was her face softened with a smile.

"'You here, Graham? I have been wanting you.'

"'Where are you going, mother, decked out in the family diamonds and lace?'

"'Have you forgotten?—To the ball at the Lord-Lieutenant's. You must dress quickly, or we shall be late.'

"At that moment hasty steps were heard in the chamber below, and a voice called :

"'My Lady! my Lady! come quick! The Squire is dying!'

"Mother and son went fast to Mr. Whinmore's room. They arrived in time to see the old man die. He pointed to her, and cried with his last breath,

"'*She did it! She did it!*'

"Lady Henrietta set beside his bed and listened to these incoherent words without any outward emotion. She watched the breath leave the body, and then closed the eyes and mouth. Though she kept up so bravely then, she was dangerously ill for several months after her husband's death, and was lovingly tended by her son and the old servant.

* * * * *

"I must now pass over ten years. Before the end of that time Graham Whinmore had become rich enough to buy back every acre of the land and to build a handsome house, twenty times finer than the old one, if he were so minded. But he was by no means so minded. He restored the old house—and it what it was.

"The Lady Henrietta lived there still; and superintended all the improvements.

"It was the autumn of the tenth year since her husband's death, and she was expecting Graham shortly for his yearly visit to the Hall. She sat looking over papers of importance in her dressing-room; the old servant (who seems to have grown no older) sat sewing in the bedroom below, when a housemaid brought in a letter which the old servant took immediately to her mistress.

"Lady Henrietta opened the letter quickly, for she saw that the hand-writing was her son's. 'Perhaps he is coming this week,' she thought with a thrill of delight. 'Yes, he will come to take me to the Lord-Lieutenant's ball. He is proud of his mother yet, and I must look my best.' But she had not read a dozen words before the expression of her face changed. Surprise darkened into contempt and anger—anger deepened into rage and hatred. She uttered a sharp cry of pain. The old servant ran to her in alarm; but her mistress had composed herself, though her cheek was livid.

"'Did your ladyship call me?'

"'Yes. Bring me a light!'

"In this letter Graham announced his return home the following week with a wife—a beautiful girl, penniless, and without connections of gentility. No words can describe the bitter rage and disappointment of this proud woman. Receive a beggarly, low-born wench for her daughter-in-law?—No! She would not hear of that. She paced the room with soft, firm steps, like a panther. After a time thought became clearer, and she saw that there was no question of her willingness to receive her daughter-in-law, but of that daughter-in-law's willingness to allow her to remain in the house. Ah! but it was an awful thing to see the proud woman when she looked that fact fully in the face. She hated her unseen daughter with a keen cold hatred—a remorseless hate born of that terrible sin, Pride. But she must act a woman to hate passively. She paced to and fro, turning and returning with savage, stealthy quickness. The day waned, and night began. Her servant came to see if she were wanted, and was sent away with a haughty negative. She is busy with some wicked thought,' murmured the old woman.

* * * * *

"Graham Whinmore's bride was, as he had said, 'so good and so lovely,' that no one ever thought of asking who were her parents.' She was also accomplished and elegant in manner. She was in all respects but birth superior to the Duke's daughter whom Lady Henrietta had selected for her son's wife. The beautiful Lilian's father was a music master, and she had given lessons in singing herself. Lady Henrietta learned this and every thing else concerning her young daughter-in-law that could be considered disgraceful in her present station. But she put restraint on her contempt, and received her with an outward show of courtesy and stately kindness. Graham believed that for his sake his mother was determined to forget his wife's low origin, and he became easy about the results of their connection after he had seen his mother caress his wife once or twice. He felt sure that no one could know Lilian and not love her. He was proud and happy to think that two such beautiful women belonged to him.

"The Lord-Lieutenant's ball was expected to be unusually brilliant that year, and Graham was anxious that his wife should be the queen of the assembly.

"'I should like her to wear the old lace and the jewels, mother,' said Graham.

"The Lady Henrietta' evebrows were contracted for a moment, and she shot forth a furtive glance at Lilian, who sat near, playing with a greyhound.

"If Graham had seen that glance! But her words he believed.

"'Certainly, my son. It is quite proper that your wife should appear in the ancient heir-looms. There is no woman of quality in this country that can match them. I am proud to abdicate my rights in her favor.'

"'There, Lilian! Do you hear, you are to eclipse the Duchess herself!'

"'I shall see, if you will it,' said Lilian. 'But I do not think that will annoy me so much as dancing.'

* * * * *

"Balls, in those times, began at a reasonable hour. Ladies who went to a ball early in November began to dress by daylight.

"Lilian had been dressed by her maid. Owing to a certain sentimental secret between her and her husband, she wore her wedding-dress of white Indian muslin, instead of a rich brocaded silk petticoat, underneath the grand lace robe. The diamonds effiteerd gayly round her head and her softly-pounded throat and arms. She went to the old library, where Graham sat awaiting the ladies. She wanted his opinion concerning her appearance. The legend does not tell how he behaved on this occasion, but leaves it to young husbands to imagine.

"You must go to my mother, and let her see how lovely you look. Walk first, that I may see how you look behind.' So she took from his hand a sprays of roses he had gathered, and proceeded with them in her hands, and up the staircase to his mother's chamber. She was in the dressing-room above.

"'Go up by yourself,' said Graham; 'I will remain on the stairs, and watch you both. I should like to hear what she says, when she does not think I hear.' For she never praises much to me, for fear of increasing my blind adoration, I suppose,

"Lilian smiled at him, and disappeared up the stairs. It was now becoming dark, and as he approached the stairs, a few minutes afterward, to hear what was said, his mother's voice, in a strange, eager tone, called from above,

"'*Bring me a light! Bring me a light!*'

"Then Graham saw his mother's old servant run quickly from her seat by the window, and light a tall taper on the toilet. She carried this up to her mistress, and found Graham on the stair on her return. She grasped his arm, and whispered tearfully,

"'Watch her! Watch her!'

"He did watch, and saw—

"For God's sake, Mr. Erle," I interrupted, "don't tell me what he saw—for I saw the same dreadful sight!"

"I have no doubt you did, since you say so; and because I saw them in myself."

We were silent for some moments, and then I asked if he knew any thing more of these people.

"Yes. Graham Whinmore's descendants live now in lives within twenty miles. Graham Whinmore vowed not to remain under the same roof with his mother, after he had seen his wife's blackened corpse. His grief and resentment were quiet and enduring. He would not leave the corpse in the house; but before midnight had it carried to a summer-house in the shrubbery, where it was arched beside it, and allowed no one to approach, except the old servant who figured in this story. She brought him food, and carried to his servants to the house-hold. From the day of Lilian's death till the day of her burial in the family vault at Whinmore Church, Graham guarded the summer-house where his wife lay, with his drawn sword as he walked by night round about. It was known that he would not allow the family jewels to be taken from the body, and that they were to be buried with it. Some say that he finally took them from the body himself, and buried them in the shrubbery; but the undertakers, tempted by the sight of the jewels on the corpse, might desecrate her tomb afterward for the sake of stealing them. This opinion is supported by the fact that a portion of the shrubbery is haunted by the apparition of Graham Whinmore, in mourning garments, and with a drawn sword in his hand."

"Would you advise me to institute a search for those old jewels?" I asked, smiling.

"I would," said he. "But take no one into your confidence, Tom Whinmore. You may raise a laugh against you, if you are unsuccessful. And if you find them, and take them away—"

"Which I certainly should do," I interrupted.

"You will raise a popular outcry against you. The superstitious people will believe that you have outraged the ghost of your great-grandfather, who will become mischievous in consequence."

I saw the prudence of this remark, and it was agreed between us that we should do all the digging ourselves unknown to any one. I then asked how it was that I was descended from this unfortunate gentleman.

Mr. Erle's story continued thus:

"After his wife's funeral Graham Whinmore did not return to the Hall but went away to the south, and never saw it more again, not even to visit his mother on her death-bed, a year after. The last year of the wicked Lady Henrietta's life was very wretched, as you may suppose. Her hesitating and cherished sins brought their ever reward —and her crowning crime was avenged without the terror of the law. For it is said that every evening at sunset the apparition of her murdered daughter-in-law came before her, wearing the rich dress which was so dear to the 'proud woman;' and that she was compelled to repeat her last act, and to hear her screams and the farewell curses of her adored son. The servants all left the Hall in affright; and no one lived with the wicked lady except the faithful old servant, Margaret Thirlston, who staid with her to the last, followed her to the grave, and survived soon after.

"Her son and his wife were sought for by Jane Whinmore on her arrival here. She gave them a home, and even when they wanted an housekeeper and farm-manager at the Hall. And at the death of Giles Thirlston, his son Ralph became farm-manager in his room. He continued there till 't Leddy's' death, when he settled at the little wayside inn which you have seen, and which he calls 'Leddy Jane's Gift.'"

* * * * *

I have but little more to say. Mr. Erle and I sought long for the hidden treasure. We found it, after reading the directions left by the unhappy, addressed to 'My youngest nephew's youngest son.' In that letter directions were given for recovering the hidden jewels of the family. They were buried outside the garden fence, on the open moor, on the very spot where I can swear I saw the figure of a man with a sword—my great-grandfather, Graham Whinmore.

After I married, we came to live in the south; and I took every means to let my little estate of Whinmore. To my regret the Hall has never found a tenant, and it is still without a tenant aft, or there twenty-five years.

A Valentine Romance of ye olden time

GOVERNOR THOMAS H. HICKS, OF MARYLAND.

HON. JOSEPH HOLT, SECRETARY OF WAR.—[PHOTOGRAPHED BY BRADY.]

GOV. HICKS, OF MARYLAND.

WE know of no man who occupies a more prominent position at the present time than the Governor of the State of Maryland, whose portrait we publish herewith. To his wise and patriotic action, in firmly resisting the tide of partisan feeling in his State, he has so far averted civil war, and preserved Maryland as a nucleus about which, if politic counsels prevail, our glorious Union may be preserved. As a representative man of the times, he should be held up as worthy of imitation by all who desire to aid in the perpetuation of the liberties which have given us so prominent a place among the nations of the earth.

Thomas Holliday Hicks was born in Dorchester County, Maryland, on the second day of September, 1798. His parents were plain, respectable people. His father was a mechanic, but late in life became a land-owner and farmer. Owing to his straitened circumstances, Governor Hicks, the eldest of a large family of children, was compelled to perform constant manual labor in the work-shop and on the farm. This mode of life he followed until he reached the age of twenty-two years; in the mean while utterly deprived of the means of education now so freely offered to every one.

When he reached the age of twenty-two he was appointed a constable for one of the districts of his county; which position he filled faithfully during two years, when he was, without his knowledge, nominated as a candidate for sheriff of the county by the Democratic party of that day. Though that party was then largely in the minority, Governor Hicks defeated his Federal opponent by a handsome majority—that opponent being, too, one of the most popular men in the county, and himself being the youngest man ever elected in that county to fill the important office of sheriff.

In 1829 the Adams party, to which he had attached himself, elected him to the Legislature; and he was returned to that position in the following year. In 1831 he was elected a member of the Electoral College, the duties of which was to choose the State Senators. In 1836 he was again elected to that office; and while in the discharge of his duties at Annapolis he was again elected to the Legislature. This was the exciting period when the nineteen Democratic Electors, by refusing to meet the Electoral College, came very near subverting the Government of the State. In the following year he was again elected to the Legislature, and was made a member of the Governor's Council, which position he held until the Council was abolished. He was then appointed Register of Wills for Dorchester County. In 1844 he was reappointed to that office, and served six years. In the mean while he was elected a member of the Constitutional Convention, by which the office of Register of Wills was made elective. Subsequently, the incumbent of the office having died, he was induced to accept the appointment at the hands of the Orphans' Court, and at the next regular election he was elected Register of Wills, which office he held until 1857, when he was nominated for Governor by the American party, to which he had attached himself, and was elected by a large majority. It is not a little remarkable that, notwithstanding the fluctuations of party strength in his county and in the State, he never was defeated at a popular election but once—in 1851—when he was nominated, against his wishes, as the Whig candidate for Lottery Commissioner. In every election at which he has been a candidate he has always led the poll in his own county. This fact is abundant evidence of the great popularity he has always enjoyed among those who knew him best.

In person he is about the medium height, thickset, with iron-gray hair and side-whiskers, and a countenance and mien indicative of the utmost firmness of character. That he is possessed of an iron will is sufficiently indicated by his present position in reference to the crisis. It is that peculiarity which has so deservedly earned for him the soubriquet of "Old Cæsar."

Although now the object of severe abuse among his political opponents, on account of his conservative position, he is cordially indorsed by a large majority of the best men in Maryland; and when the smoke of the serious conflict in which we are now engaged shall roll, it will, we think, be difficult to find an unprejudiced man who will refuse to laud him for his honest efforts to avert the terrible calamities which overshadow us.

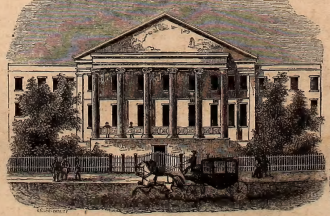
THE CUSTOM-HOUSE AT NEW ORLEANS, SEIZED BY THE STATE.—[SEE NEXT PAGE.]

JOSEPH HOLT,

SECRETARY OF WAR.

THE distinguished occupant of the War Department of the United States was born in 1807, in Breckinridge County, Kentucky. His parents were poor, but he managed, by great industry and energy, to obtain a good education. He was educated a part of the time at St. Joseph's College, Bardstown, and the remainder of his college life was spent in Centre College, Danville. In 1828 he commenced the practice of law at Elizabethtown, Kentucky; and he removed to Louisville in the winter of 1831-'32. In 1852, he was sent as a delegate to a Democratic Convention, held in Harrodsburg, Kentucky; and in that body he made a speech that gave him a widespread reputation through-

ST. CHARLES HOTEL, NEW ORLEANS.



THE MINT AT NEW ORLEANS, SEIZED BY THE STATE.—[SEE NEXT PAGE.]

FLOWER-GIRLS AT NEW ORLEANS.

out the State. In the early part of 1833 Mr. Holt was appointed Commonwealth's Attorney for the Jefferson Circuit, which Louisville is the capital. He carried into that position that integrity, sober clearness of judgment, and indefinite resolution that have been so eminently displayed by him in the national positions he has filled. The Sheriff of the County, an ardent political opponent of Mr. Holt, often said to the writer that he never knew Mr. Holt to fail to be prepared for trial while he held the office. He scarcely ever failed in securing a conviction while he was "Prosecuting" Attorney. During this period the writer heard a number of Mr. Holt's speeches to juries, and then believed all that had been said of his eloquence. On one occasion the writer was standing by Mr. Holt at the conclusion of an address to a jury, when Judge Rowan, often called in Kentucky the monarch of the bar, advanced, took Mr. Holt by the hand, and said to him, "Mr. Holt, permit me to say that the effort just made is the finest specimen of legal eloquence I have ever heard." The writer has heard Clay, Barry, Blackstone, Crittenden, Webster, and Everett, and has never heard as perfect oratory as that of Mr. Holt.

Governor James T. Morehead declared that Mr. Holt was the only Commonwealth's Attorney that faithfully wrote out for the Governor's office a full history of every case of conviction in the judicial district of which he was the representative of the Commonwealth. He so endeared himself to the people of Louisville that, with great unanimity, they petitioned for his reappointment. In the autumn of 1835 Mr. Holt removed to Mississippi, and opened an office at Port Gibson. In the following spring he removed to Vicksburg, and soon came into possession of an immense practice. He was almost constantly pitted against S. S. Prentiss, long Mr. Holt was equally as great an orator as that gentleman, and his superior as a lawyer. In the fall of 1836 Mr. Holt assisted in the prosecution of a murder case in Vicksburg, and thrilled the community by the terrible power with which he used a quotation from Macbeth. Homicide was then almost a daily affair in Mississippi, but this murder was peculiarly horrible. A wealthy planter had murdered his son in circumstances of unusual aggravation. The Prosecuting Attorney was in feeble health, and had a great array of legal talent against him. Mr. Holt volunteered his assistance. The reports of a pistol was heard in the planter's inclosure, and the neighbors made their way into the premises. The son was found murdered, and the father had concealed the weapon. "Thou canst not say I did it," he said, still warm from the discharge. The father denied all knowledge of the deed, and insisted that the body of the son, still warm, should be lifted from the yard and buried. In allusion to the father's nonchalance and his audacity, Mr. Holt said that if the accused son were then to arise and say, pointing sound, the father, "albeit with chattering teeth, would exclaim, 'Thou canst not say I did it!' Should the jury believe it?" Those who present say they never saw such an effect produced in a court-room. The murderer looked as though the avenger had summoned the dead to bear witness.

Mr. Holt acquired an ample fortune by his profession, and returned to Louisville, in 1842, with a serious affection of his throat. In 1848 he made a trip to Europe and to the East. He was absent seventeen months. In the winter of 1856-'57 he removed to Washington. In 1857 he was appointed Commissioner of Patents, to which he at once won the confidence of the country.

In 1859, upon the death of Postmaster-General Brown, Mr. Holt was transferred to that department, the details of which he speedily mastered. His reports for 1859 and 1860 will compare favorably with any ever made by his predecessors.

In January, 1861, Mr. Holt was transferred to the War Department, upon the resignation of Mr. Floyd. The friends of the Union throughout the country hailed this appointment with great satisfaction, because they felt that whatever could be done by energy, fidelity, and inflexible courage, would be done.

Mr. Holt has been married twice. His first wife was the daughter of Dr. Burr Harrison; the second was the daughter of the Hon. John C. Wickliffe. They were eminently lovely women, and deeply devoted to the subject of this sketch.

THE NEW ORLEANS CUSTOM-HOUSE, MINT, ETC.

NATURE marked out the position of New Orleans as the inevitable site of a great commercial emporium. Although more than a hundred miles from the mouth of the Mississippi, it occupies the lowest point where a great city can stand. It is therefore, the natural emporium of the largest and most fertile valley on the globe. Nothing short of some natural catastrophe which shall change the physical features of the country, or some political change which shall force the commerce of the Valley of the Mississippi to find some other outlet than its natural one by the mouths of that river, can reduce New Orleans from its present high position. In 1857 the products of the interior landed on the Levee at New Orleans amounted to $156,000,000. Of this $86,000,000—more than one-half—consisted of cotton; some tobacco, $12,000,000; then sugar, $11,630,000. If the present duty on sugar is abolished, or materially reduced, the plantations of Louisiana must be ruined, and this article no longer appear in the commercial statistics of New Orleans. The cotton trade of New Orleans has kept pace with its production, and must continue to do so. More than half the cotton products of the United States is shipped from this one port. In 1857, out of 2,940,000 bales, 1,485,000 were shipped from New Orleans, 509,000 from Mobile, 332,000 from Savannah, and 404,000 from Charleston. If "cotton is king," his court is at the Crescent City.

New Orleans shows every where traces of the two races—French and American—by whom it is chiefly peopled. Streets of low, red-tiled houses, lighted by lamps suspended from chains in the centre, are but a stone's-throw from the Levee, which presents a scene of commercial bustle exceeded in no city on the globe. The St. Charles, one of the most imposing of all the great American hotels, is thronged by Sellers of Flowers, like in every thing but their darky faces and turbaned heads to those of Paris. The Creole Quarter, next to the parent, perhaps—is as common on the shop-signs, in the street placards, and newspaper advertisements, as the more robust English.

Of public buildings there are many deserving special note, such as three or four of the leading hotels, some churches, the Odd Fellows' Hall, and the Charity Hospital—a noble edifice worthy of its noble purpose. Two, however, are just now of special interest: the New Custom-house, of which the United States has had only a brief occupancy, and the Branch Mint—both of which have been recently seized by the State authorities. The former, as will be seen by our illustration, is a structure worthy of the commercial importance of the city. The Mint, of which we give a drawing on a smaller scale, is likewise a fine building, 232 feet long, with two wings of 29 by 81 feet.

A DAY'S RIDE:

A LIFE'S ROMANCE.

By CHARLES LEVER.

AUTHOR OF "CHARLES O'MALLEY," "HARRY LORREQUER," ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER XXXVII.

I went the next morning to take leave of Harpar before starting, but found to my astonishment that he was already off! He had, indeed, hired a small carriage to convey him to Dregenz, and had set out before daybreak. I do not know why this should have annoyed me, but it did so, and set me a thinking over the people before that I should not leave Erfahrungen," says, are born to be dupes. "There is," says he, "a race of men who are 'cingeborenen interest'—native dupes—a kind of happy species who meddly the streams of true benevolence by indiscriminating acts of kindness, and who, by always aiding the undeserving, make themselves accomplices of vice." Could it be that I was in this barren category? Harpar had told me the evening before that he would not leave Lindau till his sprain was better, and now he was off, just as if, having no further occasion for me, he was glad to be rid of my companionship—just as if—. I was beginning again to start another conjecture, when I bethought me that there is not a more deceptive formula in the whole repertory of human error than that which opens with these same words, "just as if." Rely upon it, amiable reader, that whenever you find yourself ready to explain a motive, to trace a cause, or reconcile a discrepancy, by "just as if," the chances are about seven to three that you are wrong. It is not in all the bustle of paying my bill and strapping on my knapsack, I'd convince you on this head, as the morning's post had already brought me, of early autumn, and my path lies along the placid lake, waveless and still, with many a tinted tree reflected in its liquid mirror. I am not one

farm produce, and implements too, came floating by, showing what destruction had been effected higher up the river. As I stood gazing on the current, I saw, at a little distance from me, a man standing motionless beside the river, and apparently lost in thought; so at least he seemed, for though not at all clad in a way to resist the storm, he remained there, wet and soaked through, totally regardless of the weather. On inquiring at the inn, I learned that this was the Ishnkutchee—the "vetturino"—of the travelers, and who, in attempting to ascertain if the stream were fordable, had lost one of his best horses, and barely escaped being carried away himself. Until that I had forgotten all about the strangers, whom, it now appeared, were chance prisoners like myself. While the host was yet speaking, the Ishnkutcher came up, and in a tone of equality that showed me he thought I was in his own house, in a loud voice asked if I would sell him one of my nags then in the stable.

"Not caring to disabuse him of his error regarding my rank, I did not refuse him so flatly as I might, and he pressed the negotiation very warmly in consequence. At last, to get rid of him, I declared that I would not break up my team, and retired into the house. I was not many minutes in my room when a courier came with a message from the inn mistress to beg I would speak with her. I went at once, and found an old lady—she was English, as her French testified very well and very broad—who apologized for troubling me, but having heard from her vetturino that my horses were discovered that I might, if they disposed to sell one of them, hire out the entire team, to take their carriage as far as Andecer—By the way, I must thus far, I perceived that she, too, mistook me for a Ishnkutcher. It just struck me what good fun it would be to carry on the joke. To be sure, the lady herself presented no inducement to the enterprise, and as I thus balanced the case, there came into the room one of the prettiest girls I ever saw. She never turned a look toward where I was standing, nor deigned to notice me at all, but passed out of the room as rapidly as she entered; still I had remarked that I had already seen her before, and passed a delightful evening in her company as a little inn in the Black Forest."

When the narrator had got thus far in his story, I leaned forward to catch a full view of him, and with some surprise, and I own to my misery, that he was the German count we had met at the Titi-see. So overwhelming was this discovery to me that I heard nothing for many minutes after. All of that wretched scene between us on the last evening at the inn came full to my memory, and I bethought me of lying the whole night with her hard table, fevered with rage and terror alternately. If it were not that his narrative regarded Miss Herbert now, I would turn my back on the room and out of the inn, and out of the town itself, never again to come under the insolent stare of those wicked gray eyes, but in that name there was a fascination—not to say that a sense of jealousy burned at my heart like a furnace.

The current of my thoughts lost me a great deal of his story, and might have lost me had not the hearty laughter of his comrades recalled me once again to attention.

He was describing how, as a "vetturino," he drove their carriage with his own spanking gray horses to Andecer, and thence to Andeer. He had bargained, it seems, that Miss Herbert should travel outside on the cabriolet, but she failed to keep her pledge, so that they only met at stray moments during the journey. It was in one of these she said, laughingly, to him,

"'Nothing would surprise me less than to learn, some fine morning, that you were a prince in disguise, or a great count of the empire at least. It was only the other day we were honored with the momentous presence of a royal personage; I do not exactly know who, but Mrs. Keates could tell you. He left us abruptly at Schaffhausen.'

"'You can't mean the creature,' said I, 'that I saw in your company at the Titi-see.'

"'The same,' said she, rather angrily. "

"'Why, he is a sublimangue: I saw him the morning I came through Constance with some others of his troop dragged before the maire for causing a disturbance in a cabaret; one of the most consummate impostors, they told me, in Europe.'

"'An infamous falsehood, and a base liar the man who says it,'" cried I, springing to my legs, and standing revealed before the company in an attitude of haughty defiance. "I am the person you have dared to defame. I have never assumed to be a prince, and as little am I a rope-dancer. I am an English gentleman traveling for his pleasure, and I hurl back every word you have said of me with contempt and defiance."

Before I had finished this insolent speech, some half-dozen swords were drawn and brandishing in the air, very eager, as it seemed, to cut me to pieces, and the count himself required all the united strength of the party to save me from his hands. At last, I was pushed, hustled, and dragged out of the room into another smaller one-on the same floor, and the key being turned on me, left to my very happy reflections.

SNAKE STORIES.

I was in the Smithsonian Institution at Washington one torrid August afternoon.

I had examined the exterior of the building, with its spurious Early English arches and windows, and its dark red stone that almost looked like chocolate. A very capacious ponderous Castle of Otranto piece of Gothic it is, I must say. Indeed, Gothic does not thrive in America, and our audacious unmedieval people take much more kindly to Corinthian pillars of white marble, fine Palladian windows, and other anti-Saxon enormities.

As I stood looking at the snakes, secured there in their crystal prison, two rough-looking people from Wisconsin came up.

They had both of them, Saul and Moses, often killed rattlesnakes, "any quantity of them," in the woods of Kentucky, whence they both came; but I had better give the matter, as nearly as I can, in their own language.

"Lor, mister," said Moses, "I've killed a heap of snakes about the Green River—yes, sure; and on the Mississippi banks, yes, I guess, a few. I remember when I was a-chopping sumthin' barn one day in a cane-brake down at Green River, there, some one saying something about snakes, put the darned spotted critters all around me, my hands and I began to feel kinder scared, and my hat to blinder lift up off my head, as if my hair had turned to wire, for just then I heard an awful buzzing like an angry cat, and then the buzz of a snake going so fast that it seemed to show double, one a-top a-top of the other, and it looked and forward with your finger. Lor a-mercy, what a heap did make backward—seventeen feet if it was an inch —a caution to Blendin, I guess. Blue flaping, well yes! if they weren't all a-curled up under a hickory-tree, with its head up, its eye like a big diamond on fire, and its rattle tatoling like castanets gone mad. You may laugh, may well know the rattlesnake don't leap, like other snakes, and that's a kinder blessing to us Americans, so I drew back another step or two, and let fly the charge of my gun, which happened to be loaded, slap into his coils, and then finished him with a stockdoler. Saul Hawkins there can tell you of the pieces —fact—yes, Sir. When I cut off his rattles I found he had fifteen rows of 'em, and one of these, 'cute people in the settlements I'm sure, a rattlesnake varmint must have been fifteen year going about the world doing mischief! Wonder how many children he'd killed and eaten?"

On further questioning Saul and Moses, I found that on opening this same rattlesnake's mouth he had discovered a white slime, which he believed to be the poison, existing in a little bag at the teeth, behind which the serpent carries his small pouches of portable death. The teeth, as he tried to explain to me, and as I found when I afterward from actual examination, acted at once as lancets and injectors. They puncture a wound, and at the same instant discharge the poison into minute holes, project into them the poison. Providence, when it gave the bull its crescent horns, the stag its antlers, the lion its claws, the dog its fangs, its teeth, gave the snake, in these hollow fangs, weapons of offense and of defense not less terrible.

The rattlesnake, Moses assured me, seldom, except perhaps when it had its young round it, pursued its enemy; always, if possible, stole away and avoided the combat; but, if trod on by the hunter, or driven into a corner where it was impossible for it to escape, it instantly flew at the unlucky intruder.

Was there any cure for a rattlesnake bite? I had heard that eau de luce was thought a specific in India in cases of bites from the dreaded cobra, or hooded snake, of Hindostan.

"Wa'al," answered Moses, "I tell you what, Mister; a bite from a rattlesnake is always 'a cavashun,' that's sure; where there is one thing that is good for it, it taken in time, and that's whisky."

Then Moses went on to tell me many instances of the efficacy of whisky, which I have read in the newspapers numerous cases in which whisky had proved a remedy in dangerous snake bites. Saul now came forward, and speaking up very nasally, but still like a man, told us a story of an old "nigger" on his father's plantation "down South," somewhere near Jackson's landing on the Mississippi, who had been bitten in the way after a bite. Directly after the fangs went in he tied a handkerchief above the place (it was in his leg), and washed the wound well with water and then with whisky: for already it began to swell and feel sore. He then drank off all the rest of the bottle left (he was a "nigger" of many ays in these cases takes more whisky that usual to make a man drunk—and then staggered home. Next morning he was quite well, only rather sick and sore, but otherwise as well as usual; and in a week or two he was quite recovered, and able to go about as eaton before.

Moses backed up this narrative by assuring me that once, riding through a Kentucky forest, a rattlesnake bit a mustang mare he was on, in the off hind leg, just above the fetlock. He instantly got off, washed the wound with whisky, and poured a drench into the mare's mouth. She winced, kicked a little, grew convulsed, and then grew very chilled; but next day she was all well again, and three weeks afterward she won a trotting match at Nashville.

Saul here interposed, and snatching me out of the hand of Moses, drew my attention to the fact of the rattlesnake's being unable to leap like the puf-adder or the cotton-mouth. This rendered the rattlesnake much more harmless than it otherwise would have been.

This fact, indeed, rendered it easy to escape from a rattlesnake when you came suddenly upon it in a wood for instance, by a leap backward. A story is told relative to this. On one occasion General Jackson was bivouacking by night during the war, in a log hut which the troops had found in a lonely wood. After a hearty supper the General and staff settled down to sleep when a tremendous and multitudinous hissing showed them that a whole army of rattlesnakes was sheltering itself in the room below. Indeed, by the light of a blazing pine knot they could look down between the gaping planks of the floor, and see the "serpents" coiling and hissing, like so many eels in the well of a punt. The suite instantly "made tracks," and cleared out to light a fire in the open air, or sleep round the fires the soldiers had already lighted. But the general, calm and unshaken, well knowing the constitution of rattlesnakes and their manners, having ascertained that the floor he lay on was too far above them for the snakes to reach, and knowing they could not leap, lay down on the planks, and, though hissed to sleep, enjoyed one of the best night's rest he obtained during the war.

I asked Moses about the cotton-mouth snake: having told him, in return for his information, a story about the barber's pole of Jamaica—snake served about three times a week—and also about a certain snake of South America, whose bite is so deadly that no one was ever yet known to survive it.

Moses hereupon told me that the cotton-mouth was a snake very common in Louisiana, Mississippi, Alabama, and Georgia—hunting barn one day in a cane-brake down at Green River, there, some one saying something about snakes, put the darned spotted critters all around me, my hands and I began to feel kinder scared, and my hat to blinder lift up off my head, as if my hair had turned to wire, for just then I heard an awful buzzing like an angry cat, and then the buzz of a snake going so fast that it seemed to show double, one a-top a-top of the other, and it looked and forward with your finger. Lor a-mercy, what a heap did make backward—seventeen feet if it was an inch —a caution to Blendin, I guess. Blue flaping, well yes! if they weren't all a-curled up under a hickory-tree, with its head up, its eye like a big diamond on fire, and its rattle tatoling like castanets gone mad. You may laugh, may well know the rattlesnake don't leap, like other snakes, and that's a kinder blessing to us Americans, so I drew back another step or two, and let fly the charge of my gun, which happened to be loaded, slap into his coils, and then finished him with a stockdoler. Saul Hawkins there can tell you of the pieces —fact—yes, Sir. When I cut off his rattles I found he had fifteen rows of 'em, and one of these, 'cute people in the settlements I'm sure, a rattlesnake varmint must have been fifteen year going about the world doing mischief! Wonder how many children he'd killed and eaten?"

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Then Moses went on to tell me many instances of the efficacy of whisky, which I have read in the newspapers numerous cases in which whisky had proved a remedy in dangerous snake bites. Saul now came forward, and speaking up very nasally, but still like a man, told us a story of an old "nigger" on his father's plantation "down South," somewhere near Jackson's landing on the Mississippi, who had been bitten in the way after a bite. Directly after the fangs went in he tied a handkerchief above the place (it was in his leg), and washed the wound well with water and then with whisky: for already it began to swell and feel sore. He then drank off all the rest of the bottle left (he was a "nigger" of many ays in these cases takes more whisky that usual to make a man drunk—and then staggered home. Next morning he was quite well, only rather sick and sore, but otherwise as well as usual; and in a week or two he was quite recovered, and able to go about as eaton before.

Moses backed up this narrative by assuring me that once, riding through a Kentucky forest, a rattlesnake bit a mustang mare he was on, in the off hind leg, just above the fetlock. He instantly got off, washed the wound with whisky, and poured a drench into the mare's mouth. She winced, kicked a little, grew convulsed, and then grew very chilled; but next day she was all well again, and three weeks afterward she won a trotting match at Nashville.

Saul here interposed, and snatching me out of the hand of Moses, drew my attention to the fact of the rattlesnake's being unable to leap like the puf-adder or the cotton-mouth. This rendered the rattlesnake much more harmless than it otherwise would have been.

This fact, indeed, rendered it easy to escape from a rattlesnake when you came suddenly upon it in a wood for instance, by a leap backward. A story is told relative to this. On one occasion General Jackson was bivouacking by night during the war, in a log hut which the troops had found in a lonely wood. After a hearty supper the General and staff settled down to sleep when a tremendous and multitudinous hissing showed them that a whole army of rattlesnakes was sheltering itself in the room below. Indeed, by the light of a blazing pine knot they could look down between the gaping planks of the floor, and see the "serpents" coiling and hissing, like so many eels in the well of a punt. The suite instantly "made tracks," and cleared out to light a fire in the open air, or sleep round the fires the soldiers had already lighted. But the

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COCK. "Yes, my good Jonatan, what you tink of PRIVATEERING under de present circumstance?"

JEREMIAH. "Is dat 'Hail Columbus! happy Lan'!' you's playin', 'Sephus?'

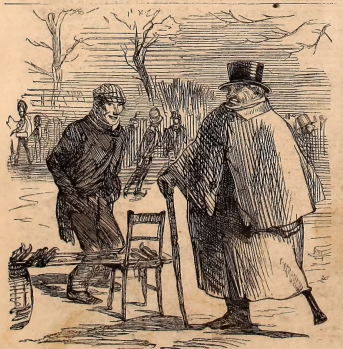
JOSEPHUS. "Yes; dat's de chewn."

JEREMIAH. "Well, Marster say dat chewn done dead."

JOSEPHUS. "He *do*? *Well*, ef dat chewn dead, I jes' as well break my Banjo and gib up, 'cause dat's the prettiest chewn I plays. Dat chewn's too pretty to die!"

SERIOUS ACCIDENT.

As Major —— and Captain —— of the Light Polkers were Skating with the Lovely and Accomplished EMILY D—— and HARRIET V——, their feelings suddenly gave way. They Broke the Ice, and we hear they have not yet been extricated from their perilous situation!



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MR. THACKERAY'S New Story, with all the original Illustrations, is continued in this Number of HARPER'S NEW MONTHLY MAGAZINE. It is here printed simultaneously with its publication in England, from advance sheets furnished to the Publishers by the Author. The admirers of "Pendennis" and "The Newcomes," who, in the opening chapters, renewed their acquaintance with their friends, Arthur Pendennis, Laura, and the Major, will find the circle of characters enlarged in the present Number.

The Publishers have also made arrangements with the Author of "Adam Bede" and "The Mill on the Floss" for a New Story for the Magazine.

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HARPER'S WEEKLY

A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION.

VOL. V.—No. 217.] NEW YORK, SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 23, 1861. [PRICE FIVE CENTS.

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the Year 1861, by Harper & Brothers, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Southern District of New York.

CHANTREY'S STATUE OF WASHINGTON, NOW IN THE STATE HOUSE AT BOSTON, MASSACHUSETTS.

CHANTREY'S WASHINGTON.

As the 22d of February once more recurs, we take pleasure in recalling the character of Washington to our readers by publishing on the preceding page the famous statue of the Great Man by Chantrey.

The statue was ordered by the State of Massachusetts, and executed by F. Chantrey, an English sculptor, at a cost of $15,000. It stands in a vestibule erected to receive it on the first floor of the State House, in Boston. It is colossal, standing nearly eight feet high, and represents the Chief wrapped in the folds of his military cloak in the act of stepping from his tent. As an effort to render the figure of a modern military chieftain classical without clothing it in the antique costume, it must be pronounced a perfect success. The likeness was taken from Stuart's painting, and every lip and mind an impression of Washington as the Pater Patriæ rather than as the Commander-in-chief or President. Indeed the scroll in the right hand, in connection with the cloak wrapped about the figure, seems to indicate the intention on the part of the artist to embody all his attributes of Statesman, Warrior, and Sage. As a specimen of workmanship it is undoubtedly the first in this country.

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

Saturday, February 23, 1861.

THE SUGAR QUESTION.

THE secession of Louisiana and the recent distress in the sugar trade at Havana and New York naturally leading to some speculation with regard to the future of the sugar trade.

It has been assumed that the civilized world consume a year about 1,600,000 tons of sugar—which are derived mainly from the West Indies, the Southern States of this Union, the Mauritius, British India, and Brazil. Over one-third of the total amount comes from the West Indies. One-fifth of the total amount is derived from Asia and the islands adjacent. Another fifth—which includes refined sugar—is made sugar—is obtained from the United States. One-eighth of the total amount consists of beetroot sugar, raised in France, Germany, Belgium, etc. These figures, it need hardly be observed, claim to be nothing more than a rough average. Nothing is more fluctuating than the sugar crop, especially in our Southern States. In 1853, Louisiana produced 375,000,000 pounds of sugar; in 1856, only 81,373,000; in 1860, about 275,000,000 pounds. But as an average, the above proportion is believed to be generally accurate.

The consumption of sugar is distributed very differently from its production. France produces more sugar than it consumes, though it is a large importer of foreign sugars. The United States consume nearly one-third more sugar than they produce. Assuming 1,000,000 tons to be the annual consumption of the civilized world, the following table will afford a rough idea of the relative consumption and production of certain leading countries:

DISTRIBUTION OF 1,600,000 TONS OF SUGAR PRODUCED AND CONSUMED ANNUALLY IN THE CIVILIZED WORLD.

	Consumption.	Production.
The United States	450,000	250,000
Great Britain	300,000	None.
France	165,000	175,000
The West Indies	160,000	320,000
The East Indies	120,000	325,000
Brazil	75,000	100,000
Continental Europe	465,000	25,000
Other countries	60,000	5,000
	1,600,000	1,600,000

Nothing is more fluctuating than the production of sugar, except its consumption. No trade feels the approach of hard times so quickly as the sugar trade. It is the first thing the poor man deprives himself of, when in distress. Sugar is the basis of thousands of luxuries which the rich cease to consume when they are embarrassed in business. In an early number of this journal we showed, from the trade returns, that the people of the United States, during the troubles of 1857, were reducing their consumption of sugar. The reports of the sugar trade indicate the same thing now. Sugar is now selling at a lower price than during the hardest times of November and December last. Our average consumption, which is set down by statists at 40 pounds per head per annum, is not larger than 23 pounds per head at present.

Under the present tariff, which was enacted in 1857, foreign sugar pays a duty of 24 per cent. in this country. The Louisiana planters have always stated that without this duty they could not grow sugar profitably. It is now proposed to reduce the duty say to twelve per cent. Should this be done, and should the cultivation of sugar in Louisiana be abandoned for the cultivation of cotton, the annual product of the cane, in the civilized world, will be diminished by one-sixteenth. Whether this will produce any effect on the price remains to be seen.

The world contains sugar-producing countries which have never been considered in the reports of political economists. China is a very large producer of sugar, though thus far it has exported but little. It is possible that the changes which recent events are producing in the commercial relations between China and Europe and America may lead to an exportation of Chinese sugar.

THE NEW LOAN.

THE Secretary of the Treasury has called for a new loan of $8,000,000, under the act passed on 8th inst. The money is required to pay soldiers, sailors, and others whose claims on the Government have accumulated to this large amount, and have been left unpaid for some time. The bonds are to be sixes, and are to run twenty years. It is not supposed that the negotiation will be an advantageous one for the Government. It was proposed to obtain for the bonds the indorsement of the States of New York, Pennsylvania, Ohio, and Massachusetts; and, thus fortified, it is supposed that they might have commanded par. This proposal was defeated, however, by the objections of Mr. Garrett, of Virginia; and the loan now stands upon its own merits.

ARMY AND NAVY.

EUROPE is laughing pretty heartily at our army and navy arrangements in this country. They say that the late Lord Ellesmere, who proclaimed that the United States was the most warlike nation in the world, must have been a wag. Of late, it must be admitted, these departments of our Government have not shone to advantage.

Of our army, which numbers nearly 15,000 effective men, only 1,000 are now left by the Lieutenant-General commanding for the defense of Washington. There are not 80 at Fort Sumter, and less than 70 at Fort Pickens. Then, the sub-arms of our service are far from being equal to those of European soldiers. With all the bravery in the world, an American regiment could not stand against an English or a French regiment, simply because the latter are so much better armed. This inferiority arises chiefly from the operation of the law of Congress forbidding the War Department to purchase "patented" weapons. It has been asserted by some journals that this law, which was introduced by Ex-Senator Jefferson Davis, was part of a conspiracy to enfeeble the United States army. This is a mistake. Mr. DAVIS introduced the measure to head off a Jewish scheme for the purchase by Government of a quantity of arms patented by the friend of a high official. Its passage most displeased the Jewish Jim and the high official whom it circumvented. But whatever the motive of the Act was, its effect is to deprive our army of the effective weapons of modern warfare, and should be amended so as enable the new Secretary of War to supply these weapons to the troops.

Again, as to our Navy. Whether any blame may legitimately be imputed to Mr. TOUCEY or to Mr. Toucey, whose hands of public life have so nearly run out, we can not say; but certain it is that about one half the vessels in the navy are unfit for service, and quite a number of others are airing their sails in a sublimely useless manner on the coast of China.

Other nations are availing themselves of the discoveries of modern science to improve their navy. England and France have both been building scores of gun-boats, propelled by steam, drawing size to eight feet water, and carrying one, two, and three guns. Russia has also built a frigate, cased in iron, which no cannon-ball can damage, and has ordered ten more on the same model. England has built another iron-cased frigate, the invulnerable *Gloire*, and a swifter ship; she, too, is about to build more such craft. Meanwhile the Government of the United States does not seem to conceive that such things are done, and progress in the past ten years. No one has even proposed the construction of an iron-cased ship here.

MOTLEY'S GREAT HISTORY IN LIBRARIES.

THE New York Mercantile Library Association have purchased *two hundred and fifty copies* of MOTLEY'S HISTORY OF THE UNITED NETHERLANDS for their subscribers. And the Brooklyn Mercantile Library Association have taken ten copies of the same work. These are, so far as we are aware, the first instances of similar purchases by any circulating library in this country. They indicate equal enterprise and sagacity on the part of our Mercantile Library Associations.

In England circulating libraries frequently purchase five hundred copies of a popular book. Mudie, the proprietor of the London circulating library in London, takes fifteen hundred copies of Mr. MOTLEY'S HISTORY. A fewer number would not have answered his purpose. He has several thousand subscribers at a guinea a piece. For their guines (say $5 12) these persons read every thing that is worth reading in the book literature of the day: more good books than a score of guineas would procure for them if expended annually in the purchase of books. But in order to retain these subscribers, Mudie must have a large number of copies of each popular work, so that each may have a chance of getting it for his week or fortnight. Hence the wholesale purchases above mentioned.

Our mercantile and circulating libraries in this country have generally been content, hitherto, with purchasing two or three copies of a popular work. Hence their subscribers, after vainly waiting to get it from the library, have been compelled either to purchase it for themselves, or to do without it altogether. It is probable that the arrangement has been beneficial to publishers, who have thus sold more books to the public directly than they would otherwise have done. But it has manifestly been an injury to circulating libraries, and is doubtless the chief cause of the embarrassment in which so many of them are chronically placed.

The New York and Brooklyn Mercantile Libraries have initiated the new plan in this country: let us watch how it succeeds.

☞ We have to thank Hon. JOHN CAMPBELL, M.C., for public documents.

THE LOUNGER.

THE WISEST, BRIGHTEST, —— OF MANKIND.

MR. HEPWORTH DIXON'S Personal History of Lord Bacon is a brilliant and fascinating book—an impassioned plea for a new trial—a masterly motion to carry the great case of the World against Verulam before the Final Court of Appeals, the slow justice of mankind. That such a lyrical burst of enthusiasm should spring from recondite researches among the state papers of England shows how profound the conviction of the author is, and how his ardor not only survives research, but is fed by it. Whether the reader—until the least you can say is, if Hepworth Dixon is not right, Hepworth Dixon ought to be right. He is a true knight pattring his lance in rest for the rescue of injured fame, and tilting valiantly with the most ancient and reverend prejudices.

The name of Bacon has so long pointed the morals of philosophy, and adorned the tales of sceptics—it has been so doubly damned by the eloquence of Macaulay and the weight of Lord Campbell—that it will be the revulsion of attainder at first attracts by its novelty, and at last commands by its utility. It is peculiarly timely also, for it appears during the publication of what will doubtless be the final and standard edition of his works, edited by James Spedding, and reproduced in this country in the most handsome and satisfactory form. And the effort establishes a doubt and necessary stay of judgment. Hepworth Dixon, as junior counsel, takes the devil opening argument, and James Spedding, with due gravity and elaboration, will close the case.

The book teems with rapid, vivid glimpses of the most famous men and events of the most famous period of English history. It is not a complete and continuous biography, but a presentation of the new facts, and the vital lights upon old facts, which patient and later study has developed. It proves quite clearly in how many points Bacon has been misrepresented and misled by popular estimates of his relations with many conspicuous persons; and establishes that, in the ordinary sense of the term, he got a corrupted name. Of seven thousand judgments made by him as Lord Chancellor, not a hundred were set aside.

Yet though his powers of eloquence and, so far, the great success of his advocate, Bacon remains still cold, remote, statuesque; a man of imperial intellect, but not genial, not a lover of his race. It is perhaps the hard outline of a strictly intellectual habit. A great and wise reformer, a sagacious philosopher, of pure morals, of elegant manners—all this he was, and more, but also a courtier, and a man to devise rather than to do. Thus, in the case of Peacham, who was put to the rack, in the presence of Bacon, "Peacham has been often quoted as proof of his cruelty and cowardice. Mr. Dixon flies to the defense. What would you have?" he says. "Is he more seriously doubted in Bacon's day that truth should be extorted by the torture than it is in ours that murderers should be hung. A hundred years hence, he argues, it may be thought as monstrous that people were hung as we now think it that they were tortured. Every man must live in his own air. He lives in his time.

Ah no, Mr. Dixon; there is the slip. Not "every man." If every man were to continue to approve and countenance whatever he could the next century possibly come to think it monstrous? It is only by some man's having a conviction that it is wrong, and talking and acting upon that conviction, that progress is ever changed. But Bacon must have attended, says his advocate, or have resigned his office. Very likely; but what then? That fact is, that he was in need of the argument. On this particular point Bacon was just like the other men of his time—neither better nor worse. The age doesn't help him. In Scotland a hundred and more years ago teachers of youth used to scare convenient windows at public occasions for the entertainment and instruction of their pupils. Tender-hearted pupils would have staid away, and as they became men would have perhaps remained at home. But those who were not especially tender-hearted would have accepted the universal habit, and have thought of it no more. They could not be reproached with peculiar cruelty, but that is all.

Bacon was intellectual and politically ambitious. He loved power and place. He saw serenely the public welfare, and steadily pursued it. But he was a political philosopher, by Mr. Dixon's own showing, rather than a great statesman. He served a little and man master, and was politically ruined by little and mean men. Let it be enough, as we close this bright and fiery book, that he was not little and mean himself.

BREAKING UP.

It was very clear that the river might break up at any moment; for although, on Thursday night, at Albany, the mercury marked twenty-nine degrees below zero, Monday morning broke soft and warm, and a penetrating rain fell all night. Tuesday followed with the same sunshine. Open windows were pleasant, and in country roads the mud was deep and direful. So when the up-train left the city at half past three, it was doubtful when, and where, and how it might arrive.

The river scenery was never lovelier. The dark purple masses of the Highlands stood against the yellow west, and were reflected in the glowing, watery surface of the rolling ice in the river. You could not but think, leaning your head against the window, and looking across, that the right bank of the river is very far away, and suffers a kind of paralysis, akin to that of the left-side of the body. Because, suppose you are in Athens (upon the Hudson), or Kingston, or Coxsackie, and are very anxious to reach New York at once—and as you hasten to the shore—the river is breaking up! You can not go by land, for it is all mud. You can not go by water, for the ice is running. You can not go at all. And indeed it seemed as if at any moment it might begin to run.

At length the train reached Poughkeepsie. What a capital restaurateur there is in this place, and that the name of the town was merely an ingenious inversion of *Keeps-a-pigling?*) Five minutes only were allowed for oysters by the benevolent brakeman, who called them "refreshments." But when we had all gulped our oysters, and scalded our mouths with hot tea (hot every but it always is at these station-rooms, where you expect every moment that sudden shriek of the agonized bell), and when we had rushed out to ascertain if our train was still standing upon the track, the five minutes passed, and then six times five, and every lady was left behind. Yet, how comfortably and at length he might have taken his tea, and, *avaunt*, why are we stopping? The engine fizzed—the passengers sat dumb. One occasionally arose and went out, banging the door. Another put up his window. Another nestled nervously in his cloak. Another said, aloud—to nobody in particular, and as if every body had a right to attend to so novel a suggestion—"I wonder what we're stopping for!" The universal stolidity of indifference in this exclusive car was only broken by the irpsaker nervous, so he threw up his window, and putting his head out, shouted to some imaginary functionary, "What's the matter?" Nobody answered, but the engine fizzed with a dull monotony that suggested profound sleep.

Ha! ding, ding, ding! Now we're off! Every body shakes a little and looks happier. The train moves—Laus Deo! We shall not sleep upon the road, nor be compelled to hear each longer the filthy talk of the two semi-drunken lawyers in the car, who drowsily dived indecency. We move cautiously for the first few gap, and then the bridge over the wild stream that jumps down the rocks, Lashing in the light of the new moon that's blinkin' in the lift, and we're off. But we stop again and recede, and for a long hour yet remain upon the track, until the express from New York at five o'clock overtakes us. Then we hear that a bridge has been carried away at Stockport, above Hudson, for the river is evidently about breaking up. Uniting the trains we go on, through the stars and over the full gleam of the soft ice, to Hudson. There we diverge, and pass over the Hudson and Berkshire road to Chatham, and reach East Albany at one o'clock, instead of half past eight. Some of us push on to Troy; the most cross at Albany. The next morning breaks soft and sunny. Passengers come from Albany to the Hudson shore, and in fifteen minutes from that time the ice is moving—the river is breaking up.

In Troy the steamboats that open upon the river are full of people watching, and wondering how high the water will rise, and what the water will do. The stream of ice-cakes, instead of halting, sliding swiftly and smoothly along. If all is clear below, all will be right. But if the water and the ice should be set back, there will be a terrible destruction of property. So suddenly, to almost instantaneous is the breaking up of the river. Yesterday trusted like the earth; to-day as treacherous as the sea. Yet every year, all the thousands who use the frozen river as a turnpike, scarcely a life is lost in the sudden breaking up.

THE HEIR AT LAW.

THE Bonaparte case now upon trial in Paris (you must not suppose that this means the empire of Louis Napoleon) is one in which we are all interested as a country, for an American woman is a party to the suit. The first Madame Jerome Bonaparte, Miss Patterson, of Baltimore, and her son, Mr. Jerome Bonaparte, of the same city, claim their share of the property of the late husband and father, the old Prince Jerome. The point of the case is, that if their children are the issue of a lawful marriage and its issue are vitiated, and those arrangements of human society, the Princess Mathilde, Madame Demidoff, and the Prince Napoleon as

Lucien, who had also tainted the blood imperial by marrying a woman he loved. Brother Lucien replied that he had a great regard for brother Napoleon, but he would rather kill his family with his own hand than stoop to the infamy of dishonoring his wife and disinheriting his children—and he never did.

Brother Jerome appears to have sent no reply to Napoleon; but having crossed the sea and sent his wife to Holland, wrote affectionate letters to her; while she, packing over to England, gave birth there, in July, 1805, to the present Mr. Bonaparte, of Baltimore. She remained in England until the November of that year, still getting the pleasant letters from her husband; and in November she returned with her son to the United States. Meanwhile the Emperor had asked Pope Pius the Seventh to annul the marriage, which his Holiness forcibly refused to do.

But meanwhile, also, the Elector of Wurtemburg had become King of Wurtemburg, by the treaty of Freeburg, and his daughter, the Princess Royal, was a desirable bride for Napoleon's brother Jerome. So, on the 1st of June, the Archbishop of Paris did what the Pope had refused to do, and annulled the Baltimore marriage. On the 16th of July Jerome wrote a few complimentary lines—only four or five—to his young wife, hinting nothing of the future, but cold and commonplace. It was the last letter he wrote to her. And on the 12th of August, in the next year, Brother Jerome married the Wurtemburg Princess, and in the following December was proclaimed King of Westphalia. In May, 1808, the King sent to Baltimore for his son, and wrote to his wife that he should never forget the tender ties, etc., etc.; but Madame Bonaparte refused to surrender her child. The King wrote again in November, offering to make her a queen, and her son "a prince;" if possible would come and live near him and his new wife; and the relations between all the members of the Bonaparte family were resolved. Jerome of Baltimore as the son of his father; and when Mr. Bonaparte went to Paris, in 1854, the Emperor presented him with a paper of state declaring that "M. Jerome Bonaparte is to be considered in France as a legitimate." But the Wurtemburg branch were alarmed, and the next year prayed that the Baltimore Bonapartes should "exercise no rights which belong to the legitimate issue," and should therefore drop the family name. The "Family Council" decreed that they should have the name, but have no rights of succession. At the same time honors were offered to the son of Mr. Bonaparte, of Baltimore, as the Napoleonic Patriarch. He declined them; and his father wrote a most manly letter to the Emperor. "As I was legitimately born," he says, "and as I have always maintained my knowledge as such by my family, by the laws of all countries, and by the whole world, it would be the extreme of baseness and dishonor on my part to accept a *brevet of bastardy*."

The peculiar importance of this case is that the Prince Napoleon is the heir-apparent after the Prince Imperial. And if his father's first marriage was legal, and the issue therefore legitimate, Mr. Bonaparte, of Baltimore, is at least the elder brother; and if the legitimate elder brother, then the next heir after the young Prince.

INEBRIATE ASYLUM.

THERE is no evil in society, however incalculable it may seem, that will not gradually yield to greater knowledge—as there is no night so long and dark but it will at last melt in the sunrise. The golden ages of lighters upon the horizon, are not in that of the future, not of the past; and "the good old times" is a phrase which describes the condition we are approaching rather than that we have left behind. One by one every bodily infirmity engages the genius of science, and the laws of life being more thoroughly mastered, science suggests a remedy or an alleviation. The sad and the idiotic are not, as of old, cast out of human sympathy and tender care; and at last the drunkard is not hopelessly abandoned to self-destruction.

Crime is held by certain speculative philosophers to be a moral disease; and drunkenness is now considered by many wise men to be likewise a disease, both physical and moral, and they propose that it shall be so treated. Even if it be only an infirmity of the will, they say, what are we to treat that infirmity? They think that they can, and the State Inebriate Asylum has been constituted. The inmates are, and have been, those who, relatively engaged in the work, and without any compensation. They are erecting a building, which is already connected to the front of the jail, and they intend to open it for patients in the autumn. It will accommodate four hundred, and already there have been nearly 4000 applications received from every State in the Union, and every county in the State. The funds have been collected in every part of the State in subscriptions of ten dollars, and the trustees have thus far worked without any compensation. They now propose to ask assistance from the Legislature.

And why not? What citizen would not, in every wise way, try to prevent crime, as well as insist upon its punishment? We can not prevent a man's getting drunk; but if we find that we can conquer the wish to get drunk, is not that worth trying for? And would not the institution, which made the effort, be as proud a monument of the humanity and liberality of the State as any other?

In Dean Ramsay's lately published "Reminiscences of Scottish Life and Character," there are some curious anecdotes and details of the hard drinking of Scotland a century ago. Drunkenness was regarded as a manly thing. One "accomplished and worthy gentlewoman" took pains to cultivate the habit of drinking in her sons, holding that all young men should be accustomed "to carry liquor discreetly;" and her son, the young laird, was obliged to drink daily a certain quantity of wine, whether he liked it or not. The young lairds, fathers used to tell their sons "to make their head while they were young." As an illustration of the organized and thoroughly systematic drunken revelral habit of drunkenness, the Dean tells a story of Mackenzie, the "Man of Feeling."

The worthy gentleman was caught at a drinking party, and there was no escape. One by one his companions fell from his side, and dropped under the table dead-drunk. At length, to save himself, he dropped too, and while he lay under the table, waiting for morning, he felt a pair of small hands working at his throat. "What's this?" cried Mackenzie. "Sir," was the reply, "I'm the last that's to loose the neckcloths." In that hospitable house they provided against apoplexy or suffocation!

In the hospitality of Scotland the drinking provision will be made against drunkenness itself.

ASSAULTS UPON THE LANGUAGE.

As you go up the Bowery in the cars, or, strolling upon the sidewalk, look at the signs, you will, in full view, the Cooper Institute, one of our noblest public works. The building itself, if not very beautiful or satisfactory, is certainly not unsightly. It stands just above the parting of the Bowery into the Third and Fourth Avenues, and a little triangular plot of inclosed ground marks the very point of the separation. Opposite, upon the Third Avenue, is the new market and armory of the Seventh Regiment; on the Fourth Avenue the city hall has become one of the handsome bins of the city.

But as you approach the stately Institute, you become aware of some unusual effort to adorn and cities your curiosity. Is it a brief inscription of dedication? Is it an explanatory note of the purpose of the building? Is it a quotation from the Bible or near enough now. We can read it distinctly: A Free Reading Room for Males and Females."

Male and female alike free to read, as the sign completed? Do you think that it means men and women? But why? Women are females, but so are cows. Men are males, certainly, but so are donkeys. Does it mean that males, of course, reading males and females, and that donkeys don't read? Not to-day. Did you never see one with a book in his hand at the Cooper Library, at the least apparently, reading? Besides, are there no learned pigs—no dogs that know the alphabet? Again, if men and women are meant, why not say so? Isn't man as good a word to describe a *homo* as male? Male is a distinction of sex common to all animals, from the fly to the whale; it is the word that do. Man is a word that describes the reading male. Imagine Mr. Everett beginning an oration, or a priest with Queen Victoria, addressing the throng of intelligent men and women before him. He begins: "Females and males."

Let us leave the Bowery to the right places. The room at the Cooper Institute is doubtless for the use of men and women. Then why not say so?

There is a similar and amusing circumlocution in what the word "official" means. Some of the steamer says: *Gentlemen are requested not to spit upon the cushions!* You might as well put up a request, *Gentlemen are respectfully desired not to pick each other's pockets.*

Then what is the matter with the word *office*, that it should be necessary to say that vilest of all vulgarisms, *official?* "We used to think that the President of the United States was the chief executive *office* of the United States, but now he is an *official*. A Collector is an *official*. A Postmaster is another *official*. What has become of the *office?* Have they all gone off with our and women, leaving the world to males, females, and officials?

DOGBERRY-ING.

LOUNGING about the world, you may hear a great deal said about tolerating other people's views. In this country, the toleration of opinion has rightfully no meaning at all; for it implies that some people or some party have rights which other people and parties have not. Lord Macaulay says that only he said to tolerate freedom of the press, because, by the theory of his government, he is the final judge of what is best. But with us there is no such judge. The Legislature, Judians, for instance, in this country, no more "tolerate" the Quakers than the Universalists tolerate the Methodists. In matters of religion, the State institute right, conceded by the theory of the government, to think as he pleases upon religious subjects. It is precisely so in politics. The State institutes have the same rights. One party doesn't tolerate another, as a man who wears a green coat doesn't "tolerate" a man who wears a yellow one.

Our government is a government of *opinion*; and every individual citizen holds his opinion of *right*, and as the government acts upon it, every citizen is legitimately affected only by free thought and free discussion, they are the two fundamental points of our whole system; and the man who talks about tolerating another man's views or opinions is a despot in his heart, and—unconsciously, perhaps, but none the less certainly—a traitor to the spirit of the government.

Give a sick man plenty of air, and give a sick government plenty of free discussion. As Mr. Brady justly said, in his curious and amusing speech at the Cooper Institute, the other evening, half of the difficulty that besets us has arisen from attempted interference with the right of every citizen to think and say what he chooses. A certain New England mayor lately laid down the remarkable doctrine that, if you undertook to express opinions which a mob doesn't like or chose to hear, you do it at your peril. The mayor, probably, did not know that he was made mayor to protect the rights of every citizen against forcible interference. We can imagine a trusty citizen of New England—Mr. Edward Everett, let us say—knocked down and robbed upon the Boston Common. He applies to Mayor Dogberry for redress. "Redress!" exclaims his Honor, "you're a pretty fellow, Mr. Everett; what do you mean by carrying money in your pockets and provoking a breach of the peace? Go your ways, and thank Heaven that I don't commit you as a highwayman!"

When our government was young, and old John Adams was President, he was afraid of the popular tongue, so he prudently resolved to shout, in continental chorus, the Whig lilliburlero that sang the Democrats out of office:

"And with them we'll rout the Tyler Van;
'Tis a sad old tune, but a merry man!"

Or the Democrats—how the Sachems of Tammany would have shrieked unintelligible warcries, had Mr. Buren been invited by summons from Court, that to express their opinion of the Congress which chartered the United States Bank was to "defame" that august body! That a droll old President Adam it must have been! But what a droller government of popular opinion it would have been could such a law have been passed! Harm has been done by the moral pleading for the vial law; but it showed too clearly the tendency, perhaps unconscious, but still decided, of the old federal party—to which it belonged.

We must all honor sturdy old John Adams, nor forget for a moment his masterly services toward the independence of the country; but also ponder how much greater was his success, because Thomas Jefferson, saying in his inaugural that error of opinion need not trouble us while reason is left free to combat it. That is the whole system of our government stated in an axiom. Let us all dedicate a new edition of it with our respectful compliments, to Mayor Dogberry.

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

A CURE FOR BOLDNESS.—By the ancient law of Hungary a man convicted of boldness was condemned to live with both wives in the same house; the crime was, in consequence, extinguished.

A Scotch minister was once ordered "beef tea" by his physician. The next day the patient complained that it had made him very ill. "Ill!" exclaimed the doctor, "why, I'll try the tea myself." So, putting some in a skillet, he warmed it, tasted it, and told the minister it was excellent. "Man," said he, "you're right, in the way ye say it!"—"What like? why should it be cuppit? It's excellent, I tell you!" "Ah, but," said the minister, "my doctor, but try it wi' the cream and sugar, man! try it wi' that, and then ken how it is!"

GREEDY FELLOWS.—"A Burman is not very particular in his food; he will eat almost any thing. Mr. Lanciego tells of his visit to the house of his followers observed him eating some cheese, and in prowling about the ship they had stolen the rest and quietly begun to be a similar delicacy, but which, to their grief, turned out to be a bar of yellow soap. They could discover their mistake, however, discontinue their attacks upon it, until their mouths were foaming with the soap, and the astonishment at their master's predilection for such nastiness."

A young actor having played a part tolerably well, Elliston one evening called him into the green-room, and complimented him upon it. "Upon my word, you have not only pleased the public, but you have pleased me: and, as a proof which I can give of it, here's a guinea." He had your acceptance of a small piece of plate." It was, beyond all question, a very handsome piece of a silver tooth-pick case.

"REST IN AVOICE."—In the old church at Manchester, now the cathedral, the marriage ceremony is, or was, performed in Latin. Some years ago, when the late Dr. Joshua Brooks, a well-known clergyman of the foundation, had officiated at the marriage of a couple together, two or three unfortunate wights would come up to him with the query, "Now, master, then, I've gotten the wrong woman?" His reply was always the same—"Well, well, lads and lasses, pair as you go out—pair as you go out—rest in avoice!" and it did very well.

A Dutchman being advised to rub his limbs well with brandy for the rheumatism, said he had heard of the remedy, but added, "I have tried it—I drinks de brandy, den I rubs my legs wid de bottle."

"THAT'S very singular!" said a young lady to a gentleman who had been telling her a story. "Oh, well, my dear miss, I will soon make it plural."

LAWYERS' FAY.—A poet young lawyer once boasted to a member of the bar that he had received two hundred dollars for speaking in a criminal case. "Well," replied the counselor, "I received double that sum for keeping silent in the very case."

ROSE, private secretary to Louis XIV., having married his daughter to M. Portail, president of the Parliament, was asked if he thought the son-in-law would be competent to his daughter's ill-temper. To one of these he at length answered, that he was fully convinced of her mischievous, and was resolved to punish her for it: in short, if he heard any more of it he would dishearth her. He heard no more.

A man who commits suicide does a rash act; but he who can leave the world decently does well.

OF a tough, a horse without a girt is only half blessed: it is an orchard without blossoms, and a spring without song. A horse of one is like a fiddle with its strings broken, but daughters by the fireside are like roses in Sharon.

AT Eton once, a boy rendered "Scipio Africanus," "an African walking-stick." Dr. Keate, the head master, remarked with a rare, "Sit down, Sir: you are too great a fool to be flogged."

IF Austria would do the honorest and wisest thing that she possibly can, she would sell the Venetian territory to its rightful owners, and pay over the proceeds into the Court of Bankruptcy.

A piano affords a young lady a good chance to show her fingering and her finger-ring.

NOBILITY OF BIRTH.—A west-country editor asserts that he was born a "gentleman." The remark called to mind many person can claim in that he was born a "gentle baby."

"I can't undertake, wife, to gratify all your whims; it would be as much as my life is worth." "Oh, Sir, that's nothing!" she replied

THE PRINCE OF WALES' KISS.—The Canadian journals are disputing over the identity of the girl who it said to have received the only kiss bestowed by the Prince of Wales throughout his tour. The fair one did not expect to have her honors questioned so soon.

Anderson the actor was seldom known to be in a passion. When at Oxford, he was one day debating with a fellow-student, who, not keeping his temper, threw a glass of wine into his face, when Anderson took out his handkerchief, wiped his face, and coolly said, "Think, Sir, was a gentleman I now for the first moment."

The man who follows the sea thinks he shall get up with it one of these days.

Man, unstomach say, changes entirely every seven years. Therefore, says the witty Jones, "my tailor should not remind me of the bill I contracted in 1851. I ain't the man who contracted it."

"YOU should be ashamed, husband, to snore so." "Oh, it is entirely unintentional: I never do it with my eyes open."

Some people have no touch of imagination. A writer describes the vast extent of Cowden's "Ancient Britain" to a hard-headed old lawyer, who listened patiently to the end, and then merely said that the author must have been a *horrible fool!*

When the affairs of Italy were the subject of general conversation, a lord was very enthusiastic in favor of Murat and his party. He was talking hopefully and warmly on the subject when he met a gentleman with a very cold and stiff and argumentative exterior. The latter said, "I have not much interest in the subject, my lord, except by the name of Hortense, is a clever, amiable, lively French woman. Also my name is Lord Ravensworth, and I am called, 'Napoleon and Frederick II.,' called twice, and raised to such rank, the grandchild of the young man's mother was what a pity for him! *He would have been something* as a *Duroc.*" The young lord's enthusiasm was chilled.

A man who hoped having bought some pigs, asked a neighbor for the use of a pen for a few days. Said he, "I have bought some pigs from Lord ——, and many wild pigs. I want to put them in your pen till I can fix a stable for them."—"Two thousand pigs!" exclaimed the astonished neighbor, "why, my pen will hardly hold a dozen!"—"Are they so large?" asked Mr. Bent. I don't they two thousand pigs, but two thousand pounds."—"I hear you," said Mr. Bent, "two thousand pigs." Why you must be crazy!" "Crazy! I'm not crazy at all." Indeed, caught, "I mean not two thousand pigs, but two thousand pounds of pigs' flesh."—Oh, that is what you mean, eh? Well, the pen is at your service."

In a very thin house, an actress spoke very low in her concluding speech to the lover. The actor, perceiving it happened to be, exclaimed, with a woeful humor, "My dear, you may speak louder, because I am dead, only rather than a whisper."

A footman learned from his master that mahagropos means "out of place." Meeting a brother footman who had been cashiered, he accosted him, "Ah! my dear fellow, I am sorry for you; you are mahagropos!"

"DO you think," asked Mr. Pepper, rather sharply, "that a little temper is a bad thing in a woman?"—"Certainly not, sir," replied the gallant bachelor; "it is a good thing, and she ought never to lose it."

The late Sir Henry Smith, long M.P. for Colchester, was one of the Tories of the old school, and when the odiousness of reform, his resolute opposition to all change was the theme of every day, he would exclaim that he was not borne out by his real character. On one occasion he was canvassing in the vicinity of numerous farms, and on asking a heavy-looking farmer for his vote, the man replied, "Why, sir, I've got no fear for that, only vote such a fool."—"Fool, am I?" retorted Sir Henry; "then I've got the best reason for supporting you!" The farmer, full of wit went to the farmer's heart, and with a loud guffaw he promised his vote.

"Sambo, is your master a good farmer?"—"Oh, yes, massa fus-rate farmer—he make two crops in one year." "Indeed! how's that, Sambo?"—"Why, massa, he sow de fall, and make money once; den in de spring he sell de hides of de cattle dat die for want of de hay, and make money twice."

Blunders upon the stage have often relieved a dull play; and it is remarkable that if one actor stumbles another is generally ready for example. Charles Mathews, if he once blundered in his part: "As Hodge," was once to make many blunders; purchases from his habit of imitation. Two of the most celebrated stage blunders once occurred in the comedy of "Clandestine Marriage," when one of the characters saw "a candle going along the gallery with in his right hand;" and another "locked the key, and put the door in his pocket."

A DOUBTFUL FEE.—If a man can not sleep, he will probably lose his reason.

EATING OUTDOOR.—To be importuned by your wife to get your life insured.

Goldsborough was once examined as a witness on a trial respecting the originality of a picture, when a counsel endeavored to shake the witness by saying, "I believe you by great stress on a *painter's eye*—what do you mean by that expression?" "I mean," replied the witness Goldsborough, "it is to him what a lawyer's tongue is to you."

"DON'T you think, husband, that you are apt to believe every thing you hear?"—"No, Madam, not when you tell it."

A citizen of Berlin, Prussia, a man in comfortable circumstances, has been confined for the last fifteen years in a cell of this establishment, for the following remarkable facts. He afterward makes up the loss to the establishment of all the clothing he can fancy he may require for visitors. According to the calculation of his family, in the past year he has been obliged to make good the loss of two hundred and sixty-seven hats. At a recent musical festival, 1,500 pairs of gloves were sacrificed to the enthusiasm; and for the evening's entertainment he paid a hundred and fifty-nine thalers.

A wife's farewell to her husband every morning—Sir and adieu.

Some people assert that they have seen a horse drove, a bell, *pull*, a lump of coal *smoke*, a pail *iron*, a-bun *dance*, and a wheel-*barrow*.

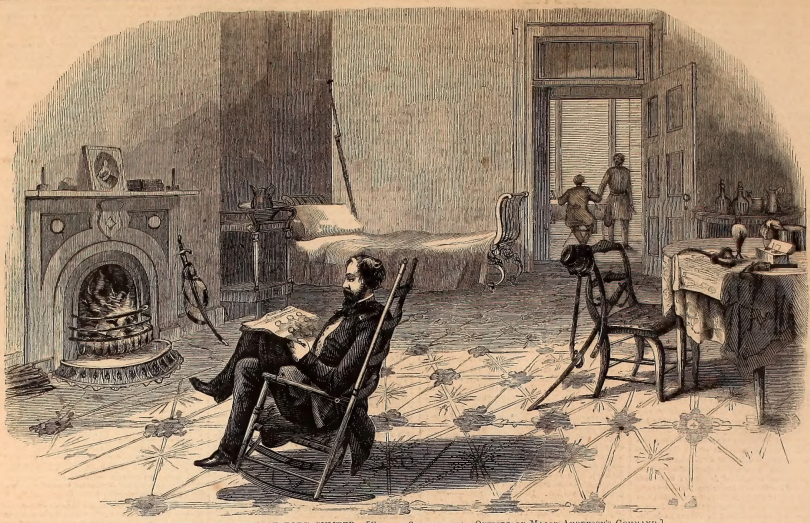
If you wish to learn all your defects, quarrel with your best friend, and you will be surprised to find what a villain you are, and how small your estimation of a friend.

AN IMPROVING CHARACTER.—A Magistrate, when he fines you.

If your friends and associates can not be amused except by the tricks of a monkey, you had better buy them one than make one of yourself.

When men, by age, fall in their sight and hearing, they had better consult themselves with the thought that they have seen and heard quite enough.

Some men are always fond of raising their voices, because perhaps it is the only way they can raise the wind.



OFFICERS' QUARTERS AT FORT SUMTER.—[FROM A SKETCH BY AN OFFICER OF MAJOR ANDERSON'S COMMAND.]

THE OFFICERS' QUARTERS AT FORT SUMTER.

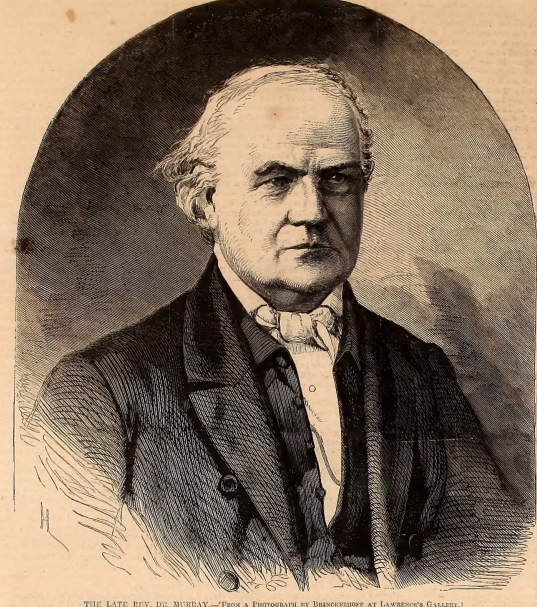
SUCH intense interest is felt in every thing which concerns the garrison at Fort Sumter that we are glad to present our readers with the accompanying picture of the Officers' Quarters at Fort Sumter, from a sketch kindly sent us by one of our military correspondents in that work. It shows that the gallant officers are comfortable.

GOOD-BY TO FORT SUMTER.

WE publish herewith a picture of the good-by waved to Fort Sumter by the wives and children of the soldiers quartered in that work, as they steamed past in the *Marion*, on 31 inst., on their way to New York. The scene is thus described in a note from one of the passengers on board the *Marion*:

"On Sunday, the 3d inst., as the steamer *Marion* was pro-

GOOD-BY TO SUMTER—FEBRUARY 3, 1861.



THE LATE REV. DR. MURRAY.—[FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY BRINCKERHOFF AT LAWRENCE'S GALLERY.]

ceeding down Charleston harbor, bound for New York, and leaving on board among the passengers the wives—about twenty in number—and children belonging to the soldiers stationed in Fort Sumter, a somewhat exciting scene occurred. On nearing the fort the whole garrison was seen, mounted on the top of the ramparts; and when the ship was passing fired a gun and gave three heart-thrilling cheers as a parting farewell to the dear loved ones on board, whom they may possibly never meet again this side the grave.

"The response was weeping and waving adieus to husbands and fathers. A small head peep up in an isolated fort, and completely surrounded by instruments of death, as few feet could be seen from the steamer's deck, with their guns pointing toward Sumter.

"As the ship proceeded on her voyage, the earnest prayer of many sympathizing hearts on board was that no collision would ever take place between these men, so hostilely arrayed against each other, but who are in reality brothers."

REV. NICHOLAS MURRAY, D.D.

THE death of the Rev. Dr. Murray, of Elizabeth, New Jersey, which occurred on the 4th of February, 1861, is a loss to the Church and the world. We present his portrait in this paper, and desire to record, in a few words, our sense of his worth and his greatness, and our personal sorrow in the decease of a valued correspondent and a beloved friend.

He was a native of Ireland, and largely endowed with the finest qualities peculiar to the noblest sons of the Emerald Isle. His warm and glowing heart, his genial humor, his sparkling wit, the ready repartee, the enthusiastic temperament, the generous disposition, were the natural traits of character that made him the best of company and the most constant of friends.

He was born on Christmas-day, in the year 1802. While he was yet a mere boy his father died, and young Nicholas was put into a store to begin, almost without education, the struggle and labors of life. At the early age of twelve he was keeping a set of books in a store in Dublin. Induced by the reports from America to believe that his chances of success would be greater here, he came to this country in 1819, and immediately found employment in the establishment of Harper & Brothers, and a home in the family of his employers. While here, he was brought into such associations and under such influences as led him to forsake the Roman Catholic Church, in which he had been born, and first connecting himself as a probationer with the John Street Methodist Episcopal Church, soon after became a member of the Brick Presbyterian Church, of which Dr. Spring was and is the pastor.

While yet at work at the printing press he commenced study in preparation for the ministry, in connection with a fellow-apprentice, now the Rev. J. C. Oakley, of Cold Spring, New York. He graduated Williams College, under the Presidency of the distinguished Dr. Edward Dorr Griffin, and graduated with honor in 1826; and afterward pursued a thorough course of theological study at the Seminary in Princeton, New Jersey. After a few months of itinerant service in connection with the American Tract Society, he was settled over two churches in Wyoming Valley, Wilkesbarre and Kingston, Pennsylvania. His remarkable pulpit talents and his high promise attracted attention, and in 1833 he was called and installed pastor of the First Presbyterian Church in Elizabethtown, New Jersey, one of the largest churches in the Presbyterian denomination. Here he spent the remainder of his life, twenty-eight years of eminent usefulness, untiring labor, and the most enviable of human distinction—a career marked by ceaseless devotion to the best interests of his people and the highest good of the human family. The various institutions of Christian benevolence called him to their councils, and he served them with self-denying activity. The cause of education in the Church and in the State was an object to which he gave constant attention; and colleges, seminaries, and schools found him an appreciating director, supporter, and friend.

In the year 1847 he addressed a series of letters to Bishop Hughes, the distinguished prelate at the head of the Roman Catholic Church in New York. These letters first appeared in the New York *Observer*, and were extensively reprinted in other papers, languages, and lands. They presented the history of the writer's progress from Romanism to Protestantism, and examined the reasons for adhering to the Church of Rome. The vivacious style, the genial humor, biting sarcasm, anecdotes, incidents, illustration, argument, and appeals blended so harmoniously as to give them a popularity perhaps without a parallel in religious literature. The first series was followed by a second and third. The nom de *plume* of the writer, KIRWAN, could not conceal the New Jersey divine, and his name became familiar in all Christian lands. Crossing a ferry in Scotland the boatman approached him, and saying he had been told by some one on board that he was from America, asked "if he had ever seen a man by the name of Kirwan there?" He had been reading his letters to Bishop Hughes, and would like to hear about the author.

Dr. Murray made two or three journeys in Europe, seeking relaxation from his arduous labors, and gathering materials for those contributions which he gave to the press. His letters have been collected in volumes, and are published under the following titles: "Letters to Bishop Hughes;" "Romanism at Home;" "Men and Things in Europe;" "American Principles on National Prosperity;" "Parish and Other Pencilings;" "The Happy Home."

On Friday, February 1, he was attacked by neuralgia in the chest; the distress continued without awakening serious apprehension until Monday the 4th, in the evening, when a sudden fainting fit, under intense pain, gave him warning that his hour had come. "My work is done," he said; and giving his dying counsel to his family, sending messages to absent friends, commending those he loved, his church, and his country, and his own spirit to the God whom he served, he lifted up his hands, pronounced a parting blessing on all around him, and with all the calmness and composure of one "lying down to pleasant dreams," he fell asleep.

In person Dr. Murray was a model of manly vigor; of middle height, broad chest and shoulders, with a round ruddy face, a high forehead, and benevolent, pleasant expression of countenance, his appearance was at once attractive and commanding. In conversation, overflowing with humor, he was the soul of good company. As a pastor he was always at work, ready at every call; in the chamber of sickness, in the homes of the poor, among the young—every where he was found, and always a welcome guest. His preparations for the pulpit were made with the greatest care, his sermons being completed as if for the press, and often far in advance of the time when they were to be delivered.

His funeral was attended on Friday, February 8, with every demonstration of respect and affection that could be paid by the most affectionate people. All the places of business in the city were closed. The bells of all the churches tolled in concert as the procession walked the streets. A hundred clergymen wept over his lifeless clay. Eloquent eulogies were pronounced in the church that was draped in mourning and crowded to its utmost capacity by a mourning congregation. His remains were laid in the yard adjoining the church, in the midst of his children and his beloved flock.

GREAT EXPECTATIONS.

A NOVEL.

By CHARLES DICKENS.

CHAPTER XIX.

THE journey from our town to the metropolis was a journey of about five hours. It was a little past mid-day when the four-horse stage-coach by which I was a passenger got into the ravel of traffic frayed out about the Cross-Keys, Wood Street, Cheapside, London.

We Britons had at that time particularly settled that it was treasonable to doubt our having and our being the best of every thing; otherwise, while I was scared by the immensity of London, I think I might have had some faint doubts whether it was not rather ugly, crooked, narrow, and smoky.

Mr. Jaggers had duly sent me his address; it was Little Britain, and he had written after it on his card, "just out of Smithfield, and close by the coach-office." Nevertheless, a hackney-coachman, who seemed to have as many capes to his greasy great-coat as he was years old, packed me up in his coach and hemmed me in with a folding and jingling barrier of steps, as if he were going to take me fifty miles. His getting on his box, which I remember to have been decorated with an old weather-stained sea-green hammer-cloth, moth-eaten into rags, was quite a work of time. Altogether, it was a wonderful equipage, with six great coronets outside, and ragged things behind for I don't know how many footmen to hold on by, and a horror below them, to prevent amateur footmen from yielding to the temptation.

I had scarcely had time to enjoy the coach and to think how like a damp straw-yard it was, and yet how like a rag-shop, and to wonder why the horses' nose-bags were kept inside, when I observed the coachman beginning to get down, as if we were going to stop presently. And stop we presently did, in a gloomy street, at certain offices with an open door, whereon was painted Mr. Jaggers.

"How much?" I asked the coachman.

The coachman answered, "A shilling—unless you wish to make it more."

I naturally said I had no wish to make it more.

"Then it must be a shilling," observed the coachman. "I don't want to get into trouble. *I* know *him!*" He darkly closed an eye at Mr. Jaggers's name, and shook his head.

When he had got his shilling, and had in course of time completed the ascent to his box, and had got away (which appeared to relieve his mind), I went into the front office with my little portmanteau in my hand, and asked, Was Mr. Jaggers at home?

"He is not," returned the clerk. "He is in Court at present. Am I addressing Mr. Pip?"

I signified that he was addressing Mr. Pip.

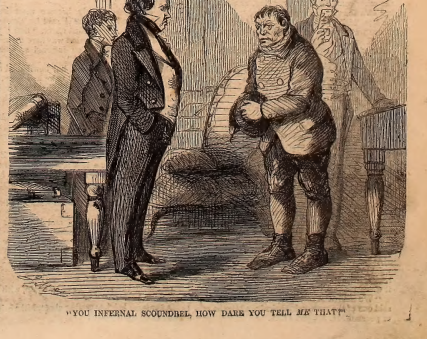
"Mr. Jaggers left word would you wait in his room. He couldn't say how long he might be, having a case on. But it stands to reason, his time being valuable, that he won't be longer than he can help."

With those words the clerk opened a door, and ushered me into an inner chamber at the back. Here we found a gentleman with one eye, in a velveteen suit and knee-breeches, who wiped his nose with his sleeve on being interrupted in the perusal of the newspaper.

"Go and wait outside, Mike," said the clerk.

I began to say that I hoped I was not interrupting—when the clerk shoved this gentleman out with as little ceremony as I ever saw used, and tossing his fur cap out after him, left me alone.

Mr. Jaggers's room was lighted by a skylight only, and was a most dismal place; the skylight eccentrically patched, like a broken head, and the distorted adjoining houses looking as if they had twisted themselves to peep down at me through it. There were not so many papers about as I should have expected to see; and there were some odd objects about that I should not have expected to see—such as an old rusty pistol, a sword in a sandpaper scabbard, several strange-looking boxes and packages, and two dreadful casts on a shelf of faces peculiarly swollen, and twitchy about the nose. Mr. Jaggers's own high-



"YOU INFERNAL SCOUNDREL, HOW DARE YOU TELL *ME* THAT?"

hocked chair was of deadly black horse-hair, with rows of brass nails round it like a coffin; and I fancied I could see how he leaned back in it, and bit his forefinger as the clients. The room was but small, and the clients seemed to have had a habit of backing up against the wall; for the wall, especially opposite to Mr. Jaggers' chair, was greasy with their shoulders. I recalled, too, that the one-eyed gentleman had shuffled forth against the wall when I was the innocent cause of his being turned out.

I sat down in the clerical chair placed over against Mr. Jaggers's chair, and became fascinated by the dismal atmosphere of the place. I felt called to mind that the clerk had the same air of knowing something to every body else's disadvantage as his master had. I wondered how many other clerks there were up stairs, and whether they all claimed to have the same detrimental mastery of their fellow-creatures. I wondered what was the history of all the cold litter about the room, and how it came there. I wondered whether the two swing doors were proof of Mr. Jaggers's family, and, if he were so unfortunate as to have had a pair of such ill-looking relations, why he stuck them up in that dusty perch for the blacks and flies to settle on, instead of giving them a place at home. Of course I had no experience of a London summer day, and my spirits may have been oppressed by the hot exhausted air, and by the dust and grit that lay thick on every thing. But, as I sat wondering and waiting in Mr. Jaggers's close room, until I really could not bear the two casts on the shelf above Mr. Jaggers's chair, and got up and went out.

When I told the clerk that I would take a turn in the air while I waited, he advised me to go round the corner and I should come into Smithfield. So I came into Smithfield, and the shameful place, being all smeary with filth and tallow and blood and fame seemed to stick to me. So I rubbed it off with all possible speed by turning into a street where I saw the great black dome of Saint Paul's bulging at me from behind a grim stone building which a by-stander said was Newgate Prison. Following the wall of the jail, I found the roadway covered with straw to deaden the noise of passing vehicles; and from this, and from the quantity of people standing about, smelling strongly of spirits and beer, I inferred that the trials were on.

While I looked about me here, an exceedingly dirty and partially drunk minister of justice asked me if I would like to see the way in to hear a trial or so: informing me that he could give me a front place for half a crown, whence I should command a full view of the Lord Chief Justice in his wig and robes—mentioning that awful personage like wax-work, and presently offering him in the reduced price of eighteen pence. As I declined the proposal on the plea of an appointment, he was so good as to take me into a yard and show me where the gallows was kept, and also where people were publicly whipped, and then he showed me the Debtors' Door, out of which culprits came to be hanged: heightening the interest of that dreadful portal by giving me to understand that "four on 'em" would come out at that door the day after to-morrow at eight in the morning, to be killed in a row. This was horrible, and gave me rather a sickening idea of London: the more so as the Lord Chief Justice's proportions were (from his late portrait in his book, and up again to his pocket-handkerchief inclusive) mildewed clothes, which had evidently not belonged to him originally, and which, I took it into my head, he had bought cheap of the executioner. Under these circumstances I thought myself well out of him for a while.

I dropped into the office to ask if Mr. Jaggers had come in yet, and I found he had not, and I strolled out again. Then I made the tour of Little Britain, and turned into Bartholomew Close; and now I became aware that other people were waiting about for Mr. Jaggers as well as I. There were two men of secret appearance lounging in Bartholomew Close, and thoughtfully fitting their feet into the cracks of the pavement as they talked together, one of whom said to the other when they first passed me, that "Mr. Jaggers could do it if it was to be done." There was a knot of three men and two women standing at a corner, and one of the women was crying on her dirty shawl, and the other comforted her by saying, as she pulled her own shawl over her shoulders, "Jaggers is for him, Melia, and what more could you have?" There was a red-eyed little old woman come into the Close while I was loitering there, in company with a second little Jew whom he sent upon an errand, and while the messenger was gone, I remarked this Jew, who was of a highly excitable temperament, performing a jig of anxiety under a lamp-post, and accompanying himself, in a kind of frenzy, with the words, "Oh, Jaggerth, Jaggerth, Jaggerth! all otherth ith Cap-Maggerth, give me Jaggerth!" These testimonies to the popularity of Mr. Jaggerdom made a deep impression on me, and I admired and wondered more than ever.

At length, as I was looking out at the iron gate of Bartholomew Close into Little Britain, I saw Mr. Jaggers coming across the road toward me. All the others who were waiting saw him at the same time, and there was quite a rush at him. Mr. Jaggers, putting a hand on my shoulder and walking me on at his side without saying any thing to me, addressed himself to his followers.

First, he took the two secret men.

"Now, I have nothing to say to you," said Mr. Jaggers, throwing his finger at them. "I want to know no more than I know. As to the result, it's a toss-up. I told you from the first it was a toss-up. Have you paid Wemmick?"

"We made the money up this morning, Sir," said one of the men, submissively, while the other perused Mr. Jaggers's face.

"I don't ask you when you made it up, or where, or whether you made it up at all. Has Wemmick got it?"

"Yes, Sir," said both the men together.

"Very well; then you may go. Now, I won't have it!" said Mr. Jaggers, waving his hand at them to put them behind him. "If you say a word to me I'll throw up the case."

"We thought, Mr. Jaggers—" one of the men began, pulling at his hat.

"That's what I told you not to do," said Mr. Jaggers. "You thought! I think for you; that's enough for you. If I want you, I know where to find you; I don't want you to find me. Now, I won't have it. I won't hear a word."

The two men looked at one another as Mr. Jaggers waved them behind again, and humbly fell back and were heard no more.

"And now you!" said Mr. Jaggers, suddenly stopping, and turning on the two women with the shawls, from whom the three men had meekly separated.—"Oh! Amelia, is it?"

"Yes, Mr. Jaggers."

"And do you remember," retorted Mr. Jaggers, "that but for me you wouldn't be here and couldn't be here?"

"Oh, yes, Sir!" exclaimed both women together. "I'm sure of that."

"Then why," said Mr. Jaggers, "do you come here?"

"My Bill, Sir!" the crying woman pleaded.

"Now, I tell you what!" said Mr. Jaggers. "Once for all. If you don't know that your Bill's in good hands, I do. And if you can't come here, bothering about your Bill, I'll make an example of both your Bill and you, and let him slip through my fingers. Have you paid Wemmick?"

"Oh yes, Sir! Every farden."

"Very well. Then you have done all you have got to do. Stop! Another word—the single word—and Wemmick shall give you your money back."

This terrible threat caused the two women to fall off immediately. No one remained now but the excitable Jew, who had already raised the skirts of Mr. Jaggers's coat to his lips several times.

"I don't know this man!" said Mr. Jaggers, in the same devastating strain. "What does this fellow want?"

"Ma thear Mithter Jaggerth. Hown brother to Habraham Latharuth!"

"Who's he?" said Mr. Jaggers. "Let go of my coat."

The suitor, kissing the hem of the garment again before relinquishing it, replied, "Habraham Latharuth, on thuthpithion of plate."

"You're too late," said Mr. Jaggers. "I am over the way."

"Mithter Jaggerth!" in a moment! My hown euthen'th gone to Mithter Wemmick at thith prethent minute, to hoffer him hany thrumth. Mithter Jaggerth! Half a quarter of a moment! If you'd have the condethenthun to be bought off from the t'other thide—at hany thapperior prithe—money no object!—Mithter Jaggerth—Mithter—!"

My guardian threw his supplicant off with supreme indifference, and left him dancing on the pavement as if he were clog-shoed, while I took into my head, he had bought cheap of the executioner. Under these circumstances I thought myself well out of him for a while.

"He is the shrewdest fellow alive," said Mr. Jaggers to me, "and he knows what business is best worth attending to. Now, you're a pretty fellow, and you've been here before."

"Yes, Sir," said I, trembling.

"Then you know what to do. Now, I won't have it!" said Mr. Jaggers, waving his hand at them to put them behind him. "If you say a word to me I'll throw up the case."

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"He is dressed like a spectable piecman. A sort of a pastry-cook."

"Is he here?" asked my guardian.

"I left him," said Mike, "a settin on some door-steps round the corner."

"Take him past that window, and let me see him."

The window indicated was the office-window. We all three went to it, behind the wire blind, and presently saw the client go by in an accidental manner, with a murderous-looking tall individual, in a short suit of white linen and a paper cap. This gentle violence-connoiseur was not by any means sober, and had a black eye in the great stage of recovery, which was painted over.

"Tell him to take his witness away directly," said my guardian to the clerk, in extreme disgust, "and ask him what he means by bringing such a fellow as that."

My guardian walked took me into his own room, and while he lunched, standing, from a sandwich-box and a pocket-flask of sherry (he seemed to bully his very sandwich as he ate it), informed me what arrangements he had made for me. I was to go to "Barnard's Inn," to young Mr. Pocket's rooms, where a bed had been sent in for my accommodation; I was to remain with young Mr. Pocket until Monday; on Monday I was to go with him to his father's house on a visit, that I might try how I liked it. Also I was told what my allowance was to be—it was a very liberal one—and I had reminded to me from one of my guardian's drawers the cards of certain tradesmen with whom I was to deal for all kinds of clothes and other things as I should find in reason want. "You will find your credit good, Mr. Pip," said my guardian, whose flask of sherry smelled like a whole cask-full, as he hastily refreshed himself after his meal, "and you may be able to check your bills, and to pull you up if I find you outrunning the constable. Of course you'll do it as wrong somehow, but that's no fault of mine."

After I had pondered a little over this encouraging sentence, I asked Mr. Jaggers if I could send for a coach? He said it was not worth while, I was so near my destination; Wemmick should walk with me himself when I dressed.

I then found that Wemmick was the clerk in the next room. Another clerk was rung down from up stairs to take charge while he was out, and I accompanied him into the street, after shaking hands with my guardian. We found a new set of people lingering outside, but Wemmick made a way among them by saying coolly yet decisively, "I tell you it's no use; he won't have a word to say to one of you," and we soon got clear of them, and went on side by side.

CHAPTER XX.

CASTING my eyes on Mr. Wemmick as we went along, to see what he was like in the light of day, I found him to be a dry man, rather short in stature, with a square wooden face, whose expression seemed to have been imperfectly chipped out with a few strokes of a hatchet. There were some marks in it that might have been dimples, if the material had been softer and the instrument finer, but, as it was, were only dints. The chisel had made three or four of these attempts at embellishment over his nose; but had given them up without an effort to smooth them off. I conjectured him to be a bachelor from the frayed condition of his linen, and he appeared to have sustained a good many bereavements; for he wore mourning rings, and his watch-guard had a brooch representing a lady and a weeping willow at a tomb with an urn on it. I noticed, too, that several rings and seals hung at his watch-chain, as if he were quite laden with remembrances of departed friends. He had glittering eyes, small and black, and a firm mouth and thin wrinkled lips. He had had them, to the best of my belief, from forty to fifty years.

"What kind of a office is Little Britain?" said Mr. Wemmick to me.

"No," said I.

"So you were here once," said Mr. Wemmick. "Rum to think of now!"

"You are well acquainted with it now?"

"Why, yes," said Mr. Wemmick. "I know the ways of it."

"Is it a very wicked place?" I asked, more for the sake of saying something than for information.

"You may get cheated, robbed, and murdered in London. But there are plenty of people any where who'll do that for you."

"If there is bad blood between you and them," said I, to soften it off a little.

"You're right, I know about bad blood," returned Mr. Wemmick; "there's not much bad blood about. If there's any thing to be got by it."

"That makes it worse."

"You think so?" returned Mr. Wemmick. "Much about the same, I should say."

He was very shy indeed, of his head and looked straight before him: walking in a self-contained way as if there were nothing in the streets to claim his attention. His mouth was such a post-office of a mouth that he had a mechanical appearance of smiling. We had got to the top of Holborn Hill before I knew that it was merely a mechanical appearance, and that he was not smiling at all.

"I collect you are a pupil of Mr. Matthew Pocket's?" I asked Mr. Wemmick.

"Yes," said he, nodding in the direction. "At Hornsey, north of London."

"Is that far?"

"Well! Say five miles."

"Do you know him?"

"Why, you're a regular examiner!" said Mr. Wemmick, looking at me with an approving air. "Yes, I know him. *I* know him!"

There was an air of toleration or depreciation about his utterance of these words that rather depressed me; and I was still looking sideways at his block of a face in search of any encouraging note to the text when he said here we were at Barnard's Inn. My depression was not alleviated by the announcement, for I had supposed that establishment to be a hotel kept by one Barnard, to which the Blue Boar in our town was a mere public-house. Whereas I now found Barnard to be a ghost, and his inn the dingiest collection of shabby buildings ever squeezed together in a rank corner as a club for Tom-cats.

We entered this haven through a wicket-gate, and were disgorged by an introductory passage into a melancholy little square that looked to me like a very confined burying-ground. I thought I had the most dismal views in it, but the most dismal sparrows, and the most dismal cats, and the most dismal houses (in number half a dozen or so), that I had ever seen. I thought the windows of the sets of chambers into which these houses were divided were in every stage of dilapidated blind and curtain, crippled flower-pot, cracked glass, dusty decay and miserable makeshift; while To Let To Let To Let glared at me from empty corners, as if, in no new version of my game there, and the vengeance of the soul of Barnard were being slowly appeased by the gradual suicide of the present occupants and their unholy interment under the paved. A frowzy mourning of soot and smoke (I thought) attired this funereal creation of Barnard, and it had strewn ashes on its head and on all its members, and was undergoing penance and humiliation as a mere dust-hole. Thus far the sense of sight; and the scents and sounds that assailed the nose and ears that rot in neglected roof and cellar, rot of rat and mouse and bug and coaching-stables near at hand besides, impressed themselves finally to my sense of smell, and moaned, "Try Barnard's Mixture."

So much for the realization of the first of my great expectations, that I looked in dismay at Mr. Wemmick. "Ah!" said he, misreading me; "it's a amazing retirement reminds you of the country. So it does me."

He led me into a corner and conducted me up a flight of wooden stairs, appointed to be so slowly collapsing into sand-dust, so that one of these days the upper lodgers would look out of their doors and find themselves without the means of coming down—as a set of chambers on the top-floor. MR. POCKET, JUN., was painted on the door, and there was a label on the letter-box, "Return shortly."

"He hardly thought you'd come so soon," Mr. Wemmick explained. "You don't want me any more?"

"No, thank you," said I.

"As I keep the cash," Mr. Wemmick observed, "we shall most likely meet pretty often. Good-day."

"Good-day."

I put out my hand, and Mr. Wemmick at first looked at it as if he thought I wanted something. Then he looked at me, and said, correcting himself,

"To be sure! Yes. You're in the habit of shaking hands?"

I was rather confused, thinking it must be out of the London fashion, but said yes.

"I have got so out of it!" said Mr. Wemmick—"except at last. Very glad, I'm sure, to make your acquaintance. Good-day!"

When we had shaken hands and he was gone I opened the staircase window, and had nearly blinded and choked myself in the effort to get a dry breath and relieve my heated eyes. On the floor below, a set of chambers was being revolutionized. It was so quick that I had not put my head out, before a man with a broom and a pail of water came out at the door, and seeing me, turned the pail and himself and broom into the room. Simultaneously with the entrance of this implement, a woman with a bundle of bedding under one arm and a broom in the other, shouldered her way into the room. Both of these new comers dealt largely in the article of mud, and perhaps they had been sanguine of getting a good day for their job, but they certainly had not got it.

Remembering what Mr. Wemmick had said about his not being wanted, and seeing that my room was not to be entered on account of the muddy irruption, I withdrew my head, and sat down by the window. I had been there but a few minutes, when I observed a wafer-faced boy of about my own age, pass up the staircase with a parcel under his arm, and look at the door-plates. Finding that he stopped at the door-plate which bore my name, I concluded that he brought something for me, and opened the door to him.

"Pip?" said the boy.

"Yes," said I.

"Mr. Pip, Barnard's Inn?"

"Yes," said I.

"Then these are for you," said the boy, handing in a brown paper parcel, and producing a dirty slate for me to write a receipt on.

I had hardly got my head out of the window, and sat down to my breakfast, when I observed the same boy coming up the staircase with a second parcel. This was for Mr. Pip, Barnard's Inn, and was from my tailor. Then came a boy with a parcel for Mr. Pip, Barnard's Inn, and that was from my hatter. Then came a boy with a parcel for Mr. Pip, Barnard's Inn, and that was from my boot-maker. All these articles were beautifully fitted, and were charged in the tradesmen's bills at exactly the sum I had expected. Lastly, there came a boy with a hamper, containing a bottle of sherry, another bottle of port, a pineapple, and a cold roast fowl. Not wishing to be uncharitable, I felt that I could have spared the pineapple, which was not ripe, and which I feared would prove hard of digestion.

Mr. Pocket, Junior's, idea of Shorly was not mine, for I had nearly made myself sick with looking out for half an hour, and had written my name with my finger several times in the dirt of every pane in the window, before I heard footsteps on the stair. Gradually there arose before me the hat, head, neckcloth, waistcoat, trowsers, boots, of a member of society of about my own standing. He had a paper-bag under each arm, and a pottle of strawberries in one hand, and was out of breath.

"Mr. Pip?" said he.

"Mr. Pocket?" said I.

"Dear me!" he exclaimed. "I am extremely sorry; but I was rendered so by master's your part of the country at mid-day, and I thought you would come by that one. The fact is, I have been out on your account—not that that is any excuse—for I thought, coming from the country, you might like a little fruit after dinner, and I went to Covent Garden Market to get it good."

For a reason that I had I felt as if my eyes would start out of my head. I acknowledged his attention apprehensively, and began to think this was a dream.

"Dear me!" said Mr. Pocket, Junior. "This door sticks a little."

As he was fast making jam of his fruit by wrestling with the door while the paper-bags were under his arms, I begged him to allow me to hold them. He relinquished them with an agreeable smile, and combated with the door as if it were a wild beast. It yielded so suddenly at last that he staggered back upon the opposite door, and we both laughed. But still I felt as if my eyes must start out of my head, and as if this must be a dream.

"Pray come in," said Mr. Pocket, Junior. "Allow me to lead the way. I am rather bare here, but I hope you'll be able to make out tolerably well till Monday. My father thought you would get on more agreeably through to-morrow with me than with him, and might like

to take a walk about London. I am sure I shall be very happy to show London to you. As to our table, you won't find that bad, I hope, for it will be supplied from our coffee-house here, and (it is only right I should add) at your expense, such being Mr. Jaggers's directions. As to our lodging, it's not by any means splendid, because I have my own bread to earn, and my father hasn't any thing to give me, and shouldn't be willing to take it if he had. This is our sitting-room—just such chairs and tables and carpet and so forth, you see, as they could spare from home. You mustn't give me credit for the table-cloth and spoons and casters, because they come from the coffee-house also. This is my little bedroom—rather musty; but Barnard's is musty. This is your bedroom; the furniture's hired for the occasion, but I trust it will answer the purpose; if you should want any thing, I'll go and fetch it. The chimes are retired, and we shall be alone together: but we shall be all right, I dare say. Now, mum, I beg your pardon, you're holding the fruit all this time. Pray let me take these bags from you. I am quite unused to property."

As I stood opposite to Mr. Pocket, Junior, delivering him the bags, One, Two, I saw the startling appearance come into his own face that I knew to be in mine, and he said, falling back:

"Lord bless me, you're the prowling boy!"

"And you," said I, "are the pale young gentleman!"

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

CONGRESS.

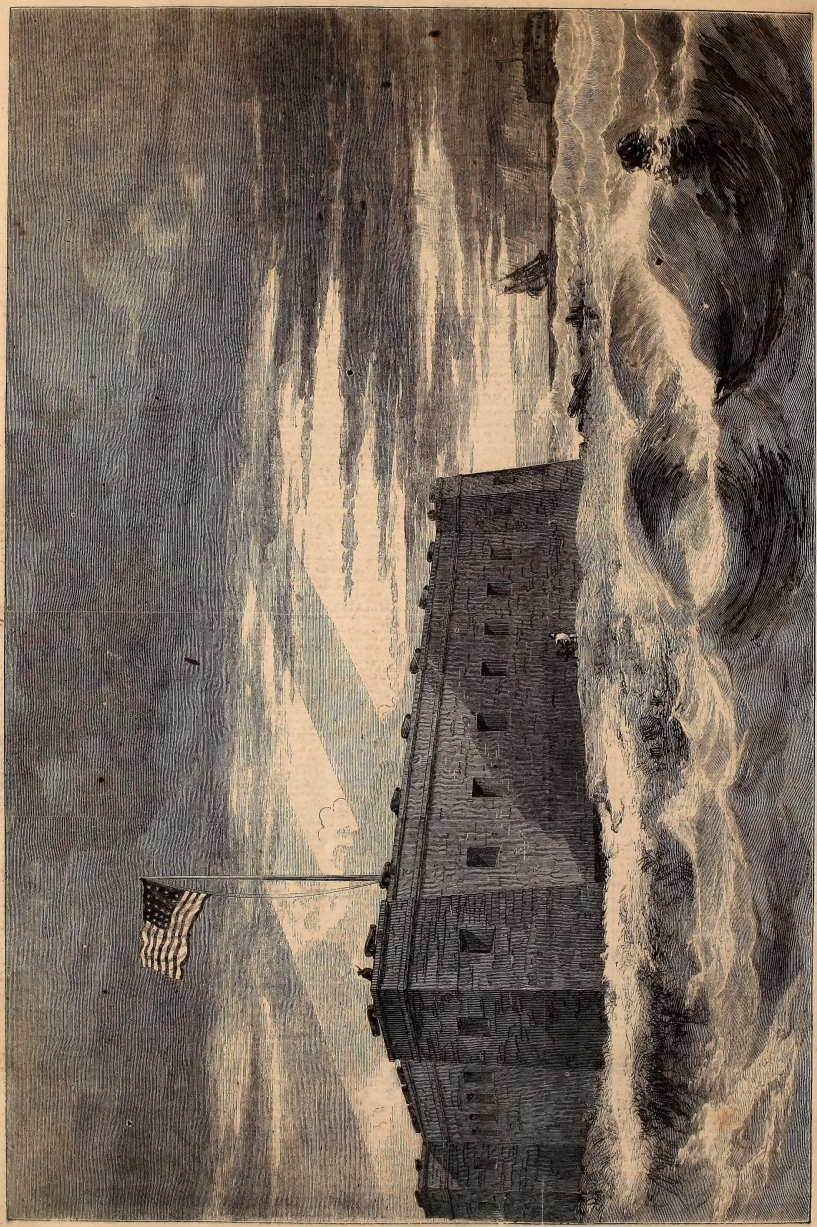
On Friday, 8th, in the Senate, the resolution for extending the time for receiving testimony with regard to the M'Carmick papers, was called up by Senator Wade of Ohio, and the special order being postponed, debate upon it was resumed at considerable length by Senators Wade, Douglas, Iverson and others. The resolution was finally passed. The bankrupt bill was then taken up. Its effect of defeating the proposed extension of the patent. In the House a message was received from the President, heading the correspondence between himself and Colonel Hayes, special agent from South Carolina, relative to the surrender of Fort Sumter to the authorities of that State. It appears from these documents that the conditions for the surrender of the Fort is preempted, and that the refusal to surrender is quite unqualified. The House then resumed consideration of the report of the Committee of Thirty-three, and speeches were made by Messrs. Dunham, of Tennessee; Hughes, of Maryland; opposing his State being dragged into secession; Kellogg, of Illinois, who made a speech in favor of the amendment to the Delivery Act; Porter; and Smith, of North Carolina, who said that his State would not be a party to the dismemberment of the Union so long as her rights and honor were safe within it. An evening session was held, at which several speeches were made to almost empty benches.

On Saturday 9th, in the Senate, the Naval Appropriation bill was passed. The Chairman of the Committee of Conference on the amendments to the Delivery Act reported their inability to accept, and the Committee was discharged. A message was made by Senator Hale, that the Senate recede from its amendments; was laid over under the rule. [Yeas 24, Nays 20.] A long and stormy executive session making invasions of the Secretary of the Treasury on his refusal to resign the relation of his office. The bankrupt bill was amended so as to include an inquiry relative to the seizure of arms destined for the South, by the Police of New York, before the bill was taken up for consideration, and Mr. Cochrane gave notice that he intended to call up next day. A resolution was passed calling upon the President for the correspondence between our Government and Lord of Derry, relative to the free navigation of the Amazon and its tributaries. On motion of Mr. Corwin, of Ohio, the vote on the report of the Committee of Thirty-three was still further postponed, until next Tuesday, and debate upon the subject was continued until the adjournment. The postponement is in consequence of desire to await the action of the Peace Conference.

On Monday, 11th, in the Senate, Senator Green, of Missouri, offered a resolution, which was laid over, asking the President to communicate any correspondence which may have occurred relative to the extradition of the fugitive slaves. Another resolution was introduced calling for the Defensive Bill was appointed. A petition for a Territorial Government in Nevada was presented. The Naval Appropriation Bill was then taken up, and was considered during the remainder of the day. The appropriations for the Pneumatic Survey were struck out. Senator Wade, of New Hampshire, offered an amendment providing for the building of seven steam sloops of war. Senator Hunter, of Virginia, opposed it, as it looked too much like an intention to coerce seceding States. It was opposed by Senators Grimes, of Iowa; Fessenden, of Maine; and King, of New York. The debate was closed. In the House, a preamble and resolution were offered by Mr. Craig, of Missouri, and referred to the Committee on Foreign Relations, instructing the President to recognize the existence of a Southern Confederacy, and to receive in their official capacity such Commissioners as may be sent by the Government of that Confederacy to Washington. A resolution offered by Mr. McDermid, of Illinois, was adopted, calling upon the Secretary of the Treasury for information relative to the coinage of the Mint and Custom-house at New Orleans. Mr. Perry, of Connecticut, offered a resolution, which was objected to by Mr. Winslow, of South Carolina, instructing the Judiciary Committee to inquire into the expediency of amending the Constitution so as to make it impossible for any State to secede without the consent of all the other States. Mr. Morrill, of Vermont, offered a resolution, which was adopted, recommending the celebration of the 22d instead of the 23d of Washington's birthday, 1861, as a national holiday. Mr. Palmer, of New York, introduced a resolution instructing the Committee that neither the Federal Government nor the people of the Northern States have a proper or constitutional right to interfere with slavery in any State of the Union; and the other resolution was laid over. The House then went into Committee of the Whole on the bill for the admission of Kansas, Mr. Corbin in the chair. Mr. Curtis, of Iowa, made a speech in favor of the bill, but the first one finally passed, by a majority of nine votes. Before the debate and explanations then ensued, and it was again passed [Yeas 24 to 4. A reconsideration was carried, both, after still further debate, by Messrs. Foster of Ohio, offered a substitute, declaring that neither Congress nor the Legislature of non-slaveholding States have the right to legislate upon the subject of slavery in the slaveholding States. The House refused to give action to that proposition, and it was passed unanimously. Mr. Pidgeon's second reading was then considered.—In being read a second time, Mr. Sherman, Mr. Seward, Mr. Douglas, and others spoke in favor of the measure. The Committee then rose, and the House took a recess until 7 o'clock.

On Tuesday, 12th, in the Senate, among the petitions presented was one by Senator Crittenden, from 23,000 citizens of Massachusetts, asking for the adoption of his compromise. He accompanied its presentation with a few complimentary remarks; and was followed by Senator Bunnage, who declared that those who signed the petition could not have known what they were asking for—that the proposed compromise went even further than the Seceding States themselves demanded. In the course of the discussion of Mr. Burnett, of Kentucky, by adding an inquiry relative to the conduct of the Peace Conference at Washington, and passed.

On Thursday, 13



FORT PICKENS, PENSACOLA HARBOR, FLORIDA.—LOOKING SEAWARD. FORT M'RAE IN THE DISTANCE.—FROM A SKETCH BY MRS. LIEUTENANT GILMAN, JUST ARRIVED FROM PENSACOLA.—[SEE PAGE 122.]

FORT JEFFERSON, TORTUGAS (KEY WEST), FLORIDA.—FROM A SKETCH BY A MEMBER OF THE GARRISON.—[SEE PAGE 122.]

FORT PICKENS, FLORIDA.

We publish on page 120, from a drawing kindly furnished us by Mrs. Gilman, wife of Lieutenant Gilman, United States Army, second in command at Fort Pickens, a view of that work, showing Fort M'Rae in the distance. The harbor of Pensacola —as is shown by the map published in this journal two weeks since—being the best harbor in the Gulf, is protected by no less than three batteries, exclusive of the Navy-yard. These are Fort Pickens on Ross Island; Fort M'Rae, a water-battery on the main land, fronting Fort Pickens; and Fort Barrancas, situate near the Navy-yard, between that point and Fort M'Rae.

Fort Pickens is the commanding work of the eight. It is a pentagon, with a bastion at each angle. It has a counterscarp and glacis on one (the land) side, mounts guns in barbette on all sides, and has a tier of casemates on the four water sides. Its ditch is usually so full of moccasin and rattlesnakes as to be a peculiarly bad place of transit. In fact, the whole island is infested with them.

If fully equipped Fort Pickens would mount 215 guns, and would require a garrison of 2000 men. It contains, at present, only eighty-seven men, under the command of Lieutenant Slemmer, with whom is Lieutenant Gilman.

We have described, in previous numbers of this journal, the surrender of the United States Navy-yard at Pensacola to the Florida troops, and the occupation of Fort Pickens by Lieutenant Slemmer. Mrs. Slemmer said to a city reporter:

"The exodus from the Barrancas Fort was made necessarily in such haste, there being little time except to hurriedly pack up the most valuable of their articles of furniture and wardrobe. No personal violence was offered to those remaining women and children; but the mob in said peaceable breaking up of so many peaceful households, and the violent separation of family ties, were exact of great distress. To many the parting of husband and wife was as if for the last time, and tears bedewed many a hardy cheek when the last 'good-by' was spoken.

"The excitement produced upon the officers when they saw their flag at the Navy-yard hauled down, Mrs. Slemmer says, was most intense. It was a sight they never expected to see, and they had never conceived of the deep feeling of humiliation and vexation that the spectacle excited in every breast.

"During the day and night of the evacuation of Barrancas, and the transfer of the garrison to Fort Pickens, every person—men, the officers, and their wives—performed prodigies of labor, and never obtained a wink of rest. Nearly twenty-four hours' and the hard work fell about equally upon all, without regard to rank or sex. The ladies cheerfully performed their part throughout the trying ordeal. On the day following the embarkation of the families on board of the *Supply*, Mrs. Gilman and Mrs. Slemmer, accompanied by officers from the guardship, went on shore under a flag of truce, to obtain a last interview with their husbands.

"Every step of their progress was met by armed officials. They were obliged, first, to obtain permission from the new Commandant of the Navy-yard—Randolph, who for days before had respected his commission in the Navy. This was very reluctantly granted, after appeals had been made to him as a husband and father. They then had to pass the Barracas forts, whose commanders, after some hesitation, allowed them to pass. In this place, so lately deserted by their peaceful and happy families, all was now confusion. The undisciplined soldiery or their understrappers had broken open some of the trunks and boxes containing the wardrobes and household relics of Colonel Winder, late Commander, probably in pursuit of stabbing for their own use; and they saw ladies' dresses and family daguerreotypes scattered about with little regard to their vaunted respect for the rights of personal property."

At latest dates from Pensacola, the Mississippi troops had returned home, but the Alabama troops were still there, bent on trying to storm Fort Pickens. There were five United States vessels anchored off Pensacola. The *Brooklyn* was among the number, having just arrived, and presented a warlike appearance. The Alabama troops regarded this fleet as a menace, and were disposed to fire into them. The insurgent troops were quartered at the Navy-yard, having taken possession of all the stores belonging to the United States. In fact, it was the only means of subsistence which they had. They had also sent large requisitions of these supplies to other points on the coast.

FORT JEFFERSON, TORTUGAS,

on page 121, from a very accurate drawing sent us from Fort Jefferson, Florida, a picture of that work, which is destined, in all probability, to play a prominent part in the events of the year. On 18th ult. the *Joseph Whitney* hailed at this fort Major Arnold's company of artillery, which places it in a position to resist an assault.

This fortification extends over the whole surface of Garden Key, and has an area of over fifteen acres. It is completely closed against surprise by escalade, though its armament is incomplete. The first and second tiers, however, are finished, and the twelve outworks of bastions and curtains can mount three hundred and fifty guns. The fort is further fortified by a wide ditch, reaching to the water, and protected by a strong counterscarp. The guns of the fort command the inner harbor, but the outer bay is beyond their long range.

The whole armament of the fort, when complete, is 450 guns, and the garrison necessary for its defense 1000 men. Captain Meigs, of the engineer corps, is now in command of the fortress, and is in a position now, with Arnold's reinforcement, to defend it against any thing less than a regularly-equipped besieging army.

The following extract from a letter from Key West describes the reinforcement of Fort Jefferson by the *Joseph Whitney*:

"It was on the 18th of January that the *Joseph Whitney* was descried by those maintaining possession of this important fortress. The steamer did not show any flag, and her motions were watched with intense anxiety by Captain Meigs and his small band of laborers, composed of about fifty persons (a part of whom were negroes), engaged in putting the fort in a state of defense. No flag was flying from the fort, and the steamer's company were far from certain that the insurgents had not surprised and captured it. Therefore, to ascertain how matters stood, a boat, in which were the first mate and Lieutenant Bowen, went on shore to ascertain the actual posture of affairs with regard to the power holding the post. The relief of Captain Meigs and party may be supposed at receiving the agreeable information that the dreaded contemplated reinforcements with the view of preserving the fort to the United States, instead of a filibuster party to seize it for traitorous purposes. His gratification was increased by the fact that a rumor had prevailed that a steamer, with an armed force of two hundred men, would be sent from some Florida port to wrest the fort from its rightful possessors."

"Hæc olim meminisse iuvabit."

Or pictures hath my soul good store,
Skilled mistress of encaustic art;
Instate, ever gathering more
In the full chamber of the heart.

And tenderly, in after days,
The faint and fading lines are scanned,
Memorials of oft-trodden ways,
Dim sketches of a traveled land.

Then, as she turns them o'er and o'er,
On some she casts a lingering eye,
Trends and re-treads the dusty floor,
Would fain, yet can not, lay them by.

That irked gable why regard?
That sloping meadow, fringed with wood?
That olden idyll, half seared,
Japanned by many an inky flood?

Beneath that roof the boy has slept;
Full oft in that green field has played;
O'er that old table laughed and wept;
Learnt many a line beneath that shade.

As one who in a long ascent
Looks back the misty vale to scan,
Trace I those scenes, all dimly blent,
The paths I trod ere toil began.

The hill, where many a summer's day
To watch the game our master stood;
Below, the mossy pool we play'd
Above, the overhanging wood.

The long, low boat-house on the shore
Of lazy, shadow-loving Wear,
Now lashed to spray by laboring oar,
Now startled by the school-boy's cheer.

The mill, unvexed by clacking wheel,
Long given to silent, mouldering ease;
Whose waters, idly pent, reveal
The hole and branch of stately trees.

Three flood-strained arches of a bridge
Superimposed on lowlier lowers;
The reflex of a shadowy ridge,
O'ertopped by crumbling Norman towers.

Hard by that solemn house of God
The turf 'neath which our master lies;
Turf which in sport we lightly trod,
Life's chances hidden from our eyes.

There let me stand and look my last,
As once, dear master, at thy side
I stood, and burying all the past,
Strove hard in joy my grief to hide.

Nor I alone; for in that place
Where three lives closing met in love and fear,
Was gathered many a sorrowing face,
Repressed was many a rising tear.

We brought a gift; but thou didst prize
The love that made each bosom swell—
Love, beaming forth from honest eyes,
Love, striving with the word "farewell!"

Love, that on thee and thine attends,
Locked in the silent breasts of men
Who for thy sake, O best of friends!
Would live their boyhood o'er again.

FROST PICTURES.

CHAPTER I.

FIFTEEN degrees below zero! The snow crealed beneath the passing wheels as if in pain; wayfarers, muffled yet shivering, hurried by, each blowing a cloud of vapor at every exhalation—icicles clung to the beard and bushy locks of many a hirsute pedestrian; while poor teamsters and wagon-drivers swung their numb arms to and fro, and made the cold an excuse for numberless drinks of unexampled strength. From the river a clothline steam was going up, white and fleecy, while in the docks and along the piers the ribbed ice walled the timbers in a glittering barrier. In many a warm parlor sat rosy children, trying industriously to trace a circle on the window pane; but Jack Frost as resolutely repainted its surface, shutting the outer scene from their view.

In a cheerless garret of one of the cheap houses where poverty huddles and hides, sat a wan, hungry child, vainly trying to keep life and warmth in the blue fingers and stiffening limbs. The scanty supply of fuel was exhausted, and but a few white ashes remained on the hearth to recall the memory of a fire that had been there the day before. Harry, more weak from long illness, worn out with hunger, and heart-sick from loneliness, was silently crying as he sat by the hearth, with his head resting on the old chair beside it, and the poor worn blanket drawn around his shoulders.

"Mother, dear mother, where are you! Harry will die here all alone." Then with pain and weariness, the child drew the old arm-chair to the window to watch and wait for her coming, if indeed a more dread visitant should not enter before that time; for Harry knew that the chill and the stupor coming on were fatal symptoms. In quiet resignation he laid himself up within the tattered covering, and leaning his head backward, gazed dreamily on the tracery the frost had woven on the shattered pane. It was new to an aristocrat, and his patterns are as beautiful and complicated on the cracked surfaces of the poor man's window as on the polished French plate of the brown stone front.

Harry gazed on the fairy pictures fully until fancy drew them into landscape and waterfall, forest and streamlet; and their changing forms blended with his dreams while the chilling life-blood grew colder and stiller. There seemed to be the grove of nodding trees and the grassy dell where he was born. There was even the tiny cataract behind the house, and the rolling road beyond the brook. Soon it changed, and there seemed a mournful funeral train, and he knew that it was headed by his father's father. The feathery evergreens lined the way, and plumes were on the horses' heads. Shadowy mourners, ghost-like and weird, were following close behind, and their long garments trailed along the way.

Then, like the changes of the magic lantern, he saw a sunny open sea, where the wooded islands seemed faded in summer haze, and where myriads of white-winged birds circled over the gleaming expanse. And even as he looked the snowy figures took the form of white-winged and white-robed, who seemed to beckon. Still, as in a dream, he saw the spirit band bending over a dying child, and in the light that fell from their brace, and gliding slowly, swiftly on and up through the clear sky, to vanish there. His eyes were shut on the poor dead such helpless beside him, and the faint flicker of the heart-beat was the only token of life remaining.

CHAPTER II.

AND the boy's mother—here was she when her child was dying of cold and hunger? In one of the aristocratic houses on the Avenue the poor seamstress was busy as she might be in the payment of her bill. She was in Mrs. May's nursery, whither she had been directed to wait that lady's coming, as soon as she could finish the guests' dress for the house was vexed with the sound of merry laughter, as one after another arrived, and came tripping up the stairs to lay aside their warm bright wrappings. The chill of silver and gay glass in the dining-room below betokened a dinner party. Mrs. May stood by the fire warming her chilled hands, as the cold chill at her heart froze as she thought of the suffering child at home. She glanced from the window, and found that the twilight had almost set in, and she felt inclined to go home penniless as she had come. "Wait a few moments," Mrs. May had said, and now an hour had passed, and the moments were all out of her reach; she could not intrude herself among the brilliant guests below, even if she had known the way to find them. She looked around the room where she sat, and her eye fell on the child's bed, where the soft warm blanket and pillows were ready to infold the little sleeper. Then, as she remembered her own sleeping baby in his rickety chair and tattered covering at home, she groaned aloud, and fairly wrung her hands in agony. The tears, which had been long in coming, now fell like rain, for the thin hand could not check them; and, unstrung by want and sorrow, she could not be brave any longer.

A slight rustle, a tiny footfall, and a childish voice at her side lisping out, "Is you sick?" roused her; and she looked with wild eyes at the little creature that stood beside her in rosy robes and flowing ribbons, with blue eyes like stars amid a cloud of golden curls, and her pity changed into delight as she bent forward to look in her face, "Is you sick?" and the sweet sympathy of childhood for sorrow and woe dimmed the blue eyes as she repeated her query. It was some moments before she could speak to tell the grief that was so heavy at her heart. Gravely and silently the baby-angel listened, then, with a little clasped hand behind her, until the short tale was told, when she said, with a smile, "I know—mamma forbid," and away she bounded, leaving a gleam of sunshine in the seamstress's heart. It was not many moments before she returned dragging mamma by her rich robe, saying, all the while, in the same musical, soft tone, "You fordot, didn't you, mamma?"

Pretty little Mrs. May, with her bright attire and cheeks all flushed with dancing in so full a compunction for her carelessness, of heart-felt sorrow for her fault, that, sorely tried as Mrs. More had been, she could not be angry long. The bill was soon adjusted; but in her quick way Mrs. May said, "Wait!" and off she flew. "Here, Sarah, right away! get a basket. Now a big quilt from the nursery bed. Thomas—quick!—be ready to take this bundle—put in as much wood and coal as you can carry. Sarah, go to cook for some cold meat, and you'll get a bottle of wine, and Lilly shall help put up sugar and tea for us." And thus she flew around chattering, and adding to the hurried bustle the servants began to cry. And the said cook, being in a severe mood, echoed the sentiment—"Just like her, sending you out when it's most dinner-time!" and she pranked the game she was preparing for the fire viciously. Small difficulties it would have made to Mrs. May at that moment what their views might be. She was too full of self-reproaches to heed them; and after she had dispatched the messenger and received Mrs. More's heart-felt thanks, she did what just such a warm-hearted, careless little woman would be sure to do—she "had a good cry," and scolded herself in this wise: "Freezing and starving, and I was keeping her waiting. I'll never be good for any thing! I am afraid." Then Lilly's soft voice and caress recalled her, and she hurried her eyes and smoothed her thin ringlets anew; and if there was in her manner that might a new grace, and in her eye a new light, it was the grace of humility when she remembered duty procrastinated, and the glow of charity from the outgushing of a warm heart.

Through the long avenues, down the cold, dark alley, and, up to the cheerless room walked, or rather ran, poor Mrs. More with a step so rapid that Thomas could scarcely keep pace with her. But when the crazy door was opened, and the white form of the little child was seen in the chair pale and still, when from the lips of the unwearying caress greeted the poor mother, stout-hearted Thomas fairly quailed before her bitter grief. At first they thought him dead, but a faint throb over the heart and a tremor of the eyelids gave them hope. Pouring wine down his throat, rubbing his stiffened hands, and wrapping him in the warm bed covering they had brought, at last they saw the life slowly ebbing back; and by the time the fire was lighted on the hearth the boy opened his eyes as if in a dream, and smiled as he spoke that one dear word "Mother."

For a long while in the years that came after this, when Mrs. More and her son had gone off to the country, and they met no more, Lilly would listen to no story with so much pleasure as this; and when she was grown to put it into words—and what was the task for to-day, as she was very likely to do, Mrs. May would only touch her hand gently and say, "Lilly, we cannot, dear Harry More, don't we, and how sorry mamma was that she put off her duty?" and the work was done without another word. Years rolled away, and lent new beauty to the angel face of Harman May's only daughter; and the world wondered that she should be so good as well as beautiful—for her qualities were so prompt, her promises so truly kept, and her kind deeds so thoughtfully planned and executed.

CHAPTER III.

HARMAN MAY had dined, and smoked half a choice Havana, and read a few items of news, as prelude to his favorite chair and evening, some years after the date at which our story commences. Now it was no unusual thing for him to dine, still more to smoke or read after that hour, but to write paper or cigar until either was quite finished was unusual. So Mrs. May, a little stouter and more matronly than in that by-gone time, looked up, and with knowing eyes interrogated her husband as Lilly glanced up from her book and forgot the thread of the story therein contained, and thought to herself that her father was in an ugly mood. A rose, turned his back to the fire, and announced, "I am going to Millow to-morrow. I have heard a great deal to make me suspect that all is not nicely managed; the accounts are unsatisfactory; I am afraid the operatives are not fairly managed; and I must take Gilford with me—he knows something of him about it when he was here last week. I thought him a very trust-worthy young man when I sent him up there; but—I don't know."

"But, Harman, it is so cold and snowy," began his wife; but he answered quickly,

"Can't help it. I never put any thing off, you know." She dropped her eyes, for she remembered the lesson on that precept, and smiled, wondering meanwhile if he intended the reproof.

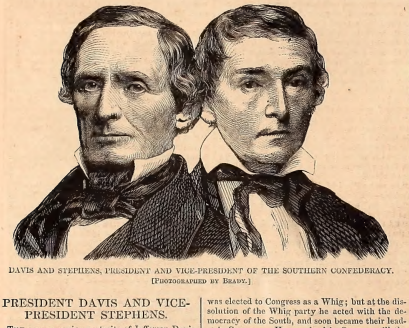
"Oh, father, may I go too?" pleaded Lilly, "to improve in skating, you know; oh, I should enjoy it so much, and Furnace Pond would be splendid! Carrie Wyman was one to come to the country in the winter;" and her face was all aglow with excitement as she coaxed, holding fast to her father's button as perfunctorily as ever the office-seeker did the like by a member of the House.

"Nonsense, child, you would freeze to death," was the first answer to her request; and the last was, "Well, well, if mother says Yes, you may go: ten o'clock to-morrow, no delay for trunks and dresses to be packed. Shawls and hats, warm cloak and hood all you need. No conquests to be made at Millow, I warrant." And thus it was arranged, and the evening of the next day set them down at their destination; and Lilly's dreams were full of visions of skating like a bird, with Carrie Wyman's pleasant laughter for music. Mr. Wyman was a wild fanatic, and his passion was very delightful to both, and Lilly hoped that the business would not be adjusted very soon. So with those dreams and hopes she fell asleep at night.

There was considerable confusion in her ideas when she woke in the morning as to where she was, when she was, and what was the cause of the mill-bell ringing so early, instead of the noise of vehicles rolling by and the milkman's shrill yell, which usually aroused her at that hour at her own home. Then the sunshine came peeping in at the window by her bedside, and, leaning on her elbow, she saw the bright, level fields of snow, and remembered the glittering rime on every bush, the very roads white and pure, and far off the shining ice of Furnace Pond.

Then breakfast—and away the two girls started for a walk on the hard snow, to plan out walks and ship-sticks and skating parties innumerable; and Mr. May to the counting-room of the mill, where no sign of life betokened the faithful agent who was supposed to be there on all occasions. The mill young gentleman was at that moment just about arraying himself for a hunting expedition, after which he proposed to hire a team and proceed to the next town for a pleasure excursion, and settle all bills out of the money deposited in his hands for the purchase of wool and for the payment of the few hands engaged in some minor operations during the stoppage of the big wheel, which was now fast fettered by the thick ice. The knowledge of

LIEUT. SLEMMER, U.S.A., COMMANDING FORT PICKENS.—[FROM A DAGUERREOTYPE.—SEE PAGE 123.]



DAVIS AND STEPHENS, PRESIDENT AND VICE-PRESIDENT OF THE SOUTHERN CONFEDERACY.
[PHOTOGRAPHED BY BRADY.]

PRESIDENT DAVIS AND VICE-PRESIDENT STEPHENS.

THE accompanying portraits of Jefferson Davis and Alexander Stephens will introduce to our readers the newly-elected President and Vice-President of the new Southern Confederacy, organized at Montgomery, Alabama, on 4th February.

JEFFERSON DAVIS, the new President, was born in Kentucky about 1809, and is consequently about 54 years old. Having migrated to the Territory of Mississippi, with his father, when a boy, he owed to President Monroe the favor of being admitted at West Point, from which institution he graduated in 1828. He was lucky enough to be employed on active service at once, under Colonel (afterward President) Z. Taylor, and served throughout the Black Hawk War. His capture of the chief Black Hawk, and the friendship which sprang up between him and his prisoner, are among the most romantic episodes of the history of the war. In 1835, having married a daughter of General Taylor, he settled down on a cotton plantation in Mississippi, and acquired some wealth. In 1845 he was elected to Congress from that State; but at the outbreak of the Mexican War he resigned his seat in Congress, volunteered, raised a regiment in Mississippi, of which he was Colonel, and accompanied General Taylor in his campaign, distinguishing himself signally at Buena Vista. In 1848 he was chosen to the United States Senate. In 1851 he resigned his seat in the Senate to run for Governor of Mississippi, as the representative of the disunionist party, but was handsomely defeated by Mr. Foote, the Union candidate. In 1853 he entered the Cabinet of Mr. Pierce as Secretary of War, and held the office till the election of Mr. Buchanan. He then accepted the seat in the Senate which he filled till the State of Mississippi passed an ordinance of secession. He was recently chosen by the Montgomery Convention First President of the Southern Confederacy. Personally, Mr. Davis is a very gentlemanly man, with a soldierly bearing, and rather stern manners: as a speaker, he is fluent, clear, forcible, and sometimes eloquent.

ALEXANDER H. STEPHENS, of Georgia, the Vice-President of the new Southern Confederacy, was born in Georgia on 11th February, 1812, and is consequently forty-nine years of age. In his youth he was poor, and owed his education to the kindness of friends. In 1834 he took his position at the Georgia bar, and instantly gave proof of the talents which have since led him to be considered the "strongest man in the South." In 1843 he was elected to Congress as a Whig; but at the dissolution of the Whig party he acted with the democracy of the South, and soon became their leader in Congress. He remained in Congress till the election of 1858, when he refused to be a candidate any longer, and withdrew—as he supposed—from public life. Mr. Stephens is a remarkable example of what energy may do for a man. He has all his life been a martyr to disease, and has never weighed over ninety-six pounds. His voice is shrill, and at first quite unpleasant to the ear; but his eloquence is so sure and practical, and his judgment so reliable, that, wherever he is, he is sure to be a leader. He was a warm opponent of the secession movement in Georgia.

LIEUT. GILMAN, U.S.A., OF THE GARRISON AT FORT PICKENS.—FROM AN AMBROTYPE.—[SEE PAGE 123.]

THE BLACK SPOT.

THERE was much mirth in Hong Kong. The ball at the club-rooms in Victoria Town eclipsed those which the governor and the chief justice, and the 117th in their white-washed mess-room, and the admiral on board his gayly lighted flagship, had given during the past fortnight.

Beyond comparison—the *belle* of the ball-room—was the beautiful Mrs. G——, a fair young wife, almost a bride, who had just come out from England with her husband, Captain G——, the junior captain of the Rifles. All the ensigns and middies, and half the lieutenants, naval and military, to say nothing of the par-boiled young gentlemen in mercantile houses, were fairly raving about the angelic stranger. The foolish boys devoured her with their eyes, and wrote sonnets to her eyebrows, for nought I know, and she never moved along the little parade at band-time without an overwhelming escort, but no one ever said that Geordie was not worthy of the good luck he had found, and the great prize he had drawn in the lottery matrimonial—he, the "best fellow" in the service. On this night Mrs. G—— was in the highest spirits, and waltzed, and flirted, well to all appearance, and was the very centre of attraction—the target of all eyes. Geordie, who knew her too well to be easily made jealous, was in very good spirits, too; so were most people. Mrs. G—— went through dance after dance, as the band played on with admirable taste and spirit, and still partners buzzed about her, and her little ivory memorandum-book was as filled with writing as a bank ledger.

When she entered the tea-room on one occasion, early in the evening, the old *compendor* Ching-Lung, who presided over the waiters, and was steward of the club, started as he looked keenly at the beautiful "Fankwi" lady. She passed by him, repressing, good-naturedly, a smile at his outlandish dress and figure. He stared after her with seeming rudeness or curiosity, and then gave a grunt, and wheeled off to his avocations. Several officers noticed this, but Ching was a character, and no one asked what he meant, or if he meant any thing. It was an hour or more before Mrs. G—— left the ball-room again. This time she entered the supper-room, leaning on her partner's arm. While the latter procured her some refreshment, the old Chinaman hovered near, looked sharply at the fair "barbarian," and then drew back with a muttered remark in his native tongue. Mrs. G—— never noticed him. Two minutes after, Ching-Lung was seen in close confabulation with the doctor of the Rifles, a sensible, experienced surgeon, who had been three years in Hong Kong, who had served on the medical staff in the old war, and who was regarded as the chief professional authority on the island. Dr. Rogers was a man who knew China well. He seemed much disturbed as Ching took him by the lappet of his coat, and whispered some communication. The two men's eyes ranged across the ball-room, in the door-way of which they stood a little apart, and fixed on Mrs. G——. The eyes of several loungers followed theirs by a common impulse. What did they see? Surely no terrible sight, but a young, happy, high-bred Englishwoman, radiant with beauty, health, and gayety, crowned with flowers, and sweeping through the ball-room like its queen. What was there in all this to make old Ching purse up his expressive Chinese mouth, and Dr. Rogers lift his eyebrows, and bite his lips, with a brow that knit with a spasm of involuntary anxiety? Smoothing his ruffled brow, the doctor stepped from his place, passed Mrs. G——, and looked full and steadily on her face. She looked surprised, and a little annoyed, but presently turned away smiling. She thought the doctor, no doubt, an odd, rude old gentleman. Very much compressed were the doctor's lips, and very often did the frown of care return to the doctor's brow, as he threaded his way through the crowd, most of whom had some slight or merry remark to bestow on so popular a character, until he reached the place where Captain G—— was talking to the Colonel's wife and two other ladies seated on an ottoman. The doctor drew Geordie aside; they were old friends; and begged as a particular favor that he would take his wife home, away from the ball, but without alarming her.

"Alarming her!" said Geordie, quite in the dark as to the other's meaning. "Why, what a Blue Beard you would make us turn out, doctor! She's engaged twelve deep, I'll be bound, and it wants an hour of supper-time, and I can't get her away. Besides, she's not tired. Why *should* she go, you know?"

To this Dr. Rogers merely answered that he begged as a favor that Captain G—— would take Mrs. G—— home. It must be done, and would be for the best. And being hard pressed for his reason, the doctor said Mrs. G—— was about to be ill. It was his duty to ask her husband to take her away from the crowded room.

Captain G—— laughed incredulously at first, but it was a hollow and forced laugh. It was plain that he did not believe in his own disbelief, and he knew the good old *Medico* too well to suspect him of jesting on such a point. His voice quivered a little as he asked for an explanation.

"Well, if you *will* have it," said Dr. Rogers, laying his hand on Geordie's arm, "there is something wrong with your wife. Old Ching noticed it first, and told me of it, and I have seen it myself, and I have seen such a thing but twice before, and both times in China. Pray Heaven that this may not end as it did in those two instances!"

"Speak out, man, you torture me!" said Captain G——, gasping for breath and very pale.

"It is a trifling matter, in appearance at least," replied Dr. Rogers, gravely and kindly; "it is a small black spot on your wife's face—in her left cheek—that is all, and—"

"And what is it? For the sake of all that's sacred, *what* is it?" asked G——, quite fiercely.

The doctor, noticing how quickly the group was increasing, drew his friend a few paces back, and whispered something in his ear.

The effect on Geordie was terrible. The brave strong man trembled visibly, and shook from head to foot, while his bronzed face became of an ashen paleness. Then, followed by the doctor, who waited for him to keep pace with him, he hurried up to the place where his wife was wheeling in the mazes of the waltz. His strode recklessly in among the dancers; his wild haggard looks and brusque gestures came some confusion and surprise. His wife saw him, and started, and with a word to her partner stood still. How beautiful she looked! flushed and excited with the dance, crowned with flowers, richly yet tastefully dressed; how, too, her fair fresh English bloom contrasted with the pallor of most of the other pretty women present! how her softly bright blue eyes rested with wonder on G——with apprehension for *him*, lest he should be ill. Certainly, if one of those two eyes were in mortal danger, any observer would have selected the husband as the one who bore the marks of it. But G—— was careless of that, and in his rage was in his gaze, as he beheld in the centre of his wife's blooming cheek a *small black spot*, not much larger than the head of a large black pin, and quite circular. It did not disfigure her; only a keen eye could distinguish it; and, when seen, it resembled one of those "beauty patches" which in the belles of the last century used to give an additional piquancy to their charms. Yes, there it was, the black spot the doctor had described. Its angry effect on G—— smoothed his features, and tried to smile, as he begged pardon of the company. He had interrupted them very rudely, he added; they had all left off dancing by this time—and he begged they would go on, and not mind him. The musicians had ceased playing; he waved his hand impatiently to them to go on. His wife approached him, her partner beside her, a Naval Commander, who did not fool at all disposed to forego the rest of his dance with the queen of the ball. "What is it?" she asked, in an anxious whisper. "No, no," he was not ill: but he wished she would come away—home with him directly. He would give no reason. His manner was irritable, harsh, unusual. The young wife looked at him with surprise; many gathered in her large eyes; but she was not without spirit, and she dashed them proudly away. She could not leave yet, she said; she was engaged for several dances. If there was no reason to be given for leaving so abruptly, she could not be so unkind to her partners. And in a moment more the Commander whirled her off.

G—— set his lip. She danced once, twice, thrice more. G—— stood moodily watching her, the doctor at his elbow. It was sad, agonizing to poor G——, to watch that glorious creature, and to know that she bore on her face the mark of—what? Even the doctor shrunk from telling G—— all he feared. His angry misery lured of hot womanly pride was over; the sight of her husband's anxious face disturbed her; her gayety fled; the compliments of her partners were unheard; she begged to be excused; left the gentleman on whose arm she leaned, and came up to G—— with a sunny smile. "I will be good now, and come home."

The doctor whispered to G—— to introduce him. G—— hurriedly complied. His wife remembered the old gentleman who had stared so pertinaciously at her; his eyes observed her still. He whispered a word to the Captain. Geordie tried to be calm as he asked his wife if she—if she was aware that there was a small black spot, a mere speck, on her left cheek. She blushed and laughed. Yes, she saw it in the glass when dressing. She could not rub it away. She thought it would go of itself. It had annoyed her a little, because it looked so like one of those absurd patches, but she hoped nobody noticed it.

"Excuse me, madam," said Dr. Rogers; "it may be of some consequence than you are aware of... I am an old doctor, and may be allowed to ask questions. Does it give you any pain?"

"Now—none at all."

The doctor looked graver still.

"There is a glass nearly opposite. Please to look, and see if it has not increased in size."

The lady, half frightened, complied. "Yes, it has indeed—it is four times as large as it was, almost as large as a pea—how tiresome!"

"One more question," said the doctor. "Have you any idea what brought it?"

"None," answered Mrs. G——. "George, love, I think I would rather go."

"Think again," pressed the doctor. "Has any reptile—any insect?"

"Yes, Dr. Rogers," answered the now fast paling beauty; "yes, but no! that could not be it, and I was silly to think twice of so trifling a thing as the bite of a fly."

"A fly! What sort of fly?" exclaimed the doctor.

"One of those black flies that were in the veranda, a tiresome buzzing thing: it stung me very sharply just there, on the left cheek where the spot is. I thought nothing of it when the pain went off. It was a long sort of fly, with a shining body and glistening greenish wings."

"The Bal-Tser! the Black Jupiter Fly! I knew it. Ching know it," said a hoarse grumbling voice close behind.

It was the old *compradore*, half horror-struck, half vain of his sagacity! Hastily they drew her from the room, wrapped her shawl around her, and hurried her home. Geordie, scarcely heeding the dance went on, supper succeeded (a very sumptuous affair), and then followed more dances, but by degrees the ninth hanguilloh, and a sort of uncomfortable feeling of apprehension and gloom pervaded the guests. Strange whispers, muttered hints, went round; the very Chinese servants had an unusual look. By degrees almost every body steamed aware that some mischance had befallen the fair young Englishwoman whom they had just welcomed among them. Two or three officers went to seek the doctor in his quarters, late as it was, to learn the truth. The doctor was absent. He was at Captain G——'s house, they, his servant said. He had sent for his portable medicine chest. Also the physician to the forces, and the marine surgeon, had been called up. The next morning, when most of the officers were at breakfast in the barrack mess-room, a subaltern entered hastily.

"Have you heard about poor Mrs. G——?"

"What? Dead!"

It was even so. She had been cut down in the very prime of her beauty and loveliness, and youth. It was awfully sudden. It broke her husband's life and hope at a blow. He never was seen to smile after that. The shock seemed to unman his old friends; he left the Rifles, exchanging into a regiment that was serving in Upper India, and died of fever in the Terai.

Now to clear up the seeming mystery of the *Black Spot*. There is a fly which, for the mischief it does, is known and feared throughout the East, and which is usually the cause of the bite of the Jupiter Fly. Its bite is generally most fatal to cattle. This fly is seldom very hurtful to the human race, except when it has been irritated by the curious, and thus communicates the morbid virus of decomposed animal matter to the veins of a living being. This occurs frequently both in Europe, and in the case of the common house-fly and the "buzz," or greenish carrion-fly. But this is rare, indeed, and the ordinary cases of pain and smarting from such bites are recorded within the last six or seven years on the continent of Europe. In the East, with its tropical heat, and its great festering of disease, the deaths from this insidiously administered poison are more frequent, and the poison itself is more virulent and rapid. It was in this manner that poor Mrs. G—— met her death. The *black spot*, unnoted at first by all eyes save her own, and neglected by herself, was the mark of its object in being selected by one of the *compradore's* agents to be poisoned by the fly. The doctor took blame to himself for not having insisted in defiance of ordinary rules, on the young lady's quitting the ball-room at once; but the hope that he might be mistaken, and a wish to spare G—— as much as possible, made him hesitate in speaking out. It was the opinion of all the medical men on the island, that when the *compradore* first called the doctor's attention to the mark of death on the face of the doomed beauty, the mischief was beyond remedy.

A DAY'S RIDE:

A LIFE'S ROMANCE.

By CHARLES LEVER.

AUTHOR OF "CHARLES O'MALLEY," "HARRY LORREQUER," ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER XXXVIII.

I HAD no writing materials, but I had just copied a long letter for Count Rinnez on the outrageous treatment and false imprisonment of a British subject in Austria, when my door was opened by a tall, powerful, broad-faced man, in uniform, who announced himself as the Rittmeister von Mahony, of the Keyser Hussars.

"A countryman—an Irishman," said I, eagerly, glasping his hand with warmth.

"That is to say, my generations back," replied he; "my grandfather's brother was a lieutenant in Trenck's Horse, but since that none of us have ever been out of Austria."

If there was little of nobility in my heart just beginning to glow with the ardor of home and country, I soon saw that it takes more than two generations to make a foreigner lose sight of a man's nature. The honest Rittmeister, with scarcely a word of English in his vocabulary, was as keen a sympathizer as if he had never journeyed out of the land of Bog.

"He had heard 'all about it,'" he said, he were of everything that had happened since mine filled me; and he added, "And the more fool myself to notice the matter." Asking me, quaintly, if I never had heard of some native maxim that says, "One man ought never to fall upon forty?" "Well," said he, with a sigh, "what's done can't be undone; and let us see what's to come next? I see you are a gentleman, and the worse luck yours."

"What do you mean by that?" asked I.

"Just this: you'll have to fight; and if you were a 'gemeiner' you'd get off."

I turned away to the window to wipe a tear out of my eye; it had come there without my knowing it, and, as I did so, I devoted myself to the death of a hero.

"Yes," said I, "*die* is in this incident—she has her part in this scene of my life's drama, and I will not disgrace her presence. I will die like a man of honor rather than that her name should be disparaged."

He went on to tell me of my opponent, who was brother to a reigning sovereign, and himself a royal highness—Prince Max of Swabia. "He was not," he added, "by any means a bad fellow, though not regarded to be perfectly sane on certain topics." However, as his eccentricities were very harmless ones, merely exhibiting an exaggerated personal vanity, it was supposed that more active service, and a little more intercourse with the world, would cure him.

"Not," added he, "that one can say he has shown many signs of amendment up to this, for he never makes an excursion of half a dozen days from home without coming back filled with the relentless passion of some young queen or archduchess for him. As he forgets these as fast as he imagines them, there is usually nothing to lament on his subject. Now you are in possession of all that you need know about *him*. Tell me something of yourself; and first, have you served?"

"Never."

"Was your father a soldier, or your grandfather?"

"Neither."

"Have you any connections on the mother's side in the army?"

"I am not aware of one."

He gave a short, hasty cough, and walked the room for two or three minutes, stopped at his back, and then, coming straight in front of me, said, "And your name? What's your name?"

"Potts I have the honor to bear, my name."

"Potztausend!" cried he, with a grim laugh; "what a strange name!"

"I said Potts, Herr Rittmeister, and not Potztausend!" explained I, haughtily.

"And I heard you," said he; "it was involuntary on my part to add the termination. And who are the Potts you belong to?"

"Nothing of the kind—respectable middle class folk: some in trade, some clerks in merchants' houses, some in the civil government employments, one, perhaps the chief of them all, an eminent apothecary."

As if I had touched the most irresistible joke, at this word he held his hands over his face and shook with laughter.

"Excuse me," he cried he, at last, "this is too good! The Prince Max going out with an apothecary's nephew, or, maybe, his son!"

His son, indeed," said I, gravely.

He did not reply for some minutes; and then, leaning over the back of a chair, and regarding me very fixedly, he said,

"You have only to say who you are, and what your belongings, and nothing will come of this affair. In fact, what with your little knowledge of German, and your imperfect comprehension of what the prince said, and your own station in life, I'll engage to arrange every thing and get off myself scot-free."

"In a word," said I, "I am to plead in formal inferiors—isn't that it?"

"Just so," said he, puffing out a long cloud from his pipe.

"I'd rather die first!" cried I, with an energy that astonished myself.

"Well," said he, after a pause, "I think it's very probable that will come of it; but if it be your choice I have nothing to say."

"Go back, Herr Rittmeister," cried I, "and arrange the meeting for the very earliest moment."

I said this with a strong purpose, for I felt if the event were to come off at once I could behave well.

"As you are resolved on this course," said he, "do not make any such confidences to others as you have made to me; nothing about those Potztausends and their trade. Say you're a gentleman, and you are the high and well-born Potts of Pottsheim. Not a word more."

I bowed assent, and he continued, "It is always best to be explicit," cried he; "I was not counting upon this; and as the sabre is the prince's weakest arm, we'll select it."

I bowed again, and more blandly.

"There is but one more move," said he, turning about just as he was leaving the room. "Don't forget that in this case the gross provocation came from him, and therefore be satisfied with self-defense, or at most a mere flesh wound. Remember that the prince is a near connection of the royal family of England, and it would be irreparable ruin to you were he to fall by your hand." And with this he went out.

Now, had he gravely bound me over not to strangle the lions in the Tower, it could not have more effectually restrained me than this last injunction, and if there had been in my heart the smallest fund of humor, I could have laughed at it; but, Heaven knows, none of my impulses took a mirthful turn at that moment, and there never was invented the drollery that could wring a smile from me.

I was sitting in a state of stupor—I know not how long—when the door opened, and the Rittmeister's head peered in.

"To-morrow morning at five!" cried he. "I will fetch you half an hour before." The door closed, and he was off.

It was now a few minutes past eight o'clock, and there were therefore something short of nine hours of life left to me. I have heard that Victor Hugo is an amiable and kindly disposed man, and I feel assured, if he ever could have known the tortures he should have inflicted, he would never have written the terrible record entitled Le Dernier Jour d'un Condamné. I conclude it was written as a sort of appeal against death punishments. I doubt much of its efficacy in altering legislation, while I feel assured that if ever it fall in the way of one whose hours are numbered, it must add indescribably to his misery.

When, how, or by whom my supper was served, I never knew. I can only remember that a very sleepy waiter roused me out of a half-drowsy reverie about midnight by asking if he were to remove the dishes, or let them remain till morning. I bade him leave them, and me also, and when the door was closed I sat down to my meal. It was cold and unappetizing. I would have dressed it myself—indeed, too, but I remembered that the poor stomach I was destined for would never be called on to digest it, and so for once I might indulge myself without the fear of dyspepsia. My case was precisely that of the penniless traveler, who, when stopped on the road by the robber, just as if want ever suggested melody, or that hunger ever was a reason for song. So with me my excess was supposed to be not just because it was impossible!

"Still," thought I, "great criminals—and surely I am not as bad as they—eat very hearty." And I sent the tough fowl vigorously to two and placed half of it on one side. I filled myself out a whole goblet of wine, and drank it off. I repeated this, and felt better. I felt to now with a will, and really made an excellent supper. There were some potted sardines that I secretly resolved to have for my breakfast, when the sudden thought flashed across me that I was never to breakfast any more. I verily believe that I tasted in that one instant a whole lifetime of mental distress.

There was in my friendless, lone condition, my youth, the mild and gentle traits of my nature, and the circumstances singularly just that combination of circumstances which would make my fate peculiarly pathetic, and I imagined my countrymen sitting beside the fire next morning and muttering "Poor Potts!" till I felt my heart almost bursting with sorrow over myself.

"Cut off in the three-and-twenty!" sobbed I; "in the very opening bud of his promise!"

"Misfortune is a people with many facets," says the Chinese adage, "and wise is he who turns it around till he find the smooth one."

"Is there such here?" thought I. "And what would it be?" With all my ingenuity I could not discover it, when at last the sacred my mind how the event would figure in the daily papers, and be handed down to remote posterity. I imagined the manner of life described in the language almost of a lion-hunt. "Potts, who had never till that moment had to record his having killed Potts, literally at this time severely wounded, and bleeding profusely, nothing dismayed by the ferocious attack of his opponent, who had assumed his guard with all the coolness of a consummate swordsman." How I wished my life might be spared just to let me write the narrative of the contest! I would like, besides, to show the world how generously I could treat an adversary, with what moderation I could respect his motives, and how nobly deal even with his injustice.

"Was that two o'clock?" said I, starting up, with the warning sound of the gong still filling the room. "Is it possible that but three hours now stand between me and—" I gave a shudder that made me feel as if I was standing in a cold wind. However, I had actually looked up to see if the window were not open; but no, it was closed, the night calm, and the sky full of stars. "Oh!" exclaimed I, "how I envy Pottses up among you yonder, I hope destiny may deal more kindly by them than down here. I trust that in those glorious regions a higher and purer intelligence prevails, and, above all things, that dueling is proclaimed the greatest crime. I feel a commission of homicide is worse ten thousand times; it is the whole suit, costume, and investure of an uncivilized age. "Poor Potts!" said I; "you went out upon your life-voyage with very generous intentions toward posterity. I wonder how it will treat you? I hope it celebrates your memory, uphold your fame, and dignify your motives! Will it be said, in history, 'Among the memorable events of the period was the duel between the Prince Max of Swabia and an Irish gentleman named Potts?' To understand fully the circumstance of this remarkable conflict, it is necessary to premise that I was not what is vulgarly called a Potts constitutionally brave; but he was more. He was—Ah! there was the puzzle. How was this miserable hesitation ever to arrive at the secret of an organization fine and subtle as mine? If I could but leave it on record—if I could but transmit to some age still more refined after me the invaluable key to the mystery of my being—a few days would suffice—a week, perhaps, would do it—still I should be afraid. I not have time given me to do this? I will certainly propose this to the Rittmeister when he comes. There can be little doubt but he will see the matter with my own eyes.

As if I had summoned him by enchantment, there he stood at the door, wrapped in his great white cavalry cloak, and looking gigantic and ominous together.

"There is no carriage-road," said he, "to the place we are going, and I have come thus early that we may stroll along leisurely, and enjoy the fresh air of the morning."

Until that moment I had never believed how heartless human nature could be! To talk of enjoyment, to recall the world and its pleasures, in any way, to one situated like I, was a cold and scarcely credible cruelty; but the words did me good service—they armed me with a sardonic contempt for life and mankind—and so I protested that I was charmed with the project, and out we set.

My companion was not talkative, he was a quiet, almost depressed man, who had led a very monotonous existence, with little society among his comrades; so that he did not offer me the occasion I sought for of saying saucy and sneering things of the world at large. Indeed, the first observation he made was that we were in a locality that ought to be interesting to Irishmen, since an ancient shrine of St. Patrick marked the spot of the convent to which we were approaching. No remark could have been more ill-timed; to look back into the past, one ought to have some vista of the future. Who can sympathize with by-gones when he is counting the minutes that are to make him one of them?

What a bore that old Rittmeister was with his antiquities, and how I hated him as he said, "If your line was not so limited, I'd have taken you over to St. Gallen to inspect the manuscripts." I felt choking as he uttered these words. How was my time so limited? I did not dare to ask. Was he barbarous enough to mean that if I had another day to live I could have passed it pleasantly in turning over musty missals in a monastery?

At last we came to a halt in a little grove of pines, and he said, "Have you any address to give me of friends or relations, or has you any peculiar directions on any subject?"

"You made a remark last night, Herr Rittmeister," said I, with a dull dread at the moment produce the profound impression upon me that subsequent reflection has enforced. You said that if his trophies were so fully aware that his antagonist was the son of a practicing chemist and apothecary—"

"That I would have put off this event; true enough, but when you refused that alternative, and insisted on satisfaction, I myself, as your countryman, took the guarantee for your rank, which nothing will now make me retract. Understand me well—nothing will make me retract."

"You are pleased to be precipitate," said I, with an attempt to sneer; "my remark had but one object, and that was my personal disinclination to obtain a meeting under a false pretext."

"Make your mind easy on that score. It will be all precisely the same in about an hour hence."

I nearly fainted as I heard this, it seemed as though a cold stream of water ran through my spine and paralyzed the very marrow inside.

"You have your choice of weapons," said he, curtly; "what say you best at?"

I was going to say the "javelin," but I was ashamed, and yet should a man sacrifice life for a false shame? while I reasoned thus, he pointed to a group of officers close to the garden wall of the convent, and said,

"They are all waiting yonder, let us hasten on."

If I had been mortally wounded, and was dragging my limbs along to rest them forever on some particular spot, I might have, probably, effected my progress as easily as I now did. The sluggishness and inequality of ground tripped me, and I stumbled at every step.

"You are cold," said my companion, "and probably unused to early rising; taste this."

He gave me his flask, and I drank it, and I dashed it off at a draught. Blessings be on the man who invented alcohol! all the ethics that ever were written can not work the same miracle in a man's nature as a glass of whisky. Talk of all the wonders of chemistry, and what are they to the simple fact that two pennyworth of cognac can convert a coward into a hero?

I was not quite sure that my antagonist had not resorted to a similar sort of aid, for he seemed as light-hearted and as jolly as though he was out for a picnic. There was a jauntiness, too, in the way he took out his cigar and scraped his leicher match on a beech-tree that quite struck me, and I should like to have imitated it if I dared.

"If it's the same to you take the sabre, it's his weakest weapon," whispered the Rittmeister in my ear, and I agreed. And now there was a sort of confusion about the choice of the ground and the places, in which my friend seemed to stand by me most manfully. Then there followed several measurements of swords, and a fierce comparison of weapons. I don't know how many were not thrust into my hand, one swing of this, it is well balanced in the wrist, or if you like a heavy guard, here's your arm!"

"To me, it is a matter of perfect indifference," said I, jauntily. "All weapons are alike."

"He will attack fiercely, and the moment the word is given," whispered the Rittmeister, "so be on your guard; keep your hilt full before you, or he'll slice off your nose before you are aware of it."

"Be not so sure of that till you have seen my sword-play," said I, fiercely; and my heart swelled with a fierce sentiment that must have been courage, for I never remember to have felt the like before. I know I was brave at that moment, for if, by one word, I could have averted the combat, I would not have uttered it.

"Is your place, cried the umpire, "and on your guard! Are you ready?"

"Ready," re-echoed I, wildly, while I gave a mad flourish of my weapon round my head that threw the whole company into a roar of laughter; and, at the same instant, two figures, screaming fearfully, rushed from the beech copse, and bursting their way through the crowd, fell upon me with the most frantic embraces, amidst the louder laughter of the others. Oh shame and ineffable disgrace! Oh misery never to be forgotten! It was Vätterchen who now grasped my knees, and Tintenfieck who clung round my neck and kissed me repeatedly. From the time of the Laocoon no one ever struggled to free himself as I did, but all in vain —my efforts, impeded by the sword, lest I might unwillingly wound them, were all fruitless, and we rolled upon the ground inextricably commingled and struggling.

"Was I right?" cried the prince. "Was I right in calling this fellow a saltimbanque? See him now with his comrades around him, and say if I was mistaken."

"How is this?" whispered the Rittmeister. "Have you dared to deceive me?"

"I have deceived no one," said I, trying to rise, and I poured forth a torrent of not very coherent eloquence, as the mirth of my audiences seemed to imply. Fortunately, Vätterchen had now obtained a hearing, and was detailing in very fluent language the nature of the relationship that existed between him, in his boundless gratitude I seemed more than human; and his praises actually shamed me to hear them. How I had first met them he recounted in the strain of one assisted by the gods in classic times; his description made me a sort of Jove coming down a rope cloud to succor suffering humanity; and then came in Tintenfieck with her broken words, marvelously aided by "action," as she appeared forth the heap of gold upon the grass and said it was all mine!

Wonderful metal, to be sure, for enforcing conviction on the mind, there is a sincerity about it far more impressive than any vocal persuasion. The very clink of it implies that the real and the positive are in question, not the imaginative and the ideal. "This is all his!" cried she, pointing to the treasure with the air of one showing Aladdin's cave, and though her speech was not very intelligible Vätterchen's "vulgate" ran underneath and explained the text.

"I hope you will forgive me. I trust you will be satisfied with my apologies, made thus openly," said the prince, in the most courteous of manners. "One who can believe with such magnanimity can scarcely be wanting in another species of generosity." And ere I could well reply, I found myself shaking hands with every one, and every one with me; nor was the least pleasurable part of this recognition the satisfaction displayed by the Rittmeister at the good issue of this event. I had great difficulty in resisting their resolution to carry me back with them to Bregenz; the numerous fêtes, the plans and projects devised for my entertainment, Field sports, sham-fights, rifle-shooting, all were displayed attractively before me; and it was clear that, if I accepted their invitations, I should be treated like the most favored guest. But I was firm in my refusal; and, pleading a pretended necessity to be at a particular place by a particular day, I started once more, taking the road with the "vagabonds," who now seemed bound to me by an indissoluble bond; at least so Vätterchen assured me by the most emphatic of declarations, and that, do with him what I might, I could never shake off his debts.

"Who is ever completely happy?" says the sage; and with too good reason is the doubt expressed. Here, one might suppose, was a situation abounding with the most pleasurable incidents. To have escaped a duel, and come out with honor, to have found friends, to have refound not only my missing money, but to have my suspicions relieved as to those whose honest name was dear to me, and whose discredit would have darkened many a bright hope of life—these were no small successes; and yet —I shame to own it—my delight in them was dashed by a sense of mortification insignificant that I have scarce courage to recall it. Here is, however. While I was taking a kindly farewell of my late companions, handshaking and protesting interminable friendships, I saw, or thought I saw, the prince, with even a more affectionate warmth, turn back and shake Tintenfieck! If he had not his arm actually round her waist, there was certainly a white leather cavalry glove curiously close to her side, and one of her cheeks was deeper colored than the other, and her bearing and manner seemed confused, as she answered, when spoken to, at cross purposes.

"How did you come by this brooch, Tintenfieck? I never saw it before."

"Oh, it was pretty? It is a violet; and these leaves, though green, are all gold."

"Answer me, girl! who gave it thee?" said I, in the vision of jealousy.

"Must I tell?" murmured she, sorrowfully.

"On the spot—confess it!"

"It was one bade me keep it till he should bring me a prettier one."

"I do not care for what he said, or what you promised; I want to know his name."

"And that I was never to forget him till then —never."

"Do you say this to irritate and offend me, or do you prevaricate out of shame?" said I, angrily.

"Shame!" repeated she, haughtily.

"Ay, shame or fear."

"Or fear! Fear of what, or of whom?"

"You are very daring to ask me. And now, for the last time, Tintenfieck—for the last time, I say, who gave you this?"

As I said these words we had just reached the borders of a little rivulet, over which we were to cross by stepping-stones. Vätterchen was, as usual, some distance behind, and now calling to us to wait for him. She turned at his cry, and answered him, but made no reply to me.

This continued defiance of me overcame my temper altogether, sorely pushed as it was by a stupid jealousy, and seizing her wrist with a strong grasp, I said, in a slow, measured tone, "I insist upon your answer to my question or—"

"Or what?"

"That we part here, and forever."

"With all my heart. Only remember one thing," said she, in a low, whispering voice; "if you left me once before—you quitted me, in a moment of temper, just as you threaten it now. Go, if you will, or if you must; but let this be our last meeting and last parting."

"It is as such I mean to good-by!" I sprang on the stepping-stone as I spoke, and at the same instant a glittering object sparkled into the stream close to me. I saw it, just as one might see the lustre of a trout's back as it rose to a fly. I don't know what demon sat where my heart ought to have been, but I pressed my hat over my eyes, and went on without turning my head.

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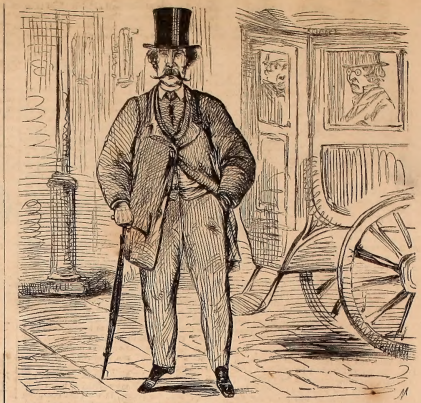

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MR. LINCOLN AT THE ASTOR HOUSE.

MR. LINCOLN, the President-elect, arrived at New York on Tuesday, 19th, as announced in the programme of his journey. An enormous crowd lined the streets to gaze at him as he passed. When he reached the Astor House there must have been some five thousand people assembled at the door, and they soon gave audible evidence of their wish to hear the distinguished visitor. With his usual good nature, Mr. Lincoln stepped out of a window, in company with a member of the Common Council, and, standing on the balcony, addressed them as follows:

"FELLOW-CITIZENS,—I have stepped before you merely in compliance with what appeared to be your wish, and with no purpose of making a speech. In fact, I do not propose making a speech this afternoon. I could not be heard by any but a very small fraction of you at best, but what is still worse than that is, that I have nothing just now to say worth your hearing. (Loud applause.) I beg you to believe that I do not now refuse to address you through any disposition to disoblige you, but the contrary. But at the same time I beg of you to excuse me for the present."

Mr. Lincoln then bowed again to the several gentlemen who were then presented to him, all of whom he cordially received.

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

SATURDAY, MARCH 2, 1861.

EUROPEAN OPINION UPON OUR TROUBLES.

WE have published, from time to time, articles from the leading journals of France and England upon the lamentable events which have lately occurred in this country; we now publish, in the news columns, an extract from the Queen's Speech, just sent to the British Parliament, and an extract from the debates of one of the most authoritative bodies in France—the French Academy. Both, as will be seen, breathe the kindest spirit and the most earnest wish for a peaceable settlement of our difficulties.

An idea has long prevailed in this country that foreign governments were anxious to see this Union dissolved. A design to bring about disunion has been familiarly imputed to the British aristocracy in particular; and many persons, otherwise well-informed and sound-minded, have seriously and honestly believed that the British House of Peers was so solicitous for the dismemberment of the Confederacy of the United States that their influence and their means were at the service of any traitors who proposed to effect this result. The events of the past few weeks—chameleon as they have been in other respects—have, we think, had the effect of exploding this delusion, and teaching us sounder views on the attitude of foreign countries toward the United States.

No Power in Europe—not even excepting the Papacy—really desires to see the calm and successful career of this nation cut short by intestine broils. It is the interest of every foreign nation in the world that the United States should thrive, should remain united, and should increase steadily. For the United States have grown to their present magnitude by the cultivation of peace, commerce, and ordinary industry; by establishing with all countries commercial relations as beneficial to them as to us; by offering a safe home to exiles of all sorts; by relieving overcrowded European countries of their surplus population; and by setting a memorable example of a peaceful government carried on exclusively for the benefit of the governed.

Forty years ago, perhaps, in the days when the Tories ruled in England, when the divine right monarchy flourished in France, and when Holy Alliances met at Laybach and elsewhere to enforce popular submission to despotic theories, the success of the system pursued in the United States might have provoked jealousy and even opposition in Europe. But men's minds change a good deal in forty years. At the present time England is as democratic in sentiment as this country; France has established universal suffrage as the corner-stone of her Empire; Russia is liberalizing her institutions; Italy is consolidating a constitutional monarchy on a popular basis; Germany is steadily growing more and more democratic. All the nations of Europe are marching in our footsteps. British, French, German, Italian, Spanish, and Swedish journals, while taking sides pretty plainly in our domestic quarrel, all sympathize warmly with us in our trouble, and hope that it may be settled without war.

It is said that this sentiment is not wholly disinterested. A civil war in this country would no doubt derange our trade with all the nations of Europe, and put all of them to some inconvenience. But it would be unjustifiable to ascribe all this sympathy we receive to the interested impulses of European traders. Trade is not paramount in Europe, as it is here. Many expressions of good feeling have reached us from sources far beyond the control of the counting-house. The mercenary instinct has had its influence, no doubt; but beyond and above it, a friendly voice, proceeding from the open heart of our friends across the ocean, reaches us through such channels as the Queen's Speech, and teaches us a lesson of international good feeling and fraternity which ought not to be forgotten.

METROPOLITAN CROWDS.

IF New York had no other claim to the rank of the metropolis of America, her crowds would establish her right to the title. In no other city in this country can a truly metropolitan crowd be gathered together. Large numbers of people occasionally assemble in other cities, and impede the thoroughfares; but a genuine crowd, numbering 50,000, 75,000, 100,000, or 150,000 individuals, all animated by the same purpose, all conscious of their responsibilities, and all keenly alive to their rights, is a sight which can only be seen in three cities in the civilized world—Paris, London, and New York.

The greatest crowd ever gathered together in the streets of New York was undoubtedly that which greeted the eye of the Prince of Wales on his arrival here. It is probable that 250,000 people were afoot that day, in Broadway, the Fifth Avenue, and the adjacent streets, bent on seeing "the Prince." This is, of course, a small assemblage in comparison with the crowd which assembled on Kennington Common and the vicinity, in London, on 11th April, 1848; and with the crowds which Napoleon the Third occasionally summons to the *Champ de Mars*, or the *Champs Elysées*. In London and Paris it is supposed that half a million of people can be collected by an extraordinary occasion; and, considering the size of New York, 250,000 people is a very large muster. It is nearly one-third the total population of the city, and when we remember how many individuals must remain at work, how many must stay at home, how many are under age and sick, an actual muster of one-third the aggregate population in a few streets seems a genuine metropolitan love for sight-seeing.

It is supposed that, next to the Prince of Wales' crowd, the assemblage which gathered to see the Japanese land, and which was recollected to inaugurate the Atlantic telegraph, were the largest ever seen in New York. After these the greatest crowd ever gathered in Broadway was assembled on Tuesday last to see Abraham Lincoln, President-elect.

The last, though a very large crowd—probably exceeding 100,000 persons in number—was far less than the crowd which saw the Prince of Wales and the Japanese Princes, mainly from the fact that it contained few or no women. It would seem that the ladies, who suffered much from the dust of the Fifth Avenue, and endured some hardships to look at "Tommy," did not care about seeing Mr. Lincoln. Whether the absence of military display had any thing to do with the fact we will not undertake to decide.

It is gratifying to notice that our crowds, like those of Paris, and unlike those of London, are generally orderly and peaceable. In the British capital, a crowd always fills the police stations and the hospitals. In Paris, a few more pickpockets than usual are arrested, but fights seldom occur. In New York many quarrels will, never theless, be settled; the only acts of violence noticed have been committed by overzealous and brutal policemen; even the Bowery boys have behaved themselves quietly.

A metropolitan crowd is intelligent, quick-witted, and though (outside of London) naturally peaceable, easily roused to fury. A Parisian fight, of the most sanguinary description, will divert itself a whole day in the sunshine without a single blow struck; but if your ones rouse them, they fall to barricades naturally, and nothing short of cannon does or grape-shot quiets them. We rather think that, as New York grows, its crowds will develop similar characteristics. Large masses of men are dangerous bodies. Our rulers should watch our crowds and study them.

PATRIOTISM.

"PATRIOTISM," says the Dictionary, "is love of country." "Patriotism," said Dr. Johnson, the Tory, "is the last refuge of a scoundrel." "A man devoid of patriotism," says a leading philosopher, "is capable of the greatest crimes." Sings Walter Scott:

> "Lives there a man with soul so dead,
> Who never to himself hath said,
> This is my own, my native land?"

The subject of patriotism is in a fair way of being more thoroughly ventilated than it ever was before. Every body appears to admit that patriotism is a virtue, and that a man should love his country. But what constitutes love of country?—What is our country? Smith, in South Carolina, says that the United States is his country, and that he loves the stars and stripes; for which expression of opinion he is instantly exiled from the State under pain of a prosecution for treason. On the other hand, Jones, born in Georgia, but in the service of the United States, declares that the secession of Georgia requires him to resign his commission, and to proceed forthwith to Milledgeville to prepare for war against the United States; for which proceeding he is denounced at the North as devoid of patriotism, and by many as an absolute traitor. Jones protests that he is the purest kind of patriot, and that he will lay down his life for Georgia. The question seems to be—How much country must a man love to be a genuine patriot?

Smith says—You must love your whole country as represented by and included under the national flag. Jones says—No, it suffices to love your own State. Upon this Robinson takes his stand and says that, in his opinion, it is sufficient to love your own county. Brown is of opinion that he fulfills his duty by loving his town. And Thomson fiercely claims the title of patriot because he loves his native farm.

It is pretty clear that Thomson, at all events, is wrong. His patriotism is mere selfishness, and has no merit at all of a public nature. It is also clear that Smith is right, although it may be pretended by Jones and the others that he demands too much—when he claims the title of patriot for loving his whole country. The question which will engage some attention in the course of the pending revolution.

About thirteen years ago the people of Italy were unanimous in favor of national independence, and the overthrow of the Austrian power. Every Italian wanted the same thing. In those days Charles Albert, King of Piedmont, the only Italian Potentate who had both an Italian soul and an Italian army, said to the people of the peninsula: "Join me, and we shall free Italy." There were people throughout Italy who were not responding badly. Yes. But when it came to the fighting-point, the Venetians said they were Venetians, the Tuscans said they were Tuscans, the Romans said they were Romans, the Neapolitans said they were Neapolitans, the Sicilians said they were Sicilians: and lo! there were no Italians in all Italy. Charles Albert's appeal failed; Austria triumphed, and for thirteen years more Italy groveled in chains. It would seem that the event—which is in every one's memory—sheds some light on the law of patriotism.

THE LOUNGER.

PRESIDENTIAL.

IF any enterprising newspaper could have secured Ariel as its special reporter during the last two or three weeks we should have had some striking and valuable letters. For Mr. Ariel would have seen three great processions in the three great cities of modern times, each in honor of the progress of the age, and each, in addition to the notion upon its intimate and important relations. The Queen of England, the Emperor of France, and the President of the United States have each marched in state to the seat of their several Governments.

The contrast of the marching is instructive. The Queen, as the chief of an aristocratic class, surrounded by every kind of pageantry, in which the military is most conspicuous, gives London a holiday. The Emperor, a General, and the wise head of a military government, addresses his Assembly through his bright camp of Paris. The President, the plainest and simplest of citizens, without knight or cavalry, without a soldier or a drum, with a band of constables to clear the way, and another to restrain the pressing crowd, rides quietly with his head in an open barouche, followed by a dozen other barouches, and saluted from sidewalk and window and balcony by the most extraordinary and spontaneous and voices loyal to their country and its Government, and quickened to deep enthusiasm by the proud flag—the symbol of national greatness. The pageantry which fixed at intervals down the long vista of the street.

The contrast of the spectacle was the difference of the political systems. Ours rests upon opinion, upon rational conviction: the others, upon the military arm. With us, the sword is the unsheathed defense of the necessary rights of every government, which represents the popular will lawfully expressed; in the others, it is the emphasis and argument of a single dynasty, which may or may not be that of the nation. Other systems presuppose two powers—the government and the people. In our system there is not, and the antagonism is between the people and discontented or rebellious individuals. And our system secures to each of those individuals the same right to personal respect as all the other citizens of the justice of their opinions, and therefore the opportunity of making them legally prevail.

The wit of man could not devise a plan more perfect; and the event of the last week was the entry of the lately-elected representative of that will into the city of New York. A simple, earnest, sincere-looking man, gazing curiously at the noble street and the vast crowd that filled it, he bowed at intervals to the people, yet abstractedly, as if he were instinctively conscious, as he has so frequently said, that it was not he, but the majesty of the nation visible in his person, that aroused the profound interest of the people. It was a very striking contrast to the Japanese wonder and the pageant that welcomed the Prince of Wales. They were pretty spectacles, in which nobody had any particular interest; but the intent interest of every citizen of the country at this moment made the quietly with which the new President was regarded significant and solemn. There was the same kind of hushed interiority of feeling as he passed which one may imagine in the crowds that watched Washington.

The Lounger, like his fellow-citizens, has seen more than one Presidential progress. He saw the acting-President Tyler as he drove through the streets of Boston to hear the oration of Daniel Webster at the completion of the Bunker Hill Monument; and before that he saw, with all New York, the progress of President Van Buren as he passed up Broadway from the Battery—the occasion which is also memorable for the advent of Fanny Kemble to journalism: for the town was favored next day with a description of the President's bedchamber and dressing-room. But neither of those scenes was of more than superficial interest. The entry of President Lincoln will be always memorable; for we were looking upon a man to whom greater and more trying duties were to be assigned than were ever assigned since Washington: and all that he has said and done, all that is told of his life, certifies the deep sincerity of his words when he says that he relies for the just performance of those duties upon the favor of God and the support of the people.

CRABBED AGE AND YOUTH.

THE man of sixty, as he waits for his wife in the dressing-room, and hears the throbbing beat and passionate movement of the dancing music below, looks with a half-delighting, regretful curiosity upon the eager youth around him, buttoning their gloves and surveying their neck-ties, and sympathizes with them in his heart, though he has seen too late, and that all the high festival of life was ended before they arrived to enjoy it.

He sees in the glances of other days, the belles that were belles, the sweet tingle of excitement in the nerves, the fine delirium of love and youth, and pities them while he thinks that the ball to-night can be what the ball was in '20, when Mrs. Ptoleuy Philadelphus, who is now chiefly intent upon terrapin at supper, was the superb Cleopatra of the court homage. The play is done, his musing, melancholy glance seems to say to the impatient youth of to-day: The lamps are put out; they only smoke now and spoil unpleasantly. The lively partners are grandmothers and unmarried aunts in the corner; 'tis all a mistake to sport young gen tlemen: this ain't life; this is only a carnival of spectres—a ghastly satire.

The light rustle and sweep of airy dress floating down the staircase into the ball-room, the music and flowers and gems and beaming faces below, does not disturb the fidelity of his faith in the past. He cities the whole: he distributes it all: he can not persuade himself that they are truly happy as he was happy, long ago. Could some kind fairy whisper that when he was young, and eager, and hopeful, there were also the musing, melancholy men of sixty, who disbelieved as heartily in his enjoyment, he might pause a moment and wonder; and as his wife appeared, no longer a sylph in muslin, but a brocaded, diamonded dowager, the conviction might slowly steal into his mind that it was the man, and not the nature, that had changed; that twenty is as blithe and hopeful as ever twenty was before; and that the skeptical man of sixty may be happy still, if he can secret, and regret that the heart kindled and the foot bounded no more with the passionate persuasion of the dancers dancing in time.

It was with the same skepticism of sixty that a gentleman whom the Lounger saw upon the late festival of good Bishop Nicholas looked at gayety and merry a group of school-girls as was ever seen. It was in a small village, and afternoon school was out. Not less than forty or fifty little faces of girls and forms, from five and six years up to fifteen, were packed in a shouting, gabbling throng around the window of the post-office, all pushing and struggling to be in front; and when the most energetic reached the spot, and the grave-faced boy of seventeen asked the name, there was such hilarious forgetfulness of her own name in every case, that the impatient expectants behind all shouted it in chorus of childlike treble, and the bashful girl in the window had not entirely wished she had been less so energetic and successful. There was the most gleesome babble, and nobody thought of doing any thing but enjoying the tender mirth to the very eye, and reading them and there. "Ain't you ashamed, Almiry Jane, to step up the way so?" "Emma Hutchin! Emma Hutchin! let us up." "Oh! Hannah, it's too bad! It's real selfish to stand there!" Then a general, merry, wrangling hubbub and squeal, and the delicious little farce for the purposes of trade was then and there suspended.

"What infernal nonsense!" said the neighbor of the Lounger—waiting, like him, for his wife to get near enough to drop in a letter. "Here, children, get out of the way! Don't make such a noise! What are you doing here? Why don't you go home and behave yourselves?"

The gleesome noise died before this rough excursion as the cooing of doves in the sunny air in the shadow of a storm. The little faces were turned up in timid doubt; the throng parted, and the gentleman dropped his letter and departed.

Why do we so easily forget that we have been young, and that youth is always the same? The instinctive feeling of each bright-eyed child in that pretty crowd was, of course, "Here's a man that I am not that man's child!" Yes, and how sorry they would have felt, if they had been as old as the Lounger, for that man's children! Let no hope that his oldest boy has sent that beautiful valentine over which Almiry Jane is blushing, and that his next vows that never Fate shall sever his heart from the clutchin' of Emma Hutchin; while his third declares in capital letters that *his* heart is a banner engraved with Hannah, which never shall be furled in this dreary world, but forever and hay continue to flap.

That would be poetic justice. Their pleasure should thus come out of his pocket, if not out of his heart.

SCOLDING.

To call a man a liar is not to prove him false: to denounce him as a traitor is not to establish his treason. The eloquence which consists of personal aspersion is a gun of which the recoil is much more fatal than the discharge; and since cursing is much easier than convincing, when a man begins the one you may be very sure that he despairs of the other.

But the fatal difficulty with wholesale personal vituperation is that its tendency is to compel men to your own course not by persuasion and conviction, which are the only honorable motives of conduct, but by the fear of abuse or the desire to avoid the expectoration of scurrility. Vituperation is akin to the ad*hominem* argument. If you cross me, it says, I will make you small as badly as I can. Vituperation propupetes infallibility. "I think," it says, "I can be the only way to avoid a terrible injustice is to do this, and I think so honestly." You don't agree with me; you pretend to believe that it can be avoided in some other way. Pooh! you are dishonest, treacherous, weak, and time-serving. You are a traitor, a fool, a perjurer, a knave. You are a liar, a scoundrel, a thief, and a murderer."

What rightly pertains to this gross assault but pity and contempt, and the silent appeal to the heart of mankind, which is just at last.

There is a plea which is sometimes made for this acrimonious personal criticism and aspersion of motives. It is this: "Here I am," says the orator, "in a country where the leaders are not to be set as examples, not to certain principles as its guides. Now I may talk till I am hoarse about the duty of honest. Every appeal to principle, but open to following the models who act unjustly. If then I say distinctly 'this model of yours is a mean, time-serving man, honest in any circumstance he does unjustly,' the followers are aroused by their personal interest and outraged sense of propriety to see just what I mean. If the leaders are not to young men are base, show and say that they are so, and their worship will corrupt the young men no more."

This is the plea. It does not always mend the case. It is not showing that the plea is base merely to say that it is so. It is necessary, first of all, to establish the character of the man, and when you have done that you do not need to blacken him. The proof of his dishonesty is sharper sting than lies in any word of yours. But to assume his dishonesty because he differs from you, and proposes to pelt him with bad names, that is a folly and a fault which the universal instinct of men perceives and condemns. It may hold to your own side a little newer so sincerely, yet you do not believe a bit more honestly than the man who profoundly differs from you. It will not allow that men may honestly differ, and that you owe to what seems to you honest error in another man precisely the same consideration that you claim from him for your own sincere faith, you are really a monomaniac. Moral despotism is equally hateful in a triple crown and a jacket, or a tiara of straw. We learn it slowly, this truth slowly, but we learn it surely, thank God!

HISTORICAL GROUPING.

It was a memorable spectacle to those who saw it, the late admission of Father Lacordaire to the French Academy. Got, the last minister of the last king of the younger Bourbon branch in France, whose infexibility hastened the revolution of '48, introducing the reign of imperial honor of the late Mademoiselle Montijo, now Empress of the French. Pleo-Pleo and his sister Matilde representing the Bonaparte line. Lamoricière, the Pope's late General-in-Chief, and the republican chieftain of '48. Changarnier, the special friend of the President lends Napoleon, not so special friend of his Imperial Majesty, and finally Lacordaire himself, a Dominican monk, chosen to the seat of De Tocqueville. What a group! What associations!

Obedient to the custom of the Academy, Lacordaire pronounces an oration upon the life and genius and virtues of his late member. He humbly praises the sagacious Frenchman who knew the worth of the democratic principle. The stern old Huguenot could not withhold the courtly and eloquent Dominican. Nor is it surprising that the historian of modern civilization should have found in the very circumstance of the occasion a most pregnant illustration of the great theme of his studies. Civilization puts out one of its fairest flowers when it puts out the friendliest revolution. And it is not yet three centuries since the massacre of St. Bartholomew!

In a grave and stately old age, Guizot lives only as student still, and a spectator only of public affairs. The France he tried to govern he sees governed by Louis Napoleon. There are new men and new principles in power, but he doubtless thinks the old times best, and the novelty but the fashion of an hour. Has the history of civilization taught him that the greatest and most successful governor is he who bases his government more and more upon political justice? It only needed the experience of Elam in the Academy to have completed the picture. Would the Guizot of 1840 have believed that the adventurer of Boulogne could teach him the principles of governing? Would he probably allow that, of all the Louises of France, the present one is really *le grande novateur*?

NAUGHTY BOYS AT ALBANY.

If a score of school-boys had behaved themselves in school as the legislators of this State have behaved in the Capitol at Albany during the last week, they would all have been soundly spanked, and judicious parents and guardians would have responded an echoing "Amen" after every timely thwack. The child is clearly father of the man, for children do conduct themselves as the legislators have done about the reception of the President-elect.

The point seems to have been to stand upon dignity! But waiving the question of the possibility of our Legislature finding any such *quid* as is dignity under such circumstances? In a case of mere ceremony, and entirely unprecedented, dignity is good-humor and common sense, and not the gratification of personal or partisan malice. In a system like ours, if we can not agree to differ we may as well abandon the experiment at first as at last. And it is just as true of little matters as of large. The point in the reception of the President-elect was, that he should be received as the capital by an official representative of the people of New York. Now both the Governor and the Legislature are such representatives, and whether the one or the other welcome the guest it is the people welcoming him through their officer.

The affair is long since passed; but every such event teaches the great truth of the popular principle, that there is no more wisdom, but only more convenience for specific purposes, in masses of men. The aggregate is never wiser than the wisest individual. The Legislature is no stronger than the strongest man in it; and, as we pondered a little, pondered when that composes it fall to foolish and bitter wrangling upon a point no-point, every school-boy in the State seemed to us the more dignified, which they offend decency and common sense, and longs for the time when he shall be old enough to have outgrown a good thrashing, while, by reason of ampler experience, he deserves it more than ever.

THE CENTRAL PARK COMMISSION.

All Loungers are particularly interested in the Central Park, which has been rendered a hill at Albany to have a new commission appointed. Why? Who asks for it. The people of the State last year, upon representation, ordered an inquiry. The inquiry was made. The report established that the Central Park was doing a great deal better than could be expected. What new facts have been developed? Why are new charges alleged? It is peculiarly a subject of interest for the city. It is especially a matter with which private quarrels and political intrigue should have nothing to do; and every citizen ought to take care that the success of so great a work for his benefit should be paid for by the State.

It is one of the disadvantages of our political system, which although superior to any other in not utterly perfect, that the legislative progress of great enterprises can be suddenly and rudely thwarted by political changes that can not possibly affect them, and may only supply opportunity of patronage. And in that view, it is fortunate that the political dominance in the Legislature will probably remain with the party under whose auspices the present commission was appointed, long enough to secure the virtual completion of the Park. It would be against all decency, and right, and common sense, if the Legislature should begin to cobble the work which its committee have just reported to it needs no cobbling, and which, in its present hands, is very sure not to be cobbled.

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

THE VARIATION HUMBUG.

There is perhaps more humbug talked, printed, and practised in reference to Music than to any thing else in the world, excepting the whole art of the musical humbugs extant, the Variation Humbug is the greatest. This puny bug has the same place to attract a tune for himself, but takes somebody else's, and starting therefrom, as an overbold jaque for a spring-board, jumps himself into a musical reputation on the strength of the other party's idea. Where would be such a poet who should try to make himself renown by his kind of thing—taking a well-known poem of a predecessor's, and doing Variations on it after this fashion?

BUGGINS'S VARIATIONS ON THE BUSY BEE.

How doth the little Busy Bee
Improve each shining hour,
And gather honey all the day
From every opening flower.
From every opening flower, flower, flower,
From every opening flower.

How skillfully she builds her cell,
How neat she spreads her wax,
And labors hard to store it well
With the sweet food she makes.
With the sweet food she makes, makes, makes,
With the sweet food she makes.

In works of labor or of skill
I would be busy too,
For Satan finds some mischief still
For idle hands to do.
For idle hands to do, do, do,
For idle hands to do.

In books, or work, or healthful play
Let my first years be passed,
That I may give for every day
Some good account at last.
Some good account at last, last, last,
Some good account at last.

I'll shun the broad way,
For Satan's found some mischief still
For busy hands to do.

There! Would a Poet get much reputation for these Variations, which are much better in their way than most of those bad puns upon tunes? Would the poetical critics come out, as the musical critics do, with "Upon Watts's marble foundation Buggins has raised a sparkling alabaster palace;" or, "The old-fashioned Watts has been brought into new lamp by the *chiselled* Buggins;" or, "We love the old tune, but we have room in our hearts for the thirty-like formation of last-song which Buggins has let start from it?" Buggins would have no such luck: the moral to be deduced from which fact is, that a Musical Prig is luckier than a Poetical Prig.

CHILDREN IN CRINOLINE.

It is an old saying, that the child is father of the man: and if this be so, why every year has to be true that, when feminine, the child is mother of the woman. On this supposition we may look for what there is at present for dressing little girls in Crinoline on every state occasion. If indeed there be any thing in ordinary life. As a juvenile party where we lately danced attendance, we observed that the little girls of the evening aged four was fully six times and a half as broad as she was long: and many of the happy little fellows were present were, in their magnitude of petticoat, almost equally as great. Now, this love of a thing, when implanted in a child, the chances are, we think, that it will grow with the child's growth, and will by and by have increasingly developed. They who look, therefore, for Crinoline to be declining in the fashionable world this season, have no hope for this in seeing children wear it. On the contrary, the children are, than ever, going to grow up they will be found far more extensive in their dress than were their mothers at the same time. Crinoline increase in the like fashion there will really be no guessing to the enormous witness it will be displayed by one (with emphasis we may regard them as *great grandchildren*).

DINNER AND TEA TRAITS.

You never hear one woman invite another woman out to dinner, any more than you ever hear one man ask another to come and take tea with him. No! it would seem that women's hearts melted and softened over the tea-cup, and that they could not look each other with the table-cloth. Who is there to explain it? It takes several halves and fortes to sing into a man's heart the glorious sense in the simple key of the tea-caddy will unlock a woman's breast at any time.

THE NAKED TRUTH.—He who travels through life in the hope of jumping into the *chaussure* of another mostly goes on a bootless errand.

THE ONLY CURE.—A Strong minded Lady says that the only possible way of curing gentlemen of the filthy habit of chewing is for the ladies to enter into a solemn compact to adopt the same practice themselves. The gentlemen would then see how disgusting as well as senseless the custom was, and, out of mere regard to decency, if not to reason, they would be compelled to abandon it. The lady in question is a widow, and her husband's decease a very high rank in the First Bolgravian Blues) authorities to the effect that she would bring the first herself to set the noble example. She is perfectly ready and willing to abandon the habit, for the sake of a cigar, or even a pipe, for the benefit of her suffering sisters. Any thing to shame the men out of their filthiness, and to ridicule them into a sense of the proper respect that ought to be paid to the fair sex. But, because that plan of a tobacco-smoke, she maintains, is Lovely Woman's due!

FASHION FOR THE PRE-PLACE.

We have seen a recent thing in muslin for morning dress. It is a light, airy, and graceful garment admirably adapted for expansion on the most extensive Crinoline. But the pattern of it is the most striking feature. It is figured all over with flames and little prostrate figures, considerably burnt, in consequence. The new wrapper in which the Spanish Inquisition used to adorn the victims about to be sacrificed at the stake, and which, it is supposed, led to fashion, this elegant and ladylike garment has been directly by the nonsense of the ladies have lately been burned alive in consequence of their delightfully wide skirts catching fire.

WORSE AND WORSE.

What's the difference between a Man with a sore throat and a Manilla cheroot?—Why, the one is a Man ill, and the other's a Man like!

(Don't frown, reader, please. The cold weather has really frozen the wits of many of us, and this is a la *first symptom of its having been to thaw.)*

TWO FEATURES ROLLED INTO ONE.

A City Gent, praising a lady for her beauty, said, in a burst of rapture, "Her eyes are such a round eye!"

Every one was astonished, and upon questions being asked as to what was meant by "round eye," our friend pointed to a lady present, who, he said, had eyes something like an Ribbon by the same token that when flushed with wine "she was a 'hazel eye'" the City Gent had meant to say. For the life of him, however, he could not have us to keep it, because he had said a lady had "a mazel eye." He got little angry at last, and said that which was a great relief to every one present, as his absence enabled all the guests to join in one unanimous shout of guffaw.

A THOUGHT FOR TRADE.—Impudence is like an umbrella —when once we have lost it, we must never hope to see it back again!

A MAN CALLED OUT OF HIS NAME.—We can't conceive a greater misnomer than that of the Plaintiff in the great case of Paterson vs. Bonaparte now being tried in Paris.

So there is a question of Paterson vs. Bonaparte, when the very question at issue is, whether he is to be allowed to be the lawfully-begotten child of his own *Pater*—and the chances are a hundred to one against it!

INCONVENIENT HORSES!—Wonder has its sorrows as well as Poverty. Sir Francis Drive, who has every thing he can wish for, complaining bitterly the other day. "I have a horse that's a regular wonder, I assure," he said, laconing. "They jib going up-hill, and bolt going down-hill!"

WELL, WE ARE, ETC.—If you say that dear boy Walter Shakspeare quotation would you use?—"Wat's in an aim."

Counterfeiter discharged unsewed.

AT BREAKFAST.

Q. What is the Schleswig-Holstein question. Papa?

A. Well, my dear boy, I am pleased to see that you have an inquiring mind, and a desire of what is said in your presence, and I will endeavor to make you understand. Schleswig-Holstein is a question that is not exactly in Denmark, at least Schleswig may be called so, but not Holstein. The Holstein that may be considered Danish, or, if you like a long word better, Scandinavian, is that which is called Lay-a-Dy. Holstein is the German division of the territory, and Schleswig is an ancient fief (you know what a fief is) of the Crown, and was ceded in 1816; that is to say, Holstein was ceded, not Schleswig. Holstein having been an ancient fief of Germany, and therefore you see Prussia takes an interest in the question, as part of the German Confederation; but Lord John Russell is only in the matter as a mutual friend, and he thinks that Prussia and Austria—no, I mean Denmark, yes, of course Denmark, that concessions shall be made to Holstein—to Holstein does not want concessions, but a vote (that is Latin for, I forbid) upon taxation and other things, and Schleswig to be allowed to speak German—well, Lord John thinks this fair, but the Prussian minister does not think that Prussia—at least Denmark, has any right to impose conditions of this sort, because there was a promise of a Constitution to Schleswig or Holstein, I forget which, but the principle is the same, and there are some other points mixed up with it which you might not be able to understand as easily as the simple outline of the case which I have given you. Pass my cup to your mamma.

THE WRONG MAN FOR THE WORK.

A Work is announced by Dr. Tick, called "Memory, and How to Aid It." The name is a bad one for a lecturer on Mnemonics—for, so far as we have seen, those who have had most to do with Tick are decidedly the people of short-term memory.

REVIVAL OF THE ORDER OF FLAGELLATA.—The Yankees say, "the Brotherhood ship the rest of the world, and we ship the Britishers." Now *Punch* seems to "exhilirate" they're genius to whip themselves."

CHAOS.—A woman putting your room to rights—just after you have been thoroughly arranging every thing to your satisfaction, and elaborately assorting your papers with methodical care that you could put your finger upon each separate one in the dark—that is what I call Chaos. Then are the days when a bundling comes to the babies than women are in lingering men's papers. The mixing of damages, and deadening of spirits, and thorough disturbance of temper for the rest of the day, that is another matter. But before practice surpasses all belief.—*A Confirmed Old Bachelor.*

AN OLD BOOT.—Italy has often been compared to a Boot, but what is still more odd, it is a Boot that is not without its Gaeta.

NEVER SAW HIM DRINK.—A witness in a certain court, on being interrogated as to whether the defendant in a certain case was drunk, replied, "Well, I can't say that I have seen him drunk exactly: but I once saw him sitting in the middle of the street, making grabs in the air, saying that he'd be hanged if he didn't catch the bed the next time it ran past him."

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The late Mr. Mathews used to tell a story of a gentleman who was so huge, though not so witty, as Falstaff. When his carriage was traveling, he took two places, and thus secure half the inside to himself. One day he sent his servant to the Bath. The man returned with the following pleasing news: "Sir, I have booked you; there were no two places inside left, so I booked you one in and one out."

A celebrated geologist, member of the Academy of Sciences, was lately traveling in the South of France. On his return to Paris, he was questioned by his friends and on nothing in the milestone inn where he lodged (*i.* was the St. Charles of the place) but a meagre omelet, and that was overdosed with garlic.

"Great Heavens, Professor," said he to the hostess, "why did you put so much garlic in the omelet?"

"Good me, Sir, how many eggs were we to?"

THE TIME THAT TRIES MEN'S SOULS.—Winter.

WANTED TO PATENT.—The *filter* of misfortune, to separate true friends from false.

DUVAL, the famous Austrian librarian, was once consulted upon a subject of which he was not wholly the master, by a young nobleman who was not his friend.

"I do not know," was his frank response.

"But," said the other, "you attend the Minister;" "the Emperor pays you for knowing!"

"I do. Emperor pays me for what *I know*," said Duval; "if he paid me for what I do not know, the whole treasury of his kingdom would not suffice."

CARDS.—Sheridan, in a speech, said that, when establishing his school-children, he had asked the meaning of "Fabers, provoke not your children to wrath. For a time there was a question whether the primitive verse of a poor pole boy replied, "Licking them so as to make them angry."

BORES OF SOCIETY.—There are two principal bores in society, from which all the little bores spring: viz., those in the high bore, the man who knows all, and the bore No. 2—the man who knows too little. Both are decidedly bores.

Coventry Patmore, in his new poem, gives the following advice:

"So let no man, in desperate mood,
Wed a dull girl because she's good."
To which we might add:
"And let no woman, in her plight,
Wed a bad man because he's bright."

A young lawyer arose to an old limb of the law, which read thus: "Is there any gentleman present in your country which I can get into?"—Answer: "There is an opening in my back yard, twenty-thirty feet deep, no curb around it. If it will suit, come on."

A "settler" in Australia was taken before a justice very drunk, and inquiry being made into the reasons put to him, he persistently spluttered out—"Your Honour is very—hic—kind to—hic—ask me, but I—hic—am very sorry—hic—for either answer, the justice ordered him to be locked up till next day, when he was again brought up.

"Why, John," said the justice, "you were as drunk as a beast yesterday. When I asked you any questions the only answer you gave me was—'Your Honour's very kind.'"

"Did I say so?" quoth the defendant. "Then I must have been drunker than I thought."

To rob a man of his money is to wound him in the *chest*.

A farmer's family and friends are shocked by his leaving them, at his wheat and barley by his industry.

THE TOILET OF BEAUTY.

Without whose aid no lady can be dressed with propriety and genteelness.

Otto of Rose, warranted to retain its fragrance in all climates.—Eau-de-Cologne.

Beautifying Lotions.—Tenderness and constancy.

Best Lip-salve.—Words of benevolence.

Elixir to preserve Memory.—Gratitude.

Cream of Almonds.—Kindness and good-nature.

Sal Volatile.—Wit.

Cold Cream.—Prudence.

Pumice Divine.—Contentment.

Essence of Serenity.—Such as evaporate, therefore to be kept close.—Friendship.

A Lotion to prevent Wrinkles.—Cheerfulness.

Best Court or Sticking Plaster.—Falsehoods.

Simple Aperient.—Exercise and Industry.

Best Patent Pins.—Reparties.

The Whole Body Corsets.—Innocence.

Wash-ball for preserving white Hands.—Purity.

Dye for Eyebrows.—Contemplation.

Red Rouge.—Modesty.

Crystal Vase.—Truth.

A Mirror.—Reflection.

Fine Eye-water.—Sensibility.

Essence of Roses.—Not to be used with caution.—Love.

An excellent Bloom to preserve the Complexion.—Early rising.

Drops to remove all Stains.—Bitter and Rectitude.

Essence of Vivacity.—Exercise.

Drops to prevent Ennui.—Employment.

Baume de Vie.—Religion.

"That which thou hast to do, do it with all thy might," said a man to his son one morning.

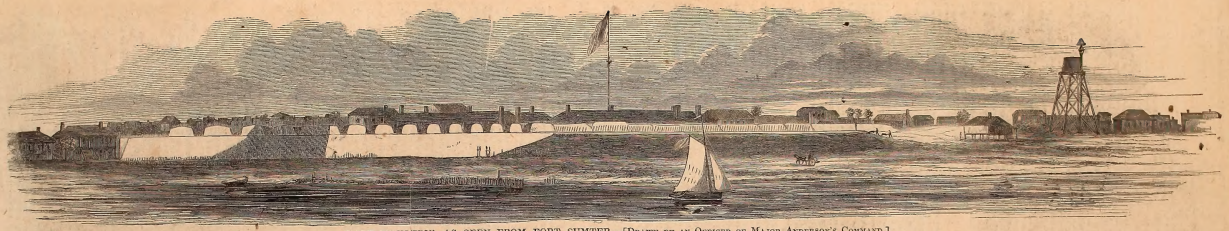
"Why, I suppose," said the enthusiastic gleam in his eye.

"Ah! what was it, darling?" and the father's finger ran through the offspring's curls.

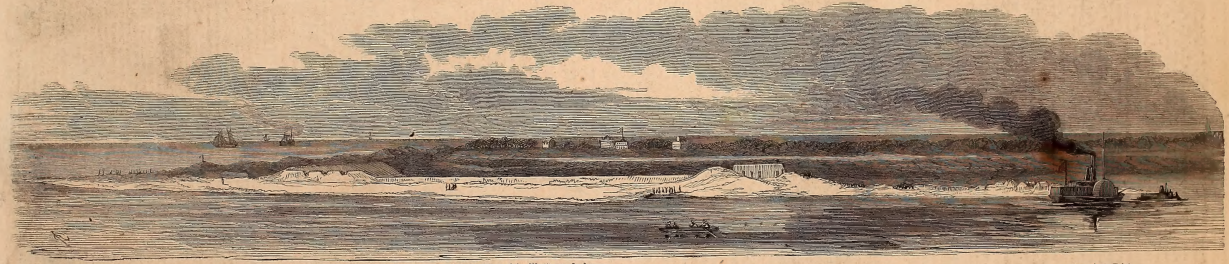
"Why, I suppose," said Edwards till he yelled. You should just have heard him holler, dad."

The father looked unhappy, while he explained to him that the precept did not apply to an act like that.

A young great recently regaled the ears of his "bright particular" with a somewhat protracted serenade, at the close of which the chamber window opened, and a small white package descended therefrom. The enamored youth hastily entered the luscious missive, and retired to a place of safety, and with a trembling hand proceeded to unfold—a nightcap and a spout.



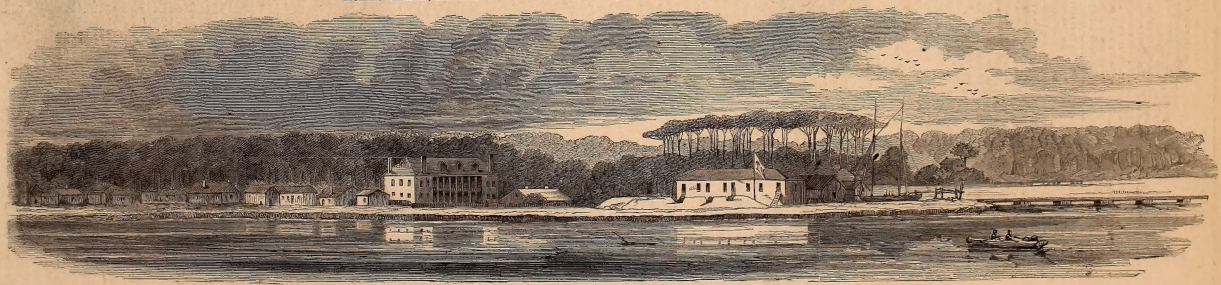
FORT MOULTRIE, AS SEEN FROM FORT SUMTER.—[DRAWN BY AN OFFICER OF MAJOR ANDERSON'S COMMAND.]



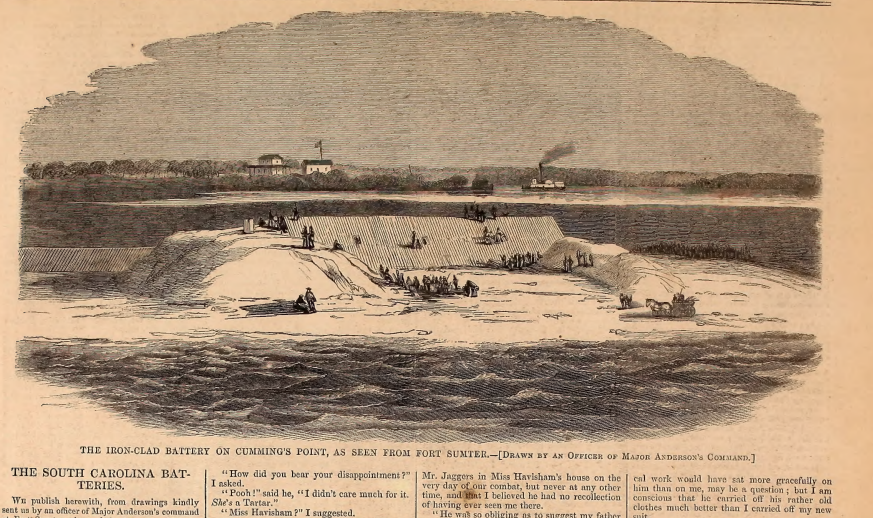
Battery from which the "Star of the West" was fired upon. Iron-clad Battery. Cumming's Point.

Sand Battery, connected by covered gallery with . . . . . .

MORRIS ISLAND, AS SEEN FROM FORT SUMTER.—[DRAWN BY AN OFFICER OF MAJOR ANDERSON'S COMMAND.]



FORT JOHNSON, AS SEEN FROM FORT SUMTER.—[DRAWN BY AN OFFICER OF MAJOR ANDERSON'S COMMAND.]



THE IRON-CLAD BATTERY ON CUMMING'S POINT, AS SEEN FROM FORT SUMTER.—[DRAWN BY AN OFFICER OF MAJOR ANDERSON'S COMMAND.]

THE SOUTH CAROLINA BATTERIES.

WE publish herewith, from drawings kindly sent us by an officer of Major Anderson's command at Fort Sumter, views of the batteries which the South Carolina troops have raised on Sullivan's Island and other points in the Bay of Charleston, in order to attack Fort Sumter. They need no description. We would, however, draw attention to the view of the iron-clad battery on Cumming's Point. This battery is faced with bars of railroad iron placed side by side, so as to form a complete coat of mail. Whether it will answer the purpose or not remains to be seen. Some officers of engineers and artillery, who have studied it, seem to think that after a few shots the iron will splinter, and that it will add infinitely to the dangers of the garrison of the battery.

[Entered according to Act of Congress, in the Year 1860, by HARPER & BROTHERS, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Southern District of New York.]

GREAT EXPECTATIONS.

A NOVEL.

BY CHARLES DICKENS.

Splendidly Illustrated by John McLenan.

☞ Printed from the Manuscript and early Proof-sheets purchased from the Author by the Proprietors of "Harper's Weekly."

CHAPTER XXI.

THE pale young gentleman and I stood contemplating one another in Barnard's Inn until we both burst out laughing. "The idea of its being you!" said he. "The idea of its being you!" said I. And then we contemplated one another afresh, and laughed again. "Well!" said the pale young gentleman, reaching out his hand good-humoredly, "it's all over now, I hope, and it will be magnanimous in you if you'll forgive me for having knocked you about so."

I derived from this speech that Mr. Herbert Pocket (for Herbert was the pale young gentleman's name) still rather confounded his interference with his execution. But I made a modest reply, and we shook hands warmly.

"You hadn't come into your good fortune at that time?" said Herbert Pocket.

"No," said I.

"No," he acquiesced: "I heard it had happened very lately. I was rather on the look-out for good fortune then."

"Indeed?"

"Yes. Miss Havisham had sent for me, to see if she could take a fancy to me. But she couldn't—at all events, she didn't."

I thought it polite to remark that I was surprised to hear that.

"Bad taste," said Herbert, laughing, "but a fact. Yes, she had sent for me on a trial visit, and if I had come out of it successfully, I suppose I should have been provided for; perhaps I should have been what-you-may-called it to Estella."

"What's that?" I asked, with sudden gravity.

He was arranging his fruit in plates while we talked, which divided his attention, and was the cause of his having made this lapse of a word. "Affianced," he explained, still busy with the fruit, "betrothed. Engaged. What's-his-named. Any word of that sort."

"How did you bear your disappointment?" I asked.

"Pooh!" said he, "I didn't care much for it. *She's* a Tartar."

"Miss Havisham?" I suggested.

"I don't say no to that, but I meant Estella. That girl's hard and haughty and capricious to the last degree, and has been brought up by Miss Havisham to wreak revenge on all the male sex."

"What relation is she to Miss Havisham?"

"None," said he. "Only adopted."

"Why should she wreak revenge on all the male sex? What revenge?"

"Lord, Mr. Pip!" said he. "Don't you know?"

"No," said I.

"Dear me! It's quite a story, and shall be saved till dinner-time. And now let me take the liberty of asking you a question. How did you come there that day?"

I told him, and he was attentive until I had finished, and then burst out laughing again, and asked me if I was sore afterward? I didn't ask him if *he* was, for my conviction on that point was perfectly established.

"Mr. Jaggers is your guardian, I understand?" he went on.

"Yes."

"You know he is Miss Havisham's man of business and solicitor, and has her confidence when nobody else has?"

This was bringing me (I felt) toward dangerous ground. I answered with a constraint I made no attempt to disguise, that I had seen Mr. Jaggers in Miss Havisham's house on the very day of our combat, but never at any other time, and that I believed he had no recollection of having ever seen me there.

"He was so obliging as to suggest my father for your tutor, and he called on my father to propose it. Of course he knew about my father from his connection with Miss Havisham. My father is Miss Havisham's nephew; not that that implies familiar intercourse between them, for he is a bad courtier and will not propitiate her."

Herbert Pocket had a frank and easy way with him that was very taking. I had never seen any one then, and I have never seen any one since, who so strongly expressed to me, in every look and tone, a natural incapacity to do any thing secret or mean. There was something wonderfully hopeful about his general air, and something that at the same time whispered to me he would never be very successful or rich. I don't know how this was. I became imbued with the notion on that first occasion before we sat down to dinner, but I can not define by what means.

He was still a pale young gentleman, and had a certain conquered languor about him in the midst of his spirits and briskness that did not seem indicative of natural strength. He had not a handsome face, but it was better than handsome: being extremely amiable and cheerful. His figure was a little ungainly, as in the days when my knuckles had taken such liberties with it; but it looked as if it would always be light and young. Whether Mr. Trabb's local work would have sat more gracefully on him than on me, may be a question; but I am conscious that he carried off his rather old clothes much better than I carried off my new suit.

As he was so communicative, I felt that reserve on my part would be a bad return, unsuited to our years. I therefore told him my small story, and laid stress on my being forbidden to inquire who my benefactor was. I further mentioned that as I had been brought up a blacksmith in a country place, and knew very little of the ways of politeness, I would take it as a great kindness in him if he would give me a hint whenever he saw me at a loss or going wrong.

"With pleasure," said he, "though I venture to prophesy that you'll want very few hints. I dare say we shall be often together, and I should like to banish any needless restraint between us. Will you do me the favor to begin at once to call me by my Christian name, Herbert?"

I thanked him, and said I would. I informed him in exchange that my Christian name was Philip.

"I don't take to Philip," said he, smiling, "for it sounds like a moral boy out of the spelling-book, who was so lazy that he fell into a pond, or so fat that he couldn't see out of his eyes, or so avaricious that he locked up his cake till the mice ate it, or so determined to go birds'-nesting that he got himself eaten by bears who lived handy in the neighborhood. I tell you what I should like. We are so harmonious, and you have been a blacksmith—would you mind it?"

"I shouldn't mind any thing that you propose," I answered; "but I don't understand you."

"Would you mind Handel for a familiar name? There's a charming piece of music by Handel, called the Harmonious Blacksmith."

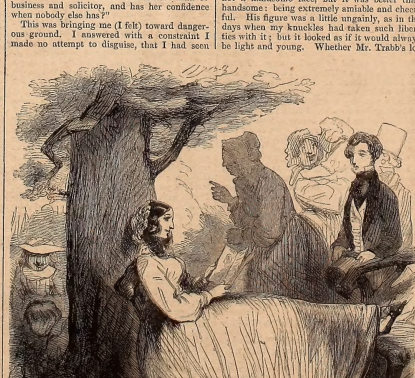
"I should like it very much."

"Then, my dear Handel," said he, turning round as the door opened, "here is the dinner, and I must beg of you to take the top of the table, because the dinner is of your providing."

This I would not hear of, so he took the top, and I faced him. It was a nice little dinner—seemed to me then a very Lord Mayor's Feast—and it acquired additional relish from being eaten under those independent circumstances, with no old people by, and with London all around us. This again was heightened by a certain gipsy character that set the banquet off: for while the table was, as Mr. Pumblechook might have said, the lap of luxury—being entirely furnished forth from the coffee-house—the circumjacent region of sitting-room was of a comparatively paperless and shifty character: imposing on the waiter the wandering habits of putting the covers on the floor (where he fell over them), the melted butter in the arm-chair, the bread on the bookshelves, the cheese in the coal-scuttle, and the boiled fowl into my bed in the next room—where I found much of its parsley and butter in a state of congelation when I retired for the night. All this made the feast delightful, and when the waiter was not there to watch me my pleasure was without alloy.

When we had made some progress in the dinner I reminded Herbert of his promise to tell me about Miss Havisham.

"True," he replied. "I'll redeem it at once. Let me introduce the topic, Handel, by mentioning that in London it is not the custom to put the knife in the mouth—for fear of accidents—and that while the fork is reserved for that



"I HOPE YOUR MAMMA IS QUITE WELL!"

use, it is not put further in than is necessary. It is scarcely worth mentioning, only it's as well to do as other people do. Also, the spoon is not generally used over-hand, but under. This has two advantages. You get at your mouth better (which after all is the object), and you save a good deal of the attitude of opening oysters, on the part of the right elbow."

He offered these friendly suggestions in such a lively way that we both laughed, and I scarcely blushed.

"Now," he pursued, "concerning Miss Havisham. Miss Havisham, you must know, was a spoiled child. Her mother died when she was a baby, and her father denied her nothing. Her father was a country gentleman down in your part of the world, and was a brewer. I don't know why it should be a crack thing to be a brewer, but it is indisputable that which you can not possibly be genteel and bake, you may be as genteel as never was and brew. You see it every day."

"Yet a gentleman may not keep a publichouse; may he?" said I.

"Not on any account," returned Herbert; "but a public-house may keep a gentleman. Well! Mr. Havisham was very rich and very proud. So was his daughter."

"Miss Havisham was an only child?" I hazarded.

"Stop a moment. I am coming to that. No, she was not an only child; she had a half-brother. Her father privately married again—his cook, I rather think."

"I thought he was proud," said I.

"My good Handel, so he was. He married his second wife privately, because he was proud, and in course of time she died. When she was dead, I apprehend he first told his daughter what he had done, and then the son became a part of the family, residing in the house you are acquainted with. As the son grew a young man he turned out riotous, extravagant, undutiful—altogether bad. At last his father disinherited him; but he softened when he was dying, and left him well off, though not nearly so well off as Miss Havisham. Take another glass of wine, and excuse my mentioning that sum as a body does not expect one to be so strictly conscientious in emptying one's glass as to turn it bottom upward with the rim on one's nose."

I had been doing this, in an excess of attention to his recital. I handled him and apologized. He said, "Not at all," and resumed.

"Miss Havisham was now an heiress, and you may suppose was looked after as a great match. Her half-brother had nothing more means again, but what with debts and what with new madness wasted them most fearfully again. There were stronger differences between him and her than there had been between him and his father, and it is suspected that he cherished a deep and mortal grudge against her, as having influenced the father's will. Now I come to the cruel part of the story—merely breaking off, my dear Handel, to remark that a dinner-napkin will not go into a tumbler."

Why I was trying to pack mine into my tumbler I am wholly unable to say. I only know that I turned myself, with a perseverance worthy of a much better cause, making the most strenuous exertions to compress it within those limits. Again I laughed him and apologized, and again he said, in the cheerfulest manner, "Not at all, I am sure!" and resumed.

"There appeared upon the scene—say at the races, or the public balls, or any where else you like—a certain man, who made love to Miss Havisham. I never saw him, for this happened five-and-twenty years ago, before you and I were, Handel, but I have heard my father mention that he was a showy man, and the kind of man for the purpose. Now, I don't want to be, without ignorance or prejudice, mistaken for a gentleman, my father most strongly asseverates; because it is a principle with him that no man who was not a true gentleman at heart ever was, since the world began, a true gentleman in manner. He says no varnish can hide the grain of the wood; and the more varnish you put on the more the grain will express itself. Well! This man played Miss Havisham false, and my father professed to be devoted to her. I believe she had not shown much susceptibility up to that time; but all the susceptibility she had got centred on him, and she passionately loved him. There is no doubt that she perfectly idolized him. He practised on her affection in that systematic way, that he got great sums of money from her, and he induced her to buy her brother out of a share in the brewery (which had been weakly left him by his father) at an immense price, on the plea that when he was her husband he must hold and manage it all. Your guardian was not at that time in Miss Havisham's confidence, and she was too haughty and too much in love to be advised by any one. Her relations were poor and scheming, with the exception of my father; he was poor enough, but not time-serving or jealous. The only independent one among them, he warned her that she was doing too much for this man, and was placing herself too unreservedly in his power. She took the first opportunity of grossly ordering my father out of the house, in his presence, and my father has never been her since."

I thought of her having said, "Matthew will come and see me at last when I am laid dead upon that table;" and I asked Herbert whether his father ever came there after that.

"It's not that," said he, "but she charged him before her intended husband with being disappointed in the hope of favoring upon her for his own advancement, and, if he were to go to her now, it would look true—even to him—and even to her after all. To return to the man, and make an end of him. The marriage day was fixed, the wedding dresses were bought, the wedding guests were invited. The day came, but not the bridegroom. He wrote her a letter—"

"Which she received," I struck in, "when she was dressing for her marriage? at twenty minutes to nine?"

"At the hour and minute," said Herbert, nodding, "at which she afterward stopped all the clocks. What was in it, further than that it most heartlessly broke the marriage off, I can't tell you, because I don't know. Nobody else received from a bad illness that she had, she laid the whole place waste, as you have seen it, and she has never since looked upon the light of day."

"Is that all the story?" I asked, after considering it.

"All I know of it; and indeed I only know so much through piecing it out for myself; for my father always avoids it, and, even when Miss Havisham invited me to go there, told me no more of it than it was absolutely requisite I should understand. But I have forgotten one thing. It has been supposed that the man to whom she gave her misplaced confidence acted throughout in concert with her half-brother; that it was a conspiracy between them; and that they shared the profits."

"I wonder he didn't marry her and get all the property," said I.

"He may have been married already, and her cruel mortification may have been a part of her half-brother's scheme," said Herbert. "Mind! I don't form an opinion."

"What became of the two men?" I asked, after again considering the subject.

"They fell into deeper waste and degradation —if there can be deeper—and ruin."

"Are they alive now?"

"I don't know."

"You said just now that Estella was not related to Miss Havisham, but adopted. When adopted?"

Herbert shrugged his shoulders. "There has always been an Estella since I have heard of a Miss Havisham. I know no more. And now, Handel," said he, finally throwing off the story, as it were, "there is a perfectly open understanding between us. All that I know about Miss Havisham you know."

"And all that I know," I retorted, "you know."

"I fully believe it. So there can be no competition or perplexity between you and me. And as to the condition on which you hold your advancement in life, Handel, that you are not to inquire or discuss to whom you owe it—you may be very sure that it will never be encroached upon, or approached by me, or by any one belonging to me."

In truth, he said this with so much delicacy, that I felt the subject done with, even though I should be unable to fathom it either sooner or years to come. Yet he said it with so much meaning, too, that I felt he as perfectly understood Miss Havisham to be my benefactress as I understood the fact myself.

It had not occurred to me before that he had led up to the theme for the purpose of opening it out of our way; but we were so much the lighter and easier for having broached it, that I now perceived this to be the case. We were very gay and sociable, and I asked him, in the course of conversation, what he was? He replied, "A regular-bred commercial Sea-Ship." I suppose he saw me glancing about the room in search of some tokens of Shipping, or capital, for he added, "Look to the City."

I had grand ideas of the wealth and importance of Insurers of Ships in the City, and I began to think with awe of having laid a young insurer on the shelf. Herbert, intercepting my eye, and cut his responsible head open. But, again, there came upon me, for my relief, that old impression that Herbert Pocket would never be very successful or rich.

"I shall not rest satisfied with merely employing you in the Insurance office. I shall buy up some good Life Assurance shares, and cut into the Direction. I shall also do a little in the mining way. And, as these things will interfere with my chartering a few thousand tons on my own account. I think I shall trade," said he, leaning back in his chair, "to the East Indies, for silks, and spices, and indigo, and precious woods. It's an interesting trade."

"And the profits are large?" said I.

"Tremendous," said he.

I wavered again, and began to think here were greater expectations than my own.

"I think," he pursued, "that, on the whole, putting his thumbs in his waistcoat pockets, "to the West Indies, for sugar, tobacco, and rum. Also Ceylon, principally for elephants' tusks. Yes."

"You will want a good many ships," said I.

"A perfect fleet," said he.

Quite overpowered by the magnificence of these transactions, I asked him where the ships he insured mostly traded to at present?

"I haven't begun insuring yet," he replied. "I am looking about me."

Somehow, that pursuit seemed more in keeping with Barnard's Inn. I said (in a tone of conviction), "Ah-h!"

"Yes. I am in a counting-house, and looking about me."

"Is a counting-house profitable?" I asked.

"To—do you mean to the young fellow who's in it?" he asked, in reply.

"Yes; to you."

"Why, n-no: not to me." He said this with the air of one carefully reckoning up and striking a balance. "Not directly profitable. That is, it doesn't pay me any thing, and I have to keep myself."

This certainly had not a profitable appearance, and I shook my head as if I would imply that it would be difficult to lay by much accumulative capital from such a source of income.

"But the thing is," said Herbert Pocket, "that you look about you. *That's* the grand thing. You are in a counting-house, you know, and you look about you."

It struck me as a singular implication that you couldn't be out of a counting-house, you know, and look about you; but I silently deferred to his experience.

"Then the time comes," said Herbert, "when you see your opening. And you go in and you swoop upon it, and you make your capital, and then there you are! When you have once made your capital, you have nothing to do but employ it."

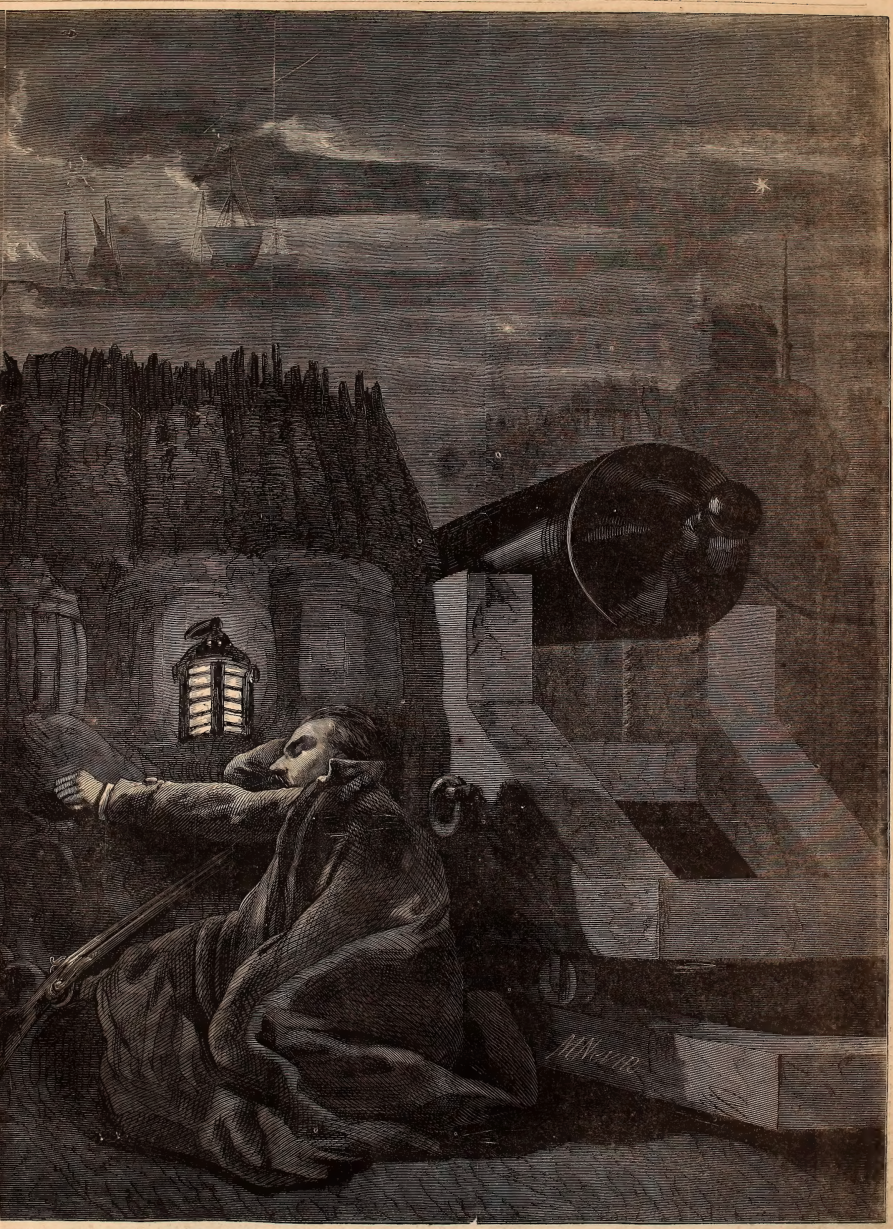
This was very like the way of conducting that encounter in the garden; very like. His manner of bearing his poverty, too, exactly corresponded to his manner of bearing that defeat. It seemed as if that head would fall and buffets now with just the same air as he had taken mine then. It was evident that he had nothing around him but the simplest necessaries, for every thing that I remarked upon turned out to have been sent in on my account from the coffee-house or tavern to-day.

Yet, having already made his fortune in his own mind, he was so unassuming with it that I felt quite gratified to think that not being puffed up. It was a pleasant addition to his naturally pleasant ways, and we got on famously. In the evening we went to the play, and I, at all hours

Various amendments were suggested, but none of them were acted upon. The Tariff Bill was then taken up, and the amendments made on Tuesday in Committee were read and adopted, including the one reducing the duty on sugar, and placing one on tea and coffee. The bill was finally passed, 25 to 14.——In the House, consideration of Mr. Stanton's Militia Bill was resumed, and Mr. Beck, of Virginia, made a speech in opposition to it, which occupied the morning hour. He considered the passage of the bill a foregone conclusion, and characterized it as a declaration of war. Mr. Vallandigham, of Ohio, then addressed the House at considerable length,—the report of the Committee of Thirty-three being under consideration —urging a settlement of the national troubles by conciliation and compromise, and the House subsequently passed to a debate upon the Senate's amendments to the Navy Bill,—the only providing for the building of seven steamsloops of war occupying attention until the adjournment, and being finally agreed upon by a vote of 81 to 59. The debate was extremely interesting, several gentlemen from the Border States taking occasion during its progress to define their positions in reference to the question of the rights and property of secession, and avowing their unyielding fidelity to the Union.

On Thursday, 21st, in the Senate, Mr. Colfax's bill, providing for the discontinuance of the postal service in those districts where it is likely to be interfered with, was discussed by Senator Hunter of Virginia, Doolittle and Wilcoxin, Freeman of Maine, Douglas of Illinois, and Green of Missouri. Senator Hunter took the ground that if the seceded States were still to be considered as members of the Union, Congress had a right to cut off their postal facilities. He believed it would lead to using force against those States. Senator Douglas said that it was a measure of peace, and would tend to prevent collision. Senator Crittenden took the same ground as did Senators Douglas and Green. The bill was not finally disposed of, but gave way to the Miscellaneous appropriation bill, which in turn was postponed for an Executive Session, which continued until adjournment. The Senate had an evening session, and debated the Crittenden plan of adjusting the National difficulties.——In the House, a report was made from the Special Committee of five on the President's Message of the 8th of January, relative to the disposition of the vessels of the Navy so as to leave the whole Atlantic coast unprotected. They also reported a resolution of censure against the Secretary of the Navy for accepting, without inquiry, the resignation of those officers of the Navy who propose to take up arms against the General Government. Mr. Dawes, of Massachusetts, Chairman of the Committee, gave notice that he should ask for a vote upon the resolution. The House then considered Mr. Stanton's Militia Bill, and Mr. Dawes, of Massachusetts, made a his speech, commenced on Wednesday. He was followed by Mr. Pendleton, of Michigan, and Mr. Scott, of Pennsylvania, and debated the Crittenden plan of adjusting the National difficulties.——In the House, a report was made from the Special Committee of five on the President's Message of the 8th of January, relative to the disposition of the vessels of the Navy so as to leave the whole Atlantic coast unprotected. They also reported a resolution of censure against the Secretary of the Navy for accepting, without inquiry, the resignation of those officers of the Navy who propose to take up arms against the General Government. Mr. Dawes, of Massachusetts, Chairman of the Committee, gave notice that he should ask for a vote upon the resolution. The House then considered Mr. Stanton's Militia Bill, and Mr. Dawes, of Massachusetts, made

THE DREAMER AT MO



ULTRIE—1776 AND 1861.

THE DREAMER AT MOULTRIE.

OWN artist has, we think, achieved a triumph in the picture which we give on the two preceding pages. It represents the dream of a soldier of the South Carolina Army now serving at Fort Moultrie—a dream resembling the memorable scene which has rendered the name of Moultrie famous throughout the world, and which is the brightest page in South Carolina history. Let us briefly recall the oft-told tale.

It was on the 4th June, 1776, that the British fleet, commanded by Sir Peter Parker, first appeared off the bar at Charleston. General Lee had just arrived at that city with a force of Northern men, who had been dispatched by General Washington to assist in its defense. The First South Carolina Regiment, under Colonel Gadsden, was at Fort Johnson; Colonel Moultrie commanded a body of volunteers in Fort Sullivan, since known as Fort Moultrie; Governor Rutledge had command in the city. Over three weeks were spent by the British in preparation for the attack. At length, on 28th June, at 10.30 A.M., Sir Peter Parker hoisted the signal of attack on board his flag-ship, the *Bristol*. The whole fleet sailed in, took up a position off the end of Sullivan's Island, and commenced firing on the fort. We need hardly explain that Fort Sullivan had not been built; had it been in existence no fleet could have occupied the position then taken by the British.

The fire of the ships was warmly returned by 30 guns in Fort Sullivan, and the garrison, having better shelter than the crews of the ships, suffered less from the British fire. In the meantime, while General Clinton had landed some 2000 troops on Long Island, and attempted to cross over to Sullivan's Island. In this design he was foiled by Colonel Thomson with a large body of riflemen and a few heavy guns commanded the passage, and drove back the British every time they made their appearance with terrible loss.

From eleven in the morning till nine in the evening the battle thus raged, almost without intermission. About that hour the fire from Fort Sullivan never slackened, and it was not till then that the British fleet, sadly cut up and mastless, slipped their cables and sheered off out of range. They had gained nothing by their enterprise except the loss of a large number of good officers and men, while to the American victory was of signal value.

The incident represented by our artist occurred in the middle of the action. As the fire became hot, a shot struck the British ship and cut the flag which waved upon the western bastion of Fort Sullivan. Jasper leaped upon the parapet, walked, the whole length of the fort, picked up the flag, and in the midst of the fire, and in sight of the fort and the ships, fixed the flag firmly on the bastion. He then ascended to the parapet, and leaped back unhurt to his place.

It will be noticed that our artist depicts Colonel Moultrie in the group defending the Fort. The likeness is a very good one.

MY AUNT MARCIA.

MY Aunt Marcia was the bravest woman I ever knew; if she would consent to use a spy that she should have been obscured by the position of private gentlewoman which fell to her share in the deal of life. But she would not come out so grandly as a Pucelle d'Orleans, or Charlotte Corday, or Grace Darling, or any other of those few heroic women who have had the chance that the rest of us have only sighed for.

In support of my proposition, let me repeat a few of the circumstances concerning this beloved aunt, with which my feverish childhood could always be regulled when every other amusement failed.

Left an orphan at seventeen by the death of the mother to whom she was tenderly attached, and whose illness had been ameliorated by her unremitting care and affection, my aunt received an invitation to spend the winter with her old uncle and aunt, proprietors of a lonely country house in the wilds of New Jersey.

The invitation was accepted, and in the sombre twilight of a November day my aunt, wearied and sad, entered the doors of the gloomy old house.

Entering, she was shown at once to her apartment, a large and lonely room in an unoccupied wing of the great house; the fire-place was filled with wood of the purest kind most artistically arranged, but apparently the merry flame dared not encounter the terrors of the unexplored regions lying so black and silent in the great stone chimney above, and resolutely turning back to seek sweet companionship, filled the whole room with smoke.

My aunt threw a window out, after breathing at it for a moment, seized the tongs, and with some little effort convinced the cowardly fire that his safest course lay in advance, and the flames rallying for a united effort soared victoriously into the heart of the black regions above.

The window then requested that an excuse for her non-appearance for dinner on the score of excessive fatigue might be offered to her hostess, and that a cup of tea and her own mild might be sent to her.

The housekeeper withdrew, and in a few moments the tea appeared, borne by Phyllis.

Phyllis had nursed my aunt in infancy, had shared with her the wearing labors of my grandmother's last illness, and had left all other ties to follow her nursling to her new home. In compensation for this devotion she did women's duty, and was allowed, unusual liberty of speech and action.

"Oh, Miss Marsy," began she the moment she had placed her tray upon a little stand at her mistress's elbow, and began to unpack the traveling bag, "*does* yer know, chile, whose room dis yere be?"

"Mine while I stay, isn't it, Phyllis?"

"I dunno 'bout dat, honey. Dem as has got it isn't such as will gib it up easy, nor dey isn't such as you'll want for company."

"What in the world are you talking of, Phyllis? Who claims the room besides me?"

"De ghosteses, Miss Marsy!" whispered Phyllis sententiously, falling back as she spoke, to note the expression of her auditor's face.

"Ah, it is a haunted chamber, is it?" laughed my Aunt Marcia. "And what ghost in particular is likely to dispute possession with me?"

"Dere ain't nuffin to laugh 'bout, chile," exclaimed the old nurse, somewhat offended at her mistress's obvious incredulity.

"Dey 've been h'ard to you Grandpa Young, an' dat yer closet am de place where he cut he throat, an' lef' de blood run all ober de letter he wrote 'on to his grandson to tell her 'bout de heap o' money he done los' at de cards; and ebery night—mark you dat, honey—you Grandpa Young am afore de room, an' he writes an' writes an' dat yer letter will de blood alluz a streamin' out ob he throat ober de paper; an' do more he write de more de letter ain't done, an' nebber will be done, 'cause—"

"Hush, Phyllis! I don't wish to hear any such stuff, and I should think you would know better than to repeat such a story to the grand-daughter of that unhappy man. Good-night! I don't want any thing more."

"Lawx me, Miss Marsy, honey! don' you go an' be mad wid ole Phyllis jes' fer tryin' to keep you from gettin' scar'."

"No, indeed, Phyllis. I'm not angry in the least," returned the easily mollified young girl. "But I am very tired and sleepy, and want to go to bed and don't intend to remain awake till you are gone."

"An' you done go'n' fer to sleep in dis yer room, Miss Marsy!"

"Certainly. There—good-night!"

And without quite knowing how it had been accomplished, Phyllis found herself standing outside her mistress's room, with the door locked behind her.

To bed my Aunt Marcia went, and to sleep, but was awakened by a sound in the night by a sort of nightmare, in which she beheld her Grandfather Young standing beside her, holding in one hand a half-written sheet of paper, and in the other a curious old hunting-knife, with which he made desperate attempts to cut the throat of his innocent descendant.

My aunt started upright in her bed, and looked about the chamber.

All was quiet; and with a chill of skin as of contempt at her vapors now, she was about to sink back and compose herself again to sleep, when a faint noise arrested her attention.

Listening intently, she soon determined that the sounds originated in the closet pointed out by old Phyllis, and resembled closely the scratching passage of a half quill pen over stiff paper, varied at intervals by a rustling noise, as if the paper had been turned and folded back.

My aunt listened to these sounds during what appeared to her a long interval, and afterward confessed that she thought more than once of the unfinished letter left by her Grandfather Young, and of Phyllis's tale of the nightly attempts of his ghost to complete the melancholy rehearsal of his own misdeeds.

The more she listened, and the more she thought, the stronger grew a cowardly inclination to lie down, and, pulling the bed-clothes over her head, shut out alike every disagreeable thing, real or imaginories; but just as this inclination reached its height my Aunt Marcia threw back the bed-clothes and resolutely sprang out of bed.

"I really believe I was getting frightened," said she to herself, as, putting on her dressing-gown and slippers, she crept close to the closet-door and bent down to listen at the keyhole.

Certainly the sounds came from within that door, and a nearer approach only confirmed her first idea of their nature.

My aunt hesitated a moment, and then, clenching her fists hard, pounded menacingly upon the door, saying,

"Away with you, whatever you are!"

The noise ceased; but something within that door, directly opposite my aunt's hand, pounded a response!

Knock for knock a mocking echo returned, only with sharper blows than my aunt's, more like the bony knuckles of an old man's hand, perhaps.

I've stopped your writing, at any rate," muttered my aunt, with a spice of malice even in her civil enough to open the door when a visitor knocks, I will do it for myself."

So, first lighting a candle and stirring the fire to a blaze, the undaunted girl looked about for means of fulfilling her threat.

The door was locked and the key gone; but the vigorous search soon discovered it buried in dust on the top of the door-casing, and in another minute my aunt threw open the door closed since fifty years before.

As she did so an old pistol, hanging by its lock to a nail driven into the door, fell down at her feet.

My aunt picked up the thing it again upon the nail, and gently shook the door.

"O—h! it was you that knocked, was it?" said she, gayly; and then, with a little start, she raised her head, she advanced a step or two, and looked scrutinizingly around the place.

It was a little room, with a fire-place at one end and a window at the other.

In the middle stood a great arm-chair, beside a table littered with papers, apparently the former contents of a writing-desk which lay open beside them, still containing a few old letters, receipts, and the like. My aunt bent curiously to look at them, the papers in the desk rustled vehemently, as if stirred by an invisible hand. Seizing an old quill pen from the great pen-over-inkstand, where it stood like a ruined light-house beside an empty sea, she began tossing out the papers, and soon discovered the cause of the disturbance in the shape of a nest of very young mice, whose mother had probably deserted them at the opening of the door.

My aunt stood a few moments looking fixedly at the little creatures, who blinked back at her with their black, bead-like eyes.

"Yes, yes, my dears," said she, at length, "I see it all now. It was you, snuggling about in your paper bed, that made the rustling, and your mamma's little feet pattering over these letters on the table that did the writing. I'll see you again to-morrow, but now good-night."

With these words my Aunt Marcia shut the closet door, blew out her candle, got into bed and went directly to sleep, nor did she wake again till Phyllis and the sunshine invaded her chamber together.

That very morning the unfortunate mice were expelled from their snug quarters, the papers were locked up in the old desk and banished to the garret, the table and chair sent after them, and the little room with much scrubbing, dusting, carpeting, and curtaining, converted into a pretty dressing-closet, before whose cozy fire my aunt seated herself that night, while Phyllis, brushing her young mistress's long hair, expatiated on the courage she had shown in laying "de ghose o' Grandpa Young."

It was but a few nights after this, however, that my aunt was again awakened by a very peculiar sound, and one still more alarming in its nature than the ghostly pen scratching.

It proceeded apparently from the huge unlibbed garret, and seemed near the spot directly over my aunt's chamber, where the contents of the dressing-room had been stowed; but no noise could ever have occasioned the startling combination of sound which in the middle of the night had roused my aunt from sleep.

First was heard a harsh, grating noise, like the passage of some heavy substance over a rough surface—then the clicking of a door—then a violent fall, accompanied by a wild, shrill cry of pain—and then a pause of a few seconds—after which the whole was repeated in exact routine.

My aunt listened to all this for some time, and then determined to investigate the matter.

Her first step was to summon the assistance of the servants, but with her hand upon the bell she paused.

"They will only be frightened to death, and won't help me a bit," said she to herself. "I will go up alone."

A few minutes after my aunt stood in the great, dismal garret, looking and listening for the midnight disturber of her slumbers.

A low cluaking of the chain directed her to the spot where lay the old desk, and in a moment the mystery lay unraveled before her.

The garret, like many others in old country houses, was floored with rough boards, while at the sides the great beams lay bare, divided by the lath and plaster of the ceilings below.

Upon one of these beams, the "boy" of the establishment, had set a musk-rat trap with its chain attached, first baiting it with cheese, in the hope of catching one of the rats whose nightly revels disturbed his slumbers in a little room partitioned off the end of the garret.

The experiment succeeded, much to the discomfiture of a patriarchal rat who had ventured into the trap, nibbled at the cheese, and, becoming suspicious, had turned to fly, when the trap springing had caught him firmly by the tail.

Then commenced for the poor fellow that painful journey, probably toward his home, whose éclat had roused my aunt.

First, he dragged the trap across the ridges of plaster—then climbed with it the next beam, while his chain drew the mouse across the intervening space—then traversing the beam he plunged down the opposite side dragging trap, chain, and all after him—and then he commenced the whole anew already suffering as to elicit the shrill cry of pain, and necessitate the succeeding pause before recommencing his journey.

"Poor fellow!" said my aunt, softly, as with might and main she forced open the trap and set free the luckless captive, who sprang away without a "Thank you."

I am not now writing my Aunt Marcia's biography, but only trying to prove the assertion of her bravery which I made above. I must therefore pass over the romantic incidents attending her courtship and marriage, and merely state that four years after the latter event she returned she had become the wife of a lawyer of considerable eminence, and the mistress of the gloomy old Grange, where her uncle and aunt had died, her uncle and aunt, remained as their adopted daughter, and finally as their heiress assumed her present position.

Mr. Lloyd was a widower, and was much away from home attending the sessions of the Circuit Court, and transacting legal business in the cities of the neighboring United States. My aunt was thus left very much alone.

It was during one of these absences of Mr. Apthorpe that his wife sat in her summer parlor, with doors and windows all open, busily engaged in sewing.

She was very light-hearted that morning, and hummed a merry tune as she bent over her work; for she was thinking of the coming time when she should no longer be alone during her husband's absence, but in the enjoyment of one who so busily stitching—one of many destined to adorn the expected guest.

The tune which was set, and the last notes of the song were trilling over the lips of the happy young wife, when a long shadow fell athwart the sunshine at her feet—a tall white face, framed in black elf-locks, was thrust over her shoulder, and stared with a malicious grin full into her eyes.

"Did you expect to see Sibley?" asked the white lips in a hissing whisper.

My aunt had heard of Peter Sibley, and the whole of his black story flashed across her mind. He was a ruffian who, the year before, had stolen into a house in a neighboring town, found a woman sitting alone at her work, and had brutally murdered her before robbing the house of the rich booty it contained.

He had been captured some months after, tried, and condemned, and was at that moment confined in the jail at Trenton, awaiting the day of his execution.

My Aunt Marcia *felt* this story, but had not time to think it, before she moved her chair half round so as to face the intruder, and fixing her eyes calmly upon him, said, steadily,

"Yes, I have heard of Peter Sibley. Are you he?"

"No, I'm his brother. One was taken, and the other was left—the other was left," muttered the stranger, hiding behind him something, which my aunt felt sure was a very sharp hunting-knife she had used that morning in trimming her rose-bushes and left upon the veranda.

She moved her chair again, so as to face her visitor more fully; for as he spoke he had edged round toward her back.

"Why is it you didn't you run, Aunt Marcia?" asked I once at this point in the story.

"For several reasons, my dear. One was, that I never had run away from any thing, and did not like to put in the habit; another was, that I felt sure the moment I showed the least cowardice that hatchet would be buried in my brain; and the third was that, though not in the least frightened, I felt a little giddy, and could not rely upon myself to stand up with that dignity which I should wish to preserve in such company."

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So my aunt sat still, and tried to hold the stranger's eyes with hers: but this she found impossible; and in the midst of many glances she read a confirmation of the suspicion of his sanity, which had already crossed her mind.

This suspicion had hardly crossed my aunt's mind before she determined to act upon it, and, assuming the authoritative manner most likely to impress him, she exclaimed, sternly—

"If you are his brother, why don't you carry him the governor's pardon, that has been waiting this week and more for a messenger?"

"Pardon—pardon for Peter Sibley—oh yes, he'll be pardoned, and then he can come out and go along with me and the other women. Where is the pardon? Give it to me."

"It isn't here," said my aunt, sharply. "You ought to know that such papers are not left in the care of women. My husband is a lawyer, and he has it down at his office in the village—down that way."

"Yes, yes, the lawyers keep the papers—the lawyer's got the pardon. I'll go carry it, and then Peter Sibley and I will come and see you together."

With a cunning laugh the maniac darted from the room, and a moment after my aunt saw him running at full speed in the direction of the village.

Half an hour later two keepers called at the house to inquire for the fugitive. They were shown first to the room where he had sat, a new piece of sewing in her hand and a quiet serenity upon her brow.

She received them graciously, and in answer to their inquiries briefly related her interview with the lunatic, then showed them out with as dignified a composure as if that terrible episode in her morning's occupation had not occurred.

Before night the poor madman (who, by-the-way, was not in the least related to Peter Sibley) was safely again in custody, and my aunt never heard of him again.

A few months elapsed and Mrs. Apthorpe was ill in bed, with the little expected stranger beside her.

It was cold weather now, and her lodging had been changed from the cozy old state to the sunny bedroom below, where her old uncle and aunt had always slept, and where they had died within a week of each other.

Opposite the foot of my aunt's bed a door opened into the sitting-room; opposite this again was a door between the sitting-room and the large hall, with the great front door at the end of it, still in the same line of vision.

But in this cold November night, at half past twelve o'clock, all the doors were shut, though none of them were locked, and my Aunt Marcia lay awake feeling very sorrowful, for her poor old Phyllis was dying in her slave-state, and she was unable to go and bid her faithful old friend and servant good-by.

She had, however, sent the skillful nurse from her own bedside, with directions not to leave Phyllis while she remained alive. Refusing to allow any of the servants to stay beside her, my aunt remained alone, waiting for news of her humble friend's last moments.

Suddenly, while still strained attention she lay listening for any sound in the silent house, she distinctly heard the great brass latch of the outer door slowly raised, and the door swing open, striking the wall behind.

No footfall followed; but a moment after the latch of the sitting-room slowly moved, and that door in turn swung open.

My aunt listened with intense earnestness. Surely not the lightest footstep crossed the floor of the sitting-room, but the latch of her own door moved, rose slowly, descended, and the door swinging noiselessly open, showed through the dark vista of the hall the front door at the other end.

By the flickering firelight my aunt could plainly see the vacant door-way; could see so far into the darkness beyond as to feel sure that no human hand had unclosed those doors.

"Who is there?" asked she, after an expectant pause.

No response.

"Phyllis, is that you come to bid me good-by? If so, let me see you or hear you speak!" said she again, for my aunt, though utterly fearless, was a firm believer in supernatural appearances.

But her appeal remained unanswered; and after a pause she repeated, impatiently,

"Who's there? Speak! or close the doors and go away!"

"Me-e-w!" replied a gentle voice, as Minnie, the white cat, leaped upon the bed and lay down at her mistress's feet.

Half an hour later, when the nurse stole down to see how her charge was faring, she found my aunt, the baby, and the cat all fast asleep, with

the chill December air whistling through the room, for my aunt had refrained from ringing for any one to close the doors, lest she should disturb the last moments of her dying servant.

It was not till the next day that my aunt learned, through the nurse's inquiries in the kitchen, that Minnie had been in the habit of opening the doors (unless the outer one was bolted) by jumping up, putting one paw through the bow, and the other on the thumb-piece of the latch, and then dropping down and leaving the door to swing open of its own accord, or, if necessary, giving it an impetus by repeating her body into the crack.

It was in this same bedroom, about a year later, that the last proof of my aunt's courage which I propose to relate took place.

My uncle had just returned from Newark, bringing with him a large sum of money, the proceeds of several heavy bills intrusted to him for collection by a client in a neighboring town, who was to call and receive his money on the following day. Meanwhile it was lodged in a secretary standing in the bedroom.

After tea, on the evening of his return, Mr. Apthorpe, having some letters to write, went down to his office, leaving his wife in the sitting-room, singing her baby to sleep.

This pleasant duty accomplished, she stepped softly into the bedroom, and laying the little boy in his crib, drew the coverings over him. But the night was cold, and the mother tenderly fancied her darling not warm enough, so went to the large clothes-press opening into her bedroom for an additional blanket.

This she found had been placed upon a high shelf, and in the effort to reach it she unconsciously grasped a long cloak hanging near with such force as to bring it to the floor.

Carrying out the blanket and spreading it over her boy, my aunt returned to pick up the cloak, and in stooping to do this saw, just beside her the foot and part of the leg of a man whose head and body were still concealed by the garments hanging on the wall, although his arm had been so far unceremonially jerked by the fall of the cloak as to lead to his discovery.

My aunt confessed that for a moment her heart stood still, and the song she had been murmuring died upon her lips; but by the time she had regained her feet she was able to account for the pause by saying, peevishly, aloud,

"There, now, the loop is broken, and I can't hang it up again."

Then, throwing the cloak upon a chest close by, she went carelessly out, leaving the closet door a little ajar.

Standing beside her baby's crib, her back to the door lest the robber should read her face, my aunt considered her position.

My uncle had told her not to expect him home till near midnight. Isaac, the house-boy, had gone to the village on an errand. The nurse had received permission to spend the evening with a friend, and no one remained within except herself and the cook, lousy in the distant kitchen.

It would have been easy for the man to snatch the baby from his crib and rush out of the house, leaving the robber to quietly collect his booty and escape before she could send any one to prevent him; but this course did not satisfy her.

She preferred to remain and guard the property intrusted to her husband's care, even at some risk to her own life.

She, however, considered that the robber, knowing the unprotected state of the house, might reasonably argue, if she remained alone, that he should run less risk in murdering her, completing his robbery, and escaping before her husband's return, than in waiting for night, when his operations, however carefully carried on, would be liable to arouse Mr. Apthorpe.

Just as my Aunt Marcia reached this point in her argument the baby stirred uneasily, and partially awoke.

Bending over the crib his mother began rocking vehemently, and singing the very same song so abruptly broken off a few minutes before. But though she sang, and though she rocked, the baby grew more and more uneasy; for his mother, while apparently trying in every way to pacify him, was in reality exerting every quiet means in her power to arouse him, until at last the little fellow, thoroughly awake, began screaming lustily.

"Poor little darling," said the well-pleased mother, lifting him out of his crib, "does his little stomach ache? Mamma is sure it does, or he never would cry so loud. He shall have a bath."

Stepping to the bell she pulled it gently, and when the cook appeared, said, calmly,

"Molly, I am afraid the baby is very sick. Bring up some hot water for a bath, as quickly as you can."

"Yes, Ma'am," replied the unsuspicious Molly; and in a few minutes mistress and maid had Master Herbert in the water, rubbing and scrubbing him vigorously, while the poor little boy, tired, sleepy, and vexed, repaid their exertions by redoubled screams.

"How come in yet?" asked my aunt, carelessly, as Molly at last took the baby out of his bath and laid him on his mother's lap.

"Not yet, Ma'am; but it is nine o'clock, he won't be out much longer."

"I shall send him to the doctor's for some medicine as soon as he does come," remarked my aunt. "The poor child needs something very much."

"Sha'n't I try to put him asleep, Ma'am—you must be very tired?" asked Molly, longing to escape to the kitchen.

"Yes, Molly, I wish you would," said my aunt, who knew full well that nothing would be surer to keep Master Herbert awake than placing him in unaccustomed hands.

So Molly walked and sung, the baby cried and fretted, and my aunt enacted steadily the part she had set herself, until clumping feet upon the garden-walk, and the hanging of the back door announced the return of the lady.

"There is Isaac, Molly," said my aunt. "Call him into the sitting-room, while I write a note to the doctor for what I want."

The cook left the room, and presently returned with Isaac, who stood beside the door while his mistress hurriedly wrote.

"There is a man hiding in my closet, close beside the linen chest. Bring help, and come quickly, for God's sake.

"MARCIA."

"There, Isaac, take this to Doctor Winslow, and wait for the answer. He is to go out, you said my aunt, in a clear distinct voice; and as the boy left the room she turned carelessly into the bedroom. The next moment, however, she said, quickly,

"There, I didn't give him any money, and Mr. Apthorpe hates to have bills brought in for these little things."

"Won't I run after him, Ma'am?" asked Molly, offering her the baby.

"No, I'll go—he hasn't left the house," said my aunt, hurrying out.

Isaac indeed was but just opening the back door, when, to his great bewilderment, his mistress overtaking him grasped him fiercely by the arm, and said, sternly,

"Isaac, my life and that of others, depends upon your speed and faithfulness. Take that note to your master as quickly as you can reach him—ask him to read it immediately, and then wait for his orders. If he is not at his office, go to Mr. Benson's or Mr. Pierce's, and ask one of them to read it. Go now—run!"

"There, Molly, you may give me the baby now," said my aunt, cheerfully, as she re-entered the bedroom. You may retire to the kitchen again, and pick up these things about the room."

Little Herbert, soothed in his mother's arms, soon fell asleep, and Master Molly had completed the multifarious tasks assigned her by her mistress, the front door opened sharply, and a moment after, Mr. Apthorpe, followed by two of his friends, appeared at the door of the bedroom, and received a nod from my aunt, proceeded without a word to the closet, from whence, after a momentary scuffle and the harmless discharge of the robber's pistol, they dragged a great black-headed ruffian, who scowled defiance on all around, but chiefly on my aunt, whose agency in his capture he evidently suspected.

"Yes, my man," said my Aunt Marcia, coolly answering his unuttered thought, "it was my eye that saw you when I came into the closet to pick up the cloak. If you had been wise you would have killed me then, secured the money, and made off at once."

P'raps so; but folks doesn't allus know wots for their own good," returned the fellow, sullenly, as he was led away.

Here I will pause, not for lack of material, for anecdotes of my Aunt Marcia might be multiplied almost *ad infinitum*, embracing every period of life, from her earliest childhood to the kindly old age, which has not yet, thank God! found its limit.

But I refrain: for enough has been said to prove my proposition, if it be capable of proof; and I end as I began, with the simple assertion that my Aunt Marcia stands at the head of all the brave women whom I ever knew.

SNAKE STORIES.

IT was some weeks before snakes creeped again into my thoughts. At this time I was in the luxurious library of a New York magnate, in a house whose splendor literally blazed in comparison with the starved, impoverished palaces of Genoa, Rome, or Venice. I was in the strigling world, and was with a man at whose bidding the winged messages of to Europe and back to Stock Exchange couriers flew "du Pérou jusqu'a Rome." There were bronzes on the buffet, and golden clocks to "tick off" Time's second.

My friend Mr. Vanderpump—for he was a Dutch merchant born in a quaint Spanish house in Amsterdam—Vanderpump, as he talked to me of snakes, lay in a long red and blue hammock made of aloe, thread netted by an Indian of Guatemala, with one leg not unnecessarily thrown over its margin—Vanderpump, smoking one of those fairy Trichinopoly cheroots which have ventilating straws inserted through their centres—harangued me pleasantly about certain golden gold snakes of the Spaniards, which it would take no great time, he said, by dint of Indian tradition, to rediscover from the subject he wandered, by many pleasant, devious by-paths of converse, to the subject of certain snakes of enormous size supposed to exist in "farm"—small lakes among a certain range of mountains in South America.

I roused up at this, and prepared to listen. Vanderpump then—still lazily smoking his cheroot, which, stretching from either wall, dropped down, and swung within two or three feet of the ground—drew around him a few colored cotton cloths over him as if for warmth, and prepared to pour out upon me his "winged words."

He told me that travellers and hunters had assured him that they had seen these enormous snakes. They were twice as large as boa constrictors, and were generally discerned bathing themselves in the mountain lakes in which it was supposed they came to feed on the fish. They had, however, never yet been killed or found dead, nor was it known on what they usually fed, or where they lived. He (Vanderpump), being a liberal in science as in politics, saw no reason to doubt that a few pairs of these enormous Pythonic race of serpents might still be existing among those rarely-trodden mountains. Races of animals had died out of particular countries in our own time. The dodo was an instance. Even in the sea-serpent many sensible people retained a belief.

If the boa constrictor, that can battle with a buffalo or an alligator, and swallow a deer, antlers and all, were to become extinct to-day, to-morrow, but for printed records, there would be people found to deny that such a monster had ever existed. Because a certain creature had not yet been classified by stay-at-home zoologists, that was no proof, he urged, it did not exist. The mammoth was wonderful, and its skeleton had been found; whereas the backbone of a large snake presents little resistance to the violent extremes of South American climate.

I asked Vanderpump, who I knew had dabbled in medicine, whether, in the course of his South American travels, he had tried to discover new and valuable drugs, and, above all, any specific for snake bites?

He said, oscillating himself with lazy grandeur, that he had; he had several times in Nicaragua and Guatemala been on the brink of great discoveries. He had once been presented with an herb, which the negroes told him was a certain cure for small-pox, but he tried it on one of his own Spanish servants who was ill, and it proved useless. He had also seemed a remedy only to the Indian constitution and in the Indian climate. There was, however, one pulverized herb which the peons used as snuff in cases of low fever, by which he had himself been cured when dangerously ill. Yet he had tried in vain to obtain a specimen of it; all offers of money were refused. They would not even gather it, except at night, for fear of being seen.

"And why all this precaution, this dog-in-the-manger caution in?"

Because the Indians said that when the white man used one of their medicines it lost all its virtue. It had the same effect as that with Peruvian bark. They were therefore determined to keep this wonderful diaphoretic and sudatory to themselves. They had gathered the herb and tree he could find in the neighborhood, yet in vain. In all his searches he never discovered a specific against snake bites. On the contrary, so much was a certain sort of snake dreaded there, that, if one was killed, all the people of the neighborhood came out and solemnly burn the body to ashes, for fear of any of the kind living.

Vanderpump then went on to tell me of his having been once bitten, on the bank of a river, by a snake that had been killed by a machete. But this bite ended with a mere slight inflammation, and he supposed that the virus must have been neutralized by the fluid, more likely, the aggressive snake was a harmless one.

I had not many snake stories of my own experience to exchange with Vanderpump in return; but what I had I told without broidery or lacework of imagination. I described how an eccentric English lady, a friend of mine, then a clergyman, and a conscientious man in both capacities, with whom I spent several pleasant summers, used to keep in her parlor, in a large glass case, a number of venomous round and round one morning, when one of them swallowed whole a large frog, which had been shut up with him for his consumption.

From that time I never looked into an account of a pretty peasant girl in Normandy whom I had seen twine live lizards lightly between the heavy hattress that was her head-gear, or where they glowed like coils of living emerald. I then (just as coffee came up like so much smoking incense) asked Vanderpump if he had ever true that travelling quacks made a living by killing rattlesnakes for their fat?

He had; it was indeed; that snake fat was excellent for sprains and bruises, and had been used in such cases, for centuries, by the Indians.

I then told him a story I had heard from Vanderpump, and I was on the Mississippi on the hurricane-deck of a first-class racing steamer; my feet on the rail, and covered with leaf lead to prevent the wood sparks chasing me. Above us and behind us rose the glazed tower of a pilot-house. I was seated on an arm-chair, side by side with my dear friend Thomas Vaughan, skipper of a California steamer. From this "cojon of vantage" we looked down on the brown turbid river, on the pelicans, and on the banks of Louisiana.

The crumbling banks of the great river were mere wrecks of fallen cotton-trees, and here and there were seen the white huts of the "poor white quarter" of a cotton plantation. On the long spit of the nearest sand-bar lay a putrid lump which had once been a buffalo, and, after killing over and fighting for it, were swarming masses of turkey buzzards.

Again our converse fell on snakes. Apropos of some remarks on the great floods which are almost periodical on this great fickle river, the captain, handling the wheel with his left eye on me, told me how once, during one of these great inundations that reach for miles, when all the stream was alive with drifts of timber, whole bunts of the "cypress quarter" of a cotton plantation. On the long spit of the nearest sand-bar lay a putrid lump which had once been a buffalo, and, after killing over and fighting for it, were swarming masses of turkey buzzards.

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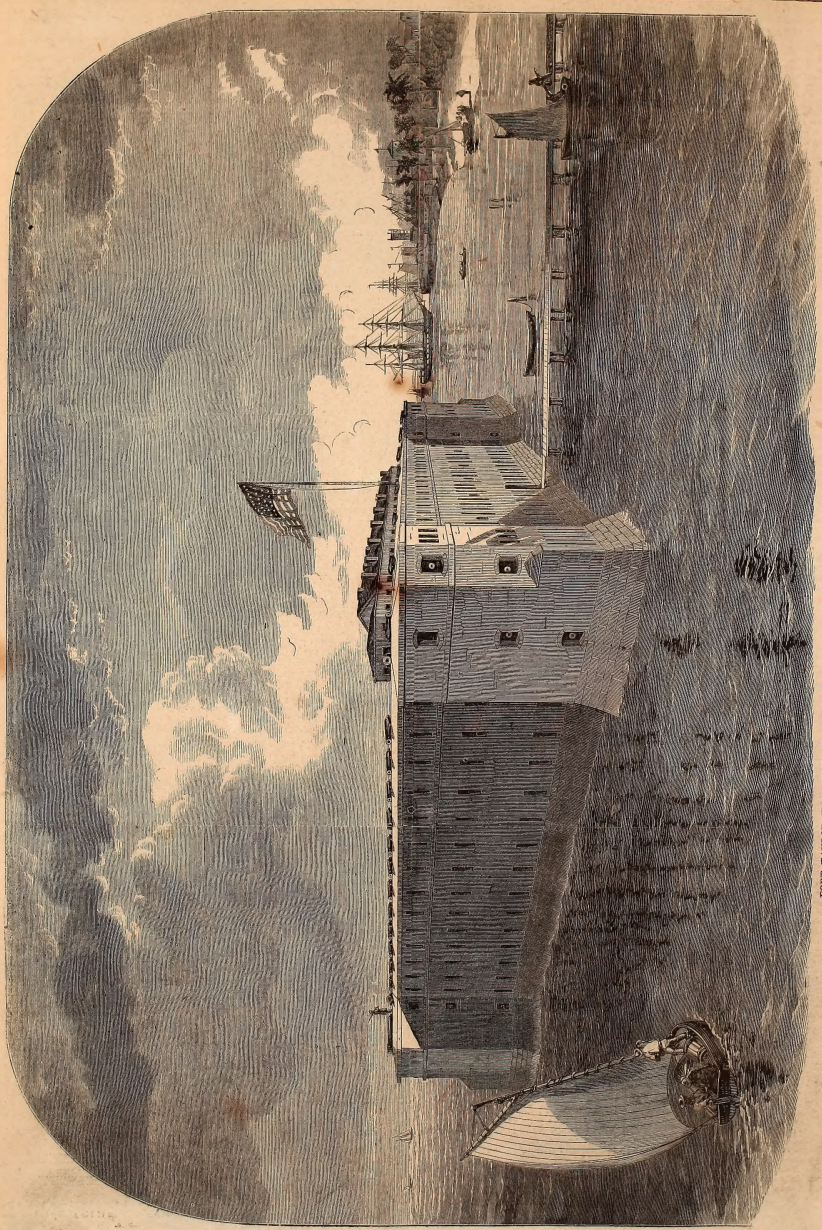

FORT TAYLOR, KEY WEST, FLORIDA.—FROM A DRAWING BY A MEMBER OF THE GARRISON.—[SEE PRECEDING PAGE.]

A LIFE STORY.

I.

In haste I call'd him the light word
That darken'd life forever;
My pallid face nor moved nor stirr'd—
His lips but one short quiver.
He gave me that long yearning look,
And spake: "If such I be"—
And all his frame a shudder shook—
"I am not fit for thee."

II.

We never met again—until
Long years had swept away:
His face was cold, and calm, and still—
My hair was tinged with gray.
Upon his arm a lady hung—
His voice was kind and free:
He did not know the blood-drops wrung
From my heart's agony.

III.

We met but once again—the day
On which my darling died.
His wife and child had pass'd away:
I bade farewell to pride.
We met—my face to his he drew—
He call'd me by my name;
And in his dying hour we knew
Our love had been the same.

THE MAZED FIDDLER.

"I CANOT to this place a man of thirty, and I am sixty now. When I came here, the prettiest girl for many a mile round was Mary Lee. You have seen our North Devon girls—dark eyes, dark hair, and ready speech? Mary had all this and she had more; she had the bearing of a born lady, so that, though our folks are plain and rough, no one ever dreamed of uttering a coarse jest before Mary Lee. Her father, a small farmer, had left her tolerably well to do; and the old maiden aunt with whom she lived had been to her a very mother. You will suppose that she had many lovers. In a manner she had; every lad in Coombetown felt a kind of pride in her; but she was 'grand-like'—there was something about her which rather awed than invited them, and only John Hamlyn had any reason to hope for her hand. He lives next door still—plain old sailor now, but in years gone by as fine and daring a fellow as breathed along the coast. Like Mary, he was sufficiently rich; that is, his father had owned two or three small coasters, and, dying, left them to his only son. Mary and he had grown up side by side, and always there was a quiet kind of affection between them. There was more than that, one wild winter morning when John was brought speechless and bleeding into the village, and Mary heard how, in the tempest of the night before, he had manned a boat, pushed off to a large brig that had struck upon the Tungle Rock in the offing, and saved the lives of some of her crew at the imminent peril of his own. A spar had struck him during his work, and there was a great ghastly wound in his head. Dr. Woodbury met the men as they slowly brought John Hamlyn up the steep path from the pier, and saw him carried to his house; and Mary, going home, knelt down beside her bed, burst into wild tears, then into prayers as wild, and felt, for the first time, as if she really loved the great strong sailor. He recovered slowly; some traces of the wound indeed remained, but he could have had, I think, no scars more glorious, and ere long he hoped to bring Mary home as his wife.

"Unfortunately for her, unfortunately for John there was a lad in the village *who had* genius, and, alas! who knew it. Willy Basset was but a poor young fisherman—not a strong one, not even a brave one; but one of singular parts. If I was too partial to him, and if my praise helped to turn his head and fill him with the demon of vanity, may God forgive me. I did all for the best. Suffice it, that whatever time he could steal from the drudgery of his daily life was given partly to the books I lent him, and partly to practicing upon an old violin which had belonged to his father, the village fiddler.

"John Hamlyn passed the cottage where he lived one day, and heard him playing. 'Willy Basset, lad,' cried the big curly-haired John, 'it seems to me you might spend your time better than in fiddling, with your poor old mother bed-ridden at home!' There's the herring-hawks off the bay, man, and the shoal will be 'round the head before you finish Bobbing Joan. Out to the boats, Willy!' Willy looked up, and was about to answer angrily; but John looked alarmingly big. Said Willy: 'It is very generous of you, John Hamlyn, to talk of my mother's poverty! You are richer than we, I know; but you need not remind us of it!' These were mean, false, cowardly words of his: but John—placable John—felt as if he had spoken too roughly, and held out his hand. Willy refused it, and turned away. From that hour, as I fear, he often thought how he could best injure the strong prosperous fellow who had reminded him of his duty.

"We are a musical race down here. Mary Lee had this passion almost to excess, and sung with singular sweetness. One evening, at my house, she had been singing some of her quaint old songs, when Willy Basset came up to return some of my books. He sat down, and I asked him to play a tune or two, as he often would when he came to see me. As yet he was but a poor player, though already he gave some faint promise of that wondrous skill to which he afterward attained. This night, whatever was his inspiration—and Mary Lee's dark eyes had surely much to do with it—he played as he never had before, with quite new passion and energy. The was indeed the first time on which I ever heard him improvise. Hitherto he had simply played the ordinary country tunes; to-night he struck boldly away from them, trusted to his own heart, and succeeded. Have I said that he was not handsome? At ordinary times he was not; but now, as his eyes lighted up with the excitement of his music, there was a wild beauty about them which, to a romantic girl, would have far more charm than ordinary comeliness. When he ended I asked Mary to sing—and behold, Mary was crying.

"It is the old story. What was John Hamlyn, plain and bluff, to this Willy Basset, so gifted and so passionate? Mary asked herself this question one of one who had been fiddling to please himself when he should have been fishing to help his mother; and I could not but feel that what they said was true.

"And now came a time which, to Mary, I think, was one of the purest happiness; but which brought pleasure less pure to Willy Basset, and absolute torture to the brave John. Willy—let me not be unjust to him—was thoroughly sincere in all his expressions of love; but there mingled with them always, I fear, a base sense of triumph over his richer, stronger, handsomer, manlier rival. And as for Mary, though the poor fellow blundered about in his big, uncouth, righteous way, still sang at his work, and never left a duty undone, yet was she assured sometimes with a deep and terrible grief as if he had testified threats by jumping over the cliffs—which often he was very much inclined to do—the struggle against the conviction as he might, he could not but see that Mary Lee, though she had ever a kindly word and a bright smile for him, no more intended to *marry* him than she intended, as we say, *to fly*. She went down all the poor fellow's card-castles, shattered by a fiddlestick. He was not imaginative, this big John; but he passed many pipe of evenings in the sanded kitchen of his old homestead, he had had his little visions of happiness and ease, the central figure in his reveries being that of Mary Lee. Well, *that* was over now. I don't pity him the less because he could not write a sonnet about his blighted hopes.

"In the April after his mother's death, Willy Basset, with his violin and with ten pounds in his pocket, sailed away. These were very small, and I could give him no more—sailed away in a ship that was bound to Naples. He went as a common sailor; but I had hopes that he chiefly wanted was to reach some land where he might obtain really good musical teaching; and, for my own part, I encouraged him in this scheme, wild as it might appear. An old friend of my own lived at Naples, and I recommended Willy to him as a youth of rare and brilliant promise. For, whether it was through skill in the fiddle, or whether it was through a mere ambitious desire to show his kinsfolk and his townsfolk that, if he was a humble fisherman, he was yet gifted with genius, certain it is that his genius had taken a rapid and sudden start, and that he would oftentimes play with really wonderful expression and power. So he went, Mary Lee, with little urging, had promised that if in a few years he came back in a position to maintain a wife she would be his.

"Letters came from Willy in due time—hopeful, eloquent letters. My friend at Naples was very kind to him, and treated him a master; and, at last, plain Willy Basset, ex-fisherboy, had a seat in the orchestra of an Italian opera. Mary was very brought of this, be sure; but when three years passed by, and he still said nothing of returning, she became uneasy. His letters grew less frequent. 'He has found new friends,' thought she, 'and forgets old Coombetown and folk.' Indeed, indeed, if *she* was sorely tried, yet was he as sorely tempted! I learned afterward that he had progressed in his art with startling rapidity; at last he became a celebrity; and you know, doubtless far better than I, to what seductions an artist is exposed in the south.

"Six years after his departure there came a letter from him which made Mary's face flush and glow again. He was coming home—successful, famous, rich. Home to his little Mary, 'whom the lovel better than any signora of them all.' Home to his 'dear old friend,' naming me with words far more flattering than I liked. Home to old Coombetown, 'where, perhaps, he would be rather more valued than formerly.' And so on: a vain egotistical letter, as I see now, but which made Mary's heart as light as a bird's. She had waited long, waited faithfully, but she had not waited in vain, it seemed. Was she not right in her choice?

"John Hamlyn? John Hamlyn was doing very well in the coasting-trade between Coombetown and Bristol.

"Willy Basset? He was a famous artist—and she would be an artist's wife.

"The artist reached home. He landed at Bristol, where he lodged almost all his money with a well-known banker, and thence posted on to the little Devonshire village with what speed he might. I do not attempt to describe his meeting with Mary Lee. I could tell of its gladness, of its vehement passion, but even as I speak the sad memory is with me of all those trials, all those afflictions, which so speedily followed this hour of intense delight. I found him changed—not altogether for the better. His face, though he came from the south, was very pale; his eyes, brilliant as ever, had now a light in them which was not that of cheerfulness and health; and in his whole bearing there was somewhat of ostentation, somewhat of affectation, which it pained me bitterly to see. Despite all this, he could be very fascinating when he chose, and the faults which I, a grave bookman, saw, were doubtless invisible to the girl who loved. John Hamlyn indeed conceived an utter loathing for him; but John had very strong provocation; for Willy now took it into his head to be *jealous* of John—jealous of the man whose lifelong princes he had ruined! and gradually John's relations with Mary Lee grew to be formal and constrained. It was hard for John to keep quiet under this: but Love, if it had worked wonderfully upon the artist, if it had tired and kindled him into genius, had tried John Hamlyn also in its magic crucible, and found him utterly pure; so that, rather than cause one tear, one shadow of anxiety to Mary Lee, he would even—keep away from her! He was very seldom at her house now, and Willy made his visits exceedingly trying to him. The time fixed for the marriage was now close at hand.

"John Hamlyn, returning from a coasting-voyage to Bristol, went home, smoked a huge pipe in the kitchen, and then, contrary to his wont, walked up to visit Mary Lee. He saw Willy Basset at a distance, leave the house, so he knew that Mary would be alone. The same evening Willy called to see me. He seemed overflowing with happiness; all the better part of him—and he had much that was very lovable—shone out. And oh, how he played! The future stretched before him so bright and so gay in its every aspect, that his music was as the warbling of an angel rejoicing over the beauty of the earth. He left me at last; but, excited by the conversation and the music, he could not go home to sleep. He walked on toward Mary's house, to wander round it, to dream about it, as lovers will. As he approached he saw a light in her window, though it was strangely late—and there was the shadow of a man upon the curtain! It stung him, this shadow, like a snake. With a cold biting jealousy at his heart, he crept into the darkness of the hedge and waited.

"Presently he heard the door open, and then a voice, which he knew to be John Hamlyn's, said: 'But she had been crying, he could tell that.' John's big form came out into the light. He walked slowly, silently up the hill. Silently, slowly, the artist followed him. God forgive the poor man if he meant to use a knife—I know he carried one; but, on the brow of the hill, John, turning, saw that he was followed, and marched back upon his follower. Even in the faint starlight he recognized Willy by his wide foreign cloak, and said, with a strange grave earnestness in his voice:

"'I have had news for you, Basset: I would rather you learned them from some one who is less hateful to you than I am—why, I can not tell—I never wronged you in any way.'

"Never tampered, I suppose, with my intended wife? Never tried to lure her away from me? Never came to her like a thief in the night? Never 'pitied the poor fiddler,' as one would pity a maimed cur?

"You are very hot about it, Basset—but you shall know all to-morrow morning."

"I insist, Sir, upon knowing all to-night—to-morrow you may be busy discharging your balls at the pier-head!"

"John felt the insult, but still, very stubbornly, very coldly held down the passion that was rising in him. Willy—for rage had blinded him—mistook this silence for timidity, and went on, rapidly, hauntingly, till at length John answered:

"'I went up to Mary Lee to-night, if you *will* have it, to tell her that Johnson, the Bristol banker, has absconded, and that you were a beggar!'

"With a hoarse shriek Bassat leaped upon him, and struck him in the face. And then, the suppressed rage of years concentrated into one single blow, John lifted his huge arm and beat him down. It was a terrible blow: the passionate artist lay stretched like a dead log upon the ground—senseless. Suddenly the moon shone out large and full. The light fell through the thick hedgerow trees, right upon Bassat's face. John knelt down, and saw that it was bloody—bloody. He groaned with shame, the big John, that he should have struck one so frail; but at last Bassat's eyes slowly opened, and John still knelt by his side, weeping like a babe.

"What made him leap up, and then stagger back, as if a bolt had struck him to the heart? This: as he knelt by the artist, and watched him return to consciousness, he expected to hear a curse from his lips: he heard, instead, a low, feeble, chuckling *laugh*. It was the laugh of an idiot. Willy Bassat was insane.

"Three months afterward I followed Mary Lee to her grave; and when the clamor and the noise of the affair had died away, John Hamlyn took the maid artist to his home, and has supported him ever since.

"Willy Bassat has lost all recollection of that terrible night. He wanders about alone, harmlessly, quietly: the villagers, who call him 'the Mazed Fiddler,' never molest him; and at times he will take his violin and play so sweetly and so well that the few strangers who visit Coombetown will hardly believe me when I tell them he is mad."

* * * * *

However feebly the old schoolmaster had told his tale, there had been something in it which had riveted the attention of his listener. As the evening closed in, the schoolmaster rose rising to light his lamp when he heard a tap at his door. In another minute John Hamlyn entered.

He said, softly:

"I have been down to the pier, Sir; the *Sarah Jane* has come in: and now I find that poor Bassat has left the house. I am come to look for him. Would you like to come with me, Sir? There's a willish look about the sky to-night, and I should not be left to have him caught in the storm that is rolling up."

"I suppose we shall find him in the churchyard?" said the schoolmaster.

"Most like, most like, Sir. I always notice that on nights like this he steals away there. Poor fellow! it can't be helped now, but I would rather lose my right hand than use it as I did one night!"

The schoolmaster sighed; and all three set out together for the church-yard.

As they passed at the little church-yard gate they heard the sound of the violin. Willy Bassat, standing by the grave of Mary Lee, was playing such a requiem as never yet musician has expressed in notes—a requiem of such depth of lamentation, such bitterness of regret, such vehemence of self-accusation, yet such overwhelming love and tenderness withal, that the three men almost wept as they listened: not one audible sound was heard save the magical tones with which the Mazed Fiddler mourned over his dead love. They did not dare to interrupt him: but as he left the music ceased; he walked toward them, staggering like a drunken man; and then, as he reached the gate, sank inwardly, fainting, on the ground. At that instant there was a peal of thunder in the east, which rolled on, crashing and reverberating as it rolled, till it seemed to break right above their heads; then for a minute utter silence; and then a blinding sheet of rain fell suddenly upon them. They lifted the Mazed Fiddler from the earth; John Hamlyn flinging off his rough jacket, wrapped Willy in it as a shelter from the rain; and they turned homeward. The rain still fell, but far away and far beyond the hill flashes of lightning leaped over the sea like swords.

"Make haste, for the love of God!" cried John, striding along with his burden as one who carried naught: "make haste! he is wet to the skin already—it will be the death of him!"

They reached his home and laid him gently in his bed. When the doctor came the artist was raving in his delirium. He said not a word now of Mary, nor word of John Hamlyn, his thoughts were away in the south.

"A poor fisher-boy, Signora!—Money, money, always money! I can help—I'll help the Red, then —I back the Red! For the eighth, ninth, tenth time, *Red!* Red it is!" he screamed, half starting out of his bed. "Do you have in my fortune, now?—In notes, I have no lackey to carry my gold for me—an artist, nothing more!"

Through the whole weary night, while the rain fell in torrents without, the three men watched beside him; but as it drew on toward morning, and the storm slowly and sullenly abated, he became much calmer. He slept an hour or two, and at daybreak turned to the old schoolmaster with a peculiar smile upon his face:

"You will give me my violin?" There were several in the room, his friend handed him the nearest. "Not *that*, not *that*! I played that at the San Carlo, when La Catarina sang so grandly: give me the old one—the one I had when a boy." He took it from the schoolmaster's hand and looked at it lovingly. Just then the morning light came full into the room, flooding it with its lustre. "I played it often enough, Sir, down among the rocks, when there was none to hear me but the merry sea-gulls. Ah! the beautiful light! The birds will be singing after the storm, and the lambs will be running in the meadows over the fresh wet grass. I loved to see them once, but I fear me, I fear me, that I'll never move from this bed till they carry me away to the gray old church-yard yonder, close by the dear old sea. And, well, I have had troubles enough, God knows! and I'm weary, weary, and I shall rest by her side at last!"

Was he mad now? He spoke softly, but there was a *reason* look in his eyes, and at times a cold, nervous trembling went right over him.

"Let him have his way, Sir," whispered John Hamlyn: "it is nearly over."

The artist played a few feeble notes upon his old violin, and then softly as he played with a bar or two of a simple country air. *Crack!*

It was but the snapping of a fiddle-string; but as it snapped his heart broke too. Another hour had passed away. The artist, with his lean, long hand still upon the instrument, had fallen back upon his pillow: and his friend Hamlyn, kneeling by the bed, and shaking terribly with the great strong sobs that seemed to be choking him, suddenly cried, "Lord! do not into temptation!" And not into temptation! but, O Lord, deliver us from evil!"

A DAY'S RIDE:

A LIFE'S ROMANCE.

By CHARLES LEVER.

AUTHOR OF "CHARLES O'MALLEY," "HARRY LORREQUER," ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER XXXIX.

VERY conflicting and very mixed were my feelings as I set forth, alone. I had come well, very well, out of a trying emergency. I was neither driven to pretend I was something other than myself, nor to assume surroundings and illustrious belongings, nor had I masqueraded under a feigned name and a false history; but as Potts, son of Potts of Manchester, I had carried my head high and borne myself creditably.

"Magna est veritas," indeed! I am not so sure of the "prævalebit semper," but assuredly where it does succeed the success is wonderful.

Heaven knows what tortuous contrivements might my passion for the "imaginative"

—I like this name for it—have led me, had I given way to one of those fatal temptations. more than one of my flights have I found myself carried up into a region, and have had to sustain an atmosphere very unsuited to my respiration, and now, with the pure confidence of walking on the terra firma, and treading the common highway of life, I found I had reached my goal safely and prosperously. And what is assume to be shrubs, nor shrubs affect to be forest trees; the limestone and granite never pretend that they are gold and silver. And I would is real, and why should man alone be untruthful and unreal? If I liked these reflections, and tried to lose myself in them, it was in the hope of shutting out others less gratifying; but do what I would there before me arose the image of Catalina as the cause of all the ruin I inflicted—that stream which seemed to cut me off from one portion of my life, and make the past the irrevocably gone forever.

I am certain I was not right in parting with that girl. Any respectable man, a father of a family, would have applauded me for severing this dangerous connection, and have had some of such association except unhappiness? "Potts," would the biographer say—"Potts saw, with the unerring instinct of a high perception, that this young creature would one day or other have laid at his feet the burnt-offering of her heart and affections, and Potts have done? If Potts had been less endowed with genius, or less armed in honesty, he had not anticipated this peril, or, foreseeing, had undervalued it. But he both saw and feared it. How very differently had a libertine reasoned out this situation?" And then I thought how wicked I might have been—a monster of crime and atrocity. Every one knows the sensation of lying snugly and on a stormy night, when the rain plashes and the wind howls, drawing more closely around him the coverlet, and the selfish satisfaction of his own comfort, heightened by all the misery that is passing without his side. In the same benevolent spirit, but not by any means so reprehensible, is it pleasant to imagine one's self safe and secure, looking on from dock, to be stared at by a horror-struck public, photographed, shaved, prison consumed, exhorted, sentenced, and, lastly, just ag the last hangman has driven the last nail into the scaffold, and the great bell has tolled out, to find that you are sitting by the fireside, with the curtains closely drawn, your cment volume beside you, and your peculiar weakness, be it tea or sherry-cobbler, by your elbow. I am sometimes fain to "take stock" of myself in this fashion, and rarely a week goes over that I have not either poisoned a sister or had a shot at the queen. It is a sort of intellectual Russian bath, in which the luxury consists in the exaggerated alternative between being scalded first and rolled in the snow afterward. It was in this frame of mind I was now disposing myself, pleasantly and refreshingly, and yet remorse, like a surdy dun, stood at my gate, and refused to go away.

Had I treated her harshly? had I rejected the offer of her young and innocent heart? Very puzzling and embarrassing question this, and especially to a man who had nothing of the coxcomb in his nature—none of that prompting of self-love that would suggest a vain reply. I felt that it was very natural she should have been struck by the attractive features of my character, but I felt this without a particle of conceit. I even experienced a sense of sorrow as I thought over it, just as a conscientious siren might have regretted that Nature had endowed her with such a charming voice; and this duty—for it was a duty—discharged, I bethought me of my own future. I had a mission, which was to see Kate Herbert and give her Miss Crofton's letter. In doing so I must needs throw off all disguises and mockeries, and be Potts, the writer. Now as the nearest at, the man whose mere name was enough to suggest a vulgar life and a snob's nature! No matter what unlucky turn it may, I will do it manfully. She may never appreciate the world at large, may never appreciate what noble motives were hidden beneath the assumed nature, where costumes as they were to impart more vigor and persuasiveness to sentiments which, uttered in their wanderer's garb, would have carried no convictions with them. Play Macbeth in a paletot, perform Othello in "pegtops," and see what effect you will make. Well, my pretended station and rank were the mere goods and properties that gave force to my opinions. And now I began to speculate how I should be actor in the glarish light of the noonday and a shabby-genteel coat and hat! "I will do it," muttered I, "I will do it, but the suffering will be intense!" When the prisoner sentenced to a long captivity is no more addressed by his name but simply called No. 18 or 85, it is said that the shock comes to kill the sense of identity with him, and that nothing more tends to the stolid air of indifference, the hopeless inactivity of feature, the characteristic of a prison life; in the very same way am I affected when limited to my Potts nature, and condemned to confine myself within the narrow confines of that one small identity. From what Prince Max had said at the table d'hote at Bregenz, it was clear that Mrs. Herbert and her daughter learned I was not the young prince of the House of Orleans; but in being disabused of one error she seemed to have fallen into another, and believed me to explain that I was not a rope-dancer or a mountebank. "She too shall know me in my Potts nature," said I, "and shall recognize me in the 'majesty of myself.'" I was not very sure of what that was, but I found it in Hegel. And when I had accomplished this task, I will throw myself like a waif upon the waters of life. I will be that which the moment or the event shall make me—neither trammeled by the past nor awed by the future. I will take the world as the drama of a day. Were men to do this, what breadth and generosity would it impart to them! At all events, what ease and advancement that we narrow our faculties and imprison our natures. A man fancies he owns a palace and a demesne; he has a certain rent-roll from them, obliges him to maintain a certain state, live in a certain style, surrounded with certain observances, not always to his perhaps native liking, but to which he must conform. Not so with him. It is the poor man who comes to visit and gaze on his splendors who really enjoys them; for unfettered and undistracted by interference—not to say that in *his* heart are no corroding jealousies of some other rich man, who has a finer park than Chatsworth or Rubens. Instead, besides, of owning one palace and one garden, it is the universe he owns: the vast savanna is his race-ground; Niagara his own private cascade.

My heart bounded with these buoyant fancies, and I stepped out briskly on my road. Now that I had got rid of my property to myself, I felt very light-hearted and gay. So long as a man is struggling for place and pre-eminence in life, how can he be otherwise? Are even gracious? Thou shalt not covet thy neighbor's ox, says the commandment; but surely it must have been to some meddling fool of a Moses, and if you have striven for it, it is likely that you have coveted it. Now, I will covet nothing—positively nothing—and I will see if in this noble spirit there will not be a reward proportionately ample and splendid.

My road led through that wild and somewhat dreary valley by which the Upper Rhine descends, fed by many an Alpine stream and torrent, to enter the Boden plain of Germany. It was a desolate expanse of shingle, with here and there little patches of ooh scrub, or, at rare intervals, small clusters of village—though how built, or for whom, it was hard to say, since not a trace of inhabitant could be seen, far or wide. Deep fissures, the course of many a mountain-stream, cut the road at places, and through these the foot traveler had to pass on stepping-stones; while wheel carriages, descending into the chasm, had to make a circuit of even worse, and incurred serious peril to spring and axle in the passage. On the mountain-sides, indeed, some few patches could be seen, very high up and scarcely accessible, but ever surrounded with little tracts of greener verdure and more varied tints, and, as I supposed, richer soil, since near the melodious ring of the bells worn by the cattle—sure signs of peasant comfort. "Might we not," said I, "find our miseries cures and our sorrows up yonder?" asked I, as I gazed upward. While I continued to look the great floating clouds that soared on the mountaintops began to roll, to mingle together, thickening and darkening at every moment, and then on, though overweighted, slowly to descend, shutting out the valley and the peasant's home as they fell, on their way to the plain beneath. It was a grievous change from the bright picture a few moments back, and the less distance I seeing that the heavily charged mist now melted into rain that soon fell in torrents. With not a rock nor a shrub to shelter under, I had nothing for it but to trudge onward to the nearest village, wherever that might be. How speedily the slightest touch of the real will close away the fictitious and imaginary! No more dreams nor fancies now, as wet and soaked I plodded on, my knapsack seeming double its true weight, and my stick appearing to take root each time it struck the ground. The fog, too, was so dense that I was forced to feel my way as I went. The dull roar of the Rhine was the only sound for a long time; but this at length became broken by the crashing noise of timber carried down by the torrents, and the louder din of the torrents themselves as they came tumbling down the mountain. I would have retraced my steps to Bregenz, but that I knew the places I had passed dry-shod in the morning would by this time have become impassable rivers. My situation was a dreary one, and not without peril, since there was no saying when or where a mountain cataract might not burst its way down the cliffs and sweep clean across the road toward the Rhine.

Had there been one spot to offer shelter, even the poorest and meanest, I would gladly have taken it, and made up my mind to await better weather; but there was not a bank nor even a bush to cower under, and I was forced to trudge on. It seemed to me at last that I must have been walking many hours; but having no watch, and being surrounded with impenetrable fog, I could make no guess of the time, save at the high a louder and deeper sound appeared to fill the air, and make the very mist vibrate with its din. The surging sound of a great volume of water, sweeping along through rocks and fallen trees, apprised me that I was nearing a torrent; while the road itself, covered with small pebbles of water, showed that the stream had already risen above its embankments. There was real danger in this; light-armed as I was, the lumbering diligence itself—had been known to be carried away by these suddenly swollen streams, and I began seriously to think of my situation. Feeling cautiously onward I reached what I judged to be the edge of the torrent, and felt with my stick that the road had been more than usually onward, and at considerable depth. Though the fog I could make out the opposite bank, and see that the stream was at least a wide one. I plainly perceived that the current was already powerful for me to breast without assistance, and that no passage remained to attempt it with safety. I may have stood half an hour thus, with the muddy stream surging over my ankles—for I was stunned and stupefied by the danger—when I thought I saw through the mist two gigantic figures looming through the fog on the opposite bank. When and how they had come there I knew not, if they indeed existed at all; these figures were not mere spectres of my imagination. It was not till having closed my eyes and opening them again that I beheld the same objects that I could fully assure myself of their reality.

At last I made them out to be two horsemen, the second of whom, of some small and feeble part of the stream to cross over. Their apparent caution was a lesson by which I determined to profit, and I stood in a patient observer of their proceedings. At times I could catch their voices but without distinguishing what they said, and suddenly I saw the first rise and spur on, and he had dashed boldly into the flood, and was quickly followed by the other. If the stream did not reach to their knees, they sat, it was yet so powerful that it tested all the strength of the horses and all the skill of the riders fo stem it; and as the water splashed and surged, and as the animals plunged and struggled, I scarcely knew whether they were fated to reach the bank or be carried down in the current. As they gained about the middle of the stream, I saw that they were mounted gens d'armes, heavy men, with heavy equipments, favorable enough to stem the tide, but hopelessly encumbered if they themselves if overturned. "Go back—hold in —go back! the water is far deeper here!" I cried out at the top of my voice; but they paid no heeding, or not heeding my warning, on they came, and as I spoke one plunged forward and struck headlong down under the water. The rising immediately his horse struck boldly out and after a few struggles gained the bank. The other, more fortunate, had passed up the stream, and reached the shore without difficulty.

With the natural prompting of a man toward those who had just overcome a great peril I hastened to say how glad I felt at their safety, and from what intense fear their lauding had rescued me; when one, a corporal, as his cuff badge implied, muttered a coarse expression of impatience, and something like a malediction on the service that exposed men to such hazards, and at the same instant the other dashed boldly up the bank, and with a bound placed his horse at my side, as though to cut off my retreat.

"Who are you?" cried the corporal to me, in a stern voice.

"A traveler," said I, trying to look majestically and indignant.

"So I see; and of what nation?"

"Of that nation which no man insults with impunity."

"Russia?"

"No; certainly not—England."

"What are you like?"

"From Bregenz."

"And from Constance by Lindau?" asked he, quickly, as he read from a slip of paper he had just drawn from his belt.

I assented, but not without certain misgivings, as I saw so much was known as to my movements.

"Now for your passport. Let me see it," said the corporal again. "Just so," said he, folding it up; "traveling on foot, and marked 'suspected.'"

Though he muttered these words to his companion, I perceived that he cared very little for my having overheard them.

"Suspected of what, or by whom?" asked I, angrily.

Instead of paying any attention to my question the two men now conversed together in a low tone and confidentially.

"Come," said I, with an assumed boldness, "if you have quite done with that passport of mine, give it to me, and let me pursue my journey."

So eager were they in their own converse that this speech, too, was unheeded; and now, grown rasher by impunity and impatience, I stepped stoutly forward and attempted to take the passport from the soldier's hand.

"Sturm and Gewitter!" swore out the fellow, while he struck me sharply on the wrist, "do you mean to try force with us?" And the other drew his sabre, and flourishing it over his head, held the point of it within a few inches of my chest.

I can not imagine whence came the courage that now filled my heart, for I know I am not naturally brave, but I felt for an instant that I could have stormed a breach; and, with an insulting laugh, I said, "Oh, of course, cut me down. I am unarmed and defenseless. It is an admirable opportunity for the display of Austrian chivalry."

"Begin, Heinz. It's very hard not to slice off his ear," said the soldier, seeming to ask leave for this act of valor.

"Get out your cords," said the corporal; "we're losing too much time here."

"Am I a prisoner, then?" asked I, in some trepidation.

"I suspect you are, and likely to be for some time to come," was the gruff answer.

"On what charge—what is alleged against me?" cried I passionately.

"What has sent many a better-looking fellow to Spielberg," was the haughty rejoinder.

"If I *am* your prisoner," said I, haughtily—"and I warn you not at once of your peril in daring to arrest a British subject travelling peacefully—You are not going to tie my hands? You are not going to treat me as a felon?" I screamed out these words in a voice of wildest passion, as the soldier and his assistant closed for the purpose, was now proceeding to tie my wrists together with a stout cord, and in a manner that displayed very little concern for the pain he occasioned me.

As escape was totally out of the question, I threw upon them the last remnant of dignity I had left, but upon eloquence. I really wish I could remember even faintly the outline of my indignant harangue, for my only means a fluent German, the indignation that makes men poets converted me into a great master of prose, and I will go even a vast deal further—but not complimentary, traits of the land they belonged to. I gave, too, a rapid historical sketch of their campaigns against the French, showing how they were always beaten, the only novelty being whether they ran away or captivated. I reminded them that the victory over me would be borne through Europe, being the only successful achievement of their arms for the last half-century. I expressed a fervent hope that the corporal would be decorated with the "Maria Theresa," and his companion obtain the "valor medal," for what they had done. When I had finished, apparently in the present state of their finances, but rank and honor certainly ought to await them. I don't know if this weak period of my persecution it was that I was literally "pulled up," each of the horsemen holding a line fastened to my wrists, and my one a drag forward that nearly carried me off my feet and flat on my face. I stumbled, but recovered myself; and now saw that, bound as I was, with a gentleman on each side of me, I required all the activity I could muster to keep my legs.

Another whispered conversation now took place between them, and I thought I heard the words Bregenz and Feldkirch interchanged, giving me to surmise that they were discussing to which place they should march me. My faint hope of returning to the former town was, however, soon extinguished, as the corporal, turning to me, said, "Our orders are to bring you alive to head-quarters. We'll do our best; but if, in crossing these torrents, you prefer to be drowned, it's no fault of ours."

"Do you mean by that," cried I, "that I am to be dragged through the water in this fashion?"

"I mean that you are to come along as best you may."

"It is all worthy of you, quite worthy!" screamed I, in a voice of wildest rage. "You reserve all your bravery for those who can not resist you—and you are right, for they are your only countrymen. Base beast you!—here they chucked me close up, and dashed into the stream. "The Prussians beat you!" I was now up to the waist in water. "The Swiss beat you!" Down I went over head and ears. "The French always—thrashed you"—down again—"by Jupiter, Ammon, and Aesculapius!"—nearly suffocated, I yelled out, "Wagram!"—and down I went, never to know any further consciousness, for I felt myself lying on the sanked and muddy road, and heard a gruff voice saying, "Come along—we don't intend to pass the night here!"

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AND FROM THE NEW YORK MERCURY.

Thinking you from Bald-Faced.—Now, we find the well-known druggists, Messrs. Horace L. Hegeman & Co., of No. 34 William Street, announce themselves as the American agents of Bellingham's Celebrated Stimulating Onguent for the whiskers and beard. This article is extensively used in London and Paris by all who yearn to possess luxuriant whiskers, mustache, and capillary locks. It is warranted to bring out a thick set of whiskers or a mustache in from three to six weeks.—*Sunday Mercury, Feb. 17, 1861.*

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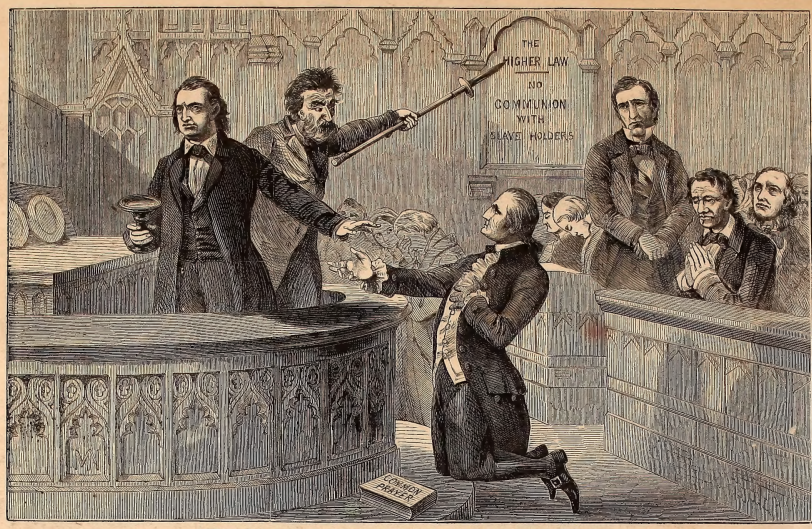

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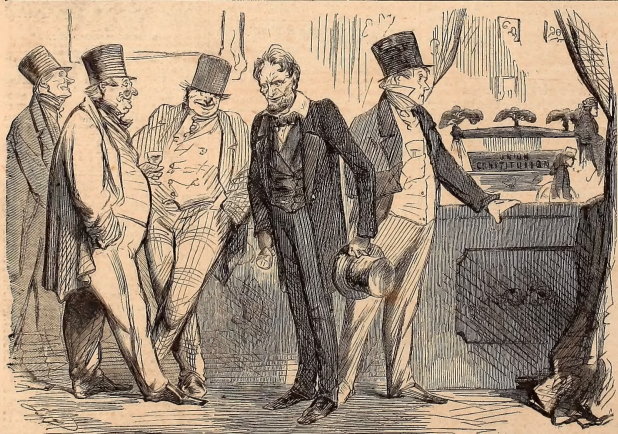

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It will save in washing, in bringing up one child, more than its cost, and much OF THE TIME and attention of mother and nurse.

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VOL. V.—No. 219.] NEW YORK, SATURDAY, MARCH 9, 1861. [PRICE FIVE CENTS.

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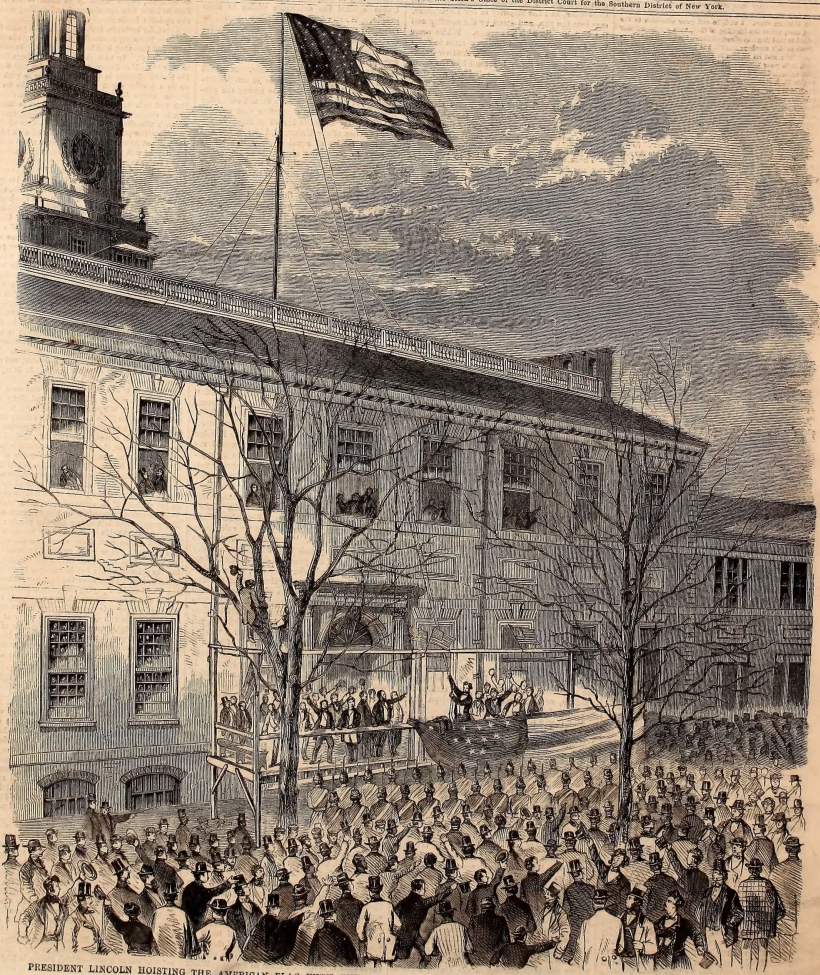


PRESIDENT LINCOLN HOISTING THE AMERICAN FLAG WITH THIRTY-FOUR STARS UPON INDEPENDENCE HALL, PHILADELPHIA, FEBRUARY 22, 1861.
FROM PHOTOGRAPHS BY F. D. RICHARDS, PHILADELPHIA.—[SEE NEXT PAGE.]

PRESIDENT LINCOLN HOISTING THE AMERICAN FLAG.

We publish on the preceding page a picture—from photographs taken at the time—of Mr. Lincoln raising the stars and stripes opposite Independence Hall, Philadelphia, on the morning of Washington's birthday. Just in front of the main entrance to the State House, and but a few feet from the sacred hall of liberty, a large platform had been erected for the President-elect to stand upon before the people while he raised the starry banner of the republic. The elevation, nearly six feet, enabled a vast multitude to observe every thing enacted thereon. The front and sides of the stage were wrapped around with an American flag, while lesser flags floated from the stanchions.

Before the flag was raised, a prayer was offered, and Mr. S. Benton, on behalf of the city of Philadelphia, addressed Mr. Lincoln in words of welcome. The President replied as follows:

"FELLOW-CITIZENS,—I am invited and called before you to participate in raising above Independence Hall the flag of our country, with an additional star upon it. [Cheers.] I propose now, in advance of performing this very pleasant and complimentary duty, to say a few words. I propose to say that when that flag was originally raised here it had but thirteen stars. I wish to call your attention to the fact that, under the blessing of God, each additional star added to that flag has given additional prosperity and happiness to this country, until it has attained to its present condition; and its welfare in the future, as well as in the past, is in your hands. [Cheers.] Cultivating the spirit that animated our fathers, who gave separation and liberty to this Hall, cherishing that fraternal feeling which has so long characterized us as a nation, avoiding passion, intemperance, and precipitate action on all occasions, I think we may promise ourselves that not only the new star placed upon that flag shall be permitted to remain there as a permanent prosperity for years to come, but additional ones shall from time to time be added, and upon each new number, as was anticipated by the great historian, five hundred millions of happy and prosperous people. [Great applause.] With these few remarks, I proceed to the very agreeable duty assigned me."

We copy from the Philadelphia *Press* the following account of the actual raising of the flag:

"The excitement was of a fearful character when the President-elect seized the rope to hoist the flag of the country to the crest of the staff over the State House. The mode of all seemed starting from their eyes, and every throat was wide. The shouts of the people were like the roar of waves which do not cease to break. For full five minutes the cheers continued. The expression of the President-elect was that of silent content. His hat was drawn over his head. Each hand alternately pulled at the halyards, and a bundle of bunting, tri-colored, which had never been kissed by the wind before, slowly rose into the sky. If the shouting had been fearful and tumultuous before, it became absolutely unearthly now. From the smallest urchin in the tall form which rivaled the Presidents in compass of chest and length of limb, there rose a wild cry. It reminded us of some of the sacred shouts which rang among the Scottish hills in the days of clans and claymores. Suddenly, when the flag was about to reach the summit of the mast it unrolled at once, and blazed in the sunlight. At the same moment the band struck up the Star Spangled Banner, and a cannon roared in the square sent up peal after peal. Mr. Lincoln was then escorted to his hotel, and in a short time the crowd had melted away, many going back to their yet untasted breakfast, and the rest moving off as business or pleasure prompted."

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

SATURDAY, MARCH 9, 1861.

RECONSTRUCTION.

AT last the practical statesmen of the country seem to see the way clear to a settlement of the pending political trouble, which has endangered the existence of our Confederacy. It seems pretty certain that the only obstacles to certain points not inconsistent with the statement of principles on which President Lincoln claimed the sufferings of his fellow-citizens in November last, the Border Slave States can be retained in the Union. Whatever obstacles of detail may intervene, experienced observers are satisfied that a compromise will shortly be made which may conserve the allegiance of Virginia, North Carolina, Delaware, Maryland, Missouri, Kentucky, Tennessee, and Arkansas to the Union, and which, so far as those States are concerned, will enable the new Administration to enter upon its career with a fair measure of tolerant support. If, as is expected, such men as JOHN A. GILMER, of North Carolina, ANDREW JOHNSON of EMERSON ETHERIDGE, of Tennessee, and MR. HOLT, of Kentucky, are invited to occupy seats in the new Cabinet, that support would naturally become active and energetic.

The prospect is, of course, bitter and nauseous to the old political leaders: it is natural they should repine at the overwhelming and sweeping them from the political arena. For a large segment of a century Senators Mason and Hunter, of Virginia, for instance, have been the most powerful personages in Administrative circles. The one, at the head of the Senate Committee on Foreign Affairs, has really regulated our foreign relations for more than ten years. No foreign minister could be appointed, no message sent forth, no treaty ratified, no line of foreign policy determined, save with his consent. Congress, the President, the Secretary of State, have all been his servants. The power which in foreign countries is divided between the Executive, the Minister of Foreign Affairs, and the legislative body has all been wielded by him. Can it be a matter of surprise that he should cling to it, and should welcome a general catastrophe to hide his own overthrow? The other Virginia Senator has been for nearly sixteen years Chairman of the Senate Committee on Ways and Means. According to Parliamentary usage, he is the leader of the Senate. He has been, as the custom is, dictator in his Committee, which is dictator in the Senate, on all money bills. No tariff, or loan, or appropriation bill has ever passed against his opinion. In all matters involving the collection or the expenditure of money, or the regulation of the national finances and currency, his will has been supreme. The President and the Secretary of the Treasury have been his servants. Does any one who knows anything of human nature suppose that such power can be relinquished without bitterness of heart, and even frantic struggles?

Happily for the country, the interest of Virginia is not entirely in the hands of her Senators. She has noble sons—Clemens, and Summers, and Millson, and Rives, and scores of others—who will maintain the honor of the Old Dominion, if it be pressed. Sam Houston and Emerson Etheridge stand like the brave old Romans at the Sublician Bridge, and their people triumphantly sustain them. So will North Carolina. There are diminished heroes too; but the real chief of the North Carolina delegation, and one of the most practical of the Southern leaders in Congress, JOHN A. GILMER, is square and uncompromisingly for the Union.

These brave men are entitled to such concessions from the extreme men North and South as may deem requisite to enable them to fight successfully against disunion at home. This is not a crisis to stand upon niceties of doctrine, or exact abstract principles. The practical politicians know that the policy of governments must not disdain to respect the temporary and erroneous passions and prejudices of the masses. Threatened—if you will—by the North with coercion—that the Southern rebellion against the election of a sectional President is treason, and liable to punishment—is it wise, is it prudent, is it possible for the South to do any thing but, better to deal with it as a fact, and so handle it that it may yield by-and-by to its own inherent weakness and the vice of its origin? If rulers had always yielded to the impulse of popular passion and prejudice, there would have been no government on earth at the present time. The oldest and best of the free governments in the world, that of England, has constantly repeatedly yielded to popular pressure, and her best statesmen have repeatedly sacrificed their own convictions to temporary exigencies, wisely deeming that popular drives within demanded the elements of their own correction, while civil war nursed no germs but hate, strife, blood, ruine, and ruin. Nor need we go abroad for examples of the wisdom of submission to error, and compromise with prejudice. The formation of the Confederacy was a wonderful instance of compromise. Our first President, General Washington, did not hesitate to make his own designs to adopt the views of others which he deemed less sound—for the sake of peace. For the sake of peace, Jefferson, as we learn from his writings, made sacrifices of his own principles on numberless occasions. So did Madison, Monroe, and Adams. Jackson, who is so often quoted as an example by the opponents of compromise, did finally compromise in the most open way to avoid a civil war with the little State of South Carolina—when the other Southern States were ready to crush her out as a rebellious province. In a free State Government, like all other Governments, like every collective body, like every family, rests upon the corner-stone of conservatism—the yielding by each component part of something for the general good. It is not possible that in the present day of enlightenment, civilization, progress, and commerce these obvious truths should be ignored.

But, it will be said, what of the Gulf States? Without some security for their return to the Union, reconstruction is incomplete, and the North, if they stay out, will have compromised in vain.

We believe that the work of reconstruction is proceeding in the Gulf States. The Montgomery Convention has elected a very moderate man for President, and the most emphatic enemy of disunion for Vice-President. It has appointed a commissioner of the United States, and has altered none of the laws, and displaced none of the officials appointed by the General Government. Mr. DAVIS has bestirred himself actively and energetically, no money-loan or emission as would impede reconstruction. His cabinet consists of Union men. The only South Carolinian, who had the courage to avow himself a friend of the Union, is also the only South Carolinian invited to a seat in the administration. You find nowhere in the proceedings at Montgomery any indorsement of the extreme *per se* disunionists. More than this, more than one half the ties existing between the Gulf States and the Union remain unsevered. The United States mail is carried throughout the seceding States. "Foreigners" in Alabama prepay letters to other "foreigners" in Georgia with United States postage stamps. Postmaster Huger, at Charleston, sends regularly to Washington for stamps and blanks, which he receives as usual. The United States patent laws and copyright laws still obtain. Youths from Georgia, Mississippi, and Alabama are still in their classes at West Point and Annapolis. Not only five per cent. of the Southern officers in the United States army and navy have resigned their commissions. There has been a liberal change in the revenue service. The United States collectors sell themselves collectors for their several States. But they collect duties under the United States laws, and remit to the Treasury. It seems that States will account for the money by-and-by. South Carolina, on the eve of certain secession, still sent her census returns faithfully to Washington. Surely this is a very mild kind of separation.

It would undoubtedly be a very mischievous undertaking to keep half a dozen States in the Union against the deliberate wishes of their people. Whatever popular feeling—roused to frenzy by the seizure of forts, arsenals, revenue cutters, and mints—might prompt on the spur of the moment, there could be no question but the enterprise of holding the Union together by force would ultimately prove futile. It would be in violation of the principle of our institutions. But it is reasonable to survey the proceedings of the Gulf States in their Convention without coming to the conclusion that there is a large party in those States in favor of the maintenance of the Union, and that a fair and generous tender of equal rights, and a kindly attempt to disabuse their people of the prejudices engendered by secession would give that party the control of all the Gulf States, even including South Carolina. Time will certify this. As the leaders of the Southern Confederacy see that the people will not push difficulties of their position, they will find it much harder than they supposed to tear asunder a confederacy so closely knit together as ours. The passion of secession, amidst popular pomp, clamor, bell-ringing, and the firing of salutes, the muster of brave young men for the attack of forts, and the discussion of new flags and new governments, is by far too easy and very pleasant work. But when it comes to the organization of a new postal system at a dead loss of some two millions a year, of a new revenue system on commercial principles, of a new scheme of taxation which takes money out of the pockets of poor and rich, of new copyright and patent systems, of new naval and military schools, and of all the new treaties with the world at large, the task will not prove so agreeable. Especially difficult will the negotiation of foreign treaties be found. Senator Mason, during all the whole power of the United States, has been accustomed, any time these ten years, to bully the world at large. But the Foreign Minister of a Southern Confederacy would not find the task so easy. The dispatches in *gobemouche* newspapers have predicted a speedy recognition of a Southern Confederacy by the European Powers. But it is not likely that Great Britain, Russia, or France will acknowledge any such Confederacy till long after the United States had set the example. Englishmen and Frenchmen are universally what we call Garrisonians. Napoleon III. thinks negroes to their table, and permit their daughters to marry them. One of the prize scholars at the College St. Louis, at Paris, the other day, was a mulatto, who was specially commended by the Emperor. Alexandre Dumas himself is of negro extraction. As for England, more than one British Judge, sentencing the prisoner and holding the Queen's commission, is fully half negro; negroes are admitted to society in London; only the other day a high-bred girl of wealth, British family connection, took black Arvers, without the least objection from her friends. It has been suggested that the cotton question would rule the policy of Great Britain and France. This is true; but, fortunately, it does not rule as it does here. Traders are a part, but not the leading part of society. Both England and France went to war in 1854 in spite of the commercial interest, and, would be to stimulate British spinners to find new sources of supply.

If we of the North give our Southern friends time enough to overcome these difficulties fairly they will find that, after all, we are their best friends, and that they can gain nothing by throwing us off. It is well that they should try their experiment. If they can do better without us than with us, God forbid that we should keep them! If the Union is really injurious to them, Heaven forbid that we should insist on preserving it! But we think that, if they have time to consider the matter coolly, they will discover that it is best for them as for us. When they do, reconstruction will become a fact.

THE LOUNGER.

MAKING WATER RUN UP HILL.

THE other morning, quietly jogging along in a country stage, the Lounger heard an expression which was very amusing, and upon which, in the manner of Dr. Franklin and his whistle, he immediately fell to moralizing. It was in a retired and romantic region among the hills, and an aqueduct crossed the road, over the head of the passenger, upon its way from a spring in the hill-side to some factory below. Water, who sat opposite the Lounger, began to smile, and presently to laugh in a low voice, as he looked up the woody hill.

"Now," said he, "Joe was a good fellow—a mighty good fellow; yes, and a smart. But there was one thing that was always a leetle ahead of him, and that was to make water run up hill."

Then he laughed quietly to himself again, and his face beamed pleasantly, like the west when the sun sets softly. "Your Narrow Joe," he said, "Humph!" as a mere matter of courtesy apparently, not at all as if Joe had undertaken any very difficult task. But the Lounger, as is the habit of loungers, began instantly to think of all the Joes he knew who had always found making water run up hill a leetle ahead of them.

There, for instance, is Joe A, for fifteen years he has been pursuing Serena W, with his heart in his hand, and throwing it at her discretion but Joe A. it doesn't hit. In vain she smiles and begs him to save himself and spare the pains. Joe will ding to Serena. He is perfectly willing to pick it up as a brother's gift to a sister; but the word brother makes Joe frantic. In vain Serena shows by her smile that she has no heart to throw him in return—that she gave it long ago to a youth who died, and, carrying with him all his most precious possessions, it was buried with him. Joe will not believe; he will not believe; and to his last day he will wonder why on earth he could not make water run up hill.

There is Joe B, the poet. He believes in his poetry as Parson Adams believed in his sermons. He reads his verses to kind friends, and, as they read aloud by his side, and smoke his cigars, they say to him, "By Jove, what publishers are you going to let bring them out?" Could any prodigy a kind world is constantly at such comfortable quarters? In vain Joe sends an ode privately to the newspapers. They will not publish it. In vain he hints around to the magazines. They are respectfully declined. In vain he besieges the publishers in their counting-rooms. They bluff him off, and how like it is! In vain more judicious friends suggest that his verses are not remarkable. Joe only waxes indignant—he reads them at the additional expense of copy, and declares that he will bide his time. But he does not bide it. He frets in a burning fever to take the public arena. He pays for the insertion of some of his best lines in a popular journal. The Public agrees with Joe's judicious friends, and that capital, good fellow does not see that he is trying to make water run up hill.

And there is Joe C. He is rich and well, and an American citizen. He groans and sighs over his country. "Where are we drifting to? What is to become of me?" he asks and asks twenty times a day. He curses the politicians, the parties, the people. It all comes, he is sure, of our foul and corrupt partisans, the total want of principle in our public men, the grog-shop statesmanship of the country. But he stays in the country and rails and blusters and whines. He would not go to primary meetings. He would have nothing to do with filthy politics. He would be afraid of soiling his hands or as his pockets if he ventured into their society. Yet every thing depends upon him and such as he. The government is nothing but the people; and whoever shirks his political duty removes the strength and support of one stone from the edifice, and brings it just so much nearer the ground fall. Joe knows that he can not have a hat without paying the price of a hat; but he apparently seriously believes that he can have the best government in the world without paying any price of personal exertion and inconvenience whatever. Joe C. is the worst of all possible cases of one who is trying to make water run up hill. He is a clever man and a respectable man; but if the people of this country interpreted their duty as he does his, the country would go to utter ruin as soon as stuck, as getting water to run up hill was a leetle ahead of the original Joe.

MOTLEY'S HISTORY.

THE history of the great epoch of modern times is properly written by a son of the country which is the fairest flower and illustration of the spirit which was awakened at that epoch. The circle of the seventeenth century is the most fascinating, as well as momentous, of all the periods since the Christian era; for it was the theater of the final debate between the great systems of despotism and liberty; between freedom of thought and speech and the annihilation of the very fundamental conditions of human progress; between the Papacy and all its consequences and the Reformation with all its results.

Our own national existence, and the circumstances and spirit of the settlement of this country, are so directly referable to the events of that time, that the champions of religious liberty then should naturally be our household heroes now. The Netherlands were the battle-field of Christian civilization and political progress; and the great captains in that battle, whether they fought with sword or pen, or, as was most generally the case, with both, were, upon the side of religious liberty, men whose fame makes the most splendid era of their countries.

It was Elizabeth's England—the greatest monarch and the most illustrious subjects that that country has ever seen—which stands in history as the final saucer of the cause, which is our cause

and that of the future. But the vanguard and the faithful early fighters were the Dutch, with William the Silent for their leader—the ablest and the most illustrious prince in Europe.

Five years ago Mr. Motley opened the great drama by his "History of the Dutch Republic." His name had been known for a moment in the history of our literature some fifteen years before, when he had published a novel which have hardly survived to this time. He was, therefore, an unknown author, who could claim for his work only its intrinsic interest, leaving to the reader to discover whether it had derived any charm from the author's own power and treatment; and never was there a more legitimate success. The profound, extensive, and accurate original research which was every where evident secured the utmost faith in the fidelity of life record, and the vivid, picturesque, impassioned movement of the style fascinated the most cursory and careless reader.

Mr. Motley's great merits as a historian are the patient and exhaustive research of the scholar; the instinctive apprehension of the pivotal points, which reveals the sagacity of the practical observer; and the sensitive imagination, the luminous humor, the manly sympathy, and the vivid delineation of the poet and literary artist. His style is often careless, but it is never finical. He does not sacrifice the force of his description to any fancied necessity of rounding each cadence in a sentence. One secret of his charm is the hearty admiration of what is admirable, and the honest contempt of duplicity and meanness. The former quality, too, he is fully just to ability which he thinks mistakenly applied. His pictures of Philip Second of Spain, and, both as different as they are, of Philip's great lieutenant, Alexander Farnese, Prince of Parma, are not less masterly than his portrait, tender and yet unfathomable homage, of William of the subdued and pensive sketch of Aldegonde, or the radiant picture of Sir Philip Sidney, who flashes, bright and beautiful hero, across the living page of the story!

"The gummy bridle glittered free
Like to some branch of stars we see
Hung in the golden galaxy.
The bridle bells rang merrily,
As he rode down to Cumelot—
And
From the bank and from the river
He flashed into the crystal mirror.
"Tirra lirra," by the river.
Sang Sir Lancelot."

Throughout the work there is the consciousness of jocund enthusiasm in the writer, of the most vital interest in the triumph of the great, modern, American principle opposed to all the pomp and power of heavy prejudice and reverend authority—and it gives a delightful elasticity to the narration, which otherwise were nothing else. For pleasure Mr. Motley by the other popular historians, we shall find that he has less elaboration as a literary artist than Prescott; less technical elegance and passionlessness than Prescott; less massive splendor than Bancroft; but more human warmth and glowing sympathy than any of them, which, with a boyish frankness, goes right to the heart. You thank the ardent, eloquent friend as he tells the story to you, and you press his hand with personal affection as you reluctantly separate. Mr. Motley is to be envied both for his happy selection of a theme and for his delightful treatment of it. He is still a young man, and there is every reason in the history of the Thirty Years' War, which is the natural sequel of his present subject, we feel that it is a promise which he can easily fulfill, and which the world will not readily forgive him for not fulfilling.

THE MODESTY OF THE FOURTH ESTATE.

A NEWSPAPER is notoriously the most modest thing going: and the only difficulty with it is, that it distrusts the common sense of every body else. For you may be observed that in nothing does a newspaper has occasion to mention its own name in company with the names of its contemporaries, it always prints it Italics and itself in small capitals. You may also have remarked that, if every newspaper had the same piece of intelligence this morning, and has occasion to refer to it to-morrow, it speaks of the news which appeared in itself the day before, as if it were not in every paper and a matter of common notoriety, so that it would be just as sensible to say, "Yesterday, the 22d, being, as the (here follows the title of the paper in small capitals) announced, the birthday of Washington." Still further you will have observed that each paper compliments itself, and ignores every other, except to sneer at it or snub it or quote it in support of its own opinion.

And most interesting is the childlike innocence with which the *Morning Sunbeam* informs us, in a telegram from Washington, that the views of the *Sunbeam* are awaited with profound interest; that the sentiments of the *Sunbeam* are having a prodigious influence upon Congress; that the article of Wednesday morning in the *Sunbeam* is conceded to have been the clearest and most brilliant statement of the question yet made.

In like manner the remarks of the gentlemen corresponding for the *Sunbeam*, who "*have reason to know*;" who "*have been informed by the highest authority*" who "have just heard the Honorable Lemuel Lickspittle declare that the milky white has plenty of room" in it," who "meet to-day with the counsels of the *Sunbeam* are not implicitly followed;" and who "learn that the course recommended by the *Sunbeam* is the only one that can save the country." All these remarks are, considered in themselves, novel and delightful; but by simultaneous and persistent appearance in a hundred *Sunbeams*, they somehow at last lose the relish of novelty and interest. And inasmuch as event, whatever they are, always justify the prognostications of the *Sunbeam*, whatever they may have been, "as may be seen upon reference to our files."

* Room!—Ed.

(every body keeps files of newspapers nowadays), why, it is perhaps superfluous to say so three or four times a week.

The newspapers ought to remember that the Court should be supposed to understand at least some law. The public, for instance, is perfectly aware that every newspaper in the land is the most enterprising, sagacious, independent, honest, characteristic, truly conservative, safe, trustworthy, interesting, enlightened, virtuous, candid, conscientious of all conceivable newspapers: and that every other is the meanest, slowest, flattest, falsest, most untrustworthy, illiberal, partisan, reckless, factic, dangerous, infidel, dull, ridiculous, malicious, and contemptible sheet that was ever spawned.

The public knows all this to begin with, and does not require to be reminded of it every morning. We all know that when the *Sunbeam* prints that important remark of the Hon. L. Lickspittle in its telegraphic column, that the *Auroral Aurora* of to-morrow morning will print in its telegraphic column—The ridiculous remark attributed to the Hon. Mr. Lickspittle is, as you probably were already convinced by the source whence it emanated, a tissue of falsehood and calumny. The reasons of such wholesale defamation are evident enough. What a pity that the character of the whole newspaper press should be open to suffer from the malice of the most contemptible of its members! The leader in yesterday's *Arrow* causes a visible fluttering among the nerves of the Hon. That shaft rankles deep. The Honorable Dimity Tuppet has stepped up on a piece of orange-peel yesterday evening; but, upon the whole, things are steadier. It is now generally understood that the fever two make four. Don't credit any thing in the *Sunbeam* to the contrary."

"WHEN I BECAME A MAN—"

SOME Loungers besides the present one may remember a hideous midnight procession two or three years ago through the streets of the city, composed of men dressed like carmen—like carmen and sempstresses. Is it with the "Goose and Compasses" in London? No; it is the "Goat and Compasses." A little sheep, and a pitiful of dirt, and a canoe, and bandage, and guttural voice, and tying in coffins, and fearful oath, and clashing sword, and velvet hat with plumes, and solemn effort many constitutions. The performances of secret societies not for words would the Lounger violate his awful oath to the —— and the —— and the —— are really very absurd. Every boy is impressed with a ridiculous self-consciousness, and feels painfully inadequate to the occasion. And in saying so no secret is revealed. Every man who belongs to some secret society. Every body wears a mystic key, or badge, or pin, or indulges in the secret sign during business hours. What is the good of lying to forget it? How significantly some comely stranger stares you in the face while performing some extraordinary gesticulation which you know you ought to remember, and don't! How pleasantly you beam, as if you knew all about it, and were tasting the rarest enjoyment from the mystic communion!

But in our country every secret society which has a political object must be at once suppressed with a ridiculous self-consciousness, and feels painfully inadequate to the occasion. And in saying so no secret is revealed. Every man who belongs to some secret society. Every body wears a mystic key, or badge, or pin, or indulges in the secret sign during business hours. What is the good of lying to forget it? How significantly some comely stranger stares you in the face while performing some extraordinary gesticulation which you know you ought to remember, and don't! How pleasantly you beam, as if you knew all about it, and were tasting the rarest enjoyment from the mystic communion!

But in our country every secret society which has a political object must be at once suppressed and condemned. In this country, what can be rightfully done should be openly done. You need have no secrets from your neighbor that you mean well to him and the rest. It is a government of opinion, and opinion is not changed by skulls embroidered upon the arm, or a *grand-scheme* incantation. A secret political society—from the very nature of a conspiracy, and in this country no man who is in earnest prefers to conspire. Nor is there any need of doing so if the majority is honorable. There may be gratification to the part of us that love to conspire rather than light, in a deep conspiracy; but it is a gratification that in no make themselves fools in order that they may be fairer knaves.

Secrecy in military movements is right, but such movements imply a state of war. Secret political societies in a popular republic mean only conspiracy against the majority. They may be by no means intentional upon the part of all. The very object of the leaders is to seduce the many by exciting curiosity and playing upon the love of mystery and disobey which lurks in all childish minds. This is an influence which in some charitable and moral minds ignorantly exercised, as that of the politics it is another thing. Let us hope that the Sons of Malta have grown to be men, and have therefore put away childish things.

"GENTEEL" ENGLISH.

THE last *Cornhill*, under the title of "Samples of Fine English," treats, good-humoredly, of the curious words which the Lounger has sometimes rapped over the knuckles, of using stilted instead of the simple and sinewy words of the language. The style is always in danger of having his head broken; but nobody can be blind to the sense and simplicity under his protection. Vanity, Sir, quoth Parson Adams: my best sermon is upon Vanity, Sir. And, in like manner, the Lounger has a sermon about laying hands upon doubtful and improper words, is very likely to be arrested himself for the very error he is exposing.

But the *Cornhill* hits right and left with unction, and doubtless not without effect. He asks, as indeed the Lounger had already asked, Why not say *begin* instead of *commence*; why not *dead* instead of *deceased*? It also observes the thin sport of making long words do duty for humor, and quotes Cuthbert Bede's advice to this end, "not to give vent to vociferations till he has emerged from the forest." This is a kind of writing meant for humorous of which we Americans are constantly guilty.

The writer is down upon "the poet Tupper." Is it not wonderful to think how people, and sensible people, were taken by the nose by Martin Farquhar Tupper, and led by him into admiration of his absurd Proverbial Philosophy? In fact, we are not quite cured of Tupper until he came over in person to show us what he really was, and very effectually prevented a relapse. Since the poet came, nobody has been known to suppose him other than a bore. He is now in the state of overwhelming assurance. Try a little Tupper, and see how droll the taste is.

He likes to say he has simple names," says the *Cornhill*, so he says *Many a fair flower is bedewed with preparatives appetizences*. He explains *preparatives* as *a to stop to conjugities, to be keen in catching likeness. And with energetic elasticity to keep the gulfs of contrast.* And what laws *to keep the self-raised emanations from the self-poised character of God.*

How incredible that this stuff was read and seriously praised!

If a man doubts the value of simplicity in language, let him hear any really popular and effective speaker, and mark how the words hit the thought upon the head and the point with meaning. Dr. Johnson was speaking of some book: "Sir," he said, "it has not wit enough to keep it sweet;" then recollecting himself, he translated it into Johnsonese. "It has not vitality enough to preserve it from putrefaction." Let us, then, say the *Cornhill*, and let this *Weekly* and the sensible article—call a spade a spade. Let us use the plainest and shortest words that will grammatically and gracefully express our meaning.

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

A FEW SIMPLE REASONS AGAINST SMOKING.

(*Principally addressed to* BENJAMIN BROWN, *in answer to his Letter to the Editor of this Journal.*)

BY THE MOTHER OF A LARGE FAMILY, AND THE WIDOW OF THREE HUSBANDS, WHO ALL SMOKED.

1. Because it injures the complexion.
2. Because it is injurious to the furniture generally.
3. Because it is a nuisance to be shaken in the room when the gentlemen have been smoking overnight.
4. Because it is a nuisance to be shaken in the next morning.
5. Because it keeps persons up to late hours, when every respectable person ought to be in bed.
6. Because it makes the house, the man's clothes, and his beard, and his hair, and his whiskers, and his whole body, the dirtiest objects in creation, and it is positively uncomfortable sometimes to go near him.
7. Because it is a most objectionable fact not only injures those who partake of it, but has the further effect of tainting the ladies out of the room.
8. Because it is a most expensive habit which the smoker, not participating in its so-called enjoyments, can not possibly indulge in, without depriving his constitutions, to say nothing of the many comforts and new dresses that their dear wives and children might have had if they had deprived or, supposing the same amount of money had only been expended in the usual way.
9. Because it gives extra trouble to the servants who have to clean the rooms, and to make the beds next morning.
10. Because how are one's daughters to get married, if the gentlemen are all addicted to sit up in a separate room paying court to their filthy pipes and cigars?
11. Because it is a most unfeminine habit, which is wedded to it, for the refining influences of female society.
12. Because it is a most disgusting habit, ringing, flirting, and all rational enjoyments.
13. Because it is a custom originally imported from the savages.
14. Because we see the nations that smoke the most are mostly the uncivilized, heavenly, dreadful, dreamt, dreamest, smoke, and worthless beings that encumber.
15. Because many young men are capable of exalting so much smoke—the face of the earth.
16. Because when a man says he is going out to smoke a cigar, there's no knowing what mischief he is bent upon, or the harm the cigar may do him, if he does get into it.
17. Because it is not allowed in the Palace, or Windsor Castle, or in the Queen's presence, Heaven bless her.
18. Because the majority of husbands only do it because they know it is offensive to their wives.

And a thousand other good reasons, if one only had the time, patience, or inclination to enumerate them all. Pray did Adam smoke?

MR. JOHN Bright tells us to take United States institutions for our model. Does he mean that the recommendation to United States Cabinet Ministers? Ought Lord Herbert of Lea, Mr. Gladstone, and Sir Cornewall Lewis, to imitate Secretary of War in Mr. Buchanan's Administration?—*London Punch.*

A GOVERNOR.—Considering the line Governor Pickens has taken in regard to the Federal property in South Carolina, we should suggest the appointment of one addition to the list of his honorifics: he known as GOVERNOR PICKENS AND STEALIN'S.—*London Punch.*

CURIOUS COINCIDENCE.—Who will maintain there is nothing in the old Greek doctrine that nouns have a mysterious influence over their adjectives, when the Spanish minister, whose diplomatic duties have involved him in Feuds the Seven Seas, Guests, should be the Count De Lomb? Only the spelling should be corrected like this.

BOWYER'S BEST.—If a young lady was entering a convent, and a feeling of regret came over her, what kind of grief would you call it?

An unavailing *groan-a-setting!*

A QUESTION THAT HAS NEVER BEEN ANSWERED YET.—Can a cow jump?

A FLING AT A FOGARS. FASHION.—If ladies will wear hoops, they necessarily make themselves bores.

THE PARIS *Charivari* lately gave an account of an aeriform gentleman, who had written a few act plays, and proposed to an elderated dramatists to divide with him the profits of his productions. A very common practice in Paris, which explains the frequency of many French writers' pieces. The dramatist, otherwise engaged, declined the offer in the following terms: "I can not accept your proposition, Sir. It is written in Scripture—'Thou shalt not go halves on with the sin.'" Hereupon the unreliable collaborator left in a rage, and the next morning the dramatist received a challenge, commencing thus: "Sir,—You insinuated yesterday that I am an ox," etc. etc.

A Frenchman, being about to remove his shop, his landlord insisted the reason, stating, as the sum total, that it was considered a very good stand for business. The Frenchman replied, with a shrug of the shoulder, "Oh yes, he's very good *stand* for the business; by ear, me *stand* all day, for nobody ever come to make me more!"

A NEW MEDICINE.—A poor woman, understanding that Dr. Dodgem was a physician, and hearing of his great humanity, solicited him, by letter, to send her something for her husband, who had lost his appetite, and was reduced to a most melancholy state. The good-natured waited on her instantly, and, after some discourse with the patient, he found him thinking with sickness and fear from him in the first day, when he would send him supplies, which he believed would prove efficacious. He immediately went home and put into a phial two or three pills the following habit: "These must be used as necessary, by the patient, out of good hands." The poor woman, with this prescription to the comfortless mourner, who found it contained a remedy superior to any thing Galen or his disciples could ever administer.

A PUNY had climbed a considerable way up the usual tree, on the top of which, when a gentleman's stranger to the rest of the company, who had given frequent loud hints of his being a man of superior knowledge, said to the guide:

"Tony, what is the highest part of this mountain?"

"The top, Sir," replied the guide.

A chimney-sweeper's boy went into a baker's shop for a penny loaf, and something to be diminutive in size, remarked to the baker that he did not believe it was weight. "Never mind that," said the man of dough, "you will have *the less to carry home*." "True," replied the boy, and then threw the halfpence on the counter, left the shop. The baker called after him, crying, "Stop! you have not money enough.—"Never mind that," said young sooty, "you will have *the less to eat*."

A former in the West of England, who has two handsome daughters, would not permit them to keep the company of young men after dark. After the old man retired to rest, the girls would hang a sheet out of the window, and each lover, with the assistance of his lady, would gain admittance. It so happened that one evening the girls were rather more than usually engaged in the performance of the article, could not conjecture the meaning of it, so he caught hold of the sheet and proceeded to pull it down. The gentleman, supposing it to be one of their sweet-hearts, gave a jerk, and did not let go. The consequence was, that the old man's head was level with the window-sill, when one of them exclaimed, "Oh, Sir, let go the sheet!" and letting go the sheet, down came the old gentleman to the ground with a tremendous shrinking. Without allowing all opposition to their keeping company, he was soon a father-in-law.

EX-MAYOR Harper, as is well known, is a strong temperance man, and much opposed to pipe-going; but, as all Father Harper's friends are playful and humorous, as he thought he had a festival associate of the cobbler, who has been in the habit of smoking, he found out his nature, when his doctor told him it was the measles, fully testifies. A few days ago a friend in the evening accosted him thus: "I've been to Barnum's, Mr. Harper, and witnessed the performances in the Happy Family." It was quite a *spiritual* affair. I felt very much interested in it, and read the whole story as Wilkie Collins wrote it. The play-bill, I think, said it was published by you."

"Barnum is a d——d humbug," said Harper, "but I am sorry to see him bring the 'Woman in White' before the public in such a ridiculous condition."

"How is that?" inquired our Swamp friend.

"Well, the fact is," said Harper, and here he lowered his voice to a whisper, "Barnum's 'Woman in White' *partakes too much of the nature of the drum-s.*"

Our Swamp friend exploded, and as he knew it was useless to ask for more, he gave it vent and procured a copy of the "true and original Woman in White."

An eminent counsel was employed in an action against the proprietors of the Brighton Omnibus Coach. On the part of the defendant the coachman was called. Counsel, commencing his chief cross-examination, he was subject to the tender's cross-examination. Having laid up the facts in his mind, he called on the witness, and warning him to give a "precise answer" to every question, and not to look at the bar but to think the question meant, he proceeded thus: "You drive the Brighton coach, I believe?" "Yes, Sir." "Do you, when you set out from London, ever call—to—" "Why, man, did you not tell my counsel friend to this moment?—I tell you I did not."—"Well, I ask it of you—I put it to you upon your oath—do you not drive the Brighton coach?"—"Yes, Sir, I drive the horses."

An old lady, who was in the habit of declaring, after the occurrence of an unusual event, that she had predicted it, was one day asked how she really did by her worthy spouse, who, like many others we have heard of, had got tired of that eternal "I told you so." Rolling up her eyes, which breathless with excitement, he dropped into his chair, elevated his hands, and exclaimed, "Why, my dear, I told what—what do you think? The old brindle cow has gone and cut up at one of her capers!"

The old lady was ready; and hardly waiting to hear the last word, she cried out, "I told you so! my lungs, *I told you so, you old fool!—I told you so! You always would let it stay out o' doors!"

If an empty purse could speak, what love-like speech would it make?—"You'll find no change in me."

A gentleman wrote to Dr. Francis the following note: "DEAR DOCTOR,—I caught cold yesterday, and have got a little hoarse. Please to write what is best for me to take.—Yours, &c."

"DEAR F.,—For the cold, take half a pound of butter candy. For the little hoarse, buy a saddle and bridle, and ride home on it as soon as the first time we have pleasant weather.—YOURS, DR. F."

South South to Jones, it really is a sin
To see you not at church, and so I've come
To ask you, you're wrong, the place is owned, confound it—
Why will you not attend the parish church?

AN AWAKENING PREACHER.—"Jenny," said a South minister, stooping from his pulpit, "have ye got a green shawl?" "Yes, Sir," said Jenny. "Then stick it into that sleeping brute by your side."

Many a girl thinks she can do nothing without a husband, and when she gets one, finds she can do nothing with him.

During a recent fire an old woman was very anxious to go through a street which at the time was considered dangerous, but the firemen were unwilling. At length she pushed one of the policemen aside, when that worthy preserver of the peace exclaimed, "Now, Mum, you can't pass; if you do you'll be killed, and then you'll blame us afterward."

"What would our wives say if they knew where we were?" said the captain of a schooner, when they were boiling about in a heavy sea, fearful of going on shore. "Humph! I shouldn't mind that," replied the mate, "if we only knew where our wives were."

ENGLISH FRENCH.—A French gentleman was one day guessing a dog, when an English friend remarked that he seemed to speak French well. "I know a few dogs, Sir, and no asses;" and, in short, I do love every thing that is barked."

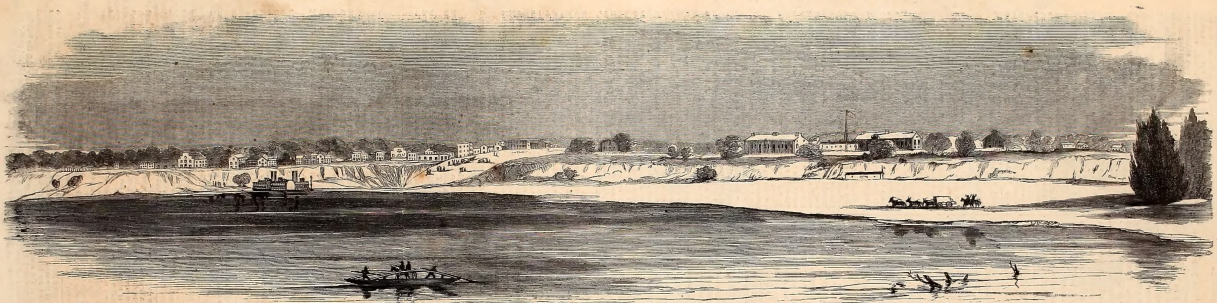
A witness in a court, speaking in a very harsh and loud voice, the lawyer employed on the other side exclaimed, "Police, why don't you take him to custody?"—"Bosmer," said the cadet, "I think I am a-thief."

Martagenble Indies should make a point of visiting the theatre before the curtain is drawn up: they would then be sure of an overture.

The greatest coward may avoid choking in his shoes by wearing loose or going barefooted.

What is the difference between a diseased potato and a bachelor?—Nates at all; for one is a *spectator* and the other a *beholder*.

A great curiosity is the derrick with which the "enthusiasm of the meeting was raised to the highest pitch."



CITY AND GARRISON OF FORT SMITH, ARKANSAS.

UNITED STATES ARSENAL AT LITTLE ROCK, ARKANSAS, SURRENDERED TO THE STATE TROOPS. FEBRUARY, 1861.—From a Drawing by a Government Draughtsman.—[See Page 155.]

MISS PATTERSON, OF BALTIMORE.—(FROM A PAINTING MADE IN 1815.)

"MISS PATTERSON," OF BALTIMORE.

THE portrait of "Miss Patterson," the first wife of the late Prince Jerome Bonaparte, which we publish herewith, is from a painting owned by her grandson, which represents her as she appeared in 1815. All our readers know, of course, that this lady is now prosecuting a suit in the French Courts for the recognition of her marriage with Jerome Bonaparte. The lady herself, though seventy-five years of age, has gone to Paris for the purpose, and is instructing her lawyers in person.

Those who wish to read a full account of the case we refer to No. 187 of *Harper's Weekly*, published on 28th July last, in which we narrated the eventful tale at length. Here we may briefly say that Jerome Bonaparte, a young man of twenty, commanding a French man-of-war, met at Baltimore, in 1804, Elizabeth Patterson, daughter of the President of the Bank of Baltimore; wooed and won her. They were married without the consent of Jerome's eldest brother and legal guardian, the Emperor.

When Napoleon heard of it he refused to consent; refused to suffer any court to register the marriage; refused to permit "Miss Patterson" to land at Amsterdam; and wrote, vainly, the following letter to the Pope to induce him to annul the marriage by bull:

"I have frequently spoken to your Holiness of a young brother, nineteen years of age, whom I sent in a frigate to America, and who, after a sojourn of a month, although a minor, married a Protestant, the daughter of a merchant of the United States. He has just returned. He is fully conscious of his fault. I have sent back to America Miss Patterson, who calls herself his wife. By our laws the marriage is null. A Spanish priest so far forgot his duties as to pronounce the benediction. I desire from your Holiness a bull annulling the marriage. I could easily have this marriage broken in Paris, since the Gallican Church pronounces such marriages null. But it appears better to me to have it done in Rome, on account of the example to sovereign families marrying Protestants. It is important for France that there should not be a Protestant young woman so near my person. It is dangerous that a minor and distinguished youth should be exposed to such seduction against the civil laws and all sorts of propriety."

The Emperor spoke the truth when he said that Jerome was "conscious of his fault." He was glad to accept an embassy to Algiers; and "Miss Patterson," broken-hearted, and with her son, returned to Baltimore, where she has lived quietly ever since. Jerome, as every body knows, subsequently married a princess of Wurtemberg, and had by her a son, the present Prince Napoleon, and his sister, the famous Princess Mathilde. It is to have the first marriage declared legal, and Napoleon and Mathilde pronounced illegitimate, that "Miss Patterson" is now suing in Paris. The case naturally excites great interest.

(Entered according to Act of Congress, in the Year 1860, by Harper & Brothers, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Southern District of New York.)

GREAT EXPECTATIONS.

A NOVEL.

By CHARLES DICKENS.

Splendidly Illustrated by John McLenan.

☞ Printed from the Manuscript and early Proof-sheets purchased from the Author by the Proprietors of "Harper's Weekly."

CHAPTER XXII.

MR. POCKET said he was glad to see me, and he hoped I was not sorry to see him. "For I really am not," he added, with his son's smile, "an alarming personage." He was a young-looking man, in spite of his perplexities, and his manner seemed quite natural. I use the word natural in the sense of its being unaffected; there was something comic in his distraught way, as though it would have been downright ludicrous but for his own perception that it was very near being so. When he had talked with me a little he said to Mrs. Pocket, rather anxiously, "Belinda, I hope you have welcomed Mr. Pip?" And she looked up from her book, and said, "Yes." She then smiled upon me in an indistinct state of mind, and asked me if I liked the taste of orange-flower water? As the question had no bearing, near or remote, on any foregone or subsequent transaction, I consider it to have been thrown out, like her previous approaches, in general conversational hospitality.

I found out within a few hours, and may mention it at once, that Mrs. Pocket was the only daughter of a certain quite accidental deceased Knight, who had invented for himself a conviction that his deceased father would have been made a Baronet but for somebody's determined opposition, arising out of entirely personal motives—I forget whose, if I ever knew them—to a foreign's, the Prime Minister's, the Lord Chancellor's, the Archbishop of Canterbury's, anybody's—and had tacked himself on to the nobles of the earth in right of this quite supposititious fact. I believe he had been knighted himself for storming the English grammar at the point of a pen in a desperate address engrossed on vellum, on the occasion of the laying of the first stone of some building or other, and handing some Royal Personage either the trowel or the mortar. Be that as it may, he had directed Mrs. Pocket to be brought up from her cradle as one who in the nature of things must marry a title, and who was to be guarded from the acquisition of plebeian domestic knowledge. So successful a watch and ward had been established over the young lady by this judicious parent that she had grown up highly ornamental, but perfectly helpless and useless. With her character thus happily formed, in the first bloom of her youth, she had encountered Mr. Pocket, who was also in the first bloom of youth, and not quite decided whether to mount to the Woolsack, or to roof himself in with a Mitre. As his doing the one or the other was a mere question of time, he and Mrs. Pocket had taken Time by the forelock (at a season when, to judge from its length, it would seem to have wanted cutting), and had married without the knowledge of the judicious parent. The judicious parent, having nothing to bestow or withhold but his blessing, had handsomely settled that dower upon them after a short struggle, and had informed Mr. Pocket that his wife was "a treasure for a Prince." Mr. Pocket had invested the Prince's treasure in the ways of the world ever since, and it was supposed to have brought in but indifferent interest. Still Mrs. Pocket was in general the object of a queer sort of respectful pity, because she had not married a title; while Mr. Pocket was the object of a queer sort of forgiving reproach because he had never got one.

Mr. Pocket took me into the house and showed me my room: which was a pleasant one, and so furnished as that I could use it with comfort for my own private sitting-room. He then knocked at the doors of two other similar rooms, and introduced me to their occupants, by name Drummle and Startop. Drummle, an old-looking young man of a heavy order of architecture, was whistling. Startop, younger in years and appearance, was reading and holding his head, as if he thought himself in danger of exploding it with too strong a charge of knowledge.

Both Mr. and Mrs. Pocket had such a noticeable air of being in somebody else's hands, that I wondered who really was in possession of the house and let them live there, until I found this unknown power to be the servants. It was a smooth way of going on, perhaps, in respect of saving trouble; but it had the appearance of being expensive, for the servants felt it a duty they owed to themselves to be nice in their eating and drinking, and to keep a deal of company down stairs. They allowed a very liberal table to Mr. and Mrs. Pocket; yet it always appeared to me that by far the best part of the house to have boarded in would have been the kitchen—always supposing the boarder capable of self-defense, for, before I had been there a week a neighboring lady, with whom the family were personally unacquainted, wrote in to say that she had seen Millers slapping the baby. This greatly distressed Mrs. Pocket, who burst into tears on receiving the note, and said it was an extraordinary thing that the neighbors couldn't mind their own business.

By degrees I learned, and chiefly from Herbert, that Mr. Pocket had been educated at Harrow and at Cambridge, where he had distinguished himself; but that when he had had the happiness of marrying Mrs. Pocket, very early in life, he had impaired his prospects and taken up the calling of a Grinder. After grinding a number of dull blades—of whom it was remarkable that their fathers, when influential, were always going to help him to preferment, but always forgot to do it when the blades had left the Grindstone—he had wearied of that poor work and come to London. Here, after gradually failing in loftier hopes, he had "read" with divers who had lacked opportunities or neglected them, and had refurbished them up others for special occasions, and had turned his acquirements to the account of literary compilation and correction, and on such means, added to some very moderate private resources, still maintained the house I saw.

Mr. and Mrs. Pocket had a toady neighbor—a widow lady of that highly sympathetic nature that she agreed with every body, blessed every body, and shed smiles and tears on every body according to circumstances. This lady's name was Mrs. Coiler, and I had the honor of taking her down to dinner on the day of my installation. She gave me to understand on the stairs that it was a blow to dear Mrs. Pocket that dear Mr. Pocket should be under the necessity of receiving gentlemen to read with him. That did not extend to Me, she told me in a gush of love and confidence (at that time I had known her something less than five minutes); if they were all like Me, it would be quite another thing.

"But dear Mrs. Pocket," said Mrs. Coiler, "after his early disappointment (not that dear Mr. Pocket was to blame in that), requires so much luxury and elegance—"

"Yes, Ma'am," said I, to stop her, for I was afraid she was going to cry.

"And she is of so aristocratic a disposition—"

"Yes, Ma'am," I said again, with the same object as before.

"—that it is hard," said Mrs. Coiler, "to have dear Mr. Pocket's time and attention diverted from dear Mrs. Pocket."

I could not help thinking that it might be harder if the butcher's time and attention were diverted from dear Mrs. Pocket; but I said nothing, and indeed had enough to do in keeping a bashful watch upon my company-manners.

It came to my knowledge through what passed between Mrs. Pocket and Drummle while I was attentive to my knife and fork, spoon, glasses, and other instruments of self-instruction, that Drummle, whose Christian name was Bentley, was actually the next heir but two to a baronetcy. It further appeared that the book I had seen Mrs. Pocket reading in the garden was all about titles, and that she knew the date at which her grandpapa would have come into the book, if he ever had come at all. Drummle didn't say much, but in his limited way (he struck me as a sulky kind of fellow) he spoke as one of the elect, and recognized Mrs. Pocket as a woman and a sister. No one but themselves and Mrs. Coiler, the toady neighbor, showed any interest in this part of the conversation, and it appeared to me that it was painful to Herbert; but it promised to last a long time, when the page came in with the announcement of a domestic affliction. It was, in effect, that the cook had "mislaid" the beef. Up my unutterable amazement, I now, for the first time, saw Mr. Pocket relieve his mind by going through a performance that struck me as very extraordinary, but which made no effect on any body else, and with which I soon became as familiar as the rest. He laid down the carving-knife and fork—being engaged in carving at the moment—put his two hands into his disturbed hair, and appeared to make an extraordinary effort to lift himself up by it. When he had done this, and had not lifted himself up at all, he quietly went on with what he was about.

Mrs. Coiler then changed the subject, and began to flatter me. I liked it for a few moments, but she flattered me so very grossly that the pleasure was soon over. She had a serpentine way of coming close at me when she pretended to be vitally interested in the friends and localities I had left, which was altogether snaky and fork-tongued; and when she made an occasional bounce upon Startop (who was very little), or upon Drummle (who said less, (I rather envied

"THIS CHAP MURDERED HIS MASTER."

them for being on the opposite side of the table.

After dinner the children were introduced, and Mrs. Coiler made admiring comments on their eyes, noses, and legs—a sagacious way of improving their minds. There were four little girls, and two little boys, besides the baby who might have been either, and the baby's next successor who was as yet neither. They were brought in by Flopson and Millers, much as though those two non-commissioned officers had been recruiting somewhere for children and had enlisted these: while Mrs. Pocket looked at the young Nobles that ought to have been, as if she rather thought she had had the pleasure of inspecting them before, but didn't quite know what to make of them.

"Here! Give me your fork, mum, and take the baby," said Flopson. "Don't take it that way, or you'll get its head under the table."

Thus advised, Mrs. Pocket took it the other way, and got its head upon the table; which was announced to all present by a prodigious concussion.

"Dear, dear! Give it me back, mum," said Flopson; "and Miss Jane come and dance to baby, do!"

One of the little girls—a mere mite, who seemed to have prematurely taken upon herself some charge of the others—stepped out of her place by me, and danced to and from the baby until it left off crying, and laughed. Then all the children laughed, and Mr. Pocket (who in the most charming manner had twice offered to lift himself up by the hair) laughed, and we all laughed and were glad.

Flopson, by dint of doubling the baby at the joints like a Dutch doll, then got it safely into Mrs. Pocket's lap, and gave it the nut-crackers to play with; at the same time recommending Mrs. Pocket to take notice that the handles of that instrument were not likely to agree with its eyes, and sharply charging the little boy to look after the same. Then the two nurses left the room, and had a lively scuffle on the staircase with a dissipated page who had waited at dinner, and who had clearly lost half his buttons at the gaming-table.

I was made very uneasy in my mind by Mrs. Pocket's falling into a discussion with Drummle respecting the dates of two baronetcies while she ate a sliced orange steeped in sugar and wine, and forgetting all about the baby on her lap, who did most appalling things with the nut-crackers. At length little Jane, perceiving its young brother to be imperiled, softly left her place, and with many small artifices coaxed the dangerous weapon away. Mrs. Pocket finishing her orange, and the scene time, and not approving of this, said to Jane:

"You naughty child, how dare you? Go and sit down this minute!"

"Mamma dear," lisped the little girl, "baby sod have put him eyeth out."

"How dare you tell me so?" retorted Mrs. Pocket. "Go and sit down in your chair this moment!"

Mrs. Pocket's dignity was so crushing that I felt quite abashed, as if I myself had done something to rouse it.

"Belinda," remonstrated Mr. Pocket from the other end of the table, "how can you be so unreasonable? Jane only interfered for the protection of baby."

"I will not allow any body to interfere," said Mrs. Pocket. "I am surprised, Matthew, that you should expose me to the affront of interference."

"Good God!" cried Mr. Pocket, in an outbreak of desolate despondency. "Are infants to be nut-screwed into their tombs, and a nobody to save them?"

"I will not be interfered with by Jane," said Mrs. Pocket, with a majestic glance at that innocent little offender. "I hope I know my poor grandpapa's position. Jane, indeed!"

Mr. Pocket got his head in his hair again, and this time really did lift himself some inches out of his chair. "Hear this!" he helplessly exclaimed to the elements. "Babies are to be nut-cracked dead, for people's poor grandpapa's positions!" Then he let himself down again, and became silent.

We all looked awkwardly at the table-cloth while this was going on. A pause succeeded, during which the honest and irrepressible baby made a series of leaps and crows at little Jane, who appeared to me to be the only member of the family (irrespective of servants) with whom it had any sort of social acquaintance.

"Mr. Drummle," said Mrs. Pocket, "will you ring for Flopson? Jane, you undutiful little thing, go and lie down. Now, baby darling, come with ma!"

The baby was the soul of honor, and protested with all its might. It doubled itself up the wrong way over Mrs. Pocket's arm, exhibited a pair of knitted shoes and dimpled ankles to the company, and kicked at its self-free, and was carried out in the highest state of mutiny. And it gained its point after all, for I saw it through the window within a few minutes, being nursed by little Jane.

It happened that the other five children were left behind in the dinner-table, through Flopson's having some private engagement and their not being any body else's business. I thus became aware of the mutual relations between them and Mr. Pocket, which were exemplified in the following manner. Mr. Pocket, with the normal perplexity of his face heightened and his hair rumpled, looked at them for some minutes as if he couldn't make out how they came to be boarding and lodging in that establishment, and why they hadn't been billeted by Nature on somebody else. Then, in a distant Missionary way, he asked them certain questions—as why Joe had not had tea in his frill: who said, Pa, Flopson was going to mend it when she had time—and how little Fanny came by that whitlow: who said, Pa, Millers was going to poultice it when she didn't forget. Then, he melted into parental tenderness, and gave them a shilling a piece and told them to go and play; and then as they went out, with one very strong effort to lift himself up by the hair, he dismissed the hopeless subject.

In the evening there was rowing on the river. As Drummle and Startop had each a boat I resolved to set up mine, and to cut them both out. I was pretty good at most exercises in which country-boys are adepts, but as I was conscious of wanting elegance of style for the Thames—not to say for other waters—I at once engaged to place myself under the tuition of the winner of a prize-wherry who plied at our stairs, and to whom I was introduced by my new chum. This practical authority confused me very much by saying I had the arm of a blacksmith. If he could have known how mortally the compliment hurt him his pupil I doubt if he would have paid it.

There was a supper-tray after we got home at night, and I think we should all have enjoyed ourselves but for a rather disagreeable domestic occurrence. Mrs. Pocket was extremely sweet, and Mr. Pocket was in good spirits, when a housemaid came in and said, "If you please, Sir, I should wish to speak to you."

"Speak to your master?" said Mrs. Pocket, whose dignity was roused afresh. "How can you think of such a thing! Go and speak to Flopson. Or speak to me at some other time."

Begging pardon, she wished to consult the housemaid, "I should wish to speak at once, and to speak to master."

Hereupon Mr. Pocket went out of the room, and we made the best of ourselves until he came back.

"This is a pretty thing, Belinda!" said Mr. Pocket, returning with a countenance expressive of grief and despair. "Here's the cook lying insensibly drunk on the kitchen floor, and a large bundle of fresh butter made up in the cupboard ready to sell for grease!"

Mrs. Pocket instantly showed much amiable emotion, and said, "This is that odious Mary Anne's doing!"

"What do you mean, Belinda?" demanded Mr. Pocket.

"Mary Anne has told you," said Mrs. Pocket. "Did I not see her with my own eyes and hear her with my own ears, come into the room just now and ask to speak to you?"

"But has she not taken me down stairs, Belinda, and shown me cook?" said Mr. Pocket, "and shown me the woman, and the bundle too?"

"And do you defend her, Matthew," said Mrs. Pocket, "for making mischief?"

Mr. Pocket uttered a dismal groan.

"Am I, grandpapa's grand-daughter, to be nothing in the house?" said Mrs. Pocket. "Besides, the cook has always been a very nice respectful woman, and, in the most natural manner, when she comes out after the situation, she felt I was born to be a Duchess."

There was a sofa where Mr. Pocket stood, and he leaned upon the arm outside of the Dying Gladiator. Still in that attitude, he said, with a hollow voice, "Good-night, Mr. Pip," when I deemed it advisable to go to bed and leave him.

CHAPTER XXIII.

After two or three days, when I had established myself in my room, and had gone backward and forward to London several times, and had ordered all I wanted of my tradesmen, Mr. Pocket and I had a long talk together. He knew more of my intended career than I knew myself, for he referred to his having been told by Mr. Jaggers that I was not designed for any profession, and that I should be well enough educated for my destiny if I could "hold my own" with the average of young men in prosperous circumstances. I replied, of course, knowing nothing to the contrary.

He advised my attending certain places in London, for the acquirement of such mere accomplishments as I wanted, and my investing him with the functions of explainer and director of all my studies. He hoped we should get on pleasantly: since I should meet with little to discourage me, and should soon be able to dispense with any aid but his. Through love of saying (he said) much more to similar purpose, he placed himself on confidential terms with me in an admirable manner; and I may state at once that in no way always preserved that agreeable footing. filling his compact with me, that he made me zealous and honorable in fulfilling mine with him. If he had shown indifference as a master, I have no doubt I should have returned the compliment as a pupil: he gave me no such occasion, and our relations long remained pleasant. Nor did I ever regard him as having any thing ludicrous about him—or any thing but what was serious, honest, and good—in his tutor communication with me.

When these points were settled, and so far carried out as that I had begun to work in earnest, it occurred to me that if I could retain my bedroom in Barnard's Inn, my life would be agreeably varied, and that pleasant change be taken in it, it must be submitted to my grandian. I felt that his delicacy arose out of the consideration that the plan would save Herbert some expense; so I went off to Little Britain, and imparted my wish to Mr. Jaggers.

"If I could buy the furniture now hired for me," said I, "and one or two other little things, I should be quite at home there."

"Go it!" said Mr. Jaggers, with a short laugh. "I told you you'd get on. Well! How much do you want?"

I said I didn't know how much.

"Come!" retorted Mr. Jaggers. "How much? Fifty pounds?"

"Oh, not nearly so much."

"Five pounds?" said Mr. Jaggers.

This was such a great fall that I said in discomfiture, "Oh! more than that."

"More than that, eh?" retorted Mr. Jaggers, lying in wait for me, with his hands in his pockets, his head on one side, and his eyes on the wall behind me. "how much more?"

"It is so difficult to fix a sum," said I, hesitating.

"Come!" said Mr. Jaggers. "Let's get at it. Twice five's ten, and two fives are twenty. Three times five will that do? Four times five: will that do?"

I said I thought that would do handsomely.

"Four times five will do handsomely, will it?" said Mr. Jaggers, knitting his brows. "Now what do you make of four times five?"

"What do I make of it?"

"Ah!" said Jaggers; "how much?"

"I suppose you make it twenty pounds," said I, smiling.

"Never mind what *I* make it, my friend," observed Mr. Jaggers, with a knowing and contradictory air of his head. "I want to know what *you* make it."

"Twenty pounds, of course."

"Wemmick!" said Mr. Jaggers, opening his office-door, "Take Mr. Pip's written order, and pay him twenty pounds."

This strongly marked way of doing business made a strong impression on me, and one not at all to my agreeable kind. Mr. Jaggers never laughed, but he wore great bright creaking boots, and there was a certain air of these boots, with his large head bent down and his eyebrows joined together, awaiting an answer, he sometimes caused me to feel small, as *if they* laughed in a dry and suspicious way. As he happened to go out now, and as Wemmick was brisk and talkative, I profited by the opportunity I hardly knew what to make of Mr. Jaggers's manner.

"Tell him that, and he'll take it as a compliment," answered Wemmick; "he don't mean that you *should* know what to make of it.—Oh! I" for I looked surprised, "it's not personal; it's professional: it's professional."

Wemmick was at his desk, lunching—and crunching—on a dry, hard biscuit; pieces of which he threw from time to time into his slit of a mouth, as if *it* were posting them.

"Always seems to me," said Wemmick, "as if he had set a man-trap and was watching it. Suddenly—click—bolts a boot!"

Without remarking that man-traps were not among the amenities of life, I said I supposed he was very skilful.

"Deep," said Wemmick, "as Australia." Pointing with his pen at the office floor, to express that Australia lay transversely for the purposes of the figure to be symmetrically on the opposite spot of the globe. "If there was any thing deeper," said Wemmick, bringing his pen to paper, "he'd be it."

Then I said I supposed he had a fine business, and Wemmick said, "Pretty fair—pretty fair." Then I asked if there were many clerks? To which he replied:

"We don't run much into clerks, because there's only one Jaggers, and people won't have him at second-hand. There are only four of us. Would you like to see 'em? You are one of us, as I may say."

I accepted the offer. When Mr. Wemmick had put all his biscuit into the post, and had taken a turn or two at his office-box in a garret, the key of which safe he kept somewhere down his back, and produced from his coat-collar like a watch-guard, he led me down to Mr. Jaggers's room dark and shabby, and the greasy shoulders that had left their mark in Mr. Jaggers's room seemed to have been shuffling up and down the staircase for years. In the front first floor, a clerk who looked something between a publican and a race-horse-trainer, puffed, swollen man—was attentively engaged with three or four people of shabby appearance, whom he was keeping waiting a long time, as they severally ed to be treated who contributed to Mr. Jaggers's coffers. "Getting evidence together, said Mr. Wemmick in my ear, "for the Bailey." In the room over that, a little flabby terrier of a clerk with dangling hair (his cropping seemed to have been forgotten when he was a puppy) was similarly engaged with a man with weak eyes, whom Mr. Wemmick presented to me as a snitcher who kept his pot always boiling. Mr. Wemmick made the remark using I pleased—and who was in an excessive white-perspiration, as if he had been trying his art on himself. In a back room, a high-shouldered man, with a face-ache tied up in dirty flannel, who was dressed in old black clothes that bore the appearance of having been waxed, was stooping over his work of making fair copies of the notes of the other two gentlemen, for Mr. Jaggers's own use.

This was all the establishment. When we went down stairs again Wemmick led me into the yard, and said, with his face turned away again, "whose likenesses are those?"

"These?" said Wemmick, getting upon a chair, and dusting the dust off the horrible heads before bringing them down. "These are two celebrated ones. Famous clients of ours that got us a world of credit. This chap (why you must have come down in the night and been peeping into the inkstand, to get this blot upon your eyebrow, you old rascal!) murdered his master, and, considering that he wasn't brought up to evidence, didn't plan it badly."

"Is it like him?" I asked, recoiling from the brute, as Wemmick spat upon his eyebrow and gave it a rub with his sleeve.

"Like him? It's himself, you know. The cast was made in Newgate, directly after he was taken down. You had a particular fancy for me, hadn't you, Old Artful?" said Wemmick. He then explained this affectionate apostrophe, by touching his brooch representing the lady and the weeping willow at the same time with the un upon it, and saying, "Had it made for me, you see."

"Is the lady anybody?" said I.

"No," returned Wemmick. "Only his game. (You liked your bit of game, didn't you?) No; deuce a bit of a lady—in the case, Mr. Pip, except one—and she wasn't of this slender, lady-like sort, and you wouldn't have caught her looking after this urn—unless there was something to drink in it." Wemmick's attention being thus directed to his brooch, he put down the case and polished the brooch with his pocket-handkerchief.

"Did that other creature come to the same end?" I asked. "He has the same look."

"You're right," said Wemmick, "it's the genuine look. Much as if one nostril was caught up with a hair-hook, and a little fish-hook. Yes, he came to the same end; quite the natural end here, I assure you. He forged wills, this black did, if he didn't also put the supposed testators to sleep—and it looked precious like it. You were a gentlemanly Cove, too" (Mr. Wemmick was again apostrophizing), "and you said you could write Greek. Yah, Bounceable! What a liar you were! I never met such a liar as you, Pip!" Connecting his last with the shelf again, Wemmick touched the largest of his mourning rings, and said, "Sent out to buy it for me only three days before."

While he was putting up the other cast and coming down from the chair, the thought crossed my mind that all his personal jewelry was derived from like sources. As he had shown no diffidence on the subject, I ventured on the liberty of asking him the question, when he stood before me, dusting his hands.

"Oh yes," he returned, "these are all gifts of that kind. One brings another, you see; that's the way of it. I always take 'em. They're curiosities. And they're property. They may not be worth much, but, after all, they're property to me, and I'm not thirsty to row with your brilliant look-out, but as to myself, my guiding-star always is, "Get hold of portable property."

When I had rendered homage to this light, he went on to say, in a friendly manner:

"If you take to the work, when you know nothing better to do, you wouldn't mind coming over to see me at Walworth, I could offer you a bed, and I dare say implements to use. We're not much to show you; but such two or three curiosities as I have got you might like to look over: and I can fend of a bit of garden and a pipe and a summer-house.

I said I should be delighted to accept his hospitality.

"Thank'ee," said he; "then we'll consider that it's to come off, when convenient to you. Have you dined with Mr. Jaggers yet?"

"Not yet."

"Well," said Wemmick, "he'll give you wine, and good wine. I'll give you punch, and not bad punch. And now I'll tell you something. When you go to dine with Mr. Jaggers, look at his housekeeper.

"Shall I see something very uncommon?"

"Well," said Wemmick, "you'll see a wild beast tamed. Not so very uncommon," you'll tell me. I reply, that depends on the original wildness of the beast, and the amount of taming. It won't lower your opinion of Mr. Jaggers, perhaps, to tell you your eye on it."

I told him I would do so with all the interest and curiosity that his preparation awakened. As I was shortly to depart on the morrow, he and I would like to devote five minutes to seeing Mr. Jaggers "at it?"

For these reasons, and not least because I didn't clearly know what Mr. Jaggers would be found to be "at," I replied in the affirmative. Wemmick shook hands, and came out to accredited police-court, where a blood-relation (in the murderous sense) of the deceased with the functions to discharge was standing at the bar, uncomfortably chewing something; while my guardian had a woman under examination or cross-examination—I don't know which—and was striking at her, and the bench, and every body present, with awe. If any body, of whatsoever degree, and a word that he didn't approve of, should presume to have it "taken down." If any body wouldn't make an admission, he said, "I'll have it out of you!" and if any body made an admission, he said, "Now I have got you!" The magistrates shivered under a single bite of his finger. Thieves and thief-takers hung in dread fingers on his words. Every reporter's bat hair of his eyebrows turned in their direction. Which side he was up I couldn't make out, for he seemed to me to be grinding the whole place in a mill; I only know that when I stole out on tip-toe he was not on the side of the bench, for he was making the legs of the old gentleman who presided quite convulsive under the table, by his denunciations of his conduct as the representative of British law and justice in that chair that day.

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

CONGRESS.

On Friday, February 22, in the Senate, after the passage of a number of private bills, the Fort-route Bill was taken up, and the question of compensation for carrying the overland mail was discussed by the members from California. The bill providing for the payment of expenses incurred in organizing the Indian battalion in the Interior Department was also discussed, but gave way to the Miscellaneous Appropriation Bill, upon which Senator Gwin, of California, made an effort to tack the Chirigui ground-

meat to the Deficiency Bill, but did not succeed. The Senate by a majority adjourned without action.——The House was not in session.

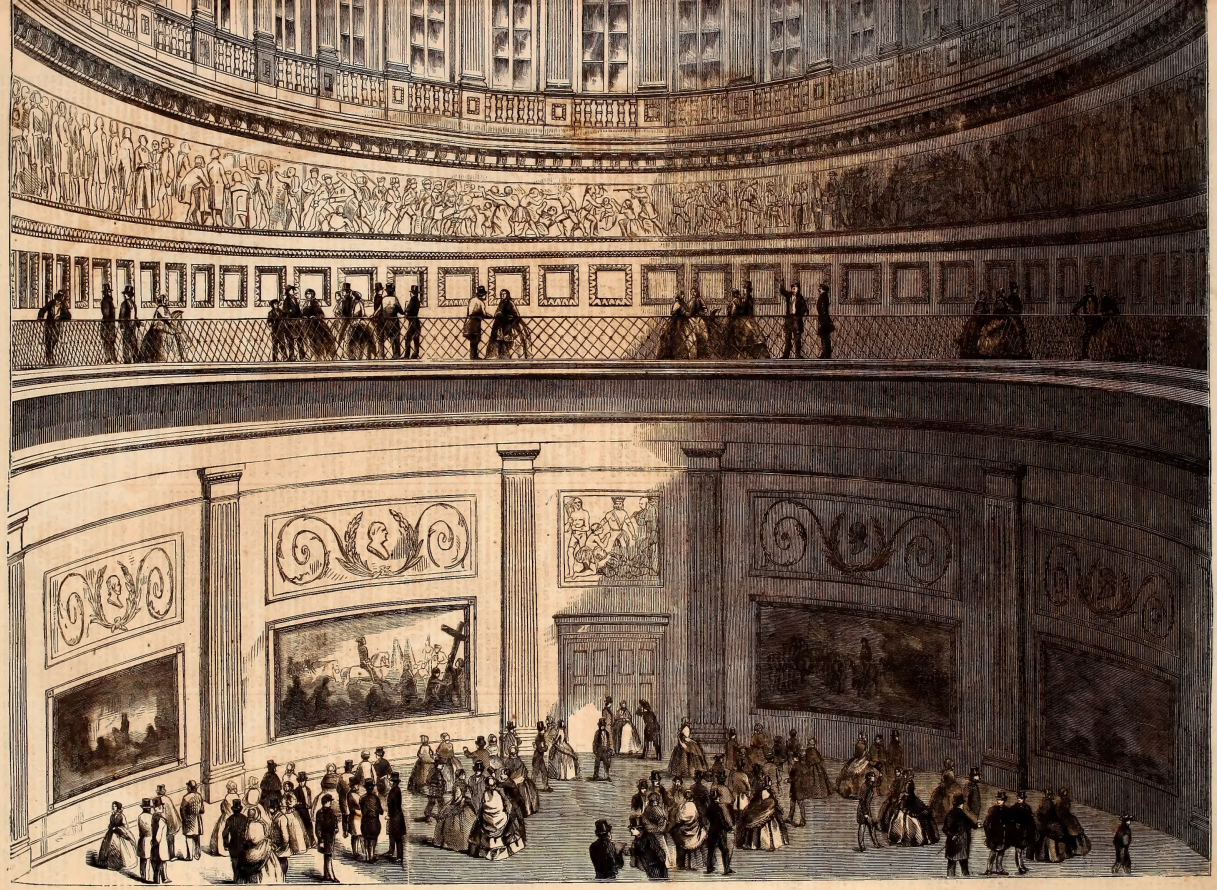
On Saturday, 23d, the Senate passed the Bill providing for the payment of expenses incurred in suppressing Indian hostilities in Washington and Oregon, and a clause providing for the expenses in Utah. The Post-roads Bill and Miscellaneous Appropriation Bill were discussed in the Senate. Among the amendments proposed to the latter was one offered by Senator Bayard, of Delaware, providing for the payment for marble for the Custom-house at Charleston, South Carolina. It was paid for, however, on a point of order.——In the House, the Tariff Bill occupied attention all day. Mr. Morrill, Whig, of the first Senate amendment, reducing the proposed $15,000,000 loan, was agreed to. During the debate Mr. Garnett, of Virginia, made an attack upon General Scott, for the efforts he was made to quiet the excitement in Baltimore. It was finally agreed [illegible] the House should meet on Monday at 10 o'clock, and continue the debate on the Tariff in Committee until 5 o'clock, when the amendments should be reported to the House and disposed of finally.

On Monday, 25th, the Senate, after the usual business of the morning hour, passed to the consideration of Mr. Collier's Bill providing for the discontinuance of the postal service in the seceded States. Various substitutes were offered but were rejected, and the Bill, with some slight modification, finally passed, by a vote of 34 to 12. The Senate then considered the Miscellaneous Appropriation Bill, and acted upon amendments agreed upon in Committee. Senator Green, of Missouri, made an attempt to tack on the Civilian amendment, but it failed, and the Bill, after some farther discussion, was passed. In the House, according to agreement on Saturday, the Senate's amendments to the Tariff Bill were disposed of. The amendment reducing a duty upon tea and coffee was disagreed to. Before the whole was finally voted upon, a motion was made to adjourn, the object being to prevent action on Mr. Sickles's Volunteer Bill, which was subsequently taken up. The attempt, however, failed, and the Senate's amendments to the Tariff Bill were agreed to, except the one mentioned above. A Committee of Conference was then ordered, with a similar one also to act upon the Deficiency Bill.

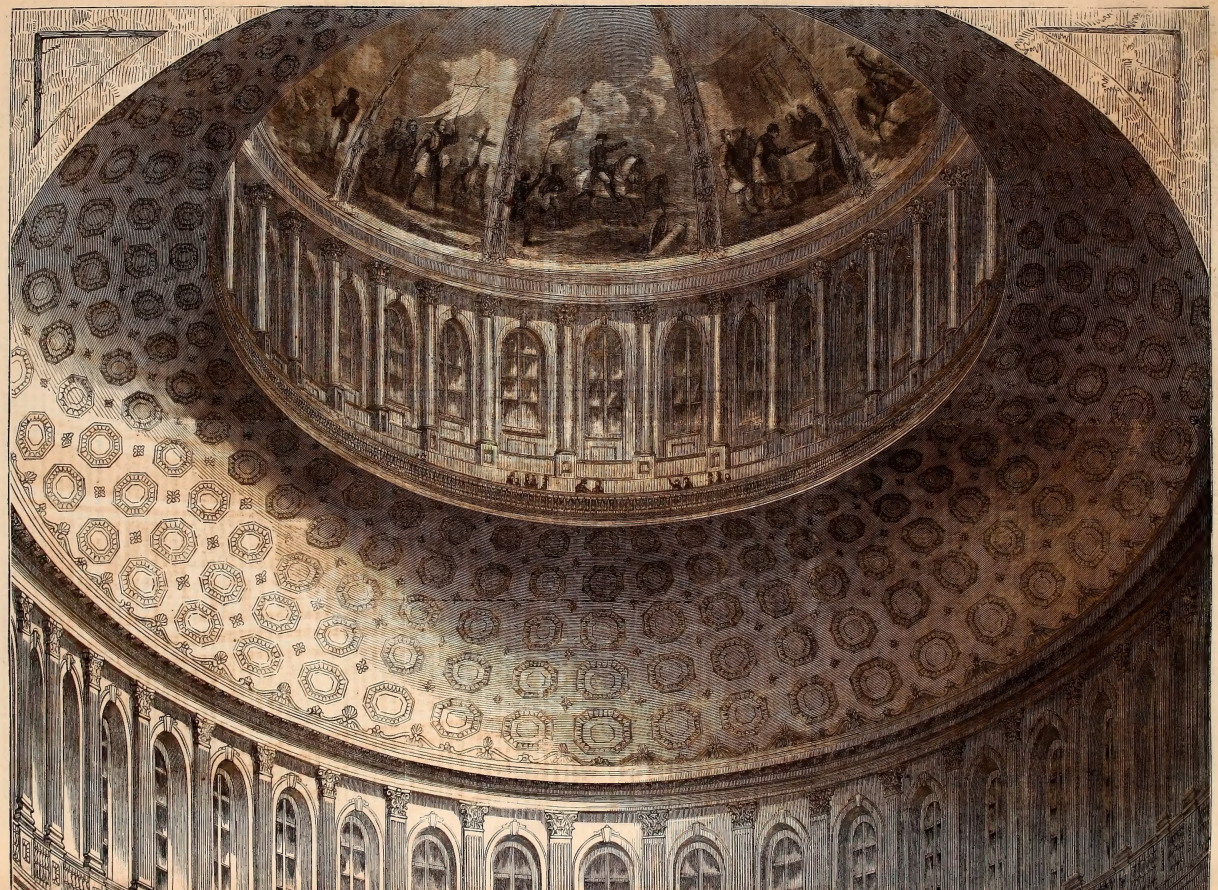
On Tuesday, 26th, the Senate appointed a Committee of Conference on the tea and coffee amendments to the Tariff Bill. The Post-Bank Bill was passed. A resolution organizing the Territories of Colorado, Nevada, and Dacotah. The Consular and Diplomatic Appropriation Bill was passed. The Army Appropriation Bill was discussed, and reported to the Senate.——In the House, after the consideration of a number of private measures relative to the trustees of the nation, the bill called the Force Bill, providing the President with the power to call out [illegible] of volunteers to aid in enforcing the laws, was taken up, and after considerable debate was passed. Mr. Corwin moved that its further consideration be postponed till Thursday next. The motion was carried by a vote of 97 to 81. This action is said to be a virtual defeat of the bill. The next business in order was the bill to amend the Judiciary Statutes of Thirty-three on the crisis. A scene of great confusion and excitement ensued, which lasted till after 6 o'clock in the evening, the Democrats resorting to all expedients to prevent a vote being taken, in which they were aided by the conservative Republicans. The House finally adjourned without taking any action on the bill.

On Wednesday, 27th, in the Senate, Senator Powell, of Kentucky, moved to postpone the regular order.——The Army Bill—adding to the Civilian amendment—was taken up as a measure that the Peace Conference were unlikely to agree upon any plan which would not include the Army. This motion was disagreed to—27 to 16. The report of the Committee of Conference on the Tariff Bill was presented, in accordance with the House in striking out the duty on tea and coffee, was agreed to. The Bill was then sent to the signature of the President to become a law. The Army Bill was then considered and passed. A resolution introduced by Senator Hale, of New Hampshire, proposing to reduce the force of officers, was discussed, and finally rejected.——In the House, the Senate's amendments to the Civilian Bill, with some slight modification, finally passed, by a vote of 94 to 82. The Senate then considered the Miscellaneous Appropriation Bill, and acted upon amendments agreed upon in Committee. Senator Green, of Missouri, made an attempt to tack on the Civilian amendment, but it failed, and the bill, after some farther discussion, was passed. The House, according to agreement on Saturday, the Senate's amendments to the Tariff Bill were disposed of. The amendment reducing a duty upon tea and coffee was disagreed to. Before the whole could be finally voted upon, a motion was made to adjourn, the object being to prevent action on Mr. Sickles's Volunteer Bill, which was subsequently taken up. The attempt, however, failed, and the Senate's amendments to the Tariff Bill were agreed to, except the one mentioned above. A Committee of Conference was then ordered, with a similar one also to act upon the Deficiency Bill.

On Thursday, 28th, the Senate appointed a Committee of Conference on the tea and coffee amendments to the Tariff Bill. The Post-Bank Bill was passed. A Bill reorgan



INTERIOR OF THE NEW DOME OF THE CAPITOL AT WASHINGTON.—[From the Designs of T. U. Walter, Architect.]



THE "VANDERLYN."

One of the most unfortunate failures resulting from the "panic" of 1836 was that of Stirling, Field, & Co., a leading house in the shipping interest. Long and bravely James Stirling bore up against the storm; day after day making forlorn sacrifices of private fortune, in hope of saving commercial credit; and when his last resources were exhausted, when his best efforts could not keep back the sea of troubles no longer, utter ruin overwhelmed him, ingulfing in an instant the hopes and interests of a lifetime. Not the least of his trials in this dark hour was the consciousness that, in his anxiety to preserve the credit of Stirling, Field, & Co., he had overstepped the bounds of honor; having converted to the use of the firm the fortune left in trust for an orphan son of his late partner, William Field. This was the last drop of bitterness which filled the cup to overflowing, and while crossing the water on his return home that fatal day he was haunted by the thought, 'twould be a mercy on him if the boat never reached shore.

On the south side of Staten Island Mr. Stirling had made him a pleasant home, and of all the property he had possessed yesterday claimed his own the last he could call his own. As he turned into the familiar path leading to Cedar Hill he felt that, in utter justice, even the old homestead ought to be given up and conveyed away to his injured ward.

Harry Field had long been an inmate of the pleasant household at Cedar Hill, and was ever a favorite there: but at this moment his guardian experienced the singular sense of exasperation and spite toward him with which we have regarded one we have wronged. While these unkindly reveries still occupied Mr. Stirling's mind, the very object of his thoughts sprang from a rustic bench under a tree, and stood before him.

Often he had met the boy in this way and returned his frank, hearty greetings with a cordial pleasure; but now Harry's face seemed like an accusation, and the merchant started back with an instinct of self-defense, as though an adder lay at his feet.

What terrible blunders humanity is capable of making! On that day, of all unfortunate days in his life, James Field, as he afterward declared, was sent to his marriage with Alice, his guardian's only child.

The ruined, broken, despairing man heard his first embarrassed sentences in silence, dismayed, astonished; but the youth only gained confidence from this, and with the natural and unnatural eloquence on the brilliant prospects, the certain happiness, and eminent suitability of the proposed alliance. At twenty, Harry Field was a man, characterized as "in love, too—that must be considered; but yet how could he so spread every sail to catch the full fury of a storm!

What must the bankrupt made—what flood of bitterness poured out, the gates being opened—concerns us not. The stunned and bewildered young man left the house at last. These words only he remembered—and they rang in his ears for many a day—"A beggar—a young pauper, and want to marry Alice! Why, you're a beggar, sir! Sir, go break stones on the road, go hang, if you will; but never think of marrying my daughter, Sir. Never!"

Utterly confused, and but half comprehending what had occurred, poor Harry wandered off through the grounds, and, meeting by accident, took the path to the shore. A walk on the sands served to clear his troubled brain somewhat, and he bethought him of the consolation and counsel from his old friend, Uncle George.

George Boynton—familiarly known as Uncle George—was a retired pilot; an old man, enjoying a well-earned competence, in a snug little cottage at the foot of Cedar Hill. He had taken a great fancy to the handsome boy on the hill, and in long winter evenings, over the bay or around the island, they had become fast friends; the artless old sailor finding a companion after his own heart in the frank, genial young yachtsman. Alice Stirling was also a favorite with Uncle George, and he was deep in the confidence of the youthful lovers. With every disposition to sympathize with Harry's troubles, he was, perhaps, still further moved against Mr. Stirling, because that gentleman had made urgent and threatening demands for certain payments on property, which the old pilot had not expected and was not prepared to meet. When he heard his young friend's grievous story his indignation and anger exceeded and even stimulated Harry's own.

After pacing the garden paths while in wrathful silence—the ruddy face growing redder and his whitened beard wagging portentously—he broke out in exclamations smacking strongly of the sea; his old skill of speech coming back to him as his blood stirred with passions mostly known to him in his sailor life.

"Why, dash it, man, what does the old lubber mean? Ain't you going to be an equal partner in the Stirling and Field concern, or first-mate aboard, eh? And supposin' the old craft does part from her moorings and drift ont' the rocks—as they say she will—your father had a snug thing stowed away for you out of the ship, as I know on—and old Jim Stirling knows it too."

"I always thought so, Uncle George; but he says it is all gone, my pretty, and he ought to know; he had whatever there was in his own hands."

"The dash he did! and that's what he bellowed out about beggar and pauper for, eh? Goes and robs you fust and then cusses you about it afterward. Tell you what, Harry, you never to inside that man's doors again. Just come live long with me; I got enough for both of us, and when my cruise is up you shall have the whole out. I owes him some money, too; but I'll never give him a dash cent. I'll pay it to you, Harry; dash me if I don't!"

Harry had much trouble to decline these rather too liberal propositions. The old man was disposed to feel hurt at the youngster's pride, but after all, was well pleased by the spirit with which he announced his determination to make his own way in the world.

"He told me to break stones on the road," said Harry. "I couldn't do much at that, but I could do some things, I know—at least I'm going to try. I can't come and live with you, Uncle George, but I'd like to stay here until I find some occupation; for I promise you I'll never step under his roof again or take from him a cent of a farthing. If he is wrongfully withholding my property, he can keep it: I'll never ask him to account for it."

"That's right, my boy! That's right! Cut loose! Take your own helm, and when you want help make signal to me; and if I can't help a man, by dash I won't come aboard and rob you nohow."

The particular route by which Harry should seek employment was then discussed, and as this would reward his exertions was the subject of much discussion, confined, on the part of the old pilot, to conversation after his own profession. As he had previously prejudiced the young man's mind in favor of his calling, 'twas the more easily decided that a pilot-boat should be the barge to bear him in search of the golden fleece.

Harry was anxious to see Alice, to tell her all that had happened, to inform her of all his plans for the future, to make vows of eternal fidelity; in a word, to enjoy the sweet sorrow of a farewell scene. What was the dismay of young George Boynton, when, in strongest terms, to any such proceeding.

"No rats to-night," argued age and experience, "and the morning we must be off to town by the first boat. Besides that, the less Alice knows about your plans the less her fatherin-law'll know, and the better for Alice, I'm sure. The best way is; belay sentiment if you mean to go to work. All this light canvass and these pretty colors is well enough while you're in port; but when you hay here 'long with her; but now you're going on a cruise alone outside, you better take in all your gimcrackery and get down to plain bunting duck. Just write her a nice little letter, and leave it long with me. Tell her you don't mean to give her up you'll stand by her, and all that sort o' thing; and what else she need to know I'll tell her myself. Now turn in, for you'll have me rapping on them ports to get early."

On the morrow the two were in New York betimes, and Harry was registered at the Commissioner's office as Henry Herbert.

Long and anxiously had he thought better to use it, in order to baffle any inquiries that might be made. By his new name he was introduced, with blushing embarrassment, to the pilots in the office, and right well pleased was he with the men who were to be his associates thenceforth.

The writer of this is reported to pause here and reader what tribute he may to the gallant men whose courage and skill are great creditors of our whole community. But there are those who would wish—to praise them we need but to name them.

Without troubling himself as to his authority, Uncle George, on the second day, and, indeed, for duly appointed for four years to the pilot-boat *James Avery*, No. 9. The remainder of the day was devoted to the purchase of "duds" for Uncle George, in his new capacity of guardian; insisted on providing.

Next morning at sunrise the *Avery* got under way, and stood off the hove to at the Quarantine, to set Uncle George ashore, Harry realized that he was fairly afloat on his first cruise, "alone, outside." Like a gull that occasionally dips down the Channel, he got out his fine ship's-glass — Uncle George's parting gift—to take a farewell look at Cedar Hill. The distance, however, was already swept across the field, until his eye rested on a little arbor he had erected that summer—a favorite resort of Alice and himself. Here Alice came, and Alice had told each other something they both knew long before.

Was it possible she was there even at the moment? That was surely her pretty blue dress, but he could not see the lovely little head, shining in a glory of sunny curls. No! Poor Alice, doubtless her face is hidden on her arms. Oh, how cruel to leave her without a single word!

He was startled by a thought of the consternation and distress her sudden disappearance from home must occasion. Something seemed to settle him like a strong grasp on his throat; and he dropped the glass on the deck, sprang to the side overboard and swim back to the weeping girl, while yet he might.

A sharp command from the senior pilot on board recalled him to a sense of present duty, and constant activity thereafter left but little time for further reverie.

Harry Herbert found his new life much to his liking. At first he greatly missed the pleasures and refinements of home; but he encountered new and adventures incident to his career he found a charm more than compensating for all that he had lost. Not all;—one sweet face was left, and to that his heart turned, and known to him from the sky. One dear companionship he still longed for unceasingly. His frequent letters to Alice were voluminous and evident, and answered as fully. Him were his living little replies—these priceless missives being forwarded through the hands of Uncle George.

Two years and more passed, not unhappily away. Harry sent to Alice his miniature. Expanded to the full proportions of manhood, his fine face deeply browned and bearded, like a pilot, he resembled but slightly the rosy-cheeked boy of old times. He received her dear likeness in return. She had not changed, except that the loveliness of maidenly beauty were being fulfilled in the full glow of lovely womanhood.

The occasion for this exchange of pictures was Harry's departure on a long voyage, all young pilots being required to take at least one cruise in a ship, for the purpose of becoming familiar with the management of square-rigged vessels. Uncle George thought it advisable that Harry should improve this opportunity to see something of the world; and accordingly arranged with his old friend Captain Steele, of the good ship *Wellaway*, to take the boy on a little excursion around the globe. The ship sailed from Boston to Calcutta, via Cape of Good Hope; thence to Hong Kong, and home around the Horn—the voyage occupying about twenty months.

Under the friendly mastership of Captain Steele Harry not only acquired a thorough knowledge of seamanship, but finding in him a competent and willing mentor, re-entered the course of study which had been interrupted by his sudden flight from home.

He wrote often, as opportunity occurred, to Alice and Uncle George, but received no letters from them until his arrival at Valparaiso, on the return trip. The latest of these had been awaiting him many months, and contained disheartening news of Uncle George. The old man mentioned that he had suffered from the attacks of his old enemy, rheumatism, but said his good health had returned with the warm weather, and at time of writing he was hearty as ever. Alice considered the matter more seriously, and seemed to think her old friend would hardly survive another winter of illness. At Rio Janeiro the voyager's anxiety was increased by later word from his guardian; and, in his impatience to see home again, the quick-heeled *Wellaway* seemed to drag but wearily on.

Calms and baffling winds long detained the *Wellaway* in the tropics, but at last they sighted the capes of Virginia; and on the same bright morning a New York pilot came down from the offing. At Harry's request the ship's name was run up to the main-truck. On making it out, the pilots ran down to the ship. "Ship ahoy! Ship ahoy!" Harry sprang into the rigging to answer, and his old comrades shouted a welcome home in chorus as the boys invited him on board the boat, proposing to put about and take him into New York. Though sorry to leave Captain Steele so suddenly, he was too anxious to be at home not to accept the generous offer. In half an hour his baggage was transferred, and the schooner bore away for Sandy Hook, while the *Wellaway* kept on her course for the Cape Cod.

Hardly had Harry returned the greetings of his friends when he noticed an appearance of restraint and constraint among them. Fearing the worst, he hardly dared to resolve his fears by inquiring, but looked from one to another in dread of—he knew not what. Shadows were evidently in consultation; and at length the senior took him aside, and, with more emotion than sailors often exhibit, told him that Uncle George had closed his log, and handed in his accounts to the owner.

As the old man had no relatives nor friends except in the Seamen's Friends' Association and laid his body to rest in Greenwood, and had taken charge of his affairs. The property, which was considerable, was left entirely by Harry, with the exception of a small legacy to the Association.

In a farewell letter, dictated during his last illness, George Boynton informed his protégé of the request he had made, and added, "Although this will afford you an income more than sufficient for modest wants, yet it is my advice and last request that you follow your present employment, and, secure to yourself an honorable profession, which will always be a better anchor, in case of storm, than ten times the amount of money to you."

Harry was quite content to comply with this desire, and returned to his old post in the *Avery*, only anxious to perform his duties as proper attention to his new interests demanded.

One trouble grieved and perplexed the young heir greatly. He knew that Alice he found among the papers of the deceased, together with several notes from her to the old pilot. These he felt at liberty to read, and contained her address in the South, where it appeared she had spent the winter with her father. The others were earnest petitions to "dear Uncle George" to tell her frankly and truly why she received no letters. "Pray do not keep me longer in suspense," she said. "Day after day, month after month, I have waited and hoped. You would be a relief to know the truth, however hard or sad it may be."

Poor girl! she could not know that "dear Uncle George's" eyes were closed forever—that his hand might never write to her again!

The last of these notes—written quite lately, and bearing a different superscription from the others—contained only these words: "Please give the inclosed to Henry Field, if he is living; burn it, if he is dead."

Her letter to Harry was as the last cry of a breaking heart. After a long year of watching and suffering she had received no tidings of her love, and, fully convinced that he had died or proved untrue to her. She prayed and believed that what she was writing might never be read by mortal eyes. But if he were living—if her girl had won his love from her, she yet wished him to know she could only be faithful to him until the end.

Hardly waiting to finish the reading, Harry hastened to Mr. Stirling's office, and in response to his eager inquiries, was informed that that gentleman had left for Europe in the *Vanderlyn*. The office register showed the *Vanderlyn* had been gone two weeks.

"Can you tell me," he asked the polite clerk, "if Alice—that is—did Mr. Stirling's family accompany him?"

"Yes, Sir. His daughter's health is declining. You know Miss Alice, Sir? She has been very ill. Friend of the family? Sorry to tell you sad news, Sir; strange world, Sir. Ah! here's the list. Miss Stirling has seemed to decline very fast lately. Physicians recommend the south of France. How long did you say, Sir? Several years, probably; though I believe she wishes to return with the ship, if not immediately benefited."

Harry was in despair. His first impulse was to set out for France by the next vessel; but afterthought convinced him 'twould be wiser to await the return of the *Vanderlyn*. He immediately wrote to Mr. Stirling, in care of his banker at Bordeaux; and after making arrangements to leave home at a moment's notice, if necessary, he entered upon the exercise of his profession and his patience.

After the "panic" of '36 subsided, James Stirling gathered the remnants of his fortune, and re-established his old business. Still under the name of Stirling & Field, the house was now once more the leading one in the trade. During his two years' travel our young pilot had seen their familiar burgee flying in half the ports of the world.

This bunting had ever been an object of great interest to him; but now, as the *Vanderlyn* became due, he watched for it with painful mingling of hope and fear. Each day brought only renewed disappointment; and so the time wore heavily on until the term of his apprenticeship expired, if passed examinations with all the honors, and admitted to the fraternity of licensed pilots.

Being a prize favorite with all the craft, it easily managed to be on station off Sandy Hook most of the time. Much to the surprise of ambitious youngsters, he neglected several opportunities to take vessels, always preferring to act as look-keeper. Among the older men, however, his story was now generally known, and they were willing to humor his expressed desire that his first ship should be one of Stirling & Field's.

The autumn of the year 1840 was now opening, serene and fair. Day followed day with not a cloud on the sky; but the wise ones discussed the signs, and foretold an equinoctial tempest, sudden and severe. Those who remember the terrible storm of that time will testify the truth of the prophecy.

On the 20th of September the *Avery* put to sea, on a cruise. One another the men took vessels, until, on the morning of the fourth day out, Harry left alone with the boys. There had been an unusual number of ships bound in, but the *Vanderlyn* was not among them. She was now nearly two weeks overdue, and many fears were entertained for her safety.

Harry's instructions from the senior were to run no risk of being caught in the expected storm, but be sure to anchor under the Hook before midnight. The boys awaited orders to put about with evident impatience, but still he held the boat on her course, still kept his eyes on the main rigging, his glass constantly sweeping the offing.

The *Avery* was now about a hundred miles out, when the look-out, Bob Shipley, jogging along under short sail, on the larboard tack, with a stiff breeze nearly abeam. At noon the young commander went below to the cabin to get some refreshing, was forced to conclude he could not stand on my longer. While sadly contemplating this new defeat of his hopes he was startled by a cry from the sharp-eyed youngster left on the look-out,

"Sail on the weather bow!"

In an instant all were on deck. Far down on the horizon, invisible to any but sailors' eyes, a little speck. Without thought of doubting, he knew 'twas the *Vanderlyn*.

"Down helm—hard down! Forward there and make that jib! Haul sheet—fore and main! sheet home! Now keep her away! Steady! so—rap full and steady!"

Close hauled, all taut and belay, the good boat walked up to windward at the rate of six knots. In an hour the stranger was plainly made out to be a large ship, going free, under a cloud of canvas. As she drew near the pilot signal was shown in her quarter-deck rigging, and a pilot-boat put from the port-bow—and ere the report reached the *Avery*, the tri-color was run up to the fore, and a blue swallow-tailed with the letters S. & F. on a white ground, fluttered out from the main-track.

Harry paced the schooner's narrow gangway side with excitement. His youthful ambitions, unsophisticated, thought they wouldn't look so white if their first ship was a big 'un. Preparing to leave them hardly room, he gave his last directions. "Run by on this tack; luff round, under her lee; and sheer off for home, best foot foremost."

In a moment more the young pilot was on the *Vanderlyn*'s deck, where he was received by Captain Winslow with anxious scrutiny.

"Had look-out in the north'ard, Pilot. Shall we have weather to-day?"

"What way are you making?"

"About eight knots."

"And in the same the gale will be upon us. I should keep off the coast; not attempt to go in tonight."

Advice—strangely familiar—interrupted. "For Heaven's sake, gentlemen, don't keep the ship out in another storm. Is there no possibility of making harbor?"

James Stirling! How changed he seemed; old, haggard, and care-worn. Captain Winslow introduced him as "passenger," and answered: "Mr. Herbert thinks the chances are against our weathering the Hook, Sir, if it comes on to blow from this quarter."

Hurriedly and anxiously Mr. Stirling spoke. "Pilot, my only daughter is on board, an invalid, and I know she cannot long survive another storm. Take the ship in, Pilot, and I'll give any thing, every thing you may ask. You don't know, young Sir, what it is to have a daughter lying before your eyes, or you wouldn't let my poor girl perish for want of a little resolution. You need not fear for the ship; I'll risk that. Take us into New York harbor to-night, and I'll *give* you the ship, Sir."

'Twas pitiful to see the strong man so broken. Harry's heart was in his throat as he turned away to take a look at the weather, perhaps.

After consultation, 'twas decided to stand on a few hours, and if the gale became threatening, to run before it to the Delaware Breakwater. Mr. Stirling, with the unreasonableness of one too sorely tried, thought 'twould be the pilot's fault if the ship was not safe ere the storm came on. He could not perceive the imminence of danger, and demanded that more sail should be made, although the gusts were even then staggering under too much

canvas. Harry was finally obliged to send him below, saying, "I command the ship, if you please, Sir, and must be allowed to manage her as I see fit."

With a freshening breeze the *Vanderlyn* sped on during the succeeding hours, until even the captain—cautious old sailor though he was—felt sure they would go safely in. But ominous great-coats were gathering darkly in the northeast, and Harry, still fearful, ordered all hands on deck in readiness to shorten sail at a moment's notice. His wisdom was too soon evident. The wind suddenly died away, returning in great, sullen-sounding puffs, careening the good ship till her yards almost touched the water; then pausing on, leaving the sails flapping against the mast.

The heat by among the crew felt the oppression of the coming trial, and not one on deck but drew a longer breath when the pilot's clear, firm voice broke the terrible stillness; ringing out commands sharp and strong. In less time than a landsman could think the *Vanderlyn* was stripped and laid in stays, under double reefed top-sails.

Not a moment too soon. A confused, rushing sound, a hurried clinging by the men to the nearest fastenings, and like a hungered lion springing on his prey, the tempest burst over them.

Down, down rolled the stricken craft, her lee rail deep buried in the flat, seething sea, and her strained weather rigging shrieking and howling in the blast, adding piercing discords to this dread chorus of the elements. As with a mighty hand she was forced still further over and down, until a cry of human anguish went up from the despairing souls on board.

Holding fast to belaying-pins and the rigging, the pilot crawled forward to the mainmast. After waiting long as he dared his axe was raised to cut away what was left of the ship's lofty and heavy canvas. Slowly she struggled up, slowly up, then righted with a suddenness that snapped the light spars, and her tops like hemlock crackling in the fire.

'Twas but little past sunset time, but the blackness of midnight was already upon the ocean. Nothing could be distinguished at arm's-length, but the useless helm told that every stitch of canvas must be torn away. The *Vanderlyn* drifted before the storm helpless as a log.

At last the rain came. Malignant lightnings lent their awful, ominous glare and terrific thunders to the appalling scene. 'Twas a change for the better, however. The descending sheets of water abated somewhat the fury of the wind, and the vivid flashes served to show the condition of the ship.

With infinite difficulty storm stay-sails were got out, and as they gave command to the helm 'twas once more a question what course to take. They had sure drift as far that can attempt to reach the Breakwater would probably end in a lee bow, on Squan Beach; so 'twas decided to try and weather Sandy Hook. The fore and main top-sails were bent and set with three reefs, and at day- held, the good packet looked up encouragingly. But the tremendous force of the gale obliged them to make it nearly abeam, and the pilot knew he must be going to leeward-fearfully fast. As he stood at the helm with Captain Winslow he was startled by the cry, "Land on the lee!" ahead!"

He half-hoped it might be the Light-ship; but as he clambered forward, the Revolver threw out its hail-white ray, and his heart sank. He recognized the Highlands. Soon the Hook lights were made out, ahead; and as he watched them slowly change, he felt the fearful truth settle upon him. The ship was drifting ashore. By no possibility could she make offing enough to clear that treacherous strand of sand, lengthening out, as if purposely to bar the way.

One will hope came to his thought, and though he put it down as the desperate fancy of a mind unwilling to look reality in the face, yet it would return to him again and again. At last, as if by instinct—almost out of the direction of reason—he ordered one watch to clear away the port-anchor, while the other stood by to man sheets and braces. All things under impulse, which would be obeyed, even though seeming utterly and fatally wrong, he put the helm up until the ship fell off two or three points, repeating to himself the while, "We might as well strike there as any where."

With a free wind the *Vanderlyn* dashed on at lightning speed, standing directly for the Highland lights. Changing the course created excitement and discontent among the crew. It looked like giving up hope, and hastening to meet their lamentable destruction. The men growled to the mates; the mates jeered their minds to the captain. The pilot, peering out into the darkness to leeward, heeded them not, until Captain Winslow approached, saying,

"If you're going to try your ground tackle, the sooner the better, I should say."

"Here!" The anchors wouldn't hold a moment in this soft sand. "No, Captain, there's but one possible chance of escape; and if that fails, we can only go on to the beach as I point where we shall be sure of assistance, and where the ship will not go to pieces the moment she strikes."

While speaking his eyes turned continually with anxious, strained glances over the larboard bow. What there? A faint line of phosphorescent light, rapidly lengthening and seeming to come nearer. Then a low murmur, strangely out of place above the howling of the storm. Louder it grew and louder, until the hollow, hungry roar of the breakers sent a thrill through his heart.

In a moment more the *Vanderlyn* pitched forward on the first ground-swell. The mate, in mortal terror, exclaimed, "We are lost! every man for himself!"

"To your duty, man, for your lives!" thundered the pilot, and the command had that quality which even then could secure obedience. Springing to the wheel, the spokes went flying through his hands.

"Let go weatherbraces, fore'n aft! let go!"

Still up went the helm, though the Captain wondered, thinking 'twould be far better to strike head on.

Fore-s'l haul! main top-s'l!" and almost in the edge of the surf they filled away on the larboard tack. What earthly use? They couldn't make a cable's length before she'd ground. No. Hardly had they gathered headway when down went the helm once more, and once more the ship came before the wind.

And now the pilot's commands had a ring like a shout of joy. And well they might; his inspired hope was realized.

The sea had broken over the beach and the old Shrewsbury inlet was open.

The *Vanderlyn* drove through, hardly grazing her keel, and in five minutes lay safe at anchor inside the Hook.

Glad hurrahs from the crew brought Mr. Stirling to the deck—clinging to his arm, a white, spirit-like figure. As they approached the helm Captain Winslow saw Harry shaking hands with the pilot. The old merchant did not at first understand what had occurred. When the Captain had explained to him the state of affairs, he too would congratulate and thank the hero of the hour. But the hero had suddenly disappeared, and with him the ethereal figure in white. After some search his attention was attracted by the flutter of light garments, and drawing near, he heard his daughter saying, "I knew you would, Harry; I recognized your dear voice hours ago."

Not caring to interrupt the conversation at this point, the old gentleman turned to the Captain Winslow with much wise nodding of the head, and "So so! Indeed! Is it possible?"

Reasonably soon he was joined by Harry and Alice, and that importunate young man immediately reminded him of a promise to grant any thing he might ask; "and so, Sir, I renew the request I made four years ago."

Which request was not denied on this occasion.

Alice's restoration to health was wonderfully rapid; but the marriage could not take place until late in the spring of '41. On the wedding-day James Stirling made a statement of account to his son-in-law, showing that he had used his authority as guardian to make Henry H. Field an equal partner in the firm of Stirling & Field, when that business had been reorganized.

The bridal tour began with a voyage to France in the *Vanderlyn*; and Harry's last professional act was to pilot her out of the harbor.

THE STORM OF MY LIFE.

My mother was a poet and a painter. Not noted as such, but as a woman in any sense of woman that ever lived. Of an intensely sensitive nature, which gave out tones as harps do; an insignificant, which sent forth none; a heart that as the eye does on its own retina; pure, sweet, tensive, she infused the essence of poetry into daily thoughts, and acted the painter with neither brush nor easel.

She gave me her sensitiveness of nature without its poetic genius and charm. The pain without the bliss. In my young heart of wild tendency, from which a brush of the hand would awaken sound—music, perhaps; but wild, inharmonious, fitful music. I could suffer but the thrill of joy came rarely.

When I was quite a child I jostled against rough natures in the child's world, and shrank more and more from the pain of contact—as the Brazilian mimosa shrinks from the hand that touches. I was not unready, and I think I was not timid. At any rate my child friends gave me to myself; making me, if not happier, at least more at peace and content.

At ten or eleven years of age some fault of arithmetician crept upon my speech. Whether it was a nervous derangement, or a habit originating in need by embarrassment and strengthened by habit, I never knew; but it grew upon me until it was most noticeable. And with it came pain. If I shrank from contact before, I threw out double defenses now. I built hedges of thorns about me, and neither did nor could any thing fall on me but thought.

One day at school, at recess—it was one of those October days which hang clouds in the sky like pictures, in which the very color of her breath till not a leaf is able to stir, and the whole day seems waiting for the smile of God to deepen to the serene peace and promise of night—I was alone. I was happy free and happy. A little of the sweet heat of summer had failed to scorch and the frosts of autumn had not yet reached, when a gleeful, unthought-of expression, bursting from my lips, was caught by Willie Day—my friend, if I had any—and repeated in the same stammering way. I looked at him once, was conscious of a mean thing in my whole being, as though blades had pierced me in every living fibre, and then laid my face in the grass. I never went to school again. Willie hung upon me, wept, and begged forgiveness; I said "Yes" in a stony way, looked at him with a fixed gaze, and then remembered no more. Days and days but not yet reached and the frosts of autumn had not yet reached, when a gleeful, unthought-of expression, bursting from my lips, was caught by Willie Day—my friend, if I had any—and repeated in the same stammering way. I looked at him once, was conscious of a mean thing in my whole being, as though blades had pierced me in every living fibre, and then laid my face in the grass. I never went to school again. Willie hung upon me, wept, and begged forgiveness; I said "Yes" in a stony way, looked at him with a fixed gaze, and then remembered no more. Days and days but not yet reached, when a gleeful, unthought-of expression, bursting from my lips, was caught by Willie Day—my friend, if I had any—and repeated in the same stammering way. I looked at him once, was conscious of a mean thing in my whole being, as though blades had pierced me in every living fibre, and then laid my face in the grass. I never went to school again. Willie hung upon me, wept, and begged forgiveness; I said "Yes" in a stony way, looked at him with a fixed gaze, and then remembered no more. Days and days but not yet reached and the frosts of autumn had

"3. Will the Governor of Arkansas, in his official capacity, guarantee to the United States forces now in charge thereof the right of marching away from said place, with all the honor due them as Federal officers and soldiers, who do not surrender their trust, but simply evacuate a post for want of instructions from their superiors in office, and in doubt as to the propriety of bringing on civil war among their fellow-countrymen?

"To these interrogatories Governor Rector answered as follows: After mature reflection, I propose to accept your first, second, and third propositions, with the following understanding: Thus, being informed your command brought no cannon, so none are to be taken away. You shall have a safe passage out of the State in any direction you may please, with your command, provided, however, you do not station yourself within the limits of the State of Arkansas or on the borders thereof.

"A memorandum was subsequently drawn up in which the Captain agreed to surrender the Arsenal, a part of which reads thus: And the said Captain Totten protests that he has thus acted because in the presence of a greatly superior armed force, and which he became satisfied would soon become overwhelming by reinforcements in case of resistance, involving the sacrifice of his command, without regard to the probable loss of life on the part of the assailants; because any defense of the Arsenal in the City of Little Rock, whether successful or unsuccessful, would necessarily involve to a greater or less extent the destruction of property in the city, and the loss of lives of the peaceful citizens and families dwelling therein; because, being without instructions from his Government, he took the responsibility of doing what he thought proper and best under all the circumstances, deciding to avoid cause of civil war in this Government, by the first instance of a hostile and bloody collision, yet protesting for himself and in the name of his Government against events beyond his control, which have actuted him to this course."

The city and garrison of Fort Smith, Arkansas, are situated on the Arkansas River, at the junction of the Poteau River, and immediately on the boundary of the Indian nations, the line running through the garrison. The city is the greatest business place in Arkansas, doing a large trade with the Indians and New Mexicans. It is next to Little Rock in size, if not its equal. The garrison is one of the largest and probably the best built on the frontier. Captain Sturgis, of the cavalry, commands the post; Captain Montgomery is Quarter-Master; Captain M'Intosh, Lieutenant Stanley, and Lieutenant Lomax are of the garrison. Vague telegraphic reports, which, however, are not generally credited, state that it has been seized.

PRESIDENT J. DAVIS'S INAUGURATION AT MONTGOMERY.

On page 157 we publish a picture of the Inauguration of President Davis, of the Southern Confederacy, at Montgomery, Alabama, on February 18, from a photograph obligingly placed at our disposal. We published part of the inaugural in our last number. A lady who witnessed the scene thus writes to a friend in this city:

"The President is a pleasant-looking old gentleman, of about fifty years of age; he was escorted to the Capitol by the military, he being in an elegant carriage drawn by six white horses. After he took his seat on the platform in front of the Capitol, and a short prayer had been offered, he read a very neat little speech, not making many promises, but hoping, by God's help, to be able to fulfill all expectations. He took the oath amidst the deepest silence; and when he raised his hand and his eyes to heaven, and said, 'So help me God!' I think I never saw any scene so solemn and impressive. He puts me much in mind of General Jackson in appearance and character, though he is much more of a gentleman in his manners than the old General ever wished to be. He had a reception last night, which I attended. I walked about and exchanged greetings with my friends, but would not shake hands with the President, for I thought I would not be recognized to-day, and so would rather wait for a more private introduction. The Vice-President is a constant visitor at the house where I stay; he is very slight and delicate-looking, has more the appearance of a dead man than a living one, until he begins to speak, when you forget entirely how ugly he is."

President Davis, at latest accounts, is traveling through his dominions. He has been to Charleston

GENERAL DAVID E. TWIGGS, LATE OF THE UNITED STATES ARMY.

THE SALLY-PORT AND FRONT VIEW OF FORT PICKENS.

WE publish herewith, from a sketch kindly sent us by an officer of Lieutenant Slemmer's command at Fort Pickens, Florida, a view of the front of that work, on the Pensacola side. The gate or Sally-port, seen in the centre, is the only one in the fort. On the left is seen the crest or upper portion of the glacis, terminated by a gallery whose loopholes are seen over the knoll on the left of the walk.

GENERAL TWIGGS.

WE publish herewith a portrait of General Twiggs, who has lately left the army of the United States and joined that of Georgia, surrendering to the secessionists some $1,300,000 worth of property intrusted to his safe keeping by the United States Government.

General David E. Twiggs was born in Richmond County, Georgia, in 1790. His father, General John Twiggs, served in Georgia during the Revolutionary war. In 1812, when the war with England broke out, the son, then twenty-two years of age, volunteered, and was appointed a captain in the Eighth Infantry on the 8th of March, 1812. Promoted to the rank of Major, he accompanied Generals Gaines and Jackson in their expeditions against the Spaniards and Indians of Florida.

He took part in the Black Hawk war, and when South Carolina threatened to involve herself in difficulty with the National Government in 1832, he was placed in command of the arsenal at Augusta, Georgia, at the instigation of President Jackson. On the 8th of June, 1836, he received a commission as Colonel of the Second Regiment of Dragoons.

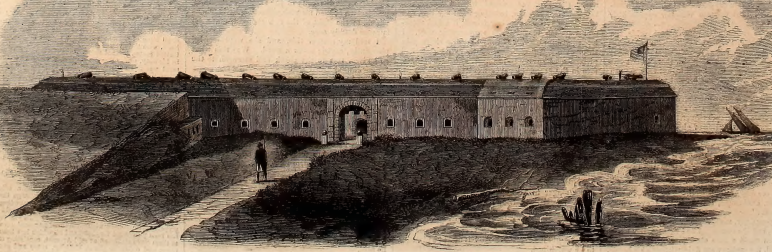
The Second Dragoons formed a portion of the "Army of Occupation" commanded by General Taylor, and when that officer moved upon the Rio Grande, Colonel Twiggs, in command of the advanced-guard, seized upon Point Isabel.

For gallant conduct at Palo Alto and Resaca de la Palma, he received the rank of Brevet Brigadier-General; and at Monterey had command of a division of the army. He remained in charge of Monterey until ordered to join Scott at Vera Cruz, which he did in time to join in the attack upon that city. At Cerro Gordo General Scott gave him command of the main attack. He subsequently served at Contreras, Cherubusco, Chapultepec, and the final contest at the gates of the Aztec capital.

After the peace he assumed the command of "the Department of the West," with head-quarters at St. Louis, where he remained until 1857, when he was ordered to command the "Department of Texas," with head-quarters at San Antonio.

A couple of years since General Twiggs was arraigned by order of Secretary Floyd on a charge of having transcended his duty, and was tried by court-martial. He was, however, acquitted, and his sword was returned to him by the President.

At the time General Twiggs abandoned the



FRONT VIEW OF FORT PICKENS, PENSACOLA, SHOWING THE SALLY-PORT AND GLACIS.—[DRAWN BY AN OFFICER OF LIEUTENANT SLEMMER'S COMMAND.]

INAUGURATION OF PRESIDENT JEFFERSON DAVIS OF THE SOUTHERN CONFEDERACY, AT MONTGOMERY, ALABAMA, FEBRUARY 18, 1861.

service of the United States, he was, next to General Scott, the senior officer in the army, and might, in the event of the death of the Lieutenant-General, have succeeded to the command. It is presumed now that his name will be stricken from the rolls of the army.

A DAY'S RIDE:
A LIFE'S ROMANCE.

By CHARLES LEVER.

AUTHOR OF "CHARLES O'MALLEY," "HARRY LORREQUER," ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER XL.

BENUMBED, bedraggled, and bewildered, I entered Feldkirch late at night, my wrists cut with the cords, my clothes torn by frequent falls, my limbs aching with bruises, and my wet rags chafing my skin. No wonder was it that I was at once consigned from the charge of a jailer to the care of a doctor, and on the day broke I was in a raging fever.

I would not if I could preserve any memory of that gracious interval. Happily for me no clear traces remain on my mind—pangs of suffering are so mingled with little details of the locality, faces, words, fragments of songs of a wandering intellect, long hours of silent brooding, sound of church bells and such other tokens as cross the lives of busy men in the daily walk of life. All came and went within my brain, and still I lay there in fever.

In my rare return of consciousness I perceived I was the sole occupant of a long arched gallery, with a number of beds arranged along each side of it. In their uniform simplicity, and the severe air of the few articles of furniture, my old experiences at once recalled the hospital; not that I arrived at this conclusion without much labor and a considerable mental effort. It was a short journey, to be sure, but I was walking with swollen ankles. It was, however, a great joy and a great triumph to me to accomplish even this much. It was the recognition to myself that I was once more on the road to health, and again to feel the sympathies that make a brotherhood of this life of ours; and so happy was I with the prospect, that when I went to sleep at night my last thought was of the pleasure that morning was sure to bring me. And I was not disappointed; the next day, and the next, and several more that followed, were all passed in a calm and tranquil enjoyment. Looking back upon this period, I have often been disposed to imagine that the very life we lie in the convalescence that follows some severe illness, with no demands upon our bodily strength, no call made upon our mental energies, the very activity of digestion not evoked, as our nourishment is of the simplest and lightest, our brain must of necessity exercise its functions more freely, untrammelled by passing cares or the worries incident to daily life, and that at such times our intellect has probably a more uncontested action than at any other period of our existence. I do not want to pursue my theory, or endeavor to sustain it—my reader has been enough to indoze him to give his experience to my own, or reject the notion altogether.

I lay there, not impatiently, for above a fortnight. I regained strength very slowly; the least effort or exertion was sure to overcome me. But I watched for every sign as I lay there, gazing for whole days long at a great cost of arms over the end of the gallery, where a huge double-headed eagle seemed to me screaming in the agony of strangulation, but yet never to be choked outright, I raveled in many a strange rambling air with the fate of the land of which it was the emblem and the shield. Doubtless some remnant of my passionate assault on Austria lingered in my brain, and gave this turn to its operations.

My nurse was one of that sisterhood whose charities call down many a blessing on the Church that organizes their benevolence. She was what is called a "grave Schwester;" and of a truth she seemed the incarnation of grayness. It was not her dress alone, but her face and hands, her noiseless gait, her undemonstrative stare, her half-husky whisper, and her monotonous voice had all a sort of low-toned grayness that enveloped her, just as a cloud-mist wraps a landscape. There was besides a kind of fog-like indistinctness in the way she transfered words that seemed to form a fitting atmosphere for drowsy uniformity of the sick-room.

Her first care, on my recovery, was to supply me with a number of little religious books—lives of saints and martyrs, accounts of miracles, and narratives of holy pilgrimages—and I devoured them with all the zest of a devotee. They seemed to supply the very aliment of mind craved for, and the good soul little suspected how much more she was ministering to a love for the marvelous than to a spirit of piety. In the Flowers of St. Francis, for instance, I found an adventure seeker after my own heart. To be sure, his search was after sinners in need of a helping hand to rescue them, but as his contests with Satan were described as stand-up encounters, with very hard knocks on each side, they were just as exciting combats to mend of as any I had ever perused in stories of chivalry.

Mistaking my zest for these readings for something far more praiseworthy, the gray sister enjoined me very seriously to turn from the evil advisers I had formerly consorted with, and frequent the society of better-minded and wiser men. Out of these counsels, dark and dim at first, but gradually growing clearer, I learned that I was regarded as a member of some terrible secret society, banded together for the direst and blackest of objects; the subversion of thrones, overthrow of dynasties, and assassinations of sovereigns being all labors of love to us. She had a full catalogue of my colleagues, from Sand, who killed Kotzebue, to Orsini and seemed thoroughly persuaded that I was a very advanced member of the order. It was some time, a long time, and with great address on my part, that I obtained these revelations from her, and she owned that nothing had so unmeaning for her but intuities had influenced me would ever have induced her to make these avowals. As my convalescence progressed, and I was able to sit up for an hour or so in the day, she told me that I might very soon expect a visit from the Staats Procurator, a kind of district attorney-general, to examine me. So little able was I to carry my mind back to the by-gone events of my life, that I heard this as a sort of vague hope that the inquiry would strike out some clew by which I could connect myself with the past, for I was sorely puzzled to learn what and who I had been before I came there. Was I a prosecutor or was I a prisoner? Never was a knotty point more patiently investigated, but, alas! most fruitlessly. The intense interest of the inquiry, however, served totally to withdraw me from my previous readings, and the gray sister was shocked to see that for a day or two together my days long unchanged. She took courage at length to address me on the subject, and even went so far as to ask me if Satan had not of late taken occasional opportunity of her absence to some and sit beside my bed? I eagerly caught at the suggestion, and told it were all too simple a ed; that, in fact, he never gave me a moment's peace, now torturing me with menaces, now asking for explanations of how this event or that existed with that, and why such a thing should not have prevented such another?

Instead of my confessor's astonishment at my confession, she appeared to regard it as one of the most ordinary incidents, and referred me to the books, and especially to St. Francis, to see that these were usual and everyday means by us. She went further, and in her zeal actually gave me a touch of contempt for the evil one in his intellectual resources, that startled me; seeing how St. Jude always got the better of him, and that he was a mere child when opposed by the arch of St. Ignatius Loyola.

"It is the truth," said she, "always conquers him. Whenever, by any chance, he can catch the conceiving of error, either by the under reasons that are inconsistent, or affecting intentions that you had not, then he is your master."

There was such an air of matter of fact about all she said, that when—our first conversation on this theme—I was startled to see the sneering bow

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION.

VOL. V.—No. 220.] NEW YORK, SATURDAY, MARCH 16, 1861. [PRICE FIVE CENTS.

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the Year 1861, by Harper & Brothers, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Southern District of New York.

THE INAUGURAL PROCESSION AT WASHINGTON PASSING THE GATE OF THE CAPITOL GROUNDS.—FROM A SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST.—[SEE PAGE 165.]

☞ OFFICERS in the ARMY and NAVY serving in the SOUTH are respectfully informed that the proprietors of *Harper's Weekly* will be glad to receive sketches of FORTS and SCENES OF INTEREST at the present crisis, and to pay liberally for such as they may use. Any OFFICER in either service can obtain the *Weekly* gratuitously for six months by sending his address to this office.

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

SATURDAY, MARCH 16, 1861.

TWO NIGHTS IN THE SENATE.

[EDITORIAL CORRESPONDENCE.]

I SPENT the evening of Saturday, March 2, and the night intervening between March 2 and 4 in the Reporters' gallery of the Senate of the United States. The Senate adjourned at 1 A.M. on Sunday morning 3d, to meet again at 7 P.M. on the same day, and sat continuously till 4 A.M. on Monday morning, March 4. The business before it was the following Resolution, which had previously passed the House of Representatives by a two-thirds vote:

"That no amendment shall be made to the Constitution which will authorize or give Congress power to abolish or interfere within any State with the domestic institutions thereof, including that of persons held to labor or servitude by the laws of said State."

It had been for some time evident that the Senate would not adopt, even by a majority, the Crittenden Resolutions, or the Resolutions of the Peace Congress, or the Clark Resolutions, or Senator Doolittle's Resolution denying the right of secession. It was obvious, on Friday, March 1, that the utmost that could be extorted from Senators was the passage of the resolution above given. Even that was doubtful. Very few Senators were willing to place themselves on the record as affirming the right of Congress to interfere with slavery in the States. But at least three-fourths of the Senate were anxious to see it defeated—the Republicans because it smacked of compromise, the Southern secessionists because it showed a tendency to strengthen the Union sentiment in their States. These Senators, marshaled by SUMNER of Massachusetts on the one side, and by BIGLER of Virginia on the other, sought to defeat a vote by proposing a multiplicity of amendments, and consuming time by debate and divisions by ayes and noes.

Against this combination of Republicans and Secessionists stood Senator STEPHEN A. DOUGLAS, of Illinois. I don't think he had any genuine supporters in the Senate, with the exception of Senators Crittenden, Bigler, and Johnson of Tennessee. But he entered the lists on Saturday morning with the air of a man who is going to fight in earnest. And even in such bodies as the United States Senate pluck is apt to tell.

After a skirmish with SUMNER, in which the Massachusetts Senator had rather the best of the fight, the second reading passed, by 30 to 8. Its further progress was then arrested for a few hours' speech, delivered, if not composed, by General JO. LANE, of Oregon. When I think of that speech, and when I remember that General Lane was at one time a probable candidate for the Presidency, I can not find words to express my thanks to Divine Providence for our escape. Certainly, the speech had its advantage. It gave a rest to the wearied reporters for the press, and enabled Senators to write their letters undisturbed. When it was done, ANDREW JOHNSON, of Tennessee, rose to reply. Mr. Johnson is a self-made man. In his youth he was a tailor's apprentice, and he learned his letters from his wife. He is a natural orator, and as clever a man as lives. The author of General Lane's speech attacked, with sarcasm and sneer, the Homestead Bill with which Senator JOHNSON's name is connected. Johnson's reply was one of the most eloquent bursts ever heard in the Senate. I remember, he said in substance, when, after years of painful struggles, with the young wife I had brought from my native place in North Carolina, and the little family which in her arms I gave around us, I was enabled to purchase a small plot of ground in Tennessee and build a cabin upon it which I could call my own. And when, long years ago, I made up my mind that, if ever I had the power, every poor man, struggling as I was, should be enabled to obtain a home—should have one spot of earth, however small, one cabin, however rude and scanty, which, in the light of heaven and the face of man, he should be able to call his own.

An ominous hustle in the galleries followed this outburst, but subsided on a growl from Senator Mason. Senator Johnson continued, laying stripe after stripe scientifically on Mr. Lane's back for General Lane, and finally closing with a magnificent eulogium on the Union. On this the pent-up feelings of the spectators could no longer be restrained. A tremendous cheer arose. Senator Mason instantly moved that the galleries be cleared. A few of these were heard—but a stentorian voice shouted, "THREE CHEERS FOR THE UNION!" They were given with a will. Not only did the men's gallery shout, but the ladies screamed and waved their handkerchiefs. Never since the first meeting of the Senate did that body endure such an insult. For some moments the din was overpowering.

"The sergeant-at-arms will clear the galleries!" commanded the Chair, fiercely.

It was easier said than done. There were at least fifteen hundred excited men in the galleries. For some moments it was a question whether the Senate would clear the galleries, or the galleries the Senate. Senator TURVEYDROP, as the respected Chairman of the Committee on Foreign Relations is called by those who know and love him best, nearly fainted. Senator KENNEDY spluttered even more than usual. Senator DOUGLAS roared at the sergeant-at-arms. That functionary called the Capitol Police to his aid, and went forth to do or die. Happily, after the third cheese, the turbulent denizens of the galleries, obedient to American instincts, obeyed the command of the Senate, and retired sullenly. The doors were locked, and Senators were appeased.

Night had fallen, and the Senate, after some opposition from Senator MASON, resumed the debate on the Resolution. Senator PUGH moved to strike out the words "authorized by," on the ground that they were bad grammar.

I am enough of a grammarian to perceive by Senator Pugh's speech that he is himself no friend to Lindley Murray. Whether his amendment would have improved the grammar of the Resolution I really know the little to say. Mr. PUGH is the youngest member of the Senate in more senses than one. He has an invincible tendency to get upon his legs—which are short of their kind, like those of Mr. Douglas. But if his legs be short, his tongue is long. He generally speaks whenever the President will let him. Not that he has any thing to say. He seldom has. Perhaps the most useful office he ever performed in the Senate was to send extracts from Mr. Douglas's speech to the great speech on the Lecompton question. On this occasion words of sense proceeded from his mouth, and Senators listened. His amendment was therefore turned his head, and he has talked constantly ever since. On Saturday night he very nearly killed the Resolution with his amendment. But as the amendment been adopted the Resolution must have gone back to the House, which had adjourned to Monday at 12 A.M., and it could not have passed. Out of the members present, 19 voted for it, and VICE-PRESIDENT BRECKINRIDGE—an opponent of all settlements—giving a casting vote in the affirmative, the amendment was defeated.

Then DOUGLAS rose, and in his deep, bass voice, eloquently appealed to the Senate to reconsider the vote. CRITTENDEN, of Kentucky, BIGLER, of Virginia, and JOHNSON, of North Carolina—once a strong Douglas man, now, poor fellow! a secessionist in a Union State—followed in the same strain. Some of the reconsideration was carried, amidst gnashings of teeth by the extreme Republicans and Secessionists; and, in the end, Pugh's amendment was defeated. Senator PUGH then moved the Crittenden Resolutions as a second amendment. This motion was also defeated, and so pass. But the design was, as I stated above, to defeat action on the main resolution.

Senator WILKINSON, of Minnesota, got the floor, and proceeded to flagellate the Secessionists and the South generally. He was followed, in the same strain, by Senator CHANDLER, of Michigan. They were virulent, severe, and bitter. Both denied the right of secession, and railed angrily at the seizure of Government property at the South by the Secessionists. Both were for the forcible maintenance of the Union. Both were answered by WIGFALL, of Texas.

A Fresh gentleman, of large public experience, who heard this debate, remarked that Wilkinson and Chandler were fair types of Northern, while Wigfall was a fair type of Southern, eloquence. Without going so far as this, one must admit that there are superficial grounds for the assertion. Western men, as a class, are fluent and impetuous; they are nearly all alike—are very unpleasant orators to listen to. Their language is not well chosen, and their delivery is rapid. Instead of trying to address out-door audiences, they never overcome the habit of bawling; their tones alternate between a coarse and a shrill key—both equally abominable. When they become excited, the hearer's anxiety for the safety of their blood-vessels absorbs every other feeling. Of the men sitt ere in the Senate, Messrs. Lane and Jefferson and William H. Seward speak in ordinary tones, yet are heard throughout the Senate Chamber. But these Western men, as a class, are fluent in addressing some one who is three miles off. They appear to consider themselves oratorical Columbiads, warranted not to burst. Eastern men, after years per, too, is generally ill-digested. They take an hour to say what could be better said in ten minutes. Southern men are fluent, and have good memory, and they repeat themselves endlessly. On a prairie, with an audience scattered over several miles of country, they are perhaps the right men in the right place; in the United States Senate they are so faulty in respect of gesture, tone, delivery, and arrangement of matter, that even when they are right they seem wrong.

Senator WIGFALL, of Texas, is the exact opposite of these speakers. He is a finished orator—probably the most finished now in the Senate. His voice is clear, melodious, and sufficiently powerful to be heard every where. He speaks grammatically, elegantly, and with ease. He is a debater, too. He never screams. His delivery is perfect, and his action suitable. When to these merits I add that he is a handsome man, I have said every thing that can be said in his favor. For he has the misfortune of being almost always illogical, inaccurate, and utterly unfair. He is a duelist, and carries his life in his hand. When he was a young man he went to practice law in Ashmore's district, in his native State, Alabama. Ashmore wrote articles for the county paper, and made enemies. One of them challenged him. They fought, and Wigfall winged his foe. He was arrested for the cudgels, and was winged likewise. The leading men of the county notified the young stranger that he did not suit their temper, and must go. Wigfall replied that he preferred to stay. "I will shoot a regiment of you," he said, "but I won't go." He shot eight altogether, I believe, including the brother of the late Preston S. Brooks, who shot him too; the two belligerents lay seven or eight weeks side by side, on their beds, in a tavern, on an island in the Mississippi. At the end of the war was, that Brooks died, and Wigfall, notwithstanding his bravado, left the State, and migrated to Texas.

His reply to Wilkinson and Chandler was extremely smart. Mr. Chandler had abused Governor Floyd as a coward and a scoundrel. Wigfall twitted him with offering insults for which he would not respond in the field. "I will make a bargain with the Senator," he said. "I will not write a letter to Governor Floyd saying, 'Governor Floyd, you are a scoundrel, and I am a gentleman. He shall—— I mean, Mr. Chandler—sir, I beg pardon, 'Zachariah Chandler,' I will covenant that Governor Floyd's friends shall pay the whole amount which he is locked of stealing from the United States Treasury." The Northern troops had just arrived, and the gallery was full of Northern spectators. Waving his hand gracefully to them, Wigfall continued: "The difficulty between you and us, gentlemen, is, that you will not send the right sort of people here. Why will you not send either Christians or gentlemen? Either people who will not insult us with gross words, or people who will admit their personal responsibility for their language?" Chandler had said that he wanted to see whether we had a government; that if we had none he would leave the country; he would go to some country where they had one; he would go and live among the Comanches. Wigfall replied: "The Senator says that under certain conditions he will go and live among the Comanches. God forbid! The Comanches have already suffered much—too much—from contact with the white race. They will not reperate even overwhelmed his Northern opponents, even in the opinion of Northern hearers; though, on the main questions at issue, they were, as was obviously wrong and they were right. So much for a good delivery and well-chosen language.

An hour or more after midnight the Senate adjourned to meet on Sunday evening. When it met, Senator CRITTENDEN had the floor, and delivered a three hours' speech in favor of compromise. Senator CRITTENDEN is a gentleman, a scholar, a good man. He is pure, honest, and patriotic. He has served his country many years with credit. His Walk and Talk are Christian. When LINCOLN was elected, Crittenden, like a good citizen, was for unconditional submission. But Breckinridge and others, who were old men, and let themselves be guiled him to father the resolutions which they had contrived. In an evil moment he yielded, and has ever since regretted it both with words and with deeds. The Secessionists had to sit up with him at night to prevent his denouncing the "Crittenden Compromise" as a fraud. When the vote was taken, on Sunday, he voted against it. His speech was patriotic; but it was very long. Senators on both sides listened with respectful attention; but for all practical purposes the speech might as well have not been delivered.

When he had concluded, filibustering was renewed. Senator MASON declared that the resolution was a *placebo*, a sort of "bread-pill," such as doctors give to patients who are imaginary invalids. Senator BIGLER declared that the South was not what it was, in fact, an imaginary invalid, and needed precisely such a bread-pill. It was dangerous ground. The Republicans laughed at the "bread-pill" of the admission of the Senator from Illinois, and he was forced to qualify it by adding that, in his opinion, *some* Republicans did not desire to interfere with slavery in the States. This riding of two horses, you see, has its inconveniences. But Douglas has so much pluck that he will never hurt him.

An altercation between him and Mason arose. Douglas declared that he had overheard a conversation between Mason and Hunter on the subject of the defeat of the resolution by indirection. Mason sneered at people who repeated to the Senate "scraps of private conversation" which they overheard, and wound up in his inimitably insolent manner with the adage *De quattuor*, etc. Douglas fiercely retorted that he permitted no Senator to use terms of unparliamentary behavior. Mason took two steps hastily forward, and for an instant, the prospect looked warlike. But stopping midway after the first three moments, the haughty Senator from Virginia condescended to utter a half-apology. He was "hocked down."

Let me take this opportunity of saying that, with all his faults, Senator MASON is perhaps the nearest approach, in the present Senate, to the *beau ideal* of a Senator. He has no flowery, long speeches. What he has to say he says in good language, with a good manner, and in a parliamentary way. When he has done he sits down over the ground again, but sits down. This art of sitting down is the highest accomplishment of parliamentary science, and which our Northern men find it very difficult to acquire. Mr. Mason never rises needlessly, and never says foolish things. He speaks always to the point, never wearies. His knowledge of parliamentary tactics he is unrivaled. His defects are obvious. His manner and tone are unbearably insolent. He talks like a Pecksniff addressing menials. His every utterance is embittered by his Secessionist tendencies, which are not shared by the people of his State. He sees himself (optimizing over the full height of his political power to insignificant obscurity. He dies hard.

On the Republican side, speeches were made on Sunday evening and Monday morning by Senators TRUMBULL and WADE, and on the other side by Wigfall again. What I have said of Wilkinson and Chandler I said on Monday morning by Wade. The former was obviously bent on being heard in Georgetown. Neither had prepared their speeches beforehand. Republican reputations were in pleasant. "OLD BEN WADE," as his familiars call him, made some good points in opposition to Senator Douglas, who forgot his good manners in an attack upon him. But there was nothing new in either of the speeches. The calm dignity naturally expected in a Senatorial address, the true separation of principle and its logical application to current events, were wanting—or at all events were drowned in profuse verbiage.

The leader of the Senate, under the Republican *régime*, will be FESSENDEN, of Maine, the Chairman of the Committee on Finance. He seldom speaks. He is a tall, hard-faced man, with a gray *chevelure* round his bony intellectual forehead like the lawyers; cool as a mountain-top; and brave as lion. Next to him in influence, perhaps, may be ranked PRESTON KING, of New York. He, too, is rarely heard in the Senate. His voice is a shrill falsetto, which, coming from a man built like a rum-puncheon, sounds queer enough. But he is very sound in council, and perfectly brave. His temper is merry, and the normal condition of his face is a broad grin. CLARK, of New Hampshire, is a bold contrast to Mr. King, yet also a leader. He is a thin, tall man, of sallow complexion, with lantern jaws and black mustache. His voice is keen, his sentences crisp. When he speaks, it seems that a sharp knife is falling at the end of each period. SUMNER, of Massachusetts, Mr. Mason's successor as Chairman of the Committee on Foreign Relations, acted, during the debate which I witnessed, as whipper in. He watched warily, and was ever ready to avail himself of all Parliamentary expedients to defeat the resolution. His voice is very deep, and his elocution admirable. Weight he has little, as he is known to be an abolitionist; and though he is probably the most learned man in the Senate, he is not an efficient Senator or debater. Probably the most efficient Republican Senator in debate will be found to be WILKINSON, of Minnesota. His peculiar merits are, first, that he speaks clearly, sensibly, and quietly; and, secondly, that he knows how and when to sit down. He is a thorough field of arts —the art of sitting down—he seems to have mastered. This probably a natural gift. At any rate he possesses it, and consequently he is always heard with attention.

Hour after hour had slipped away; it was six o'clock in the morning; and no vote had been taken on the Resolution. In six hours more the question was to take place. Senators began to look jaded. Half of them were asleep on the sofas, and some in the floor of the house. The galleries had out. Repeated motions for a recess were made.

But DOUGLAS, with bull dog tenacity, stuck to his point. At the mere mention of the word, he rose, his "I object, Mr. President," rose clearly above the din. His patience was beyond all praise. Not a sign of impatience escaped him. And by the most wearisome of the long speeches we ha consumed the precious hours of the waning *sese an*. But the instant the four was reached he pressed his point. To personal attacks, and they were many, his sole reply was—Let us vote. And so at last, half an hour or more before daylight, the ayes and noes were called for, and the Resolution passed by 24 to 12—just the necessary two-thirds.

It leaves a very Border feeling on one remember that the credit is due to STEPHEN A. DOUGLAS, of Illinois.

THE LOVAGER.

THE 4TH.

EVERY four years the earth of two months in the twelve is a very busy day in this country—the Fourth of March and the Fourth of July. The one is the yearly anniversary of our national origin, the other the quadrennial ceremony of our national renewal. This year it was peculiarly interesting, because of the unusual excitement in the country. Fortunately for our national peace and the character of our civilization, there was no trouble of any kind during the usual ceremonies. The sixteenth President of the United States was inaugurated under a soft sky and in the peaceful presence of thousands of his fellow-citizens. While he stood silently and modestly, his address, the words were speeding all over the land as they fell from his mouth. Along the telegraphic nerves they thrilled into the hearts of millions, and there is no that no words have ever been uttered in the world upon which hung more minds anxiously attentive than upon these.

I was curious to watch the scene in New York. From noon, the hour at which it was understood that the ceremony would begin, to the time when it was over, I noted with the consciousness that the great fundamental crisis through which our system passes every four years had arrived, and the whole Government was changing hands. It was the more momentous because not only the officers but the policy of the Government was also changing. And still more solemn because for the present not fact to which not even a Lounger could be blind and deaf, that there was such serious difficulty lying at the very threshold of the new Administration.

Yet people's faces were singularly cheerful. Any thing positive is very satisfactory. "Let us know the worst," is the instinctive wish of every man in the uncertainty of a great crisis. Any thing is preferable to widening and deepening doubt in imbecility. The condition of the prisoners in the French jails in '93, when they wondered from dawn till dark, and from dark to dawn, what they were going to be guillotined or not, was a hundred-fold more pitiable than that of those who were summoned to the axe. Upon the whole, Mr. Lincoln's face was probably the most uncomfortable person in history.

The throngs at the newspaper offices were more earnest than any crowds lately seen. They were perfectly good-humored, but the squeezing was suffocating. When a few sheets came up from the press the universal Hi! hi! of the boys within announced to the jammed candidates outside that there was a prize for somebody. Many an eager gentleman dashed gallantly into the stream, and after moving with the solid current a few steps, was caught and held fast for a quarter of an hour, perfectly motionless, and then struggled and strained, and with much cost of tumbled linen and ruffled broadcloth, emerged again into the street newspapers as he went in.

Then, when he was lucky enough, after patient waiting, to get a copy of the address, he leaned up

against some friendly door, or, post, or corner, and rapidly scanned the words which were even then scarcely spoken. Of course he interpreted it according to his feelings, his apprehensions, his doubts, his wishes. There was never word spoken by human lips that was not susceptible of many interpretations. The color of the reflector determines the hue of the reflection.

And so our sixteenth President is inaugurated, and our seventy-fourth national year under the Constitution begins. God save the United States of America!

A LAY SERMON.

"My dear Henrietta," said Theologicus the other day, as they were quietly lounging down Broadway, "why does modern literature make so much fun of the clergy? You may take any six of the best modern novels, and you shall find plenty of sly digs at the cloth. It seems to me very unfair and unkind. Think, now, of Dickens's Chadband and Stiggins—of Thackeray's Lemuel Whey and Charles Honeyman—of Anthony Trollope's clerical society about the close of Barchester. What pictures they are! What do you think of it?"

"My dear Theologicus," replied Henrietta, "I think that where there is so much smoke there must be a good deal of fire. But you must not make the foolish mistake of supposing that satirical stings are body but the guilty. If you hold your hand to the fire, it is the burned part that suffers. So when you insist upon seeing all that is said of cassock, you must look at both sides. Certainly, Charles Kingsley is just to his own profession, and Tom Hughes is sympathizes with the clergy; and his ladies, almost without exception, are generous to the clerical calling. Kingsley and his friends do not take the ground that an invincible dyspepsia is proof of sound Christianity, nor do they hold that shabby muscles are identical with robust religion.

"No, Theologicus; half of modern literature is that hearty men don't like valetudinarians and whining sentimentalists. And why should they? What is more unlike muscular Christianity is simple the protest of men of positive manhood and heroic tendencies against debility in body and mind as evidence of spirituality. Come, come, say the muscular Christians, it doesn't follow that, because a man honestly tries to do his duty, he must be round-shouldered and narrow-breasted, and whoever with asthma, and cough with consumption, and go about the world so like the chief mourner at a funeral that you might justly suppose that the thing that ever happened was the Christian dispensation. Come, come, don't suppose that Christianity teaches that a man is fit for heaven because he is unfit for the earth. Sound lungs and liver—a deep chest voice—a ringing laugh—a smile like a sunrise—an arm like a crow-bar—a hand like a vice—a breast like a trumpet—these are not inconsistent with the truest religion. Disease is no more Christianity than anarchy is democracy. A brisk gallop every day in the wild alleys of the banks of the Connecticut—an hour every morning at woodsawing—a little more breathing the fresh air of heaven instead of the fumes of the study—actual and not theoretic familiarity with all the sweet and sour of human life around him, would have given good old Doctor Jonathan Edwards much more cheerful views of human life and destiny.

"No, Theologicus, no; Christianity is not a solemn black fir grove, so far north that the air is always cold and damp, but a spacious, sunny, and fruit unknown. It is a grove in the softest climate—a celestial tropic, full of music and sweetness, with fresh and pure breezes blowing over, and fruit—where sharp winds are tempered, hot sunshine mellowed, and life is a year-long festival."

"Why, Henrietta, you should have been a preacher—"

"Yes; but am I not? I preach as I walk with you in Broadway. I am an itinerant, you know."

OVER THE RIVER.

PROBABLY there is not a locality in the country who, as he crosses the Hudson River at Albany, has not wondered how soon the ordinary decencies of civilization will insist upon a bridge there to connect that a bridge will be built. In the wildest, bitterest winter the ferry-boat may arrive there at midnight, and be forced out upon the river in an open sleigh, or earlier and later in the season, and be put to his penurious way along boards and sticks, thanking divine Providence if he escape without a ducking. Not long since, when the passengers by a train were crossing there, the plank which bridged a gulf of uncertainty between two pieces of ice was too heavily crowded, and one began to sink in the river; but by a timely cry of warning and a rapid retreat the loss of life was avoided. This was the process of crossing at the most important point upon the great Western route from New York—the point of union of the New York Central and the Hudson River Railroad.

So on the night when the river broke up at Albany this winter, the stream of travel from the East and South and West reached the opposite shores. There was no possible crossing, and the whole crowd was driven to Troy, which overflowed with disappointed passengers. Yet there is not another railroad line in the land upon which travelers could be so annoyed.

As the matter now stands, the Lounger, who has experience, advises all "through" travelers to go and come by the way of Troy. You can keep your seat quietly in the front car from Chambers Street to Troy, and there, in a spacious and comfortable station, step across from one train to another, and push on without the slightest discomfort. There is nothing gained by crossing the river at Albany, except a general derangement. You scramble from the Hudson River cars to the ferry-boat. There you wait in the cold. Then you slide across to the city if you are not nipped in the ice. There you scramble into the Central R. R. yard, and rush for a seat in the cars already occupied. Then, after dueldlay, you roll out of town, and when you reach Schenectady you see the rosy faces of content belonging to your late fellow-passengers, who have come comfortably round by Troy, and who resume their connection with you at this point. The inconvenience of the Troy route is, that you must change cars both at Troy and Schenectady; but that is of slight importance compared with the river crossing.

Let the traveler, however, who is disposed to try the Trojan route, be sure that the train from the West or from New York connects at Troy. For he will understand that the two sisters who sit at the head of the river do not dwell together in perfect amity. He may, perchance, hear that Troy will under no circumstances cease to protest against the bridge at Albany. And he can not settle that question. But he may determine his route; and wanting the bridge, he will be a wise man if he passes through Troy.

THIS AND THAT.

"DEAR MR. LOUNGER,—Isn't it rather hard that one man should work hard every day of the year for a tolerable pittance, and another man, by a slight and brief exertion, gets perhaps in a week all that it costs the first to pay for a year? Answer me, Inquirer."

This is a question which perplexes a great many people: but really it is not so hard. Is it hard that some people are born beautiful, or with gracious and winning ways; that some are eloquent, and some dull; that some have genius and talent, and others none? Must there not be coals and geraniums, artificial and natural, and vulgivers, to make a pleasant world? As long as there are degrees of excellence and attraction, so long there must be the shades of disparity of employ. You may ask, indeed, why every body is not perfectly beautiful, perfectly well, and perfectly happy; but those are questions which you will not expect a serious answer. Yet, are you quite sure that your own question does not conceal the same kind of absurdity?

For instance, how many careful, conscientious, generous women work patiently in their vocation as actresses. It is a hard life and girt with risks. But there is one enormous reward—the love of Woman—not less careful, conscientious, and generous than any; but while the others toil and moil and have a desperate fight for it, Miss Cushman may make a tolerable fortune every year. Is it her fault? No. Is it the fault of the others? No. Is there any reason why the fault should be found by the others to earn the same reward that she earns? No. Where, then, is the difficulty? There is no difficulty. You can go and do likewise if you see one and pay for it that you have to see and reward the other. Tommy Tinker may be as pious and good a man as Gregory Nazianzen, and have twice as large a family; but you will willingly walk two miles and give a shilling to hear Whitefield speak, while you will not go across the street or give a groat to hear Tommy. Whitefield was clearly in the good men, both talking men, both men who live by bread and meat; but the words of the one drop dead into your mind, while the words of the other, those of the other kindle, inspire, enchant you into a rarer sense of life and a holier resolution of conduct. That is the gift of genius, the gift of tears of Sharon. They are both made by the same good Father—they are both parts of his perfect creation; but both have his gift, and the reward on earth is the instinct in you which finds the rose lovelier and sweeter than the weed.

If you look at the matter as precisely the counterpart of each other, it is strange that Adam should be paid five hundred dollars for talking an hour or two, while the clergyman gets only a hundred dollars for a whole year's talking. Mechanically, the talking of the two is the same thing, but spiritually it is precisely opposite. They are not paid according to the equal time and talk, but according to the spiritual food they furnish; and of that the public mind can be the only judge.

MELTING ICE.

BEFORE these lines can be printed the month of storms may have justified its name; but it began so softly that the whole continent seemed to have drifted away from winter. The change in the way came upon the most sudden and bewildering contrasts. In the beautiful Mohawk Valley, while the snow yet lay deep on the hills, lighting up the usual gloom of the woods, the May sun shone, and the tender haze of late October hung warm and dreamy among the pines. Huge congregations of crows chattered in the air and in the fields. And for and near that first happy song of spring, the trickling gurgle of melting snow, and eager brooks, poured out of the hill-sides, flowing across the roads, tumbling into the rivers, made the air musical, and filled the heart with that secret jubilee that rings like an inward echo to outer sounds of joy.

And the great river, which three weeks before had broken up with a roar and a crash that loaded the foolish buildings along the shore—foolish, because, although the river is sure to break loose and ravage the shore every year as it did this, and as it always does, yet the same buildings will forget it all, will be sure to plant themselves in the same spots; and because the ice-cream is delicious, and the plank ice-bridge floated away, and the ferry-boats began to ply as unconcerned as if ice were a dream of tropical posts.

But a little down the stream you could see the great scales of thin ice, occasionally broken with a lake of gleaming water, but generally water-logged and rotten. Great fissures like the crevasses upon a glacier, marked it across; out in the channel they widened, and as you came farther down the thin ice was almost wasted, and sunk gradually and slowly down the stream, many of them with queer freight of drift-wood, or remains of bridges, or a pile of ashes, or an old hat, or a broken stove.

Nothing seems so lazy and languid as the drifting ice sliding down the river. Yet if you stand upon some projecting point and watch it for an hour you will see that it has prodigious momentum. If the current set it toward a wharf or the shore, or upon a rock or a flat, it will grind and grind and crush; and large and small ice and the opposing pieces edgewise out of the river, piling itself over and over; breaking and pulverizing, and irresistibly advancing, with a great wedged mountain. There are three kinds of ice, as you soon see. First, the original deep-water, frozen pure at the beginning of the winter, and the last to go from the river. This is the lustrous, crystal, polar ice, which makes luster dazzle in July. Then there is the flat-ice, or the white ice, formed on the shallows; and last, the later, superficial ice, made up of snow and sleet and the elemental deposits upon the surface that the winter lies in forked. And spring advances, the constant friction of the stream below wears and wastes the crystal foundations, and then the water breaks through the upper surface, and makes the dirty, sodden, saturated ice, which falls a helpless prey in the collision with the diamond teeth of the fragments of early ice.

Over these wild, wandering, wasting acres you will see, at intervals, solitary men and boys pushing their way in boats, running the chance of a nip. They are fishermen, and their business is to pick up the estrays that are borne upon the ice. Sometimes they will find a prize of timber—sometimes they get a fish—sometimes a duck or gull—sometimes, too, they must be caught, rather than catch, and be lucky if their own boat does not become river-wood for the next generation.

At last you leave the ice region of the river behind. The birds that have been exiled since the cold began flock over you from the south, and the winds that blow from the equator. We are in the venturous placarons, and pluck a bird's sweet song from the drifting snow. That was a blue-bird. That a song-sparrow twittering in the thicket, where buds are swelling and glistening. And in the sheltered southern nooks of the Highlands, as if spring held them tenderly in his warm, open hand, a post dreams of

"daffodils
That come before the swallow dares, and take
The winds of March with beauty: violets, dim,
But sweeter than the lids of June's eyes,
Or Cytherea's breath."

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

On one occasion two or three friends of Hood came down for a day's shooting, and, as they often did, in the evening they moved out upon the lawn to the little lake in an old punt. They were full of spirits, and had played off one or two practical jokes on the host, which ended in getting out of the boat, leaving him last, one of them gave it a push, and the punt was launched on the water. Fortunately it was the landing-place, and the water was not deep, but he was not a swimmer. He got up to the edge, and took to venture on such tricks with him, and he quietly determined to take them in good humor. Presently, he pretended to complain of cramps and stitches, and then went in—before. His friends, nothing ashamed of their rough fun, pretended him to get out. He refused obstinately. And then groans and complaints increased so alarmingly that they were almost as much alarmed as he meant to do. My uncle had received a quiet hint, and was therefore not alarmed, but took his gift, and sat down to enjoy the various contortions of the repentant jokers. There was no doctor to be had in the village, so the groaning comedies were suggested and administered, my father shaking with laughter, while they thought him in pain. At last he got out, and came up with a tea-kettle of boiling water hanging on his arm. Another tea-kettle under a hot fire, and a third brought the mustard. My father at length, as well as he could speak, gave out, in a voice broken by fits of laughter, that he was dying, and detailed some most absurd directions for his burial, which they were to perform next to see the fun of. At last he could stand it no longer, and, after hearing for a few minutes their debates, forgive them for their unfortunate joke, and beseech him to believe in their remorse. Why, that was a perfect shout of laughing, which they thought at first was delirious agony, but which ultimately betrayed the joke.

EXTRACTS OF THE PRESS.—In Mr. Pycroft's "Ways and Words of Literary Letters" occurs a conversation with a printer: "Reality," said the printer, "gentlemen should not place much faith in the statements in the eyesight of our hard-worked and half-blinded reader of proofs; for I am sometimes so puzzled by the interpretation of a letter as to be indifferent whether it be a p or a b." "Indeed! and what was the unhappy line?" "Why, sir, I was intended to say, 'Let the pale martyr in a sheet,' instead of which we have, alas, my, 'See the pale martyr with his sheet on fire!'"

ECHOES.

What must be done to conduct a newspaper right?—Write.

What is necessary to a farmer to assist him?—System.

What would a sailor's ship be without any delights?—Light.

What is the best piece of counsel given by a justice of the peace?—Peace.

Who commits the greatest abominations?—Nations.

What is the greatest terrifier?—Fire.

"A story of a pulpit rebuke," says Dean Ramsay, "is traditionary in the East Neuk of Fife. An officer of a volunteer corps on the Lothian coast was very proud of his fresh uniform, had come to church, and walked about, looking for the best place. He had placed himself quietly on Mr. Shiera quietly remonstrating, 'Oh, man, will ye hearken to the sermon, and no see your braws when the kirk's done!'"

A SHARP TURN.—When asked how he got out of prison, a wag replied that he got out of an oil cell by ingenuity, ran up stairs with agility, crawled out of the back window in secrecy, slid down the lightning-rod with rapidity, walked out of the town with dignity, and am now basking in the sunshine of liberty!

"Father, I think you told a lie in the pulpit to-day." said a little son of a clergyman.

"Why, what do you mean?"

"Sir, you said you were very cool and I have done. Then you went on, and said a great many more words. The people expected you'd tell them the reverse you promised them. But you didn't, and kept on preaching a long while after the time was up."

Patrick MacGregan, with a wheelbarrow, ran a race with a locomotive. As the latter went out of sight, Mac observed, "Aff wid ye, ye rusty blaggard, or I'll be afther runnin' into ye!"

A gentleman was consoling a lady on the loss of her husband; but finding that she treated it with indifference, exclaimed, "Oh, very well, Madam, if that be the way you take it, I care no more about it than you do!"

WAVES ENDORSE.—A novelist tells of lovers who agree to wave their hands toward each other at a certain hour across the Atlantic Ocean. One might suppose there would be waves enough between them without trying to make any with their hands.

The mayor of a small village of France having occasion to give a passport to a distinguished personage in his neighborhood who was blind of an eye, was in great embarrassment in coming to the description of his person. Fertile of obeading the good man, he adopted the following happy expedient, by avoiding the mention of his deformity. He wrote, "black eyes, one of which is absent."

A respectable surgeon in London, making his daily round to see his patients, had occasion to call at a house at Charing Cross where he left his horse to the care of a boy, whom he usually employed to mind it. On coming out of the house he usually met with the same boy, and found servant ever trusting himself to a rider; but no—Monsieur Jehu was not to be caught by the value of money a little better—he was letting the horse to little boys in the street, a guinea a ride to the Horse Guards and back.

When George the Second got into a heat with his minister, and insisted on being shown the document relating to a certain subject the next morning, the minister obeyed; and when the King rose he saw three large wagons full of papers, neatly tied with red tapes, packed beneath the window.

"Come, don't be proud," said a couple of silly young gentlemen to a poor gentleman; "sit down and make yourselves our equals."

"We should have to blow our brains out to do that," replied one of them.

"The man who has raised a cabbage-head has done more good than all the metaphysicians in the world."

"How," replied the wag, "your another ought to have a premium."

The papers relate an anecdote of a beautiful young lady who had been married during breakfast, and after marriage. Whereupon Smoke wickedly observes that it is an unanswerable thing for people's eyes to be opened by matrimony.

Mr. Justice Page was renowned for his harshness and forcibly upon the bench. While going the circuit, a freehouse lawyer, by the name of Crowle, was asked by a waiter at dinner, "Will you have a roll?"

"I don't know," said Crowle, "but if he be, I am sure he never was a loaf before."

A country editor, speaking of a blind surveyor, says, "Although he can't see far, he can say."

A dog is counted mad when he won't "take something to drink," and a man insane when he takes too much. A bankrupt is respectable with a thousand pounds he don't belong to him, while a beggar becomes a criminal for purloining a piece of meat.

Lady Isabella Finch, daughter of the Earl of Winchelsea, was lady of the bedchamber to the Princess Amelia. Lord Bute, on presenting leaving an order, borrowed a halfcrown of her; he sent it next day, with a five-pound note in the room of it, and a crown. She replied that, though he could not give her a crown, he might give her a coronet, and she was very ready to accept it."

"Mother, I shouldn't be surprised if Susan gets choked some day."

"Why, my son?"

"Because when Wiggy twisted his arms round her neck the other night, and if she had not kissed to let him go, he would have choked her."

Lady Isabella Finch, daughter of the Earl of Winchelsea, was lady of the bedchamber to the Princess Amelia. Lord Bute, on presenting leaving an order, borrowed a halfcrown of her; he sent it next day, with a five-pound note in the room of it, and a crown. She replied that, though he could not give her a crown, he might give her a coronet, and she was very ready to accept it."

An attorney having died in poor circumstances, one of his friends observed that he had left but few effects. "Yes," said one, "he wondered at," said another, "for he had but few causes."

A tar, who had been boasting of the numerous foreign places he had visited, and of the bad ever seen Londiscans. "No," said Jack; "what cannot you shut in a letter?"

In a case which recently came before the Court of Queen's Bench, the following character was read:

"My ever dearest Mary,—I have received your Letter and Thine with all my thoughts are wholly with thee for believe me I have Long and Dearly Loved you for Loving thy-self. How would I give to clasp thee in my arms. But oh! how can I. Alas! I cannot. Imagine Thyself cold and solitary mountains Not one living thing is there to be seen save now I can see a large Sea Gull with its wild and Roaring Cry made me lift my eyes and Pause. (Laughter.) Oh! dearest Mary, what I wish but That I might be thee. I loften steal away to this Mountain to think on thee till to look on Your Heavenly Beauty. I have wandered through this wild and Solitary Glenn. To see the buty of nature round me to Admire the Grandeur Day Charming and to think of thee I start from my Seat and wisper a Prayer that we may Soon Meet Again Never Part. Oh none Can tell How misserible I Pass my days."

In all matters except a little matter of the tongue, a woman can generally hold her own.

Many complain that they are not appreciated properly simply because they are.

"Intemperance," said Mrs. Partington, solemnly, with a rich, emotion in her tone, "is like an after-dinner speech: it makes a man talk who has nothing to say." She smelt she had just brought from the box, down upon the bonnet. Then, with a violent sneeze, she went down to steamer part of the room. "Intemperance is a monster with a great many heads, and it is the ruin of scores of families like any castle or an alligator, and destroys its peace and happiness. But, thank heaven, a new brake has dawned upon the world, and soon the hydrenheaded monster will be annihilated." She knew that men will put enemies into their mouths to steal away their brains?

"Don't you regard taking snuff as a vice?" we asked, innocently.

"If it is," she replied, with the same old ornament, "it's so small a one that Providence won't take no notice of it; and besides, my old brother would take it if I didn't. An, kind old heart, it was a drunkard's argument!

"Your honor," said a lawyer to the judge, "every man who knows me knows that I am incapable of telling my self to a mean cause."

"Darn it," said his opponent; "the learned gentleman never lends himself to a mean cause; he always gets cash down."

A fellow of atrocious ugliness chanced to pick up a good looking glass on the road; but when he looked at it himself he flung it away in a rage, crying, "If you had been good for any thing you would not have been thrown away by your owner."

It would be hard to convince the magnetic needle that a lodestone isn't the most diverting thing in the world.

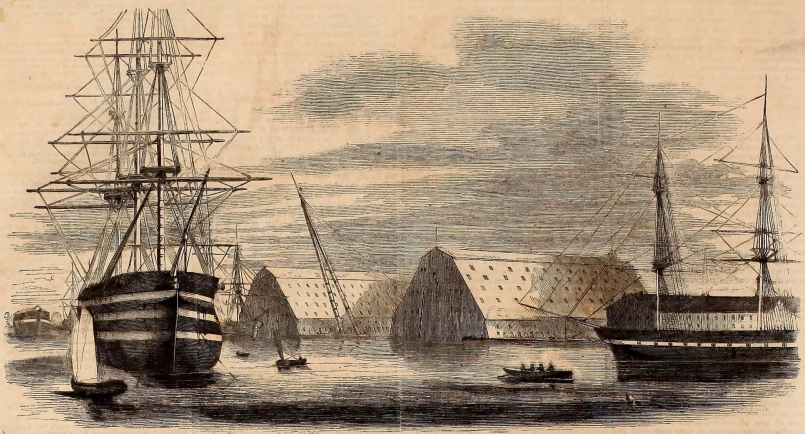
If a very rich old lady is dangerously ill, her dutiful relatives are generally anxious that age and disease entitle one to every possible attention.

"The times are hard, wife, and I find it difficult to keep my nose above water."

"You could easily keep your nose above water, husband, if you didn't keep it so often above brandy."

"Hast thou ever loved, Henrietta?" I sighed. "I should rather imagine I had," she replied. "Oh, did not my glances my feelings betray, when you helped me to pudding the third time to-day?"

"My dear Sir, you have used my half of our case of Champagne." "Oh, yes; you are my friend, and I always take your part."



THE NAVY-YARD AT NORFOLK, VIRGINIA.

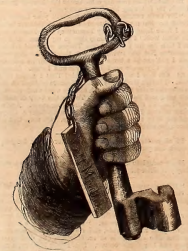
INTERIOR OF FORT SUMTER.

ONE of the officers of Major ANDERSON'S command in FORT SUMTER has kindly placed at our disposal some more sketches of the interior of that work, and we publish the accompanying engravings from them. They explain themselves, and we need say no more than refer to their titles.

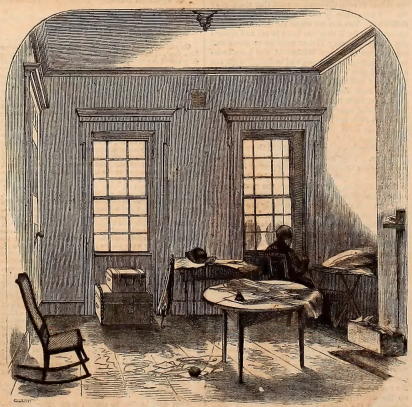
THE NORFOLK NAVY-YARD.

THE recent excitement in Virginia on the secession question renders the accompanying picture of the Norfolk Navy-yard appropriate at the present time. Viewed in conjunction with our recent pictures of Fort Monroe, it completes a series of pictures of Norfolk which is valuable and interesting.

The Norfolk Navy-yard is one of the best in the United States. It is provided with all the usual furniture of a navy-yard—ship-houses, store-houses, foundries, etc., and has, besides, a granite dock which cost a million of dollars. At this navy-yard is anchored, as receiving-ship, the old *Pennsylvania*, the largest line-of-battle ship in the world. She is shown in the fore-ground of our picture.



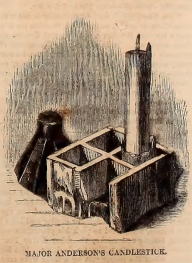
THE KEY OF THE FORT MOULTRIE MAGAZINE.—THE MAJOR'S SOUVENIR.



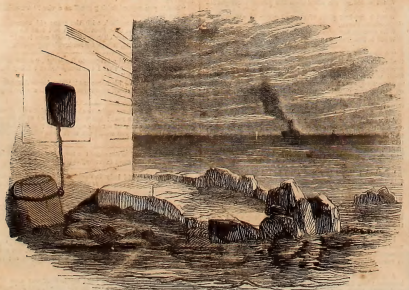
MAJOR ANDERSON'S QUARTERS AT FORT SUMTER.—[DRAWN BY AN OFFICER OF HIS COMMAND.]

THE UNITED STATES FRIGATE "SABINE" OFF FORT PICKENS.

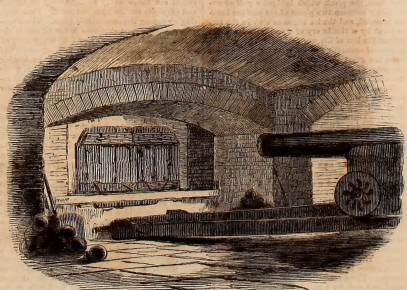
WE publish on page 165, from a sketch furnished us by a United States officer serving in Pensacola Harbor, a picture of the United States frigate *Sabine*, now lying off that harbor. The *Sabine* is an old vessel, built in the old style, but is still well considered by naval men. She was the flag-ship of the Paraguay expedition, and was at that time illustrated in our columns. She is now lying off Fort Pickens, so as to be ready to give aid to that fort in case it is attacked. Her commander is one of the most gallant officers in the Navy, and has expressed very fierce indignation at the treachery



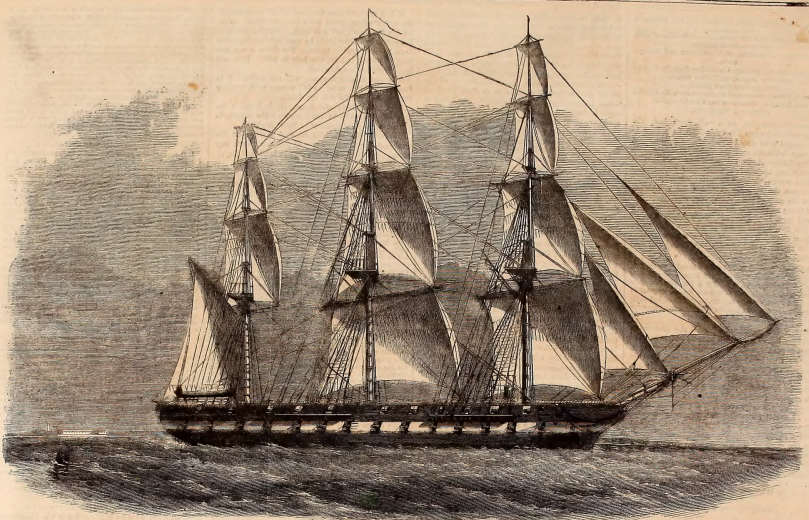
MAJOR ANDERSON'S CANDLESTICK.



AN EMBRASURE AT SUMTER—OUTSIDE.—[DRAWN BY AN OFFICER OF MAJOR ANDERSON'S COMMAND.]



AN EMBRASURE AT SUMTER—INSIDE.—[DRAWN BY AN OFFICER OF MAJOR ANDERSON'S COMMAND.]



THE UNITED STATES FRIGATE "SABINE," OFF FORT PICKENS.—[FROM A SKETCH BY A UNITED STATES OFFICER.]

of those officers who have resigned United States property into the hands of the Secessionists.

THE INAUGURATION.

ABRAHAM LINCOLN was duly inaugurated at Washington on 4th March. We devote a large portion of our space in this number to the illustration of this important event. On pages 168 and 169 will be found a large view of the INAUGURATION CEREMONY; on page 161 a picture of the INAUGURAL PROCESSION; and on this page an engraving depicting the ENTRANCE OF THE TWO PRESIDENTS INTO THE SENATE CHAMBER.

The procession began to form about nine o'clock on Pennsylvania Avenue. The centre of attraction was Willard's Hotel, where Mr. Lincoln was staying, and by 10 A.M. the Avenue at that point was blocked up. The day was fine and every body was in the street. Over twenty-five thousand strangers were in the city, many of whom had slept the night previous in the Capitol and in the streets—it being absolutely impossible to find rooms or beds any where.

According to custom, the Inaugural ceremonies should have begun at noon. But at that hour Mr. Buchanan was still in his chamber at the Capitol signing bills. It was not till ten minutes past twelve that he left the Capitol. He drove rapidly to the White House, entered an open barouche with servants in livery, and proceeded to Willard's. There the President-elect, and Senators Pearce and Baker of the Committee of Arrangements, entered the carriage, and a few minutes before one the procession began to move. The order of procession was as follows:

Aids. Marshal-in-Chief. Aids.

A National Flag with appropriate emblems.

The President of the United States, with the President-Elect and Suite, with Marshals on their left, and the Marshal of the United States for the District of Columbia (Colonel William Selden) and his Deputies on their right.

The Committee of Arrangements of the Senate.

Ex-Presidents of the United States.

The Republican Association.

The Judiciary.

The Clergy.

Foreign Ministers.

The Corps Diplomatique.

Members-elect. Members and ex-Members of Congress, and ex-Members of the Cabinet.

The Peace Congress.

Heads of Bureaus.

Governors and ex-Governors of States and Territories, and Members of the Legislatures of the same.

PRESIDENTS BUCHANAN AND LINCOLN ENTERING THE SENATE CHAMBER BEFORE THE INAUGURATION.—[FROM A SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST.]

Officers of the Army, Navy, Marine Corps, and Militia, in full uniform.
Officers and Soldiers of the Revolution, of the War of 1812, and subsequent periods.
The Corporate Authorities of Washington and Georgetown.
Other Political and Military Associations from the District and other parts of the United States.
All organized Civil Societies.
Professors, Schoolmasters, and Students within the District of Columbia; Citizens of the District, and of States not Territories.

The arrangements, as a rule, were bad, the throng pressing upon the Presidential carriage so as to compel it to stop frequently. But the sight was very brilliant, and the crowd enormous. A striking feature of the procession was a van labeled Constitution, upon which thirty-four young girls in white were seated. Our artist has selected for his picture the moment at which the procession passed the gate of the Capitol grounds.

Arriving at the private door leading, through a covered way, to the Capitol, the carriage stopped and the two Presidents alighted. It was about half past one when they entered the Senate arm-in-arm, as shown in our picture. A newspaper correspondent says of this:

"Mr. Buchanan and Mr. Lincoln entered, arm-in-arm, the former pale, and, nervous; the latter's face slightly flushed, with compressed lips. For a few minutes, while the oath was administered to Senator Pearce, they sat in front of the President's desk. Mr. Buchanan looked stiff-ly, and frequently. Mr. Lincoln was grave and impressive as an Indian martyr."

After a few moments of rest, the procession formed again and proceeded to the platform on the portico of the Capitol. There, the Supreme Court, the Senate, House of Representatives, Foreign Ministers, and a vast crowd of privileged persons quickly filled every seat: while the people—to the number of some 25,000—were gathered in a dense mass below. President Lincoln was introduced to the people by Senator Baker, of Oregon, and forthwith, in a clear, strong voice, proceeded to read his inaugural, which was frequently interrupted by bursts of applause.

At the close of the reading the oath was administered by Chief Justice Taney; and, after receiving the congratulations of his friends, the President, leaning on the arm of President Buchanan, passed within the building, and thence drove to the White House.

THE WORK OF WIND.

A STORM in December on a prairie in Wisconsin. Wind-swept, Nettie sat before the fire, the light of a flaming wood-fire. Without, a wild, sweeping wind driving the air full of whirling crystals. Clear; but perhaps the keenest, coldest night of the season—of any season.

Nettie and Martha are sisters. The roof that sheltered them in their hands by inheritance only a year ago; for when the mother died the father was lone, and being old and broken with care, laid him down to sleep by her side, as he had done for more than forty years. The home was lonely, but the farm is good. A brother—from home now—gathers gray and golden grains by vexing the smooth, rich prairie-mould, to keep them in food and comforts from summer to summer.

Nettie is little, playful, and waxen. Martha is older, fairer, and plain. More as she sits in her chair—not a high-backed one—her shoulders scarcely reach to its summit; and she seems to be little like a child. A pair of crutches stand against the corner.

Nettie, who, at seventeen, is not too old for kittens, and birds, and other light and playful creatures, sits like a Turk—a very sweet little feminine Turk, to be sure—the centre of a herd of feline pensilers, the middle of the flock, with most capacious independence of winter weather and all its suggestions, Nettie wears to-night a light summer shirt—as I guessed and pasty stuff—a pure, bright little thing of a print, which, setting down to her perfect figure, sweeps thence upon the carpet in billows of foam, flecked with purple verbenas. She has had a dozen kittens, this kitten-set of all imaginable sprites, in soft fur dresses of salmon and white, and coal color, are skipping about the floor in the most fantastic circles, while Mistress Tabby sits gravely in the corner in matronly contemplation; reveling, doubtless, in memories of those days long gone by, when she made great havoc of balls of yarn, and gave fruitless chase to the tip of her tail. In the frolic Nettie's mischief loses the air of a child. On the floor, wheeat the coal-color kitten whisks it off to a corner, and deposits it under a chair as gravely as men do votes of taxation.

"Ah, you robber! you shall have little peace with your plunder," and Nettie proceeds to dislodge the booty by sundry and vigorous discharges of balls of yarn.

Martha looks up from her book and speaks. Her voice, rich in tone and musical as Nettie's, though graver, and she says,

"Have we ever known so wild a wind as this, Nettie?"

"Never, sir. It has whistled and roared, and whirled the snow into heaps, and filled the air with feathers and broken branches of trees, and shaken the house all day," says Nettie, letting a whirling ball of yarn at the redoubtable coal-color kitten, unconquered, under the chair.

"I feel afraid. Perhaps brother has been on the lake to-day."

"Oh no! No boat would venture out in such a gale, and in winter too."

"I suppose not. But what time did this wind begin, and how, Nettie?"

"Let me think. Why, it came in a sudden gust at about ten this morning. But brother may not have reached the lake; we only look for him this week. There is no cause for uneasiness, Martha."

And yet the apprehension, once started, checks Nettie's exuberance of spirits and changes her mood. Her astonished kittens, finding no response to their bravest sallies, retire in evident disgust, wondering much at the fickleness of young women in general; and the "coal-color" under the chair sees Nettie, with utter surprise, come coolly to its fortress and take the collar without a caress. And then Nettie lies in her favorite nook of the lounge, pensive, her head on her hand, thinking of brother; of father and mother, under the snow; of the friend at the foot of mountains in New England whose letters, fraught with golden words, failed to come last week and even the week before. "The mails are so irregular here at the West!"

In brushing the miles upon miles of prairie through the livelong day, the fury wind had grown mad with the fury of freedom, and tossed now into the air with its invisible antlers; so that men, could they have looked upon the landscape, would have breathed ice notes. The whole atmosphere seemed powdered with diamond dust, floating crystals; and though the sky was cloudless, the earth was destitute of outline, earth and sky meeting in mist.

Now that night has come, and the moon is marching up the arc of the heavens, the wind is in less ruthless in its sweep, but tosses the snow, swaps the few lone trees, and drives the frost into crevices, plating the back wall with a coat of white, and curling mounds of snow within the threshold of closed doors.

Hall and door of Nettie's homestead is being unfolded. A path of light, of golden tint, streams up from the horizon, and, intersecting the moon, forms a spectacle about it. Then, from the north, streamers crossing the first that the moon stands against the sky as a clear brilliant pearl in a cross of gold. Then the light and the moon are lost, and Nettie finds in as brilliant colors as the rainbow of dry puts on; and near the south an arc of color, bending outward, matches another which is forming below. It is one of those rare and magnificent displays of the prairie, painted by frost-mist in the air, which a lifetime seldom finds repeated. The warmth and beauty of color in the Aurora Borealis fill the recesses of winter.

A sleigh, drawn by a pair of stout black horses in which a vigorous man and a fragile girl, had been winding all day among the forest trees which skirt the prairie like a broad brown fringe. The trees prevented the wind from being at times quite endurable. But at nightfall they shot out from under their covert upon the white bosom of the wild prairie, and the wind, with all its force, struck with its sting. Now, while light and warmth glow within, where are Nettie and Martha, and the moon is purging of its crystal, silver, crimson, orange, and gold, the wild night wind has chilled and stiffened the riders in the sleigh, and the horses are floundering through the deepening snow. The man has taken one after another of his garments and wrapped them about his companion, and stands, shelvered behind her, to keep off the driving wind urging the willing but failing horses. The wind, eddying and whirling, has piled the snow into hills. Sometimes it is quite impossible to force a passage through till the hand of the driver has broken the drift with his spade.

The keen wind bites his face and his hands, penetrates to the muscles and the bones, and would chill him but for the labor. The drifts grow deeper; the cold more intense; the strong horses reel now more slowly. At last the whole up the first cross-planined bluffery of cold. She thought she was freezing. But now she is quite warm—does not suffer at all. She is sleeping in the strong arms. He has parted with his last coat; he can do no more.

"Take this coat, George; I don't need it now," she says, in a faint, cheerful voice.

"For God's sake keep it on!"

"Why, George, you will suffer at all."

And still the horses move painfully on, and still the man wears its icy fingers mercilessly over the protective shoulder-blades of his wife.

"I am sleepy, George; wake me up when we reach a house. You must go in and warm, or you will freeze."

The horses stop; the snow is high before George opens the shawl by the face and kisses the lips. She is sleeping. A few minutes more, and the sleep will last forever. He puts his shoulder deep whence there is no waking. Once more, with the energy of despair, George strikes his spade into the mound of snow, and, with the strength the voice cubes, and they roll speedily to leeward. In the fitful energy of his exertion, perspiration starts upon his face, and, freezing, stings like needles and the drift is high. And what beyond? Only drifts—drifts—iterations of those he has battled for all day—and sleep. He pauses, and it is now almost a little beyond. Nor; he will make one other effort. The way is partially cleared; the whip is put to the horses, and, shivering always, they rise, plunge again, and fall with sheer exhaustion.

And now a light glimmers in the distance. Hope springs; and across the misty mass the grasps his unconscious wife, and hurries on through with the snow and the distance as well as he may.

"Oh, Martha! come to the window," says Nettie, "the prettiest display we ever saw. A great cross of gold, and rainbows all about the moon. Beautiful! beautiful!"

The sister reaches for her crutches; but little Nettie is little and strong, and before the crippled woman has moved Nettie has borne her in her arms to the window. Looking for the exceeding wonder and beauty they are silent long:

"Queen of Night!" says Martha, in audible accents.

"Where she walks she leaves golden footprints," adds Nettie.

"Her chambers hung with crimson, and orange, and blue."

"With a canopy of purple and violet."

"And a carpet of rainbow under her feet," says Nettie. "Wonderful are thy works, O—"

The form of a man, with a heavy burden in his arms, appears like an apparition before the window—the face terribly haggard, the step tottering. Nettie rushes to the door; but the man has fallen, and two bodies lie lifeless before her.

It is a mystery that two such girls, one helpless, the other slight, could have brought those bodies within the door; but it is done. Martha thinks it is brother with the bride he was to bring from the East to their prairie home. The dress is not unlike, the form is like, the hair is like. It is not he. Nettie is not deceived.

The girls live, pray, and will not wake. It is frail little May, come to Wisconsin with brother for life, and not for this icy death.

The two sisters live. It is Nettie's brother, from the brown house by the river-side within sight of mountains in New England.

He will live with Nettie and Martha on the prairie farm; for brother will not come back any more. No boat could live on the lake that day.

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

CONGRESS.

On Friday, March 1, in the Senate, among the preliminary business was the passage of the Joint resolution allowing Alexander Pattison to locate a grant of land and a scrip from Nicaragua, amended so as to strike out the grant of land. The bill to reorganize the corps of engineers, which in its ranks brought against him by some of Walker's men was also passed. The report of the Select Committee on the Peace Conference proposition and the Crittenden resolutions was then taken up, when Senator Hunter, of Virginia, moved to strike out the first article of the former and insert the first article of the latter. The argument was continued at great length by Messrs. Bigler, Pugh, Sebastian, Baker, and others; Senator Mason taking the ground that the propositions of the Conference were worse than nothing for the South; and Senator Crittenden advocating them as the only means of preventing a civil war and saving his own proposition in their favor. No action was taken. On the 2d the Senate, in the forenoon session, in order to vex the report of the Committee of Thirty-three, and the Crittenden resolutions, and to make room for the case of Mr. Pearce, of Maryland, to take his seat, which was given to him by a vote of 33 to 7. The amendment to the Fugitive Slave Law, more clearly defining the duties of the marshals, was passed by a vote of 28 to 13. This amendment, after ineffectual attempts to table it, was finally passed. The next matter of any importance was the bill providing for the organization of Nevada and Dakota into territories. Nothing else of consequence was done.

In the Senate, March 2, the Senate devoted the day to the discussion of the subject of compromises, and adjourned at 5 P.M. on the Crittenden resolutions. The vote was 19 to 7. In the House, the Army appropriation bill was passed. The Senate bill for the relief of Commodore Isaac Hull, and the bill for the relief of Commodore Stewart, remaining Mr. Treasury, secretary of the Navy, for accepting the resignation of Commodore Paulding, and for the appointment of Captain Dupont to the vacancy thus created, were passed after considerable opposition—75 to 69. No other business of consequence was transacted. The House adjourned until 10 o'clock on this.

On Saturday, March 3, the House met at 9 P.M., and after a debate which lasted till 7 A.M. on Monday, adopted the Army appropriation bill, with its amendments.

On Monday, 4th, both Houses met at 10 A.M., but no business of consequence was transacted in the Senate. Senator Fitch, of Indiana, spoke against time to kill a gap company's charter. At 4 P.M. the session terminated.

THE INAUGURAL ADDRESS.

AT 1.30 P.M. on 4th, Mr. Lincoln, the new President, delivered the following inaugural address:

FELLOW-CITIZENS OF THE UNITED STATES.—In compliance with a custom as old as the Government itself, I appear before you to address you briefly, and to take by your presence the oath which the Constitution prescribes for the United States to be taken by the President before he enters on the execution of his office.

I do not consider it necessary at present for me to discuss those matters of administration about which there is no special anxiety or excitement.

NO GROUND FOR APPREHENSION AT THE SOUTH.

Apprehension seems to exist among the people of the Southern States that by the accession of a Republican administration their property and their peace and personal security are to be endangered. There has never been any reasonable cause for such apprehension. Indeed, the most ample evidence to the contrary has all along existed and been open to their inspection. It is found in nearly all the published speeches of him who now addresses you. I do not quote from one of those speeches when I declare that I have no purpose, directly or indirectly, to interfere with the institution of slavery in the States where it exists. I believe I have no lawful right to do so, and I have no inclination to do so." Those who nominated and elected me did so with full knowledge that I had made this and many similar declarations, and had never recanted them. And more than this, they placed in the platform for my acceptance, and as a law to themselves and to me, the clear and emphatic resolution which I now read:

"Resolved, That the maintenance inviolate of the rights of the States, and especially the right of each State to order and control its own domestic institutions according to its own judgment exclusively, is essential to that balance of power on which the perfection and endurance of our political fabric depends, and we denounce the lawless invasion by armed force of the soil of any State or Territory, no matter under what pretexts, as the gravest of crimes."

I now reiterate these sentiments, and in doing so I only press upon the public attention the most conclusive evidence of which the case admits—that evidence is the unanimous voice, declaration, and vow of the party to which I belong, that no such interference will be made or countenanced by me. And more than this, they have not only declared their opinions to this effect, but they have also, by their votes, given me the legal right to do so. And I may add to all this that I have taken no pledge, and made no promise, either directly or indirectly, to anybody, that should I gain the election I would pursue any course in regard to slavery or anything else, different from that which I have indicated. I believe I am entitled to the benefit of these declarations as much as any other man who has been placed in a similar position. Fellow-citizens, this is strictly true.

THE FUGITIVE SLAVE LAW.

There is much controversy about the delivering up of fugitives from service or labor. The clause I now read is as plainly written in the Constitution as any other of its provisions:

"No person held to service or labor in one State, under the laws thereof, escaping into another, shall, in consequence of any law or regulation therein, be discharged from such service or labor, but shall be delivered up on claim of the party to whom such service or labor may be due."

It is scarcely questioned that this provision was intended by those who made it for the reclaiming of what we call fugitive slaves; and the intention of the lawgiver is the law. All members of Congress swear their support to the whole Constitution—to this provision as much as to any other. To the proposition, then, that slaves whose cases come within the terms of this clause "shall be delivered up," their oaths are unanimous. Now, if they would make the effort in good temper, could they not, with nearly equal unanimity, frame and pass a law by means of which to keep good faith continuous oath? There is some difference of opinion whether this clause should be enforced by national or by State authority; but surely that difference is not a very material one. If the slave is to be surrendered, it can be only at the demand of him or to others to which authority it is done. And should any one, in any case, be content that this oath shall go unkept on a merely unsubstantial controversy as to how it shall be kept? Again, in any law upon this subject, ought not all the safeguards of liberty known in civilized and humane jurisprudence to be introduced, so that a free man be not, in any case, surrendered as a slave? And might it not be well at the same time to provide by law for the enforcement of that clause in the Constitution which guarantees that "the citizens of each State shall be entitled to all privileges and immunities of citizens in the several States?" I take the official oath to-day with no mental reservations, and with no purpose to construe the Constitution or laws by any hypothetical or secret rule, and I desire to preserve, protect, and defend it to the best of my ability. I do not assume to do more than to the best of my ability. I do not assume to do more than to the best of my ability. I do not assume to do more than

ests among the States to comprise a new Union as to produce harmony only and to prevent renewed secession. Plainly, the central idea of secession is the essence of anarchy.

A majority held in restraint by constitutional checks and limitations, and always changing easily with deliberate changes of popular opinions and sentiments, is the only true sovereign of a free people. Whoever rejects it does, of necessity, fly to anarchy or despotism. Unanimity is impossible. The rule of a minority, as a permanent arrangement, is wholly inadmissible. So that, rejecting the majority principle, anarchy or despotism in some form is all that is left.

THE DRED SCOTT CASE.

I do not forget the position assumed by some, that Constitutional questions are to be decided by the Supreme Court, nor do I deny that such decisions must be binding, in any case, upon the parties to a suit, as to the object of that suit, while they are also entitled to very high respect and consideration in all parallel cases by all other departments of the Government; and while it is obviously possible that such decision may be reversed in a proper suit, still the evil effect following it being limited to that particular case, with the chance that it may be overruled and never become a precedent for other cases, can better be borne than would the evils of a different practice. At the same time the candid citizen must confess that if the policy of the Government upon the vital questions affecting the whole people is to be irrevocably fixed by decisions rendered by the Supreme Court, the instant they are made in ordinary litigation between parties in personal actions the people will have ceased to be their own rulers, having to that extent practically resigned their government into the hands of that eminent tribunal. Nor is there in this view any assault upon the Court or the judges.

It is a duty from which they may not shrink to decide cases properly brought before them; and it is no fault in them if others seek to turn their decisions to political purposes.

SLAVERY.

One section of our country believes slavery is right, and ought to be extended, while the other believes it is wrong, and ought to be restricted. That is the only substantial dispute; and the fugitive slave clause of the Constitution, and the law for the suppression of the foreign slave trade, are each as well enforced, practically, in any section of the Union where the moral sense of the people imperfectly acquires the law. Both these cases of the people abide by the dry, legal obligation in both cases, and a few breaks resist it. During all this, which cannot be perfectly cured, and it would be worse in both cases after the separation of the sections than before, the foreign slave-trade, now imperfectly suppressed, would be substantially unopposed, while in the one section, the fugitive slave, now only partially surrendered, would not be surrendered at all by the other.

SEPARATION IMPOSSIBLE.

Physically speaking, we can not separate—we can not remove our respective sections from each other, nor build an impassable wall between them. A husband and wife may be divorced, and go separate ways forever, but they can not be put out of each other's reach. The different parts of our country are not to do this. They are bound to remain face to face, and intercourse, either amicable or hostile, must continue between them. Is it possible, then, to make that intercourse more advantageous or more satisfactory after separation than before? You can make treaties easier than friends can make love? Can treaties be more faithfully enforced between those who can make friends? Suppose you go to war; you can not fight always, and when, after much loss on both sides, and no gain on either, you cease fighting, the identical questions as to terms of intercourse are again upon you.

SECEDE ACCORDING TO THE CONSTITUTION.

This country, with its institutions, belongs to the people who inhabit it. Whenever they shall grow weary of the existing government they can exercise their constitutional right of amending, or their revolutionary right to dismember, or overthrow it. Local interests may lead to the fault that many worthy and patriotic citizens are desirous of having the national Constitution amended. While I make no recommendation of amendment, I freely recognize the full authority of the people over the whole subject, being unsolicited in either of the modes prescribed in the instrument itself; and I should, under existing circumstances, favor, rather than oppose a fair opportunity being afforded the people to act upon it. I will venture to add that to me the convention mode seems preferable, in that it allows amendments to originate with the people themselves, instead of only permitting them to take or reject propositions originated by others not agreeable to them. For the instance, and which might not be precisely such as they would wish themselves to accept or refuse. I understand a proposed amendment to the Constitution—which amendment, however, I have not seen—has passed Congress, to the effect that the Federal Government shall never interfere with the domestic institutions of states, including that of person held to service. To avoid misconstruction of what I have said, I depart from my purpose not to speak of particular amendments, so far as to say that holding such a provision to now be implied constitutional law, I have no objection to its being made expressly and irrevocable.

NOTHING GAINED BY HASTE.

The Chief Magistrate derives all his authority from the people, and they have conferred none upon him to fix the terms for the separation of the States. The people themselves also can do this if they choose; but the Executive, as such, has nothing to do with it. His duty is to administer the present government as it came to his hands, and to transmit it unimpaired by like hands to his successor. Why should there not be a patient waiting for that day? Why this precipitation? Is there any better or equal hope in the world? In your present action is there any reason to suppose it will result in a more perfect Union? Is it not plain that your object is to clear the existing obstacles, and then immediately to form a more perfect Union by soliciting the good will of your brethren? Is there not reason to believe that they will thus regard it favorably? Is it not probable that the transaction will be marked by a spirit of amity and good will to an extent never before known in the world's history? Is it not probable that more than a year's time of calm reflection will follow, during which the minds of men will become more and more calm and deliberate, and consequently more and more reasonable? Is it not probable that the restless masses will come to see that no possible change will better their condition? Is it not probable that the assembling of a convention will bring to it the best wisdom of the country? If we seek we shall find this wisdom, and shall secure its action in favor of the object sought. Is it not probable that such a convention will embody this wisdom in the form of such amendments to the Constitution as will secure entire confidence and hearty support for the Constitution and the Union in all parts of the country? Is it not probable that such amendments will be carefully and calmly considered by the States, and secure their ratification in quick time? Is it not probable that the peace of the country during the pendency of the proposed amendments will be preserved, and all danger of coercion or collision passed by? Is it not probable that by these means our present troubles will be adjusted in the best way, and the government saved forever? It is impossible to say that all this is not probable, and who shall say that any of it is not? Why shall we take the step which can not be retraced, and thus close the door against all these possibilities?

THE PATH OF DUTY.

Plainly, the dictates of prudence, as well as of duty, forbid the Executive to attempt to execute laws which the people have not given him the power to enforce. Unwilling to do this, I will not. Rather than violate a clear constitutional power, and the organic law upon which all rest, I prefer to abide the consequences, whatever they may be, with the free and resolute heart and spirit which become a freeman. A patient reliance upon the ultimate justice of the people is more than an anchor to the storm-tossed ship on the ocean. According to our political system, as a matter of choice, the people can, any day, through their representatives, amend their Constitution, or put it away altogether. But during their pleasure, the instrument itself requires that the officers of the government shall perform their functions within prescribed spheres of duty. And it often happens that obstacles arise to the performance of duty which are not in the power of the officer to remove. Of this class is the case of property destroyed by a mob, or by insurrection. In such cases the people, after making sufficient compensation to the sufferers, very generally require their representatives in Congress to make good the loss. In this case, to withhold the compensation, upon the ground that the Executive had power to prevent the destruction, would be to shift upon him responsibilities which others ought to bear, or divide with him. Perhaps a more common class of cases is that wherein the President, through the courts, fails to get his hands on persons who have violated the laws. Depredations committed by perhaps hundreds of persons, combined and organized, but individually eluding discovery, are matters of this class. In all these cases the President is to consider, and exercise a discretion. He is to consider whether the universal interest in the execution of the laws requires him to risk the general peace by undertaking to force the process of the courts and officers into the midst of an excited locality. It is easy to see that he may do this to the very verge of his power, and yet not beyond it. Similar reasons, and others still more imperative, press upon him in deciding whether he shall ask Congress to provide by law for paying for property destroyed by mobs or insurrections.

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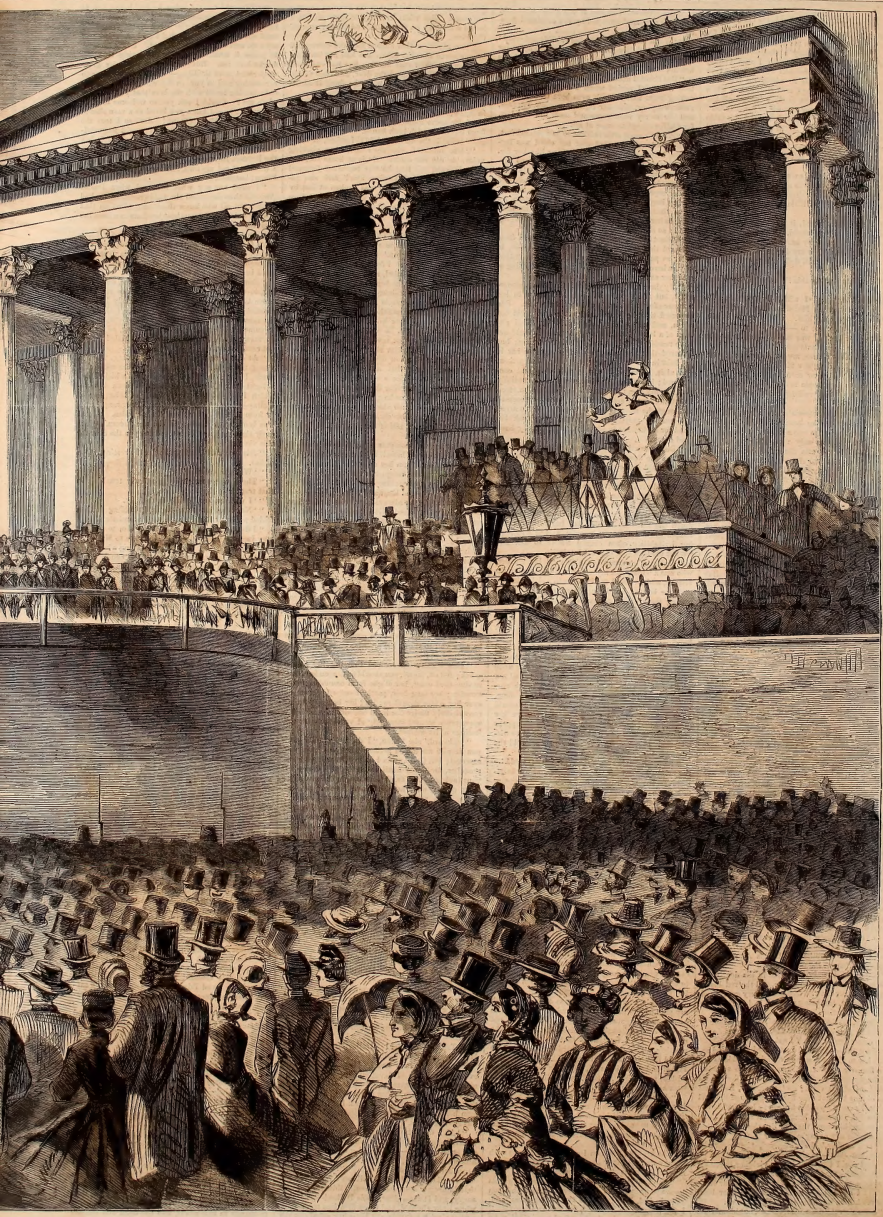
THE INAUGURATION OF ABRAHAM LINCOLN AS PRESIDENT OF THE UNITED S



TES, AT THE CAPITOL, WASHINGTON, MARCH 4, 1861.—[From a Drawing made on the Spot.]

THE LOVER'S SACRIFICE.

"Yes, make the fire burn brighter, Maud, for when Nettie returns from her ride she will be very cold, I know. Ah! many a sleigh-ride have I taken on a Christmas-Eve when I was young. How pleased the children will be with the toys which we have arranged so nicely on the table over their little stockings, and Nettie, too, when she finds out that we have so slyly invited all her friends here for to-morrow evening to surprise her! Ah me! it is just four years since I did the same for Mabel, then eighteen, Nettie's age, and a sad evening it was for her, poor child! If I were a bit superstitious I would never have done so again;" and a shade of thought settled upon Mrs. Frost's peaceful face.

"Why do you look so sad, Aunt Jeanette? Surely you have no cause to sigh for Cousin Mabel; for with such a noble husband as hers, and such a sweet, darling child as little Eddie Annesly, she must be happy."

"You are right, Maud, it would be strange if my Mabel were not contented. The trouble whose remembrance clouded my brow was transitory, for it pleased God to deliver my darling out of her power, as I believe He will deliver us all if we bide His time."

"What was her trouble?" asked little Maud Ross, timidly.

"Listen, child, and I will tell you. It will show you how much Mabel's husband deserves the esteem we bear him. I will begin at the time when I first came to ——, to live, and Mabel was then your age. I was much pleased with the place, and the pleasant society in which I found myself. I made was Mrs. Wilson, my next door neighbor, and through her daughter Kate, a young girl of Mabel's age, in her sons' names, I became acquainted with all the young people in ——, and was before long, what her beauty entitled her to be, the belle of the place.

"Among her first acquaintances among the gentlemen of —— were the brothers Dallas and Edward Annesly. Dallas was a lawyer in good practice, but Edward was only a clerk in his uncle's store. But Edward was the gayest of the two, and always was among the pleasure-seekers than his brother. Many considered him the handsomest too; but I always admired most the more intellectual though less regular beauty of Dallas's thoughtful countenance, and, as I soon perceived, my little Mabel agreed with me in this. Edward came oftenest to visit Mabel, and frequently escorted her to the evening parties, which were not few, and also took her out many times in the light sleigh, drawn by a spirited horse, which he always drove when he came for her.

"She met Edward some time before she became acquainted with his brother; but after that Dallas sought after her almost as much as Edward, I say almost, for he did not seek her as frequently as his brother; for, as I said before, he did not often participate in the amusements so familiar to Edward.

"But Mabel did not guess how deep an interest Edward felt in her, or she soon would have encouraged him as she did. To her he was only a dear friend, and *Dallas's* brother.

"Well, the winter passed in this way, and spring and summer too, both brothers continuing to pay her every attention that affection could dictate, when, one afternoon late in September, when Mabel and I were walking in the garden, Edward entered our little gate, and hastily approached us.

"'I have come to bid you good-by,' he said, smiling; 'I go to A—— to-night.'

"'You seem very glad to leave us,' said Mabel, playfully.

"'I can only sorry on that account,' he answered, 'although I trust to be here again ere long; for if my mission does not fail, I shall return with bright prospects; and there is no joy like a long desired.'

"Mabel was unconscious of his meaning, but the passionate glance that accompanied these words spoke volumes to me. He was going to plead his errand long to obtain a lucrative situation in A—— offered him by an old friend, provided he should prove capable of holding it.

"During his absence Dallas was much oftener with Mabel than formerly, and I thought that I perceived a shade of deeper interest in those dark eyes, while her manner grew quieter, gentler, and more loving each day. But I was always jealous of my child's happiness, and could not ripen the idea of being excluded from sharing her every thought. It was this feeling that caused me to say to her in a sharp tone, one evening when she returned home a delighted child from a visit, 'Mabel Frost, are you betrothed to Dallas Annesly and keeping it from me?'

"She stood directly before me in the door-way, with her dark eyes fixed on me, and the red blood mounting to her brow. She looked very gentle and lovely I knew, but being angry, I had the heart to repeat the question.

"'Why, mother?' she faltered, coming closer to me and laid one little hand for love in the curtain of the window beside which I sat.

"'Why, indeed! Had I not heart him as he assisted her to alight from the vehicle, to address her by a familiar title of endearment, which sounded thrillingly musical when uttered in the deep tones of that melodious voice; and, moreover, had I not seen him as he bent over her to disengage the curl that had caught upon his button as he lifted her to the ground, to press a hasty, and I believed to me, a tremulous kiss upon the rosy lips that now pouted half rebelliously at my question?

"'Oh, mother,' she whispered, 'he never did before, but—but—he always *talks so* to me.'

"And could I blame him for yielding to such a temptation? Or her? Ah me, all know the power of love upon the heart of woman. Dear little Mabel! I stroked the soft curls of the dear head now resting on my knee and said no more.

"Soon after this Edward returned, but his mission was not accomplished; he had failed to secure the situation in A——.

"The brothers often met at our house after this, but each appeared annoyed by the continual presence of the other.

"When has Dallas been here?' Edward would often ask; and though Dallas never asked a similar question he looked troubled when he found his brother with Mabel.

"But this did not continue long, for soon followed that mournful period when I daily saw with an aching heart that Mabel's young, fresh spirit pined, and her merry voice more and more and low, for Dallas ceased to come at all.

"Weeks passed after this got to be a settled fact, and I no longer doubted that my child was forsaken, before she regained any thing like her accustomed cheerfulness. Mabel possessed one particle of that art which is termed 'a woman's face' this would not have lasted long. A few words of tender regret, a reproachful glance, or a look of loving inquiry, would have melted the stern resolve that he had made, and brought him once more to her side; but she was only a simple, loving child; so she suffered on in proud silence.

"About the last of November we learned from Edward that his brother was going to A——, to enter as partner in a long-established firm in that city, where he would have fair prospect of rising to a higher calling in his profession.

"My daughter grew very pale at this announcement, but there was a feverish excitement in her manner that I did not like, and could not trust. She expected that he would at least come to bid her adieu, and she was not disappointed. Had she known of a letter which accompanied Dallas's, she have remained present during this interview; but I feared that her feelings would overcome her if not held in check by the presence of a third person. His visit, short as it was, was formal and constrained; but when he bid us adieu, after cordially pressing my hand, he turned to Mabel, who stood beside me, and held out her hand for a moment it seemed as though he were about to clasp her in his arms, but quickly mastering his emotion, he took her hand for an instant in his own, and abruptly hastened away.

"Days passed on, and I grew anxious him in my heart of hearts for my child's happiness, for Mabel could not conceal from me that her heart was breaking.

"In Edward's society she seemed to find a kind of solace, perhaps on account of his occasional resemblance to his brother. She did not exclude herself from his society, but very rarely showed much the same as before; but her former sweet temper grew daily more unevenness, and this increasing irritability caused her mother to ask me, 'What made Mabel so cross lately?'

"Dallas often came home to visit his mother, who was a widow like myself, but I was always distant, and he could easily come in a sleigh in two or three hours; but he never came to our house during these visits, although I knew that Maud expected that, for never she heard that he was there she would dress herself with more than usual care, and start and blush at every ring at the door-bell.

"Toward Christmas I conceived the idea of giving to Mabel, at home, on the evening of that day, a surprise party, in honor of her birth-day and the Christmas-Day, cautioning all whom I invited not to disclose it to her, so that she was much surprised when her friends began to fill the parlors. Her dress I had prepared myself, so that she would have but to perform her toilet and receive her guests; but I did not be unable to see Dallas among them, much as I would have wished to witness their pleasure, having taken a severe cold the previous week.

"I felt perfectly recompensed for my trouble by the bright smile with which she greeted my invitilgence—the brightest I had seen on that young face for many days.

"I wondered at this after she left me; for although I had hoped to please her, I was totally unprepared for the delight which she evinced.

"While I was pondering on this, little Allie entered the room, and commenced prattling to me of Miss Christmas.

"'Oh, mother!' she said, at last, 'I think Christmas as such a nice day. How can people grow so Christmas.'

"'Who cries on Christmas?' I asked, smiling at her eagerness.

"'Mabel cries,' she said. 'I saw her cry today. Don't you know to-day, when nobody was down stairs but me and Mabel? Well, I saw that Mabel cried. I was looking out of the sly in a sleigh, and Mabel saw him too, and she bowed her head to him, and he did *this* way with his hat—look, mother—and then he went away.' She looked out the window a long time after he passed, trying to see his pretty horse, I guess; and then she sat by the fire and cried.'

"Dallas was why Mabel was so pleased with my plan. She had seen him, and expected him to be among the guests that night. But I had not invited him, never allowing that he would be at home; for I thought it best to prevent their meeting, and knew that both his brother and he would look upon it as a slight. I knew that Mabel had seen him, and, beyond a doubt, expected to him to be there. I must rectify the omission as soon as possible.

"Accordingly, I sent Alice for Mabel, and told her to dispatch a note immediately to Edward, requiring his presence that evening. Also, that we expected to see him that evening also. This she did with alacrity, but seemed surprised that I had not done so before.

"As evening came on I arranged her dress with great care; and very beautiful she appeared in the airy white robes and delicate wreath.

"Soon after she descended the stairs the guests began to arrive; and having seen that the children were in bed, I retired into the sitting-room, and, lying down upon a lounge, fell fast asleep.

"When I awoke the sound of music fell upon my ear, mingled with the light laugh of the dancers, and I concluded that the evening was far advanced. But while listening to these sounds, I heard a footstep on the stairs, and Mabel entered the room.

"One glance at that flushed face and corrugated brow showed me that enjoyment had not been the source of my child that night. She put one hand to her head as she closed the door, and then catching the wreath from her hair, she flung it across the room.

"'It annoys me so,' she said, half apologetically, in answer to my look of surprise, and then she paced for some moments, pressing back the curls from her brow with both hands.

"'What is the matter, child?' I asked, at last.

"'Oh, nothing,' she answered, in a choking voice, 'he did not come. He is at home too, and bade Edward say that he was too much fatigued to attend. Oh God forgive him!' and she relapsed into a silence which was broken at last by a tap at the door, which she answered, and then said, 'Mother, it is Edward. May he come in?'

"'Certainly,' I said. 'Oh! good-evening, Mr. Annesly.'

"'I am sorry to see you ill, Mrs. Frost,' he rejoined; 'I—I wanted to speak to you, and took the liberty of coming up.'

"I did not answer. I feared what was coming; but he, misunderstanding me, taking one of her hands in each of his, he began: 'Mabel, I have at last succeeded in obtaining in A—— a situation which will give me that I did not dare to maintain in comfort myself and another. Mabel, you must know how long I have loved you. Will you, if I may another name for you, be my wife?'

"She did not answer, my poor child, but snatching her hands from him she pressed them to her head, exclaiming in a tone of—oh! such a cry of agony and despair that it thrilled through and through my brain like a sudden knell of mortal fear. Edward, startled by her strange amazement depicted upon his face as he gazed on her like one bereft of his senses, until she threw herself into my arms and sobbed upon my bosom as she sank upon a couch at the other end of the room and buried his face in the cushions.

"After several moments of horrible suspense to all Mabel withdrew herself from my embrace, and, wiping the tears from her eyes, she paused a moment as though to conquer every vestige of emotion, and then approaching me, she laid her little hand upon his bowed head and faltered,

"'Edward, I have always loved you as a brother. I—I mean as a friend, and knows that you deserve my deepest love, for you [and here her voice trembled excessively] have ever been the same to me—always kind, a true friend of my slightest wish; and I thank you, Edward, and if God had given us the power to control our own affections I would gladly bestow my hand on you.'

"Mabel,' he said, rising before her, 'after this I will never trust in a human being again! O God! that you should thus ruin an angel to me should be but a heartless coquette after all! One who would lead one on with every appearance of love until he gave his whole soul to you with all the power of his heart, and then cast him aside when he asks you to fulfill the promise your encouragement implied?'

"Up to this position seemed to sting her to the quick; and oh, Maud, you should have seen her then, as she stood erect, her slight form trembling with proud anger, her dark eyes lit up, and streaming over her white shoulders; and her bosom panting convulsively under the light ball-dress, whose gay appearance was so strangely at variance with the feelings of its wearer.

"'Edward,' she began, 'I do not wonder that you despise me for the part that you have just asserted; but God knows I do not deserve your reproaches, for never until to-night did I dream of your love for me. Yet, believe me, in the abandonment of my own hopeless love I never marked yours. Oh, yes, mother,' she continued, wildly, 'rather than that I should have to despise me, I will confess what I had not thought the rack could have wrung from me. Edward Annesly, better a thousand love me, better than life, better than *anything* on earth besides, *I love your brother.*'

"A deep groan was the only answer, and I sprang forward in time to catch the fainting form of my child in my arms.

"'You are killing her!' I cried. 'O God, that I had never heard the name of Annesly!'

"He gently placed her on the couch that he had quitted, and while I bathed her pallid brow I implored him not to repeat the unguarded confession my daughter had made in a moment of excitement.

"But he would not promise.

"'She shall be happy with him,' he groaned forth. 'He can not help loving her. I will ask him if he does not.'

"Love her, I cried, leaning over my unconscious child. 'No, he never loved her, although he used every means to win her young heart, that he might triumph in it for a few days, but to throw it aside, as he has doubtless done many another.'

"'Trifled with her! Dallas Annesly! Oh, Mrs. Frost, it is impossible!'

"'I tell you it is true! He sought her with every appearance of devotion; he called her by every endearing name; did all but ask her to be his wife; and then, when one would have thought that would come next, he forsook her; and I have seen her dressing before the glass like the sweet flower that she is.'

"'Ah! I do not wonder. Surely you are wrong. Dallas is honor itself. See! she opens her eyes—she breathes now—and I will go to him and tell him what you say, and if he can not disprove it, henceforth we are strangers.'

"He did go to him, and well can I imagine what that interview must have been. Edward hot and angry, and Dallas—dear, noble Dallas!—with that white brow clouded, and those firm lips trembling, perhaps, with emotion, yet listening calmly to the passionate appeal.

"'Edward,' he said, when he had heard him to the end of his accusation, 'did you not tell me, three months ago, that you loved Mabel Frost?'

"'I need not tell you how much *I* love her. God and my own soul can alone know that. I once thought to prove it some day to her, believing that she might love me. But'—and here his voice grew deeper and more thrilling—'could I bring home to my mother and to you, as my wife, one whom my only brother has loved with the love that you confessed to me? Could I ask you to welcome as your sister one whom I knew you loved as a man should love but his wife? Oh no! And so I tore the sweet dream from my heart, and sought forgetfulness in absence, and—found it not. Break her heart, you said? Dallas, I rather than bring down the lightest sorrow upon the heart of Maud Frost I would cut out my own, and lay it, quivering with life, at her feet.'

"I need not say what followed when Dallas Annesly thus described the noble sacrifice he had made; but all who knew the strong affection that always existed between those brothers can imagine their mutual grief.

"Two weeks after Edward left home for some town farther West, where he had friends residing, and where he now lives; but before his departure he came to me, and told me what I have just related in regard to his brother's conduct.

"Soon after he had gone Dallas came, one evening, to our house, but Mabel refused to see him. Since Christmas night she had scarcely left her room, and seldom spoke to any one. Dallas did not remain long. He appeared ill at ease. But he came again the following evening, at the end of many succeeding ones, and still Mabel would not receive him.

"At last, one clear night in January, when a young moon shed its clear rays over the snow-clad roads, I saw, from the window beside which I sat, a light sleigh driven by a small dark figure, which I immediately recognized as belonging to Dallas—stop before our gate, and he sprang lightly from it, and entered our little garden. Mabel was lying upon the bed in the next room, apparently sleeping; and I hastened to open the door for this visitor.

"His first words, after the usual greeting, were of her.

"'Will she see me?'

"There was something peculiarly touching in that tremor in the deep voice.

"'I will ask her,' I said, doubtfully.

"'No, take her this,' he said, holding forth a folded paper; 'that is, with your permission.'

"I did not answer; but leaving him to find his way into the parlor, I carried the note to Mabel.

"I clearly heard her quick breathing when I entered the room, and going up to the couch I laid my hand upon her shoulder. She did not start or move.

"'Mabel, Dallas is here.'

"'Yes, mother.'

"'He has sent you this letter. Will you read it?'

"She grasped it eagerly, and placed it in her bosom.

"'Read it now, Mabel—he is waiting;' I said; and arranging the light upon a table, I went into the next room and closed the door of communication between the two apartments.

"She must have read it many times, for it was long before she came to me; but there was a glad smile on her lip, and a blush, stealing up even to her downcast eyes, when she re-opened the door and entered the room with me.

"She did not say that she intended to go to Dallas, but I read it in her face, and silently assisted her to change the simple gown which she wore for a more becoming dress, and smooth the tangled curls; but still she lingered, after this was done, and appeared so nervous and tremulous that I was obliged to accompany her to the foot of the staircase.

"I know not, Maud, the contents of that letter, nor what passed during the interview that followed; but Mabel came forth from the room leaning upon the arm of Dallas Annesly, who begged her mother's blessing upon their union.

"Did she give it? Was she unspeakably happy and thankful to her God? Oh! ye who have seen a shadow settle upon your household as the cloud that it seemed to threaten to overwhelm all in its blackness; so gloomy that none have thought of following it—and then the development of sunshine; so dark that even the youngest have ceased their sport as they looked on your saddened countenance, and have seen this dark cloud suddenly lifted from your hearts and homes, and the bright sunlight pour down with more than pristine glory, you, you can tell my feelings on that night!

"Do not think I was mindful of my brother's disappointment and exile,' he said, imagining that he read this thought in my face. 'Edward has never been loved Edward, and I were cruel to sacrifice her happiness and mine to such a consideration now.'

"My little Mabel sank at my feet and buried her face in my lap; and gracefully, and with manly dignity, he knelt beside her, and bowed his head with hers.

"Oh, I could have cried aloud with joy! To see those two, now alike dear to me, united in their love—one simple and beautiful, perhaps, as Mabel, whom he has forgotten—as, it may be, Dallas would have forgotten her had she married Edward.

"Oh no!" cried Maud, with enthusiasm; "he never would, I am sure. He would have loved on for ever and ever. Besides, what would they be disunited? Mabel would not be Mabel if she were not Dallas's wife, nor Dallas Dallas if he were not Mabel's husband."

"They are very devoted, I am aware; but then we can not tell, you know. Every thing is liable to change in this world, and the dead and the living are alike forgotten." But listen, Maude! do

you not hear sleigh-bells?—it must be Nettie. Ran and open the door, child, while I brighten up the fire!"

A DAY'S RIDE:

A LIFE'S ROMANCE.

By CHARLES LEVER.

AUTHOR OF "CHARLES O'MALLEY," "HARRY LORREQUER," ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER XLI.

IF there be any thing in our English habits upon which no difference of opinion can exist, it is our evanescence to extend to a foreigner a degree of sympathy and an amount of interest that we obstinately deny to our own people. The English artiste struggling all but hopelessly against the most ominous influences, has but to displace the consonants or multiply the vowels of his name to be a fashion and a success.

I traveled in a sort of covered cart, with a mounted gendarme at either side of me. Indeed, the one faintly alleviating circumstance of my captivity was the style of those two lively-equipped giants, armed to the teeth, who were supposed to be essential to my safe-conduct. It was such an acknowledgment of what they had to apprehend from my well-known prowess and daring, so palpable a confession that every precaution was necessary against the daring intrepidity of a man of my stamp. At times, I almost wished they had put chains upon me. I thought how well it would look in my Memoirs; how I was "heavily manacled"—a great word that—orders being given to the escort to shoot me if I showed the slightest intention to escape. It was an intense pleasure to me to imagine myself a sort of Nana Sahib, and whenever we halted at some way-side public, and the idle loungers would draw aside the canvas covering and stare in at me, I did my utmost to call up an expression of fear and horror and wildness, and it was with a thrill of ecstasy I saw a little child clasp its mother by the neck, and scream out to come away as it beheld me.

On the second night of our journey we halted at a little village at the foot of the Ariberg, called Steinbruck, where, in default of a regular prison, they lodged me in an old tower, the lower part of which was used for a stable. It stood in the very centre of the town, and from its narrow barred window I could catch glimpses of the little world that moved about in happy freedom beneath me. I could see the Marktplatz, on which the fruits were now being taken down, and could mark that preparations for some approaching ceremony were going on. Of what nature I could not guess. A large space was neatly swept out, and at last strewn with saw-dust—signs unerring of some exhibition of swordsmanship or conjuring, of which the Tyrolese are warm admirers. The arrangements were somewhat more pretentious than are usually observed in open-air representations, for I saw seats prepared for the dignitaries of the village, and an evident design to mark the entertainment in under the most distinguished protection. The crowd—now considerable—observed all the decorous bearing of citizens in presence of their authorities.

I nestled myself snugly in the deep recess of the window to watch the proceedings, nor had I long to wait—some half dozen gayly-dressed individuals having now pierced their way through the throng, and commenced those peculiar gambols which bespeak backbones of gristle and legs of pasteboard. It is a class of performance I enjoy vastly. The two fellows who lap over each other like the links of a chain, and the creature who rolls himself about like a ball, and the licensed freedoms of that man of the world—the clown—never weary me, and I believe I laugh at them with all the more zest that I have so often laughed at them before. It was plain, after a while, that a more brilliant part of the spectacle was yet to come; for a large, bluff-looking man, in cocked-hat and buck-boots, now entered the ring, and indignantly ejected the clown by a most unceremonious kick—which, which I perceived were not merely make-believes.

"Ah, here he comes! here he is!" was now uttered in accents of eager interest, and an avenue was quickly made through the crowd for the new performer. There was delay after this, and though doubtless the crowd below could satisfy their curiosity, I was so highly perched and so secluded in my attendant that I ought to wait, with what patience I might, the new arrival. I was deep in my guesses what sort of "artist" he might prove, when I saw the head of a horse peering over the shoulders of the audience, and then the entire figure of the quadruped at the emergence into the circle, all sheeted and shrouded from gaze. With one dexterous sweep the groom removed all the clothing, and there stood before me my own lost treasure—Blondel himself! I would have known him among ten thousand. He was thinner, perhaps, certainly thinner; but in all other respects the same; his silky mane and his tassel of a tail hung just as gracefully as of yore, and as he ambled round he moved his head with a courteous inclination, as though to acknowledge the plaudits he met with.

There was in his air the dignity that said, "I am one who has seen better days. It was not always thus with me. Applaud if you must, and if you will; but remember that I accept your plaudits with reserve, and with infinite reluctance." Poor fellow, my heart bled for him! I felt as though I saw a cathedral canon cutting consommés, and all this while, by some strange inconsistency, I had not a sympathy to [illegible] for the human actors in the scene. "As for them," thought I, "they have accepted this degradation of their own free-will. If they had not shirked honest labor they need never have been clowns or pantaloons; but Blondel—Blondel, whom fate had stamped as the palfrey of some high-born maiden, or at least as the favorite steed of one who would know how to lavish care on an object of such perfection—Blondel, who had borne himself so proudly in high places, and who even in his declining fortunes had been the friend and fellow-traveler of ——. Yes, why should I refuse to say it? Posterity will speak of Potts without the detracting malice and envious rancor of contemporaries, and when in some future age a great philanthropist or statesman shall claim the credit of some marvelous discovery, some wondrous scarce by which humanity may be bettered, a learned critic will tell the world how this great invention was evidently known to Potts, how at such a time, or such a page, we shall find that Potts knew it all.

The wild cheering of the crowd beneath cut short these speculations, and I saw the actors in the mantering gayly round the circle, with a handkerchief in his mouth. If in sportive levity it chanced to fall, he would immediately kneel down and seize it, and then, whisking his tail and shaking his long forelock, resume his course again. It was fine, too, to mark the haughty indifference he manifested toward that wild, cracking monster who stood in the centre and affected to direct his motions. Not alone did he neglect his requirements, but absolutely in defiance did he canter up behind him, and alight with his fore-legs on the fellow's shoulders. I am not sure whether this was not the crowning act of the tableau as I did; but to *me* it seemed an allegorical representation of man and his master.

The hard looking fellow in buck-boots and the now made me turn my head, and I saw the jailer, who had come with my supper. A thoughtful-looking personage he was, too, down to those mountebanks and ask if they will sell that cream-colored pony," said I. "Bargain as though you were going for yourself—you look old and of little value, and you may perhaps secure him for eighty or ninety florins, and if so, you shall have ten more for your trouble. It is a rare price of mine, nothing more; but help me to gratify it."

He leered me out with evident astonishment, and then gravely asked if I had forgotten the circumstance that I was a prisoner, and likely to remain so for some time.

"Do as I bade you," said I, "and leave the result to me. There, lose no more time about it; for see the performance is drawing to a close."

"Nay, nay," said he, "I shall wait and get to come. The pretty Moorish girl has not yet appeared. Ha! here she is."

As he spoke I crept up into the window beside me, not less eager for the spectacle than myself. A vigorous cheer and a loud clapping of hands before announced that the fair one was in sight long before she was visible to our eyes.

"What can she do?" asked I, pensively perhaps, for I was a little annoyed at being thus had eclipsed poor Blondel in public favor. "What can she do? Is she a rope-dancer, or does she ride in the games of the circus?"

"There, there! Look at her—yonder she goes! and there's the young prince—they call him a prince, at least—who follows her everywhere."

I could not but smile at the poor jailer's simplicity, and would willingly have explained to him that we have outlived the age of Cinderellas. Indeed, I had half turned toward him with this object, when a perfect roar of the crowd beneath drew off my attention from him to what was going on below. I soon saw what it was that entranced the public: it was the young girl, who, standing on Blondel's back, was careering round the circle at full speed. It is an exercise in which neither the horse nor the rider can be said to surpass; the heavy monotonous tramp of the beast, cramped by the narrow limits, becomes a stilty, wooden gallop. The girl, too, more from habit of her balance than intent upon graceful action, restricts herself to a few, and by no means picturesque, attitudes. But the fact that the girl now before me seemed herself so intensely to enter into the enjoyment of the scene that all her gestures appeared the result of irrepressible delight. Far from unsteadying her foot, or limiting her action, the speed of the horse appeared to assist her in the performance of her graceful figure, as now, dropping on one knee, she would lean over to caress him, or now, standing erect, with folded arms and leg advanced, appear to dare him to dispute her. Faultlessly graceful as she was, there was that in her own evident enjoyment that imparted a strange pleasure to the beholder, and gave to the spectacle the sort of magnetism by which pleasure finds its way from heart to heart throughout a crowd. At last, I supposed this must have been so, for in the joyous cheering of that crowd there was a ring of wild delight of which I myself felt unconscious.

At last, poor Blondel, blown and wearied, turned abruptly into the middle of the ring, and with panting sides and head hung low stood a dead halt. The girl, with a graceful slide, seated herself on his back and patted him playfully. And no one thing so far the most graceful movement of the whole.

It was really a picture, and so natural and so easy withal, that one forgot all about her spangles and tinsel, the golden fillet of her hair, and the tawdry fringe of her sandals; and, what was even more odd, heard not the boisterous mouthed enthusiasm that greeted her. At length, a tall man, well dressed and of striking appearance, pushed his way into the ring, and apparently presented her with a bouquet, at which piece of courtesy the audience, nowise jealous, again redoubled their applause. She now looked round her with an air of triumphant pleasure, and while, with a playful gesture, she flung back the ringlets on her neck, she lifted her face full to my view, and it was Tintenfleck! With all my might I cried out, "Catinka! Catinka!" I know not why, but the impulse never waited to arrange the question. Though I screamed my loudest, the great laugh at which I was placed, and the humming din of the crowd, totally drowned my words. Again and again I called it, but to no purpose. There she sat, slowly making the round of the circus, while the stranger walked at her side, to all seeming conversing as though no busy and paying multitude stood watching and observing them. Wearied with my failure to attract notice, I turned to address the jailer, but he had already gone and I was alone. I next endeavored by a signal to call attention to me, and, at last, saw how two or three of them noticed my waving my handkerchief and were pointing it out to others. Doubtless they wondered how a poor captive could ever be in communication of any kind with whose commonest joys he was to be so sharer, and still greater was their astonishment as I flung forth a piece of money—a gold Napoleon it was—which they eagerly picked up and gave to Catinka. How I watched her as she took it and showed it to the stranger! He, by his gesture, appeared to direct her attention to me, though asking her to throw it away; and then there seemed some discussion between them, until his countenance changed also, too, grew passionate, and, leaping from the horse, strode haughtily across the circus and disappeared. At this moment there was confusion, the mob shouting madly for the Moorish girl to come back, and many much disposed to revenge the absence of the favorite. And for him, he pushed the crowd haughtily aside and went his way, and though for a while the crowd continued to pour its impatient clamor and noisy disappointment, the performance soon concluded, and all went their several roads homeward; and when I looked into the empty Platz, over which the dusky shadows of the old houses were now stealing to mingle together, and into which, from the unusual excitement saw a few lingering townsfolk moody and purposeless, I asked myself if the whole incidents were not my own mind-drawn and invented. There was not one single clew by which I could brace it to reality.

Through the barred window of my cell I could see the clear blue sky, the great constellations, and there was Orion slowly sloping to the west, and actually throwing a sheet of glittering light on the tapering chimneys of the houses. "Are there worlds up there," thought I, "human lives of work, and toil, and care, and sorrow, like our own? Or is it all myself at last croning like a ballad in this wise:

I wish I knew in the stars above
What sort of life I'm born to live,
Whether they know the pangs of love,
What are the books they read.

Can any one tell the aching lump
Is revolving upon an axis?
What kind of thing is a lunar swamp?
Do the people up there pay taxes?

Have they their tides to ebb and flow,
Salt seas to wash their shores?
And whenever out to dine they go
Are they jolted like us in horses?

When for a tall they open their hooses,
How do the Siderials caper?
Who performs the Star Promises?
Have they a *Times* new-paper?

I conclude they have their own aches and ills,
And I feel a sympathizing lump
That even they have their Holloway's pills
And a share of woe for a' that.

I feel, if I looked through a telescope,
Volcanic remains to see,
That my heart would thrill with a secret hope
Some Lunar was looking at me.

And whence does the telegraph bring them the news?
Who is the lightning conductor?
Do they worry themselves on the fate of the Jews,
Or the state of the tenor-voice?

Do they speculate, too, how old we are,
Whether we're square or round?
I'd like to know if they care
Whether we'll be buried or drowned?

"Here's your breakfast," said the jailer, as he stopped the coarse fare before me. "And the brigadier hopes you'll be speedy with it, for you must reach Malta by nightfall."

"Tell me," said I, eagerly, "was there a circus company in the town yesterday evening? Did they exhibit on the Platz there?"

"You are a deep one, you are!" muttered he, softly to himself, and left the cell.

CHAPTER XLII.

I NOBE up admirably on my journey. I felt I was doing a very heroic thing. By my persuasion of Harper I was securing that poor fellow's escape, and was about the time to get over the Austrian frontier, and many a mile away from the banks of the Double Eagle. I had read of such things, and knew that I should be I would not derogate from the proudest records of such self-devotion. Had I not remembered how heroes had suffered, and how simply have easily seen that Harper could by this time have arrived at Calcutta, but, unfortunately for me, I had not yet learned to feel cool and complete-ly forgot the long interval of my fever.

On reaching Innspruck I was sent on to an old château some ten miles away, called the Ambras Schloss, and being consigned to the charge of a retired artillery officer there, they seemed to have totally forgotten all about me. I lived with my old jailer just as if I were his friend: we worked together in the garden, pruned and raked and hoed and weeded; we smoked and fished, and mended our nets on wet days, and read, living exactly as might any two people in a remote out-of-the-world spot, but at length, what from habit and the absence of any thing to suggest a change, I ceased to wish for another existence than such as I led there.

There is a sort of armory at the Ambras, chiefly of old Tyrolese weapons of an early period—maces and halberds, double-headed swords and such-like—and one of our pastimes was arranging and settling them, and cataloguing them, for which, in the ancient records of the Schloss, there was ample material. This was an occupation that amused me vastly, and I took to it with great zeal, and with such success that old Hirsch, the jailer, at last consigned the whole to my charge, along with the task of exhibiting the collection to strangers—a source from which the honest veteran derived the better part of his means of life.

At first, I scarcely liked my function as showman, but like all my other experiences in life, habit sufficed to reconcile me, and I took to the occupation as though I had been born to it. If now and then some rude or vulgar traveler would ruffle my temper by some illiterate remark or stupid question, I was well repaid by intercourse with a different stamp. They were to me such peeps as the world as a monk might have from the narrow loop-holes of his cloister, tempting, perhaps, but always blended with the sense of the security that encompassed him and defended him from the snares of existence.

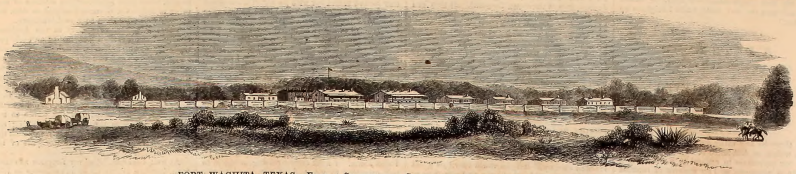
Perhaps the consciousness that I could assert my innocence and procure my freedom at any moment had more to do with few monks reconciled to this strange life; but certainly after a while I ceased to care for any other existence, and never turned my head either another past or future. I had, in fact, arrived at the great monastic elevation, in which a man, ceasing to be human, reaches the dignity of a vegetable.

I had begun, as I have said, by an act of heroism, in accepting all the penalties of another, and from that moment I ceased to revert to this sacrifice, the impulse it had once given still continued to move me. If Hirsch never alluded to my political crime to me, I was equally reserved toward him.

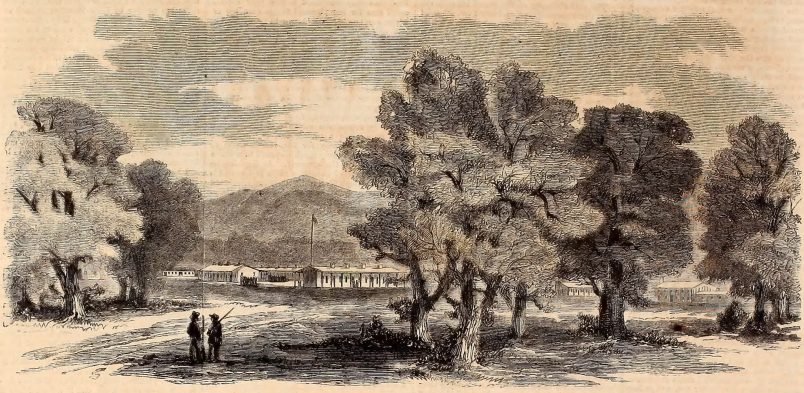
From time to time, a couple of grave, judicial-looking men would arrive and pass the forenoon in reading out certain documents to me. I never paid the slightest attention to their contents, for I asked for no change of life nor any other existence than the present one. At rare at moments would catch the strangest possible allegations as to my exalted political opinions, the dangerous principles I was known to hold, and the secret societies I belonged to. I heard once, too, and by a mere accident, how, at Stein, I had left the jailer to ride home on a horse, and thrown gold in handfuls from the windows of my prison to bribe the townsfolk to my escape, so hampered was my effort to show a deal of pleading and proof it would take to rebut all these allegations, and how little likely it was I could succeed in such a task as that.

By long dwelling on the thought of my noble devotion, and how it would read when I was dead and gone, the extinguished within my heart all desire for other distinction, calculating only on what strange and ingenious theories men would spin for his secret close to my motives. "True," they would say, "Potts never cared for Harpur. He was not a man to wh would have attached himself under any circumstances; they were, as individuals, totally unlike and unsympathetic. How, then, explain this extraordinary act of self-sacrifice? Was he prompted in the hope that the ignorance of the Austrian police system would receive the death-blow from his story, and that the mound that covered Harpur in the church-yard would be the altar of Liberty to thousands? or was Potts one of those enthusiastic creatures only too eager to carry the love of a friend to the pitch of a life?"

While I used thus to reason and speculate, I little knew that I had become a sort of European wonder. Like Baron Trenck and others, however, some vagrant tourist, had put me in her book as the half-witted creature who showed the coins and curiosities at Ambras, and mentioned how, for I know not how many years, I was never heard to utter a syllable except on questions of the coinage and antiquities. In consequence, I was always asked for by my traveling countrymen, and my peculiarities treated with all that mirthful good taste for which tourists are famous. I remember one day having refused to perform the showman to a British family, I had a headache, or was sulky, or a fit of rebellion had got hold of me, but I sauntered out into the grounds, and would not see them. In my walk through a close alley of laurels I chanced to overhear the strange conversing with Hirsch, and making myself the subject of her inquiries; and as I listened, I heard Hirsch say that one entire room of the château was devoted to the papers and documents in my case, and that probably it would occupy a month or more to read over merely to peruse them. He added, that as I made no application for a trial myself, nor any of my friends appeared to interest themselves in behalf of one now, the government would very probably leave me to live and die where I was. Thereupon, the Herrn broke out into a worship of my intelligent eloquence. He denounced the Hapsburgs and praised the Habsen Corpus; he raved of the power of the press, and, perhaps, quite forgot, our new friezes. He said he would make Europe ring with the case. It was as bad, it was worse than Caspar Hauser; for he was an idiot outright, and *I* appeared to have the enjoyment of certain faculties. He said it should appear in the *Times*, and he mentioned in the House; and as I listened, the strangest glow ran through me—a mild and pleasurable enthusiasm, to think that all the might, majesty, and power of Great Britain was about to interest itself in behalf of Potts!



FORT WACHITA, TEXAS.—FROM A SKETCH BY A GOVERNMENT DRAUGHTSMAN.—[SEE NEXT PAGE.]



FORT ARBUCKLE, TEXAS.—FROM A SKETCH BY A GOVERNMENT DRAUGHTSMAN.—[SEE NEXT PAGE.]

FORT DAVIS, TEXAS, HEAD-QUARTERS OF THE EIGHTH INFANTRY.—FROM A SKETCH BY A GOVERNMENT DRAUGHTSMAN.—[SEE NEXT PAGE.]

THE WASHINGTON ARSENAL.

THE FORTS IN TEXAS.

WE publish on page 172, from views furnished by a draughtsman in the employ of the General Government, pictures of the three principal forts in Texas, which, according to the latest advices, have just been surrendered by General Twiggs to the secessionists. In connection with the event, we may mention that one of the last acts of the late Administration was the dismissal of General Twiggs from the army for treason.

FORT DAVIS, the head-quarters of the Eighth Infantry, is on the San Antonio and San Diego mail route. It is situated in a cañon of the Lyonpia Mountains, 120 miles from the City of Presidio del Norte, on the Rio Grande, and about 500 miles from San Antonio, TEXAS. It is in the midst of the country of the Mescalaro Apaches; and the garrison at different times has done good service in checking the Comanches in their plundering expeditions into Mexico, and chastising the Apaches for their thieving propensities. The scenery here is very beautiful; the immense rocks which form the sides of the cañon tower up 500 or 600 feet. It is not known yet whether the Texan troops have made any demonstration on this post.

FORT ARBUCKLE, which is said to have been recently seized by the Texan troops, protects the northern frontier of that State from the forays of the Comanches. It is situated on the Indian Reserve, and is, or was, garrisoned by detachments from the First Cavalry and one company First Infantry regiments. It is named after the late General Arbuckle, of the army. Captain Prince commands the post; Captain Sacket, Captain Beal, First-Lieutenants Stockton, Crittenden, and Powell, Second-Lieutenants Offley and Fish compose the Staff.

FORT WACHITA, situated on the Reserve, sixty miles southeasterly from Arbuckle, at latest dates was also said to have been seized by the Texan troops. It was, or is, garrisoned by two companies First Cavalry, Captain Carr; commander, Captain Wood. It was near here, in October, 1858, that Major Earl Van Dorn encountered and utterly routed the Comanches in a pitched battle.

ARSENAL AT WASHINGTON.

IN connection with the military movements now proceeding at Washington we publish herewith a view of the Arsenal at that city. It stands on the junction of the eastern branch with the Potomac, and is surrounded on three sides by water. Here are foundries, work-shops, magazines, laboratories, and every thing necessary for the manufacture of implements and materials of war. At the present time the Arsenal is a scene of great activity. In front of the Arsenal stand a collection of foreign brass cannon, some of which are trophies taken in battle at Saratoga, Yorktown, Niagara, and Vera Cruz.

GREAT EXPECTATIONS.

A NOVEL.

BY CHARLES DICKENS.

CHAPTER XXIV.

BENTLEY DRUMMLE, who was so sulky a fellow that he even took up a book as if its writer had done him an injury, did not take up an acquaintance in a more agreeable spirit. Heavy in figure, movement, and comprehension—in the sluggish complexion of his face, and in the large, awkward tongue that seemed to loll about in his mouth as he himself lolled about in a room—he was idle, proud, niggardly, reserved, and suspicious. He came of rich people down in Somersetshire, who had nursed this combination of qualities until they made the discovery that it was just of age and a blockhead. Thus Bentley Drummle had come to Mr. Pocket when he was a head taller than that gentleman, and half a dozen heads thicker than most gentlemen.

Startop had been spoiled by a weak mother and kept at home when he ought to have been at school; but he was devotedly attached to her, and admired her beyond measure. He had a woman's delicacy of feature, and was—"as you may see, though you never saw her," said Herbert to me—exactly like his mother. It was but natural that I should take to him much more kindly than to Drummle, and that even in the earliest evening of our boating he and I should pull homeward abreast of one another, conversing from boat to boat, while Bentley Drummle came up in our wake alone, under the overhanging banks and among rushes. He would always creep in shore like some uncomfortable amphibious creature, even when the tide would have sent him fast upon his way, and I always think of him as coming after us in the dark or by the back-water, when our own two boats were breaking the sunset or the moonlight in mid-stream.

Herbert was my most intimate companion and friend. I presented him with a half-share in my boat, which was the occasion of his often coming down to Hammersmith; and my possession of a half-share in his chambers often took me up to London. We used to walk between the two places at all hours, and I have an affection for the road yet (though it is not so pleasant a road as it was then), formed in the impressibility of untried youth and hope.

When I had been in Mr. Pocket's family a month or two Mr. and Mrs. Camilla turned up. Camilla was Mr. Pocket's sister. Georgiana, whom I had seen at Miss Havisham's on the same occasion, also turned up. She was a cousin—an indigestive single woman, who called her rigidity religion, and her liver love. These people hated me with the hatred of cupidity and disappointment. As a matter of course, they fawned upon me in my prosperity with the basest meanness. Toward Mr. Pocket, as a sort of grown-up infant with no notion of his own interests, they showed the complacent forbearance I had heard them express. Mrs. Pocket they held in contempt; but they allowed the poor dear soul to have been heavily disappointed in life, because that shed a full reflected light upon themselves.

These were the surroundings among which I settled down, and applied myself to my education. I soon contracted expensive habits, and began to spend an amount of money that within a few short months I should have thought almost fabulous; but, through good and evil, I stuck to my books. There was no other merit in this than my having sense enough to feel my deficiencies. Between Mr. Pocket and Herbert I got on fast, and with one or the other always at my elbow to give me the directions I wanted, and clear obstructions out of my road, I must have been as great a dolt as Drummle if I had done less.

I had not seen Mr. Wemmick for some weeks, when I thought I would write him a note and propose to go home with him on a certain evening. He replied that it would give him much pleasure, and that he would expect me at the office at six o'clock. Thither I went, and there I found him putting the key of his safe down his back as the clock struck.

"Did you think of walking down to Walworth?" said he.

"Certainly," said I, "if you approve."

"Very much," was Wemmick's reply, "for I have had my legs under the desk all day, and shall be glad to stretch 'em. Now I'll tell you what I have got for supper, Mr. Pip. I have got a stewed steak—which is of home preparation—and a cold roast fowl—which is from the cook-shop. I think it's tender, because the master of the shop was a juryman in some cases of ours the other day, and we let him down easy. I reminded him of that when I bought the fowl, and I said, 'Pick us out a good one, old fellow, because if we had chosen to keep you in the box another day or two we could easily have done it.' He said to that, 'Let me make you a present of the best fowl in the shop.' I let him, of course. As far as it goes, it's property and portable. You don't object to an aged parent, I hope?"

I really thought he was still speaking of the fowl, until he added, "Because I have got an aged parent at my place." I then said what politeness required.

"So you haven't dined with Mr. Jaggers yet?" he pursued, as we walked along.

"Not yet."

He told me so this afternoon when he heard you were coming to see me. I expect you'll have an invitation to-morrow. He's going to ask your pals, too. Three of 'em, ain't there?"

Although I was not in the habit of counting Drummle as one of my intimate associates, I said "Yes."

"Well, he's going to ask the whole gang"—I hardly felt complimented by the word—"and whatever he gives you, he'll give you good. Don't look forward to variety, but you'll have excellence. And there's another fish thing in his house," proceeded Wemmick, after a moment's pause, as if the remark bestowed on the housekeeper was understood; "he never lets a door or window be fastened at night."

"Is he never robbed?"

"That's it," returned Wemmick. "He says, and gives it out publicly, 'I want to see the man who'll rob me.' Lord bless you, I have heard him a hundred times if I have heard him

"MOLLY, LET THEM SEE BOTH YOUR WRISTS. SHOW THEM. COME!"

once, say to regular cracksmen in our front office, 'You know where I live; now no bolt is ever drawn there; why don't you do a stroke of business with me? Come, can't I tempt you?' Not a man of 'em, Sir, would be bold enough to try it on for love or money."

"They dread him so much," said I.

"Dread him?" said Wemmick. "Ah! I believe you, they dread him. Not but what he's artful, even in his defiance of 'em. No silver, Sir. Britannia metal, every spoon."

So they wouldn't have much, I observed, "even if they—"

"Ah! but *he* would have much," said Wemmick, cutting me short, "and they know it. He'd have their lives, and the lives of scores of 'em. He'd have all he could get. And it's impossible to say what he couldn't get, if he gave his mind to it."

I was falling into meditation on my guardian's greatness, when Wemmick roused me:

"As to the absence of plate, that's only his natural depth. A viver's its natural depth, and he's his natural depth. Look at his watch-chain. That's real enough."

"'Tis very massive," said I.

"Massive it is," repeated Wemmick. "I think so. And his watch is a gold repeater, and worth a hundred pounds if it's worth a penny, Mr. Pip! I have seen five hundred blunt notes in one room who know all about that watch; there's not a man, a woman, or a child among 'em who wouldn't identify the smallest link in that chain, and drop it as if it was red-hot if inveigled into touching it."

At first with such discourse, and afterward with conversation of a more general nature, did Mr. Wemmick and I beguile the time and the road until he gave me to understand that we had arrived in the district of Walworth.

It appeared to be a collection of back lanes, ditches, and little gardens, and to present the aspect of a mighty dull retirement. Wemmick's house was a little wooden cottage in the midst of plots of garden, and the top of it was cut out and painted like a battery mounted with guns.

"My own doing," said Wemmick. "Looks pretty; don't it?"

I highly commended it. I think it was the smallest house I ever saw; with the queerest Gothic windows (by far the greater part of them sham), and a Gothic door, almost too small to get in at.

"There's a real flag-staff, you see," said Wemmick, "and when Sunday I run up a real flag. Then look here. After I have crossed this bridge, I hoist it up—so—and cut off the communication."

The bridge was a plank, and it crossed a chasm about four feet wide and two deep. But it was very pleasant to see the pride with which he hoisted it up and made it fast; smiling as he did so with a relish, and not merely mechanically.

"At nine o'clock every night, Greenwich time," said Wemmick, "the gun fires. There he is, you see; and when you hear him go, I think you'll say he's a Stinger."

The piece of ordnance referred to was mounted in a separate fortress, lightly constructed of lattice-work. It was protected from the weather by an ingenious little tarpaulin contrivance in the nature of an umbrella.

"Then, at back," said Wemmick, "out of sight, so as not to impede the idea of fortifications—for it's a principle with me, if you have an idea, carry it out and keep it up. I don't know whether that's your opinion—"

I said, decidedly.

"At the back, there's a pig, and there are fowls and rabbits; then I devote together my own little farm, you see, and grow cucumbers; and you'll judge at supper what sort of a salad I can raise. So, Sir," said Wemmick, smiling again, but rather seriously too, "if you can suppose the little place besieged, it would hold out a devil of a time in point of provisions."

Then he conducted me to a bower about a dozen yards off, but which was approached by such inquiring twists of path that it took quite a long time to get at; and in this retreat our glasses were already set forth. Our punch was cooling in a fountain-shell, in whose margin the bower was raised. This piece of water (with an island in the middle which might have been the salad for supper) was of a circular form, and he had contrived a fountain in it, which, when you set a little mill going and took a cork out of a pipe, played to that powerful extent that it made the back of your hand quite wet.

"I am my own engineer, and my own carpenter, and my own plumber, and my own gardener, and my own Jack of all Trades," said Wemmick, in acknowledging my compliments. "Well, it's a good thing, you know. It brushes the Blue Devils sideways, and pleases the Aged. You wouldn't mind being at once introduced to the Aged, would you? It wouldn't put you out?"

I expressed the readiness I felt, and we went into the Castle. There we found, sitting by a fire, a very old man in a flannel coat; clean, cheerful, comfortable, and well cared for, but intensely deaf.

"Well, aged parent," said Wemmick, shaking hands with him in a cordial and jocose way, "how are you?"

"All right, John; all right!" replied the old man.

"Here's Mr. Pip, aged parent," said Wemmick, "and I wish you could hear his name. Nod away at him, Mr. Pip; that's what he likes. Nod away at him, like winking!"

"This is a fine piece of my son's, Sir," piped the old man, while I nodded as hard as I possibly could. "This is a pretty pleasure-ground, Sir. This spot and these beautiful works upon it ought to be kept together by the Nation after my son's time, for the people's enjoyment."

"You're as proud of it as Punch; ain't you, aged parent?" said Wemmick, contemplating the old man with his hard face really softened; "*there's* a nod for you," giving him a tremendous one; "*there's* another for you," giving him a still more tremendous one; "you like that, don't you? If you're not tired, Mr. Pip—though I know it's tiring to strangers—tell him one more. You can't think how it pleases him."

I tipped him several more, and he was in great spirits. While Wemmick brought out and fed the fowls, and sat down to our punch in the arbor; where Wemmick told me as he smoked a pipe that it had taken him a good many years to bring the property up to its present point of perfection.

"Is it your own, Mr. Wemmick?"

"Oh yes," said Wemmick; "I have got hold of it, a bit at a time. It's a freehold, by George!"

"Is it, indeed? I hope Mr. Jaggers admires it?"

"Never seen it," said Wemmick. "Never heard of it. Never seen the Aged. Never heard of him. Not his sort. Nothing is his sort, private life is another. When I go into the office I leave the Castle behind me, and when I come into the Castle I leave office behind me. If it's not in any way disagreeable to you, you'll oblige me by doing the same. I don't wish it professionally mentioned. Here it is."

Of course I felt my good faith to be involved in the observance of his request. The punch being very weak, we sent to the Aged, as it did talking until it was almost nine o'clock. "Getting near gun-fire," said Wemmick then, as he laid down his pipe, "and the Aged always fires me. If it's not in any way disagreeable to you, you'll oblige me by doing the same. I don't wish it professionally mentioned. Here it is."

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"Come, Mr. Drummle, since we are on the subject, I'll tell you what passed between Herbert here and me when you borrowed that money."

"I don't want to know what passed between Herbert there and you," growled Drummle. And I think he added, in a lower growl, that we might go to the devil and shake ourselves.

"I'll tell you, however," said I, "whether you want to know or not. We said that as you put it in your pocket, you seemed to be immensely amused at his being such an ass as to lend it."

Drummle laughed outright, and sat laughing in our faces, with his hands in his pockets and his round shoulders raised, plainly signifying that it was quite true, and that he despised us as asses all.

Hercupon Startop took him in hand, though with a much better grace than I had shown, and exhorted him to be a little more agreeable. Startop being a lively, bright young fellow, and Drummle being the exact opposite, the latter was always disposed to resent him as a direct personal affront. He now retorted in a coarse, lumpish way, and Startop tried to turn the discussion aside with some small pleasantry that made us all laugh. Resenting this little success more than any thing, Drummle, without any threat or warning, pulled his hands out of his pockets, dropped his round shoulders, swore an oath, took up a large glass, and would infallibly have flung it at his adversary's head, but for our entertainer's dexterously seizing it at the instant when it was raised for that purpose.

"Gentlemen," said Mr. Pocket, very deliberately putting down the glass, and hauling out his gold repeater by its massive chain, "I am sorry to announce that it's half past nine."

On this hint we all rose to depart. Before we got to the street-door Startop was cheerfully calling Drummle "old fellow," as if nothing had happened. But the old fellow was so far from responding that he would not even walk to Hammersmith on the same side of the way: so Herbert and I, who remained faithful, saw them going down the street on opposite sides; Startop leading, and Drummle lagging on behind in the shadow of the houses, much as he was wont to follow in his boat.

As the door was not yet shut I thought I would say Herbert there for a moment, and run up stairs again to say a word of apology to my guardian. I found him in his dressing-room, surrounded by his books, already hard at it washing his hands of us.

I told him that I had come up again to say how sorry we were that any thing disagreeable should have occurred, and that I hoped he would not blame me very much.

"Tush, tush, sharing his face, and speaking through the water-drops; "it's nothing. Pip. I like that Spider though."

He had turned towards me now, and was shaking his head, and blowing, and toweling himself.

"I am glad you like him, Sir," said I; "but I don't."

"No, no," my guardian assented; "don't have too much to do with him. Keep as clear of him as may be. Mind I like the fellow, Pip; he is one of the true sort; I have not been disappointed in him. Why, if I were a fortune-teller—"

Looking out of the towel, he caught my eye.

"But I am not a fortune-teller," he said, letting his head drop into a fortcon of towel, and toweling away at his two ears. You know what I am. Good-night, Sir."

"Good-night, Sir."

In about a month after that the Spider's time with Mr. Pocket was up for good, and to the great relief of the house but Mrs. Pocket, he went home to the family hole. He called the Blacksmith when he went away, qualified to be an indifferent hoster or a bad gamekeeper.

A BEGGAR'S LOVE.

I'm wan and thin, and worse for the wear;
My clothes are old, and tattered, and torn;
And there is not a man in all the town
That looks so thoroughly sad and forlorn.
I wander about the streets all day;
I sleep wherever I can at night;
I'm an idle, haggerly fellow, they say,
And what they say says, I suppose, is right.

She is fresh and bright as a new-blown rose,
And sweet as the twilight her pensive face:
And round her undulant shape there flows
A cloud of silver and a mist of lace.
Flowers cling fondly about her head,
Drinking the sunlight that makes in her hair;
Her beauty would almost awake the dead:
Can you wonder that I—the beggar—should dare?

I love her—yes, I, with my shocken feet,
With my ragged coat, and my ragged coat;
Dismally looking shag the street,
The haggerd fellow they say's I suggest.
I can not help—am I not a man?—
Loving this beauty that gilds the earth.
The beggar is no more under a ban,
In this respect, than the man of birth.

At night, when the city is rife with the roll
Of carriages speeding to ball, and ball,
I am on the spot, with an eager soul,
To see her flash through the crowded hall.
Feathers and roses she others see,
Solitiant diamonds, and downy lace;
While there is but a single sight for me—
The sight of that sweet angelic face.

Every day, when the clock strikes four,
She comes in her beauty down Broadway;
Sometimes she stops at some gaudy store,
And buys a ribbon or trinket gay.
I view the reason—I watch her well;
I see her coloring, erm in, erm.
With a handsome, kid-gloved, well-dressed swell—
But I wish him no harm—I wish him no harm!

If I had his money and well-cut clothes,
And his waxed mustache, and his ruby face,
Instead of this haggard mask, who knows
But I might be quite as well in her grace?
But, bah! what use in my thinking thus,
When such hopeless thoughts I can drown in a glass?
My only pleasure—poor beggarly cuss!—
Is to stand at a corner and see her pass.

I blush to say it—yes, I blush—I do—
I ask her for alms, with tremulous lips!
But cowards—you know the use reason why—
'Tis to feel the touch of her finger-tips.
Though the coin that they drop in my hand degrades,
The kindly word that she gives redeems;
And though my exertions might garner no grades,
She fills my vigils with pleasant dreams.

I am a beggar, I know full well—
I will die in a gutter, the people say;
But the handsome, kid-gloved, inlaid swell
Will splendidly marry her some fine day.
Well, let him do it, with ring and with flowers;
But he can not take from me, I guess, the right
To bless her with all the boundless hours,
And tell the tale of a pauper dead.

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For April, 1861.

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A DISH OF CAPON.
ILLUSTRATION.—Capon Springs.—Colonel Davy Maddox.—Aunt Leah.—Bob Myers.—Isaac Hershey.—The Baby.—Adam Rudolph.
A CHAPTER ON MITTS.
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CHAPTER VI. Brandon's.
CHAPTER VII. Implorter veteris Bardi.
ILLUSTRATIONS.—Good Society.—Mr. Frog and Prince Oc.—The Old Fogies.—In Waiting.
THE CHILD THAT LOVED A GRAVE.
THE THREE KINGS.
MRS. GRUNDY'S AT FORTY.
MONTHLY RECORD OF CURRENT EVENTS.
LITERARY NOTICES.
EDITOR'S TABLE.
EDITOR'S EASY CHAIR.
DRAWER [CONTINUED].
EDITOR'S DRAWER.
LEAVES FROM LITTLE DAUGHTER'S LIFE.
ILLUSTRATIONS.—Fussy's Affliction.—In Powder.—Dreamland.—Her Beau.—sitting up.—Abstinency.—Dolly's Baby.—Dressed up.—At Night.—The Doll in Disgrace.
PASSIONS FOR APRIL.
ILLUSTRATIONS.—Spring Pelisse.—Morning Negligee.

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The present Number contains an opening paper on "Labrador." The Illustrations are from Photographs taken expressly for the Magazine. Those in the present Number relate to the Labrador coast. The succeeding paper will contain Illustrations of Scenery and Incidents in the Interior. They are probably the first accurate pictures ever given of that interesting region. The next two papers will be followed by others, describing the most interesting portions of the Fisheries in America. The "Chapter on Mites" is a continuation of the series of Entomology which have attracted no little attention among scientific men in Europe and America. This paper, as well as the previous ones on "Destructive Insects," shows the great importance, in a multitude of commercial points of view, of a thorough investigation into the structure and habits of the minute insect world. The article on the "Horse Tamer" was written by a gentleman and illustrated from data obtained directly from Mr. BAREY, and furnishes the most authentic account of his career that has been given to the public.

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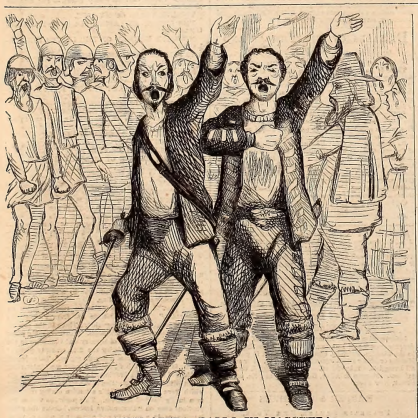

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SUMTER.

MAJOR ANDERSON'S COMMAND AT FORT SUMTER.—FROM A PHOTOGRAPH TAKEN IN THE FORT.—[SEE PAGE 190.]

PAUL MORGAN'S CHOICE.

"Here is the choice, and now the time, oh chooser!"

MARIAN ARMS and Jeannette Randall sat in their room, looking out over the misty, turbulent sea—looking out, and thinking of Paul Morgan. The sea-side cottage where they were staying was full, and they were obliged to room together. Indeed, they had chosen the set first, for they had been friends six weeks before. They called themselves so now; but they felt a spirit like Cain's in their hearts as they looked at each other with stealthy eyes. In fact they hated each other—as girls, even very good girls, not unfrequently do when both love the same man. God help us! How little it means when we say we are friends! How weak we are!

Which did Paul Morgan love? Both were pretty, at times really handsome. Both had fair hair and blue eyes, peach-blossom cheeks and lips meant for kisses; but there were plenty of points of difference. Marian was a year older, and taller. Her eyes were deeper, her lips smiled more rarely. Jeannette was merry as a summer bird. It had always been summer with her life.

What had Paul Morgan done to make them both love him? Nothing, consciously; for, to all all the truth, neither of them, fair and sweet as they were, had ever quickened a pulse of his heart. He was selfish, like the rest, and he had his own plans to serve.

There were more than these two girls at Siasconset Beach. Agatha Churchill was there also. It was no mystery to any one, a man, why all the men admired Agatha, haughty and indifferent to them as she was. The women all wondered at it. But she was not at all pretty. What was better, though, she was wonderfully beautiful at times. Her color of his life had faded in a week. What should he do? The future seemed strangely objectless.

Last of all, Agatha! She had a trick of leaving her hands idle in her lap, and her brain thinking. She untwisted her gauzy turban and folded it carefully. She took off her brilliant dress, and hung it on one of the nails which were driven in all round her little box of a room. She put away the serpents with their gleaming eyes, prayed herself for bed, and then kneeled in a low chair at the drapier, at the window, and threw it wide open. She felt feverish, and she welcomed the strong wind which blew into her face. Her soft hair almost saturated the thin drapery about her shoulders. There was so much fire in her nature that she never took cold, fresh as it was.

"God help me!" she thought, "my heart is gone out from me. I shall never be young again though I am so strong. I shall live for many years. Poor silly moth! Why did I go near enough to the candle to burn my wings? Could I not see what Paul Morgan was, in knowledge, indeed, but with just that same fascination in his manner toward every woman? His voice was always low, and so tender in its modulations. The touch of his hand was different from any other person's. Nature had made him so, how could he help it? And I, what a fool I have been! I had persuaded myself that he was to be his wife—he *has said* to me to watch with him!"

No matter how late Agatha kept watch that night. She did not appear on the next morning. When Paul Morgan met her at breakfast her cheek was as cool, her eye as clear as ever. She was just as carefully dressed. She looked, indeed, as a man of the world too long to hang out a flag of distress at his mast head.

It was full tide the last day at eleven, and at half past ten they all went to bathe. There was a long line of them, as they stood upon the beach, preparatory to walking down the steps. Three were arranged, gentlemen and ladies alternately, with a gentleman at one end of the line and Agatha Churchill at the other. Next to her was Jeannette Randell and Marian Arms. They went on gayly, breasting billow after billow.

At last came a tenth wave, higher than all. In desperation, curiosity, excitement, or carelessness of life—I know not what—Agatha drew her hand from her companion's, and, with a shriek, not from her lips though. The undertow had caught her and was bearing her outward. Morgan saw her scarlet bathing-dress flashing once more. He snatched his hands from the frightened girls who clung to him. He pushed out after Agatha. He was a bold, strong swimmer, and gave his mightiest strokes. He caught her by her long black hair. Then he drew his arm round her lithe, slender waist, and pushed landward her valiantly. It was a task for such sinews and muscles as his. A strength less Herculean could not have achieved it. He laid her on the beach, and knelt by her in reach of the waves, and sank himself utterly exhausted beside her. Had Agatha heard, when she thought she was drowning, any voice saying,

"Agatha, soul of my soul, I must save you or perish!"

At any rate, when she came back to consciousness she knew that he loved her.

That afternoon he was admitted to the little sitting-room which she had taken for herself alone. All the women but Agatha left breaking their fast together into her great sky eyes, and the strong lines of feeling quivering round her flexible mouth. She had never before seemed so charming, even to him. All the trifling, all the assumed indifference, all the hauteur was gone from his manner now; all the coldness from hers. They had stood that day in the presence of death. All that was false and conventional had been rent away. Only the true and the real remained. The imperious Miss Churchill was gentle as a little child. Morgan bent over her and kissed the hand she gave him.

"You have saved my life," she said. "How can I thank you?"

"By giving me what I most want."

"And that is?"

"Yourself, Agatha—the only woman I ever loved—without whom life is not worth the price of living."

"But I have a great many faults."

"I know it. So have I. We have both lived too long in an artificial atmosphere to have kept ourselves wholly unspotted from the world. We will begin our reform together, to-day."

"And you love me as I am, faults and all?"

"As I love my own soul. Do you love me, Agatha?"

"Let my life tell you."

"The life which you give me; do you not?"

"You have saved it," she answered softly; "it is yours, to keep or to reject."

"Beloved! may God deal with me as I with you."

That night their engagement was made known to the dwellers at Seaside Head. There were congratulations, and comments, and pleasant prophecies. Only Jeannette Randall and Marian Arms had such a secret to keep. But the touch of pain had tried them as gold is tried by fire. The growing hatred was transmuted to a tenderness neither of them had ever felt for each other before. The sorrow they bore together and in silence was a bond neither could care to break.

The experience would not hurt them. The love they brought to real had only stirred the outer surface of their hearts. Its blighting but made their natures deeper and truer. Their day would come for them too, by-and-by, with its full radiance.

Agatha Churchill's was, when she married Paul Morgan.

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

SATURDAY, MARCH 23, 1861.

A PLEA FOR THE CITY OF NEW YORK.

MARCH winises apace, and the annual budget of plundering schemes begins to be faintly discerned in the proceedings of the Legislature at Albany. Early in April the power of the Legislature for mischief ceases, and mischief-makers and representative rogues are trying to improve the interval between this and then.

The members of the Legislature which sat in the year 1860 were, by unanimous consent, pronounced to be a remarkably honest body, and several crew ever gathered together for legislative purposes in the State of New York. Nothing so shameless as the city railroad bills, which last year gave up the hour over the Governor's veto, was ever before inscribed on our statute-book. Nothing more barefaced than their endeavors to levy black-mail on the railroads of the State was ever attempted in this meridian before.

We have it on good authority that the present Legislature is of a purer stamp. There are single members in the Assembly; many more of these, we are told, are men of character; others are novices in corruption, and do not know enough to make sale of their votes. It is just possible, too, that the storm of indignation which greeted members on their return home in April last may have operated as a warning to them in the future. At any rate, people who have at all a vital interest in the subject among us. At least, Mr. Jarves has given us a classic in our literature of art; and if the people of this country knew how much appreciation this work could only know of it, the edition would go at once. Nor could any body who means to travel in Europe, or who will be sure to better prepare himself for the journey and the benefit of his Italian tour than by a careful study of Mr. Jarves's "Art-Thoughts" and constant observation of the Gallery he has collected.

The house of Lippincott in Philadelphia has commenced the publication of a work which is a cyclopedia for the People." It is based upon the famous German "Conversations-Lexicon," the most comprehensive of Cyclopedias, and is to be an encyclopedia something about every thing for fifteen cents a number! Probably nobody reads an Encyclopedia through, but a reader might be well tempted by the attractive form of publication. It has many illustrations, and is essentially a popular and useful hand-book. Among publishers the name of Lippincott is to be prized for its remembered, for it is identified with the popularization of knowledge; and the present issue is a faithful reproduction of the Edinburgh edition.

And here, as this almost as a single number of the "Cyclopedia," is a slim volume of dainty verses by Winthrop, daintily printed by Rudd & Carleton. There are very few of them, and they are very smooth and sweet; but they seem to be rather the reproduction of a fine mood than of a fine verse than of actual personal life and emotion. The little volume is a lunch, as one of the poems is called by a poet which describes them all, but not, Poet Ahlrich?

"A porcelain dish, o'er which in many a cluster
Plump grapes hung down, dead-ripe and without taste,
A melon cut in thin delicious slices—
A cake that seemed moist-work in spices:
Two china cups with golden tube and rim,
And rich inside with chocolate like honey:
And she and I the banquet-scene completing
With dreamy words—and very dainty eating."

Some time ago the Lounger was asked who wrote the "Two Villages," a poem. He could not answer; but the book called "Poems," by Rose Terry, unaware, as Miss Mulock's poems answered who wrote "Philip, my King." Miss Terry's poems have now been published by Ticknor some two or three months. Had the times been more quiet, they would have been already much more widely

Commission has reflected honor, not disgrace, on the city: had the members been appointed by the Common Council or the Mayor, the Commission would have been a sink of corruption. The Metropolitan Police are a vast improvement upon their Municipal predecessors. The Commissioners of Charities are infinitely preferable to the old Governors of the Alms-house. Every office which has been taken out of the control of the city, and placed at the disposal of the Legislature or the Governor, has been improved by the transfer.

Let there be no squeamishness, then, among country members in interfering in our municipal affairs. All honest men in the city want and expect them to interfere. Political demoralization—proceeding from various causes—has reached such a pitch in this city that it would be a gain, and not a loss, for the city to be actually disfranchised. If, however, the country members will do their duty, and set their faces sternly against any city railroad, or other city scheme which smacks of plunder, we may escape for another year.

THE LOUNGER.

SOME NEW BOOKS.

It is said that for ten years there were never so few vessels in the port of New Orleans as during the last month; and it is certainly true that in that time there have not been so few books upon the publishers' counters all over the country. Current literature is almost a luxury. When "the times" threaten, it disappears. When peace and confidence return, the harvests are weekly the sowing of books of all kinds. Oh! the famous Saturdays, four and five years ago, when so many immortal works were to be born!

Motley's History is the chief book of the season; but even of that there have not yet been twenty thousand sold. It is a work which is going to have written, like Mr. Motley, a book which every body must like. Then there is the new work by the author of "The Queens of Society," called "The Wits and Beaux of Society." It is a series of flashing, gossipy, lively sketches of men of the world, as they are called, such as Beau Brummell, De Grammont, Rochester, Beau Nash, Chesterfield, George Selwyn, Sheridan, Brummell, and—the Reverend Sydney Smith, perhaps the most droll company. It is a book, of course, made to amuse, and abounds in anecdotes illustrating life and manners. It has neither the dignity nor solidity of real history, but it is a good club and watering-place *vade mecum*.

Of a different kind is Mr. Jarves's "Art-Studies," which is one of the handsomest of American books: itself an illustration of our skill in the typographic art. The work treats in an aesthetic and historic sketch of the progress of painting in Italy, from the rise out of the Byzantine school down to its decline in that of Bologna. The illustrations, most faithfully and exquisitely drawn in Rudd & Carleton, are admirably reproduced, and as you turn the beautiful pages and refresh your acquaintance with the names of great men and the schools that have made Italian painting supreme, you can not help wondering whether the author is, after all, mistaken in believing that it is possible, by an exhibition of the old paintings and accomplished discourse of the old painters and their significance and style, to create such a vital interest in the subject among us. At least, Mr. Jarves has given us a classic in our literature of art; and if the people of this country knew how much appreciation this work could only know of it, the edition would go at once. Nor could any body who means to travel in Europe, or who will be sure to better prepare himself for the journey and the benefit of his Italian tour than by a careful study of Mr. Jarves's "Art-Thoughts" and constant observation of the Gallery he has collected.

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With dreamy words—and very dainty eating."

Some time ago the Lounger was asked who wrote the "Two Villages," a poem. He could not answer; but the book called "Poems," by Rose Terry, unaware, as Miss Mulock's poems answered who wrote "Philip, my King." Miss Terry's poems have now been published by Ticknor some two or three months. Had the times been more quiet, they would have been already much more widely

known. But in a high wind the wood-thrush is not heard. She had followed Sidney's advice—she has looked into her heart and written. If the song is sad, it is not the artificial elegiac strain to which so many women tune their lyres, but it is a true and searching pathos. An exquisite ear, a taste as delicate, a rare sympathy with nature, the profoundest poetical feeling, a nameless feminine refinement, and perfect intellectual sincerity mark all these poems. If the Lounger had several pages to fill he would quote several; but since he ought to take but one, let it be this:

"I give thee treasures hour by hour
That old-time princes naked in vain,
And piled for their sullen power,
Or died of passion's eager pain.

"I give thee love as God gives light,
Aside from merit or from prayer,
Rejoicing in its own delight,
And freer than the lavish air.

"I give my verses like jewels strung
On golden threads of hope and fear,
And tenderer thoughts than ever hung
In wind and light together here.

"As earth pours freely to the sea
Its thousand streams of wealth untold,
So from my shrine life to thee,
Glad that its very sands are gold.

"What care I for thy carelessness?
Or vaguer thanks that overfly?
Regardless that their power to bless
Thy spirit can not sound or know.

"For, lingering on a distant dawn,
My voice shall sing, more sweet than late,
When, from these mortal mists withdrawn,
Thine heart shall know me—I can wait."

BET, BETTER, BEST.

IT is a pity that Mr. Weston, who walked from Boston to Washington to see the inauguration, in fulfillment of a wager, did not arrive in time. Perhaps, however, his late coming will cast a slight shade on the upon that kind of feat. When Mr. Genin bid two hundred and fifty dollars for the first ticket to the first concert of Jenny Lind, he did a wise thing, because at that comparatively small sum he made a universal and most profitable advertisement. But when somebody else in a smaller town paid extravagantly for the same ticket there, he was merely even notoriety. So when Mr. Poore, after the election of Buchanan, wheeled a barrow of apples from Newburyport to Boston, the thing was simply just, and if he wished for any purpose to make his name conspicuous, he did so. But when somebody else agreed to saw a load of wood under similar circumstances, he had his labor and some derision for his pains.

Since, however, such bets are still likely to be laid, they are useful as that if your candidate is defeated, you will smoke only one cigar a day for four years; or that you will send a load of wood to every poor man you meet for two years, or months, or days; or that you will found a public library in your native village; or get up a subscription to support an organ in the village church; or buy one great picture or statue for free public exhibition; or give ten dollars to an eye and ear infirmary; or not swear for a year or two, or week, or a day; or go to bed at ten o'clock for six months; or not to speak cross at home for an indefinite period; or—in fact there is no end of respectable wagers.

If we must bet, isn't it best to better something?

WHO IS A GENTLEMAN?

JULIA writhes to know if the Lounger thinks that Aaron Burr was a gentleman.

What is a gentleman, Miss Julia? Louis Fourteenth of France called the Duke of Buckingham—who was the paramour of the Countess of Shrewsbury, who held the Duke's horse while he killed the Duke—the only English gentleman he had ever seen. In Kentucky the test of a gentleman is that he looks out of the window while you pour out your whisky. Do you think Charles Second a gentleman,

"Whose word no friend relies on;
Who never said a foolish thing,
And never did a wise one?"

Was Louis Fourteenth himself a gentleman? Was George Fourth? Was Brummell? Was Napoleon Bonaparte, who said that his bastards should infamously slander their loyal wives to gratify his own ambition, and who did not hesitate to injure Josephine?

What is a gentleman? If to dress in the fashion; to be witty, accomplished, and full of tact; to be graceful in bow and fascinating; to hold the popular current opinions upon all topics; to understand perfectly the details of social etiquette; to acknowledge the necessity of occasionally fighting a duel; to gamble; to know horses, and be interested in them; to treat women with the utmost external courtesy, while you constantly insult them in thought, and take care not to be too flagrant and conspicuous a rake; if to know fine wines, and mingle easily and brilliantly in fine society—if all this makes a gentleman, Miss Julia, then Aaron Burr was one, and Buckingham, and Charles, and Louis.

But if to be a gentleman it is necessary to be an honest, simple, modest man; conscious of your own fallibility, and therefore very charitable to others; prodigal of respecting nobility wherever you find it, and as sincerely detesting meanness however polished and graceful; easily dispensing with conventional elegance of manner for the sake of an earnest and humane intention; and not caring that a man shall wear the finest cloth, nor shudder-ing at his bad grammar, so long as you feel that he is honorable at heart—not according to the "code of honor," but according to moral principle—if all this is essential to a gentleman, Miss Julia, what shall we call Aaron Burr and the rest?

That a man may be mean, proud, inhuman, false, dishonorable toward God and country, and totally unprincipled; yet wear proper clothes, be of nimble, calm, and attractive address, graceful in action, and of that indescribable manner which we call high-bred, is a fact of every day's experience. If the word gentleman is to be properly applied to manner only, or to the external conduct altogether, Aaron Burr was a gentleman, and plenty of the greatest scamps in the world are gentlemen. A traitor—Benedict Arnold, for instance—may be a man of the courtliest possible manner; but can a traitor be a gentleman? A rebel may be, for Washington was a rebel. But a traitor is a man who betrays a special trust given him by his country.

If the word gentleman implies, first of all, high moral principle, then, of course, the gentry who usually lay claim to the name are trading under false pretenses. But this knowledge as well as the Lounger that the word we are discussing does not imply honorable character. It is practically an affair of the tailor and the dancing-master. "He is a great scamp, but then he is such a gentleman," is a remark which every body hears. It means that he is a person who talks low and respectfully, dresses with propriety, and is familiar with the usages of good society. The word gentleman is as grievously treated as the expression "a man of honor." You think it means an honorable man? Not at all; it means a man who will coolly murder a friend at the request of a friend. Honor is the keeping of nobody else. Another man may throw a glass of wine in your face—may give you the lie—may spit at you—what then? How, in Heaven's name, is your honor touched? Is your shirt-bosom your honor? Are you a liar because an angry fool says so? Honor is your own manhood. Who can stain or betray that but he himself? If you tell a lie, if you ruin a woman, if you cherish cruelty or malice, your honor is dishonored. Alack! these are the peculiar performances of "men of honor."

No, Miss Julia, the word "gentleman" is used vaguely; but generally it means, not God's work, but that of the tailor, the dancing-master, and "good society." In the current sense of the word Burr was a gentleman, as in the same current sense many of the noblest people living are fools and fanatics. But if the word shall be taken to mean the lover of manly character, a man more manly, then Washington, and Philip Sidney, and Nathan Hale, and John Howard, and a thousand unknown and unsung as, were also gentlemen; and Rochester, and Charles, and the Louises, and the Georges of England, and Aaron Burr were not.

Is the Lounger right, Miss Julia?

THE BONAPARTE-PATTERSON CASE.

THE case has gone against the Baltimore Bonapartes. The result can surprise nobody. Before the Prince Imperial was born, the Bonaparte-Patterson case was the subject of the Plon-Plon his son were the heirs-apparent of the French imperial throne. Suppose the Baltimore Bonapartes had established their claim, then it would have appeared that an illegitimate scion of the house had been accepted as heir of the throne; and if the Prince Imperial had died of measles, instead of Plon-Plon every would have fallen from the brow of the Emperor upon the head of Mr. Bonaparte of Baltimore—that is, if such a thing as a crown in the United States had counted, despite the rank of the mother. Yes, and if you come to the matter of blood, the brother of Napoleon Bonaparte was hardly as royally blooded as his nephew; and if the nephew's son by an unroyal spouse is yet royal enough to succeed, why not his brother's in similar action?

Probably if France were to decide the question of succession, the Baltimore Jerome would have quite as good a chance as the Westphalian Plon-Plon.

The decision is purely technical. Despite the romantic passion, nobody could regard Miss Patterson as otherwise than honorably and lawfully married, and her son as well born as any son in the world. The whole case is a singular illustration of the absurdity of the entire machinery of monarchy. Royal blood is a stupendous fiction which must be sustained at all hazards. Kings are the most debauched and dissolute class of men in history, and yet there is probably not a crowned head in the world that does not especially pride itself upon legitimacy. Plantagenet, Tudor, Stuart, Orange, Brunswick, all claim to continue substantially the same line. What if they do? What line it was? Preserving the line is the honest men? And that is the very question the age is answering.

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

TWO ENTRANCES AND TWO EXITS.

THE ENTRANCES.

THERE were two Kings, where of Italy's host,
The first the leg it tacked to,
The one he was a-de *Fere Jacko*,
The other a *King de facto*.
Whitest hide by color of King Victor,
That blade so red and keen, oh—
Garibaldi was the *Fere Jacko*,
The *de jure* was Bombalino.

King Garibaldi to never a crown
Or royal robe was born,
He marched to his throne in an old red shirt,
And a pair of trowsers torn.
No priest at his coronation stood,
'Twixt him and the throne above,
His sceptre was a sharp steel sword,
And his chrism was the people's love.
In a pair of rickety steamers he faced
A fleet that scoured the seas,
And landed with one thousand men,
'Gainst thousands thirty-three.

King Bombalino was palace-born,
And swaddled in purple and gold;
There were bishops to bless him, princes to dress him,
And a queen his surgeon to hold:
And when King Bombo, the Dumb,
Was numbered with the dead,
And Bombalino by right divine
Reigned in his father's stead,
He was soberly crowned and anointed and oiled,
By the Cardinals duly appointed,
And joy-bells were rung, and *Te Deums* were sung,
Round the throne of the Lord's anointed.

Hard by that throne, you might hear the groan
Of those that lay in chains,
In Little-Isaac, where the sea-lamps freeze,
Or the sea-coasts boil the brains.
But stifled still—for groans no more shrill,
Or tongues that dare to wag,
There were Cavalier Arnold,
And Manicolo's gang,
So Liberty's prisons with fetter and lash
From the people's heart he purges,
And where Alps' links towered up with whips,
Bombalino with corpicous scourges.

And where was King Garibaldi then?
He was sailing his Tuscan sea,
In a merchant-vessel of sixty tons,
For a merchant-captain's fee;
Or his shirt rolled up to the elbows,
And his tar-bucket and brush,
He was moulding the dips and twisting the wicks,
At a New York chandler's,
Or planting early potatoes,
And minding his own affairs.
Where steer to the deep runs the barren steep
Of Caprera's little lake.

So enter our Kings—on Sicily's stage—
Be warned, Utopian dreamers—
The one to a man is very complete,
The other two merchant-steamers;
This leads a ship, a thousand men
That, troops by thousands thirty.
The one wears royal purple,
The other a sailor's shirt;
Let the crack-brained fool, an if he may,
Upon his throne be crowned,
The odds they run a thousand to one,
For *de jure* against *de facto*.

THE EXITS.

I see a crowd acclaiming loud
In Naples' sunny palace;
Not woman alone, but bearded men,
Are tearful of their praises.
Their throats rain blessings, their hands rain flowers,
And bells in cheerful chime
As they crowd about a worn gray man,
In a suit of sailor's clothes wearing.
They clasp his hands, they clutch his knees,
They line his path with cheers!
They bring their babes that he may lay
His hands on them as he passes.

And this is the man that a few months since
At Marsala dared a battle,
In the face of odds that had never been faced
By a man of the least resolution!
Unscathed by sword, untouched by shot,
As if on his life's charm,
King Bombalino's navies are his,
And King Bombalino's army!
And now his foot's on the base of a throne,
And his head is on fire,
And behold he takes his hand away,
And from the throne steps down.

And simple and shabby as he came,
So shabby and simple goes!
Back to Caprera's solitude,
And early potato-rows.
No pomp and state on his exit wait,
But this no power can buy—
The love that glows in every heart,
And the joy that lights the eye!

I see a rock-basted fortress town,
With batteries girdled round;
There's a sulphurous smoke in the stifling air,
And corpses strew the ground.
The cannon's roar, blood, through the trampled mud,
Crush't gallion and rent fascine,
Where the cannon's blaze from the embrasure,
And the gunners shrink and scream:
And hasty sigh of "Bombalino's gone!"
The crack of the fusillade,
Is blent with the thrill of shattered wall,
Or hurtled prostrate laid.

For months and months the lengured town
Hath sat in vast and woe—
With her within still Bombalino,
And Death on creeping doe:
Till food is spent, and Love comes,
And strikes its victims down;
And drug fiend's vows from the King,
For whom they hold the town:
And evening, midnight, at the door
Fling down their babies dead;
And weakened children lay the blood
Of fathers on his head.

And mutiny foils stubborn arms,
Nor grow back blows for love;
And so perforce he strikes the flag
Of his dastard reign above,
And through the blast and through the wreck,
His vengeful curses hiss,
The last Italian Bourbon goes
In sullen, scowling price.
Unblessed, unwept, and hated by all,
No heart laments his fall!
Sic Eunt Tyrants all!

THE GENIUS OF RELIGION.

Genius (says Madame de Stael) is the breath of heaven. Religion, also says Monsieur de Polichinelle, would be all the better if, like Genius, it had no sects.

A DAILY INTERVIEW AT THE PARIS EMBASSY.

CUPID OF CUPIDS.—"Shall what is the cost for the dinner of to-day? Have you any preference?"

THE AMBASSADOR.—"Ah! *fais*, the same as before—*carte blanche*. *Vous savez bien, je ne vous donne jamais rien relativement rien que ça.*"

GOOD FOR TAKES.—We see advertised a Reaping Machine. Of course it is intended to come directly after the Sewing Machine?

A GOOD PLACE FOR A COOK.—The Dripping-Well of Saratoga.

STRONGLY RECOMMENDED BEFORE DINNER.
(By a Vulgar Illiterate Cookney.)

Why is a lucky cigarette like Absinthe?—Because it's a happy-liker (appetizer).

LICENSED WITTLERS.—The YORKERS.

A CONSERVING EXTRAVAGANCE.—We know a friend of ours, a continued young Raleigh, who, like Vesuvius, has always got either fire or smoke at his mouth; but he complains fearfully of the expense. He says smoking will burn a hole in a bank-note in no time: his only regret is, that a cigar does not, as soon as it is consumed, rise again like a Phœnix from its own ashes!

PROCRASTINATION IS THE THIEF OF TALENT.—INSCRIPTION FOR THE REVERSE OF CERTAIN INDIAN PEACE-MONEY.—Delibi are Dangerous.

MOTTO FOR THE GENERAL CONVENANCE AMALGAMATED CORDITE COMPANY.—"*A Diversibus Unum.*"

THE BEAUTY OF EARLY RISING.

FAMILY PHYSICIAN (*who is in bit of an Abernethy in his way*).—"You may laugh at me as you like, Miss, but I tell you it is a positive fact, which you are at liberty to disprove if you can—that, when Venus rose from the sea, the rising took place the very first tiffing in the morning, or else she never would have been the beauty she was!"

BLANCMANGE.—Whitebait.

THE MODERN CHESTERFIELD.—What would you with a tobacconist on his birth-day? Why, you enough, what could you wish him but "Many happy returns!"

Two men were disputing about their powers of endurance. "Why, nothing to the other," I'll bet you that I can hold my right leg in boiling water longer than you can." "Done," said the other, and the smoking, bubbling water was brought. In went the liger number one with an air of defiance; number two stood an edifying serenity. Number one began to whine; number two called calmly for the newspaper. Number one began to find it intolerable; number two smiled at the humor of the paper. "In Heaven's name!" at last exclaimed number one, exasperated by the heat of the water and the coolness of his antagonist, "what is your leg made of?" "Wood," sententiously replied the other.

Mrs. Brougham, the mother of the ex-Chancellor, was a most excellent and liberal housewife. On one occasion she was much troubled with a servant addicted to debauching, and who used to allege, in extenuation of her fault, "it was *cruckit* before." One morning this Harry tumbled down stairs, when the fond mother, running after him, exclaimed, "Oh, boy! have you broken your head?" "No, ma," said the future Chancellor, "it was *cruckit* before."

The Rev. Dr. G——, of I——, was some years minister of the queer sacra chapel at H——n. By working occasionally in the mines gained the latter appellation for his public duties. While he was on recreating himself one of the shepherds came to preach to pen, and in familiar statistics addressed him: "Weel, Mr. G——, what are you doing?" "Why, John," said the minister, who was fathoming some celery beds, "I am doing what you should have done long ago—I am *hoeing my celery*." The manager was not long in waiting on his colleagues, with the intelligence that the minister was examining of his *salary*. An augmentation was immediately granted.

We were amused at hearing the story of an old lady whose only recreation was the hearing of the execution of a man who had once lived in the neighborhood, was, "Well, I know'd him when he was a child, and I'll be bound he had his handkerchief was always slipping round under his left ear."

A Cockney, who went out rabbit-shooting, observing a donkey peeping over a hedge, immediately leveled his piece, exclaiming: "By Jove! that must be the father of all rabbits."

Mr. James Ballantyne, the celebrated printer, was dining with Mr. Creech, the publisher, when the latter happened to quote a line from the excellent Dr. Blair, especially his *bark*. Perceiving that the latter was not on the table, Mr. Ballantyne suggested that *bark* should be *pie*.

An attorney, on being called to account for having acted unprofessionally in taking less than the usual fees from his client, pleaded that he had taken all the man had. He was therupon honorably acquitted.

The late Lord Robertson, a Senator of the College of Justice, possessed considerable talents as a punster.

"Pray, Lord Robertson," said a lady, "can you tell me what sort of a time Mr. Dundas is?"

"I suppose," replied the humorous judge, "it is the male of the coo coo cuckoo."

How many currents are there? Three—red, white, and black; a black current in the Black Sea, a white current in the White Sea, and a red current in the Red Sea.

A red-nosed gentleman asked a wit whether he believed in spirits?—"No, Sir," replied he, looking him full in the face, "I see much evidence before me to doubt it."

ANECDOTES OF ERSKINE.

The Hon. Henry Erskine was celebrated as a punster. Meeting on the street one morning an old lady returning from St. Bernard's Well, he exclaimed, "Oh, S——, I see you have been at the well-doing."

Mr. Robert Haldane, of Airthrey, had informed Mr. Erskine of his having purchased a piece of land, the dangerous stumble on the steep banks of the Ochils, by raising bold on the shaded side of a tree. "It had been a pair for life," said the humorist.

Meeting in Edinburgh a country friend, Erskine asked him to come to his house. The friend excused himself by pleading hasty business. "I only came for a cast." "A cast," said the lawyer, "I had much rather that it had been a suit."

At a dinner party, Erskine was seated near Miss Hamilton——, concerning whom Miss Hamilton——, had been celebrated for her beauty, but was then somewhat past the meridian of life. "Miss Hamilton are you not a great man for making puns," said Miss Hamilton to the wit; "could you make a pun on me?" "Ah, *Hamilton*," was the cool rejoinder, "you are my *whole lot*."

Mr. Dunbarn, of Largo, was an intimate friend of Erskine, and in the course of time should his person a honor. They met accidentally in the capital, when Erskine remarked that he was sorry to see his friend in town, as he was *pending* (painting) his house for the reception of a second wife. "Well, well," said Dunbarn, "*ye may spend* awa, Harry, and ye may also *re-pent*."

"Sure," said a Frenchman, wishing to display his knowledge of the English language, "what is the screwtow?"—"Yes, Sare," was the equally bombastic reply! "Then, Sare, let 'em."

The Rev. Dr. F—— of N——, applied to his brethren to provide a better fence to his garden. One of them proposed a fence of *Palings*. "Palings and railing!" said the indignant incumbent, who had been keenly opposed by his brethren on previous occasions, "I have had nothing else since I came among you."

"My son, you must start up from your lethargy."—"Would you have me an upstart, father?"

A distinguished counsel, being employed for the defence in a trial for murder, found it necessary, in the course of his speech, to comment with some severity on the testimony of a witness for the prosecution. In the midst of a most searching and logical sentence, wherein he was comparing the jury's duty with the witness' oath to speak the truth, he was interrupted by a juryman, a tall, lank fellow, evidently from the backwoods, who, rising, thus addressed him:

"See here, Mr. Lawyer, I don't want yer to go on that way abusing me; I won't stand it; I'll break up the court if you do; I won't come to be abused."

"My dear Sir," replied the barrister, in his politest manner, "I was alluding to the witness, not to you; my remarks were not intended to apply to any of the jurors."

"Well, then," said the juror, "just quit a pinting your finger at me when you talk that way."

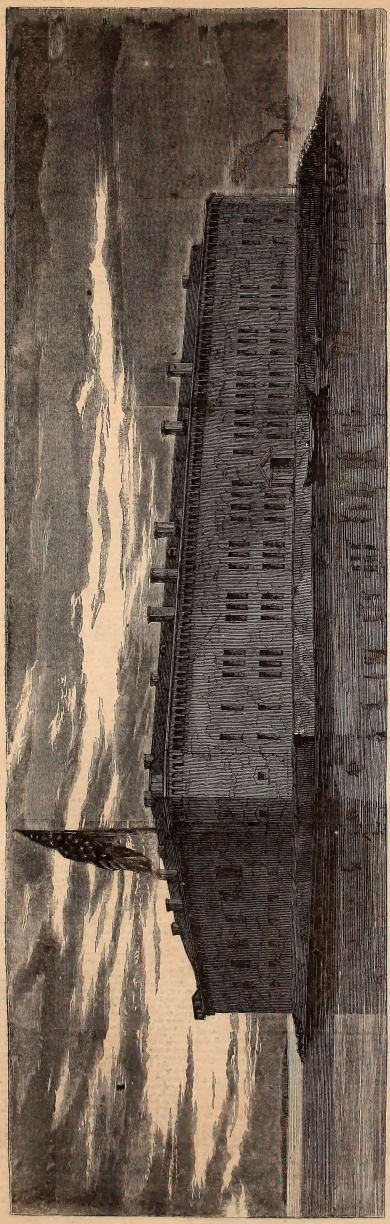
Young lovers are called turtles, and they are generally green turtles.

If parents are shameless, the conduct of children will generally be shameful.

Words are but poor fig-leaves to cover the nakedness of deeds.

The least praiseworthy are generally the most covetous of praise.

Ladies, please be sweet, but don't be too formal. Be rose, but don't be spiny rose.



FORT SUMTER, CHARLESTON HARBOR, SOUTH CAROLINA.—[DRAWN BY AN OFFICER OF MAJOR ANDERSON'S COMMAND.]

UNSPOKEN DIALOGUE.

Above the trailing mignonnette
That deck'd the window-sill,
A lady sat, with lips firm-set,
And looks of earnest will:
Four decades o'er her life had met,
And left her lovely still.

Not to the radiant firmament,
Not to the garden's grace,
The courses of her mind were bent,
But where, with sweetest face,
Forth from the other window leant
The daughter of the place.

Thus ran her thoughts: "O wretched day!
When She was born so fair:
Well could I let my charms decay,
If she were not their heir;
I loathe the sunbeams as they play
About her golden hair.

"Yet why? she is too good, too mild,
So madly to aspire;
He is no boy to be beguil'd
By sparks of color'd fire:
I will not dream a pretty child
Can mar my deep desire.

"Her fatherless and lonely days
Are sere before their time:
In scenes of gayety and praise
She will regain her prime,
And cease to haunt these wooded ways
With sentimental rhyme."

On to the conscious maiden pass'd
Those words without the tongue;
Half petulantly back she cast
The glist'ning curls that hung
About her neck, and answer'd fast:
"Yes, I am young—too young:

"Yet am I graver than my wont,
Gravest when he is here;
Beneath the glory of his front
I tremble—not with fear:
But as I read, Bethesda's font
Felt with the Angel near.

"Must I mate only with my kind,
With something as unwise
As my poor self; and never find
Affection I can prize
At once with an adoring mind,
And with admiring eyes?

"My mother trusts to drag me down
To some low range of life,
By pleasures of the clam'rous town,
And vanity's mean strife;
And in such selfish tumult drown
My hope to be *his* wife."

Then darker round the lady grew
The meditative cloud—
And stormy thoughts began to brew
She dar'd not speak aloud;
For then without disguise she knew
That rivalry avow'd.

"What is my being if I lose
My love's last stake? while she
Has the fair future where to choose
Her woman's destiny—
Free scope those means and powers to use,
Which time denies to me.

"Was it for this her baby arms
About my neck were flung?
Was it for this I found such charms
In her uncertain tongue?
Was it for this those vain alarms
My mother-soul unstrung?

"Oh, horrible! to wish my child—
My sole one left—unborn,
And, seeing her so meek and mild,
To hold such gifts in scorn;
My nature is grown waste and wild,
My heart with fury torn!"

Speechless—enchanted to the spot—
The girl could scarce divine
The whole disaster of her lot—
But without sound or sign
She cried, "O Mother! love him not—
Oh! let his love be mine!

"You have had years of full delight,
Your girlhood's passion-dream
Was realized to touch and sight
As bright as it could seem—
And now you interpose, like Night,
Before my life's first gleam.

"Yet you were once what I am now—
You were your maiden prize;
You told me of my Father, how
You lived but in his eyes—
You spoke of the perpetual vow,
The truth that never dies.

"Dear Mother! dearer, kinder far,
If by my childhood's bed
Your care had never stood to bar
Misfortune from my head—
But laid me where my brothers are,
Among the quiet dead.

"Ah! why not die? This cruel strife,
Can this—this only—cease?
Deny God! take home this erring life—
This struggling soul release:
From Heaven, perchance, upon *his* wife
I might look down in peace."

That prayer—like some electric flame,
Struck with resistless force
The lady's agitated frame—
Nor halted in its course,
Till her hard pride was turn'd to shame,
Her passion to remorse.

She spoke—her words were very low,
But resolute in tone—
"Dear child! he comes.—Nay, blush not so
To have your secret known:
'Tis best, 'tis best, that I should go—
And leave you here alone."

Then, as his steps grew near and fast,
Her hand was on the door,
Her heart by holy grace had cast
The demon from its core—
And on the threshold calm she pass'd
The man she loved no more.

TAKE WARNING.

ONCE lived a comely maid who, proud
Of charms before which all men bow'd,
Wax'd over-scornful;
'Twas in those good old ages when
Our grandsires were but grandchildren,
But human nature now as then
Of pride is born full.

Although this maid to lovers' prayer,
To lady-killer's deep-laid snare,
Bade bold defiance,
She ne'er intended to remain
A votary in Diana's train,
But form with some well-favor'd swain
A fit alliance.

Years glided by; full many a chime
Told new-year's eve when ruthless time
Her charms invaded,
But thought she not of tell-tale streak
Which scarr'd her brow, of sunken cheek,
Of pallid lip, of voice grown weak,
Attractions faded.

At length still fewer and more few,
Behold! aspiring suitors grew;
At festive meeting
No more did youth on youth advance,
To claim her hand for distant dance,
Nor combat for one witching glance,
With heart high-beating.

"Alas!" quoth she, "I'm sore perplex'd,
My beaux desert; the very next
Whose means are ample
Woos not in vain:" but ah! no more
Did anxious lover seek her door.
Young ladies, in your bosoms store
This sad example.

[Entered according to Act of Congress, in the Year 1860, by Harper & Brothers, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Southern District of New York.]

GREAT EXPECTATIONS.

A NOVEL.

By CHARLES DICKENS.

Splendidly Illustrated by John McLenan.

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CHAPTER XXVI.

"MY DEAR MR. PIP,—I write this by request of Mr. Gargery, for to let you know that he is going to London in company with Mr. Wopsle, and would be glad if agreeable to be allowed to see you. He would call at Barnard's Hotel Tuesday morning 9 o'clock, when if not agreeable please leave word. Your fine sister is much the same as when you left. We talk of you in the kitchen every night, and wonder what you are saying and doing. If new considered in the light of a liberty, excuse it for the love of poor old days. No more, dear Mr. Pip, from your ever obliged and affectionate Servant, BIDDY.

"P.S.—If wishes me most particular to write *what larks*. He says you will understand. I hope it do not doubt it will be agreeable to see him even though a gentleman, for you had ever a good heart and is a worthy worthy man. I have read him all, excepting only the last little sentence, and he wishes me most particular to write again *what larks*."

I received this letter by the post on Monday morning, and therefore its appointment was for next day. Let me confess exactly with what feelings I looked forward to Joe's coming.

Not with pleasure, though I was fond to him by so many ties; no; with considerable disturbance, some mortification, and a keen sense of incongruity. If I could have had him away by paying money, I certainly would have paid money. My greatest reassurance was that he was coming to Barnard's Inn, not to Hammersmith, and consequently would not fall in Bentley Drummle's way. I had little objection to his being seen by Herbert or his father, for both of whom I had a respect; but I had a very sharpened sensitiveness as to his being seen by Drummle, whom I held in contempt. So, throughout life, our worst weaknesses and meannesses are usually committed for the sake of the people whom we most despise.

I had begun to be always decorating the chambers in some quite unnecessary and inappropriate way or other, and very expensive those wretches with Barnard proved to be. By this time the rooms were vastly different from what I had found them, and I enjoyed the honor of occupying a few presentment pages in the books of a neighboring upholsterer. I had got on so fast of late that I had even started a boy in boots—top boots—in bondage and slavery to whom I might have been said to pass my days. For after I had made my monster (out of the refuse of my washerwoman's family), and had clothed him with a blue coat, canary waistcoat, white cravat, creamy breeches, and the boots already mentioned, I had to find him a little to do and a great deal to eat; and with both of those horrible requirements he haunted my existence.

This avenging phantom was ordered to be on duty at eight on Tuesday morning in the hall (it was two feet square, as charged for floor-cloth), and Herbert suggested certain things for breakfast that he thought Joe would like. As I felt sincerely obliged to him for being so interested and considerate, I had an odd, half-provoked sense of suspicion upon me that if Joe had been coming to see *him* he wouldn't have been quite so brisk.

However, I came into town on the Monday night to be ready for Joe, and I got up early in the morning, and caused the sitting-room and breakfast-table to assume their most splendid appearance. Unfortunately the morning was foggy, and an angel could not have concealed the fact that Barnard was shedding sooty tears outside the window, like some weak giant of a Sweep.

As the time approached I should have liked to run away, but the Avenger, pursuant to orders, was in the hall, and presently I heard Joe on the staircase. I knew it was Joe by his clumsy manner of coming up stairs—his state boots being always too big for him—and by the time it took him to read the names on the other floors in the course of his ascent. When at last he stopped outside our door, I could hear his finger tracing over the painted letters of my name, and I afterward distinctly heard him breathing in at the keyhole. Finally he gave a faint single rap, and Pepper—such was the name of the avenging boy—announced "Mr. Gargery!" I thought he never would have done wiping his feet, and that I must have gone out to lift him off the mat, but at last he came in.

"Joe, how are you, Joe?"

"Pip, how ARE you, Pip?"

With his good honest face all glowing and shining, and his hat put down on the floor between us, he caught both my hands and worked them straight up and down, as if I had been the last-patented Pump.

"I am delighted to see you, Joe. Give me your hat."

But Joe, taking it up with both hands like a birdsnest with eggs in it, wouldn't hear of parting with that piece of property, and persisted in standing talking over it in a most uncomfortable way.

"Which you have that growed," said Joe, "and that swelled out, and that genteelofied;" Joe considered a little before he discovered this word; "as to be sure you are a honor to your kin' and country."

"And you, Joe, look wonderfully well."

"Thank God," said Joe, "I'm cleverly to most. And your sister, she's no worse than she were. And Biddy, she's ever right and ready. And all friends is no backerder, if not no forarder. 'Cept-in' Wopsle; he's had a drop."

All this time (still with both hands taking great care of the birdsnest) Joe was rolling his eyes round and round the room, and round and round the flowered pattern of my dressing-gown.

"Had a drop, Joe?"

"Why, yes," said Joe, lowering his voice, "he's left the Church, and went into the playacting. Which the playacting have likeways brought him to London along with me. And his wish were," said Joe, getting the birdsnest under his left arm for the moment and greying in it for an egg with his right; "if no offense, as I would 'and you that."

I took what Joe gave me, and found it to be the crumpled play-bill of a small metropolitan theatre, announcing the first appearance on the evening Monday of "the celebrated Provincial Amateur of Roscian renown, whose unique performance in the highest tragic walk of one Nicodemus Boffin has lately occasioned so great a sensation in local dramatic circles."

"Were you at his performance, Joe?" I inquired.

"I were," said Joe, with solemnity.

"Was there a great sensation?"

"Why," said Joe, "yes, there certainly were a peck of orange-peel. Partickler, where he see the ghost. Though I put it to yourself, Sir, whether it were calculated to keep a man up to his work with a good 'art, to be continually cutting in betwixt him and the Ghost with 'Amen!' A man may have had a misfortune and been in the Church," said Joe, lowering his voice to an argumentative and feeling tone, "but that is no reason why you should put him out at such a time. Which I meantersay, if the ghost of a man's own father can not be allowed to ockipy his attention, what can, Sir? Still more, when his mourning at is unfortunately made so small as that the weight of the black feathers brings it off, try to keep it on how you may."

A ghost-seeing effect in Joe's own countenance informed me that Herbert had entered the room. So I presented Joe to Herbert, who held out his hand; but Joe backed from it, and held on by the birdsnest.

"Your servant, Sir," said Joe, "which I hope as you and Pip"—here his eye fell on the Avenger, who was putting some eggs on the table, and so plainly denoted an intention to make that young gentleman one of the family, that I frowned it down and confused him—"I meantersay, you two gentlemen—which I hope as you get your eiths in this close spot? For the present may be a werry good inn, according to London opinions," said Joe, persuasively, "and I believe its character do stand it; but I wouldn't keep a pig in it myself—not in the case that I wished him to fatten wholesome and to eat short with a meller flavor on him."

Having borne this flattering testimony to the merits of our dwelling-place, and having incidentally shown this tendency to call me "Sir," Joe, being invited to sit down to table, looked all round the room for a suitable spot on which to deposit his hat—as if it were only on some very few rare substances in nature that it could find a resting-place—and ultimately stood it on an extreme corner of the chimney-piece, from which it ever afterward fell off at intervals.

"Do you take tea, or coffee, Mr. Gargery?" asked Herbert, who always presided of a morning.

"Thankee, Sir," said Joe, stiff from head to foot, "I'll take whichever is most agreeable to yourself."

"What do you say to coffee?"

"Thankee, Sir," returned Joe, evidently dispirited by the proposal, "since you *are* so kind as put that name to it, I will not run contrairy to your own opinions. But don't you never find it a little 'eating?"

"Say tea, then," said Herbert, pouring it out.

Here Joe's hat tumbled off the mantle-piece, and he started and picked it up, and fitted it to the same exact spot. As if it were an absolute point of good-breeding that it should tumble off again soon.

"When did you come to town, Mr. Gargery?"

"Were it yesterday afternoon?" said Joe, after coughing, as if he had caught the whooping-cough since he came. "No it were not. Yes it were. Yes. It were yesterday afternoon" (with an appearance of mingled wisdom, relief, and strict impartiality).

"Have you seen any thing of London yet?"

"Why, yes, Sir," said Joe, "me and Wopsle went off to look at the Blacking Warehus. But we didn't find that it come up to its likeness in the red lamps at the shop-doors; which I meantersay," added Joe, in an explanatory manner, "as it's drawed too architectooralooveral."

I really believe Joe would have prolonged this word (mightily expressive to my mind of some architecture that I know) into a perfect Chorus, but for his attention being providentially attracted by his hat, which was toppling. Indeed it demanded from him a constant attention and a quickness of eye and hand very like that exacted by cup-and-ball-keeping. He made the most extraordinary play with it, and showed the greatest skill; now, rushing at it and catching it neatly as it dropped; now, merely stopping it midway, beating it up, and humoring it in various parts of the room and against a good deal of the pattern of the paper on the wall, before he felt it safe to close with it; finally sighing it into the slop-basin, where I took the liberty of laying hands upon it.

As to his shirt-collar and his coat-collar, they were perplexing to reflect upon—insoluble mysteries. Why should a man scrape himself to that extent before he could consider himself full dressed? Why should he suppose it necessary to be purified by suffering for his holiday clothes? Then he fell into such unaccountable fits of meditation, with his fork midway between his plate and his mouth, had his eyes attracted in such strange directions; was afflicted with such remarkable coughs; sat so far from the table, and dropped so much more than he ate, and pretended that he hadn't dropped it; that I was heartily glad when Herbert left us for the City.

I had neither the good sense nor the good feeling to know that this was all my fault, and that if I had been easier with Joe, Joe would have been easier with me. I felt impatient of him and ashamed of him; and this is the right condition he heped coals of fire on my head.

"Us two being now alone, Sir"—began Joe.

"Joe," I interrupted, pettishly, "how can you call me Sir?"

Joe looked at me for a single instant with something faintly like reproach. Utterly preposterous as his cravat was, and as his collars were, I was conscious of a sort of dignity in the look too.

"Us two being now alone," resumed Joe, "and me having the intentions and abilities to stay not many minutes more, I will now conclude—lengthways begin—to mention what kind led to my having had the present honor. For was it not," said Joe, with his old air of lucid exposition, "that my only wish were to be useful to you, I should not have had the honor of breaking wittles in the company and abode of gentlefolk."

I was so unwilling to see the look again that I made no remonstrance against this tone.

"Well, Sir," pursued Joe, "this is how it were. I were at the Bargemen t'other night, Pip;" whenever he subsided into affection, he called me Pip, and whenever he relapsed into politeness he called me Sir; "when there come

"PIP, HOW ARE YOU, PIP?"

up in his shay-cart Pumblechook. Which that same identical," said Joe, going down a row of trees, "do comb my 'air the wrong way sometimes, by giving out up and down town as it were him which ever had had your infant companion and were hooked upon as a playfellow by yourself."

"Nonsense. It was you, Joe."

"Which I fully believed it were, Pip," said Joe, slightly tossing his head, "though it signify little now, Sir. Well, Pip; this same identical, which his manners is given to blusterous, come to me at the Bargemen (wot a pipe and a pint of beer do give refreshment to the working man, Sir, and do not over stimulate), and his word were, 'Joseph, Miss Havisham she wish to speak to you.'"

"Miss Havisham, Joe?"

"'She wish,' were Pumblechook's word, 'to speak to you.'" Joe sat and rolled his eyes at the ceiling.

"Yes, Joe? Go on, please."

"Next day, Sir," said Joe, looking at me as if I were a long way off, "having cleaned myself, I go and I see Miss A."

"Miss A., Joe? Miss Havisham?"

"Which I say, Sir," replied Joe, "Miss A., or Havisham. Her expression air then as following: 'Mr. Gargery. You air in correspondence with Mr. Pip?' Having had a letter from you, I were able to say 'I am.' (When I married your sister, Sir, I said 'I will;' and when I answered your friend, Pip, I said 'I am.') 'Would you tell him, then,' said she, 'that which Estella has come home and would be glad to see him?'"

I felt my face fire up as I looked at Joe. I hope one remote cause of its firing may have been my consciousness that if I had known his errand I should have given him more encouragement.

"Biddy," pursued Joe, "when I got home and asked her fur to write the message to you, a little hung back. Biddy says, 'I know he will be very glad to have it by word of mouth, it is holiday time, you were to see him, go.' I have now concluded, Sir," said Joe, rising from his chair, "and, Pip, I wish you ever well and ever prospering to a greater and greater height."

"But you are not going now, Joe?"

"Yes I am," said Joe.

"But you are coming back to dinner, Joe?"

"No, I am not," said Joe.

Our eyes met, and all the "Sir" melted out of that honest open heart as he gave me his hand.

"Pip, dear old chap, life is made of ever so many partings welded together, as I may say, and mine was a blacksmith, and one's a whitesmith, and one's a goldsmith, and one's a coppersmith. Diwisions among such must come, and must be met as they come. If there's been any fault at all to-day, it's mine. You and me is not two figures to be together in London; nor yet anywheres else but what is private, and beknowed, and understood among friends. It ain't that I am proud, but that I want to be right, as you shall never see no more in these clothes. I'm wrong in these clothes. I'm wrong out of the forge, the kitchen, or off the meshes. You won't find half so much fault in me if you think of me in my forge-dress, with my hammer in my hand, or even my pipe. You won't find half so much fault in me if, supposing as you should ever wish to see me, you come and put your head in at the forge-window and see Joe the blacksmith there at the old anvil, in the old place, and a master of his old work, as he used to be when he first carried you about. I'm awful dull, but I hope I've beat out something nigh the lights of this at present. And so God bless you, dear old Pip; old chap, God bless you!"

I had not been mistaken in my fancy that there was a simple dignity in him. The fashion of his dress could no more come in its way when he spoke these words than it could come in its way in heaven. He took it as gayly on the forehead and went out. As soon as I could recover myself sufficiently I ran out after him and looked for him in the neighboring streets; but he was gone.

CHAPTER XXVII.

IT was clear that I must repair to our town next day, and in the first flow of my repentance it was equally clear that I must stay at Joe's. But when I had secured a place for the box-tax to-morrow's coach and had been down to Mr. Pocket's and back, I was not by any means convinced on the last point, and began to invent reasons and make excuses for putting up at the Blue Boar. I should be an inconvenience at Joe's; it was not expected, Joe would by no would not be ready; I should be too far from Miss Havisham's, and she was exacting and mightn't like it. All other swindlers upon earth are as nothing to the self-swindlers, and with such pretenses did I cheat myself. Surely a curious thing. That I should innocently take a bad half-crown of somebody else's manufacture is reasonable enough; but that I should knowingly pocket the spurious coin of my own make as good money! An obliging stranger, under pretense of compactly folding up my bank-notes for security's sake, abstracts the notes and gives me matchballs; but what is his sleight of hand to mine, when I fold up my own nut-shells and pass them on myself as notes!

Having settled that I must go to the Blue Boar, my mind was much disturbed by indecision whether or no to take the Avenger. It was tempting to think of that expensive Mercury airing his boots in the arch-way of the Blue Boar's posting-yard: it was almost solemn to imagine him casually produced in the tailor's shop and confounding the disrespectful senses of Trabb's boy. On the other hand, Trabb's boy might worm himself into his intimacy and tell him things; or reckless and desperate wretch as I knew he could be, might hoot him in the High Street. My patroness, too, might hear of him, and not approve of him. On the whole, I resolved to leave the Avenger behind.

It was the afternoon coach by which I had taken my place, and, as winter had now come round, I should not arrive at my destination until two or three hours after dark. Our time of starting from the Cross Keys was two o'clock. I arrived on the ground with a quarter of an hour to spare, attended by the Avenger—if a may counter that expression with one who never attended on me if he could possibly help it.

At that time it was customary to carry Convicts down to the dock-yards by stage-coach. As I had often heard of them in the capacity of outside-passengers, and had more than once seen them on the high-road dangling their ironed legs over the coach roof, I had no cause to be surprised when Herbert, meeting me in the yard, came up and told me there were two convicts going down with me. But I had a reason that was an old reason now, for constitutionally faltering whenever I heard the word convict.

"You don't mind them, Handel?" said Herbert.

"Oh no!"

"I thought you seemed as if you didn't like them?"

"I can't pretend that I do like them, and I suppose you don't particularly. But I don't mind them."

"See! There they are," said Herbert, "coming out of the Tap. What a degraded and vile sight it is!"

They had been treating their guard, I suppose, for they had a bottle with them, and all three came out wiping their mouths on their hands. The two convicts were handcuffed together, and had irons on their legs, fashioned in a pattern that I knew very well. They wore the dress that I likewise knew very well. Their keeper had a brace of pistols, and carried a thick-knobbed bludgeon under his arm; but he was on terms of good understanding with them, and stood, with them beside him, looking on at the putting-to of their fetters. We were not an air as if they were an interesting Exhibition not formally open at the moment, and be the Curator. One was a taller and stouter man than the other, and appeared, as a matter of course, according to the mysterious ways of the world both convicts and free, to have got into his power his own smallest suit of clothes. His arms and legs were like great pin-cushions of those shapes, and his entire figure hung about him as if his clothes, his half-closed eye at one glance. There stood the man whom I had seen on the settle at the Three Jolly Bargemen, on a memorable day that was had brought me down with his invisible gun!

It was easy to make sure that as yet he knew me no more than my fellow-creatures do of his life. He looked across at me, and his eye appraised my watch-chain, and then he incidentally spat and said something to the other convict, and they laughed, and directly afterward joined with a clink of their coupling manacle, and looked at something else. The great numbers on their backs, as if they were street-doors; their coarse, mangy, ungainly outer surface, as if they were lower animals; their ironed legs, apologetically garlanded like unfortunate Monarchies; and the way in which all present looked at them and kept from them, made them (as Herbert had said) a most disagreeable and degraded spectacle.

But this was not the worst of it. It came out that the whole of the back of the coach had been taken by a family removing from London, and that there were no places for the two prisoners but on the seat in front behind the coachman. Hereupon a choleric gentleman, who had taken the fourth place on that seat, flew into a most violent passion, and said that it was a breach of contract to be asked to sit up with such company, and that it was poisonous, and pernicious, and infamous, and shameful, and I don't know what else. At this time the coach was ready and the coachman impatient, and we were all preparing to get up, and the prisoners had come over with their keeper—bringing with them that curious flavor of bread-pudding, baize, ropeyarn, and hearth-stone which attends the convict presence.

"Don't take it so much amiss, Sir," said the keeper to the angry passenger; "I'll sit next myself, and I'll put 'em on the step-plate by row. They won't interfere with you, Sir. You needn't know they're there."

"And I won't!" said the one," growled the convict I had recognized. "I don't want to go. I am quite ready to stay behind. As far as I am concerned any one's welcome to my place."

"Or mine," said the other, gruffly. "I wouldn't have inconvenienced none of you, if I'd a had my way."

Then they both laughed, and began cracking nuts, and throwing the shells about.—As I really think I should have liked to do myself, if I had been in their place and so despised.

At length it was voted that there was no help for the angry gentleman, and that he must either go in his chance company or remain behind. So he got into his place, still making complaints, and the keeper got into the place next him, and the convicts were handed up as well as they could, and the convict I had recognized sat behind me with his breath on the hair of my head.

"Good-by, Handel!" Herbert called out, as we started. I thought what a blessed fortune it was that he had found another name for me than Pip.

It is impossible to express with what acuteness I felt the convict's breathing, not only on the back of my head, but all along my spine. The sensation was like being touched with some pungent and searching acid, and it set my very teeth on edge. He seemed to have more breathing to do than another man, and to make more noise in doing it; and I was conscious of growing high-shouldered on that side in my shrinking endeavors to fend him off.

The weather was miserably raw, and the two raised the cold. It made us all lethargic before we had gone far, and when we had left the Half-way House behind, we habitually dozed and wkened and were silent. I dozed off myself in considering the question whether I ought to restore a couple of pounds to this creature before losing sight of him, and how it could best be done. In the act of dipping forward, as if I were going to bathe among the horses, I woke in a flash and took the question up again.

But I must have lost it longer than I had thought for, since, although I could recognize nothing in the darkness and the fitful lights and shadows of the road, I traced much country in the cold damp wind that blew at us. Cowering forward for warmth, and to make me a screen against the wind, the convicts were very closer to me than before. The very first words I heard them interchange as I became conscious were the words of my own thought, "Two One-Pound notes."

"How did he get 'em?" said the convict I had never seen.

"How should I know?" returned the other. "He had 'em stowed away somehows. Giv him by friends, I expect."

"I wish," said the other, with a bitter curse upon the cold, "that I had 'em here."

"Two one-pound notes to your friends?"

"Two one-pound notes. I'd sell all the friends I ever had for one. Well? So he says—I"

"So he says," resumed the convict I had recognized—it was all said and done in half a minute before you could look round—"he says—" you're going to be discharged?' Yes, I was. Would I find out that boy that had fed him and fill his secret, and give him these two one-pound notes? I said, 'Rather!'"

"More fool you," growled the other. "I'd have spent 'em on a Man in wittles and drink. He must have been a innocent one. Mean to say he knowed nothing of you?"

"Not a ha'porth. Different gangs and different ships. I was put on board in a passage to breaking, and got made a Lifer. That's what he took by *his* motion, and that's all I know of him."

"And was that—Honor!—the only time you worked out in this part of the country?"

"The only time."

"What might have been your opinion of the place?"

"A most inferior place. Mudbank, mist, swamp, and work; work, swamp, mist, and mudbank."

They both excecrated the place in very strong language, and gradually growled themselves out and had nothing left to say.

After overhearing this dialogue, I should assuredly have got down and been left in the solitude and darkness of the highway, but for feeling certain that the man had no suspicion of my identity. And yet, I was not at all so changed in the course of nature, but so differently dressed and so differently circumstanced, that it was not at all likely he would have known me without accidental help. Still, the coincidence of our being together on the coach was sufficiently strange to lead to the end that some other coincidence might at any moment connect me, in his hearing, with my name. For this reason I steadied myself, and looked out at where we touched the town, and put myself beyond his hearing. This device I executed successfully. My little portmanteau was on the seat before my feet; I had but to turn a hinge to get it out; I threw it down before me, got down after it, and was left in the flare of a lamp on the stones of the town pavement. As to the convicts, they went their way with the coach, and I knew at what point they would be spirited across the river. In my misery I saw the coast with its convict crew waiting for them at the slime-washed stairs—again heard the grim "Give way, you!" like an order to dogs—again saw the wicked Noah's Ark lying out in the black water.

I could not have said what I was afraid of, for my fear was altogether undefined and vague, but there was fear upon me. As I walked on to the hotel, I felt that a dread, exceeding the more apparent fear of a pursuit for discovery and recognition, made me tremble. I am confident that it took no distinctness of shape, and that it was the reversal for a few minutes of the terror of childhood.

The coffee-room at the Blue Boar was empty, and I had some cold meat served my dinner there, but had sat down to it, before the waiter knew me. As soon as ever he had apologized for the remissness of his establishment, he set me if he should send Boots for Mr. Pumblechook!

"No," said I, "certainly not."

The waiter (it was he who had brought up the Great Expectations from the Commercials on the day when I was bound) appeared surprised, and took the earliest opportunity of putting a dirty old copy of a local newspaper, directly in my way, that I took it up and read this paragraph:

"Our readers will learn, not altogether without interest, in reference to the recent romantic rise in fortune of a young artificer in iron of this neighborhood (what a theme, by-the-way, for the magic pen of us as yet not universally acknowledged townsman Toony, the poet of our columns!), that the youth's earliest patron, companion, and friend, was a highly-respected individual not entirely unconnected with the corn and seed trade, and whose eminently convenient and commodious business premises are situate within a hundred miles of the High Street. It is not wholly irrespective of our personal feelings that we record Him as the Mentor of our young Telemachus, for it is good to know that our town produced the founder of the latter's fortunes. Does the thought-contracted brow of the local Sage or the luminous eye of local Beauty inquire whose fortunes? We believe that Quentin Matsys was the BLACKSMITH of ANTWERP. VERB. SAP."

I entertain a conviction, based upon large experience, that if in the days of my prosperity I had gone to the North Pole, I should have met somebody there, either wandering Esquimaux or civilized man, who would have told me that Pumblechook was my earliest patron and the founder of my fortunes.

GENERAL TWIGGS'S SURRENDER TO THE TEXANS.

WE publish on page 184 a fine picture, from drawings by a Government draughtsman, of the surrender of General Twiggs, lately dismissed from the United States Army, to the Texan authorities, on the Gran Plaza of San Antonio, Texas. Also a view of the Alamo at San Antonio, the head-quarters of the Military Department of Texas.

The Galveston *News* of the 22d February gives details in regard to the surrender of the United States property by General Twiggs. The account refers to the proceedings at San Antonio, General Twiggs's head-quarters:

"It seems that the famous Texan Ranger, General Ben McCulloch, was instructed by the Secession Convention (in whose hands the whole subject had been placed) with the duty of obtaining possession of the Federal forts and other military property in and near San Antonio and on that frontier—he being prepared to act in conjunction with Messrs. Devine and Maverick, Commissioners appointed to represent the State.

"General McCulloch, who was stationed at Seguin, received a dispatch from the Commissioners on the 9th, and he immediately mustered forward in consequence of its having become known that General Twiggs had been relieved by order of the Secretary of War, and was to be succeeded by Colonel Carlos A. Waite, U.S.A., temporarily stationed at Camp Verde, in Kerr County, about 90 miles northwest of San Antonio. Colonel Waite is a Northerner by birth, but his political views are unknown."

What followed is thus given by the *News:*

"On Friday evening the San Antonio K. G. C.'s, 200 in number—well armed and equipped—marched out from to meet the coming troops under M'Culloch, from the Salado, four miles off. At 9 o'clock on Saturday 900 of them—picked men—marched into San Antonio on horseback in advance-guard. Later, 500 more marched in. Guards were at once stationed around the arsenal, over the artillery-park, and all the Government buildings.

"A letter to a gentleman, who has kindly placed it at our disposal, says that the city organized a military possession of the Alamo, General Twiggs, accompanied by Major Nichols, and Ben. M'Culloch in the Plaza Mayor. The horsemen paraded around them, and there was a burst of cheers as the three officers met. A demand was made for the surrender of Federal property, and the immediate evacuation of the place by the United States soldiers, without their arms. They reply was, that *new* soldier would be shot down are submitting to that disgrace.

"At half past 12 o'clock, however, terms were agreed upon. The soldiers leave town immediately, taking their side-arms, and a sufficient supply of stores to enable them to leave the State. They are getting ready to leave. They will camp at the San Pedro Springs, awaiting the arrival of Colonel Waite. The stores, horses, and ships are closed; the streets are cleared of spectators, except the Rangers and the K. G. C. The Alamo and Military Plaza present a busy martial appearance. The Government property is now in charge of the citizen soldiers of the place. The volunteers are all well-armed. They are plainly dressed, some in hunting-shirts, a fine-looking body of men, with a determined air."

The Main Plaza is a large vacant square in the centre of the city. On one side of it is the Alamo, an old dilapidated edifice, built by the Spaniards after the invasion of Mexico by Cortés. The other sides are occupied by stores and hotels. A quarter of a mile from the Plaza is the Alamo, the headquarters of General Twiggs. This also is a very old building, with a church, and afterward transformed to a fortress. It was here that Colonel David Crockett and Colonel Bowie—the inventor of the famous knife which bears his name—died in the massacre by the Mexicans, under Santa Anna, in 1836. But three persons escaped. It is now occupied by the Texan troops.

FORT LANCASTER.

THIS post, included in the United States property lately surrendered to the State of Texas by General Twiggs, is situated on the Rio Grande and San Diego mail route, near the junction of Live Oak Creek and the Rio Pecos. It is surrounded by the finest country, that extends to the capital and topographical feature of Western Texas. A remarkable characteristic of these lands is, that they slope from the base to the horizon almost universally at an angle of 45°. Near the summit are horizontal strata of rocks resembling, in appearance, huge parapets, and on gaining the base the eye wanders over vast plains, the only vegetation being grass, mezquit bushes, and cacti. The absence of water prevents any exploration over them; but the quantity of fossils found in that region renders it evident that they are the result of some great convulsion of nature.

The fort is quite an important one on account of the protection it gives to the ford of the Pecos, which is but a few miles from it, and where nearly all the trains from Texas to California cross.

FORT BROWN, TEXAS.

FORT BROWN, Texas, of which we give an illustration on page 185, is situated on the Rio Grande, about thirty miles in a straight line from the coast, and about seventy miles following the meandering of the river. It was laid out as a town in 1848—about the time of the evacuation of Matamoras, on the opposite side of the river. It has now a popu-

lation of about four thousand, and a trade of about eight millions of dollars annually, principally with Mexico.

The mouth of the Rio Grande has only from two to four and a half feet of water on its bar; therefore no sea-going vessel of a size safe to navigate the Gulf can cross its tar.

All shipments for Brownsville and other points on the Rio Grande are made to Point Isabel by sea—which has from eight to ten feet water on its bar and is ten miles in a straight line from the Rio Grande—where there the freight is reshipped in light-draught steamboats and up the Rio Grande, or sent by lighters to Point Isabel, three miles distant from the anchorage, and from Point Isabel transported to Brownsville by land.

From the time of the first settlement of the country by the Spaniards Brazos and Point Isabel have been the harbor and place of safety for the sea trade of nearly the whole Rio Grande Valley. Point Isabel is situate on the main land, about ten miles in a straight line from the Rio Grande, and twenty-eight miles from Brownsville.

The coast for a long distance, and even Brazos Island, is very low, during heavy gales, the sea and for this reason the Government has been obliged to place her light-house for the entrance to Brazos harbor on the land at Point Isabel, which land is elevated about twenty feet above the water of the harbor.

At the commencement of the Mexican War Point Isabel was selected for a military depôt, and Fort Polk erected there.

The Rio Grande is navigated by steamboats to Rio Grande city, about three hundred miles above Brownsville. During the Mexican War a United States Government steamer navigated the river to Laredo, about six hundred miles above Brownsville.

Brazos harbor is the only anchorage and harbor south or west of Aransas.

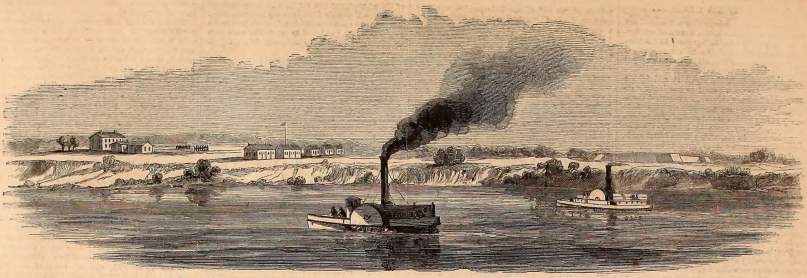
DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

EXTRA SESSION OF THE SENATE.

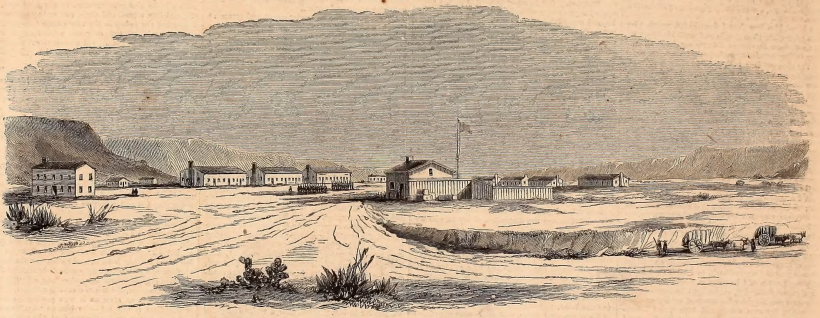
THE Senate is still in session, for the purpose of confirming appointments. A motion was made on Friday by Senator Houston of Texas, which, we declared that he was a foreigner and owed no allegiance to the United States. After some debate it was referred to the Judiciary Committee. This question has made a great deal of excitement, he regards the insurgent as a mere document. On 18th he offered the following resolution:

"*Resolved*, That the Secretary of War be requested to inform the Senate what forts, arsenals, navy yards, or other public works within the limits of the States of South Carolina, Georgia, Florida, Alabama, Mississippi, Louisiana, and Texas, are now within the actual possession and occupation of the United States, and by what number of men each is garrisoned and held, and whether reinforcements are necessary to retain the same, and if so, whether the Government has the power and means under existing laws to supply such reinforcements within such time as the exigencies and necessities of the service demand, and whether the defence and protection of the United States and their property do not require the use of such

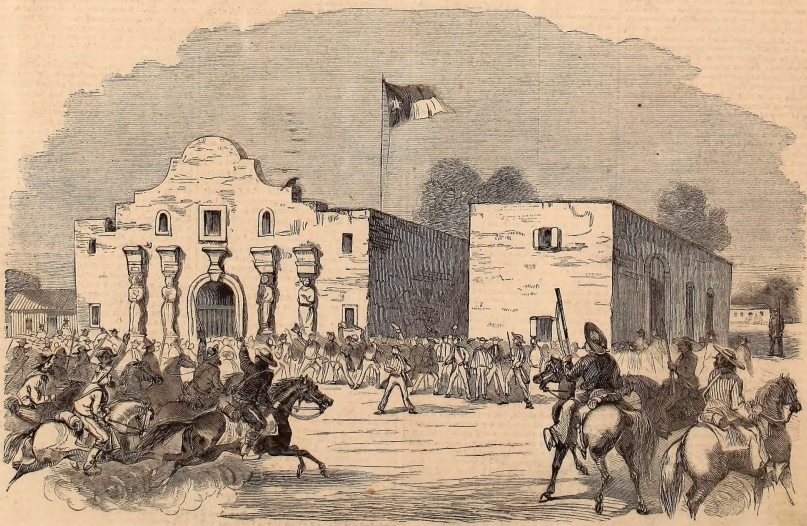
SURRENDER OF EX-GENERAL TWIGGS, LATE OF THE UNITED STATES ARMY, TO THE TEXAN TROOPS IN THE GRAN PLAZA, SAN ANTONIO, TEXAS, FEBRUARY 16, 1861.—[SEE PAGE 182.]



FORT BROWN, TEXAS.—FROM A SKETCH BY A GOVERNMENT DRAUGHTSMAN.—[SEE PAGE 182.]



FORT LANCASTER, TEXAS.—FROM A SKETCH BY A GOVERNMENT DRAUGHTSMAN.—[SEE PAGE 182.]



THE ALAMO, SAN ANTONIO, TEXAS, LATE HEAD-QUARTERS OF EX-GENERAL TWIGGS.—FROM A SKETCH BY A GOVERNMENT DRAUGHTSMAN.—[SEE PAGE 182.]

MY FATHER'S SECRET.

STRANGE how the merest trifles will sometimes call up, in the most vivid colors, a train of recollections we had fancied were so laid away in the lumber-room we all have in some back recess of our brains that they have lost all distinct form and reality!

To-night, a sound in the street at midnight, a cry, perhaps from some houseless wanderer, awakened in terror from her shivering, shelterless slumbers, thrilled through my very soul with the startled agony of fear such a sound excited in my childish mind—how many years ago? fifty, at least—and brought back to me, with a tumultuous rush, all the series of circumstances that then so oppressed my life with a vague, nameless, unspeakable horror; and when, in later life, those circumstances were explained, the explanation only substituted real for imaginary terrors.

An only child, my early days were spent in the old place that had been in our family for upward of three centuries. It was situated in Cornwall, near the sea, far from any town of the least importance, and it and our lives—my father's and mine, for I was motherless—were so isolated that often months, nay, I may say years, passed without our ever seeing a new face.

In those days of which I speak my father must have been still a young and handsome man; but children commonly have such incorrect ideas as to ages and appearances of their elders, and of their parents especially, that the memory of my father always presents itself as that of a middle-aged, sombre, silent, not generally pleasing or attractive man.

I loved him less than I feared him, not that he was ever other than gentle and most kind to me; but somehow there was, I believe, in hour, an uneasy feeling subsisting between us: we never were on the terms of fond protection on the one side, of clinging confidence on the other, that alone constitute the natural and healthy relations between father and child.

What were all caused this uneasy sensation on my part, was the consciousness—I can not say when it first came, but come it did, gradually growing on me in a way I was oppressed. I can not now recall without a return of its weight—that my father was constantly—furtively and secretly, but constantly—watching me. Watching me, as with a set of anxious, fearful expectancy, as if there was about me something alarming or unnatural; as if he were under the perpetual impression that I was about to display some terrible peculiarity; to say or do something that should stamp me as a creature apart from the rest of my species.

From this thought came the intense humiliation, one, that such a feeling on his part *might* have a real foundation I knew not of. I can *perfectly* remember carefully studying my face and figure in the large cheval glass that stood in an unused dressing-room (my mother's, as I afterward learned), to discover if I had any personal peculiarity or sign, or deformity, that might in any way account for this singular demeanor of my father's, and watching my own words, looks, gestures, and behavior, to test if in them lay the cause thereof. But I could myself discover nothing. The mirror only showed me a pale, large-eyed, delicate-looking boy, tall and slight beyond his years, with a particularly grave, reflective cast of countenance (those particulars, my recollection of my own image, rather than my then view of it, informs me), and loose, dark, curling hair, hanging over the forehead, and giving additional shade and solemnity to the eyes. And when I turned my thoughts inward, to study, as well as I could, my moral characteristics, I could in them detect no incongruities calculated to justify uneasiness.

At last—never shall I forget the months of watchful terror that followed that supposed explanation of the mystery—I fancied I had found a clew to the awful secret.

Sometimes, weary with wandering about alone, I used to roam into the library, and, taking down a book by chance, try to find some amusement therein; few of the volumes were in any way calculated to suit the taste and comprehension of a child, being chiefly of a grave character: but at last I hit upon a collection of old legendary poems and ballads, and herein found ample food for interest. Among these was the Breton legend of Bisdavaret, the tale of the knight who, owing to some fearful but unexplained fatality, was compelled at certain times to assume the shape and nature of a wolf.

Could I be a Bisdavaret? was the question that instantly addressed itself to my mind. Did my father know that at some time I was destined to undergo that fearful transformation? Was he acquainted with the indications that announced the change? Had he yet perceived any of them?

Such were the questions that now haunted my waking thoughts and my dreaming hours, and, as no doubt, these terrible anxieties produced a visible effect on my looks and manner, my father, full of an uneasy terror whose nature I mistook, increased his painful surveillance, and, by it, my racking alarms.

Less the moment when I should myself perceive the commencement of the transformation. I pictured the manner of it in fifty ways. Sometimes I fancied it would be gradual, and I should see and feel the slow blending of the human and bestial natures, till the former should be swallowed up in the latter, and I should become, for the time being, at all events, a real wolf. At others, I fancied the change would be instantaneous, that from a boy, I should suddenly spring into a raging ravening monster, fall—who could tell?—on those around me?—my father, my nurse, my favorite animals, pony, dog, or bird, and then, with bloody fangs, rush howling, an object of hatred and terror to all, into the dark woods that extended for miles around the house, ending, perhaps, by falling into the black abyss of one of the worn-out mines that were not rare in the district.

Our house, which was a very large one, had been built and added to at different periods, and my father and I only occupied a comparatively small portion of one end of it. This portion was shut out from the east by a door at the termination of a passage, which was kept so entirely closed up that I had never seen it opened, and the unused part of the house I had never once entered. Often, with intense curiosity, I had looked up at the shuttered windows, wondering what manner of rooms they were that daylight never visited, longing, yet half dreading, to explore them. Another object of curious and unsatisfied interest to me was a walled inclosure extending from the extreme end of the deserted part of the house, and covering a space of perhaps about half an acre. The wall was very high, much higher than an ordinary garden wall, and the door of it, which led into a dark shrubbery-walk, now almost blocked up with tangled undergrowth, was kept constantly locked, and, indeed, had no appearance of having been opened for any number of years. Of course, for years I had never able to learn. I had asked the question of my nurse—a resident in the house since before my birth—but she had replied evasively that she supposed the key was lost, and at any rate there was no gardens enough and to spare without using that one, adding an injunction to me not to go near there, as the shrubbery was damp and full of briers and nettles, and I should hurt myself and get my clothes torn. The result of her caution was, that the next day I was to be seen peering through the tangled underwood in the direction of the closed door that so excited my curiosity. For some time the mass of briers and nettles kept from me the knowledge that I was not alone in my progress. But pausing to take breath, I suddenly became aware of a rustling close by my round, I found myself face to face with my father. In a voice of severity, very unusual when addressed to me, he asked me what I was doing there, and, on a prohibition ever to return, as I should be sure to hurt myself, and he would not have it.

From that moment I entertained a conviction that within the inclosure of those walls lay the secret of the mystery of our existence and of my father's strange watchfulness of me. And I resolved, come what might, to strive to solve it.

But two days later was commenced the erection of a high, strong fence round the kitchen-garden, and not being tall or strong enough to scale it, independent of the risk of being detected in the attempt to do so, I was baffled.

I was, I suppose, at this time about seven or eight years old, but no notice ever being taken of my birthday, I did not exactly know my age. I was, and now I can only guess approximatively what it might have been.

One thing I gained by this inkling of a discovery, and that was the dispersion of my terrors on the Bisdavaret grounds.

No, I felt assured that not in myself, alone and individually, lay the cause of my father's conduct toward me. There, behind that shrubbery, within those walls, was hidden the true explanation, and I only needed to find it out to acquire some how connected with that impenetrable mystery.

That such was the fact, and how it was so, I had to learn later.

Months passed away, perhaps a year may have gone by, when one night I went to bed about my usual hour, half-past 8, and fell asleep at once.

It had been a hot summer's day, and a long ride had fatigued me, so that I slept unusually sound. I was, for me, a heavy sleeper (I forget in general), when—I can describe the sensation in no other way than as that of being wrenched instantaneously from profound slumber to full wakefulness. I was roused by a scream, so loud, so long, so agonized, that I sprang up shivering with a ghastly horror that made the cold sweat burst out over my quivering limbs.

In an instant my father—I slept in a little room opening from his—rushed in, with a face I shall never forget, a look whose anxious terror was all directed to me—as if excited far less by that hideous sound than by the fear of its influence on me.

Bursting into hysterical sobs, I stretched my arms to him, and almost for the first time I could remember, he took me in his, and, clasping me close, kissing, soothing, and reassuring me like a woman; yet I had a consciousness, at the same time, distinct and unmistakable, of the restless, intense anxiety as to the circumstance that had caused it, mingled with a dread of a recurrence of the alarm—an anxiety that he manifested as the matter, of which, however, he attempted no explanation, being, I suppose, too shaken by his emotion to invent a false one.

While he still held me thus my nurse entered. This seemed to relieve him. I observed that they exchanged looks of mutual intelligence, and my father, placing me in her arms, once more kissed me, telling me to fear nothing, and taking a light, he left my room by the opposite door from that by which he had entered it.

"What was it, nurse?" I whispered, when I had become a little composed. She hesitated.

"It must have been Jane, frightened by a rat; or perhaps she had the nightmare. But it was nothing that could hurt you, dear."

I knew this was not the true explanation; but I also knew I was not likely to get another; so I was silent, and, I suppose, she thought, satisfied.

More than once, after that night, did the same harrowing sound disturb me, and sometimes the shrieks were not single, but iterated with fearful energy. On such occasions I was the undisputed the same intense disturbance and anxiety, though he endeavored to conceal it from me, and invented some plausible explanation, which I was forced to appear to accept, though my life was rendered miserable by the terrors with which this state of things beset it.

One morning, after the shrieks had been more than usually terrific, my father, apparently driven into a desperate resolution, announced to me that we were going away for a time; that he would accompany me to our destination, and, leaving me with my nurse, he would come often to see me.

I had never been from home before, and the idea of the change, yet less for its own sake than for the escape it promised me from my terror-haunted life, afforded me unspeakable relief. Whether the evidence of this awakened in my father more pain or pleasure I can hardly tell; certainly the feelings were mingled.

In a week it was fixed we should go into Devonshire, where, in a village known to my nurse, we were to take up our abode, but for no specified time.

I counted the days with eager impatience, and already five of the seven had departed. At night I had gone to bed, and fallen asleep with a pleasant dreamy sense of approaching escape, and had slept, I suppose several hours, when I suddenly awakened by the sound of the splashing of water in my room. Looking toward the washing-stand (a night-light, without which my terrors would not allow me to sleep, had lighted the chamber), I descried the figure of a woman, whose back was toward me, washing her hands.

At the moment I felt no fear, of that I was quite certain, nor any thing the least like her.

She was tall and thin, dressed in a loose, shapeless garment, and her hair, which was dark, was cropped short to her head.

Apparently unconscious of my presence, there she stood, washing her hands, with an energy and intensity of purpose unlike any ordinary an occupation; rubbing and wringing them, as if she would take the skin off, pausing to examine them, then with the same vehement and patient disappointment—sometimes a sort of shudder—plunging them back into the water, splashing, rubbing, and wringing them again and again.

So extreme were my amazement and terror at this extraordinary apparition that for some minutes I could neither move nor cry out. As I lay I heard the clock strike three, and as it was summer, I knew daylight was near; this was some slight relief. If I could but keep myself till sunrise, I thought I might then summon courage to address my wondrous visitor, or perhaps she might then retire. So I tried to regulate my breathing so as not to attract her attention, and lay still, my eyes riveted on her with a fearful fascination, waiting for what might follow.

For what *did* come I was little prepared. After long scouring and rubbing her hands, but apparently with no satisfactory result, she turned and I saw her face.

Child as I was, I felt that it had in it a sorrow, a grief, placed it on a level in some order of all other faces. Not without traces of beauty, even in its haggard pallor and sunken eyes, it yet wore the stamp of something that seemed to me not to belong to humanity. There was a sort of mingled wildness and vacancy in the expression of the pale lips, of the troubled eyes, unnaturally and gloomily bright in their dark and hollow orbits, like sullen fires in airless caves; and the thick, cropped, dark hair, coming in ridge straight across the forehead, added not a little to the singular effect of the countenance.

At first her eye seemed to wander vacantly about the room, as though it had unconscious that it was unfamiliar to her. Then, after a while it lighted on me.

She came quickly up to the bed, gazed at me with eager, startled scrutiny, then with hasty hand drawing down the bed-clothes a little way, she began feeling my throat.

Feeling it, not graspingly or clutchingly, or as though intending it any harm, but as if to satisfy some intense curiosity—to assure herself of some peculiarity respecting it.

All this I could not tell; for with her hand, loudly cold and wet on my throat, I became insensible.

A brain fever was the result of this night's adventure. And then came a dark period—I have never tried to inquire into the particulars of it, or even how long it lasted—of overshadowed consciousness, from which I awoke but gradually, and with occasional relapses.

That the period must have been considerable I know; for when I recovered I had arrived at another stage of life, and was no longer a child but a youth; and my father's hair was sprinkled with gray, and his face marked with lines I did not remember.

We were in France when I awoke from that long mental slumber, of whose very dreams I had no recollection. Where we were, I, in a listless manner as we had lived at the old house in Cornwall.

Then we traveled for some years, and so I grew to manhood. Quite sane, and in full possession of my mental faculties, but always with a lingering sense of something in the background, a dread of ought that might tend to shock or shake them, and a shy unwillingness to join in the society of those of my own age, which kept me at all into a world which had never been other than alien and unknown to me.

So I continued to the age of three-and-twenty, when my father died; died, taking with him the secret that had so terribly influenced my life. But years afterward, when time and the necessity of action had blunted the edge of solitary results, and that living life other men, I had become as other men, my uncle, my father's only brother, revealed to me the mystery.

My father, at eight-and-twenty, had married my mother, then barely seventeen.

She was very pretty, very childish, fond of pleasure and the amusements of her age, and having been one of a large and happy and well-united family, the change from her own gay home and circle to the lonely old house in Cornwall, and my father's grave, studious habits, fell heavily on her, and soon she pined in secret for what she had lost. My father saw it, and though deeply pained and disappointed, he was the first to propose what she was longing for, a visit to her family.

This was some three months before the expected period of my birth; he took her to her home, and it was settled that there he should leave her till her confinement should take place, at which period he was to rejoin her, and, in due time, to conduct her back to Cornwall.

But ere she had been more than a month away news came to her that my father had been attacked with a pleurisy of the most dangerous kind, and she, smitten with grief and something like self-reproach, would listen to no persuasions that could keep her from him, and the next day, attended by her maid, set out, traveling post, to join him.

Early in the morning they had started, intending to sleep that night at a town of some importance on the way. But the roads were heavy, and the horses so jaded that it was evident they could not reach their destination till far on in the night, even supposing it possible to achieve that much, and already fatigue and anxiety were beginning to tell strongly on my mother.

So there was nothing for it but to take the first tolerable shelter they could reach, and at ten o'clock they were in bed and themselves in a rural, but really not uncomfortable road-side inn.

Supper dispatched, my mother was fain to retire to bed. The room, though small and poorly furnished, was clean, and the bed looked not uninviting, and the only serious drawback to its convenience was, that my mother's maid had to sleep in a room above, there being none other unoccupied on that floor. However, as Wilson's chamber was the one immediately over my mother's, and that she was a light sleeper, it would be easy, by tapping with the point of an umbrella on the low ceiling, at any moment to summon her, in case of there being occasion to do so.

And so, in a short time, my mother, worn out with all she had gone through in the long day, dropped into a profound sleep, and one by one the lights and the noises in the house sank into darkness and silence, and only the rain held their nightly orgies behind the old wainscoting.

Only in one room a light was still burning at two o'clock in the morning.

About that time my mother awoke, but in such ghastly terror and horror that it seemed not like waking from profound sleep, but like waking from death in the place of outer darkness—where evil keeping

ble to speak, had sought to call my mother's attention in the way described.

But all came too late, and in a few minutes later he expired, involving in his own fate those innocent sufferers.

A DAY'S RIDE:

A LIFE'S ROMANCE.

By CHARLES LEVER.

AUTHOR OF "CHARLES O'MALLEY," "HARRY LORREQUER," ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER XLIII.

THE Briton kept his word; the time, too, favored him. It was a moment when wandering Englishmen were exhuming grievances throughout every land of Europe; and while one had discovered some case of religious intolerance in Norway, another beat him out of the field with the cold-blooded atrocities of Naples. My Englishman chanced to be an M.P., and therefore he asked, in his place, if the Foreign Secretary had any information to afford him about the case with respect to the case of the man called Harper, or Harpar, he was not certain which, and who had been confined for upward of three months in a dungeon in Austria, on allegations of which the accused knew nothing whatever, and attested by witnesses with whom he had never been confronted.

In the absence of his chief, the under-secretary rose to assure the right honorable gentleman that the case was one which had for a considerable time engaged the attention of the department he represented, and that he must requesting exertions of her Majesty's envoy at Vienna were now being devoted to obtain the fullest information as to the charges imputed to Harpar, and he hoped in a few days to be able to lay the result of his inquiry on the table of the House.

It was in about a week after this that Hirsch came to tell me that a member of her Majesty's legation at Vienna had arrived in Paris, investigate my case, and interrogate me in person. The envoy came like a "thief in the night," and was already at the stairs when he was announced.

"Oh! this is his den, is it?" cried he from without, as he slowly ascended the stairs. "Egad! he hasn't much to complain of in the matter of a lodging. I only wish our fellows were as well off at Vienna." And with these words there entered into my room a tall young fellow, with a light brown moustache, dressed in a loose traveling suit, and with the lounging of a man sauntering into a café. He did not remove his hat as he came in, or take the cigar from his mouth; the latter circumstance imparting a certain confusion to his speech that made him occasionally unintelligible. On only deigning to bestow a passing look on me, he moved toward the window, and looked out on the grand panorama of the Tyrol Alps, as they inclose the valley of Innspruck.

"Well," said he to himself, "all this ain't so bad for a dungeon."

The tone startled me. I looked again at him, I rallied myself to an effort of memory, and at once revealed the young fellow I had met on the Southwestern line, and from whom I had accidentally carried away the dispatch-bag. "To my benefit, and for a considerable amount, I trusted for not being recognized, and I sat patiently awaiting my examination.

"An Englishman, I suppose?" asked he, turning hastily round. "And of English parents?"

"Yes," was my reply, for I determined on brevity wherever possible.

"What brought you into this scrape?—I mean, why did you come here at all?"

"I was traveling."

"Traveling? Stuff and nonsense! Why should fellows like you travel? What's your rank in life?"

"A gentleman."

"Ah! but whose gentleman, my worthy friend? Ain't you a flunky? There, it's out! I say, have you got a match to light my cigar? Thanks—all right. Look here, now—don't let us be beating about the bush all the day here—I believe the government here is just as sick of you as you are of them. You've been here two months, ain't it so?"

"Ten and upward."

"Well, ten months. And you want to get away?"

I made no answer; indeed, his free-and-easy manner so disconcerted me that I could not speak, and he went on:

"I suppose they haven't got much against you, or that they don't care about it; and, besides, they are civil to us just now. At all events, it can be done—you understand?—it can be done."

"Indeed," said I, half superciliously.

"Yes," resumed he, "I think so; not but you'd have managed better in leaving the thing to us. That stupid notion you all have of writing letters to newspapers, and getting some troublesome fellow to ask questions in the House—that's what spoils every thing! How can we negotiate when the whole story is in the *Times* or the *Daily News*?"

"I opine, Sir, that you are ascribing to me an activity and energy I have no claim to."

"Well, if you didn't write those letters, somebody else did. I don't care a rush for the difference. You see, here's how the matter stands. This Mr. Briggs, or Riggs, has gone off, and doesn't care to prosecute, and all his allegations against you fall to the ground. Well, these people fancy they could carry on the thing themselves, you understand; we think not. They say they have got a strong case; perhaps they have; but we ask, 'What's the use of it? Sending that poor beggar to Spielberg won't save you, will it? And so we put it to them this way: 'Draw stakes, let him off, and both can cry quits.' There, give me another light. Isn't that the common-sense view of it?"

"I scarcely dare to say that I understand you aright."

"Oh, I can guess why. I have had dealings with fellows of your sort before. You don't fancy my not alluding to compensation, eh? You want to hear about the money part of the matter?"

"Perhaps not; but a great deal too much for me to tell you. The contents of papers would fill a cart, and that's the reason I say, cut your stick, my man, and get away." Again he turned to the window, and looking out, asked, "Any shooting about here? There ought to be cocks in that wood yonder?" and without caring for reply, went on: "After all, you know what both it is to talk about chains and dungeons, and bread-and-water, and the rest of it. You've been living in clover here. That old fellow below tells me what you dine with him every day; that you might have gone into Innspruck, to the theatre if you liked it—all I'll swear there are copies in that of the Danube the river.—Think it over, Riggs, think it over."

"I am not Riggs."

"Oh, I beg pardon! you're the other fellow. Well, think it over, Harpar."

"My name is not Harpar, Sir."

"What do you call it, then? some vowel or two? Maybe you call yourself Harpar or Harpèr? It's all the same to us."

"It's not the goods of a vowel or two, Sir; and I desire you to remark it is the graver one of a mistaken identity!" I said this with a self-sustaining consciousness that I thought must astound him, but his light and frivolous nature was imperious to rebuke.

"We have got the vowel to that," replied he, carelessly. "You may be Noakes or Styles. I believe they are the names of any fellows who are supposed to be making a fortune. Here, all, and it's all alike to us. What I have to observe to you is this: nobody cares very much whether you are detained here or not; nobody wants to detain you. Just reflect, therefore, if it's not the best thing you can do to slope off, and make no more fuss about it. Eh?"

"Once for all," said I, still more imperiously, "I am not the person against whom this charge is made. The authorities have all along mistaken me for Harpar."

"Well, what if they have? Does it signify one kreutzer? We have had trouble enough about the matter already, and do not embroil us any further."

"May I ask, Sir, just for information, who are the 'we' you so persistently allude to?"

Had I asked him in what division of the globe he understood us to be then conversing, he would not have regarded me with a look of more blank astonishment.

"Who are we?" repeated he. "Did you ask who are we?"

"Yes, Sir, that was what I had dared to ask?"

"Cool, certainly; what might be called an common cool. To what line of life were you brought up to, my worthy guest? I have rather a strong curiosity about antecedents."

"That same curiosity cost you a trifle once before," said I, no longer able to control myself, and dying with indignation, "although I remember, once upon a time, meeting you on a railroad, and you were so eager to exhibit the skill with which you could read a man's calling that you bet with a sovereign you would guess mine. You did so, and lost."

"You can't be—no, it's impossible. Are you really the simple-minded fellow that walked off with the bag for Kalbbratenstadt?"

"I did, by mistake, carry away a bag on that occasion, and I am sorry to add I repay my error, that I traveled the whole journey to convey those dispatches to their destination."

"I know all about it, by Jove! a frank, gay manner. 'Dobleton told me the whole story. You dined with him and pretended you were Lord Cloncurry's nephew, and that you sold old Mamma Keates off to Como, and made her believe you were Louis Philippe, and you made three livres by the transaction, and you have fool enough to like you. By Jove! what a rig you must have run! We have all laughed over it a score of times."

"If I knew who 'we' were, I am certain I should feel flattered by any amusement I afforded; and then, notwithstanding how much more than ever indebted to fiction than fact regarding me, I never assumed to be Louis Philippe, nor affected to be any person of distinction. A flighty old lady was foolish enough to imagine me a prince of the Orleans family—"

"You!—a prince! Oh, this is too absurd!"

"I confess, Sir, I can not see the matter in this light. I presume the mistake to be one by no means difficult to have occurred. Mrs. Keates had seen a deal of life and the world—"

"Not so much as you fancy," broke he in. "She was a long time in that private asylum up at Brompton, and then down in Staffordshire; altogether she must have passed five-and-twenty or thirty years in a rather restricted circle."

"Mad! Wasshe mad?"

"Not what one would call mad, but queer. They were all queer. Hargrave, the second brother, was the fellow that made that shindy in the Mauritius, and our friend Stratty isn't a conjuror. And we thought you were lurking the old lady. I assure you we did."

"I should be hopeless of any attempt to explain my motives, Sir; so pray excuse me."

"You were right, at all events," said he, not heeding the sarcasm of my manner. "There's no chance for the knaves now, with the telegraph system. As it was, there were orders flying through Europe to arrest Pottinger—I can't forget the name. We used to have it every day in the Chancellerie: Pottinger, five feet nine, weak-looking and vulgar, low forehead, light hair and eyes, slight lisp, talks German fluently, but ill. I have copied that portrait of you twenty, ay, thirty times."

"And yet, Sir, neither the name nor the description apply. I am no more Pottinger than I am ignoble-looking and vulgar."

"What's he—he? Not Harpar—not Harpar, not Pottinger? But who cares a rush for the name of fellows like you? You change them just as you do the cards at whist."

"May I take the liberty of asking, Sir, just for information, as you said a while ago, how you would wish me to make as free with you as you have been pleased to do with me? To give a mock inventory of your external characteristics, and finish off with yourself?"

"Laugh, probably, if I were amused; throw you out of the window if you offended me."

"What! in the first case, to which you this moment if I was strong enough," said I, resolutely. And he flung himself into a chair, and laughed as I had not believed him capable.

"Well," cried he, at last, "as this room is about fifty feet or so from the ground, it's just as well as it is. But I'll tell you in a word up this affair. You want to get away from this, I suppose; and as nobody wants to detain you the thing is easy enough. You couldn't make a fuss about compensation, for they'll not give a kreutzer, and you'd better not write a book about it, because 'we' don't stand fellows who write books; so just take a flight, and go off without military honors of any kind."

"I neither acknowledge the friendship nor accept the advice, Sir, nor the motives which induced me to suffer imprisonment for another are quite sufficient to raise me above any desire to make a profit by them."

"I think I understand you," said he, with a cunning expression in his half-closed eyes. "You go in for martyrdom, eh? Haven't a bit it? You want to be thought a strange, eccentric sort of fellow. Now, there was a time in the world that I had a kind of thing. Romeo, Coates, and Brummel, and that Irish fellow that walked to Jerusalem, and half a dozen others, were the town in those days; but it's all as much by-gone now as starched neck-cloths and Hessian boots. Ours is an age of plain sense, and the fellow who goes in for trying to revive what our grandfathers discarded and got rid of. It won't do, Pottinger, it will not."

"I am not Pottinger; my name is Algernon Sydney Potts."

"Ah! there's the mischief all out at last. What could come of such a collection of names but a life of incongruity and absurdity! You owe all your griefs to your godfathers, Potts. If they'd known what a fellow you'd have been a well-conducted poor creature. Well, I'm to give you a passport. Where do you wish to go?"

"I wish, first of all, to see Como."

"I think I know why. But you're on a wrong east there. They have left that long since."

"Indeed, and for what reason?"

"They've gone to pass the winter at Malta. Mamma Keates required a dry, warm climate, and you'll find them at the Auberge de Provence about a mile from Valetta: the Carmines, I think it's called. I have a brother quartered in the island, but I've not been over myself."

"What atrocious tobacco this is of yours, Butler," said I, taking a cigar from his case as I lay on the sofa. "I suppose that you small fry of diplomacy can not get things in duty free, eh?"

"Try this cheroot; you'll find it better," said he, opening a secret pocket in the case.

"Nothing to boast of," said I, puffing away, while he continued to fill up the blanks in my passport.

"Would you like an introduction to my brother? He's on the government staff there, and knows every one. He's a jolly sort of fellow, besides, and you'd get on well together."

"I don't care if I do," said I, carelessly, though, in truth, the proposal was very bad style—flippant without smartness and familiar without ease."

"Seven, Potts, but not altogether unjust; but you'll find George above the average of his class, and I think you'll like him."

"Down I go, then, into the mess," said I, with an insolent drawl. "That's an amount of boredom I could not submit to. Caution him to make no allusion of that kind."

He looked up at me with a strange twinkle in his eyes, which I could not interpret. He was either in admiration of my assurances, or Heaven knows what other sentiment then moved him. At all events, I was in ecstasy at the success of my own well-conceived vein, and walked the room, humming a tune, as he wrote the letter that was to present me to his brother.

"Why had I never hit upon this plan before?" thought I. "How was it that it had not occurred that the maxim of homeopathy is equally true in morals as in medicine, and that 'similis similibus curantur?' So long as I was meek, humble, and submissive, Butler's impertinent presumption only increased at every moment. With every fresh concession of mine he continued to encroach, and now that I had adopted his own strategy, and attacked, he fell back at once." I was proud, very proud of my discovery. It is a new contribution to that knowledge of life of which, notwithstanding all my disasters, I believed to be essentially my gift.

At last he finished his note, folded, sealed, and directed it.—"The Hon. George Butler, A.D.C., Government House, Malta, favored by Algernon Sydney Potts, Esq."

"Isn't that all right?" asked he, pointing to my name. "I was within an ace of writing Hampden-Russell too." And he laughed at his own very meagre jest.

"I hope you have merely made this an introduction?" said I.

"Nothing more; but why so?"

"Because it's just as likely that I never present it! I am the slave of the humor I find myself in, and I rarely get any thing that costs me the slightest effort." I said this with a close, and, indeed, a servile imitation of Charles Matthews in "Used Up;" but it was a grand success, and Butler was palpably vanquished.

"Well, for George's sake, I hope your mood may be the favorable one. Is there any thing more I can do for you? Can you think of nothing wherein I may be serviceable?"

"Nothing. Stay, I rather think on people at home might wish property where my old friend Hirsch here some mark of attention for his constant regard me. I don't know whether they give a C.B. at that sort of thing, but a sure—a handsome sum—something to mark the service, and the man to whom it was rendered. Don't you think I've could manage that?"

"I'll see what can be done. I don't despair of success."

As for our share in the affair, Buller, I'll take care that it shall be mentioned in the proper quarter. If I have a characteristic—my friends say I have many—but if I have one it is that I never forget the most trifling service of the humblest of those who have aided me. You are young, and will have your way to make in life. Go back, therefore, and carry with you the reflection that Potts is your friend."

I saw as he deflected at this, for he covered his face with his handkerchief and turned away, and for some seconds his shoulders moved convulsively.

"Yes," said I, with a struggle to become humble, "there are richer men, there are men more influential by family ties and connections, there are men who occupy a more conspicuous position before the public eye, there are men in the entrance of their way in the world in politics and party; but this I will say, that there is not one—no, not one—individual in the British dominions who, when you come to consider either the difficulties he has overcome, the strength of those prejudices he has conquered, the totally unassisted and unbefriended struggle he has had to maintain against not alone the errors, for errors are human, but, still worse, the ungenerous misconceptions, the wilful misrepresentations of those who, from education and rank and condition, might be naturally supposed, indeed confidently affirmed, to be—to be—"

"I am certain of it!" cried he, grasping my hand, and rescuing me from a situation very like smotherings—"I am certain of it!" And with a hurried salutation, for his feelings were evidently overcoming him, he burst away, and descended the stairs four steps at a time, and although I was sorry he had not waited till I finished my peroration, I was really glad that the act had ended and my triumph been full.

"What a deal of bad money passes current in this world," said I, as I was alone; "and what a damper it is upon human ingenuity to think how easy it is to eke out life with a forgery!"

"What do you say to a dinner with me at the Swan in Innspruck, Potts?" cried out Buller, from the court-yard.

"Excuse me, I mean to eat my last cutlet here, with my friend Hirsch. It will be an event for the poor fellow as long as he lives. Good-by, and a safe journey to you!"

WASHINGTON AS A MEDIATOR.

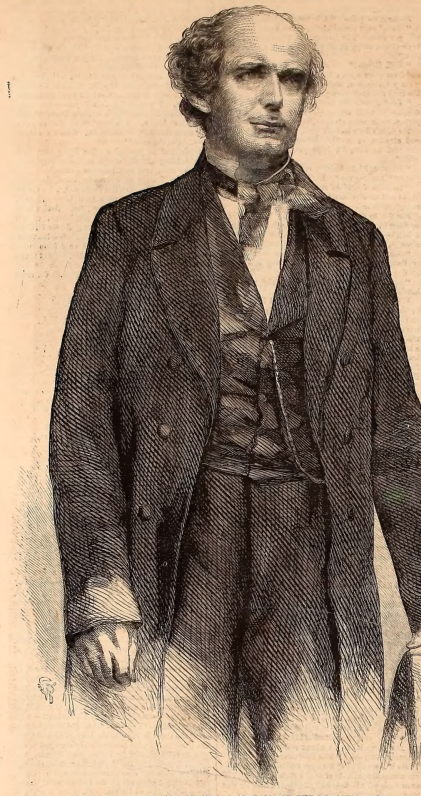
WE publish on page 188 AN ILLUSTRATION OF A SCENE IN THE REVOLUTIONARY WAR, which is described in Washington Irving's "Life of Washington," vol. ii., p. 116, as follows:

"A large party of Virginia riflemen, who had recently joined the army, had straggled into Philadelphia, and viewing the collegiate buildings, now turned into barracks, their tall figures, wild appearance, and fringed and tufted hunting garb, provoked the merriment of some troops from Maryland, who, vainly fashioned after the Indian, thought nothing equal to the round jacket and trousers. A bantering ensued between them. There was snow upon the ground, and snow-balls began to fly when jokes were exhausted. The Virginians were warm with their retort. They closed and came to blows; both sides were reinforced, and in a little while all the combatants were at fisticuffs, and there was a tumult in the camp worthy of the days of Homer. 'Such is this juncture,' writes an ensign, 'Washington made his appearance, whether by accident or design I never knew, but he came in time to put with him: his black servant just behind him, mounted. He threw the bridle of his own horse into his servant's hand, sprang from his seat, rushed into the thickest of the melee, seized one with each hand, heaved them by the breast, dashing them at arm's-length, talking to, and shaking them.'

"As the ensign says, his own presence he may have felt a powerful reprimand for their good conduct; they were engaged, too, in fighting those whose boards which was their social adherence: his reprimands must therefore have been a vehement one. He was commanding in a manner to which he was unaccustomed in his capacity of mediation. On the present occasion, we are told, his appearance and strength created a shade of astonishment and a tumult. The combatants dispersed in all directions, and in less than three minutes none remained on the ground but the two he had collared.

"The veteran who records this exercise of military authority seems at a loss which most to admire—the simplicity of the process or the vigor with which it was administered. 'Here,' writes he, 'bloodshed, imprisonments, trials by court-martial, revengeful feelings between the different corps of the army, were happily prevented by the physical and mental energies of a single person, and the only damage resulting from the fierce encounter was a few torn hunting frocks and rent jackets.'"

WASHINGTON THE MEDIATOR.—[See Page 187.]



HON. SALMON P. CHASE, OF OHIO, SECRETARY OF THE TREASURY.—[PHOTOGRAPHED BY BRADY.]

HON. SALMON P. CHASE, SECRETARY OF THE TREASURY.

SALMON PORTLAND CHASE, present Secretary of the Treasury, was born at Cornish, New Hampshire, January 13, 1808. His father died when he was nine years of age; and, three years later, Salmon was sent to Worthington, Ohio, where he lived with his uncle, Philander Chase, then Episcopal Bishop of that State. The Bishop having accepted the Presidency of Cincinnati College, young Chase became a resident of that city. He had been a studious boy both in New Hampshire and in Ohio, and he was soon promoted to the Sophomore class of the college over which his uncle presided. He remained, however, not more than a year in Cincinnati, when he returned to his mother's home, then at Keene, New Hampshire, and in 1824 entered the Junior Class of Dartmouth College. He was known as an industrious student, of exemplary character, and in 1826 graduated with distinguished reputation. Soon after he opened a classical school in Washington, and gave instruction to the sons of Henry Clay, William Wirt, and other men then distinguished. While conducting his school he pursued the study of the law, under the direction of William Wirt; and in 1829 was admitted to the bar of the District of Columbia.

In the spring of 1830 Mr. Chase returned to Cincinnati, and has ever since been a resident of Ohio. While a young attorney, with good prospects, but without a pressure of business, Mr. Chase prepared for publication, in three octavo volumes, an edition of the Statutes of Ohio, with full annotations and references, and a preliminary sketch of the history of the State, which is now received as authority in the Courts. Through the reputation acquired by this work, and by close and successful attention to business, Mr. Chase soon gained a valuable practice. In 1837, as counsel for a colored woman arrested as a fugitive from slavery, he disputed the power of Congress to impose any duties or confer any powers on State magistrates in fugitive slave cases—a position which a decision of the United States Supreme Court afterward sustained. The same year, having been employed as counsel for James G. Birney, who was arrested for harboring a negro slave, Mr. Chase argued before the Supreme Court of Ohio that slavery is local, dependent on State law for existence and maintenance, and, therefore, that the person alleged to have been harbored having been brought into the State of Ohio by the individual claiming to be her master, was of right and in fact free. In 1840 Mr. Chase, associated with William H. Seward, was defendant's counsel in the well-known Van Zandt case, before the Supreme Court of the United States. In an elaborate argument, which was published, and attracted much attention, he then contended that, by the ordinance of 1787, no fugitive from service could be reclaimed from Ohio unless there had been an escape from one of the original States; that it was the clear understanding of the framers of the Constitution, and of the people who adopted it, that slavery was to be left exclusively to the disposal of the several States, without sanction or support from the National Government; and that the clause in the Constitution relating to persons held to service was one of compact, and conferred no power of legislation on Congress. In other efforts at the bar, and by his position in the political movements of the country, Mr. Chase rendered his political status evident. Previous to 1841 he had not been particularly identified with any political party. He supported General Harrison for the Presidency; but disapproving of his inaugural, and of the course of the Tyler administration in regard to the subject of slavery, he united in a call, made in 1841, for a Convention of the opponents of slavery and of slavery extension, which assembled at Columbus, in December of that year, and organized the Liberty party of Ohio. It nominated a candidate for Governor, and adopted an address to the people, written by Mr. Chase, which was among the first expositions of the political movement against slavery extension, and which argued doctrines that are now recognized as the basis of the Republican party. When, in 1843, a National Liberty Convention was assembled at Buffalo, Mr. Chase was an active and influential member; and having been subsequently, on several occasions, the public exponent of the views and objects of the party, was led, in 1845, to call a Western and Southern Convention at Cincinnati of all persons who were "resolved to use all constitutional and honorable means to effect the extinction of slavery within their respective States, and its reduction to its constitutional limits in the United States." The address, read to the Convention of 4000 persons, prepared by Mr. Chase, as Chairman of the Committee, argued the necessity of a political party opposed to the nationalization and extension of slavery, and exhibited what he regarded as the necessary hostility of slaveholding interests to all liberal measures. In 1847, at the second National Liberty Convention, Mr. Chase opposed the making of nominations, believing that the agitation of the Wilmot Proviso and the action of Congress would furnish a basis for a wider and more general movement against slavery extension; and in 1848, anticipating that the Conventions of the Whigs and Democrats would refuse to give that movement any effective support, he prepared a call for a Free Territory Convention, at Columbus, Ohio, which was largely attended, and which invited the National Convention that assembled at Buffalo in August of that year, and nominated Martin Van Buren for the Presidency. The platform there adopted bore decided evidences of the influence of Mr. Chase.

By resolutions at its State Conventions the Democratic party of Ohio had declared slavery an evil, and had asserted the duty of exercising all constitutional measures to prevent its increase, to mitigate, and finally eradicate it. Concurring generally in political opinions with the Democrats, and especially in the opposition declared by their resolutions to the nationalization of slavery, Mr. Chase was put forward as a candidate for election to the United States Senate, and in February, 1849, was chosen a Senator from Ohio by the votes of all the Democratic members of the Legislature and of the Free-Soil members with Democratic sympathies.

In 1850–51 Mr. Chase gave his support to the Democratic party in Ohio; but when, in 1852, the Baltimore Convention, which nominated Mr. Pierce for the Presidency, adopted a platform approving the Compromise acts of 1850, and denouncing the further agitation of the slavery question, and the Democratic party of Ohio accepted that platform, Mr. Chase addressed a letter to the Hon. Benj. F. Butler, of New York, announcing his determination to endeavor to secure the organization of an independent Democratic party. He prepared a platform, which was, in the main, adopted by the Independent Democratic Convention at Pittsburgh, in 1852, and gave energetic support to the nominees of that Convention. When the Nebraska Bill gave rise to new political relations among leading men in Congress and in all the States, Mr. Chase, who had been prominent and influential among the opponents of that measure, united actively and earnestly in the popular movement against slavery extension which grew out of it.

In July, 1855, Mr. Chase was nominated for Governor of Ohio. Before the expiration of his senatorial term leading public men had zealously urged his fitness for that position, as a representative of the public sentiment of Ohio. His election vindicated the justness of their views. He was inaugurated in January, 1856. The canvass had been strenuous and heated; and Mr. Chase, while zealously supported by the great majority of the Anti-Nebraska voters, had received but a cold and reluctant support from many who, on other questions, feared that he might prove an unsafe leader. These fears were greatly allayed by the inaugural of the new Governor; and when the Legislature adjourned in April, 1856, there was neither anxiety nor doubt in any quarter respecting the discretion or ability of Mr. Chase as an executive officer.

Governor Chase's political friends insisted that he should be a candidate for re-nomination as Governor; and a peculiar condition of public affairs, growing out of a defalcation of over $500,000 in the Treasury, forbade him to withhold his consent. This defalcation was discovered a few days before the semi-annual interest on the State debt fell due. Promptness on the part of Governor Chase compelled the resignation of the Treasurer, who had concealed the defalcation; secured a thorough investigation; and led to the adoption of a line of policy which enabled the Board of Commissioners to meet punctually all pecuniary obligations, and fortunately avert a large pecuniary loss.

A few months since Mr. Chase was elected United States Senator from Ohio; but having accepted the office of Secretary of the Treasury, he resigned his seat.

THE PARISH CLERK'S STORY.

For twenty miles round Bentholme there was nothing but talk about Squire Sigister's quarrel with his son and heir, young Mr. Robert, such a jolly young gentleman as you don't meet every day. He was quite the life of the neighborhood. It was understood that it might be partly the young gentleman's fault, but before any body knew any thing of the case, every body agreed that the Squire had been hard on him. And we couldn't be far wrong either, knowing what a chol-

"YOU ARE GOING AFTER MARTHA, SUSAN, ARE YOU?"—[SEE NEXT PAGE.]

eric, easily-put-up, sort of a rough old fe llow. Se the news of the split between the old and the young one caused plenty of conversation, you may be sure; and will Mr. Robert go down on his marrow-bones? and what has he done? was till the question. When we heard what he had done, we decided it would be the best for him if he did go down on his marrow-bones, but it was pretty certain that he wouldn't. For Mr. Robert, he also could be stiff when he pleased, as was seen a chip! The fact was, Mr. Robert, as was generally known, had for a very long time been what is called sweet upon Susan Dawson, and she was something to be sweet upon: a plump, open-faced, young lass, not ever-vain, and sensible, though, of course, we couldn't think that, with her talking of one day marrying young Mr. Robert, which she did, till her father, being one of the Squire's tenants, properly stopped it, not before it came to the Squire's ear, though. So the Squire, who wanted Mr. Robert to marry one of his own class, he on with his top boots and his round hat, and down he goes to Farmer Dawson.

"Dawson," says he, "I hear that boy of mine hangs about your doors a good bit. You'd better see to the locks and bolts. He's a sharp fellow, and don't give his time for nothing."

"Squire," says the farmer, "if he chooses to act scarecrow outside there, I've no help for it; but I'll take care he don't get to be a fixture inside."

"Keep a sharp eye on your daughter, Dawson," says the Squire.

"One in a family's enough, Squire," says the farmer. And he must have spoken heavily, for his niece, Martha Green, had gone away in a bad manner out of that very house where he sat. Some said it was Mr. Robert himself who had beguiled the poor girl, and was now at the same game with her cousin: others thought better of him as to that, and were sure it was his college friend Mr. Danby, who had been seen about with her during his visits at the Squire's. She left Farmer Dawson's house after one of these visits. Mr. Robert was away at the time, and that gave a color to what was said against him. But his friends didn't believe it, if his enemies did.

Now, when Mr. Robert found the farmer's doorbanged in his face no wonder he was mad with the Squire having been down there on particular business. What does he do but go straight to the Squire and ask him what he meant. The Squire retorts by asking him what he means. That's how the split began. The servants said that Mr. Robert burst out of the library, swearing he would go and marry Susan Dawson in spite of all. He didn't do that, but he managed to appoint to meet her by night. She went, as she'd have gone before the end of the world, if he asked her to go off with him to London to be married. While she was debating about it—for I suppose she hadn't enough cause Will Green, her cousin, Martha's brother. Will was whistling, and stood with his hands in his pockets, looking at them. He was an idle, indifferent fellow—some who made you believe that nothing affected him. "Don't think you'll astonish me," was his customary expression. So, he says, "You're going after Martha, are you, Susan? Make my compliments to her." And then he turned on his heel and sauntered off. Susan had a mind to look at the memory of Martha. The upshot was, that she went home and so did Mr. Robert, and the next morning the great quarrel took place, for the Squire somehow had heard of Mr. Robert's meeting with Susan. They got to high words. The Squire threatened to kick him out of the house, and as Mr. Robert had enough of that he said he would, and not return till he was asked. He went in a huff with us all. We heard of him spending money like dirt. He was away two years just, when we heard he was in prison for debt, and one morning Miss Susan was missing. Didn't the gossips fly about. Farmer Dawson lay his head a while, and then he woke up again and was cheerfuller than could be expected. By-and-by Susan returns. The farmer took her in, which he was much praised for, and he was kind to her, and wouldn't let the vicar rebuke her, which rather went against his character, in our minds. However, things passed like of old. The Squire seemed to have forgotten Mr. Robert; Susan was mum, Will Green did his farmwork, and seemed away at his supporters.

You must know that we had five roads round Bentholme. It lay just between two market-towns, and was not such a distance from a tolerable sized city. The roads were lonely, and people used often to say they wondered more bad work wasn't done. They even gave up wondering. The vicar rode home one night cleaned out, and, saving my respect for his memory, in as awful a fright as man can be. A highwayman had stopped him. A pretty commotion there was in Bentholme. Within a month we had as many as twelve bold open robberies—these to a week! There was a meeting of magistrates—constables were moved about, and all the farmers said they'd be cautious. But farmers never are cautious after market-days. Besides, this was a terrible fellow. He not only knew who they were, and where they were going to know always exactly how much money their purses contained, and used to name the sum! That was what unmanned them more than any thing. They gave up at that. It didn't look human. How we came to know this was through Farmer Burmess. He was riding home from Ockham market one night—plenty of ale in him, and up trots my gentleman.

"Good-night, Farmer Burmess," says he.

"Good-night," answers the farmer, looking at him queerly, for he had a veil on his face.

"I am rather in want of cash to-night," says the other. "Can you accommodate me?"

"It's an awful request civilly put," says Farmer Burmess. "No, I can't—so good-night again."

"I'm sorry to have to enforce it," says the other; "but I'm only a borrower. You'll have it again some day, which you can't say for your brains, if they go."

With that he outs with a pistol. The farmer stopped short. He was a cool hand, but he had no weapons. Says he:

"You seem pretty clever. Now, if you'll tell me what money I've got about me, to a shilling, I'll hand it out. If not, we'll part as we are. Is that fair?"

"Quite," says the highwayman.

"Then it's a bargain!—how much is it?" says Farmer Burmess.

"Hand out £22 18s. 6d. and I am satisfied."

The farmer started—he didn't think he knew how much he had. He and the highwayman parted. The highwayman called out to him: "Mind! it's only *borrowed*," and rode his way. Farmer Burmess told the story, and from that time the terrible highwayman was called the Borrower.

Suspicion somehow fell upon Will Green. He dressed better—got a watch, and other things costing money. Will didn't mind a bit. "Wait till I'm caught at it," he said. But he began to badger poor Susan. He wanted the girl to marry him. Once he was heard to say he could make her wretched for life if she chose. Then suddenly she began to grow thin and miserable as a starved kitten. She couldn't put her hand to a thing—she that used to be the freshest servicableest creature in all the country. People said it was because of Will's nightwork, and that she had begun to care for him.

One night the Squire had been dining in or about Ockham. He ordered his horse to be saddled, and while he was in the hall one of the gentlemen said to him: "I don't see that you don't have to *lend* your money to-night, Squire!"

"How much do you want?" says the Squire, where fit was to be supposed to a friend.

"Oh, I'm not the Borrower," says the gentleman, laughing—that set them talking about the robberies on the roads.

"Well," says the Squire, "I'll wager you the fellow doesn't borrow a penny from me."

He took two of the gentlemen at a bet of fifty pounds apiece. He set out, and shortly after they mounted to follow, and so fair play. The night was fine, the moon was one of those pleasant summer nights when you'd rather be awake than asleep. The Squire trotted on merrily. He turned when he came to the road which leads to Bentholme river, and stood up under a hedge, and presently he heard the two gentlemen trot past. He suspected a trick by-and-by, and then he saw one of them turn into a gate some way down the road, to make a short cut, thinks he: "I know what they're up to, but I'll be even with 'em. So he drew his hat low down over his head, and on he went. Bentholme Meads is a lonely place. You're a good couple of miles from the nearest house you have the river on one side of you, and Spenth Woods on the other. Just as the Squire was riding round the bridge, he thought he'd have a gallop on the grass, a man on horseback leaps in front of him. The Squire pulled back into the shadow, and, disguising his voice to have a moment's fun, "Hallos!" he sings out gruffly, "be you Mr. Borrower?"

"I am," says the other.

The Squire was expecting the voice of his friend. Not hearing that, he saw that it was no joke. Keeping still in the shadow, he drew his pistol as he was peppery—and he was, and pulled. And The highwayman's right arm fell, and he gave a groan. His hat dropped off, his face was bare.

"Good God!" cried the Squire.

Just then he heard his friends coming up behind the hedge.

"Here it is," the Squire sang out in his assumed voice, and thrust his purse out for the highwayman to take. He seemed surprised, but hearing voices, he turned right round, leaped his horse, and fled.

When the other two gentlemen had managed to push through the hedge, they could hardly believe their senses to see the Squire alive in a death, trembling like a child. They told him he had lost the bet, and he said they should be paid next day. The story flew like wildfire. Will Green shook their heads. They couldn't believe the Squire a coward. But what were they to think? The Squire had paid the money, and produced it.

After that, Squire Squire shut himself up. He was aged twenty years by that night. He walked to church like a man in a dream. Nothing more was heard of the Borrower, and the roads got safe again. One day Susan was sent for to come to the hall. She put on her best bonnet dress, and went. She looked flurry, not knowing what to think of it. When she came back she looked brisker. The truth was, the Squire couldn't be hers," fired off, as he never could be may-be: fetch him here alive, and I'll marry you both within a week, so help me Heaven!" We only heard this after, for Susan herself never could tell.

Susan knew that Will Green was aware of Mr. Robert's whereabouts. I needn't tell you what women are when they've been wronged to do when they want to worm any thing out of a man. Susan began her cajoleries with Mr. Will. He seem d confident that she had dropped all her fancy she made him think, in some wonderful woman's way, that she cared no more for Mr. Robert, and that particular month was commencing to water for Will Green. At any rate, by Will's aid, she managed to light upon Mr. Robert in a cottage some miles off. She wrote to him, before to the Squire, with his arm in a sling: father and son were reconciled: and then came the extraordinary thing. Susan refused to marry Mr. Robert!

This caused her, of course, to be very much observed and spoken about. She was called a number of names; and she didn't seem care for it. And this was vexation to one of our gossips, Mrs. Gillott, the grocer's wife. She put on her bonnet, one evening, and proceeded to pay Farmer Dawson a visit. The farmer was out, but she hit upon Susan alone.

"Well, Susan," says she, after rounding about the business, "so you're to be married at last!"

"I?" cries Susan, "you're mistaken, ma'am."

"Not at all," replies the old lady. "And now that he's reclaimed from the error of his ways, it's very proper you should."

Susan grew pale. "What ways?" she gasped.

"Well," says the old lady, "you know how the whisper goes. The robber doesn't rob now, and Will Green stops at home. I make no accusation."

"Will Green!" Susan pronounced the name, and from close upon a faint she burst into a laugh. "Do you suppose, ma'am, I am going to marry *him?* Pray undeceive yourself instantly!"

"Yes I must undeceive you to that. Pray, undeceive yourself instantly," says Will Green, in person, as he marches into the room.

He didn't look so delighted, but he was jaunty and careless, as usual. When they were alone, she said to him, "I hope you're not offended, Will."

"What at?" he shouts, savagely. "Because you won't marry me? Lord bless you!"

"Because I won't marry Hardesty," Susan put in, as soft as she could. "You know, Will, I'm not going to marry at all."

She felt trembling, as she spoke. Will stepped up from his chair. I must tell you that he wasn't a black-looking, or a black-hearted fellow: only strange, and loose, uncertain and full of his moods.

"Susan," says he, "it's better you should marry Robert Spigiter than keep pumping salt-water all day long."

"Marry him, and ruin him" says she, pumping harder,

Will was fond of Susan, and he had Mr. Robert in his power. The sight of her tears gave him a sort of melting feeling, and the knowing what they were shed for pricked him like poison. Between the two sensations, Will was wrought upon to say a kind thing and mean a black one. Or, perhaps, he meant nothing but circumstances were too much for him. However, he said to her, "Marry Mr. Robert, Susan."

Oh no! She wouldn't. And then she would.

"Will you be at the wedding?" she asked.

"I'll be at the wedding," says he.

The Squiress were all married quietly—walking from the hall to the church, and back again from the church to the hall. Children strewed flowers along the way, the bells pealed, there was feasting and fun for the whole body. It was given out that Mr. Robert was going to be married to Susan Dawson by consent of the Squire: the day was named, and all arrangements made. Just three days before the wedding a lady and gentleman came to the Gold Stag, our village inn, and put up there. The gentleman inquired to be a friend of Mr. Robert's, and, after Mr. Robert had seen him, he sent word round that he wanted to speak to Will Green. But Will was not to be found. He had unnoticed away with his hands in his pockets, apparently caring for nobody. When the marriage-bells were ringing, Will was missing. This did not make Susan happier, for the poor girl feared he had done himself a harm. However, she was obliged to look as happy as she could for Mr. Robert.

The wedding was quite a splendid affair. Will's disappearing, as in duty bound. The whole village had turned out for a holiday, and lots had promised themselves to get tipsy—reasoned before duty, as poor fellows will, when they haven't a chance every day—and we mustn't be too hard on them.

On the little bit of common in front of the church an old coach stood. The trunk is hollow, but the branches were in leaf. Leaning against the bark, with his back to the procession, a man was seen, but not very plainly. He wasn't noticed till he came near, and then people began to ask who he was, and talked of his manners. When he got close to the bride and bridegroom, Farmer Burmess sung out: "The Borrower!"

He had a veil over his eyes and nose. Mr. Robert was pale as the face of a ghost of him. The man took off his hat, and discovered that he was no other than the missing Will Green.

"Stop!" he cried. "I've a word to say to this."

There was a dead halt. Susan made an effort to go forward to him, but one of the handsome young bridesmaids ran up to hold her.

"What's the matter, Will?" said Mr. Robert, trying to be calm and easy.

"Hush!" Susan answered. "I swore I'd have you, and now's the time. Don't you think me a fool, Sir? But you'll find I'm not a woman. You're going to be married, Sir, you know, publicly: I say you shall be married in your Borrower's uniform, or not at all. That's my word."

Every body was staring at the old Squire walking between Will and his son, and put out his hand.

"A hundred pounds," he whispered.

Will waved him off. "Not for a thousand!"

"Will," said Mr. Robert, huskily, "what have I done to you to deserve this? Is it because I'm going to marry Susan?"

"I think I speak Will, "I never cared for a girl so much as that. Will you take it or not?" And he held out the highwayman's mask.

Mr. Robert took it, and seeing his bride's condition attempted to laugh it off.

"It won't do!" cried Will. "You're in my hands. What do you think I took this trouble for? Because you're a gentleman, and I'm a poor devil, whose sister's to be played with like a toy?"

"Stand aside!" said Mr. Robert, sharply.

"You won't submit to the terms? Good!" cried Will, and, stepping close up in front of them all, so as to block the way, he shouted: "Lisco!"

But what he said was unintelligible, when a lady, the same that was stopping at the Gold Stag with the gentleman, rushed out, threw her arms round Will's neck, and called him "dear brother!"

Will looked stupefied, but presently thrusting her out at arm's-length: "Aren't you ashamed to appear here?" he said.

"No, Will; not when my husband is by me," said Martha.

Mr. Danby, Mr. Robert's friend, now came up to Will. They talked to him hastily, and seemed to be turning his head this way and that, and round and round. Then Will, with a dash of the back of his hand across his eyes, got from them, stood out before Mr. Robert, and said, in a low tone, "I've judged you wrong, Sir. I've been a black villain to you; I led you into evil on purpose to ruin you, and revenge myself. That's my fault—I can't forget an injury. Do you forgive me?"

Mr. Robert shook his hand.

"And you, Susan?" She faltered a kind word.

Then Will, collecting himself, called in a strong voice: "People of Bentholme! I was interrupted just now. I was going to tell you something. You've been troubled by a certain Borrower for some time lately. You may rest quiet in your beds from this day. Stand back. Give me a clear start. I'm the man!"

With that he jumped on his horse that he'd been holding all the while, and, nodding once, away he went, and we all breathed deep.

You don't want to hear any more, do you? Why, your curiosity's up, I suppose. Whether he went, paid back the moneys he'd borrowed to a fraction, and with tidy interest, too. And what's more, he did it through a legal gentleman, and had his acknowledgment for the same. As for Will, he never appeared in our parts again. We heard of him over in America, doing well on a farm twice as large as the Squire's estate. Mr. Robert spoke of him forever after as the finest fellow he had known in the course of his life. But he had a twist in his character, that I declare.

THE DROWNED AT SEA.

Never bronze or slab of stone
May their sepulchre denote;
O'er their lonely graves alone
Shall the shifting sea-weed float.
Not for them the quiet grave
Underneath the church-yard tree;
They rest where the ocean wave,
They sleep below the sleepless surf.

O'er them shall the waters wrestle
With the whirlwind from the land,
But their bones will only nestle
Closer down into the sand;
And for every sea-bird's screech,
Loud or low, shall be their dirge;
And each idle wave that breaks
Henceforth upon any shore,
Shall be chanted for their sakes,
Shall be holy evermore.

MAJOR ANDERSON'S COMMAND AT FORT SUMTER.

We publish on page 177 a group of portraits of the officers of the garrison at Fort Sumter. Our picture was taken from a photograph recently made by a Charleston photographer.

Of the Commander, MAJOR ANDERSON, and of the Chief-Engineer, CAPTAIN FOSTER, we published portraits and biographical sketches in Nos. 181 and 182, respectively, of *Harper's Weekly*, and refer our readers to those numbers.

ASSISTANT-SURGEON S. WYLIE CRAWFORD, of the United States Medical Staff, at present the senior officer of Major Anderson's Staff, and medical officer of Fort Sumter, is a native of Philadelphia. Dr. Crawford is a son of the Rev. Dr. Crawford, so long and so favorably known in his connection with the University of Pennsylvania. Dr. Crawford entered the army in July, 1851, at the head of his class, and has since that period been actively engaged in distant frontier service in Texas, New Mexico, and Nebraska. Dr. Crawford accompanied Fremont to Mexico, with his own conveyance and servants, and ascended successfully the Popocatapetl, carrying a barometer to the top. He spent a night in the crater, which he thoroughly explored; and for his daring exploration was honored with membership by the Geographical Society of Mexico. He has been bearer of dispatches by Mr. Forsyth to the President at Washington. In September last Dr. Crawford was assigned to duty with the Sixth Regiment of Infantry at Fort Moultrie, and was one of the last to leave that work on the night of 26th December. The entire hospital department was created with his direction at Fort Sumter, pecularly well adapted when Fort Moultrie was occupied by State troops.

CAPTAIN TRUMAN SEYMOUR belongs to Major Anderson's regiment, the First Artillery. He is a native of Vermont, and was appointed from that State to the Military Academy on 1st July, 1846. He served throughout the Mexican war, and distinguished himself by his gallantry in so marked a manner that, on 30th August, 1847, he was brevetted Captain. He is not only an excellent soldier and a prudent officer, but is an accomplished scholar and artist.

CAPTAIN ABNER DOUBLEDAY also belongs to the First Regiment of Artillery. He hails from New York, and entered the army as Second Lieutenant in the Third Artillery, on 1st July, 1842. Another officer of the First Regiment of Artillery, serving in Fort Sumter, is FIRST-LIEUTENANT JEFFERSON C. DAVIS, of Indiana. He entered the army, as Second-Lieutenant in his present regiment, on 27th June, 1848. And yet another is FIRST-LIEUTENANT THEODORE TALBOT, of Kentucky, who was appointed Second-Lieutenant in that regiment on 29th May, 1847.

Under Captain Foster are serving two Lieutenants of Engineers, FIRST-LIEUTENANT GEORGE W. SNYDER, of New York, whose commission dates from 1st July, 1856; and RICHARD K. MEADE, Jun., of Virginia, who was appointed from that State on 1st July, 1857. He is a Second-Lieutenant.

On page 180 the reader will find a picture of Fort Sumter, with which the names of these gallant officers will always be connected.

AGRICULTURAL.—The Agricultural Gleaner and The Illustrated Farmers' Almanac, published by Joseph Thorley, London, England, and 21 Broadway, N. Y., are full of interest to Farmers, and particularly Breeders of Stock. They, however, especially advocate the use of "Thorley's Food for Cattle," which seems to have met with great success in Great Britain, as well as in this country.

Seventy-six prizes were last year awarded to Cattle fed on this Food. And at its exhibition at the Pennsylvanian and New Jersey State Agricultural Shows, obtained Diplomas. The Gold Medal was also awarded by the Keighley Agricultural Society.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

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NEW MONTHLY MAGAZINE
For April, 1861.

CONTENTS.

THREE MONTHS IN THE LEVANT. By CHARLES HALLECK.—*First Paper.*
ILLUSTRATIONS.—Leaving the Eclipse.—I told you so.—On Deck.—A Day's Shooting.—An Artist's Trick.—Leaping.—Dinner.—Mail Steamer Homeward.—Valley Harbor.—Pulpit Cave.—Dressing Fish.—Caplin.—Tail-board.—Ice-Bound.—Total Eclipse.
MUSIC AT NIGHT.
A DISH OF CAPON.
ILLUSTRATIONS.—Capon Springs.—Colonel Davy Waddle.—Aunt Leah.—Bob Myers.—Ice Mountain.—The Dairy.—Adam Rinehart.—Meddle.
A CHAPTER ON MITES.
ILLUSTRATIONS.—Acarus Domesticus.—Cheese Mite.—Milk Mite.—Rose Mite.—Acarus Canus Mediflora.—Acarus Megbertus.—Acarus Siro.—Acarus Longicornis.—Hydrachna Geographica.—Hydrachna Globum.—Hydrachna Picata.
RAREY, THE HORSE TAMER. By T. B. THORPE.
ILLUSTRATIONS.—Cruiser Untamed.—Cruiser Tamed.—Taming a Groom.—Cruiser Bridled.—Cruiser Ridden.—Untamed Groom.—Gentlemanly Horse.—The Swedish Medal.—The Gold Medal.
TWELVE YEARS OF MY LIFE.
THE LEGEND OF EASTER LOGS. By FITZ JAMES O'BRIEN.
MOTLEY'S HISTORY OF THE UNITED NETHERLANDS.
TATTLE OF THE LAST CENTURY.
THE COUNTESS MELUSINE.
MINOT'S LEDGE.
LOST ON BROADWAY.
THE ADVENTURES OF PHILIP. By W. M. THACKERAY.
CHAPTER VI. Brandon's.
CHAPTER VII. Our Neighbor Bacchi.
ILLUSTRATIONS.—Jean Jaques.—Mr. Frog and Prince Otto.—The Old Fogey.—Mr. Wiggins.
THE CHILD THAT LOVED A GRAVE.
THE THREE KINGS.
MRS. CLUMMEY AT FORTY.
MONTHLY RECORD OF CURRENT EVENTS.
LITERARY NOTICES.
EDITOR'S TABLE.
EDITOR'S EASY CHAIR.
EDITOR'S DRAWER.
EDITOR'S DRAWER.
THE ANNOYANCES OF A LITTLE DAUGHTER'S LIFE.
ILLUSTRATIONS.—Fussy's Failure.—In Powder.—Dressing-table.—Her Boots.—Sitting up.—Astonishment.—Dolly's Bath.—Dressed up.—At Night.—The Doll in Disgrace.
FASHIONS FOR APRIL.
ILLUSTRATIONS.—Spring Fellies.—Morning Negligee.

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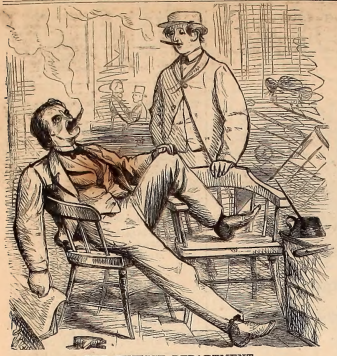

THE FINESSE DEPARTMENT.

YOUNG MERCHANT. "What do *I* do? Why, I attend to the Finesse Department—do all the Finessing, you know!"
FRIEND. "Finessing! What cuthunder's that?"
Y. MERCHANT. "Why, when any Feller owes the Concern Money and won't Pay, I go and make him, or Knock his Darned Old Head off his Shoulders!"

IRISH HOUSEKEEPING.

BACHELOR "Mary, I should like that piece of Bacon I left at Dinner yesterday."
IRISH SERVANT. "Is it the bit o' Bhacon thin? Shure I took it to Loight the Fhoires!"

FREDERICK (*who, we are sorry to say, is rather fond of Chaffing his Brother-in-Law*). "Oh! look here, ROBERT, will you have this with you in the Car, or shall I have it Checked through?"

CONSIDERATE!

YOUNG FUDGE (*mysteriously.*) "Ahem! Captain—it strikes me there's something on between you and the Fairhaired Party with the Coronet? If so, between Friends, you know. Eh? As *I* had some thoughts, eh?—don't you know?"
CAPTAIN (*facetiously*). "Oh! ah! I see—*very* delicate of you—quite takes a load off my mind, 'sure you!"

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HARPER'S WEEKLY

A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION

VOL. V.—No. 222.] NEW YORK, SATURDAY, MARCH 30, 1861. [PRICE FIVE CENTS.

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the Year 1861, by Harper & Brothers, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Southern District of New York.

APRIL-FOOL'S DAY IN NEW YORK, OPPOSITE THE ASTOR HOUSE.

APRIL-FOOL'S DAY.

We publish on the preceding page a picture of the morning of the 1st April, opposite the Astor House, on the Park, in New York City. Some of the personages in the picture are enjoying the usual frolics of the day.

The origin of this fool-making custom, like that of ma..y other of our oldest customs, is involved in considerable doubt and uncertainty. It prevails, besides in this country, in Scotland, Germany, Sweden, and France—in which latter place the victims of the jokes are styled *poissons d'Avril*, or April fishes. But in none of these countries is its origin reasonably explained. Some suppose it to be derived from the abduction of the Sabine women by the Romans under Romulus, at the feast in honor of Neptune, which occurred on the 1st of April; others trace it from the mockery of our Saviour by the Jews; while still others ascribe it to the act of old father Noah, in sending out the dove from the ark before the waters of the deluge had subsided.

The following extract from an old poem will certify to the antiquity of the custom:

> "The first of April some do say
> Is set apart for All-Fools' Day;
> But why the people call it so
> Nor I nor they themselves do know.
> But on this day we people sent
> On purpose for pure merriment.
> And though the day is known before,
> Yet frequently there is great store
> Of those forgetfuls to be found,
> Who're sent to dance Moll Dixon's round;
> And having tried each step and stall,
> And disappointed at them all,
> At last come tell them of the cheat,
> And then they hurry from the street,
> And mumblingly hum with shame they run,
> And others laugh at what is done.
> But 'tis a thing to be dispised,
> Which is the greater fool reputed,
> The man that innocently went,
> Or he that him design'dly sent."

A city reporter says

"The number of tricks and hard practical jokes played upon unsophisticated persons, such as sending Jimmy for a bottle of 'stirrup oil,' dispatching Betty in search of a pint and a half of 'pigeon's milk,' or requesting your likewise friend to buy you a copy of the 'Life and Adventures of Dick Muldoon' in the Arrow style, require several volumes for their description. The most common methods of doing people practiced in this city consist in pinning endless tag-rags to ladies' dresses, fastening paper appendages to the coat skirts, persuading some one to get excited about the arrival of rich cousins from California with bags of virgin native metal, and sending people extraordinary letters, containing extraordinary intelligence, and asking the most extraordinary things. Sometimes these nonsensical jokes result in the most serious consequences, and we have known 'gobbets of raging bull' to be the not unfrequent *denouement*. Latterly the sport of fool making is confined principally to little boys and girls, who indulge in a regular carnival of merriment. Those whose mammas and pappa allow them 'the freedom of the city' kick up a most beautiful excitement among their grown-up superiors, while

> "——the boor young ones club their wicked wits,
> And almost frighten servants into fits."

In Memoriam.

REV. NICHOLAS MURRAY, D.D.

DIED FEBRUARY 4, 1861.

Oh, wistful eyes! that will not cease
From saying sadly after me
Who went out in the dark, alone—
Although ye say, "He is at peace!"

Oh, hearts! that will not turn away,
But questioning, linger at the door;
He passeth through it—never more!
For he hath reached the perfect day.

Even when we thought him most our own
His crown was ready for his brow;
And he redeemed his early vow,
And passed, with all his armor on.

He bent to clasp a shadowy hand—
Unreal to our dulleer eyes;
He saw the gleams of glory fade
Break through the twilight of the land!

His gain o'ermeasureth our loss;
We linger on these barren sands—
He is a dweller in the lands
Bequeathed the followers of the cross!

ST. LOUIS, MISSOURI, *March*, 1861. L. C. P.

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

SATURDAY, MARCH 30, 1861.

THE TWO CONSTITUTIONS.

THE Constitution of the Southern Confederacy has been published. It is a copy of the original Constitution of the United States, with some variations. The principal variations are:

1. In the preamble, the words "We, the people of the Confederate States, each State acting in its sovereign and independent character," etc., are substituted for the old words, "We, the people of the United States," etc. The object of this change is to assert separate State sovereignty, which involves the right of secession at will.

2. In the article on the House of Representatives, it is stated that "no person of foreign birth, not a citizen of the Confederate States, shall be allowed to vote for any officer, civil or political, State or Federal." No such provision is found in the old Constitution, and owing to its omission the States of Michigan, Wisconsin, and others have granted the suffrage to foreigners before naturalization. It was to guard against this abuse that the new proviso was adopted. If the Confederate States do not extend their borders the proviso will prove unnecessary.

3. In the section on the apportionment of Representatives, the word "slaves" is substituted for the old expression, "other persons;" and it is stated that representation shall be in the ratio of not more than one Representative to every 50,000, instead of 30,000, as fixed in our Constitution.

4. The proviso of the old Constitution requiring Senators to have been nine years citizens is omitted in the Constitution of the Confederate States.

5. The new Constitution states that "Congress may, by law, grant to the principal officer in each of the executive departments a seat upon the floor of either House, with the privilege of discussing any measures pertaining to his department." This is borrowed from the British system. In England, ministers must be members of one or other House, and are expected to defend their policy in person. The obvious advantages of the method, both to the Government and the opposition, commended it to the adoption of the Southern Congress. If, however, the right of occupying a seat is merely a privilege of which the Cabinet officer may avail himself or not as he pleases, the opposition will gain little by the change.

6. Power is given to the President to approve certain appropriations, while disapproving others in the same bill. This is an obvious improvement upon the present system, which often operates to compel the Executive to sanction appropriations of which he disapproves for fear of defeating others which are necessary.

7. It is expressly stated that the revenue to be raised by taxes and imports shall be "to pay the debts, provide for the common defence, and carry on the Government of the Confederate States." In our Constitution no restriction is laid upon Congress as to the manner in which the revenue shall be applied. But it is also stated that "no bounties shall be granted from the Treasury, nor shall any duties or taxes on importations from foreign nations be laid to promote or foster any branch of industry." Thus the axe is laid at the root of the fatal protective system which has done so much injury to this country. Again, the clause requiring commerce, the new Constitution adds that "no clause . . . shall ever be construed to delegate the power to Congress to appropriate money for any internal improvement intended to facilitate commerce, except for the purpose of furnishing lights, beacons, and buoys, and other aids to navigation upon the coasts, and the improvement of harbors and the removal of obstructions in river navigation, in all which cases such duties shall be laid upon the navigation facilitated thereby as may be necessary to pay the costs and expenses thereof." This again is a blow at the old theories of internal improvements, which have proved so fruitful of corruption, and have militated so gravely against the satisfactory working of our system of government.

8. It is expressly stated that "no law of Congress shall discharge any debt contracted before the passage thereof."

9. It is provided that "the expenses of the Post-Office Department after March 1, 1863, shall be paid out of its own revenues." This section goes a wide bit of controversy. We have always held, in this country, that as it was politic to tax the people at large for the maintenance of schools, so it was wise to tax them for postal service on productive routes. In the South they think otherwise. We are inclined to the opinion that the difference grows out of the different habits of the two peoples. In the South, the class which requires the Post-Office is small, and can afford to pay high rates of postage. In the North, every body uses the Post-Office, and low rates are a necessity. The new regulation will operate against popular education in the Confederate States.

10. We now come to the most important innovation attempted on the Constitution. The old Constitution, as every body knows, avoided the use of the word "slave," and called slaves "other persons." The framers of the old Constitution—Jefferson, Washington, Madison, Hamilton, Adams, etc.—were all heartily ashamed of slavery, and desired to see it abolished. The framers of the new Constitution entertain no such sentiment. The clause enumerated above one mention of the word slave. In the clause respecting fugitive slaves, which is otherwise copied from the old Constitution, the same word is used. The following are other clauses bearing upon the subject of slavery:

> The importation of negroes of the African race from any foreign country other than the slaveholding States or territories of the United States of America, is hereby forbidden; and Congress is required to pass such laws as shall effectually prevent the same.
>
> Congress shall also have power to prohibit the introduction of slaves from any State not a member of, or Territory not belonging to, this Confederacy.
>
> The citizens of each State shall be entitled to all the privileges and immunities of citizens in the several States, and shall have the right of transit and sojourn in any State of this Confederacy, with their slaves and other property; and the right of property in said slaves shall not be thereby impaired.
>
> The Confederate States may acquire new territory, and Congress shall have power to legislate and provide governments for the inhabitants of all territory belonging to the Confederate States lying without the limits of the several States, and may permit them, at such times and in such manner as it may by law provide, to form States to be admitted into the Confederacy. In all such territory the institution of negro slavery, as it now exists in the Confederate States, shall be recognized and protected by Congress and by the Territorial Government, and the inhabitants of the several Confederate States and Territories shall have the right to take to such territory any slaves lawfully held by them in any of the States or Territories of the Confederate States.

These clauses require no comment. They embrace the principles embodied in the Breckinridge platform, and would doubtless constitute a formidable objection to the adoption of the Crittenden Compromise by the three million eight hundred thousand voters who voted against that platform at the last election.

11. Permission is given to lay export duties on articles exported from any State by a vote of two-thirds of both Houses. This is of course in order to lay an export duty on cotton.

12. In order to provide against the corruptions and frauds which have disgraced our Congressional legislation in our time, the following clauses are added to the old section providing that no money shall be paid except under an appropriation:

> Congress shall appropriate no money from the treasury except by a vote of two-thirds of both Houses, taken by yeas and nays, unless it shall be asked and estimated for by some one of the heads of departments, and submitted to Congress by the President, or for the purpose of paying its own expenses and contingencies; or for the payment of claims against the Confederate States, the justice of which shall have been judicially declared by a tribunal for the investigation of claims against the Government, which it is hereby made the duty of Congress to establish.
>
> All bills appropriating money shall specify in federal currency the exact amount of each appropriation and the purpose for which it is made; and Congress shall grant no extra compensation to any contractor, officer, agent, or servant, after such contract shall have been made or such service rendered.

13. In order to defeat the tacking of lobby riders to appropriation bills, by which method many corrupt schemes have recently been forced through Congress, it is stated that "every law or resolution having the force of law shall relate to but one subject, and that shall be expressed in the title."

14. The new Constitution fixes the Presidential term at six, instead of four, years, and renders the President ineligible. These innovations will be favorably received by the approval of all who have watched the mischiefs produced by the too speedy recurrence of elections, and by the manœuvres of acting Presidents for reelection. They would be greatly adopted by the people throughout the Union. The new Constitution declares that the President must have been fourteen years a resident of the Confederate States; but the Constitution contains a similar provision—the word "united" being used instead of "confederate."

15. In order to guard against the gross abuses arising from the notation in office at present established, the new Constitution contains the following section:

> The principal officer in each of the executive departments, and all officers and agents of the diplomatic service, may be removed from office at the pleasure of the President. All other civil officers of the executive department may be removed at any time by the President, or other appointing power, when their services are unnecessary, or for dishonesty, incapacity, inefficiency, misconduct, or neglect of duty; and when so removed, the removal shall be reported to the Senate, together with the reasons therefor.

If this section be faithfully carried, the chief source of corruption in our political system will be stopped.

16. By the old Constitution Congress has power to admit new States. The Southern Congress requires a vote of two-thirds of both bodies to admit a new State.

17. By the old Constitution Congress has power "to make all needful rules and regulations respecting the territory or other property belonging to the United States." In the Southern Constitution the words "the territory or" are omitted—thus removing the territorial question from the control of Congress.

18. Under the old Constitution amendments can only be proposed by two-thirds of both Houses of Congress, or two-thirds of the State Legislatures. Under the Southern Constitution we have State conventions for amendments.

19. The ratification by nine of the old thirteen States was required to establish the old Constitution. The Southern Constitution requires only the ratification of five out of seven.

We have thus enumerated the principal alterations in the Constitution effected by the Congress at Montgomery. Most of them would be readily adopted with the people of the North. But further comment is superfluous at the present time.

A FRAUD ATTEMPTED.

THE Committee on Insurance Companies in the State Legislature reported favorably a bill to the effect that no costs exceeding $10 shall be recovered in any action brought or to be brought by Receivers of Mutual Insurance Companies. The object of this is to deprive the public of a remedy to which they are entitled. Under the Act of 1849 a large number of Mutual Insurance Companies were formed in various parts of this State, and notes given for policies of insurance—said notes being, under the law and several judgments of Court, legally and equitably applicable to the payment of losses. Within the past six or eight years several of these Companies have failed, and Receivers have been appointed who have proceeded to sue on the notes. These suits have been strenuously resisted in Court after Court; and now, after many years of litigation, just as the creditors of the broken Companies are about to collect the amounts due to them, this bill steps in to cheat them of their costs. Will not some honest man in the Senate or Assembly just state the facts respecting this bill, so that members who support it may know what they are voting for?

THE LOUNGER.

LAYING ANCHORS TO WINDWARD—AN EPISODE.

PLAY-ACTORS perform their parts with the full consciousness that they are known to be acting. But there are comedies of which the comic point is that the excellent and respected actors pretend that the spectators do not know that it is all a pretty play.

When the Prince of Wales came last autumn, some worthy American citizens, who were born in Ireland, refused to parade as a military company in honor of the guest. It was a question of taste. It might have occurred to them, as it did to the great mass of the American people, that it was very proper to honor one of our most faithful and friendly allies in the manner proposed. Still, these citizens had a different view, and they took a right, and they staid severely at home. It has since been made a question of military law.

The reason is the important. Do you think so, gentle reader? Alas! you do not know the political playwright; you do not know that there is no act so compromising that it may not be will not get a dinner or, at least, a lunch or a supper out of it.

So, upon a recent evening, the excellent citizens who sympathized with those who staid at home when the little Prince drove up Broadway, pretended to express their sympathy and to present a sword and flags in token of it. That was all pleasant. There was a band of music; there were lively tunes; there was a fine military array; there was an enthusiastic crowd; and when the most distinguished sympathizers stepped upon the stage, or platform, gently, advancing to the footlights, there was a thrilling roll of drums and rattle of presenting arms. The sword of honor was presented and received in glowing and eloquent addresses; then the flags of sympathy were brought forward, and that excellent citizen and orator, Mr. Meagher, appeared to make an address. When the "shouting plaudits" of the audience had ceased, he began. He said that his words should be few and plain—that the language of soldiers was direct and brief, and he should emulate it. And he added that he said so much to repress "the inordinate expectations of rhetoric" which might be indulged by some of the audience. Skirmishing, at first, with the light rapier of ridicule at the princely ovation, he proceeded to graver work, and held the strict legality of the commander's conduct; and then, passing to the immediate ceremony, he presented the flags, and ended in a "few plain words," evidently meant to squelch those luckless and untimely "expectations of rhetoric" "I do so with the assurance that the superb gift passes into the hands of soldiers who will never permit the gold with which it abounds to be tarnished by cowardice, insubordination, or neglect of duty—who will never permit the green field, which to-night looks so ample and luxuriant, to lose its freshness and deep wealth of color, if love of country and joyfulness of life at home will perpetuate it—and who will carry it into the battle, wherever the Eumenides wave their torches and the trumpet of Alecto peals, pure and quickened by the faith that the sun, bursting from it in a flood and storm of glory, will maintain its light, as did the sun of victory over the mountains of the Amorrhite."

There was more music, more sympathy, more congratulation, and good feeling, and the satisfied company separated.

Do you think that was the whole play? Do you think the excellent citizens, Mr. Stout, Mr. Chanler, Mr. Haggerty, Mr. Maguire, Mr. J. Hennessy, "Dunply," Mr. Alderman Farley, and others, who were received with the thrilling martial salute, as they bounded upon the stage, were moved solely by sympathy with the severe staying at home of the gallant Sixty-ninth? Perhaps that was the sole reason, for it was surely sufficient, which brought them there. But wouldn't it be very droll if these citizens chanced to be statesmen, and the sword presented to comprise several hundred most desirable voters, whose favor might be wooed and haply won by a little gush of timely sympathy? And if those statesmen chanced to have political projects of any kind, wouldn't it possibly be convenient to have propitiated the worthy voters of the Sixty-ninth?

Is there any objection to laying anchors to windward? Not the least. Only don't suppose that the Sixty-ninth are their own. "Cranford" Mrs. Forrester had her little householding humbugs; but then "she knew and we knew, and she knew that we knew, and we knew that she knew that we knew, she had been busy all the morning making tea-bread and sponge-cakes." The political world is wonderfully like Cranford; and the shrewdest statesmen are those who behave like Mrs. Forrester. If you have a wart on your nose, it is not advisable to brush at it casually, as if it were a fly. If you are a great statesman, don't look so very innocent as if you supposed that we outsiders believed you to be so. When you present swords and rust rhetoric, we shall all believe that it is pure sympathy with the hereditary scruples of the Sixty-ninth, if you are of the same blood as the regiment. If you are not, we shall believe in as much pure sympathy as we can—*Lwbchen wau willst Du mehr?*

* See the *Times* report.

THE NATIONAL ACADEMY.

THE pictures are out with the crocuses this year, and they are to show for a month only. The exhibition is at the old place in Tenth Street, but the Academy is to have a better, possibly a permanent, gallery, by-and-by. Meanwhile, although fine foreign pictures multiply, our own painters do not recede, and American art was never so strong in significant names as it is to-day. And there is this palpable good effect resulting from the increase of the foreign works, that we see how good our own are in the comparison. It is easy to believe that the pictures of the living European artists are incomparable, before you have seen them. And certainly it is very easy to admire them, after you have seen them. But you learn that to be a foreign painter is not necessarily to be a great painter.

This week, then, we will all look at the pictures, and next week we will talk about them.

CATTLINE LEECH.

WHENEVER a party loses power under our governments, it inevitably sets up a great mistake: it is to remove all the office-holders. And especially the gentlemen who fill office under the retiring administration hold the most pathetic convictions upon this point. In their opinion there was never before such a swarm of shameless office-seekers. They have at least some sympathy for the present dent, consumed by a cloud of cormorants. They see clearly that all the fine principles paraded during the canvass were only masks and snake under cover of which the thieves might make their way to the public plunder. The whole policy of the party which may displace them is told in one word, *patronage*.

Of course these things are not true of the party which appointed them. That was a truly patriotic party. That had in view only the public welfare. Nobody who worked with that party expected any reward. *Procul, ah! procul!*

But now comes Catiline Leech, who holds a government sinecure of five thousand dollars—"now, good Heavens! upon what times have we fallen, when such offices are abroad, and the whole party grabs for spoils?"

So they sing whenever the Federal power changes hands. And although Catiline and his dear friend mean only that they are going to be turned out of office, and their talk and that of the newspapers which echo his talk means at the bottom, yet there is a serious consideration lying under it.

The quadrennial change of office is a strain at the very roots of our institutions. The system of forcing a vast and universally diffused class conservative of the government itself, the countless minor officers of our system are a vast army of advertisers fighting for an insecure position, and often irresistibly tempted to prostitute their personal character as well as their official influence to the ambition of political leaders, who promise them the permanence of their offices as rewards. Theoretically, no merely executive officer of the government should be removed without cause.

But as the system has been actually practiced in this country, it may be imperatively necessary for the very existence of the government itself that the changes in office, upon an administrative change, be almost universal. If from Washington's time there had been no general sweep for cause, there would be no necessity of such removal merely because of the advent to power of a new party. But the whole system of public offices has been made a great partisan machine, good faith to the Constitutional majority of the people requires that no powerful engine of party power do not approve be made to assist the policy they do. Had arbitrary removals never been made, office-holders would have been, *ex officio*, almost non-party men; but since they have been so made the officers are, *ex officio*, the most reckless and desperate of all partisans; and when the party *ex officio* force is subversive of the government itself, there must be and ought to be short work with them.

And then, Catiline, when the offices are filled with men who are more heartily devoted to the government than they are to any party under the government, of course you will give your vote for restoring the old plan of removal for cause only, will you not? It will leave you and all other Catilines out of office, indeed; but then you are anxious for the country, and you will have saved it from clouds of cormorants, and vultures, and buzzards, and all kinds of rapacious and foul birds. You will have done your duty, Catiline Leech, and we will all try to help you.

"THE PRESS."

DEAR MR. LOUNGER,—I am amused as I read my morning papers—and I faithfully peruse them all—to see how loudly they praise themselves for the wonderful power of "the newspaper press," and how hard they work to prevent the existence of any such power. And this they do by incessant editorial repetition. The very force upon my mind as I read that I am only having the opinion of one man, whose judgment I may or may not respect. From under his and your they constantly squeak "Take heart, I'm only Sing the choir-boy!" and for the reader, Heaven be praised, he was just beginning to believe that it was really a lion, and is infinitely relieved by the timely rescue.

The prestige of the paper is thus entirely destroyed. It is not a voice from a cloud, imposing from its vastness and impersonality, but is a spirit of prejudice, a passion, upon the part of a fellow-citizen, or it is his well-considered conviction, but with no relief of its strict individuality. It has just the value and influence of a private letter.

But the great model of newspapers, for it is still that, the London *Times*, is no private performance. People do not ask each other in the morning, "Have you seen what Smith says to-day about the Italian business?" or, "Do you see how Jenkins pitches into Tomkins this morning?" or, "What is Bumpers's freshest lie?" No; when the London *Times* speaks it thunders. You know that some individual hand has written the article, but you do not know who, nor under what circumstances of superior knowledge. Even if it have a personal inspiration you can not know it, and that very secrecy makes the point a thousand-fold sharper.

Now, Mr. Lounger, why can not you, and I, and all the readers of our daily papers, try to persuade the editors that we are not in the least interested in their private quarrels, and that we acknowledge, in advance, that each paper is the most enterprising, able, and truthful paper? We freely confess that all news is given first and exclusively in each; that each has better means of information than any other paper can possibly have; in fact, we concede all you mentioned the other day, and ask only that they try for a little while the effect of the London *Times' principle*. If they insist upon declaring every day that A, over the way, is a liar, and Z's dirty sheet is fouler than usual, and Y's stupidity was superhuman yesterday morning, we shall laugh even more than we do now, when we see the next self-felicitation upon the mighty position and power of "the Press."

Obediently yours, GUTENBERG.

GUELPH AND GHIBELLINE.

THE news from France shows that the priestly party is beginning to make a fight to play against the Emperor. The Bishop of Poitiers very plainly calls Louis Napoleon Pontius Pilate, and appeals, in the most peculiar manner, to the superstitious emotions of the ignorant mass of the French people.

The contest which is now arising in Europe about the temporal power of the Pope is a purely political movement, and has nothing to do with religion or Christianity. That should be carefully remembered by every spectator, and the more carefully, because the first movement of every Roman Church party is to confound the temporal and spiritual throne of the Pope, so that the bulk of the faithful may be taken in by the assumption that the other is attacked. But there is no more reason that Pope Pius should be a king than that Archbishop Hughes should be a king. He is the Bishop of Rome, and that is precisely the fact which Louis Napoleon will prove to the Catholic population of Europe and the world.

The charge of the Bishop of Poitiers, in which the gauntlet is openly thrown, is most skillfully conceived; and the taken of it by the Count Persigny is heroic and wise. He says it is best that such publications should not be suppressed, because if they were suppressed they would be public opinion of the country, which thus sees the secret designs of the party which hates the people and its chief magistrate the Emperor.

As for the contest itself, Louis Napoleon is not the man to underrate the difficulties nor to shrink from them. The principle of his own elevation is essentially opposed to the temporal power of the Pope. He knows that where the priests govern the people perish. He sees Austria, Naples, Rome, and Spain, and Mexico, and he sees the contrast in which civilization halts and mankind goes backward. He sees also, however, that at this moment Austria is overthrown, that Naples lives, that Rome is ready, that Mexico has conquered priestcraft, and that day for the first time begins to break over these lands.

The great example of Brazil is not lost to him or to any political student of the time. In the degree that the power of the priests is broken is the Church and State is resisted, nations every where, however they may change, become more peaceful, more prosperous. You know it, Napoleon, that education develops, it eliminates development in every form from every national system. The Past is not a model, but a beacon. Great mistakes are not to be made because the people of the Past have made them. Human History is a warning as well as an encouragement.

The struggle will be sharp, for the Church, as a political power, dies hard. But the long and faithfully enraged Mexicans have given it its deathblow there, and the Queen of Spain will not long will deal with it in Italy, and so, practically, in Europe.

The most extraordinary and ludicrous man in this century is he who asks whether the world is not going backward.

CHARITY IS PATIENT.

WHAT is a man's character worth, if it be not worth every thing? If it can not defend him from slander even when slanderers are not to be defended: if it will not keep the faith of friends in his purpose sweet and white as snow; if it will not victoriously smile and say, whatever it be said, I am and evanescent? Is not that just its value, that you do not require at every instant that you shall see the whole secret of things, but shall only know that the action is for the best? As jealousy is incompatible with perfect love, so doubt of a friend is incompatible with friendship. Trust, trust; and you believe entirely until you utterly disbelieve.

There is Sir Philip Sidney, darling of history, whom they so glowingly depicts in his late volumes. His life just as it was, and not as it should be. It was only thirty-four years long, and you may read it in detail; and so reading you will feel, as all students have felt, that he was the soul of honor, beyond the ideal of his time. Upon the whole, probably, no historical figure so completely satisfies the various conditions essential to what we call the gentleman.

Do you believe that Sidney could have done a mean thing or a base thing? And do you know of your faith in his character. No man can positively know precisely his relation with Stella. But as we should not believe that Washington ever basely told a lie, or ran cowardly from a necessary danger, because our confidence in his character forbids; so shall and must Sidney's white fame avail to shed aspersion as a polished statue sheds water. There is but one hint of any thing unworthy Sidney repeated in the books, and those are modern insinuations—of his relation with the Stella of his sonnets and the Lady Rich of history. The point is, was he perfectly honorable in his love and friendship for her?

It is now nearly three hundred years since he charged into the thick cloud of battle, that misty early morning upon the Isel, and came out of it to suffer for a few days and die; and against the aspersion only his character remains to plead. The charge is thought to be maintained by his sonnets. Yet if sonnets can prove any thing except that a man is a poet or is not a poet, Sidney's support the view that every lover of Lamb's Tales and Rosalinds is a villain. Every one who reads those sonnets knows that all new is given first and exclusively in each; that each has better means of information than any other paper can possibly have; in fact, we concede all you mentioned the other day, and ask only that they try for a little while the effect of the London *Times' principle*. If they insist upon declaring every day that A, over the way, is a liar, and Z's dirty sheet is fouler than usual, and Y's stupidity was superhuman yesterday morning, we shall laugh even more than we do now, when we see the next self-felicitation upon the mighty position and power of "the Press."

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A DIFFERENT RENDERING.

AN old clergyman—more distinguished for his piety than for his elegance of his oratorical delivery—once read aloud from his pulpit a hymn, in which occurs this line:

"Life's like a shadow, how it flies!"

But pausing in the middle of the word *shadow* to take his breath, the venerable parson astonished his hearers by what seemed to read:

"Life's like a shad—ch, how it flies!"

"Are you an Odd Fellow?"—"No, Sir; I have been married once or twice, but not—" "I mean, do you belong to the Independent Order of Odd Fellows?"—"No; I believe in the order of marriage, Sir, not—" "Mercy, how dull! Are you a Mason?"—"No; I'm a carpenter."—"Worse and worse! Are you a son of Malta?"—"No; I am a son of Mr. John Horsehall!"

Some time ago there was a trial for trespass in cutting wood from a neighbor's premises without authority. One of the plaintiff's witnesses was a plain old farmer, whose testimony was very clear and directly to prove the charge. The defendant's counsel—a blustering man of brass—thought to weaken the force of the witness by proving idiocy to be a trait of his family. He therefore theorgrated him thus: "Mr. Hodge, you have a son who is an idiot, have you not?"—"Yes, Sir."—"Is not his name Jeremiah?"—"Very little."—"How much does he know?"—"Well, almost nothing; not much more than you do." The witness was allowed to retire without further question.

A shop-keeper purchased of an Irishwoman a quantity of butter, the lumps of which, intended for pounds, he weighed in the balance and found wanting. "I share, it's your fault that the scale is light," said Biddy, in reply to the complaints of the buyer; "it's your own fault, Sir, for I know it will be a pound of your own soap, I dunno how to repeat, that I weighed them with?" The shop-keeper had nothing more to say on that subject.

The following epitaph is to be found in the church-yard of Upton-on-Severn:

"Beneath this stone, in hopes of Zion,
Doth lie the husband of the 'Lion.'
His son keeps on the business still,
Bought the Red Horse, and Windmill."

Clutterbuck's story of the old lady this week is excellent. Being very nervous, she told Sir Walter Farquhar she had a dreadful fear of his leg-of. "It's very odd," said Sir Walter, "but that's the very thing that I was going to recommend to you. I will write the prescription at your case to a very clever man there, in whose hands you will be safe, my dear Madam." So he finished with the letter, set off, and on arriving at Newbury, found a note of consultation from her, for her confidante, "Long as Sir Walter has attended me, he has never explained to me what ails me. I have a great mind to open his letter and see what he has ordered." Her case to the Lady Huntingdon in vain her friend represented to her the breach of confidence that would be. She opened the letter, and read, "Dear Dovie, keep the old lady three weeks and send her back again."

A gentleman walking through Knightsbridge, in England, one Sunday lately, overheard the following conversation between a man and a woman, who seemed to be just come from some pleasure trip into the country:

"Well, Bill," said the lady, "I'm glad to find I'm as miserable, too, as a starved herring. What a miserable world is this! I wish I'd never been born, that I do; and now that I am born, I wish myself dead again."

"Why, Sal, what's the matter with you now? What are you grumbling about?"

Woman. "Why, don't I tell yer I am as miserable as a rat?"

Man. "Miserable, indeed! Why, what on earth would you have? You are drunk Monday, and you are drunk again Wednesday, and I'm blessed if you haven't had pretty near enough to-day. What is it you're grumbling for, yer, I don't know what is. I suppose you wants to be a downright hangel here upon earth?"

HOW TO GET RID OF A WITCH.—Madam, your broom is at the door.

A LEGAL QUESTION.—Should a person who has been brought up in a Quaker family have corporal punishment?

The celebrated Dr. Ward was not more remarkable for his humanity and skill than wit and humor. An old woman, to whom he had incurred some medicine proper for a disorder under which she labored, applied to him with a complaint that she had not received the benefit of effect from taking them. "No effect at all?" says the doctor. "Why, how did you take them?" replied the nurse. "Why, then, you should have taken a tempting glass of gin." "So I did, Sir." "Well, but," said he when you found that did not succeed, you should have taken another." "So I did, Sir, and another after that." "Why, then the ague has the doctor: "say, is it just as I imagined; you complain that you found no benefit from my prescription, after you confess yourself that you swallowed gin enough to counteract my medicine in the whole system of physic."

A youth, after vainly trying to explain some scientific theory to his old fox-hunting father, at last exclaimed in despair, "Well, I don't see what I can do to make it clearer." "I suppose you must," whispered the blunt old sportsman.

The Hon. Henry Erskine was, notwithstanding his powers as a humorist, once overcome in wit by a country clergyman, Mr. Scott. The late Dr. Lawrence, minister of Dornoch, and Mr. Erskine, had met at the dinner-table of a mutual friend. A dish of pigeons was served up, when the reverend gentleman took a supply on his plate, which he proceeded to eat, using fork and knife. Erskine remarked on the doctor's proceeding reminded him of Nebuchadnezzar. "Ay," retorted Dr. M'C——, "that'll be because I'm eatin' among the brutes."

It is an old and true saying, that a man should not marry under a year's courtship, and, from some examples we have seen, we are beginning to doubt seriously whether a woman can prudently marry unless she can support a husband.

Minds are more capacious than most persons think. We never knew one that was filled.

An eminent tectotaler would only consent to sit for his portrait on condition that he should be taken in water colors.

This life's contradictions are many. Salt water gives us fresh fish, and light gives us prudent coalness.

A clergyman relates the following incident in the *Pacific Methodist*: "A few years ago, as I was preaching at ——, Nevada, a little urchin, about five years of age, sat on a front seat listening, as I thought, very attentively. He was accompanied by his father, who, I supposed, was one of the 'lambs' were being led as well as the 'sheep.' But just as I finished my discourse, and was in the act of sitting down, he called out, at the top of his voice, '*Mr. Simmons, how are you, my new stocking?*' The mystery was solved. He had borne in silence the sermon that he might tell me of his new stocking."

The late Rev. T—— G——, of C——m, was a reputed wit. Along with a party, he was dining with a friend at Balcothlin, of which estate, he was examining the hall a valuable ring worn by a young lady of the family, when he was unexpectedly struck by the beauty of the ball. Replacing the ring on the lady's finger, Mr. G—— humorously exclaimed, "I'm ringing the bells, Sir."

The late Rev. A—— had, at a Presbytery dinner, indulged in the usual habit of grumbling. In returning home he was accompanied part of the way by a clerical neighbor, who especially enjoyed the humor of his conversation. They were about to separate for their respective manses at a place where was a narrow or pack-bag. "Just one pun more before we part," said the delighted auctioneer. "Nay," replied the humorist, referring to what he thought his language, "you have fairly logged me now."

LET US BE FRIENDS.

For eighty-five years we have struggled and toiled,
By blessing and battle as best we could,
And 'tis hard to see all our fidelity spoiled
By blundering politicians who own with another.
Together we fought and together we bled.
Together we blanched our country's resplendence,
And over the dead we together did plead
Together we builded a grand Independence!

Could Mexico speak, every mountain would cry,
North and South at our feet lie in red graves together.
The struggle was fierce, but we learned to die,
Or who could bust brave cruel famine and weather.
Common brothers in arms! We have been through the mill,
Shall we be brothers yet more in blood be forgotten?
Do no mutual memories hang round us still?
Have our hearts, like the bones of our Martyrs, grown rotten?

But if you must go, let us part-like good friends—
It's hard on the heart that our Union should sever!
Oh! let them embrace with a tenderer end,
And keep us like brothers for ever and ever!
Trust this—and you know the no sparring vow—
Should quarrels arise, Erskine remarked to the clown,
Well fight by your side as we did before now.
For united we two can be conquered by no man!

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

OUR morning a party came into the public rooms at Buxton, somewhat late, and requested some tongue. They were told that Lord Byron had eaten it all.—"I am very sorry that his lordship," said a lady, enough for him to hear the observation, "I am sorry for it. Mamma! yesterday Lord Byron, "but before I ate the tongue I was assured you did not want it."

Lawyers are very critical. Once a young lawyer, upon being informed of an attachment between a young lady of his acquaintance and a young man of gentlemanly was the "lover or lover?" So an attorney in Dublin made a challenge to his opponent to meet him "in the Four Acres, be the same more or less."

A gentleman lately resident in Sunderland, at one time a strong advocate of teetotalism, now a leading manufacturer not far off, was recently asked by an acquaintance how he could reconcile his former profession with his present practice. "Oh!" was the reply, "when I started building, he was a child, and began to drink beer."

Some years ago, at a time when there was a triangular contest in progress between the Whigs, Old Line Democrats, and Free-soilers, it was reported that the late John Morrissett, of Monroe, Alabama, would address the people of the county in favor of the Whigs. Chancellor Lessaw was sent up from Mobile to meet him as the representative of the Southern Rights party. The Chancellor went down to his postmasters, then not a prevalent fashion in Monroe, and having a habit of putting his hands behind him when speaking, and lifting the skirts of his coat, displayed a large brass buckle that fastened his waistband. Mr. Morrissett, replying, remarked, in his own peculiar and inimitable vein, that the people of Monroe did not "need to receive political instruction from Mobile—least of all from a gentleman who were *galluses* under his breast and a brand-prin on his pants."

THE CHARITY OF LAWYERS.—Keeping one's own counsel.

MORE VIEWS IN NEW ORLEANS.

WE present characteristic sketches of the Crescent City. The traveler who approaches by the Pontchartrain Railway sees the domes, spires, and chimney-tops of the city peering over tufts of grass and shrubbery, looking as though a town had been sown there and was just coming up. Upon entering, one passes first through the French quarter, built up mainly of low red-tiled wooden houses, many of which are surrounded with shrubbery and ornamental trees. The lamps not unfrequently hang over the centre of the street, suspended by chains passing from one side to the other. Here the streets bear French names, such as "Rue des Grands Hommes," "Des Bonnes Enfants," "Dauphine," "Bourbon," "Toulouse," "Bienville," "Royale." The shop signs are mostly French. "Artiste en Modes," "Café des Quatre Saisons," "Nettoyage de Tête," "Chambres garnies à louer," and the like, meet the eye at every turn. French is the language commonly spoken by both whites and blacks, though the *patois* of the latter would be hardly intelligible in Paris. This excites the special wonder of their brethren from more northern States.

"The idea," exclaimed Squire Berkeley's Virginian servant, "of them black rascals 'undertakin' to talk larned, like ladies and gentlemen!" His wonder was increased when told that this was their own language, and that few of them understood English. "I thought," he said, "that all black people talked like we does at home. I thought they larned to talk from white people, and not outen books as these does." That French could be learned without books passed his comprehension utterly.

Approaching the river one finds himself in an American city; though even here the French element is not wanting, only not predominant. From the foot of Canal or Poydras streets, or, better still, from the upper deck of a steamer, one can perceive the peculiar conformation from which New Orleans derives its popular appellation of "the Crescent City." The Mississippi, whose general course is almost due north and south, here makes a sudden bend, so that the city lies on its northwest bank, facing the southeast. Looking up stream, one sees a fleet of immense river steamers moored in tiers four or five deep; beyond them is a fleet of masts, fading away in the distance; facing down stream, a similar fleet of steamers meets the eye; beyond them another line of masts, whose termination is hidden by the bend of the river. Eighty steamers have been counted at a time lying at the levee; these, with fifteen hundred flat-boats from up the river, and three hundred vessels from other ports, American and European, which have often been in the harbor in a single day, give some idea of the immense commerce which centres at New Orleans.

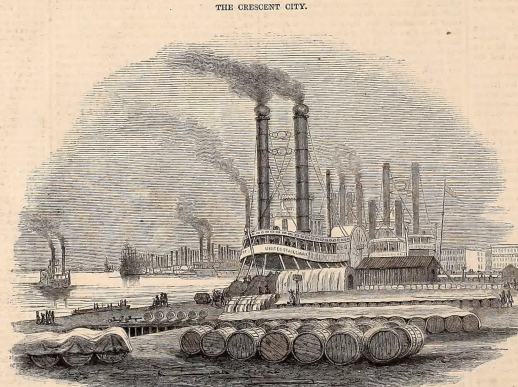
THE CRESCENT CITY.

Looking shoreward, the levee presents a scene of bustling life altogether unequaled. The surface of the river, when it is full, is some feet above the level of the adjacent country. The levee is properly the embankment, beginning some 60 miles below the city, and extending about 150 miles above, built to prevent inundation. Opposite the city the levee is so broad as to furnish a landing-place for all the bulky merchandise in which the trade of New Orleans mainly consists. The broad space is literally buried under the wealth of the Great Valley. Bales of cotton, hogsheads of sugar, barrels of pork by the thousand, are arranged in long lines, piled up tier upon tier. Thousands of busy hands are engaged in loading and unloading, handling and removing this merchandise, whose volume, in the busy season, never appears to be diminished. There are cities whose entire commerce exceeds vastly that of New Orleans; but nowhere is so great an amount of commercial activity presented at a single view as on the levee of the Crescent City. The aspect of the levee at night is even more striking than by day. The fire-baskets on the bows of the steamers throw a red light over the scene, by the aid of which the stevedores and laborers pursue their work. In the back-ground, lit up by the ruddy glare, the spacious warehouses and cotton-presses loom up, while in the distance the domes of the Odd-Fellows' Hall, the Saint Charles, and the Saint Louis, and the church spires stand sharply out against the clear sky.

"Jackson Square" was the "Place d'Armes" in the old times. The Cathedral of Saint Louis, and the public buildings of the First Municipality front upon it. The Square itself is handsomely laid out, and is now the favorite resort of nurses and children. Of this we present a reduced sketch, also one of Lafayette Square.

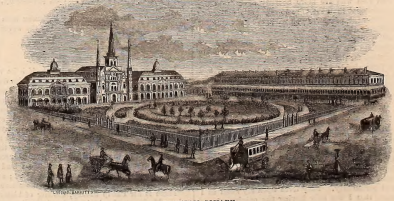
The famous "Shell Road" is one of the specialties of New Orleans. It extends for about six miles back to Lake Pontchartrain. The road is built upon piles, by which it is raised a few feet above the swamp. Its surface is composed of the shells of a species of clam, of which vast embankments are found on the lake. These are ground down and packed together by the pressure of innumerable wheels and hoofs, into a compact body as white, and almost as firm, as solid marble. It furnishes one of the most delightful drives in the world.

The climate of New Orleans is as pleasant as that of any city in the world, and for nine months in the year is hardly surpassed in healthfulness. But during the other three months the pestilence, to which the unacclimated are exposed, drives away all who can leave, except those who are willing to run the risk of the fever for the sake of the comparative immunity which they enjoy when once acclimated. But in spite of the terrors of the sickly season, the population of New Orleans has increased with a rapidity excelled by but few cities of the country.



THE LEVEE.

VIEW IN FRENCH QUARTER.



JACKSON SQUARE.

LAFAYETTE SQUARE.

MAP OF THE COAST LINE FROM THE MOUTHS OF THE MISSISSIPPI TO PENSACOLA.

THE COAST LINE FROM THE MISSISSIPPI MOUTH TO PENSACOLA.

THE accompanying map will shed light on the discussions which are taking place in political and commercial circles with regard to the effects of the establishment of a Southern Confederacy upon trade. It exhibits the coast line of the new Confederacy from the western limits of Louisiana to the harbor of Pensacola, Florida; thus including the mouths of the Mississippi, New Orleans, and Mobile.

Questions have lately arisen in reference to the diversion of trade from Northern to Southern ports which may ensue from the adoption of a free-trade policy at the South, while the North adheres to a protectionist policy. It is certain that broadcloth, all manufactures of cotton, wool, and silk, iron and other metals, glass, liquors, etc., can be imported far more cheaply at the ports of the Southern Confederacy than at Northern ports, in consequence of the difference in the customs duties in the two sections. In order, however, that the Southern ports should outstrip their Northern rivals in the commercial race, they require not only favorable tariffs, but equal advantages of access.

The map shows the mouths of the Mississippi. By one of these vessels bound to New Orleans must enter the river. From the mouth to New Orleans the distance is 105 miles, and vessels take from a week to a month to perform the voyage, the current being always against them. The depth of water over the bar at the mouth of the deepest outlet of the Mississippi is 13 feet 6 inches.

Mobile stands at the point where the Alabama and Tombigbee rivers disembogue themselves into the Bay of Mobile. It is thirty miles from the sea, and when a vessel is once in the bay it is safe. The mouth of the bay is closed by an island called Dauphin Island, and the only exits and entrances are on either side this island. On the west side the channel is only 5 feet deep. On the other side 22 feet are found in the main strait; but a little further on, near the head of the bay, there is a bar on which it is impossible to rely on more than 11 feet water.

The best, indeed the only good harbor on the Gulf of Mexico, is at Pensacola. Between Santa Rosa Island and the main shore there is a land-locked harbor, in which the greatest fleet in the world can lie securely. The depth of water over the bar is never less than 22 feet. If Pensacola had been situate in any other State than Florida it would have been a large and flourishing place. Unfortunately, the poor credit of Florida and the sparseness of its population have operated against internal improvements, and Pensacola is sadly deficient in railroads, and consequently in population and trade.

A DAY'S RIDE:

A LIFE'S ROMANCE.

By CHARLES LEVER.

AUTHOR OF "CHARLES O'MALLEY," "HARRY LORREQUER," ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER XLIV.

As I ascended the long hill out of Innspruck, the next morning, with my knapsack on my back, I could not help owning to myself that I was a bad man to send on an errand.

That thought lasted me till I halted for the night at Maltz. I was now bound for the first port in the Mediterranean from which I could take ship for Malta; and the better to carry out my purpose, I resolved never to make acquaintance with any one, or be seduced by any companionship, till I had seen Miss Herbert, and given her the message I was charged with. This time, at least, I would be a faithful envoy, at least as faithful as a man might be who had gone to sleep over his credentials for a twelvemonth. And so I reached Maltz, and took my place by diligence over the Stelvio down to Lecco, never trusting myself with even the very briefest intercourse with my fellow-travelers, and suffering them to indulge in the humblest estimate of me, morally and intellectually—all that I might be true to my object and firm to my fixed purpose. For the first time in my life I tried to present myself in an unfavorable aspect, and I was astonished to find the experiment by no means unpleasing, the reason being, probably, that it was an eminent success.

I had now a task of some nicety before me, and addressed myself at once to its discharge. At the hotel I learned that the cottage inhabited by Mrs. Keates was in a small nook of one of the bays, and only an easy walk from the town; and so I dispatched a messenger at once with Miss Crofton's note to Miss Herbert, inclosed in a short one from myself, to know if she would permit me to wait upon her, with reference to the matter in the letter. I spoke of myself in the third person and as the bearer of the letter.

While I was turning over the letters and papers

in my writing-desk, awaiting her reply, I came upon Buller's note to his brother, and, without any precise idea why, I sent it by a servant to the Government House with my card. It was completely without a purpose that I did so, and if my reader has not experienced moments of the like "inconsequence," I should totally break down in attempting to account for their meaning.

Miss Herbert's reply came back promptly. She requested that the writer of the note she had just read would favor her with a visit at his earliest convenience.

It was evident that the communication had engaged her attention to some extent by the promptitude of her message to me; and with this thought I crossed the little lawn, and rang the bell at the door.

"The gentleman expected by Miss Herbert, Sir?" asked a smart English maid. "Come this way, Sir. She will see you in a few minutes."

I had fully ten minutes to inspect the details of a pretty little drawing-room, one of those little female temples where scattered drawings and books and music, and, above all, the delicious odor of fresh flowers, all harmonize together, and set you a thinking how easily life could glide by with such appliances were they only set in motion by the touch of the enchantress herself. The door opened at last, but it was the maid; she came to say that Mrs. Keates was very poorly that day, and Miss Herbert could not leave her at that moment; and if it were not perfectly convenient to the gentleman to wait, she begged to know when it would suit him to call again?

"As for me," said I, "I have come to Malta solely on this matter; pray say that I will wait as long as she wishes. I am completely at her orders."

I strolled out after this through one of the windows that opened on the lawn, and gaining the sea-side, I sat down upon a rock to bide her coming. I might have sat about half an hour thus, when I heard a rapid step approaching, and I had just time to arise when Miss Herbert stood before me. She started back, and grew pale, very pale, as she recognized me, and forfully a minute there we both stood, unable to speak a word.

"Am I to understand, Sir," said she, at last, "that you are the bearer of this letter?" And she held it open toward me.

"Yes," said I, with a great effort at collectedness. "I have much to ask your forgiveness for. It is fully a year since I was charged to place that letter in your hands, but one mischance after another has befallen me; not to own that in my own purposeless mode of life I have had no enemy more than my fate."

"I have heard something of your fondness for adventure," said she, with a strange smile that blended the sort of pity with a gentle irony. "After we parted company at Schaffhausen, I believe you traveled for some time on foot. We heard, at least, that you took a fancy to explore a mode of life few persons have penetrated, or, at least, few of your rank and condition."

"May I ask, what do you believe that rank and condition to be, Miss Herbert?" asked I, firmly.

She blushed deeply at this; perhaps I was too abrupt in the way I spoke, and I hastened to add,

"When I offered to be the bearer of the letter you have just read, I was moved by another wish than merely to render you some service. I wanted to tell you, once for all, that if I lived for a while in a fiction land of my own invention, with day-dreams and fancies, and hopes and ambitions all unreal, I have come to lay the due penalty of my deceit, and confess that nothing can be more humble than I am in birth, station, or fortune—my father was apothecary, my name Potts, my means a very few pounds in the world; and yet, with all that avowal, I feel prouder now that I have made it than ever I did in the false assumption of some condition I had no claim to."

She held her hand to me with such a significant air of approval, and smiled so good-naturedly, that I could not help pressing it to my lips, and kissing it rapturously.

Taking a seat at my side, and with a voice meant to recall me to a quiet and business-like demeanor, she asked me to read over Miss Crofton's letter. I told her that I knew every line of it by heart, and, more still, I knew the whole story to which it related. It was a topic that required the nicest delicacy to touch on; but with a frankness that charmed me, she said,

"You have had the candor to tell me freely your story; let me imitate you, and reveal mine.

"You know who we are, and whence we have sprung; that my father was a simple laborer on a line of railroad, and by dint of zeal and intelligence, and an energy that would not be baffled or impeded, had raised himself to station and affluence. You have heard of his connection with Sir Edward Crofton, and how unfortunately it was broken off; but you can not know the rest; that is, you can not know what we alone know, and what is not so much as suspected by others, that this event scarcely dare to speak, since it is essentially the secret of my family."

I guessed at once to what she alluded; her troubled manner, her swimming eyes, and her quavering voice, all betrayed that she referred to the mystery of her father's fate: while I doubted within myself whether it were right and fitting for me to acknowledge that I knew the secret source of her anxiety. She relieved me from my embarrassment by continuing thus:

"Your kind and generous friends have not suffered themselves to be discouraged by defeat. They have again and again renewed their proposals to my mother, only varying the mode, in the hope that by some stratagem they should overcome her reasons for refusal. Now, though this rejection, so persistent as it is, may seem ungracious, it is not without a sufficient and substantial cause."

Again she faltered, and more confused, and now I saw how she struggled between a natural reserve and an impulse to confide the sorrow that oppressed her to one who might befriend her.

"You may speak freely to me," said I, at last.

"I am not ignorant of the mystery you hint at. Crofton has told me what many surmise and some freely believe is—"

"But we know it, know it for a certainty," cried she, chasing my hand in her eagerness. "It is no longer a surmise or a suspicion. It is a certainty—a fact! Two letters in his handwriting have reached my mother; one from St. Louis in America, where he had gone first; the second from an Alpine village, where he was laid up in sickness. He had had a terrible encounter with a man who had done him some gross wrong, and was wounded in the shoulder. After which he had to cross the Rhine, wading or swimming, and travel many miles ere he could find shelter. When he wrote, however, he was rapidly recovering, and as quickly regaining all his old energy and spirit."

"And from that time out have you had no tidings of him?"

"Nothing but an order on a Russian banker in London to pay to my mother's order a sum of money, a considerable one too; and although she hoped to gain something by the remittance, she could not succeed, nor have we now any trace of him whatever. I ought to mention," said she, as if struck by the recollection, "that in his last letter he enjoined my mother not to receive any payment from the assurance company, nor enter into compromise of any sort, but to wait, only to live in the hope that we should meet again and be happy."

"And are you still ignorant of where he now is?"

"We only know that a cousin of mine, an officer of engineers at Aleppo, heard of an Englishman being engaged by the Shah of Persia to report on certain silver mines at Kashan, and from all he could learn this was the person to apply to him. My cousin had obtained leave of absence expressly to trace him, and promised in his last letter to bring us himself any tidings he might procure here to Malta. Indeed, when I learned that a stranger had asked to see me, I was full sure it was my cousin Harry."

Was it that her eyes grew darker in color as this name escaped her—was it that a certain manner shook, and changed the whole character of my own jealous humor, that made me wretched as I heard of that Cousin Harry, now mentioned for the first time?

"What reparation can I make you for so blank a disappointment?" said I, with a sad, half-bitter tone.

"Be the same kind friend that he would have proved himself if it had been his fortune to come first," said she; and though she spoke coldly, she blushed deeply. "Harry," said she, hurriedly, taking a small printed paragraph from a letter, and eagerly, as it seemed, trying to recover her former manner, "here is a slip I have cut out of the Levant *Herald*. I found it about two months since. It ran thus: 'The person who had contracted for the building of the railway is now turns out to be an Englishman, is reported to have had a violent altercation yesterday with Mustafa Pasha, and was ordered to be seized and thrown up his contract and demanded his passport for Russia. It is rumored here that the Russian embassy has taken this individual under its sure. Vague as this is, I feel persuaded that he is the person alluded to, and that it is from Constantinople we shall hear of him."

"Well," cried I, "I am ready. I will set out at once."

"Can I believe you will do us this great service?" cried she, with swimming eyes and clasped hands.

"This time you will find me faithful," said I, gravely. "He who has said and done so many foolish things as I have, must, by one good action, give bail for future conduct."

"You are a true friend, and you have all my confidence."

"Alas, Keates's compliments, Miss," said the maid, at this moment, "and hopes the gentleman will stay to dinner with you, though she can not come down herself."

"She imagines you are my cousin, whom she is aware I have been expecting," said Miss Herbert, in a whisper, and evidently appearing uncertain how to act.

"Oh!" said I, with an anguish I could not repress, "would that I could change my lot with his!"

"Very well, Mary," said Miss Herbert; "thank your mistress from me, and say the gentleman accepts with much pleasure. Is it too much presumption on my part, Sir, to say so?" said she, with a low whisper, while a half shame-faced look fell on her eyes, and I could not speak with happiness.

Determined, however, to give an earnest of my good faith, I resolved that I would at once return to the town, and learn when the first packet sailed for Constantinople. The dinner hour was seven, so that I had fully five hours yet to make my inquiries ere we met at table. I wondered at myself how business-like and practical I had become; but a strong purpose now impelled me, and seemed to add a sort of strength to my whole nature.

"As cousin Harry is the mirror of punctuality, and you now represent him, Mr. Potts," said she, shaking my hand, "pray remember not to be later than seven."

CHAPTER XLV.

"CONSTANTINOPLE, ODESSA, and the LEVANT.—The *Cyclops*, five hundred horse-power, to sail on Wednesday morning, at eight o'clock. For freight or passage apply to Captain Robert B. Rogers."

This announcement, which I found amidst a great many others in a frame over the fire-place in the coffee-room, struck me forcibly, first of all, because, not belonging to the regular mail packets, it suggested a cheap passage; and secondly, it promised an early departure, and the vessel was to sail on the very next morning, an amount of haste I believe that I felt would gratify Miss Herbert.

Now, although I had been living for a considerable time back at the cost of the Imperial House of Hapsburg, my resources for such an expedition as was opening before me were of the most slender kind. I made a careful examination of all my worldly wealth, and it amounted to the sum of forty-three pounds odd shillings. On terra firma I could of course economize to any extent. With self-denial and resolution I could live on very little. Life in the East, I had often heard, was singularly cheap and inexpensive. All I had read of Oriental habits in the Arabian Nights and Tales of the Caliphs went to show that with a few dates and a water-melon a man dined fully as well as need be; and the delicious warmth of the climate rendered clothing a complete superfluity. Before forming any thing like a correct budget, I must ascertain what would be the cost of my passage to Constantinople, and so I rang for the waiter to direct me to the address of the advertiser.

"That's the captain yonder, Sir," whispered the waiter, and he pointed to a stout, weather-beaten man, who, with his hands in the pockets of his pilot-coat, was standing in front of the fire, smoking a cigar.

Although I had never seen him before, the features reminded me of some one I had met with, and suddenly I recognized in me of the skipper with whom I had sailed from Ireland for Milford, and who had given me a letter for his brother. "Bob"—the very Robert Rogers now before me.

"Do you know this handwriting, captain?" said I, showing the letter from my pocket-book.

"That's my brother Joe's," said he, not offering to take the letter from my hand, or removing the cigar from his mouth, but talking with all the unconcern in life. "That's Joe's own scrawl, and there ain't a worse from this to himself."

"The letter is for you," said I, rather offended at his coolness.

"So I see," said he, stick it up there, over the chimney; Joe has never any thing to say that won't keep."

"It is a letter of introduction, Sir," said I, still more haughtily.

"And what if it be? Won't that keep? What's in the wind now?"

"The humble individual before you, Captain Rogers."

"So, that's it!" said he, slowly. "Well, read it out for me, for, to tell you the truth, there's no harder navigation to me than one of Joe's reviews."

"I believe I can master it," said I, opening and reading what originally had been composed and drawn up by myself. When I came to "Algernon Sydney Potts, a man so completely after your own heart," he drew his cigar from his mouth, and laying his hand on my shoulder, turned me slowly around till the light fell full upon me.

"No, Joseph," said he, deliberately, "not a bit of it, my boy. This ain't my sort of chap at all!"

I almost choked with anger, but somehow there was such a mixture of good-humor in the man, and such a total absence of all wish to offend, that I read on to the end.

"Well," said he, when I concluded, "he usedn't to be so wordy as that. I wonder what came over him. Mayhap he wasn't well."

"What a strange taste the fellow must have adorned the Correct Letter Writer!

"He was, on the contrary, in the enjoyment of perfect health and spirits," said I, tartly.

"All I can pick out of it is, I ain't to offer you any money; and as there isn't any discussion about the fare, I suppose you're to pay, here's my hand!" And he wrung mine with a grip that would have flattened a chain cable.

"What's your line, here? You ain't soldering, are you?"

"No; I'm traveling, for pleasure, for information, for pastime, as one might say."

"In the general do-nothing and careless line of business? That ain't mine. No, by jingo! I don't eat my fish without catching, ay, and landing them, too, I ain't ashamed to say. I'm captain, supercargo, and pilot of my own craft; take every lime that is taken aboard; I've writ every line that ever is writ in the log-book, and I vaccinated every man and boy aboard for the natural small-pox with these fingers and this tool that you see here!" And he produced an odd and very rusty instrument of veterinary surgery from his vest-pocket, where it lay with copper money, knife, and lucifer matches.

"Can you take me as a passenger to Constantinople?"

"To Constantinople? Ay, to the Persian Gulf, to Point de Galle, to Cochin China, to Ross River; don't think to puzzle me with navigation, my lad."

"Are there many other passengers?"

"I could have five hundred, if I'd take 'em! Put Bob Rogers on a placard, and see what'll happen! If I said, 'I'm going to sea on a plank to-morrow,' there's men would rather come along with me than go in the *Queen* or the *Hannibal*. I don't say they're right, mind ye; but I won't say they're wrong, neither."

"Oh, why didn't I meet this wretch when I was a child? Why didn't my father find a Helot like this to toil lies before me, and frighten me with their horrid ugliness?" This was the thought that flashed through me as I listened. I felt, besides, that such stupid, purposeless inventions, corrupted and blunted the taste for graceful narrative, just in the same way that an undeserving recipient of charity offends the pleasure of real benevolence.

"May I ask, Captain Rogers, what is the fare?" said I, with a bland courtesy.

"That depends upon the man, Sir. If you was Ram Sam Can-tanker-whad, I'd say five hundred gold zagodas. If you was a Cockney stripling, with a fresh-water face and a sky-sail yarn whisker, I'd call it a matter of seven or eight pound."

"And you sail at eight?"

"To the minute. When Bob Rogers says eight o'clock, the first turn of the paddles will be with the first stroke of the hour."

"Then book me, pray, for a berth; and, for sweet's sake, I'll go aboard to-night."

"Meet me, then, here at ten o'clock, and I'll take you off in my gig, an honor to be proud on, my lad; but as Joe's friend, I'll do it."

I bowed my acknowledgments and went off, neither delighted with my new acquaintance nor myself for the patience I had shown him. After all, I had secured an early passage, and thus was able to show Kate Herbert that I was not going to let the grass grow under my feet this time, and that she might reckon on my zeal to serve her in future. As I returned the road to the cottage, I forgot all about Captain Rogers, and only thought of Kate, and the interests that were hers. It was next to a certainty that her father was yet alive; but how to find him in a strange land, with a feigned name, and most probably with every aid and appliance to complete his disguisement. It was, doubtless, a noble enterprise to devote one's self for such as me was, but not very hopeful withal; and while I went over various plans for my future guidance: what I should do if I fell sick, what if I were robbed, what if I were to be waylaid by Arabs, or carried away to some fearful region in the mountains, and made to feed a pet alligator or a domestic hyena—I felt that I was conceiving that I was over-estimating my possible perils, but it was wise to give a large margin to the unknown; and so I did not curb myself in the least.

As I entered the grounds the night was falling, and I could see that the lamps were already lighted in the drawing-room. What surprised me, however, was to see a very smart groom, well mounted, and leading another horse as ready bored before the door. There was evidently a visitor within, and I felt indisposed to enter till he had gone from me. My curiosity, however, prompted me to ask the groom the name of his master, and he replied, "The Honorable Captain Buller."

The very essence of all jealousy is, that it is unreasoning. It is well known that husbands—the most unbelieving and most ill-used class—always suspect every one but the right man; and now, without the faintest clew to a suspicion, I grew actually sick with jealousy!

Nor was the feeling blameable in me, for as I looked through the uncurtained window, I could see the captain, a fine-looking, rather tigerish sort of fellow, standing with his back to the fire-place, while he talked to Miss Herbert, who sat some distance off at a work-table. There was in his air that assumption of joyous and easy possession that said, "I'm at home here; in this fortress I hold the chief command." These was about him, too, the tone of unquestioned superiority, which, when displayed by a man toward a woman, takes the most offensive of all possible aspects.

As he talked he moved at last toward a window, and, opening it, held out his hand to feel if it were raining.

"I hope," cried he, "you'll not send me back with a refusal; her ladyship counts upon you as the chief ornament of her ball."

"We never do go to balls, Sir," was the dry response.

That make this occasion the exception If you only knew how lamentably we are off for pretty people, you'd pity us. Such garrisons wives and children are unknown in the oldest inhabitant of the island. Surely Mrs. Keates will be quite well by Wednesday, and she'll not be so cruel as to deny you to her first dance."

"I can but repeat my excuses—I never go out."

"If you say so, I think I'll abandon all share in the enterprise. It was a point of honor with me to persuade you; in fact, I pledged myself to succeed, and if you really persist in a refusal, I must pitch all these notes in the fire, and go off yachting till the whole thing is over." And with this he drew forth a mass of notes from a pocket-case, and proceeded to con over the addresses: "Mrs. Hilyard,' 'Mr. Barnes,' 'Mr. Clinton,' 'Lady Bladgen.' Oh, Lady Bladgen! Why, it would be worth while coming only to see her and Sir John; and here are the Crosbys, too; and what have we here? Oh! this is a new face, I'll be bound. I know my brother Grey—he'd amuse you immensely. Just listen to this, by way of a hint of introduction:

"DEAR ——: Cherish the cove that will hand you this note as the most sublime snob I have ever met in all my home and foreign experiences. In a large garrison like yours, you can have no difficulty in finding fellows to give him a field-day. I commit him, therefore, to your worthy keeping, to dine him, draw him forth, and pitch him out of the window when

you're done with him. No harm if it is from the topmost story of the highest barrack in Malta. His name is Potts—seriously and truthfully, Potts. Birth, parentage, and belongings all unknown to,

Yours ever,

"GREY BULLER."

"You are unfortunate, Sir, in confiding your correspondence to me," said Kate, rising from her seat, "for that gentleman is a friend, a sincere and valued friend, of my own, and you could scarcely have found a more certain way to offend me than to speak of him slightingly or ill."

"You can't mean that you know him—ever met him?"

"I have him and respect him, and I will not listen to one word to his disparagement. Nay, more, Sir, I will feel myself at liberty, if I think it fitting, to tell Mr. Potts the honorable way in which your brother has discharged the task of an introduction, its good faith, and gentlemanlike feeling."

"Pray let us have him at the mess first. Don't spoil our sport till we have at least one evening out of him."

But she did not wait for him to finish his speech, and left the room.

It is but fair to own he took his reverses with great coolness: he tightened his sword-belt, set his cap on his head before the glass, stroked down his whiskers, and then lighting a cigar, swaggered off to the door with the lounging swing of his order.

As for myself, I hastened back to the town, and with such speed that I traversed the mile in something like thirteen minutes. I had no very clear and defined plan of action, but I resolved to ask Captain Rogers to be my friend, and see me through this conjuncture. He had just dined and I entered the coffee-room, and consented to have his brandy-and-water removed to my bedroom while I opened my business with him.

I will not, at this eleventh hour of revelations, inflict upon my reader the details, but simply be satisfied to state that I found the skipper far more practical than I looked for. He was cool, besides, had a taste for these sort of adventures, and prided himself on his conduct of them.

"Go back quietly and eat your dinner comfortably with your friends; leave every thing to me, and I promise you one thing—the *Cyclops* shall not get full steam up till we have settled this small transaction."

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

EXTRA SESSION OF THE SENATE.

On Friday, 15th, in the extra session of the Senate, Senator MASON offered a resolution requesting the President for information as to the number of troops quartered in the District, when they are to be withdrawn, for what purpose they are maintained there, and whether the force is to be increased, and to what extent. The resolution was laid over. Senator Douglas's resolution, calling upon the Secretary of War for information in relation to the forts, arsenals, navy-yards, and other public property in the seceded States, whether the administration intend to re-capture them in pursuance of the recommendation, and if so what military force will be necessary, etc., was taken up. The resolution and his policy elicited a eulogium of the policy of the administration with reference to the seceded States. Senator Wilson said the administration would make known its policy through gentlemen in whom it had confidence. The debate was indulged in somewhat generally. In the course of it, Senator Douglas gave Senator Fessenden the last direct, and was severely rebuked by that Senator.

On Saturday, 16th, Senator Rice made a personal explanation, and after some general conversation of no direct moment, the Senate went into executive session.

On Monday, 18th, Senator Douglas offered a resolution to comment upon the Inaugural Address of President Lincoln, and the general course of the Administration. The debate he interpreted, in accordance with the ultra Southern view, as meaning war. He also argued that the construction of Mr. Lincoln's Cabinet left nothing to hope for peace. His opinion was that the Federal Government could not be perpetuated on the principles which brought the now dominant party to power. Senator Hale followed in reply and set the conclusions of his speech in direct west indi executive session.

On Tuesday, 19th, the subject before the Senate being the resolution presented by Senator Douglas, making inquiries relative to the fortifications and other public property in the seceded States, remarks were made by Senators Clingman of North Carolina, Grimes of Iowa, Clark and Hale of New Hampshire, Chandler of Michigan, Brockliffge of Kentucky, Trumbull of Illinois, and Douglas. The latter gentleman proposed a substitute for Senator Douglas's resolution, requesting the Committee on the Judiciary to make inquiries as to the qualifications of Senators, what vacancies exist, and whether the executive of any State in which vacancies may exist has a constitutional right to make temporary appointments. No action was taken on the resolutions, it being decided to hold an executive session.

On Wednesday, 20th, the consideration of Senator Douglas's resolution in relation to the fortifications, etc., was then resumed, and Senator Bayard, of Delaware, made a speech on the troubles of the country, in which the reconstruction of the Union impossible. At the conclusion of Senator Bayard's remarks the Senate held an executive session, and confirmed a number of appointments.

On Thursday, 21st, Senator Bayard continued his speech.

THE NEW DIPLOMATIC APPOINTMENTS.

We publish below the names and salaries of the various Ministers and Consuls thus far appointed by the Lincoln Administration:

MINISTERS.

ENGLAND.	Where to Succeed.	Salaries.
Min. Plen., Charles F. Adams	London	$17,500
Sec. of Leg., Chas. L. Wilson	London	2,000
Asst Sec. of Legation, John Adams	London	1,500
FRANCE—		
Min. Plen., Wm. Dayton	Paris	17,500
Sec. of Legation, W. J. Pennington	Paris	2,000
PRUSSIA—		
Min. Plen., N. P. Judd	Berlin	12,000
Sec. of Legation, H. Kreismann	Berlin	1,500
SARDINIA—		
Min. Res., Geo. P. Marsh	Turin	7,500
TURKEY—		
Min. Res., James Watson Webb	Constantinople	7,500
AUSTRIA—		
Min. Plen., Anson Burlingame	Vienna	12,000
SWEDEN AND NORWAY—		
Min. Res., Jacob T. Halderman	Stockholm	7,500
DENMARK—		
Min. Res., Bradford R. Wood	Copenhagen	7,500
BRAZIL—		
Min. Plen., Thomas H. Nelson	Rio Janeiro	12,000
BELGIUM—		
Min. Res., Henry S. Sanford	Brussels	7,500
PORTUGAL—		
Min. Res., Carl Schurz	Lisbon	7,500
SPAIN—		
Min. Plen., Gustavus M. Clay	Madrid	12,000
Sec. of Legation, Clay Clemens	Madrid	1,500
GUATEMALA—		
Min. Res., Elisha W. Crosby	Guatemala	7,500
PONTIFICAL STATES—		
Min. Res., Rufus King	Rome	7,500

CONSULS.

At what Place.	Names.	Compensation.
London	Freeman H. Morse	$7,500
Bordeaux	C. Dawson	3,000
Liverpool	DeWitt C. Littlejohn	7,500
Havre	Leonce Lamarre	3,000
Aix la Chapelle	Wm. H. Vesey	5,000
Frankfort-on-the-Maine	Julius Hoffman	5,000
Alexandria, Egypt	W. S. Thayer	10,000

COMMISSIONER.

Sandwich Islands ..... Chancellor J. Dyer 7,500

SOUTHERN ENVOYS TO EUROPE.

The Government of the seceded States has appointed Hon. William L. Yancey of Alabama, Judge A. D. Sort of Louisiana, Colonel A. Dudley Mann and T. Butler King of Georgia special Commissioners to proceed to England and France to obtain the recognition of the independence of the Confederate States, and to secure commercial arrangements as their joint interests may inspire.

THE SLAVE-TRADE ACT VETOED.

We have authority for stating the fact that Hon. Jefferson Davis had vetoed the Slave-trade Act recently passed by the Congress of the C. S. A. The Washington correspondent of the Charleston *Mercury* publishes the document. It is as follows:

"EXECUTIVE DEPARTMENT, Feb. 28, 1861.

"GENTLEMEN OF THE CONGRESS,—While sincere desirous to the people of the Confederate States, and if so what military force will be necessary, etc., was taken on

THE COOPER UNION FOR THE ADVANCEMENT OF SCIENCE AND ART.

Not many men propose to themselves as the definite purpose of their lives the improvement of their fellow-men; fewer still adhere to such a purpose through good and evil report; while those who achieve the fruition of their labors are rare indeed. When amidst struggles and discouragements innumerable the work is successfully accomplished, mankind sooner or later recognize the true heroic element of character, and enroll the self-sacrificing laborer among its benefactors.

On the 29th of April, 1859, PETER COOPER, at first an humble mechanic, and then a successful merchant of the city of New York, without parade and in the quiet of his own home in the full vigor of his years, and with his children at his side approving the splendid offering, executed and delivered to six trustees a deed in fee simple for the ground and building commonly known as the Cooper Institute, covering an entire block at the junction of the Third and Fourth avenues, which had cost him $630,000 in money to complete, upon the condition "that the above mentioned and described premises, together with the appurtenances, and the rents, issues, income, and profits thereof, shall be *forever* devoted to the instruction and improvement of the inhabitants of the United States in practical science and art." An additional sum of ten thousand dollars was given to the trustees for procuring the requisite furniture and apparatus.

Thus was accomplished during his lifetime a purpose formed forty years before, by a mechanic working at his bench for his daily bread; a purpose never lost sight of amidst the fluctuations of business, the temptations of political and social position, or the demands of public or private charities, to which his hand had ever been open. One knows scarcely which to admire most, the stern tenacity of his purpose or the magnificent scale on which it has been executed.

The Cooper Union is a fire-proof building of stone, brick, and iron, containing seven floors, covering each 24,000 superficial feet. The three lower floors, including the Great Hall so well known for its public meetings, are rented out, to procure revenue for the support of the literary and scientific departments of the Institution, to which the four remaining floors are devoted. The first of these floors is appropriated to a great Free Reading-Room and Picture Gallery. The admission is absolutely *free* to all comers, male and female, who are not even required to register their names. The number of daily visitors is now over fifteen hundred; and they are supplied with the most valuable current literature of Europe and America, in the shape of the leading newspapers and magazines, as well literary as scientific. The number of periodicals regularly received is over two hundred and eighty. A Reference Library, now containing over four thousand volumes, and rapidly increasing, completes the attractions of this department, which is contained in a noble hall 120 feet long and 80 feet wide. The Picture Gallery adjoining contains the Bryan Gallery of Christian Art, and many other valuable paintings.

The next floor is devoted to the School of Design for Women, which is capable of accommodating three hundred pupils. This is a day-school,

PETER COOPER, ESQ., AGED 71.

and is absolutely free to all who may desire to pursue art as a profession, or to become teachers or engravers. Amateurs are also received at a very moderate charge; but the great object of the school is to provide for respectable females of suitable capacity the means of earning a livelihood in a congenial pursuit. The number of pupils is now one hundred and eighty, of whom over one hundred and forty are free scholars. The best teachers (five in all) are employed in the several departments, and so successful is the school that last year the scholars earned over eleven hundred dollars for themselves in engraving alone. A council of ladies—among them many of those most eminent for taste and social position in the city—have the general supervision of the school, which, as now organized, is undoubtedly a credit to the country.

The two remaining floors are devoted to free instruction at night "in the application of science to the useful occupations of life, and on such other branches of knowledge as in the opinion of the Board of Trustees will tend to improve and elevate the working classes in the city of New York."

The trustees have practically put in operation a free college at night for the working classes of this city. Classes are formed in the following departments:

1. In Mathematics	Number of Pupils.	163
2. In Chemistry and Physics	" "	255
3. In Music	" "	207
4. In Architectural Drawing	" "	82
5. In Mechanical Drawing	" "	86
6. In Free-hand Drawing	" "	122
Total number of Pupils		1115

The number of instructors is fifteen.

Besides these classes a course of free readings in English literature is given, which is attended by over six hundred persons of both sexes.

The pupils represent every kind of business carried on in this city, one hundred distinct branches being specified in the Annual Report of the Trustees, from which our facts are mainly derived. The great majority of the pupils are between the ages of 16 and 30, but there are pupils who acknowledge to over 60 years.

The total outlay last year for carrying on the operations of the Union which have been described was $30,800$\frac{11}{100}$, all of which was derived from the rents of the three lower floors, except $5000 which was given by the founder of the Institution.

The trustees expect in addition to establish a Polytechnic School of the highest grade, and a great Free Lending Library, such as are possessed by the cities of Boston and Liverpool. For these purposes they will require help, which by their charter they are authorized to avail themselves of, from whatever quarter it may be offered.

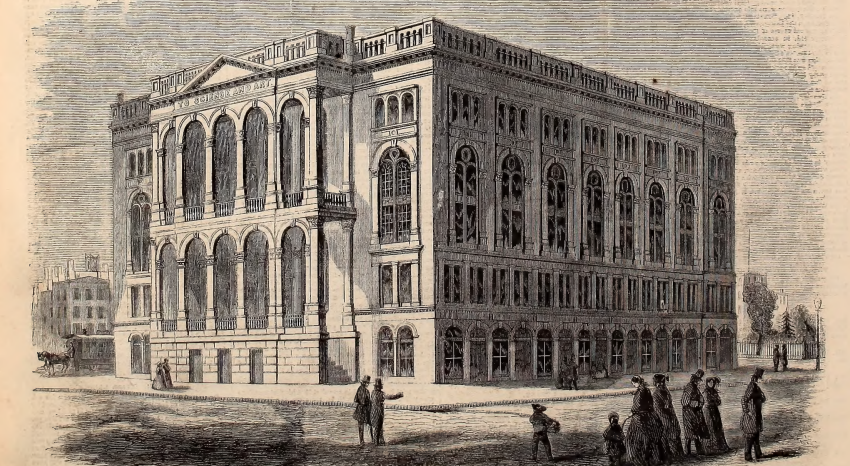
An examination of this noble Institution, and of its great practical operations and results, will satisfy the most skeptical that the main idea of the founder, the elevation and improvement of the working classes of this city, by instruction offered without money and without price in the several departments of knowledge applicable to their daily business, will be abundantly realized. Long may Mr. Cooper live to see its fruits!

THE VASSAR COLLEGE.

On the 26th of February, at the Gregory House, in the city of Poughkeepsie, was enacted a scene which is almost without a parallel on the theatre of our country's history. Then and there MATTHEW VASSAR laid down on the altar of Christian benevolence the sum of *Four Hundred Thousand Dollars*—given by him to build and endow A COLLEGE FOR THE EDUCATION OF YOUNG WOMEN. Others, as Girard and Astor, have left by will an equal amount, to become available after their death; some, possibly—like Mr. Cooper, and the Lawrences of Boston—while living, have contributed, at different times and for various objects, an aggregate as large as the above; but no man in the United States, excepting Mr. Cooper, has ever in his lifetime, and by a single act, consecrated such a princely donation to the interests of humanity.

This event, destined to become of historic interest in the annals of philanthropy and benevolence, occurred in connection with the first meeting of the Trustees of VASSAR FEMALE COLLEGE, under a charter recently obtained from the Legislature.

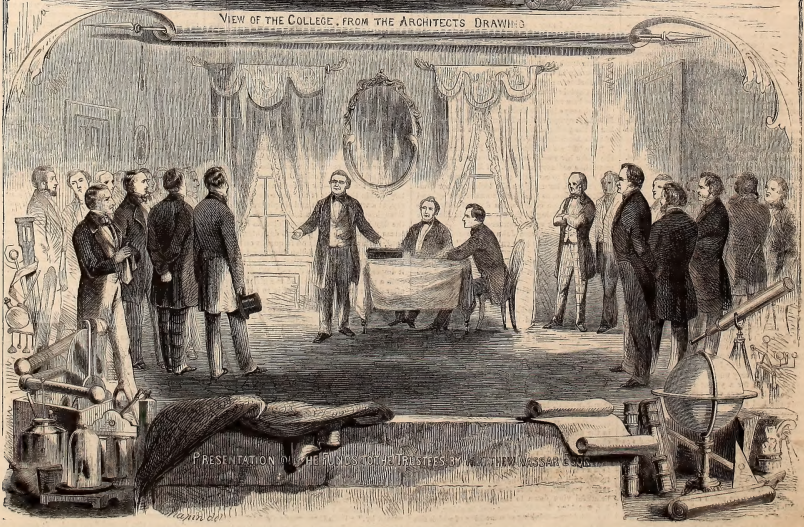
The Board being organized by the election of Hon. William Kelly, Chairman, and Cyrus Swan, Secretary, Mr. Vassar addressed the Chair, stating his reasons for this appropriation of his funds, and expressing his views and wishes as to the principles on which the College should be founded; the system of instruction and government; and the most judicious investment and management of the funds. The moment when he pronounced the words, "And now, gentlemen of the Board of Trustees, I transfer to your possession and ownership the real and personal property which I have



THE COOPER UNION FOR THE ADVANCEMENT OF SCIENCE AND ART.

VASSAR FEMALE COLLEGE.

VIEW OF THE COLLEGE, FROM THE ARCHITECTS DRAWING.



PRESENTATION OF THE FUNDS TO THE TRUSTEES OF VASSAR FEMALE COLLEGE.

devoted to this object, as a SACRED TRUST"—that moment was a sublime one! A thrill ran through the assembly such as it is the privilege of a man to feel but once in this mortal life.

Our artist has given an accurate and spirited sketch of the PRESENTATION OF THE FUNDS. The munificent DONOR stands with one hand on the box containing the title-deeds, bonds and mortgages, stocks, and other securities; the other hand offering the key, resting on the open palm. His lofty purpose spreads a glow of enthusiasm over his face; his eye kindles with generous emotion; the lines of the mouth indicate the decision and energy with which he will prosecute the enterprise which he has inaugurated.

The College edifice will attract attention. It was designed by J. Renwick, Jun., of the firm of Renwick, Auchmuty, & Sands, from plans furnished by Professor Milo P. Jewett, now the President of the College. The building is to be of brick, four stories high, with capacity to accommodate 300 students, each having her own separate sleeping-room. It will contain a Chapel, Library, Art Gallery, Lecture and Recitation rooms, etc. It will be abundantly supplied with pure, soft water, lighted with gas, and heated by steam. It will be nearly fire-proof. The location is about a mile and a half east of the city of Poughkeepsie, on grounds embracing two hundred acres in extent.

THE PARSON'S DAUGHTER OF OXNEY COLNE.

BY ANTHONY TROLLOPE.

IN the parish of Oxney Colne there are only two decent houses. The larger and better is the parsonage, in which lived the parson and his daughter; and the smaller is the freehold residence of a certain Miss Le Smyrger. Miss Le Smyrger was an old maid, with a pedigree and blood of her own, a hundred and thirty acres of respectable land on the borders of Dartmoor, fifty years of age, a constitution of iron, and an opinion of her own on every subject under the sun.

And now for the parson and his daughter. The parson's name was Woolsworthy—or Woolthy as it was pronounced by all those who lived around him—the Rev. Saul Woolsworthy; and his daughter was Patience Woolsworthy, or Miss Patty, as she was known to the Devonshire world of those parts. The name of Patience had not been well chosen for her, for she was a hot-tempered damsel, warm in her convictions, and inclined to express them fervently. She had but few companions or friends in the world, and by both of them this freedom of expression had been fully permitted to her since she was a child. Miss Le Smyrger and her father were well accustomed to her ways, and on the whole well satisfied with them. The former was quick, sharp, and equally ready prepared as herself, and as Mr. Woolsworthy was allowed by his daughter to be quite paramount on his own subject—for he had a subject—he did not object to his daughter being paramount on all others. A pretty girl was Patience Woolsworthy at the time of which I am writing, and one who possessed much that was worthy of remark and admiration had she lived where beauty meets with admiration, or where fashion required it of a maiden. But at Oxney Colne, on the borders of Dartmoor, there were few to appreciate her, and it seemed as though she herself had but little idea of carrying her talent further afield, so that it might not remain forever wrapped in a blanket.

She was a pretty girl, tall and slender, with dark eyes and black hair. Her eyes were perhaps too round for regular beauty, and her hair was perhaps too crisp; her mouth was large and expressive; her nose was finely formed, though a critic in female form might have declared it to be somewhat broad. But her countenance altogether was very attractive—if only she could be seen without that resolution for dominion which occasionally marred it, though sometimes it even added to her attractions.

It must be confessed on behalf of Patience Woolsworthy that the circumstances of her life had peremptorily called upon her to assume dominion. She had lost her mother when she was sixteen, and had had neither brother nor sister. She had no neighbors near her eligible for association or rank to interfere in the conduct of her life, excepting always Miss Le Smyrger. Miss Le Smyrger would have had the whole parish under her, including the whole management of her morals and of the parsonage household, had Patience been content with such an attempted rule. But such a Patience had ever loved Miss Le Smyrger, she was not content with this, and therefore she had been called on to put forth a strong hand of her own. She had put forth this strong hand early, and hence had come the character which I am attempting to describe. But I must say on behalf of this girl that it was not only over others that she thus exercised dominion. In acquiring that power she had also acquired much greater power of exercising rule over herself.

She had taken her outlook into life, weighing the things on the side she had and those which she had not, in a manner very unusual, and, as a rule, not always desirable for a young lady. The things which she had were very many. She had not society; she had not a fortune; she had not any assurance of future means of livelihood; she had not high hope of becoming for herself a position in life by marriage; she had not that excitement and pleasure in life which she read of in such books as found their way down to Oxney Colne Parsonage. It would be easy to add to the list of the things which she had not; and this list against herself she made out with the utmost vigor. The things which she had, or those rather which she assured herself of having, were much more easily counted. She had the birth and education of a lady, the strength of a healthy woman, and a will of her own. Such was the list as she made it out for herself, and I protest that I assert no more than the truth in saying that she never added to it either beauty, wit, or talent.

Miss Le Smyrger was not given to extensive hospitality, and it was only to those who were bound to her, either by ties of blood or of very old friendship, that she delighted to open her doors. As her old friends were very few in number, as those few lived at a distance, and as her nearest connexions were higher in the world in their way, and were said by herself to look down upon her, the visits made to Oxney Combe were few and far between.

But now, at the period of which I am writing, such a visit was about to be made. Miss Le Smyrger had a younger sister who had married a property in the parish of Oxney Colne equal to that of the lady who now lived there; but this younger sister had inherited more wealth, and also therefore, in early life, had found sundry lovers, one of whom became her husband. She had married a man even then well to do in the world, but very rich and almost mighty; a member of Parliament, a lord of this and that board, a man who had a house in Eaton Square, and a park in the North of England; and in this way her course of life had been very much divided from that of our Miss Le Smyrger. But the lord of the Government board had been blessed with various children, and Plympton Jr. was now thought expedient to look after Aunt Penelope's Devonshire acres. Aunt Penelope was empowered to leave them to whom she pleased, and though it was thought in Eaton Square that she must, as a matter of course, leave them to one of the family, nevertheless a little cousinly intercourse might make the thing more certain. I will not say that this was the sole cause for such a visit, but in these days a visit was about to be made by Captain Broughton to his aunt. Now Captain John Broughton was the second son of Alfonso Broughton, of Queen Ann's Gate and Eaton Square, Member of Parliament, and Lord of the aforesaid Government Board.

"And what do you mean to do with him?" Patience Woolsworthy asked of Miss Le Smyrger when that lady walked over from the Combe to say that her nephew John was to arrive on the following morning.

"Do with him? Why, I shall bring him over here to talk to your father."

"He'll be too fashionable for that, and papa won't trouble his head about him if he finds that he doesn't care for Dartmoor."

"Then he must do so in spite with you, my dear."

"Well, yes; there's that resource at any rate, and for your sake I dare say I should be more civil to him than papa. But he'll soon get tired of making love to me, and what you'll do then I can not imagine."

Captain Broughton came to Oxney Combe, staid there a fortnight—the intended period for his projected visit having been fixed at three or four days—and then went back to Eaton Square, only back to his London haunts, the time of the year then being the close of the Easter holidays; but as he did so he told his aunt that he should assuredly return to her in the autumn.

"And assuredly I shall be happy to see you, John—if you come as a visitor to Oxney Colne. If you have no such purpose you had better remain away."

"I shall assurelly come," the Captain had replied, and then the visit was over for the present.

The summer passed rapidly by, and very little was said between Miss Le Smyrger and Miss Woolsworthy about Captain Broughton. Patience never expects—nay, I may say, as to all ordinary matters—no two women could well be more intimate with each other than they were, and more than that, they had the courage each to talk to the other with absolute truth as to things concerning themselves —a courage in which dear friendship often fail. But nevertheless, very little was said between them about Captain John Broughton. All that was said may be here repeated.

"John says that he shall return here in August," Miss Le Smyrger said, as Patience was sitting with her in the parlor at Oxney Combe, on the morning after that gentleman's departure.

"He told me so himself," said Patience; and as she spoke her round dark eyes assumed a look of more than ordinary brightness. Miss Le Smyrger had intended to carry the conversation any further she changed her mind as she looked at her companion. Then, in a few days, the month of July, and toward the close of the warm days of July, Miss Le Smyrger, sitting in the same chair in the same room, again took up the conversation.

"I got a letter from John this morning. He says that he shall be here on the third."

"Does he?"

"He is very punctual to the time he named."

"Yes; I fancy that he is a punctual man," said Patience.

"I hope that you will be glad to see him," said Miss Le Smyrger.

"Very glad to see him," said Patience, with a bold, clear voice; and then the conversation was again dropped, and nothing further was said till after Captain Broughton's second arrival in the parish.

Four months had then passed since his departure, and during that time Miss Woolsworthy had performed all her usual duties in a most accustomed course. No one could discover that she had been less careful in her household matters than had been her wont, less willing to go about her little neighbors, or less assiduous in her attentions to her father. But not the less was there a feeling in the minds of those around her that some great change had come upon her. She would sit during the long summer evenings on a certain spot outside the parsonage orchard, at the top of a small sloping field in which their solitary cow was always pastured, with a book on her knees before her, but rarely reading. There she would sit, with the beautiful view down to the winding river below her, watching the setting sun, and thinking, thinking, thinking—thinking of something of which she had never spoken. Often would Miss Le Smyrger come upon her there, and sometimes would pass by her even without a word; but never—never once did she dare to ask her of the matter of her thoughts. But she knew the matter well enough. No confession was necessary to inform her that Patience Woolsworthy was in love with John Broughton—nay, in love, to the full and entire loss of her whole heart.

On one evening she was so sitting till the July sun had fallen and left behind itself for the night, when her father came upon her as he returned from one of his rambles on the moor. "Patty," he said, "you are always sitting there now. Is it not late? Will you not be cold?"

"No, papa," she said, "I shall not be cold."

"But you had better come to the house? I miss you when you come in so late that there's no time to say a word before we go to bed."

She got up and followed him into the parsonage, and when they were in the sitting-room together, and the door was closed, she came up to him and kissed him. "Papa," she said, "I would it make you very unhappy if I were to leave you?"

"Leave me!" he said, startled by the serious and almost solemn tone of her voice. "Do you mean for always?"

"If I were to marry, papa?"

"Oh, marry! No; that would not make me unhappy. I am very happy, Patty, that you to see you married to a man you would love—very, very happy; though my days would be desolate without you."

"That is it, papa. What would you do if I went from you?"

"What would it matter, Patty? I should be free, at any rate, from a load which often presses heavily on me now. What will you do when I shall leave you? But I am not going, and will be over with me. But who is it, love? Has any lady said any thing to you?"

"It was only a question, papa. I don't often think of such a thing; but I did think of it then." And so the subject was allowed to pass by. This had happened before the visit of the second arrival had been absolutely fixed and made known to Miss Woolsworthy.

And then that second arrival took place. The reader may have understood from the words with which Miss Le Smyrger authorized her nephew to make his second visit to Oxney Combe that Miss Woolsworthy's passion was not altogether unauthorized. Captain Broughton had been told that is was not to come unless he came with a certain purpose in his mind to be told, he still persisted in coming. There can be no doubt but that he well understood the purport to which his aunt alluded. "I am coming, of course," he had said. And true to his word, he was now there.

Patience knew exactly the hour at which he must arrive at the house of Miss Le Smyrger, and the time also which it would take to travel over those twelve up-hill miles from the station to Oxney Colne. She knew also that she paid no visit to Miss Le Smyrger's house on that afternoon; but she might have known something of Captain Broughton's movements from Woolsworthy Parsonage had she not altogether unauthorized. Captain Broughton had been told that is was not to come unless he came with a certain purpose in his mind to be told, he still persisted in coming. There can be no doubt but that he well understood the purport to which his aunt alluded. "I am coming, of course," he had said. And true to his word, he was now there.

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Miss Le Smyrger was, I say, honest, hearty Miss Le Smyrger, was in a fever of anxiety on behalf of her friend.

"John," she said, as soon as the first greetings were over, "do you remember the last words that I said to you before you went away?" Now, for myself, I much doubt Miss Le Smyrger's happiness, but I do not think much of her discretion. It would have been better, perhaps, had she allowed things to take their course.

"I can't say that I do," said the Captain. At the same time the Captain did remember very well what those last words had been:

"I am a fool, Jack, I am so delighted to see you, if—if—if—" and then she paused, for with all her courage she hardly dared to ask her nephew whether he had come there with the express purport of asking Miss Woolsworthy to marry him.

To tell the truth—for there is no room for mystery within the limits of a short story—to tell, I say, at a word the plain and simple truth, Captain Broughton had already asked that question. On the day before he had done so, and he had in set terms proposed to the parson's daughter, and, indeed, the words, the hot and frequent words, which previously had fallen from his like sweetest honey into the ears of Patience Woolsworthy, had made it imperative on him to do so. When a man in such a plight comes to the house of a girl of love day after day, must not he talk of it to some definite purpose on the day on which he leaves her? Or if he be not so, he is not infinite to be regarded as false, selfish, and almost fraudulent? Captain Broughton, however, had asked the question honestly and truly. He had done so honestly and truly, but in words, perhaps, simple with a tone, that had hardly sufficed to satisfy the proud spirit of the girl he loved. She by that time had confessed to herself that she loved him with a true love, but she had made no such confession to him. To him she had spoken no word, granted no favor, thus far had been willing to go only so far as a token of love returned. She had listened to him as he spoke, and bade him keep such sayings for the drawing-rooms of the fashionable ladies. Then he had spoken out and had asked for that hand—not, perhaps, as a suitor tremulous with hope—but as a rich man who knows that he can command that which he desires to purchase.

"You should think more of this," she had said to him at last. "If you would really have me for your wife, it will not be much to you to return here again when time for thinking of it shall have passed by." With these words she had touched him, and now he had again come back to Oxney Colne. But still she would not place herself at the window to look for him, nor dress herself in other than her simple morning country dress, nor omit one item of her daily work. If he wished to take her at all, he should wish to take her as she really was, in her plain country life, but he should take her also with full observance of all those privileges which maidens are allowed to claim from their lovers. He should curtail no ceremonious observance because she was the daughter of a poor country parson who would come to him without a shilling, whereas he stood high in the world's books. He had asked her to give him all that she had, and that all she was ready to give without stint. But the gift must be valued before it could be given or received. He also was to give her as much, and she would accept of no less beyond her price. But she would not allow that that which was offered to her was in any degree the more precious because of his outward worldly standing.

She would not pretend to herself that she thought he would come to her that afternoon, and therefore she busied herself about the kitchen, and about the house, giving directions to her two maids as though the day would pass as all other days did pass in that household. They usually dined at four, and she rarely, in these summer months, went far from the house before that hour. At four precisely she sat down with her father, and then said that she was going up as far as Helpholme after dinner. Helpholme was a solitary farm-house in another parish, on the border of the moor, and Mr. Woolsworthy asked her whether he should accompany her.

"No, papa," she said, "if you are not too tired." And yet she had thought how probable it might be that she should meet John Broughton on her walk. And so it was managed; but, just as matter was over, Mr. Woolsworthy remembered himself.

"Gracious me," he said, "how my memory is going! Goodman from Lydridge, and old John Poulter, from Bovey, are coming to meet here by appointment. You can't put Helpholme off till to-morrow?"

Patience, however, never put off any thing, and therefore at six o'clock, when her father had finished his slender modicum of toddy, she tied on her hat and went on her walk. She started forth with a quick step, and left no word to say by which route she would go. As she passed up along the little lane which led toward Oxney Combe she would not even look to see if he was coming toward her; and when she left the road, passing over a stone stile into a field which cut off much through the upland fields, and then across the moor ground toward Helpholme, she did not look back once, or listen for his coming.

She paid her visit, remaining upward of an hour with the old bedridden mother of the farmer of Helpholme, who died since you, my friend," said the old lady as she left her; "and send you some one to make your own path bright and happy through the world." All these words were ringing in her ears with all their significance as she saw John Broughton waiting for her at the first stile which she had to pass after leaving the farmer's haggard.

"Patty," he said, as he took her hand, and held it close within both his own, "what a chase I have had after you!"

"And who asked you, Captain Broughton?" she answered, laughing. "If the journey was too much for your poor London strength, could you not have waited till to-morrow morning, when you would have found me at the parsonage?" But she did not draw her hand away from him, or in any way pretend that he had not a right to accost her as a lover.

"No; I could not wait. I am more eager to see those I love than you seem to be."

"How do you know whether I love, or how eager I might be to see them? There is an old woman there whom I love, and I have thought nothing of this walk with the object of seeing her." And now, slowly withdrawing her hand away from him, she pointed to the farm-house which she had left.

"Patty," he said, after a minute's pause, during which she had turned full into his face with all the force of her bright eyes; "I have come from London to day, straight down here to Oxney, and from my aunt's house I have come upon your father after you, to ask you that one question. Do you love me?"

"What a Herculean!" she said, again laughing. "Do you really mean that you left London only this morning? Why, you must have been five hours in a railway carriage and a post-chaise, not to talk of the walk afterward. You ought to take more care of yourself, Captain Broughton!"

He would have been angry with her—for he did not like to be quizzed—had she not put her hand on his arm as she spoke, and the tone of her face touch had redeemed the offense of her words.

"All that have I done," said he, "that I may hear one word from you."

"That any word of mine should have such potency! But let us walk on, or my father will take us for some of the standing stones of the moor. How have you found your aunt? If you only knew the cares that have sat on her dear shoulders for the last week past, in order that your high mightiness might have a sufficiency to eat in these desolate half-starved regions."

She might have saved herself such anxiety. No one can care less for such things than Ido."

"And yet I think I have heard you boast of the cook of your club." And then again there was silence for a minute or two.

"Patty," said he, stopping again in the path; "answer my question. I have a right to demand an answer. Do you love me?"

"And what if I do? What if I have been so silly as to allow your perfections to be too many for my weak heart? What then, Captain Broughton?"

"It can not be that you love me, or you would not joke now."

"Perhaps not, indeed," she said. It seemed as

though she were resolved not to yield an inch in her own humor. And then again they walked on.

"Patty," he said, once more, "I shall get an answer from you to-night—this evening; now, during this walk; or I shall return to-morrow, and never revisit this spot again."

"Oh, Captain Broughton, how should we ever manage to live without you?"

"Very well," he said; "up to the end of this walk I am beat all to; and one word spoken then will mend it all."

During the whole of this time she felt that she was ill-using him. She knew that she loved him with all her heart; that it would nearly kill her to part with him; that she had nearly his renewed offer with an ecstasy of joy. She had acknowledged to herself that he was giving proof of his devotion as strong as any which a girl could receive from her lover. And yet she could hardly bring herself to say the word he longed to hear. That word once said, and then she knew that she must succumb to her love forever. That word once said, and then would be nothing for her but to spoil him with her idolatry. That word once said, and she must continue to repeat it to his ears till perhaps he might be tired of hearing it! And now he had threatened her, and how could she speak it after that? She certainly would not speak it when she ached her again without such a threat. And so they walked on again in silence.

"Patty," he said, at last, "by the heavens above us, you shall answer me. Do you love me?"

She now stood still, and almost trembled as she looked up into his face. She stood opposite to him for a moment, and then placing her two hands on his shoulders, she answered him—"Yes, I do, I do," she said, "with all my heart; with all my heart—with all my heart and strength." And then her head fell upon his breast.

Captain Broughton was almost as much surprised as delighted by the warmth of the acknowledgment which he got. He regarded the girl, indeed, as the girl whom he now held within his arms. She had said it now; the words had been spoken; and there was nothing for her but to swear to him over and over again with her sweetest oaths, that those words were true—true as her soul. And very sweet was the walk down from thence to the parsonage gate. He spoke as one of the distance of the ground, or the length of his day's journey. But he stopped her at every turn that he might press her arm the closer to his side, that he might look into the brightness of her eyes, and prolong his hour of delight. There were no more gibes now on her tongue, no affected airs, no little tricks at laughing comments on his coming and going. With downright honesty she told him every thing: how she had loved him before her heart was so warmed in such a passion; how, with much thinking, she had resolved that it would be unwise to take him at his first word, and had hoped to the last that he should return to London, and then think over it; how she had almost repented of her courage when she had left him during those long summer days, that he would forget her; and how her heart had leaped for joy when her old friend had told her that he was coming.

"And yet," said he, "you were not glad to see me!"

"Oh, was I not glad? You can not understand the feelings of a girl who has lived secluded as I have done. Glad is no word for the joy I felt. But it was not showing you that I cared for so much. It was the knowledge that you were near me once again. I almost wish now that I had not seen you till to-morrow." But as she spoke she pressed his arm, and this caress gave the lie to her last words.

"No; do not come in to-night," she said, when she reached the little wicket that led up to the parsonage. "Indeed you shall not. I could not behave myself properly if you did."

"But I don't want you to behave properly."

"Oh! I am to keep that for London, am I? But, nevertheless, Captain Broughton, I will not invite you either to tea or to supper to-night."

"Surely I may shake hands with your father."

"Not to-night—not till—. John, I may tell him, may I not?—I must tell him at once."

"Certainly," said he.

"And then you shall see him to-morrow. Let me see—at what hour shall I bid you come?"

"To breakfast."

"No, indeed. What on earth would your aunt do with the best turkey and the cold pie? I have got no cold pie for you."

"I hate cold pie."

"What a pity! But, John, I should be forced to leave you directly after breakfast. Come down—come down at two or three; and then I will go back with you. Aunt Penelope, I must see her to-morrow." And so at last the matter was settled, and the happy Captain, as he left her, was hardly resisted in his attempt to press her lips to his own.

When she entered the parlor in which her father was sitting there were with him Gribbles and Poulter discussing some knotty point of Devon law. So Patience took off her hat, and sat herself down, waiting till they should go. For full an hour she had to wait, and then Gribbles and Poulter did go. But it was not in such matters as this that Patience Woolsworthy was impatient. She could wait, and wait, and wait, curling hair for weeks and months, while the thing waited for was in her eyes good; but she could not curb her hot thoughts or her hot words, when things came to be discussed which she did not think to be good.

"Papa," she said, when Gribbles's long-drawn last word had been spoken at the door, "do you remember how I asked you the other day what you would say if I were to leave you?"

"Yes, surely," he replied, looking up at her in astonishment.

"I am going to leave you now," she said. "Dear, dearest father, how am I to go from you?"

"Going to leave me," said he, thinking of her visit to Hulpholme, and thinking of nothing else.

"Yes, dearest," she said; and as she spoke she now knelt at his knees. "I have been asked in marriage, and I have given myself away."

"Well, my love, if you will be happy—"

"I hope I shall; I think I shall. But you, papa?"

"You will not be far from us."

"Oh yes; in London."

"In London?"

"Captain Broughton lives in London generally."

"And has Captain Broughton asked you to marry him?"

"Yes, papa—who else? Is he not good? Will you not love him? Oh, papa, do not say that I should not love him!"

He embraced her, and told her, with all his enthusiasm, that he loved her joy, and would be happy in her happiness. "My own Patty," he said, "all I have ever known that you were too good for this life of ours here." And then the evening wore away into the night, with many tears but still with much happiness.

Captain Broughton, as he walked back to Oxney Combe, made up his mind that he would not say one word on the matter to his aunt till the next morning. He wanted to think over it all, and to think it over, if possible, by himself. He had taken a step in life, he must suppose, that a man is even called on to take, and he had to reflect whether or no he had taken it with wisdom.

"Have you seen Miss Le Smyrger, Miss Le Smyrger, very anxiously, when he came into the drawing-room.

"Miss Woolsworthy you mean," said he. "Yes, I've seen her. As I found her out I took a long walk and happened to meet her. Do you know, aunt, I think I'll go to bed. I'm tired, I do, I mean to be off early in the morning, and have been on the move ever since."

Miss Le Smyrger perceived that she was to hear nothing then of the matter that day, and so his dilestick and allowed him to go to his room.

But Captain Broughton did not immediately retire to bed, nor for a while to sit down in his chair at once. Had this step that he had taken been a wise one? He was not a man who, in worldly matters, had ever thought much of himself or others for him, as is the case with so many men. He had formed views for himself, and had a theory of life. Money for money's sake was a thing which he liked to be had. Money as a concomitant to things which were in themselves good he had declared to himself to be a good also. That enjoyment in this step of his marriage, he had now missed. Well, he had made up his mind to that, and would put up with the loss. He had means of living of his own, enough means we may say, when the whole is considered. That it would be well for him to become a married man, looking merely to that state of life as opposed to a bachelor's life, he fully resolved. On that point, therefore, there was nothing to repent. That Patty Woolsworthy was good, affectionate, clever, and pretty, he was sufficiently satisfied. It would be odd indeed if he were not so satisfied now, seeing that for the last four months he had been at work from early morning to late night in order to prove to that fair young lady that he was so with many inward asseverations. And yet, though he repeated now again that he was satisfied, I fear that he was so from no other satisfaction of it as he had been throughout the whole of those four months. It is sad to say so, but I fear—I fear that such was the case. When you have gained your thing how much of the anticipated pleasure vanishes, especially if it have been won easily!

So far he had got that night; when the morning came he went a step further, and began mentally to criticise her manner to himself. It had been very sweet, that manner, and in that ready declaration of love. Yes, it had been very sweet; but —but—when, after her little jokes, she did confess her love, had she not been a little too free for feminine exactitude? Had she not to be told that he is loved, but he hardly wishes that the girl he is to marry should fling herself at his head!

Ah me! yes; it would be well indeed to himself as on that morning he went through the arrangements of his toilet. "Then he was a brute," you say, my gentle reader. I don't think that he was not a brute. But this I remark, that many such brutes are to be met with in the beaten paths of this world's life. The lucky wife of many a country-bred girl had fallen at the first word from his mouth. Had she not so confessed to him? She was very nice—very nice indeed. He loved her dearly. But had he not sold himself too cheaply?

I by no means say that he was not a brute. But whether brute or no, he was an honest man, and had no remotest dream, either then, on that morning, or during the following days on which such thoughts presented themselves to his mind, of breaking away from his pledged word. At breakfast on that morning he told all to Miss Le Smyrger, and that lady, with warm and gracious attentions, confided to him her purpose regarding her property. "I have always regarded Patience as my heir," she said, "and shall do so still."

"Oh, indeed!" said Captain Broughton.

"But it is a great, great pleasure to me to think that she will give back the little property to my sister's child. You will have your mother's, and thus it will all come together again."

"Ah!" said Captain Broughton. He had his own ideas about money, and did not, even under existing circumstances, like to hear that his aunt considered herself at liberty to leave the acres away to one who was by blood quite a stranger to the family.

"Does Patience know of this?" he asked.

"Not a word, my dear Smyrger. And then nothing more was said upon the subject.

On that afternoon he went down and received the parson's benediction and congratulations with a good grace. Patience said very little on the occasion, and indeed was absent during the greater part of the interview. The two lovers then walked up to Oxney Combe, and there were more benedictions and more congratulations. "All went merry as a marriage bell," at any rate as far as Patience was concerned. Not a word had yet fallen from that dear mouth, not a look had yet come over that handsome face, which tended in any way to mar her bliss. Her first day of acknowledged love was a day altogether happy, and when she prayed for him as she knelt beside her bed there was no feeling in her mind that any fear need disturb her joy.

I will pass over the next three or four days very quickly, merely saying that Patience did not find them so pleasant as that first day after her engagement. There was something in her lover's manner —something which at first she could not define—which by degrees seemed to grate against her feelings. He was sufficiently affectionate, that being a matter on which she did not require much demonstration; but joined to his affection there seemed to be—she hardly liked to suggest to herself a harsh word, but could it be possible that he was beginning to think that she was not good enough for him? And then she asked herself the question —was she good enough for him? If there were doubt about that, the match should be broken off, though she knew that it went out in the struggle. The truth, however, was this—that he had begun that teaching which he had already found to be so unnecessary. Now, had any one conveyed to Such Patience German or even mathematics, with that young lady's free consent, I believe that she would have been found a meek scholar. But it was not probable that she would be meek when she found a self-appointed tutor teaching her manners and conduct without her consent.

So matters went for four or five days, and on the evening of the fifth day Captain Broughton and his aunt drank tea at the parsonage. Nothing very especial occurred; but on the parson and Miss Le Smyrger insisted on playing backgammon with devoted perseverance during the whole evening. Broughton had a good deal to say to Patience—a word or two about those changes in his lady love which a life in London would require; and some word he said also —some ugly word—about the shorter and easier life to which he would exalt his bride. Patience bore it—for her father and Miss Le Smyrger were in the room—and made no speaking no syllable of anger, and enduring, for the moment, the implied scorn of the old parsonage. Then the evening broke up, and Captain Broughton walked back to Oxney Combe with his aunt.

"Patty," her father said to her before they went to bed, "it seems to me to be a most excellent young man."

"Dear papa," she answered, kissing him.

"And terribly deep in love," said Mr. Woolsworthy.

"Oh, I don't know about that," she answered, as she left him, with her sweetest smile. But though she could laugh at her father's joke, she had already made up her mind that there was still something to be learned as to her promised husband before she could allow herself altogether to his hands. She would ask him whether he thought himself liable to injury from this proposed settlement of her property. She would deny any such thought, she would know from the manner of his denial what his true feelings were.

And he, too, was thinking during his silent walk with Miss Le Smyrger, had entertained some similar thoughts. "I fear she is obstinate," he had said to himself, when he had half accused her of being sulley also. "If that be her temper, what a life of misery I have before me!"

"Aunt Penelope," he said, as they sat in the drawing-room after dinner, "I'm in a scrape."

"No, not yet: I don't know whether it will suit me to find myself in one."

"Why, it was but the other day you were in such a hurry."

"As you—I have thought better about it since then."

"I should have imagined that this would depend on what Patty thinks," said Miss Le Smyrger, standing up for her favorite sex. "It is presumed that the gentleman is always ready as soon as the lady will consent."

"Yes, that is reasonable enough; and I'm glad it taken out of her own sphere—"

"Her own sphere! Let me caution you, Master John, not to talk of Patience under her own sphere."

"Aunt Penelope, as Patience is to be my wife and not yours, I must claim permission to speak of her on such subjects as seem suitable to me." And then they parted—not in the best humor with each other.

On the following day Captain Broughton and Miss Woolsworthy did not meet till the evening. She had said, before those few ill-omened words had passed between her and her lover, that she would probably be at Miss Le Smyrger's house in the following morning. Those ill-omened words did pass, but she had not gone. Captain Broughton, therefore, did not come from sullenness, nor even from anger, but from a conviction that it would be well that she should think over those she met him again. Nor was he anxious to hurry a meeting. His thought—his base thought—was this: that she would be sure to come up to the Combe after him; but she did not come, and therefore in the evening he went down to her, and asked her to walk with him.

They went away by the path that led to Helpholme, and little was said between them till they had walked some mile together. Patience, as she went along, felt herself determined almost to the latter the sweet words which had greeted her ears as she came down that way with him on the night of his arrival, but she discovered nothing of that sweetness then. Had he not made an ass of himself during these last six months? That was the thought which very much had possession of his mind.

"Patience," he said at last, having hitherto spoken only an indifferent word now and again since they had left the parsonage, "Patience, I hope you realize the importance of the step which you and I are about to take?"

"Of course I do," she answered: "what an odd question that is for you to ask!"

"Because," said he, "sometimes I almost doubt it. It seems to me as though you thought you could remove yourself from her into your new home with no more trouble than when you go from home up to the Combe."

"Is that meant for a reproach, John?"

"No, not for a reproach, but for advice. Certainly not for a reproach."

"I am glad of that."

"But I should wish to make you think how great is the leap in the world which you are about to take." Then again they walked on for many steps before she answered him.

"Tell me, then, John," she said, when she had sufficiently considered what words she would speak; and as she spoke a dark bright color suffused her face, and her eyes flashed almost with anger. "What leap do you mean? Do you mean a leap upward?"

"Well, yes; I hope it will be so."

"In one sense, certainly, it would be a leap upward. I, the wife of the man I loved; to have the privilege of holding his happiness in my hand; to know that I was his own—the companion whom he had chosen out of all the world—that would, indeed, be a leap upward; a leap almost to Heaven, if all that were so. But if you mean upward in other sense—"

"I was thinking of the social scale."

"Then, Captain Broughton, your thoughts were doing me dishonor."

"Doing you dishonor!"

"Yes, doing me dishonor. That your father is, in the world's estimation, a greater man than mine is doubtless true enough. That you, as a man, are richer than I am as a woman is doubtless also true. But you dishonor me, and ourselves also, if these things can weigh with you now."

"Patience—I think you can hardly know what words you are addressing to me."

"Pardon me, but I think I do. Nothing that you can give me—no gifts of that description—can weigh much in the balance with me. I am giving you. If you had all the wealth and rank of the greatest lord in the land, it would count as nothing in such a match as this. I have not doubted—if in return for my heart you have given me yours, then—then —then you have paid me fully. But when gifts such as those are going, nothing else can count even as a make-weight."

"I do not quite understand you," he answered, after a pause. "I fear you are a little high-flown."

And then, while the evening was still young, they walked back to the parsonage almost without another word.

Captain Broughton at this time had only one more full day to remain at Oxney Colne. On the afternoon following that he was to go as far as Exeter, and thence direct to London. Before it was to be expected that the wedding-day would be fixed before he went, and much had been said about it during the last day or two of his engagement. Then he had pressed for an early time, and Patience, with a girl's usual diffidence, had asked for some little delay. But now they had come to the last day, and how was it probable that such a matter could be settled after such a conversation as that? Nothing had been related this evening. Miss Le Smyrger asked whether the day had been fixed.

"No," said Captain Broughton, harshly; "nothing has been fixed." And then he left the arranged before you go."

"Probably not," he said; and then the subject was dropped for the time.

"John," she said, just before she went to bed, "if there be any thing wrong between you and Patience, I conjure you to tell me."

"You had better ask her," he replied. "I can tell you nothing."

On the following morning he was much surprised by seeing Patience on the gravel path before Miss Le Smyrger's window. She immediately after breakfast. He went to the door to open it for her, and she, as she gave him her hand, told him that she came up to speak to him. There was no heaviness in her manner, nor any look of anger in her face. But there was in her gait and form, in her voice and countenance, a sternness of purpose which he had never seen before, or at any rate had never acknowledged.

"Could you," said he. "Shall I come out with you, or will you come up stairs?"

"We can sit down in the summer-house," she said; and direct they went both very direct.

"Captain Broughton," she said—and she began her task the moment that they were both seated—"you and I have engaged ourselves as man and wife, but perhaps we have been over-rash."

"How so?" said he.

"It may be so, indeed I will say more—it is the case that we have made this engagement without knowing enough of each other's character."

"I have known you well from you," he said.

"The time will perhaps come when you will so think, but for the sake of all that we must value, it is come before it is too late. What would be our fate—how terrible would be our misery, if such a thought should come to either of us after we have linked our lots together!"

There was a misanxiety about her as she thus spoke which almost repressed him—which for a time did prevent him from taking that tone of anger and theory with each a subject he would choose to adopt. But he recovered himself. "I hardly think that this comes well from you," he said.

"From whom else should it come? Who else can fight that battle for me; and, John, who else can fight that same battle on your behalf? I tell you this, with pretty nearly my latest breath let me as it does stand at present, you could not give me your hand at the altar with true words and a happy conscience. It is not true? You have half repented of your bargain already. Is it not so?"

He did not answer her; but getting up from his seat walked to the front of the summer-house, and stood there with his back turned upon her. It was not that he meant to be ungracious, but in truth he did not know how to answer her. He had half repented of his bargain.

"John," she said, getting up and following him so that she could put her hand upon his arm, "I have been very angry with you."

"Angry with me!" he said, turning sharp upon her.

"Yes, angry with you. You would have treated me like a child. But that feeling has gone now. I am not angry now. There is my hand; the hand of a friend. Let the words that have been spoken between us be as though they had not been spoken. Let us both be free."

"Do you mean it?" he asked.

"Certainly I mean it." As she spoke these words her eyes were filled with tears in spite of all the efforts she could make to restrain them; but he was not looking at her, and her efforts had sufficed to prevent any sob from being audible.

"With all my heart," he said; and it was manifest from the tone that he had no thought of her happiness as he spoke. It was true that she had been angry with him—angry, as she had herself declared; but nevertheless, in what she had said and what she had done she had thought more of his happiness than of her own.

Now she was angry over again.

"With all your heart, Captain Broughton! Well, so be it. If with all your heart, then is the necessity so much the greater. You go to-morrow. Shall we say farewell now?"

"Patience, I am not going to be lectured."

"Certainly not by me. Shall we say farewell now?"

"Yes, if you are determined."

"I am determined. Farewell, Captain Broughton. You have all my wishes for your happiness." And she held out her hand to him.

"Patience!" he said. And he looked at her with a dark frown, as though he would strive to frighten her into submission. If so, he might have saved himself any such attempt.

"Farewell, Captain Broughton. Give me your hand, for I can not stay." He gave her his hand, hardly knowing why he did so. She lifted it to her lips and kissed it, and then, leaving him, passed from the summer-house down through the wicket-gate, and straight home to the parsonage.

During the whole of that day she said no word to any one of what had occurred. When she was once more at home she went about her household affairs as she had done on that day of his arrival. When she sat down to dinner with her father he observed nothing to make him think that she was unhappy; nor during the evening was there any expression in her face, or any tone in her voice, which excited his attention. On the following morning Captain Broughton called at the parsonage, and the servant-girl brought word to her mistress that he was in the parlor. But she would not see him. "Laws, miss, you ain't a quarrelled with your beau?" the poor girl said. "No, not quarrelled," she said; "but give him that." It was a scrap of paper containing a word or two in pencil. "It is better that we should not meet again. God bless you!" And from that day to this, now more than ten years, they never have met.

"Papa," she said to her father that afternoon, "dear papa, do not be angry with me. It is all over between me and John Broughton. Dearest, you and I will not be separated."

It would be useless here to tell how great was the old man's surprise, and how true his sorrow. As the tale was told to him no cause was given for anger with any one. Not a word was spoken against the suitor, who had on that day returned to London with a full conviction that now at least he was relieved from his engagement. "Patty, my darling child," he said, "may God grant that it be for the best!"

"It is for the best," she answered, stoutly. "For this place I am fit; and I much doubt whether I am fit for any other."

On that day she did not see Miss Le Smyrger, but on the following morning, knowing that Captain Broughton had gone off—having heard the wheels of the carriage as they passed by the parsonage gate on his way to the station—she walked up to the Combe.

"He has told you, I suppose?" said she.

"Yes," said Miss Le Smyrger. "And I will never be him again unless he asks your pardon on his knees. I have told him so. I would not even give him my hand as he went."

"But why so, thou kindest one? The fault was mine more than his."

"I understand. I have eyes in my head," said the old maid. "I have watched him for the last four or five days. If you could have kept the truth to yourself and bade him keep off from you, he would have been at your feet now, licking the dust from your shoes."

"But, dear friend, I do not want a man to lick dust from my shoes."

"Ah, you are a fool. You do not know the value of your own wealth."

"True; I have been a fool. I was a fool to think that one coming from such a life as he has led could be happy with such as I am. I know the truth now. I have bought the lesson dearly, but perhaps not too dearly, seeing that it will never be forgotten."

There was but little more said about the matter between our three friends at Oxney Colne. What, indeed, could be said? Miss Le Smyrger for a year or two still expected that her nephew would return and claim his bride; but he has never done so, nor has there been any correspondence between them.

Patience Woolsworthy had learned her lesson dearly. She had given her whole heart to the man; and, though she so bore herself that no one was aware of the violence of the struggle, nevertheless the struggle within her bosom was very violent. She never told herself that she had done wrong; she never regretted her loss; but yet—yet!—the loss was very hard to bear. He also had loved her, but he was not capable of a love which could do much injury to his daily peace. The daily peace was gone for many a day to come.

Her father is still living; but there is a curate now in the parish. In conjunction with him and with Miss Le Smyrger she spends her time in the concerns of the parish. In her own eyes she is a confirmed old maid; and such is my opinion also. The romance of her life was played out in that summer.

Patience never sits now lonely on the hill-side thinking how much she might do for one whom she really loved. But with a large heart she loves many, and, with no romance, she works hard to lighten the burdens of those she loves.

As for Captain Broughton, all the world knows that he did marry that great heiress with whom his name was once before connected, and that he is now a useful member of Parliament, working on committees three or four days a week with a zeal that is indefatigable. Sometimes, not often, as he thinks of Patience Woolsworthy a smile comes across his face.

GENERAL SAM HOUSTON.

THE accompanying portrait of General SAM HOUSTON, Governor of Texas, will be recognized by all who know the old hero. Even those who remember him as he was two years ago, when he wore a heavy mustache, will readily recall the noble brow and the fierce eye.

Probably no man in this country has led so adventurous a life as Sam Houston. Born, sixty-eight years ago, in Rockbridge County, Virginia, he lost his father when very young, and removed with his mother to the confines of the forest in Tennessee. Here he grew up as best he could, associating much with Indians and imbibing a fondness for their rude mode of life. As he reached manhood he tried to earn a living as a schoolmaster, and then as a clerk in a country store. But neither pursuit pleased his fancy, and in 1813, when General Jackson called for volunteers to fight the Creeks, Sam Houston responded to the call. He won credit during the campaign; when it ended, he had risen to the rank of lieutenant. But as there was no more fighting to be done then, he laid down the sword, studied law at Nashville, and soon rose to be a prominent lawyer and politician. In 1823, he went to Congress from his district in Tennessee; in 1827, he was elected Governor. In 1829, a fit of restlessness seized him. He resigned his post as Governor; tried life a while in Arkansas, where the frauds practiced by the Government Agents upon the Indians disgusted him; went to Washington, to endeavor to have his red friends righted, and found himself involved in no end of lawsuits with the rogues whom he sought to expose; became a good deal disgusted with every thing and every body, and finally migrated to Texas.

Texas was then about to be admitted as a State of the Mexican Union. It was in a miserable condition. Its people comprised among them the worst vagabonds and scoundrels in the world. When a man was so infamous and hopeless that he could not ship on board a whaler, he went to Texas. There was no money in the country, no trade, no industry, very little judicious agriculture. The whole State was overrun by wild bands of Indians, Comanches, Apaches, etc., who regarded the white man as an invader and robber, and shot him wherever they could. This was the condition of Texas when the people met, adopted a Constitution, and asked admission to the Mexican Confederacy—the American Sam Houston being elected as their first Governor.

Santa Ana refused, Texas declared its independence, and war was begun. The Texans organized a militia, and elected General Austin Commander-in-Chief. Austin gave way to Houston, and after a brief campaign he met Santa Ana at San Jacinto, in April, 1836, and totally routed him. The Mexican President was taken prisoner, and in the agony of defeat was forced to acknowledge the independence of Texas.

GENERAL SAM HOUSTON, GOVERNOR OF TEXAS.—[PHOTOGRAPHED BY BRADY.]

For eight years, during which General Houston was twice President, Texas was an independent nation. But its independence was intolerable. There was still no money, no credit, no commerce, no industry, no peace, no safety in the country. There was no means to pay the interest on the bonds issued by the Texan Government for the war of independence. Wars with the Indians never came to an end. Foreign nations treated the new State with contempt. Desperadoes only sought it as a home. These miseries becoming at length too grievous to be borne, the leading men of Texas, with General Houston at their head, sought admission to the Union, and after a long struggle carried their point. The last act of President Tyler's career as President was to sign an Act admitting Texas to the Union. This Act bound the United States to pay the Texan debt—some $10,000,000; to keep the Indians in check, at a cost of some $2,500,000 annually; and to take the further measures which brought on the Mexican war. In return, Texas agreed to enter the Union as an independent State, with the reservation, however—which was not suspected at the time—that she would secede when she pleased.

In the year 1844, when Texas was admitted, General Houston was chosen to the United States Senate. He held his seat in that body some fifteen years, and was always a useful member, not given to long speeches, and scrupulously tender of his colleagues' feelings.

Two years ago he was elected Governor of Texas. He fills the post still; and, if the newspaper reports are to be credited, he is by no means the facile tool of the disunionist Convention which seems to have been expected. An irrepressible conflict between him and the secessionists seems to be impending; if it comes on, we may rely upon it Governor Houston will give a good account of himself.

Governor Houston is a man of very simple habits and genial manners. He eats no flesh and drinks no wine. His ordinary dinner is a plate of oranges or other fruit, and a glass of milk. One of his many peculiarities, which used to form the subject of conversation at Washington, was his habit of whittling. When he took his seat in the Senate, a page always appeared bearing a faggot of small pine sticks, which he laid respectfully beside the hero of San Jacinto. One of these the Senator soon seized, and began unconsciously to whittle. If the debate was dull the Senatorial knife traveled slowly, and exquisite little images were carved out of the stick to serve as mementoes to lady friends. If, on the contrary, the debate waxed warm, the knife worked nervously and quickly, and stick after stick fell in their shavings around the desk, until the whole fagot disappeared.

Very few Senators were so personally popular at Washington as Senator Houston.

THE BIGGEST GUN IN THE WORLD.

We publish on page 205 an accurate drawing of the great Fifteen-inch Gun at Fort Monroe, Virginia; and also a picture, from a recent sketch, showing the experiments which are being made with a view to test it. It is proper that we should say that the small drawing of the lithographic stone which is published in MAJOR BARNARD'S "Notes on Sea-Coast Defense," published by Mr. D. Van Nostrand, of this city.

This gun was cast at Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania, by Knapp, Rudd, & Co., under the directions of Captain T. J. Rodman, of the Ordnance Corps. Its dimensions are as follows:

Total length	190	inches.
Length of caliber of bore	156	"
Length of ellipsoidal chamber	9	"
Total length of bore	165	"
Maximum exterior diameter	48	"

Distance between rimbases	48	inches.
Diameter at muzzle	15	"
Thickness of metal behind the chamber	19	"
Thickness at junction of bore with chamber	16½	"
Thickness at muzzle	9	"
Weight of gun	49,100	

This gun is usually loaded with 35 pounds of large-grained powder, which projects shells of 205 to 335 pounds weight. A solid shot for a gun of this size would weigh 425 pounds. The following table will show the range of the gun with the shells above-mentioned, at various elevations:

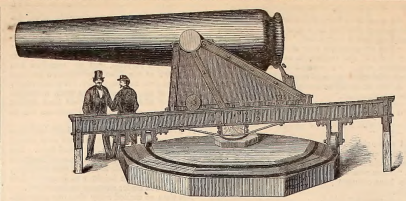
At 6° elevation (and 35 pounds powder), 2017, 1937, 1902, 1893, and 1873 yards.
At 19° elevation (and 40 pounds powder), 2700, 2900, 2754, and 2760 yards.
At 28° 15' elevation (and 60 pounds powder), 3238, 4050, and 5375 yards.

Major Barnard thinks that at 30° elevation, and 40 pounds powder, a range considerably beyond 4 miles might be attained.

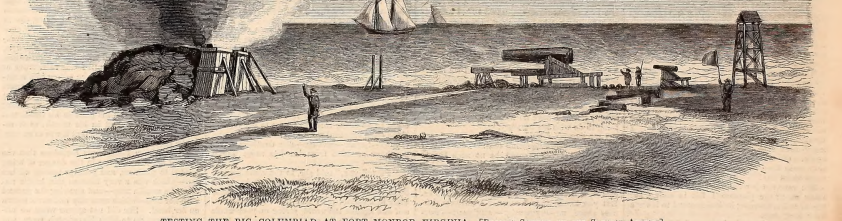
The events of the past few weeks have unfortunately directed no small share of public attention to the subject of coast defenses, and Major Barnard's able refutation of Sir Howard Douglas's fallacies in relation to land fortifications have been much discussed. The state of the controversy may be briefly summed up. The Crimean War proved the worthlessness of wooden ships as opposed to land-batteries, when properly manned and worked. Accordingly, at the conclusion of that war, fighting nations began to think of arming their vessels of war with iron plates: the result of that movement is to be seen in the new iron-clad ships *Warrior* and *La Gloire*, of which we published engravings in a recent number. It is demonstrated that the old cannon carrying 24-pound, 32-pound, and 42-pound balls and shells produce no impression upon vessels of this class. But it is also admitted that even such iron-clad vessels as *La Gloire* and the *Warrior* could not withstand shots fired from 10, 11, and 15 inch guns. Hence it follows that, if our forts are to be placed in a condition to resist the assault of iron-clad ships, they must be armed with cannon of the class which we now illustrate. To convince the public of this truth has been a constant effort with such distinguished soldiers as Major Barnard.

One difficulty with regard to big guns has arisen from the fact that guns beyond a certain calibre (found by experience to be 10 inches) are deficient in strength when cast in the usual way —viz., in one single piece, and afterward bored out. This difficulty was obviated by Captain Rodman, in the case of the 15-inch Columbiad at Fort Monroe, by casting the gun hollow, and cooling it from the interior by introducing a stream of water into the core. In England, the new guns of great calibre are cast in several pieces.

It is to be hoped that no time will be lost by our Government in acting upon the successful experiments of the past, and in providing our forts with guns which can overmatch the iron plates of the navies of foreign nations.



THE FIFTEEN-INCH COLUMBIAD.



TESTING THE BIG COLUMBIAD AT FORT MONROE, VIRGINIA.—[FROM A SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST.]

GREAT EXPECTATIONS.

A NOVEL.

By CHARLES DICKENS.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

BETIMES in the morning I was up and out. It was too early yet to go to Miss Havisham's, so I loitered into the country on Miss Havisham's side of town—which was not Joe's side; I could go there to-morrow—thinking about my patroness, and painting brilliant pictures of her plans for me.

She had adopted Estella, she had as good as adopted me, and it could not fail to be her intention to bring us together. She reserved it for me to restores the desolate house, admit the sunshine into the dark rooms, set the clocks a going and the cold hearths a blazing, tear down the cobwebs, destroy the vermin—in short, do all the shining deeds of the young Knight of romance, and marry the Princess. I had stopped to look at the house as I passed; and its seared red brick walls, blocked windows, and strong green ivy clasping even the stacks of chimneys with its twigs and tendons, as if with sinewy old arms, had made up a rich attractive mystery, of which I was the hero. Estella was the inspiration of it, and the heart of it, of course. But though she had taken such strong possession of me, though my fancy and my hope were so set upon her, though her influence on my boyish life and character had been all-powerful, I did not, even that romantic morning, invest her with any attributes save those she possessed. I mention this in this place, of a fixed purpose, because it is the clew by which I am to be followed into my poor labyrinth, such as it is. According to my experience, the conventional notion of a lover can not be always true. The unqualified truth is, that when I loved Estella with the love of a man, I loved her because I found her irresistible. Once for all; I knew to my sorrow, often and often, if not always, that I loved her against reason, against promise, against peace, against hope, against happiness, against all discouragement that could be. Once for all; I loved her none the less because I knew it, and it had no more influence in restraining me than if I had devoutly and conventionally believed her to be human perfection.

I so shaped out my walk as to arrive at the gate at my old time. When I had rung at the bell with an unsteady hand I turned my back upon the gate, while I tried to get my breath and keep the beating of my heart moderately quiet. I heard the side-door open and steps come across the court-yard; but I pretended not to hear, even when the gate swung on its rusty hinges.

Being at last touched on the shoulder, I started and turned. I started much more naturally then to find myself confronted by a man in a sober gray dress. The last man I should have expected to see in that place of porter at Miss Havisham's door.

"Orlick!"

"Ah, young master, there's more changes than yours. But come in, come in. It's opposed to my orders to hold the gate open."

I entered and he swung it, and locked it, and took the key out. "You!" said he, facing round, after doggedly preceding me a few steps toward the house. "Here I am!"

"How did you come here?"

"I come here," he retorted, "on my legs. I had my box brought alongside me in a barrow."

"Are you here for good?"

"I ain't here for harm, young master, I suppose?"

I was not so sure of that. I had leisure to entertain the retort in my mind, while he slowly lifted his heavy glance from the pavement, up my legs and arms, to my face.

"Then you have left the forge?" I said.

"Do this look like a forge?" replied Orlick, sending his glance all round him with an air of injury. "Now, do it look like it?"

I asked him how long he had left Gargery's forge?

"One day is so like another here," he replied, "that I don't know without casting it up. However, I come here some time since you left."

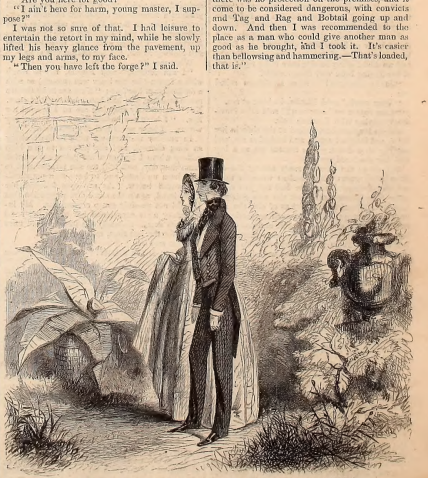
"I could have told you that, Orlick."

"Ah!" said he, dryly. "But then you've got to be a scholar."

By this time we had come to the house where I found his room to be one just within the side-door, with a little window in it looking on the court-yard. In its small proportions it was not unlike the kind of place usually assigned to a gate-porter in Paris. Certain keys were hanging on the wall, to which he now added the gate key, and his patchwork-covered bed was in a little inner division or recess. The whole had a slovenly, confined, and sleepy look, like a cage for a human dormouse: while he, looming dark and heavy in the shadow of a corner by the window, looked like the human dormouse for whom it was fitted up—as indeed he was.

"I never saw this room before," I remarked; "but there used to be no Porter here."

"No," said he; "not till it got about that there was no protection on the premises, and it come to be considered dangerous, with convicts and Tag and Rag and Bobtail going up and down. And then I was recommended to the place as a man who could give another man as good as he brought, and I took it. It's easier than hollowing and hammering.—That's loaded, that is."



"WE WALKED ROUND THE GARDEN TWICE OR THRICE MORE," ETC.

My eye had been caught by a gun with a brass-bound stock over the chimney-piece, and his eye had followed mine.

"Well," said I, not desirous of more conversation, "shall I go up to Miss Havisham?"

"Burn me if I know!" he retorted, first stretching himself and then shaking himself; "my orders ends here, young master. I give this here bell a rap with this here hammer, and you go on along the passage till you meet somebody."

"I am expected, I believe?"

"Burn me twice over if I can say!" said he.

Upon that I turned down the long passage which I had first trodden in my thick boots, and he made his bell sound. At the end of the passage, while the bell was still reverberating, I found Sarah Pocket, who appeared to have now become constitutionally green and yellow by reason of me.

"Oh!" said she. "You, is it, Mr. Pip?"

"It is, Miss Pocket. I am glad to tell you that Mr. Pocket and family are all well."

In my conscience I doubt very much with a dismal shake of the head; "they had better be wiser than well. Ah, Matthew, Matthew! You know your way, Sir?"

Tolerably, for I had gone up the staircase in the dark many a time. I ascended it now, in lighter boots than of yore, and tapped on my old way at the door of Miss Havisham's room.

"Pip's rap," I heard her say, immediately; "come in, Pip."

She was in her chair near the old table, in the old dress, with her two hands crossed on her stick, her chin resting on them, and her eyes on the fire. Sitting near her, with the white shoe that had never been worn in her hand, and her head bent as she looked at it, was an elegant lady whom I had never seen.

"Come in, Pip." Miss Havisham continued to mutter, without looking round or up; "come in, Pip; how do you do, Pip? Don't kiss my hand as if I were a queen, eh?—Well?"

She looked up at me suddenly, only moving her eyes, and repeated, in a grimly playful manner,

"Well?"

"I heard, Miss Havisham," said I, rather at a loss, "that you were so kind as to wish me to come and see you, and I came directly."

"Well?"

The lady whom I had never seen before lifted up her eyes and looked archly at me, and then I saw that the eyes were Estella's eyes. But she was not changed, unless to be more beautiful, so much more womanly, in all things winning admiration had made such wonderful advance that I seemed to have made none. I fancied, as I looked at her, that I slipped hopelessly back into the coarse and common boy again. Oh the sense of distance and disparity that came upon me, and the impossibility that came about her!

She gave me her hand. I stammered something about pleasure I felt in seeing her again, and my having looked forward to it for a long, long time.

"Do you find her much changed, Pip?" asked Miss Havisham with her greedy look, and stirring her stick upon a chair that stood between them, as a sign to me to sit down there.

"When I came in, Miss Havisham, I thought there was nothing of Estella in the face or figure; but now it all settles down so curiously into the old—"

"What? You are not going to say, into the old Estella?" Miss Havisham interrupted. "She was proud and insulting, and you wanted to go away from her. Don't you remember?"

I said, confusedly, that that was long ago, and that I knew no better then, and the like. Estella smiled with perfect composure, and said she had no doubt of my having been quite right, and of her having been very disagreeable.

"Is *he* changed?" Miss Havisham asked her.

"Very much," said Estella, looking at me.

"Less coarse and common?" said Miss Havisham, playing with Estella's hair.

Estella laughed, and looked at the shoe in her hand, and laughed again, and looked at me, and put the shoe down. She treated me as a boy still, but she had set me on.

We sat in the dreamy room among the old strange influences which had so wrought upon me, and I thought that she had but just come home from France, and that she was going to London. Proud and willful as of old, she had brought those qualities into such subjection to her beauty that it was impossible and out of nature—or I thought so—to separate them from her beauty. Exactly if it was impossible to dissociate her presence from all those wretched hankerings after money and gentility that had disturbed me, so exactly—from all those ill-regulated aspirations that had first made me ashamed of home and Joe—from all those visions that had raised her, the elusive, glowing fire, struck it out of the iron on the anvil, extracted it from the darkness of night to look in at the wooden window of the forge and flit away." In a word, it was impossible for me to separate her, in the past or in the present, from the innermost life of my life.

It was settled that I should stay there all the rest of the day, and return to the hotel at night, and to London to-morrow. When we had conversed for a while, Miss Havisham sent us two out to walk in the neglected garden; on our coming in by-and-by, she said I should wheel her about a little as in times of yore.

So Estella and I went out into the garden by the gate through which I had strayed to my encounter with the pale young gentleman, now Herbert; I, trembling in spirit and worshiping the very hem of her dress; she, quite composed and most decidedly not worshiping the hem of mine. As we drew near to the place of encounter, she stopped and said:

"I must have been a singular little creature to hide and see that fight that day: but I did, and I enjoyed it very much."

"You rewarded me very much."

"Did I?" she replied, in an incidental and forgetful way. "I remember I entertained a great objection to your adversary, because I took it ill that he should be brought here to pester me with his company."

"We are great friends now," said I.

"Are you?" I think I recollect though, that you read with his father?"

"Yes."

I made the admission with reluctance, for it seemed to have a boyish look, and she already treated me more than enough like a boy.

"Since your change of fortune and prospects you have changed your companion," said Estella.

"Naturally," said I.

"And necessarily," she added, in a haughty tone; "what was fit company for you once would be quite unfit company for you now."

In my consciousness I doubted very much whether I had any lingering intention left of going to see Joe; but if I had, this observation put it to flight.

"You had no idea of your impending good fortune in those times?" said Estella, with a slight wave of her hand, signifying in the lighting times.

"Not the least."

The air of complacence and superiority with which she walked at my side, and the air of youthfulness and deference with which I walked at hers, made a contrast not to be missed. If I would have rankled in me more than it did, if I had not regarded myself as eliciting it by being so set apart for her enhancement of value.

The garden was too overgrown and rank for walking in with ease, and after we had made the round of it twice or thrice we came out again into the brewery-yard. I showed her where a cavity where I had seen her walking on the casks, that first old day, and she said, with a cold and careless look in that direction, "Did I?" Reminded her where she had come out of the house and given me my meat and drink, and she said, "I don't remember." Not remembering that you made me cry?" said I. "No," said she, and shook her head and looked about her. I verily believe that her not remembering me was mounting in the least, made me cry again inwardly—and that is the sharpest crying of all.

"You must know," said Estella, condescending to me as a brilliant and beautiful woman might, "that I have no heart—if that has any thing to do with my memory."

I got through some jargon to the effect that I took the liberty of doubting that. That I knew better. That there could be no such beauty without it.

"Oh! I have a heart to be stabbed in or shot in, I have no doubt," said Estella, "and, of course if it could not, it should cease to be. But you know what I mean. I have no softness there, no—sympathy—sentiment—nonsense."

What *was* it that was borne in upon my mind when she stood still and looked attentively at me? Any thing that had been in Miss Havisham? No. In some of her looks and gestures there was that tinge of resemblance to Miss Havisham which may often be noticed to have been acquired by children from grown persons with whom they have been much associated and secluded, and which, when it is first traced, will produce a remarkable occasional likeness of expression between faces that are otherwise quite different. And yet it was not anything in Miss Havisham. I looked again, and though she was still looking at me, the suggestion was gone.

What was it?

"I am serious," said Estella, not so much with a frown (for her brow was smooth) as with a darkening of her face; "if you don't know, you cannot think me worth your notice, but I believe it at once. No!" imperiously stopping me as I opened my lips. "I have not bestowed my tenderness any where. I have not even passed my eyes followed her white hand, again the same dim suggestion that I could not possibly grasp crossed me. My involuntary start occasioned her eyes to be fixed upon my arm. Instantly the ghost passed once more, for the last time, and was gone.

What *was* it?

"What is the matter?" said Estella; "are you scared again?"

"I should be, if I believed what you said just now." I replied, to turn it off.

"Then you don't? Very well. It is said, and say rate. My intercourse with you, which began very soon after you came to my old post, though I think that might be laid aside now, with other old belongings. Let us make one more round of the garden, and then I must go." Upon that we did shed tears for my cruelty to-day; you shall be my Page, and give me your shoulder."

Her handsome dress had trailed upon the ground. She held it in one hand now, and with the other lightly touched my shoulder as we walked. We walked round the garden twice or thrice more, and it was all in bloom for me. If the green and yellow growth of weed in the chinks of the old wall had been the most precious flowers that ever blew, it could not have been more cherished in my remembrance.

There was no discrepancy of years between us to remove her far from me; we were of nearly the same age, though of course the age told for more in her case than in mine; but the air of inaccessibility which her beauty and her manner gave her, tormented me in the midst of my delight, and lay in the height of the argument. I felt that our patroness had chosen us for one another.

Wrotched boy!

At last we went back into the house, and there I heard, with surprise, that my guardian had come down to see Miss Havisham on business and would come back to dinner. The old wintry branches of chandeliers, in the room where the mouldering table was spread, had been lighted while we were out, and Miss Havisham was in her chair and waiting for me.

It was like pushing the chair itself back into the past, when we began the old slow circuit round about the soiled of the bridal feast. But in the funereal room, with that figure of the grave fallen back in the chair fixing its eyes upon her, Estella looked more like a queen than before. I was under stronger enchantment.

The time so melted away that our early dinner-hour drew near, and Estella left us to prepare herself. We had stopped near the centre of the long table, and Miss Havisham, with one of her withered hands stretched out of the chair, rested that clenched hand upon the yellow cloth. As Estella looked back over her shoulder before going out at the door, Miss Havisham kissed that hand to her, with a ravenous intensity that was, of its kind, quite dreadful.

Then Estella being gone and we two left alone, she turned to me, and said, in a whisper,

"Is she beautiful, graceful, well-grown? Do you admire her?"

"Every body must who sees her, Miss Havisham."

She drew an arm round my neck, and drew my head close down to hers as she sat in the chair. "Love her, love her, love her! How does she use you?"

Before I could answer (if I could have answered so difficult a question at all) she repeated, "Love her, love her! If she be not proud yours, you love her. If she wounds you, love her. If she tears your heart to pieces—and as it gets older and stronger it will tear deeper—love her, love her, love her!"

Never had I seen such passionate eagerness as was joined to the violence of these words. I could feel the muscles of the thin arm round my neck swell with the vehemence that possessed her.

"Hear me, Pip! I adopted her, to be loved. I bred her and educated her, to be loved. I developed her mind, so that she is, that she might be loved. Love her!"

She said the word often enough, and there could be no doubt she meant love to say it; but if the often repeated word had been hate instead of love—despair—revenge—dire death—it could not have sounded from her lips more like a curse.

"I'll tell you," said she, in the same hurried passionate whisper, "what real love is. It is blind devotion, unquestioning self-humiliation, utter submission, trust and belief against yourself and against the world, giving up your whole heart and soul to one idea—as I did!"

When she came to that, and to a desperate cry that followed that, I caught her round the waist, for I felt that she was in the chair, in her shroud of a dress, and wildly struck at the air as if she would as soon have struck herself against the heavy walls.

All this passed in a few seconds. As I drew her down into her chair, I was conscious of a scent that I knew, and turning, saw my guardian in the room.

He always carried (I have not yet mentioned it, I think) a great variety of rich silk and of imposing proportions, which was of great value to him in his profession. I have seen him so terrify a client or a witness by ceremoniously unfolding his pocket-handkerchief as if he were immediately going to blow his nose, and then pausing, as if he should not blow his nose time to do it before such client or witness committed himself, that the self-committal followed directly, quite as a matter of course. When I saw him in the room, he had this expressive pocket-handkerchief in both hands, and was looking at us. On meeting my eye, he said plainly by a momentary look that he was in that attitude, "Indeed? Singular!" and then put the handkerchief to its right use with wonderful effect.

Miss Havisham had risen as soon as I, and was (like every body else) afraid of him. She made a strong attempt to compose herself, and reanimated her withered counterfeit as ever.

"As punctual as ever," he repeated, coming up to us. "(How do you do, Pip? Shall I give you a kiss, Miss Havisham? Once round?) And so you are here, Pip?"

I told him when I had arrived, and how Miss Havisham had desired me to come and see Estella. To which he replied, "Ah! Very fine young lady!" Then he pushed Miss Havisham in her chair, and took one of his large hands, and put the other in his trousers-pocket as if the pocket were full of secrets.

"Well, Pip? How have you seen Miss Estella before?" said he, when he came to a stop.

"How often?"

"Ah! How many times? Ten thousand times?"

"Oh! Certainly not so many."

"Twice?"

"Jaggers," interposed Miss Havisham, much to my relief; "leave my Pip alone, and go with him to your dinner."

He complied, and we groped our way down the dark stairs together. While we were still on our way to those detached apartments across the paved yard at the back, he asked me how often I had seen Miss Havisham eat and drink; offering me a breadth of choice, as usual, between a hundred times and once.

"I considered, and said, "Never."

"And never will, Pip," he retorted, with a frowning smile. "She has never allowed herself to be seen doing either since she lived this present life of hers. She wanders about in the night, and lays hands then on such food as she takes."

"Pray, Sir," said I, "may I ask you a question?"

"You may," said he, "and I may decline to answer it. Put your question."

"Estella's name. Is it Havisham, or ——?" I had nothing to add.

"Or what?" said he.

"Is it Havisham?"

"It is Havisham."

This brought us to the dinner-table, where she and Sarah Pocket awaited us. Mr. Jaggers presided, Estella sat opposite to him, I faced my patroness and her friend. We dined well, and were waited on by a maid-servant whom I had never seen in all my comings and goings, but who, for any thing I knew, had been in that mysterious house the whole time. After dinner a bottle of choice old port was placed before my guardian (he was evidently well acquainted with the vintage), and the two ladies left us.

Any thing to equal the determined reticence of Mr. Jaggers under that roof I never saw elsewhere, even in him. He kept his eye on Wemmick himself, and scarcely directed his eyes to Estella's fine dinner during dinner. When she spoke to him, he listened, and in due course answered, but never looked at her that I could see. On the other hand, she often looked at him, with interest and curiosity, if not distrust, but his face never showed the least consciousness. Throughout dinner he took a dry delight in making Sarah Pocket grotesque and yellower, by often referring in conversation with me to my expectations; but here, again, he showed no consciousness, and even made the point clear that he extorted—and even did extort, though I don't know how—those references out of my innocent self.

And when he and I were left alone together, he sat with an air upon him of general lying by in consequence of information he possessed, that really was too much for me. He once examined his very wine when he had nothing else in hand. He held it between himself and the candle, tasted it, rolled it in his mouth, swallowed it, looked at the port again, smelled it, tried it, drank it, filled again, and cross-examined the glass again, until I was as nervous as if I had known the wine to be telling him something to my disadvantage. Three or four times I feebly threw out a lure to start conversation; but whenever he saw me going to ask him any thing he looked at me with his glass in his hand, and rolling his wine about in his mouth, as if requisite to take notice that it was of no use, for he couldn't answer.

I think Miss Pocket was conscious that the sight of me unnerved her in the danger of being goaded to madness, and perhaps tearing off her cap—which was a very hideous one, in the nature of a mosque, or pincushion, and was pinned with her hair—which assuredly had never grown on *her* head. She did not appear when we afterward went up to Miss Havisham's room, and we four played at whist. In the interval, Miss Havisham, in a wild way, had put some of the most beautiful jewels from her dressing-table into Estella's hair, and above her bosom and waist; and I saw even my guardian look at her from under his thick eyebrows, and relax from a little, when her loveliness was before him, with those rich flushes of glitter on her color in it.

Of the conversation and extent to which he took our trumps into custody, and came out with mean little cards at the ends of hands, before which the ace of our last Kings and Queens was utterly abased, I say nothing; nor of the feeling that I had, respecting his looking upon us personally in light of three very obvious and poor riddles that he had found out long ago. What I suffered from, was the incompatibility between his cold presence and my feelings toward Estella. It was not that I knew I could never bear to speak to him about her, that I knew I could never bear to hear him creak his boots at her, that I knew I could never bear to see him wash his hands of her; it was, that my admiration should be within a foot or two of him—in vain, when I thought things could be in the same place with him—*that*, was the agonizing circumstance.

We played until nine o'clock, and then it was arranged that when Estella came to London I should be forwarned of her coming and should meet her at the coach, and then I took leave of her, and touched her and left her.

My guardian lay at the Boar, in the next room to mine. Far into the night, Miss Havisham's words, "Love her, love her, love her!" sounded in my ears. I adapted them for my own repetition, and said them over to myself, "Love her, love her, I love her!" thousands of times. Then a burst of gratitude came upon me, that she should be destined for me, and then I took leave of her, and touched her and left her.

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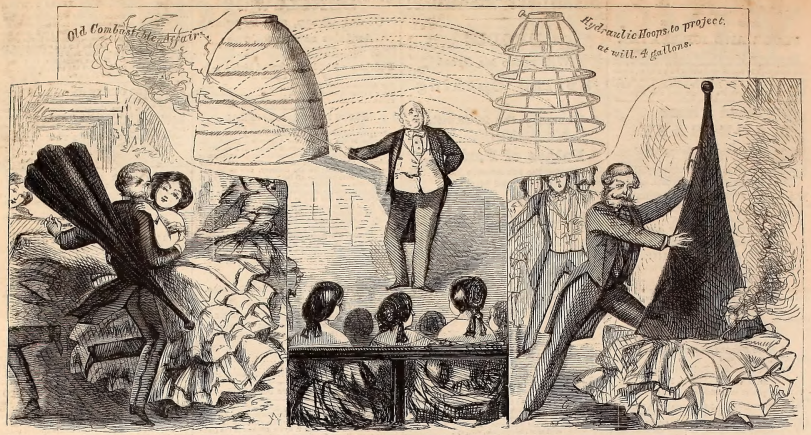

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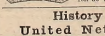

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VOL. V.—No. 223.] NEW YORK, SATURDAY, APRIL 6, 1861. [PRICE FIVE CENTS.

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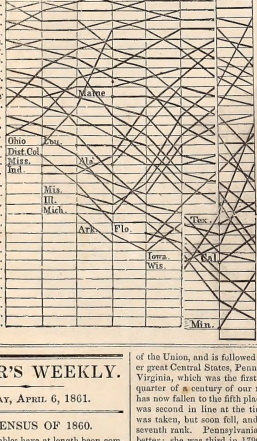
HON. WILLIAM H. SEWARD, SECRETARY OF STATE.—FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY BRADY.—[SEE NEXT PAGE.]

THE CENSUS OF 1860.

STATES.	CENSUS OF 1850.			CENSUS OF 1860.			33TH CONGRESS.		
	Free.	Slaves.	Total.	Free.	Slaves.	Total.	Reps.	Loss.	Gain.
Alabama*	426,514	342,844	771,623	529,164	435,132	964,296	6	1	..
Arkansas	162,717	47,100	209,897	324,323	111,104	435,427	3	..	1
California	92,597	....	92,597	389,015	....	389,015	4	..	1
Connecticut	370,792	....	370,792	460,151	....	460,151	4	..	..
Delaware	88,742	2,290	91,532	110,420	1,798	112,218	1	..	..
Florida*	48,135	39,310	87,445	78,686	61,753	140,439	1	..	..
Georgia*	524,503	381,682	906,185	703,057	465,509	1,168,566	7	1	..
Illinois	851,470	....	851,470	1,711,951	....	1,711,753	11	..	4
Indiana	988,416	....	988,416	1,350,479	....	1,350,428	7	..	..
Iowa	192,214	....	192,214	674,948	....	674,948	5	..	3
Kansas	....	....	....	107,110	....	107,110	1	..	1
Kentucky*	771,434	210,981	982,405	999,228	225,490	1,155,718	8	2	..
Louisiana*	376,905	244,809	517,762	376,913	332,520	709,433	4	..	..
Maine	583,169	....	583,169	628,276	....	628,276	5	..	1
Maryland	492,661	90,368	583,034	599,846	87,188	687,034	5	1	..
Massachusetts	994,514	....	994,514	1,231,065	....	1,231,065	10	1	..
Mississippi*	296,648	309,878	606,526	354,699	436,696	791,395	5	..	..
Missouri	592,004	87,422	682,044	1,058,352	114,965	1,173,317	9	2	..
Michigan	397,654	....	397,654	749,113	....	749,113	6	..	2
Minnesota	6,077	....	6,077	162,022	....	162,022	1	1	..
New Hampshire	317,976	....	317,976	326,072	....	326,073	3	..	..
New Jersey	489,519	236	489,555	672,031	....	672,035	5	..	1
New York	3,097,394	....	3,097,394	3,887,542	....	3,887,542	31	..	1
North Carolina	553,470	288,548	869,039	629,942	331,081	992,667	7	1	..
Ohio	1,980,329	....	1,98 ,329	2,339,599	....	2,339,599	19	3	..
Oregon	13,294	....	13,294	52,464	....	52,464	2	1	..
Pennsylvania	2,311,786	....	2,311,786	2,906,370	....	2,906,370	23	2	..
Rhode Island	147,545	....	147,545	174,621	....	174,620	2	1	..
South Carolina*	283,523	384,984	668,507	301,271	402,541	703,812	4	2	..
Tennessee	753,788	239,459	1,002,717	834,082	275,784	1,109,866	8	2	..
Texas*	154,431	58,161	212,592	420,651	180,388	601,039	4	..	2
Vermont	314,120	....	314,120	315,116	....	315,098	3	..	..
Virginia	894,183	472,528	1,421,661	1,105,196	436,987	1,596,083	11	2	3
Wisconsin	305,391	....	305,391	775,873	....	775,881	6	..	2
Pop. of States	19,553,421	3,204,769	23,061,792	27,185,109	3,947,557	31,134,666	233	24	19
Territories.									
Colorado	....	....	....	34,197	....	34,197			
Dakotah	....	....	....	4,837	....	4,839			
Nebraska	....	....	....	28,832	10	28,841			
Nevada	....	....	....	6,857	....	6,857			
New Mexico	61,547	....	61,547	93,516	24	93,541	1		
Utah	11,354	26	11,380	40,266	29	40,295			
Washington	....	....	....	11,623	....	11,623			
Dist. of Col.	48,003	3,687	51,687	71,809	3,181	75,076			
Total Pop.	19,957,553	3,204,511	23,191,876	27,477,660	3,951,301	31,428,961			
* Deduct the population of the seven "Cotton Confederate States," 1860				2,656,481	2,311,260	4,967,741			
Population of the other, according to their Census of 1860				24,820,660	1,641,541	26,462,150			

The number of Representatives is fixed at 233, apportioned as follows: To each State one Representative for 93,706 of the number of slaves is added to the number of free, to form the ratio of population required for a Representative. The representative population of the whole is then divided by 233, to find the number of Representatives to which it is entitled. The fractions that left would decrease the Representatives below the number of 233. This is obviously to bring the additional member to the States having the largest fractions, until the number of 233 is reached.

The following Table, for which we are indebted to the courtesy of the New York *Times*, shows the progress of population in each State from 1790 to 1860:



HARPER'S WEEKLY.

SATURDAY, APRIL 6, 1861.

THE CENSUS OF 1860.

THE Census Tables have at length been completed at Washington. The preceding analysis shows the population of the United States according to the Census of 1850 and that of 1860, together with the Representatives in the 38th Congress, and the losses and gains in each State.

The great increase of the past ten years has been in the Western States. The population of Illinois and Wisconsin has doubled; that of Iowa has nearly trebled; that of Michigan has nearly doubled. The exact increase has been 90 per cent. in Michigan, 101 per cent. in Illinois, 154 per cent. in Wisconsin, 251 per cent. in Iowa. The older Western States have not gained as much; Ohio shows an increase of 18 per cent. only; Indiana 37 per cent. The Middle States—New-York, New-Jersey, and Pennsylvania—have increased 26 per cent. The New England States have only increased 15 per cent., less than the natural increase; Vermont and New Hampshire have stood still. The border Slave States have increased 28 per cent. in white, and 14 per cent in slave population. The seceded States 33 per cent. in white, and 31 per cent. in slave population. These figures illustrate the gradual migration of our people, North and South, from the old to the new lands.

The second table published above shows how New York has steadily risen to be the first State of the Union, and is followed closely by the other great Central States, Pennsylvania and Ohio. Virginia, which was the first State for the first quarter of a century of our national existence, has now fallen to the fifth place. Massachusetts was second in line at the time the first census was taken, but soon fell, and now occupies the seventh rank. The exact census has held her own better; she was third in 1790, and is now second. The fourth State, when the first census was taken, was North Carolina, and the seventh South Carolina; they are now the twelfth and eighteenth. Maryland has fallen from the sixth to the seventeenth place; New Jersey from the ninth to the twentieth; New Hampshire from the tenth to the twenty-second; Vermont from the eleventh to the twenty-eighth; Rhode Island from the fourteenth to the twenty-ninth. So the older States are thrust out of their original rank by their younger, more fertile, and more thriving sisters.

A PRESIDENTIAL PATENT.

AMONG the registered patents in the Patent Office at Washington is one for burying vessels through shallow waters, taken out some years ago by Abraham Lincoln, of Springfield, Illinois.

The method is by the employment of air-chambers constructed on the principle of a bellows, and distended or contracted by ropes, as the depth of water may require. It was by a somewhat similar scheme, on a larger scale, that it was once proposed to bring the *Great Eastern* through the East River to a dock.

The inventor, Mr. Lincoln, has not had the satisfaction of seeing his patent in use on the Mississippi or its tributaries.

But it has fallen to his lot to be in command of a ship of uncommon burden on a voyage of uncommon danger. It devolves upon him to navigate the ship of state through shallows of unprecedented peril, and over flats of unparalleled extent. The difficulty is how to prevent her grounding and becoming a wreck.

We trust that the President will set the fashion of using his own patent.

He can then lower all his cargo overboard, and buoy up his craft on all sides. He need not change his voyage, or put into a strange port. But unless he can set his air-chambers at work so as to diminish the draught of his vessel—in a word, unless he can increase her buoyancy, and bring more of her hull into God's daylight, he will run no small risk of losing her altogether.

THE GALWAY STEAMERS.

THE new line of transatlantic steamers, between Galway, in Ireland, and Boston and New York, in this country, commenced their weekly service, under contract with the British Government, on 26th March. The line consists of our famous Collins steamer the *Adriatic*, which the Company bought at one-third her cost, and of three new steamers—the *Hibernia*, *Anglia*, and *Columbia*—each of about 2800 tons register, and 4400 burden. The three last named vessels are known last year by the names of the *Leinster*, *Munster*, and *Ulster*; the names were changed at the instance of the Irish board of direction, in order to avoid their being confused with the Channel boats bearing those names. The board of direction, by-the-way, has been changed as well as the ships' names; and from all that we have heard of the old and of the new board, this change is undoubtedly for the better. The new board consists of practical steamboat men, of large means and high character: the well-known MACCORMICK—who would be the Commodore if he lived in this country—is an influential member.

The new line will run to Boston and New York alternately, and, with ordinary good fortune and ordinary good management, will probably do well. The *Hibernia*, we have heard, is a splendid vessel; on her trial trip she made 21 knots. The *Adriatic*, every body knows, is the finest passenger vessel afloat.

HON. WILLIAM H. SEWARD, SECRETARY OF STATE.

THE Hon. WILLIAM H. SEWARD, Secretary of State, whose portrait we publish on the preceding page, is one of the foremost statesmen now of the age. Few of his fellow-citizens are unwilling to render the due tribute to his intellectual ability, while his party regard him as the champion of human freedom and of progress.

Mr. Seward was born in the village of Florida, Orange County, New-York, on the 16th day of May, 1801. Of an active disposition, and possessing an inquiring mind, he mastered the rudiments of education at an early age, and in 1816 entered Union College, at Schenectady, where he greatly distinguished himself as a diligent student. Having graduated with high honors, he went to New York city in 1820, and commenced the study of the law in the office of Hon. John Anthon; but the next year returned to his native county, where he completed his legal studies in the office of Hon. Ogden Hoffman, at that time District Attorney.

In 1822 Mr. Seward was admitted to the bar, at Goshen, and soon afterward he removed to Auburn, where he entered into partnership with his future father-in-law, JUDGE MILLER, and where he has since resided. Devoted to the interests of his numerous clients, the young practitioner soon gained a high reputation, and enjoyed a lucrative practice.

Mr. Seward became identified with the "Anti-Masonic" party in this State, and in 1828 was the President of a State Convention, at Utica, in favor of the re-election of John Quincy Adams to the Presidential chair. In 1830 he was elected to the Senate of the State of New York, where he at once distinguished himself as a Reformer.

Having served four years as State Senator, Mr. Seward was persuaded, in 1834, to accept a nomination for Governor, in opposition to Hon. William L. Marcy, who then held the position. He was defeated; but two years later he was more successful, defeating his veteran opponent by ten thousand majority. In 1840, during the memorable "Harrison campaign," in which he took an active part, he was triumphantly re-elected.

In 1843 Governor Seward, having declined a renomination, settled down at Auburn to enjoy the comforts of domestic life, and to devote himself to his profession, in which he soon occupied a leading position. His practice was varied and extensive, embracing many important patent cases and other civil suits; but his defence of a negro is regarded as one of the best criminal lawyers in the State of New York.

The nomination of General Taylor in 1848 as the Whig candidate for President was regarded by Governor Seward as one eminently "fit to be made," and he entered into the canvass with great zeal. The State of New York gave Taylor and Fillmore a large majority; and when the Legislature assembled Governor Seward was elected to the United States Senate by a vote of 121 to 30. It was expected that he would have been the controlling spirit of the Taylor Administration; but the untimely death of the President completely changed the aspect of political affairs at Washington.

Senator Seward was one of the most earnest opponents of the "Compromise Measures" passed by the Thirty-First Congress. "I feel assured," said he, in his famous speech of March 11, 1850, "that slavery must give way, and will give way, to the salutary instruction of economy and to the ripening influences of humanity; that emancipation is inevitable and is near; that it may be hastened or hindered; that all measures which fortify slavery or extend it tend to the consummation of violence—all that check its extension and abate its strength tend to its peaceful extirpation. But I will object none but lawful, constitutional, and peaceful means to secure even that end; and none such can I or will I withhold."

In the Presidential campaign of 1852 Senator Seward advocated the election of General Scott, although he did not approve of the "platform." The disastrous result, which brought about a dissolution of the old "Whig party," did not appear to discourage the Senator from New York, who took bold and decided ground against the Kansas-Nebraska Bill, which he denounced in two able speeches.

In February, 1855, Senator Seward was re-elected by a combination of Whig, American, and Anti-Slavery Representatives, who then laid the foundation of the present Republican party, of which he is the acknowledged leader. It was, however, deemed expedient, at the ensuing Presidential election, to place COLONEL FREMONT in nomination; and Mr. Seward labored on behalf with the same energetic zeal which had marked his exertions to promote the success of Clay, of Taylor, and of Scott.

After the adjournment of Congress in the summer of 1859 Senator Seward again left Europe, extending his tour to "the Orient." He was every where received with marked distinction, and was the guest of the sovereigns of the principal governments.

When the Chicago Convention met in May, 1860, it was generally expected that Mr. Seward would be the candidate of the party. He was passed over, and Mr. Lincoln was selected in his stead. He did his share of the campaign; he stumped the entire Northwest, and part of New England and New York, speaking every where to enormous audiences, and no doubt contributed largely to the success of the party. It was generally understood that he would not accept office, at least at home, under Mr. Lincoln; but the unexpected trouble which followed the election compelled him to reverse this intention, and he accepted the post of Secretary of State as soon as it was offered him. His speeches in the Senate, which were delivered shortly afterward, have been justly regarded as expositions of the policy of the administration. In office, Mr. Seward is understood to be in favor of conciliation and delay, in the hope that time will mitigate the asperities of the pending civil contentions.

In personal appearance Senator Seward is remarkably unassuming, of middle size, with light hair toned down by age, prominent features, and heavy, overhanging eyebrows. His smile is cordial, and there is a luminous depth in the searching glance of his keen eyes that betrays a warm heart. Married, early in life, to a daughter of Judge MILLER, of Auburn, he has two sons and two daughters, and a portion of his family have always accompanied him to Washington whenever his duties have called him there. No man has a larger circle of devoted friends, and no public personage of our time enjoys a higher reputation as a cultivated, high-toned gentleman. Politicians of every phase meet at his hospitable board, which is enlivened by his inexhaustible reminiscences and sparkling wit.

THE LOUNGER.

THE ACADEMY EXHIBITION.

It is a dismal beginning to say that the present exhibition of the National Academy is the poorest of late years, but we may as well begin by telling the truth. It is not fair, of course, to require that a plant shall put forth its finest blossoms every time it flowers, nor that every apple on the tree shall be the best apple it ever grew. It is too much to require that every annual exhibition shall be better than all the others, but it would be a very agreeable fact if it were so; and certainly, for the last few years, it has not been easy to deny that there was a steady advance in the quality of execution and the variety of subjects. This year there are a few capital pictures, and no more. The works are very good, or they are poor.

Some of the most familiar names are not upon the catalogue. Elliott has no portrait; for last year, you remember, he cut one of his wife out of the frame because he did not like the place in which it was hung. Hicks has no portrait, and only two small contributions. Kensett has nothing. Church shows one small picture. Kensett has but one small landscape, very lovely, and one portrait! Eastman Johnson's works are less striking than in the last two years. Allan Gay, whose coast scenes of last year were among the best pictures, is not represented. Hamilton Wild has not chosen to make his *rentrée*. The eye goes about the rooms asking the walls for many a touch it remembers and anticipating, but does not get.

On the other hand, Page and Leutze have each a considerable work; Gray has the best portrait he has yet exhibited; Rowse has an exquisite crayon head of an Italian girl; Furness, of Philadelphia, and Hunt, of Newport, have masterly portraits, and Gifford has a striking and admirable landscape.

This morning let us take a rapid run through the rooms and note what arrests us. Nos. 25 and 26 are colored elevations of the new building for the National Academy. It is somewhat Saracenic

or Venetian in its general aspect, vaguely recalling the palace of the Doges. It can not fail to be unique. Mr. P. B. Wight is the architect. Nearly opposite, No. 72, is an Italian Girl. It is full of the tenderest feeling, and the handling is delicate, broad, and poetic. It has the true Italian pensiveness, which we shall find in Page's Italian picture, further on. In the same gallery, Nos. 151 and 157 are portraits by William Hunt. The latter is the head of W. S. Thayer, our new Consul-General to Egypt. The former is the back-head of a lady. It is turned away and half-downward with sweet womanly decision. Every tit of a rose-leaf is obvious, and the character of a woman shows itself, however you may see her. If Mr. Hunt is as good a painter as we believe him to be, this is a study of feminine simplicity, elegance, and repose. A man could write an essay upon this portrait, the text of which should be what Dick Steele said of Lady Elizabeth Hastings, that to love her was a liberal education.

In the next room, No. 170 is a portrait three-quarters length, by W. H. Furness, of Philadelphia. The modelling, the expression, and the fidelity of this work are remarkable. It is a human skull beneath the skin, and the hand, with the forefinger in the book, is a hand of bone and muscle and blood, and can spurn and shut. Mark, too, how well the book itself is done; not a point of the picture is slighted. The color is rich and mellow. Mr. Furness must count among the very best of our portrait painters. Try him, for instance, by Gray's No. 176, certainly one of the worst portraits in the gallery. How well 170 holds its own!—less-rich and bold in color, indeed, but of the same masterly quality.

No. 194, a Lake in the Highlands, by Gifford, catches one of those fleeting moments of golden glory which illuminate the landscape with a summer shower, the moment of which Tennyson sings

"Sweet after showers ambrosial air."

It is a fair question whether an aspect of nature necessarily so evanescent is a satisfactory study; but the picture is certainly effective and pleasing: so No. 199, a Reminiscence of Trenton Falls, by Hicks, is a striking and poetic bit of composition, effect upon the water and wooded bank steeped in rich gloom. It is a vigorous and charming sketch. In No. 218, Benjamin Curtis's Captain Kidd, who painted the large Rocky Mountain landscape of last year, gives another episode of the far Western life, toward California and the Oregon Trail; and No. 223 is Eastman Johnson's Husking. This little picture has all the fidelity which marks his pictures, and his reliance upon the incidents of common contemporary life for a deep poetic effect. It is not so charming as the Pigeon-house and the Margaret of last year; for he seems less fully to represent what he intends. Are the artist-pair lovers? That is a kind of question which Mr. Johnson should never allow a Lounger to ask. He may retort, of course, that he furnishes pictures and not brains to perceive them with. He may insist that only the dullest of Loungers could fail to see that they are lovers. Perhaps, but it is a very incipient stage of the passion. The Lounger could put the whole, with differences in the handling, is more like Edmonia than Johnson.

In No. 225, a Twilight in the Catskills, we have the largest and most important landscape in the Exhibition, by Gifford. The general artistic progress of late years is very marked; and this picture is the most striking proof of it. The spectator looks across a wild valley to the range of the mountains; a dense purple wall rimmed above by a broad belt of luminous sunset sky, which is again contrasted with a belt of downy cloud. This peculiar but not unusual effect is painted with a great deal of richness and power. The picture undeniably reminds you of some earlier work of Church, in which the same general effect was represented; but that is only a resemblance of subject. It is a very interesting and skilful work. If Mr. Gifford resists the almost inevitable tendency of an artist who, like himself, has such graphic facility, to slur the conscientious details of his work, he will apparently go far from year to year to a very high position. Every one who has watched his course will sincerely wish it.

Next week we will step into the next room.

ONE HEROINE LESS.

Two or three weeks ago Mrs. Mary Ann Patten died in Boston, a woman as famous, three or four years ago, as Miss Darling in her time. She was the wife who, when her husband was laid low upon his ship with illness and blindness, took command, and brought the vessel safely into San Francisco. She was not twenty years old at the time, and she has earned more than the rhetorical torpedoes which were cracked in her honor—she has made her name an illustration of heroic fidelity.

The point of her story, however, is the fact that, what is well done and approved, conclusively answers the question whether it ought to be, or can be done. We wrangle and cant until we are blue about the rights of women; but when Elizabeth rules England—when Madame de Staël writes "Corinne"—when Florence Nightingale goes to the Crimea, or Dorothy Dix to the asylums, or Elizabeth Fry to the prisons, or Mary Ann Patten to the helm—then we discover that we need not lose our temper, nor call names, nor utter vague slander, but see, with our eyes wide open, that God means us all to do what he gives us the capacity and the occasion to do.

MACAULAY'S LAST.

THERE is one good thing in this general lull of literary activity, and it is that we shall all have plenty of time to read and enjoy every word of the last volume of Macaulay's History, which will presently appear. It is stale and rather questionable praise of a history to say that it is so interesting as a novel; but the brilliancy and interest and vehemence of Macaulay do certainly invest all that he wrote with a singular fascination. He was a great literary artist, if not a great historian. He had also a peculiarly limitation of English history. It was the study and delight of his life, to which all his other scholarship was subsidiary, and his work will always be a classic. There was a report last year that Thackeray was to continue it, and it is just one of the instances in which such a continuation might be possible and successful—for Macaulay left his work precisely at that period of English history with which Thackeray is most familiar, and of which he himself lived chronicler.

The new volume is edited by Macaulay's sister, Lady Trevelyan. With the exception of a most interesting account of the death of William Third, with which the work closes, it was finally transcribed and revised by the author himself. Macaulay's "History of England from the Accession of James Second" is thus fully completed to the death of that King, and to the close of the reign of his successor, with the exception of the last two months of that reign, of which Macaulay's first rough draft is published. The new volume has an interest of story and splendor of narration not surpassed by any thing Macaulay wrote, and can not fail to renew the satisfaction and popularity with which the first volumes were hailed.

DE OMNIBUS, ETC.

As there is a general discussion of the advantage of a railroad in Broadway, people begin to discover that we have now, so to speak, the luxury, the high, lumbering, and inconvenient omnibus to be behind the age. But every citizen will probably have the same kindly feeling for the old, heavy body had for the old stage-coaches when railroads came in. There could be no question that they must go—but they could not be kicked out. They should be gently remembered; yes, they should be even pathetic, so that when the good old stage-coach days were quite over there should be a vision of an Arcadian and golden age.

Omnibuses ought hardly to anticipate a poetic remembrance, for they are not dead, and are not even got rid of, and we are obliged to ride in them no more, how charitably we shall speak of them! We say, for now, those long white omnibuses of Brower's, which, used to stand at the corner of Broadway and Wall Street, with a seat outside at the door for the collector, may be remembered and mentioned to the young men who will be Lord of Knickerbocker air, as if you were speaking of a remote antiquity. The truth is, that New York is hooped down and down and down, and a man of few years may appear as venerable, from his remembrances, to a younger man, as the good Dr. Knickerbocker himself. Even the Bowery Theatre have the same fine traditional flavor which gave such zest to the Doctor's talk.

If time, omnibuses must go, let them retire with all the honors; and if rights are vested in them, let them be carefully respected. It is still a puzzle to the Lounger why it is not as easy to run up and down the city without asking the Legislature of the State. Do the omnibuses run by Legislative grant? Isn't a city capable of making its own city streets? One thing may be freely granted, and that is, that it is not capable of managing its police so well as the Legislature manages it. Does the Police that it can not regulate railroads in its highways? If it can not, why not enter a general verdict of incompetency, and have done with legislative aid for lighting the streets and cleaning them?

It is, indeed, a fair question whether the city of New York would not be a hundred-fold cleaner, safer, and more economical, if it were managed altogether by the State. Its upright and candid Chief Magistrate thinks otherwise, and is doubtless of opinion that it would be the more wisely and successfully governed if it were given over to his unlimited tender mercies. But until that Millennial day arrives, will it not be fair to carefully manage our own affairs, why do we not go through the form, at least, of deciding whether cars shall or shall not run in our streets?

JENNY LIND.

THE annual report is in circulation that Mr. Gye, director of several London theatres, has made an engagement with Jenny Lind for the coming season. It is probably not true, but if it were so, it would be almost a pity. Not for Jenny, for those who would hear her, but for her own fame.

Nobody can turn and wreath the old laurels around his head. Mendelssohn died in early maturity. They were both of too decided talent not to do well: but they did not do as at first, and they could not. They stood in their own light, as we, under such circumstances every artist must. They may have been of even greater power than before, but they had to measure themselves with a traditional fame which always magnifies. If Kean could come again, Kean would not seem to us what we believe he seemed to our fathers. Even they would wonder whether the old charm had fled.

In another way we often try to renew emotions by removing to the spot in which they were felt. We constantly go to Rome that we may go twice to a place for the first time. And yet how many a man of forty, who recalls what Europe was to him as a youth of twenty, recently began to go again, that he may renew that enjoyment!

When Fanny Kemble returned to the stage, it was remembered that twenty years of theatric practice had painted her. But histrionic or operatic verdicts are always mellowed by the intoxication of enthusiasm. We remember seems to us as beautiful as her lover describes her. No actor can satisfy your anticipations reared by your imagination upon the description of another. Malibran can never sing so sweetly as you believe her, or remember her, to have sung. Then in all great popularity there is something factitious. It overdoes the occasion. At best it is the foam upon the wine. Do not try to shake it back again. Sontag's prestige in her latter days, when the Countess became the cantatrice again, was a warm but sad Indian summer of success. Let us do no harm to the image of Jenny Lind, so frank, so fair, so willful, so earnest, so triumphant. The sky-lark, still singing, soars to our view. Let the memory be "a sightless song."

GORILLA DU CHAILLU.

IN mentioning the forthcoming books of travel, a few weeks since, the Lounger spoke of the work of Mr. Du Chaillu as one that would naturally attract more attention than any since Livingstone's. Those who remember his most interesting exhibition of the gorilla which he had brought back, will be very sure of the great interest of his story.

Mr. Du Chaillu went to England, a few weeks since, to superintend the English publication of his work, and has been the subject of an "ovation" from the Royal Geographical Society and many of the most distinguished men in England.

A very crowded meeting of the famous Society was held, with Sir Roderick Murchison in the chair. Among the guests of mark were the Count of Paris, the Right Honorable Mr. Gladstone, the American Minister and Consul, Professor Owen, Captains Sherard Osborn, and Forbes, Mr. Layard, the Austrian Minister, Sir Henry Holland, and many more of the men whose presence is considered the highest distinction.

The paper read was Mr. Du Chaillu's "Travels in the [Gorilla] Region of Western Equatorial Africa," illustrated by diagrams and specimens of the gorilla. After the reading was over, Sir Rod. Murchison made some remarks, and was followed by the greatest English authority upon comparative anatomy, Professor Owen, who said that natural history had never received a more remarkable acquisition than had been imported that evening. Hitherto we had obtained a few raw materials of this great gorilla; but now, for the first time, the naturalist had heard, from one who had lived among them in their country, some authentic account of its power and its habits."

Professor Owen was followed by the greatest orator in England, Mr. Gladstone. Mr. E. Glad stone, who "wished that it were in his power more frequently to appear in the character of a pupil. He could not, however, refrain from saying that they had heard that night one of the most modest talented, and enterprising of modern travellers; and in the city of commerce which he had communicated had been developed and applied to many of the highest and most important points of knowledge by a man of the most brilliant genius that in this or any other period has applied himself to the study."

The latter part of this remark applies to Owen, who has devoted himself to the examination of the gorilla.

Mr. Du Chaillu's work will be published simultaneously in New York and London.

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

THE HERMIT IN THE WOOD.

FATHER JOHN was a holy man,
And he lived upon a wood,
The breamble fruit and the scarlet hip
Were all his simple food.

'Twas when the rose began to bloom,
And flush in crimson dyes,
He said, "Where is Madam Adam saved
As a relic of Paradise."

And when the thrush came to the time
To pour his melody,
He said, "It is my little child's out
An angel taught to sing."

A TAKING FASHION.

It is extraordinary what thieves owe to the fashions. This is their last debt, and one that they are never likely to repay, unless they take to the strong hand of justice.

A noted French pickpocket, upon his arrest, declared his opinion that Crinoline affords better opportunities for practising that light-fingered gentleman's nay style of dress previously worn. Being worn loosely away from the body, ample opportunity is afforded for the hand and gut of the purse without detection."

We are not sure, however, at its favoring the propensity of thieves, when we know that Crinoline itself is, in the generality of cases, strongly attached to steal. It may be called the perfect pick of the fashion.

NAVAL FASHIONS.

Steel corsets are beginning to be worn by frigates, but it has not been decided whether the bows in front or descend quite to the other extremity. The sides are pierced with holes for ventilation, forming a stylish spectacle. Crinoline is less employed than formerly, which, during the prevalence of March winds, is not to be regretted.

HAUSSE ET BAISSE.

HAUSSE.

I see a Brass Colossus, thinly gilt,
Who has fixed a tariff on twilight, and
Holding a huge mud-bobble, where doth waver,
The inscription "Gas at Discretion."

BAISSE.

The gold upon the brass is rent and tarnished,
The lacquer cracks with heat, and the clay was varnished.
A sudden cloud blots out the Imperial fire,
The huge mud-bobble, like Gas, shuts more is.

FINE OLD GIRLS.

The moralizing wit blunkets who try to make young girls old-fashioned with constant sentimental lamentation on the fugitive character of feminine charms, will find a refutation of their unwholesome philosophy in the subjoined extract from the "Fashions for March" in *Le Follet*:

"Velvet, though very effective, is only deemed suitable for elderly ladies."

The effect of the padding is in the end; for a pity of the velvet must lie in the wearing. As velvet is only recommended for the elderly, the presumption is that velvet is worn by elderly ladies only. Then the apparent paradox which at first sight strikes us is the only proof of its effectiveness. But velvet is very effective, either positive or negative. Whether worn where it is very effective, notwithstanding the wearers' time of life, or where, in the serious learning of a millinery, seems leaving the power of attracting admiration, and not that of exciting pain. We are to understand that elderly ladies in velvet create the same sort of sensation as that which their juniors dress with a view to exciting. In short, according to the *Follet*, elderly ladies in velvet look pretty, or at least handsome. This consideration may encourage the younger portion of the softer sex to dismiss all unpleasant suggestions as to the mayors of time, and indulge the pleasing confidence that Loveliness, in future, will outgrow mortality only to bloom perennially in velvet.

Which of our servants is most likely to steal the eggs?—The cook, who (cooked) is notorious for that species of larceny!

SYMPATHY.

BY A SAILOR.

That Dublin mayor[ess] trial—hear!
Most charming history to wend!
Few fellah! what a naweal hear!
A crowd case few him indeed!
A should not care few waving nobs,
And having all the Press at one;
Would be Lord Attorney some day,
And vastuous indignation's fun.

Three nine days' wonders soon elapse,
Whol I should feel to bring in,
By Jove! few liggany packages;
At any woe law lots of him!
I do admire the fellaw's pluck,
Web, deserving sumthething mad,
Owns he don't pay the mun work
The same respect as gentle blood.

It may town out all right at last—
Many a worthy A hope it may:
And he, when all the woe is past,
Will be Lord Attorney some day.
But still, whoever feels, henceforth,
Inclined to do that navy of things,
He'd better no go too few Navth,
Nor board a whaling wing.

TWO FRENCH IDOLS.

The Senate Napoleon exalts on a line,
Where if two names could stand, they would both be dimmed.

And a Bishop, effecting fanatical airs,
Up Pontius Pilate the Emperor compares.
The abuse and the lucrase alike are profane,
But shall the Tootles alone would continue
And give the Fanatic abundance of rope?
If Napoleon's Tiberius, why not the Pope?

SUPERNATURAL SWINDLE.

According to the *Unita Italiana* of Genoa, several Portuguese officers, having been made prisoners, had arrived at Genoa. These officers were all provided with a paper inscribed with the following words:

"Receive Father Pio, and for 100 years of pleasure indulgence to whoever takes arms against the excommunicated Alone, Victor Emanuel—Caminda au Lisbonne."

Of course a century of plenary indulgences could hardly be worth much, but it is also a natural sign of the mean advantage to be conferred in this other—remission, for a long, of purgatorial pains. In short, the Pope thinks, if it were not a mere humbug, would entitle the holder to a discharge from all the pains and penalties he may have before, in the regular way, his term of imprisonment would expire. The true extent of release above described, which the Pontifical soldiers were furnished with, by a convenient fiction, is that the Pope's troops being largely composed of brigands and bandits, were no doubt qualified in every respect, except amendment of life, to be not only spiritually, but also in a natural sense, ticket-of-leave men. As to Cardinal De Angelis, whose signature was appended to the paper now note of redemption from future punishment, he may call himself de Angelis, but he must consider himself a devil here for all our Angelis. Yet the Cardinal is only the Pope's deputy, so that the alliterate assertion of His Holiness, that greater than that pretended to by his Eminence. When an old priest, to induce credulous folk to buy his worthless commercial bauble, bribes the rascals with checks on the Bank of Divine Justice, to be payable, in the other world, the attitude that he has attained to is evidently that of absurdity or swindling.

A GOOD LICKING.

The height, or depth, of profane addiction was rarely arrived at by the French Senate in the antithesis presented by the following extract from their address to their imperial master:

"It was a fine day that on which, in the centre of the restored Cathedral, were heard the 'Te Deum' for the Lord, and the 'Domine Salvum' for the Emperor!"

Louis Napoleon smokes. In the presence of his Senators he will never want vapid praise.

Doctor Barter was a painter. He said, "The fellows of my college wished to have an organ in the chapel, but I put a stop to it." We suppose for the sake of the pun, or because he disliked music, is uncertain. He invited, for the love of music, Mr. Crowe and Mr. Booker to dine with him; and having given Mr. Birdmore, another guest, a bird to be eaten after the time, on his appearance, said, "Mr. Booker, Mr. Crowe, I beg leave to introduce you *Bird more*?"

There is a curious little song, dating back to 1691, entitled "O Mother, Hoop!" in which the fear of hoopskirts is set forth by a fair damsel in terms that would delight a Lounger who loves the picturesque:

"What a fine thing I have seen to-day!
O mother, my Cousin Kate
I must have one; you can not say nay!
O mother, O mother!"

Another stanza shows the practical usefulness of the hoop:

"Pray hear me, dear mother, what I have been taught,
How men do admire a handsome sport in a coat!
The men were all drown'd, but the women did float,
And by the help of their hoops were all saved to get out."

"The most luxurious smoker I ever knew," says Mr. Paget, "was a young Transylvanian, who told me that his servant always inserted a lighted pipe into his mouth every time he rang the morning bell, and then lighted it out before he awoke. 'It is so pleasant,' he observed, 'to have the proper taste restored to one's mouth before one is sensible even of its waste.'"

"Julius, what did you get dat coal?"
"Dem bank Pullo."
"What's dat?"
"Little wuly foam in Brattle Street, what it says 'Pull' on the door. I pulled dis coat, and run out."

THE FIVE DAUGHTERS.—A gentleman had five daughters, all of whom he brought up to some useful and respectable occupation in life. Two of them commenced soon after the other, with the concept of their father. The first married a gentleman, by the name of Peet; the second a Mr. Little; the third a Mr. Short; the fourth a Mr. Brown; and the fifth a Mr. Hogg. At the wedding of the latter her sisters, with their husbands, were present. After the ceremonies of the marriage were over, the old gentleman said to his guests: "I have taken great pains to educate my five daughters that they might fill their respects in life; and from their advantages and improvements I hoped that they would do honor to my family; and now I find that all my pains, cares, and expectations have turned out nothing but a *Peet, Little, Short, Brown, Hogg*."

A wayward son of Emerald Isle "left the bed and board" which he had bargained for with his wife, but came back a long while, and spent his time around rum-shops, where he was generally to be found. Returning to his lawful home one day behold "stand erect." Margaret was dissatisfied with this state of affairs, and endeavored to get her husband home again. We shall see how she proceeds—

"Now, Patrick, my honey, will you come home?"

"No, Margaret, I won't come home."

"And won't you come back for the love of the children?"

"Not for the love of the children, Margaret."

"Will you come back for the love of myself?"

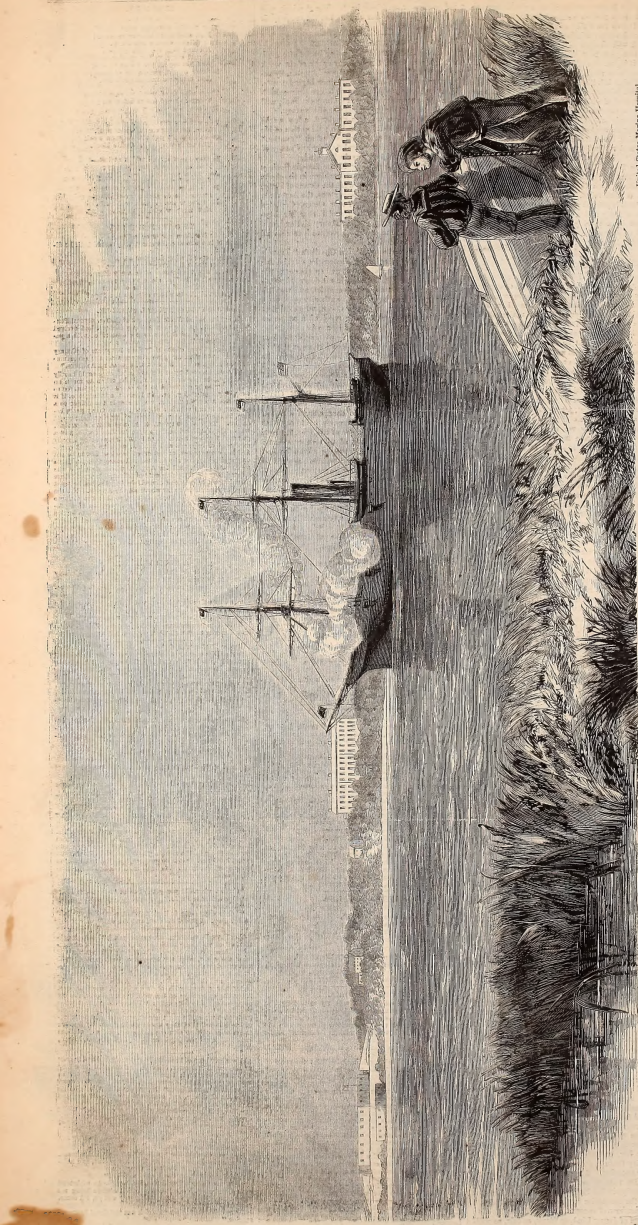
"Never at all. Why wid ye?"

Margaret thought she would try another inducement. Taking a pint-bottle of whisky from her pocket, holding it up to her truant husband, she said—

"Will you come for the drop of whisky?"

"Ah, me darling," said Patrick, unable to withstand such temptation, "it's yourself shall always bring me home again—ye has such a winning way wid ye, I'll come, Margaret."

Margaret declares that "Patrick was reclaimed by moral suasion."



THE UNITED STATES GUN-BOAT "WYANDOTTE" FIRING A SALUTE ON WASHINGTON'S BIRTHDAY IN PENSACOLA HARBOR.—DRAWN BY AN OFFICER OF LIEUT. SLEMMER'S COMMAND.

Fort Barrancas. Barrancas Barracks. Old Spanish Battery. Navy-yard. United States Marine Hospital.

LOST JEWELS.

A flash of gold—of silver sheen—
Of the light thrown quivering back
From gems that shone, like fairy things,
In the palace of Bull & Black.
A stately lady, fair and tall,
On her slender fingers tried
The jewelled circlets one by one,
But she laid them all aside.

"I have lost a gem that was brighter far
Than these in their shimmering light;
I shall never find it—never more—
It has sunk 'mid the coral white;
For it slipped as I pointed down below
To the waves 'round the good ship's prow,
And the ocean queen, in her gleaming home,
May be decked with its glory now."

In a weary tone, with a little sigh,
The lady swept the gems away,
And the quiet salesman put them back,
Till in glittering ranks they lay.
But his eye fell not on the diamond's light,
On the opal's changeful hue,
The purple gleam of the amethyst,
Or the pearls like drops of dew.

But a wistful, longing, eager gaze
He cast on the little child
Whom the lady held by a loving clasp—
He looked, but he never smiled:
For his eyes grew dim with coming tears
As he stooped to the golden head
For a good-by kiss. In a trembling tone,
Like a dreamer's voice, he said:

"And I a treasure, too, have lost,
That was dearer far to me
Than a tunble drop'd in an idle moof
Down in the dark blue sea.
My jewel slipped from my loving hand,
Though I clasped it on my heart
Till its light grew strangely dim and pale;
Then I knew we must sadly part.

"But I shall find my vanished gem,
I know"—and the speaker's face grew bright—
"Where the golden streets and the pearly gates
Will glow in its living light;
For His jewels all He will gather in,
That were lent on the earth to men;
And then in the shining rank I'll see
My long-lost pearl again."

On the lady's face a shadow fell,
And grave grew her laughing eye,
For she heard it still as she walked away—
"I shall find it by-and-by."
The boy put back his golden hair,
Glancing with movement shy,
And the echo came in his childish voice—
"He will find it by-and-by."

OUR FORT PICKENS PICTURES.

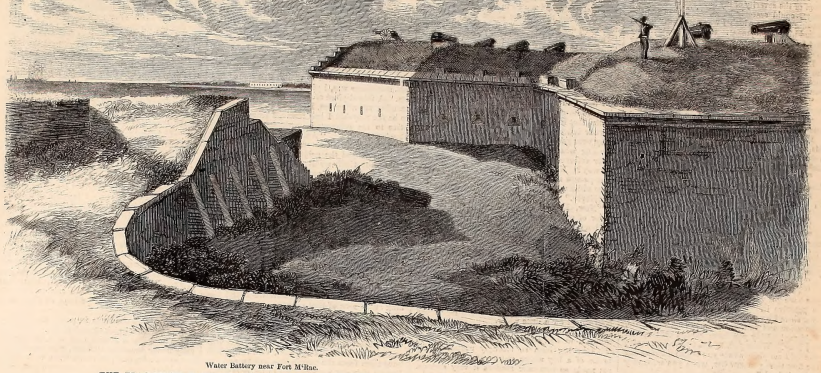
We continue our series of illustrations of Fort Pickens from sketches by our attentive correspondent in the fort. Our correspondent writes, with reference to the picture of the salute on Washington's birthday:

"This view of the *Wyandotte* firing a salute on Washington's birthday is taken from the same spot as my last sketch of Fort Pickens, but of course looking in the opposite direction.

"On the right is seen the United States Marine Hospital. On the left of the bow is Barrancas Barracks. In front of this, half hidden by trees, is a private house, economically allowed to cumber the premises in a most inconvenient manner. On the left of the barracks are part of the officers' quarters seen through the foliage, and on the extreme left is Fort Barrancas firing a salute in honor of the day. Between the fort and the long low white beach at the foot of its glacis, and flanked by low shrubbery, is the old Spanish stone water-battery, within a few rods of the ditch of the main work in its rear. When the Spaniards, at the approach of General Jackson, were helped off by the English, they blew up the old Fort San Carlos de Barrancas, on whose site the present fort was built; but the water-battery being uninjured was mounted subsequently by the Americans, and is in all other respects the work as the Spaniards left it.

"The *Wyandotte* is a third-class sloop of war, mounting four long thirty-twos on the main and two brass pieces on the upper deck. She is commanded by Captain Berryman, who, with his officers and men, deserve great praise for their conduct since the evacuation of Fort Barrancas, and for the aid given by them to Lieutenant Slemmer, in his labors both then and since. Berryman exposed the treason of his former comrades, and as soon as relieved from the incubus of Armstrong's command, was ordered to remain by Captain Wauk under the walls of the fort. The *Wyandotte* is sentinel, coast guard, and supply vessel for the fleet. The unanimity and pleasant concord existing between the naval and military commanders affects the men, who have more than once, and in a marked manner, displayed their *amor patriæ*. The few men in Fort Pickens, and the crew of the *Wyandotte*, are the only ones out here just now who have any thing to do; the rest lie out beyond the bar, and helplessly but unwillingly look on while these devoted fellows work like horses.

"At noon on the 22d some secession guns in the Navy-yard, to the right of the Hospital, next unexpectedly to us opened a salute; soon after a puff of smoke rolled up from Fort Barrancas, and hid their flag of our star and many stripes, and they were hardly fairly at it before Berryman's port showed a lightning flash, and a column of smoke shooting out, paused an instant, rose, and then the breeze, striking it in the centre, bore it to leeward in an N-like shape over the vessel, while a beautiful ring hung for a moment over the flag at the main, then mulled softly away, while one could



Water Battery near Fort M'Rae.

THE FLAG-STAFF BASTION AT FORT PICKENS, FLORIDA.—[DRAWN BY AN OFFICER OF LIEUT. SLEMMER'S COMMAND, MARCH 6, 1861.]

hear exclamations of delight from our men on the ramparts. It was a grand, pleasing, but withal melancholy sight; these white puffs of smoke shrouding different flags, and yet honoring one man. The guns, all harmless now, and speaking in thunder tones for him whom we all call Father, might, alas! on the morrow be shotted and worked by brothers against brothers. I am sure we all felt the better for this unexpected meeting on a common ground.

"Looking seaward, we saw the *Brooklyn* and *St. Louis* close together, and wrapped in a cloud of smoke, while the rapid, spiteful discharges brought most vividly to mind one's idea of a naval battle. The *Sabine* was further off, pounding away majestically by herself, which I think she is well able to do. After all was silent, and the eyes of friend and foe were turned to Fort Pickens, a long thirty-two opened seaward, and then the salute ran from gun to gun around the whole parapet, and thus ended the 23d in Pensacola Harbor."

With regard to the other picture he writes, on 15th:

"Inclosed I send you a sketch of the Flag-staff Bastion of Fort Pickens. In my drawing of the fort last sent the flag appears on the northeast bastion. It has since been changed, and is now on the southwest, or diagonally opposite its former position, and in what may be called the rear. The staff is scarcely less temporary than the former, which was simply a long pole stuck up in the first hurry of occupation. The present one is a piece of joist propped up in the dirt of the parapet. The end of the covered way, with its buttressed traverse stairs leading down to the gallery, and the door to the gallery in the counterscarp, are all seen on the left, with the parapet of the covered way overlooking the beach, about two hundred yards distant.

"On the distant point on the other side of the channel is seen the water-battery of Fort M'Rae, which, by-the-way, has no guns. The fort itself is hidden from view by the bastion on which is seen the field-piece. To the left of the latter is a Columbiad pointing toward the hostile forces, and from the flank opposite to the one seen in the picture. The size and height of this gun renders it easy to see it over the intervening parapet. The two bastions represented are separated by a curtain. One embrasure of this curtain is seen beyond the nearest bastion. The face of the bastion to the left is loopholed for musketry.

"The two sail—one an English ship with painted ports, and the other a pilot-boat—are near the buoy in the Swash Channel."

GREAT EXPECTATIONS.

A NOVEL.

By CHARLES DICKENS.

CHAPTER XXIX.

AFTER well considering the matter while I was dressing at the Blue Boar in the morning, I resolved to tell my guardian that I doubted Orlick's being the right sort of man to fill a post of trust at Miss Havisham's. "Why, of course he is not the right sort of man, Pip," said my guardian, comfortably satisfied beforehand on the general head, "because the man who fills the post of trust never is the right sort of man." It seemed quite to put him into spirits to find that this particular post was not accidentally and exceptionally held by the right sort of man, and he listened in a satisfied manner while I told him what knowledge I had of Orlick. "Very good, Pip," he observed, when I had concluded, "I'll go 'round presently, and pay our friend off." Rather alarmed by this summary action, I was for a little delay, and even hinted that our friend himself might be difficult to deal with. "Oh no he won't," said my guardian, making his pocket-handkerchief point with perfect confidence: "I should like to see him argue the question with *me*."

As we were going back together to London by the mid-day coach, and as I breakfasted under such terrors of Pumblechook that I could scarcely hold my cup, this gave me an opportunity of saying that I wanted a walk, and that I would go on along the London Road while Mr. Jaggers was occupied, if he would let the coachman know that I would get into my place when overtaken. I was thus enabled to fly from the Blue Boar immediately after breakfast. By then making a loop of about a couple of miles into the open country at the back of Pumblechook's premises, I got round into the High Street again, a little beyond that pitfall, and felt myself in comparative security.

It was interesting to be in the quiet old town once more, and it was not disagreeable to be here and there suddenly recognized and stared after. One or two of the tradespeople even darted out of their shops and went a little way down the street before me, that they might turn, as if they had forgotten something, and pass me face to face—on which occasions I don't know whether they or I made the worse pretense; they of not doing it, or I of not seeing it. Still my position was a distinguished one, and I was not at all dissatisfied with it, until Fate threw me in the way of that unlimited miscreant, Trabb's boy.

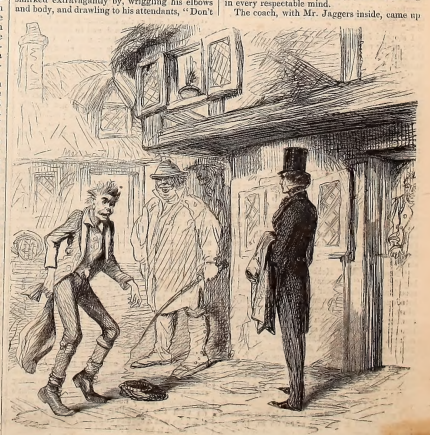
Casting my eyes along the street at a certain point of my progress, I beheld Trabb's boy approaching, lashing himself with an empty blue bag. Deeming that a serene and unconscious contemplation of him would best discern me, and would be most likely to quell his evil mind, I advanced with that expression of countenance, and was rather congratulating myself on my success, when suddenly the knees of Trabb's boy smote together, his hair uprose, his cap fell off, he trembled violently in every limb, staggered out into the road, and crying to the populace, "Hold me! I'm so frightened!" feigned to be in a paroxysm of terror and contrition, occasioned by the dignity of my appearance. As I passed him his teeth loudly chattered in his head, and, with every mark of extreme humiliation, he prostrated himself in the dust.

This was a hard thing to bear, but this was nothing. I had not advanced another two hundred yards, when, to my inexpressible terror, amazement, and indignation, I again beheld Trabb's boy approaching. He was coming round a narrow corner. His blue bag was slung over his shoulder, honest industry beamed in his eyes, a determination to proceed to Trabb's with cheerful briskness was indicated in his gait. With a shock he became aware of me, and was severely visited as before; but this time his motion was rotatory, and he staggered round and round me with knees more afflicted, and with uplifted hands as if beseeching for mercy. His sufferings were hailed with the greatest joy by a knot of spectators, and I felt utterly confounded.

I had not got as much further down the street as the post-office, when I again beheld Trabb's boy shooting round by a back way. This time he was entirely changed. He wore the blue bag in the manner of my great-coat, and was strutting along the pavement toward me on the opposite side of the street, attended by a company of delighted young friends to whom he from time to time exclaimed, with a wave of his hand, "Don't know yah!" Words can not state the amount of aggravation and injury wreaked upon me by Trabb's boy, when, passing abreast of me, he pulled up his shirt-collar, twined his side-hair, stuck an arm akimbo, and smirked extravagantly by, wriggling his elbows and body, and drawling to his attendants, "Don't know yah, don't know yah, 'pon my soul don't know yah!" The disgrace attendant on his immediately afterward taking to crowing and pursuing me across the bridge with crows as from an exceedingly dejected fowl who had known me when I was a blacksmith, culminated the disgrace with which I left the town, and was, so to speak, ejected by it into the open country.

But unless I had taken the life of Trabb's boy on that occasion, I really do not even now see what I could have done save endure. To have struggled with him in the street, or to have exacted any lower recompense from him than his heart's best blood would have been futile and degrading. Moreover, he was a boy whom no man could hurt; an invulnerable and dodging serpent who, when chased into a corner, flew out again between his captor's legs, scurrilously yelping. I wrote, however, to Mr. Trabb by next day's post, to say that Mr. Pip must decline to deal further with one who could so far forget what he owed to the best interests of society, as to employ a boy who excited Loathing in every respectable mind.

The coach, with Mr. Jaggers inside, came up



"HOLD ME! I'M SO FRIGHTENED!"

in due time, and I took my box-sent again, and arrived in London safe—but not sound, for my heart was gone. As soon as I arrived I sent a penitential codfish and barrel of oysters to Jos (as reparation for not having gone myself), and then went on to Barnard's Inn.

I found Herbert dining on cold meat, and delighted to welcome me back. Having dispatched The Avenger to the coffee-house for an addition to the dinner, I felt that I must open my breast that very evening to my friend and chum. As confidence was out of the question with The Avenger in the hall, which could merely be regarded in the light of an ante-chamber to the keyhole, I sent him to the Play. A better proof of the severity of my bondage to that taskmaster could scarcely be afforded than the degrading shifts to which I was constantly driven to find him employment. So mean is extremity that I sometimes sent him to Hyde Park corner to see what o'clock it was.

Dinner done and we sitting with our feet upon the fender, I said to Herbert, "My dear Herbert, I have something very particular to tell you."

"My dear Handel," he returned, "I shall esteem and respect your confidence."

"I conceras myself, Herbert," said I, "and one other person."

Herbert crossed his feet, looked at the fire with his head on one side, and having looked at it in vain for some time, looked at me because I didn't go on.

"Herbert," said I, laying my hand upon his knee. "I love—I adore—Estella."

Instead of being transfixed, Herbert replied in an easy, matter-of-course way, "Exactly. Well?"

"Well, Herbert? Is that all you say? Well?"

"What next, I mean?" said Herbert. "Of course I know *that*."

"How do you know it?" said I.

"How do I know it, Handel? Why, from you."

"I never told you."

"Told me! You have never told me when you have got your hair cut, but I have had sense to perceive it. You have always adored her, ever since I have known you. You brought your adoration and your portmanteau here together. Told me! Why you have always told me all day long. When you told me your own story, you told me plainly that you began adoring her the first time you saw her, when you were very young indeed."

"Very well, then," said I, to whom this was a new and not unwelcome light, "I have never left off adoring her. And she has come back a most beautiful and most elegant creature. And I saw her yesterday. And if I adored her before, I now doubly adore her."

"Lucky for you then, Handel," said Herbert, "that you have picked out for her a friend addicted to her. Without encroaching on forbidden ground, we may venture to say that there can be no doubt between ourselves of that fact. Have you any idea yet of Estella's views on the adoration question?"

I shook my head gloomily. "Oh! she is thousands of miles away from me," said I.

"Patience, my dear Handel: time enough, time enough. But you have something more to say?"

"I am ashamed to say it," I returned, "and yet it's no worse to say it than to think it. You call me a lucky fellow. Of course I am. I was a blacksmith's boy but yesterday; I am—what shall I say I am—to-day?"

"Say a finished fellow, if you want a phrase," returned Herbert, smiling, and clapping his hand on the back of mine, "a good fellow with impetuous but honorable feelings, and with diffidence, action and dreaming, curiously mixed in him."

I stopped for a moment to consider whether there really was this mixture in my character. On the whole, I by no means recognized the analysis, but thought it not worth disputing.

"When I ask what I am to call myself today, Herbert," I went on, "I suggest what I have in my thoughts. You are so lucky. I know I have done nothing to raise myself in life, and that Fortune alone has raised me; that is being very lucky. And yet, when I think of Estella—"

"And when don't you, you know?" Herbert threw in, with his eyes on the fire; which I thought kind and sympathetic of him.)

"Then, my dear Herbert, I can not tell you how dependent and uncertain I feel, and how exposed to hundreds of chances. A reading forbidden ground as you did just now, I may still say that on the constancy of one person (naming no person) all my expectations depend. And of the best, how indefinite and unsatisfactory only to know so vaguely what they are!" In saying this, I relieved my mind of what had always been there, more or less, though no doubt most since yesterday.

"Now, Handel," Herbert replied, in his gay, hopeful way, "it seems to me that in the despondency of the tender passion we are looking into our pipe-bowls instead of the magnifying glass. Likewise, it seems to me that concentrating our attention on that examination we altogether overlook some of the best points of the animal. Didn't you tell me that your guardian, Mr. Jaggers, told you in the beginning that you were not endowed with expectations only? And even if he had not told you so—though that is a very large If, I grant—could you believe that, of all men in London, Mr. Jaggers is the man to hold his present relations toward you unless he were sure of his ground?"

I said I could not deny that this was a strong point. I said it (people often do so, in such cases) like a rather reluctant concession to truth and justice—as if I wanted to deny it!

"I should think it *was* a strong point," said Herbert, "and I should think you would be puzzled to imagine a stronger; as to the rest, you must bide your guardian's time, and he must bide his client's time. You'll be one-and-twenty before you know where you are, and then perhaps you'll get some further enlightenment. At all events you'll be nearer getting it, for it must come at last."

"What a hopeful disposition you have!" said I, gratefully admiring his cheery ways.

"I ought to have," said Herbert, "for I have not much else. I must acknowledge, by-the-by, that the good sense of what I have just said is not my own, but my father's. The only remark I ever heard him make on your story was the final one: 'The thing is settled and done, or Mr. Jaggers would not be in it.' And now before I say any thing more about my father, or my father's son, and your confidence with confidence, I want to make myself seriously disagreeable to you for a moment—positively repulsive."

"You won't succeed," said I.

"Oh yes I shall!" said he. "One, two, three, and now I am in for it. Handel, you are a good fellow"—though he spoke in this light tone he was much in earnest—"I have been thinking since we have been talking with our feet on this fender, that Estella may prove to be a condition of your inheritance, if she was never referred to by your guardian. Am I right in so understanding what you have told me, that he never referred to her, directly or indirectly, in any way? Never even hinted, for instance, that your patron might have views as to your marriage ultimately?"

"Never."

"Now, Handel, I am quite free from the flavor of sour grapes, upon my soul! Not being bound to her, can you not detach yourself from her?—I told you I should be disagreeable."

I turned my head aside, for, with a rush and a sweep, like the old marshes when they sprang up from the sea, a feeling like that which had subdued me on the morning when I left the forge, when the mists were rising, and when all that I had my hand upon the village finger-post, smote upon my heart again. There was silence between us for a little while.

"Yes, but my dear Handel," Herbert went on, as if we had been talking instead of silent, "it's having been so strongly rooted in the breast of a boy under romantic circumstances made so romantic renders it very serious. Think of her bringing-up, and think of Miss Havisham. Think of what you have told me, and what you have observed, and what I (not I am repulsive, and you abominate me). This may lead to miserable things."

"I know it," said I, and I, with my head still turned away, "but I can't help it."

"You can't detach yourself?"

"No. Impossible!"

"Well!" said Herbert, getting up with a lively shake as if he had been asleep, and stirring the fire, "now I'll endeavor to make myself agreeable again."

So he went round the room and shook the curtains out, put the chairs in their places, tidied the books and so forth that were lying about, looked into the hall, peeped into the letter-box, shut the door, and came back to his chair by the fire; where he sat down, nursing his left leg in both arms.

"I was going to say a word or two, Handel, concerning my father and my father's son. I am afraid it is scarcely worth while going into it soon to remark that my father's establishment is not particularly brilliant in its housekeeping."

"There is no secrecy, Herbert," said I, "to say something encouraging."

"Oh yes! and so the dustman says, I believe, with the strongest possible assurance, when he has nine store-shop in the best street. Gravely, Handel, for the subject is grave enough; you know how it was that I came to Mr. Pocket. I suppose my father was a time once when my father had not given matters up; but if there ever was, the time is gone. Mrs. Pocket was a Stoyles, and no lucky. I know I have done nothing to raise myself in life, and that Fortune alone has raised me; that is being very lucky. And yet, when I think of Estella—"

"And when don't you, you know?" Herbert threw in, with his eyes on the fire; which I thought kind and sympathetic of him.)

"Then, my dear Herbert, I can not tell you how dependent and uncertain I feel, and how exposed to hundreds of chances. Avoiding

as I dressed, made the same mistakes in his reading at rehearsal, till I got him to put a large red wafer on each of his shins, and then at that rehearsal (which was the last) I went in front, Sir, to the back of the pit, and whenever his reading brought him into profile, I called out 'I don't see no wafers!' And at night his reading was lovely."

Mr. Waldengarver smiled at me, as much as to say "A faithful dependent—I overlook his folly:" and then said aloud, "My view is a little classic and thoughtful for them here; but they will improve, they will improve."

Herbert and I said together, Oh, no doubt they would improve.

"Did you observe, gentlemen," said Mr. Waldengarver, "that there was a man in the gallery who endeavored to cast disrepute on the service —I mean, the representation?"

We basely replied that we rather thought we had noticed such a man. I added, "He was drunk, no doubt."

"Oh dear no, Sir," said Mr. Wopsle, "not drunk. His employer would see to that, Sir. His employer would not allow him to be drunk."

"You know his employer?" said I.

Mr. Wopsle shut his eyes, and opened them again; performing both ceremonies very slowly.

"You must have observed, gentlemen," said he, "an ignorant and a blatant person, with a rasping throat, and a countenance expressive of low malignity, who went through—I will not say sustained—the role (if I may use a French expression) of Claudius King of Denmark. That is his employer, gentlemen. Such is the profession!"

Without distinctly knowing whether I should have been more sorry for Mr. Wopsle if he had been in direct employment, I was so sorry for him as it was, that I took the opportunity of his turning round to have his braces put on—which jostled us out at the door—to ask Herbert if he could be thought of having him home to supper? Herbert said he thought it would be kind to do so; therefore I invited him, and he went to Barnard's with us, wrapped to the eyes, and partook of mutton for him, and he sat until two o'clock in the morning, reviewing his success and developing his plans. I forget in detail what they were, but I have a general recollection that he was to begin with reviving the Drama, and to end with crushing it inasmuch as his decease would leave it utterly bereft and without a chance or hope.

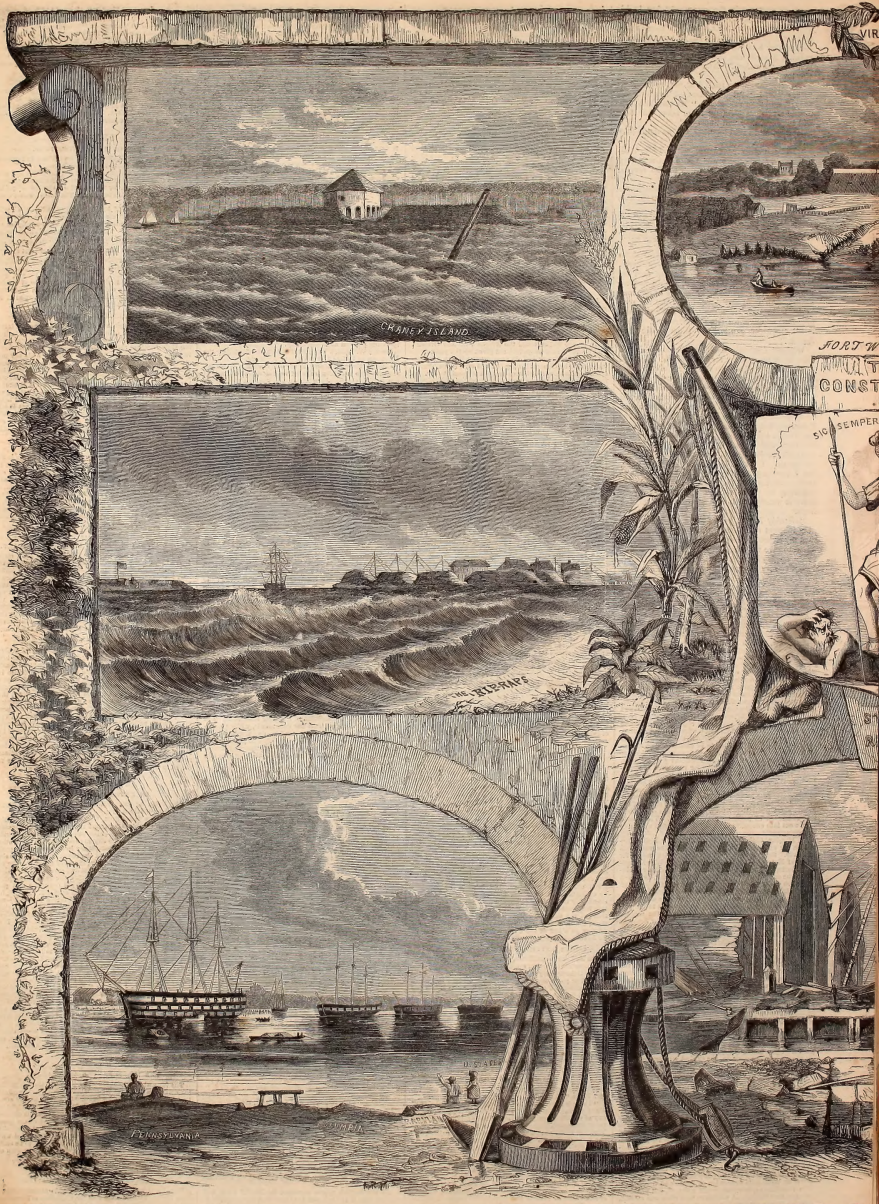
Miserably I went to bed after all, and miserably thought of Estella, and miserably dreamed that my expectations were all canceled, and that I had to go for my hand in marriage to Herbert's Clara, or play Hamlet to Miss Havisham's Ghost, before twenty thousand people without knowing twenty words of it.

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

EXTRA SESSION OF THE SENATE.

On Friday, 22d, in the United States Senate, Senator Hale offered a resolution that the Senate proceed to an election of Sergeant-at-Arms and Doorkeeper. It was laid over. A resolution directing the payment of extra compensation to those of committees was discussed, and rejected. Senator Doolittle's resolution calling for information as to the pledge of the administration with reference to the Southern forts was then taken up, and Senator Bayard concluded his remarks in opposition to the independence of the Confederate States. He was followed by Senator Lane, of Wisconsin, in favor of the motion. Before Senator Howe had concluded the Senate went into executive session, and confirmed appointments.

On Saturday 23d, in the Senate, the Vice-President having signified his intention to be absent during the remainder of the session, on motion of Senator Hale, Senator Foot, of Vermont, was elected President pro tempore. Senator Foot returned his thanks for the honor in appropriate terms. Senator Sherman, on the part of the Committee on Foreign Affairs, reported a bill to provide for the reception of consuls and other commercial agents appointed by the Confederate States. He was followed by Senator Wilkinson, of Minnesota



VIRGINIA SKETCHES.—By

SPECIAL ARTIST.—[SEE NEXT PAGE.]

OUR VIRGINIA SCENES.

ONE of our artists has just returned from a sketching tour through Virginia, and has furnished us with the pretty collection of pictures published on the two preceding pages. Most of the scenes are familiar, at least by name, to all our readers.

Beginning from the westward, Fort Washington is situated on the northern, or Maryland side of the Potomac River, about fourteen miles below Washington City. It is garrisoned by a company of United States Rifles. The sketch is taken looking up the river. It is not by any means impregnable, being almost defended on the land side, but, from its elevation, it would be difficult to take by assault from the water front.

Richmond Armory, at Richmond, Virginia, was originally built for the purpose of making arms for the State of Virginia, and as a barracks for the "Public Guard"—a regularly enlisted body of men paid by the State, whose duty it is to guard the public property, quell insurrection, or perform any needed military service in the State. The manufacture of arms has not ceased some time ago, until it was recently determined, in view of the sectional disturbances, to recommence operations, which are being principally carried at present on to extended a scale that the Guard is to be removed to other quarters, and the whole building used for military manufactures. In the gig quadrangle are several fine brass guns and mortars presented to the State by the French Government. The sketch is taken from Gamble's Hill, and overlooks the Valley of James River, showing the Southern Railroad, on Petersburg Bridge.

Cranet Castle is situated south of the Elizabeth River. The Americans erected fortifications there in 1812, which commanded the entrance to Norfolk harbor. In the 23d June, 1813, a powerful British fleet made an attack upon these works. A part of the hostile force landed on Nansemond Point, and a part attacked from the island in barges. The former were driven off by the Virginia militia, and the latter were so galled by the guns of artillery that landed, that they destroyed retreated to the ships. The repulse was decisive. More than two hundred of the enemy were killed and wounded. Norfolk, Portsmouth, and Gosport were saved.

Fort Norfolk stands a mile or so below that city. It is not of much use at present, having been pierced. Barbette guns, however, can be used; but at present no guns are mounted at all. Used as a magazine.

Fort Calhoun, or The Rip Raps, so called from being built on a made island of sunken stones —*c. Rip Raps*—is situated in Hampton Roads, opposite Newport News. It is of the usual lying between them. The stones of this fort were piled upon one another (without mortar in some places until the foundation reached, when the regular building was commenced. It is only carried up one tier, and the work has been stopped since political troubles began. The material is James River granite.

The "United States ships of war "Pennsylvania," "Columbia," "Raritan," and "United States"—the latter the only one of any historical interest—lie at the Norfolk, or more properly, the Portsmouth navy yard. The first-named is used as a receiving-ship. The others are dismantled and weather-stained, the *United States* being a store hulk.

The steam frigate "Merrimac" is moored to the wharf at the Norfolk Navy-yard, spars all down, deck housed over, presenting a very rusty appearance altogether.

The centre vignette, the arms of the State of Virginia, deserves some notice, as it is the most effective, artistically considered, in the whole blazonry of the States. The Constitution of the State prescribed that there should be an armed female figure of *Virtue*, or *Liberty*, trampling the prostrate figure of a man, with a broken crown and fetters lying near, and the motto "*Sic Semper Tyrannis*"—"Thus always with Tyrants."

BESSIE ELMORE.

Bessie Elmore was my cousin. She is my cousin now that she is not Bessie Elmore, though she is the same Bessie.

Bessie was not a "flirt"—at least not a wicked nor a heartless one. I say so, for I think I ought, and was subjugated, she had always a captive in her train.

Let no one suppose that she was a gentle, sentimental, long-ringlested fair one. Gentle she was not, nor is now, unless the winds and waves of foreign lands have greatly changed her, though no one could fulfill the tender ministrations of woman with a softer grace.

She spent a winter with me a year or two after her mother died, and long talks we had—of things in heaven and things on earth; for there was nothing into which she did not enter.

Love and marriage came in for a share of attention; and Bessie's indignation grew hot and high as we discussed the conduct of many of our acquaintance, which exemplified what she called the popular ideas of marriage. "A man expects his wife to fulfill all the duties of a housekeeper, and often of a cook and seamstress; to yield to all his lightest wishes 'with sweet attractive grace;' to smile upon him whenever he comes into her presence, however weary or ill she may be; never to put forth her own wishes; and above all, never to be intrusted with a family purse, but meekly to ask for 'whatever he deems is right for them!'" At this point of illustration Bessie's holy wrath rose past fever heat, and was only expressed by fierce "snorts" and tossings of her round shoulders, which took the place of words to those who knew her.

One day in August my brother Joe came in, having been "down street," in village parlance, and of course being "posted" on all matters.

"Bessie," said he, "one of your beaux has followed you here—Mr. Browning, Harry Browning. I just left him; he came in town last night—has business in this section of country,' he says; but lawyers have business in all sections, I think."

Bessie turned to me: "Now is your time, Anne; I've always told you he was your man; it is all coming right."

"Well done, Queen Bess!" said Joe; "you speak as if he were yours to give—one of your subjects. You are a genuine specimen—the 'real' coquette."

"Ah, Joe, you should have given me more than my share of sins. I'm innocent here. He is one of your solemn chaps. I've always told Anne she could have him. He doesn't take kindly to such butterflies as I; the strong-minded female is his ideal;" and she made a low bow at my feet.

"Settle it between you, my girls, and don't come to blows. He told me he should call this afternoon," and Joe went out. He opened the door, put in his head—"Don't be too much on the young ladies, it was only because I urged him!" and he made his final exit, a stream of exclamations, questions, and laughter following him through the hall.

The afternoon brought with it Mr. Henry Browning, and also a discovery. After the introductions were accomplished, and we, comfortably arranged, were launched upon the social sea, I missed Bessie. Where was she? She had a peculiar charm of conversation, by which she could make herself, if she chose, equally agreeable to old and young, and was always to be relied on in chance evils. I said she could not be gone? No. She sat close by, listening with perfectly well-bred attention to our discourse. Whenever Mr. Browning addressed himself to her, she answered just as any nice, pleasant young lady would do, but not at all like my Cousin Bessie. The truth flashed upon me with such force that I, myself, felt crimson, blushed like any rose while Mr. Browning was making some very unimpressive remark about climates, and seemed a little surprised at my susceptibility.

I regained myself with as little delay as possible, and answered him. Meantime, I thought of what might and might not be.

It was discovered by my father that Mr. Browning had a great deal of property, and by my mother that he was a zealous politician; and thus, between them, he had a general invitation to our house at all times and seasons, of which he availed himself. Agreeable at first, he continued to improve upon acquaintance. He did sometimes have a very solemn air. Bessie declared he was then silting in judgment upon our follies.

Meanwhile the long August days, filled each with sunshine and dying in purple mist, melted into each other and passed away. Many of their hours were spent with Mr. Browning. He was a college friend of Arthur Elmore, Bessie's brother, and always every year visited him at his home with Arthur for a day or two; so they were old acquaintance. I knew many of Bessie's admirers: they were still in my mind. We always spoke of them by brief titles ("Will," "Lewis," "Boel," etc.); but never, through all my knowledge of her, had she spoken of this one otherwise than as "Mr. Browning." Her manner to him was pleasantly cordial—precisely what it would have been to our friend and companion Arthur's fellow-student, except that it lacked the reverence which superior age would have received from her. For if his opinions differed from those ever approached, as she thought, toward the verge of meanness of any sort, or displayed a false taste, the crust of reserve was taken from her, and the indignation revealed itself in varied wit, ridicule, and irony.

But when he revealed a lofty manliness, keen intellect, or any deep feeling, Bessie sat quietly listening, her eyes industriously bent upon her needle-work, with which she always fortified herself, and sometimes she slightly averted her face, as if she distrusted her self-control. In a word, while in his presence she completely transformed herself, and was, to all intents and purposes, another person, and not my own great-hearted Bessie. I was thoroughly vexed with her. But remonstrance would have been useless, if I had possessed the ability to attempt it. For upon the day about every thing else, and peculiarly attractive to those she loved and trusted in her unreserved and full discussion of herself or others, the subject I could easier have sealed the Andes than have uttered a word. Indeed she so perfectly assumed that there was no "mystery" in it, that I, myself, when absent, so precisely as if he were a middle-aged friend of her father's, that I was often completely baffled; but when the next interview confirmed me in my first opinion.

I passed many unhappy hours that summer in thinking of Bessie. Many sleepless nights had long careless air whenever he was talked of or present; there were times, and they increased in number and in quality, when I found her very wretched. So used often to sit at the end of the piano, while I, in the long summer twilight, would play, at her desire, some of Beethoven wildest and saddest airs in their deep chords and mazy wanderings such strong, passionate life and longing, and for the most part unquieted and aching sense of sympathy and despair, and when I turned, startled, her face showed not a gleam of light, and she often left me and was seen no more till morning.

I had called this a "flirtation" in the beginning, and was at length convinced, much against my will, that he did not love her, though I was sure she intended he should, and simply because he was a student of human nature. When I was reluctantly obliged to confess to myself that she was indifferent to him I felt painfully crushed and hopeless, as if I had glanced at the veritable book of fate. Indeed, I began to wish that Mr. Browning's business, whatever it was, might be speedily accomplished. My woman's heart was sorely grieved for Bessie, and my fancy began to be filled with visions of a trip to Niagara, Newport, Nahant —any where to cheat the dear one from herself. And yet I knew that she was one of the very few who would never be thus cheated.

About half a mile behind our house was an old saw-mill. It stood in a wild glen, and the little mill-pond behind it, edged with tall trees and shrubs of various kinds, which made a green mansion on its placid face, was our favorite resort. It was in the early September that, by mutual though hardly spoken consent, we found ourselves in our accustomed seat. Bessie was in one of her bitter despairing moods. An uncle of mine, who had been for long years a missionary in a distant station, had left us that morning. He was on a brief visit to the land of his youth, to get fresh vigor for himself and new teachers for his work. We had been speaking of him. "He can not but be happy," said Bessie, "whatever he may lack, for he knows he is constantly creating happiness. But what do I do? What am I? Who is the better for it? Oh, I'm sick of myself!" She was silent for a moment, and then turned to me with a sad smile: "It would not be a proper reason for going on a mission though, would it, because one was sick of one's self?" The sorrow deepened in her face as she spoke, and I—"Sometimes I say I've made no growth these years—fool—from a little child that 'felt its life in every limb,' I'm come to have a sorrow gone out of every joy—*that's progress*, I'm thinking!" She hid her face in her hands, and her sobs shook her. It was the rarest thing for me to weep for any one, and when she did the passion seemed to rend and tear its way like a destroying flood. I sat silent and sad, knowing that I could not console, and that "sair grief must have its will." I looked up and saw Jane, the servant-girl, approaching.

"Miss Anne, your mother wants you in the house for a little."

"I'll be back soon, Bessie," said I, and ran home. Various causes combined to detain me, and it was an hour before I again found my way to the mill. And what a spectacle saluted my infallible, philosophizing eyes! My cousin Bessie, with a dewy rose-bush growing in bloom at sunrise, both her hands in the manly clasp of Henry Browning!

I stood bewildered. Mr. Browning, whose fine eyes are a little dimmed, turns to me and says:

"My dear friend, let me introduce to you—my dearest friend and wife!"

Bessie, suddenly restored to her faculties, with lowly bowing head, says:

"I also introduce him to you."

I still stood stupefied. My own clear, critical judgment, and the results thereof, are fast drifting down the tide, and my tongue refuses to "utter the thoughts that arise in me."

"But how—why—what," at last, in homely Saxon, "why in the world did you seem so cool and indifferent, and come to spy out the land, and it is unworthy of you."

Mr. Browning linked one arm into mine, put the other about Bessie's shoulder of his Bessie, and we turned homeward.

"My friend Anne," said he, in his deep voice, "Bessie and I think we have a claim on your candor—a wicked pride. Never, through all the days of our acquaintance, have I dreamed that she cared for me. I felt a very strong and growing sorrow in that belief. Until just now, seeing her in tears, my sympathy stilled my pride, and love spake. That first time I came to spy out the land, and it is unworthy of you."

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We walked on in silence. As we drew near the house I said, "And shall you go on the mission, Bessie?"

She smiled into his eyes. "Oh yes, I have always wanted."

He have never recovered that keenness of observation and unfailing judgment for which I was previously so remarkable. I am afraid I never shall.

And years of wedded life have not shaken Bessie's love and faith in Mr. Henry Browning, but rather have added thereto.

A DAY'S RIDE:

A LIFE'S ROMANCE.

By CHARLES LEVER.

AUTHOR OF "CHARLES O'MALLEY," "HARRY LORREQUER," ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER XLVI.

THROUGH I was a few minutes late for dinner, Miss Herbert did not chide me for delay. She was charming in her reception of me; nor was the fascination diminished to me by feeling with what generous warmth she had defended and upheld me.

Miss Herbert heard with joy that I had already secured a passage for Constantinople, and declared that she could not dismiss from her mind the impression that I was destined to aid Turkey in her present and future prosperity. I liked the notion, too, of there being a fate in our first meeting—a fate in that acquaintanceship of which the fortunes, which gave the occasion to seek her out again; and, last of all, if it might be so, a fate in the influence I was to exercise over their fortunes. I can not better show the tone of mind in these pleasant themes than by the simple fact, that I, with as little of the lion in my heart as any man breathing, I, whose whole personality through life had been a spirit with more of the dove than the dragon in it—I, I repeat, never once thought of the danger—never all the dire consequences that impended me. If any thing can show an intense preoccupation, this may.

How the scene, even yet, rises before me, as we bent together over the great map spread out upon the table, so close together that her long ringlets once touched my cheek. What pretexts did I invent to give importance to some spot upon the map, just that I might touch her hand as I pointed it out; and how my heart beat as her soft breath fanned me while she spoke! She was just telling when and from whence I was to write to her, when the servant came to say that a gentleman outside begged to see Mr. Potts. I guessed rightly who this must be, and hurried to the hall, where he was standing.

"Not come to disturb you, Potts," said the skipper, in a brisk tone; "only thought it best to make your mind easy, you know. It's all right."

"A thousand thanks, captain," said I, warmly. "I knew when the negotiation was in your hands it would be so."

"Yes; his friend, a Major Colesby, boggled a bit at first. Couldn't see a thing in the light I put it. Asked very often 'who were you?' asked, too, 'what I was?' Good that! I made me laugh. Rather late in the day, I take it, to ask who Bob Rogers is! But in the end, as I said, it all comes right, quite right."

"And his apology was full, ample, and explicit? Was it in writing, Rogers? I'd like it in writing."

"Like what in writing?"

"His apology, or explanation, or whatever you like to call it."

"Why, ever spoke of such a thing? Who so much as dreamed of it? Haven't I told you the affair is all right? and what does all right mean, eh?—who does it mean?"

"I know what it ought to mean," said I, gingerly.

"So do I, and so do most men in this island, Sir. It means twelve paces under the Battery wall, fire together, and as many shots as the gridiron'll go by. That's all right, isn't it?"

"In one sense it is so," said I, with a mock composure.

"Well, that's the only sense I ever meant to consider it by. Go back now to your tea, or your sugar-and-water, or whatever it is, and when you come home to-night just step into my room, and we'll have a cozy chat and a cigar. There's one or two trifling things that I don't understand in the affair, and I'll get my own explanation on them, and maybe it ain't the right one. Not that it signifies now, you perceive, because you are going, and so the fire can't burn right. But as by this time to-morrow you might be where—I won't mention—we may as well put them out of our minds evening."

"I'll beat you up, depend upon it," said I, affecting a slap-dash style. "I can't tell you how glad I am to find allies into your hands, Rogers. You suit me exactly."

"Well, it's more than I expected when I saw you first, and I kept saying to myself, 'Whatever could have persuaded Joe to send me a creature like that?' To tell you the truth, I thought you were in the cheap funeral line."

"Droll dog," said I, while my fingers were writhing and twisting with passion.

"Not that it's fair to take a fellow by his looks—I'm sure I'm not that, Potts. Let's get back to the parlor—that's the second time the maid has come out to see what keeps you. Go back, and enjoy yourself; maybe you won't have so pleasant an opportunity soon again!"

This was the parting speech of the wretch as he buttoned the collar of his coat, and with a short nod bade me good-by, and left me.

"Why did you not ask your friend to take a cup of tea with us?" said Kate, as I re-entered the drawing-room.

"Oh! it was the skipper, a rough sort of creature, not exactly made for drawing-room life; besides, he only came to ask me a question."

"I hope it was not a very unpleasant one, for you look pale and anxious."

"Nothing of the kind—a mere formal matter about my baggage."

It was then that from that moment out I was the most miserable of mankind. What availed it to speculate any longer on the future? How could I interest myself in what years might bring forth? Hours, and a very few of them, were all that were left to me. Poor girl! how tenderly she tried to divert my mournful spirit, how most probably, scarcled it to the prospect of my speedy separation from her; and with a delicacy only to be found in her own, she forbore to cross out faint outlines of what painters call a "back distance"—a sort of future, where all the skies would be more serene and all the mountains blue. I am sure, if a choice had been given me at that instant, I would rather have been in brave, resolute misery than the greatest genius in the universe. So far, too, from rallying my spirits by the prospect of our next meeting, the only picture that my fancy drew was of a tender yet subdued greeting of cheerful gloom. I knew better what was before me. At last it came to ten o'clock, and I arose to say good-by. I was just about to tell her to fill upon her neck, and say, "Don't be angry with poor Potts; this is his last as it is his first embrace—"

"Wear that ring for me and my sake," said she, giving me one from her finger; "don't refuse me—this was my mother's, and you may attach to it from having been mine."

Oh dear! what a gulp it cost me not to say, "I'll never take it off while I live," and then add, "which will be about eight hours and a half more."

When I got into the open air I ran as if a pack of wolves were in pursuit of me. I can not say why; but the rapid motion served to warm my blood, so that when I reached the hotel I felt more composed and more resolute.

Rogers was asleep, and so soundly, that I had to pull the pillow from beneath his head before I could awaken him; and when I had accomplished the feat, either the remote effect of his hard sleeping-and-water or his drowsiness had so obscured his faculties that all he could mumble out was, "Hit him where he can't be spliced—hit him where they can't splice him!" I tried for a long time to recall him to sense and intel-

ligence, but I got nothing from him save the one inestimable precept; and so I went to my room, and throwing myself on my bed in my cloak, prepared for a night of gloomy retrospect and gloomier anticipation; but, odd enough, I was asleep the moment I lay down.

"Get up, old fellow," cried Rogers, shaking me violently, just as the dawn was breaking; "we're lucky if we can get aboard before they catch us!"

"What do you mean?" said I. "What's happened?"

"The governor has got wind of our shindy, and put all the red coats in arrest, and ordered the police to nab us too."

"Bless him! bless him!" muttered I.

"Ay, so say I. He be blessed!" cried he, catching up my words; "but let us make off through the garden; my gig is down in the offing, and they'll pull in when they hear my whistle. Ain't it provoking—ain't it enough to make a man swear?"

"I have no words for what I feel, Rogers," said I, hurriedly about to collect my stray articles through the room. "If I ever chance upon that governor—he has only five years of it—I believe—"

"Come along! I see the boat coming round the point yonder." And with this we slipped noiselessly down the stairs, down the street, and gained the jetty.

"Steam up?" asked the skipper, as he jumped into the gig.

"Ay, ay, Sir; and we're short on the anchor, too."

In less than half an hour we were under way, and I don't think I ever admired a land prospect receding from view with more intense delight than I did that, my last glimpse of Malta.

CHAPTER XLVII.

I have very little more to tell, and I will be as brief as may be in the telling. Our voyage had nothing remarkable on record, we touched Constantinople in due course, and during the few days the *Cyclops* remained I had abundant time to discover that there was no trace of any one resembling Miss Forbes in the city. By the advice of Rogers, with whom now I had struck up a sort of friendship, I accompanied him to Odessa. Traveling I was not much enamored of, though I instituted the most persevering inquiries, all I could learn was that some American crews employed by the Russian Government in raising the frigates sunk at Sebastopol, and that it was not impossible an Englishman, such as I described, might have met a countryman among them. At all events, one of the consulting craft was already at Odessa, and I went on board of it to make my inquiries. I learned from the mate, who was a German, that they had come over on rather a strange errand, which was to survey a corps of convicted people in Balaclava. The American contractor at that place being in want of some amusement, had arranged with these people to give some weeks' performances there, but that, from an incident that had just occurred, the project had failed. This was no less than the elopement of the chief dancer, a young girl of great beauty, with a young Prince of Bavaria. It was rumored that he had married her, but my informant gave little credence to this version, and averred that he believed he had bought, not only herself, but a favorite old Arab horse she rode, for thirty thousand piastres. I asked eagerly where the others of the corps were to be found, and heard they had crossed over to Simoom, all broken up and disjointed, in the chief clown having died of grief after the girl's flight.

If I heard this tale rudely narrated, and not always with the sort of commiseration I went with my sympathies, I sorrowed sincerely over it, for I guessed upon whom these events had fallen, and recognized poor old Vätrchen and the dark-eyed Tintenfleck.

This mare grazed sorely on all my susceptibilities, and on the after day I went to go down to the quay, and sit talking with him over this event.

"You've fallen into the black melancholies these times, Mr. Burke," said Rogers to me. "Rouse up, and take a cruise with me. I'm going over to Balaclava with these steam-boilers, and then to Simoom, and back to the Bosphorus. Come aboard to-night—it will do you good."

I took his counsel, and at noon next day we dropped anchor at Balaclava. We had scarcely passed our "health papers" when a boat came out with a message to inquire if we had a doctor on board who could speak English, for the American contractor had fallen from one of the scaffolds that morning, and was lying dreadfully injured up at Sebastopol, but unable to explain himself to the Russian surgeons. I was not without some small skill in medicine; and, besides, out of common humanity, I felt it my duty to set out, and at about sunset I reached Sebastopol.

Being supposed to be a physician of great skill and eminence, I was treated by all the persons about with much deference, and, after very few minutes' delay, introduced into the room where the sick man lay. It had been his orders that when an English doctor could be found he was to be left entirely alone together; so that as I entered the door was closed immediately, and I found myself alone by the bedside of the sufferer. The curtain was closely drawn across the windows, and it was already the dusk of the evening, so that all I could discover was the figure of a man, who lay breathing very heavily, and with the irregular action that implies great pain.

"Are you English?" said he, in a strong, full voice. "Well, feel that pulse, and tell me if it means sinking—I suspect it does."

I took his hand and laid my finger on the artery. It was beating furiously—far too fast to count, but not weakly or faintly.

"No," said I; "this is fever, but not debility."

"I don't want subtleties," rejoined he, roughly. "I want to know am I dying? Draw the curtain there, open the window full, and have a look at me."

I did as he bade me, and returned to the bedside. It was all I could do not to cry out with astonishment; for, though terribly disfigured by his wounds, his eyes partially covered by the torn scalp that hung over them, I saw that it was Harpar Ivy before me, his large reddish beard now matted and clotted with blood.

"Well, what's the verdict?" cried he, sternly; "don't keep me in suspense."

"I do not perceive any grave symptoms so far—"

"No cant, my good friend, no cant! It's out of place just now. Be honest, and say what is it to be—live or die?"

"So far as I can judge, I say live."

"Well, then, set about the repairs at once. Ask for what you want—they'll bring it."

Deeming it better not to occasion any work whatever to a man in his state, I forbore declaring who I was, and set about my office with what skill I could.

With the aid of a Russian surgeon, who spoke German well, I managed to dress the wounds and bandage the fractured arm, during which the patient never spoke once, nor, indeed, seemed to be at all conscious of what was going on.

"You can stay here, I hope," said he to me, when all was finished. "At least, you'll see me through the worst of it. I can afford to pay, and pay well."

"I'll stay," said I, imitating his own laconic way; and no more was said.

Now, though it was not my intention to pass myself off for a physician, or deem any eyes the smallest advantage from the assumption of such a character, I saw that, remote as the poor sufferer was from all chance of recovery, and totally destitute of even companionship, it would have been cruelty to desert him, at least until he was sufficiently recovered to be left with servants.

It would appear that, from the calm composure of his manner, and the ease with which he was able to exercise, I had formed a far too favorable opinion of his case, or that when I saw him first the inflammatory symptoms had not yet begun; for at my next visit I found him in a high fever and raving wildly. In his wanderings he frequently spoke of having some gigantic enterprise, with hundreds of men under command, whose efforts he was cheering or chiding alternately. The indomitable will of a most resolute nature was displayed in all he said; and though his bodily sufferings must have been intense, he only alluded to them to show how little power they had to subdue his energy. His ever-recurring cry was, "It can be done, men! It can be done! See that we do it!"

I own that, even while I attended there on a sick-bed, and raving madly, this man's unquenchable energy impressed me greatly; and I often fancied to myself what he might make the resources of such a bold spirit in sad contrast to a mature plant and yielding like mine. To the violence of the first paroxysm of fever succeeded the far more dangerous state of low fever, through which I never left him. Care and incessant watchfulness were given him, and I devoted myself to the last with the resolve to make this effort the first of a new and changed existence.

Day and night in the sick-room, I lost appetite and strength, while an unceasing care preyed upon me and deprived me of rest. The very vacillations of the sick man's malady had affected my nerves, rendering me over-anxious, so that just as he had passed the great crisis of the malady I was stricken down with it myself.

My first day of convalescence after seven weeks of fever found me sitting at a little window that looked upon the harbor and the harbor of Sebastopol, where two frigates and some smaller vessels were as anchor. A group of lighters and such unpicturesque craft occupied another part of the scene, engaged as it seemed in operations for raising other vessels. It was in gazing for a long time at these, and guessing their occupation, that I learned to trace out the past, and why and how I had come to be sitting there. Every movement of the convalescent who tended me through my illness, used to bring me the "Herr Baron's" compliments to know how I was getting on, or ordered to say, that as the "Herr Baron" was able to walk so far, he begged that he might be permitted to come and pay me a visit. It was one of the Russian custom of giving titles to all who served the government in positions of high trust, and was therefore more than probable that the appointment of the Herr Baron was followed by the assistance of Harpar, who, sadly reduced, and leaning on a crutch, made his way slowly to where I sat. I attempted to rise to receive him, but he cried out, half sternly,

"Sit still! we are neither of us in good trim for ceremony."

He motioned to the servants to leave us alone together, as he took his place beside me, and then, leaning his crutch against the frame, for we were each too weak to grasp the other, he said,

"I know all about it. It was you saved my life, and risked your own to do it."

I muttered out some unmeaning words—I know not well what—about duty and the like.

"I don't care a brass button for the motive. You stood to me like a man." As he said *this*, he looked hard at me, and shading the light with his hand peered into my face. "Haven't we met before this? Is not your name Potts?"

"Yes, and you're Harpar."

He reddened, but so slightly, that but for the previous paleness of his sickly cheek it would not have been noticeable.

"I have often thought about *you*," said he, musingly. "This is not the only service you have done me; the first was at Lindau; may-hap you have forgotten it. You lent me two hundred florins, and, if I'm not much mistaken, when you were far from being rich yourself."

He leaned his head on his hand, and seemed to have fallen into a musing fit.

"And what, Sir," said I, "of the best turn I ever did you, you have never heard in your life, and what is more, might never hear, if not from myself. Do you remember an altercation on the road to Feldkirch, with a man called Riggs?"

"To be sure I do; he smashed the small-bone of this arm for me; I give worse than I got. They never could find that bullet I sent into his head, and so died of it at Palermo. But what share in this did you bear?"

"Not the worst nor the best; but I was impressed for a twelvemonth in your place."

"Impressed, for *me*?"

"Yes; they assumed that I was Harpar, and as I took no steps to undeceive them, there I remained till they seemed to have forgotten all about me."

Harpar questioned me closely and keenly as to the reasons that prompted the act of mistrust—an act all the more remarkable, as to use his own words, "We were men who had no friendship for each other, no common interests," and, added he, significantly, "the sort of fellows who, somehow, do not usually 'hit it off' together. You are a man of letters, with your dreamy mode of life; I, a hard worker, who could not enjoy idleness; and in this sense, far more likely to hold each other cheaply than otherwise."

I attempted to account for this piece of devotion as I could, but only very successfully, since I was only endeavoring to explain what I really did not well understand myself. Nor would he accept it as due to something generous, merely because it was generous, satisfy the practical intelligence of him who heard me.

"Well," said he, at last, "all that machinery you have described is new and strange to me, I can tell nothing as to how it ought to work; but I am as grateful to you as a man can be for a service which, I will not have rendered *himself*, nor has the slightest notion of what could have prompted you to do. Now, let me hear by what means you escaped it."

"You must listen to a long story to learn that," said I; and as he declared that he had nothing else to occupy him, I began. I began, almost as I have begun with my reader. On my first mention of Crofton he asked me to repeat the name, and on my speaking of mentioning Miss Herbert at the Milford station he slightly moved his chair, as if to avoid the strong light that fell upon him; from that moment till I finished he never interrupted me by a word nor interposed a question.

"And so you gave you that old seal-ring I see on your finger?" said he, at last.

"Yes," said I. "How came you to guess that?"

"Because *I* gave it to her the day she was sixteen! I am totally—"

He drew a long breath, and could only clutch his arm with astonishment, without being able to speak.

"It's all well known in England now. Every body has been paid in full, my creditors have met in a body, and signed a request to me to come back and recommence business. They have done more—they have bought up the lease of the Foundery, and sent it out to me. Ay, and old Elkany's mortgage, too, is redeemed, and I don't owe a shilling!

"You must have worked hard to accomplish all this?"

"Pretty hard, no doubt. You remember those little boats with the holes in 'em at Lindau. *They* did the business for me. I was fool enough at last to suppose that you had got a clew to my discovery, and were after me to pick up all the details. I ought to have known better. It was easy enough to see that you could have no head for any thing with a 'tough bone in it! Light, thoughtless creatures of your kind never do any mischief."

I was not quite sure whether I was expected to return thanks for this speech in my favor, and therefore only made some very unintelligible mutterings.

"There's only one liner now to be raised, and all the guns are already out of her, but I can return to-morrow. When they contract is completed; and the Synatief sloop of war is at my orders at Balaclava to convey me to any port I please in Europe."

He said this so boastfully and so vaingloriously, that I really felt Potts in his humility was not the smallest of the two. Nor, perhaps, was my irritation the less at seeing how little surprise our singular meeting had caused him, and how much he regarded all I had done in his behalf as being ordinary and commonplace services. But, perhaps, the *coup-de-grace* of my misery was to be still to come.

"Though I forwarded that ten-pound note you lent me to Rome, perhaps you'll like to have it now. If you've need any more, say so."

My heart was in my mouth, and I felt that I'd have died of starvation rather than accept the humblest benefit at his hands.

"Very well," said he to my refusal; "all the better that you've no need of cash, for, to tell the truth, Potts, you're not much of a doctor, nor are you very remarkable as a man of genius, and it is a kind thing of Providence when such fellows as you are born with a newer spoon in their mouths."

I nearly choked, but I said nothing

"If you'd like me to land you any where in the Levant, or down toward the Spanish coast, only tell me."

"No, nothing of the kind. I'm going north; I'm going to Moscow, to Tobolsk: I'm going to Persia and Astracan," said I, in wildest confusion.

"Well, I can give you a capital traveling cloak—it's one of those hunters they make in the Black Sands—and you'll need it, for they have fearfully severe cold in those countries."

And with this, and not waiting my resolute refusal, he arose, and hobbled out of the room, and I—ay, there's no concealing it—burst out a crying!

Weak and sick as I was, I procured an "araba" that night, and, without one word of adieu, set out for Krim.

* * *

It was about two years after this—my father had died in the interval, leaving me a small but sufficient income to live on, and I had just arrived in Paris, after a long desultory route through the east of Europe—I was standing one morning early in one of the occasion alleys of the Champs Elysees, watching with half listless curiosity the various grooms as they passed to exercise their horses in the Bois de Boulogne. Group after group passed me of those magnificent animals in which Paris is now more than the rival of London, and at length I was struck by the appearance of a very well-dressed groom, who led along beside him a small-sized horse, completely sheeted and shrouded from view. Believing that this must prove some creature of rare beauty, an Arab of purest descent, I followed them as they went, and at last overtook them.

The groom was English, and by my offer of a cigar somewhat better than the one he was smoking, he was very willing to satisfy my curiosity.

"I suppose he has Arab breeding in him," said I, half contemptuously; "he's not forty years old now if he's a day. What they keep him for I don't know, but they make as much work about him as if he was a Christian; and, as for myself, I have nothing else to do than walk him twice a day to his exercise, and take care that his ears are well brushed, and mixed with linseed, for he hasn't a tooth left to eat with."

"I suppose his master is some very rich man, who can afford himself a caprice like this."

"For the matter of money, he has enough of it. He is the Prince Ernest Maximilian of Wirtemberg, and, except the Emperor, has the best stable in all Paris. But I don't think that *he* cares much for the old horse; it's the *Princess* likes him, and she comes constantly down to the wood here, and when we come to a quiet spot, where there are no strangers, she makes me take off all the sheeting and rub him down, and she'll get out of the carriage and pat him. And he knows her, that he does, and lifts up that old leg of his when she comes toward him, and tries to whinny, too. But here she comes now, and it won't do if I'm seen talking to you, so just drop behind, Sir, and never mind me."

I crossed over the road, and had but reached the opposite pathway when the carriage stopped, and the old horse drew up beside it. After a word or two the groom took off the hood, and there was Blondel. But my amazement was lost in the greater shock, that the Princess whose jeweled hand held out the sugar to him, was no other than Catinka!

I can not say with what motive I was impelled —perhaps the action was too quick for either—but I drew nigh the carriage, and raising my hat respectfully, asked if the Princess would deign to remember an acquaintance of former days.

"I am unfortunate enough, Sir, not to be able to recall you," said she, in most perfect Parisian French.

"My name you may have forgotten, Madame, but scarcely so either our first meeting at Schaffhausen, or our last at Bregenz."

"These are all riddles to me, Sir; and I am sure you are too well-bred to persist in an error after you have recognized it to be such." And, with a cold smile and a haughty bow, she motioned the coachman to drive on, and I saw her no more.

Stung to the very quick, but yet not without a misgiving that I might be possibly mistaken, I hurried to the police department where the list of strangers was preserved. By sending in my card I was admitted to see one of the chiefs of the department, who, with great politeness, informed me that the princess was totally unknown as to family, and not included in the Gotha Almanack.

"May I ask," said he, as I prepared to retire, "if the letter here—it has been with us for more than a year—is for your address? I came with an inclusive covering any possible expense in reaching your address, and has lain here ever since."

"Yes," said I, "my name is Algernon Sydney Potts."

Strange are the changes and vicissitudes of life! Just as I stood there, shocked and overwhelmed with the mere trait of cold-blooded, I found a letter from Kate (she who was once Kate Herbert), telling me how they had sent letters after me through Europe, and begging, if these lines should ever reach me, to come to them in Wales. "My father loves you, my mother longs to know you, and none can be more eager to thank you than your friend Kate Letting."

I set off for England that night; I left for Wales the next morning, and I have never quitted it since that day.

THE END.

COATS OF ARMS OF THE SEVERAL STATES OF THE UNION.—[See Page 222.]

THE GREAT YELVERTON CASE.

We publish herewith, from a drawing made in Court, a portrait of MRS. YELVERTON, the lady who has been made famous by the great suit of Thelwall *vs.* Yelverton, just decided by the Court of Common Pleas at Dublin, Ireland. Her story is one of the most romantic that has ever seen the light.

In the fall of 1852—nearly nine years ago—Teresa Longworth, the orphan daughter of a silk merchant of Manchester, England, was returning by steamer from Boulogne—where she had been paying a visit to a married sister—to Dover. On embarking she was introduced to a Captain Yelverton, of the Royal Artillery, with whom she conversed during the passage. It chanced that the small steamer was overcrowded. Every cabin and berth below was taken. Miss Longworth and Captain Yelverton, like many other passengers, spent the night on the deck, in conversation: Captain Yelverton covered their knees, as they sat, with his plaid. On arriving at London, Miss Longworth gave him her address. He called next day, and was courteously received. Some two or three years elapsed before the acquaintance was renewed. Before the outbreak of the Russian war Captain Yelverton, then stationed at Malta, received a letter from Miss Longworth, who was residing at Naples, requesting him to forward an inclosure to her brother, a British consul at some Greek port. This led to a correspondence, which was kept up faithfully, and became pretty full, sufficiently so both sides. At the outbreak of the war Major Yelverton went to the Crimea, in command of a battery of siege artillery. Miss Longworth also went to the Crimea, as a Sister of Charity attached to the French hospitals. It should have been remarked that she is a Roman Catholic, and was educated in a convent in France. In 1855, or 1856, Major Yelverton visited the hospital at Galata, where Miss Longworth was acting as Sister of Charity, and there met her, for the first time since they had parted in London, in 1852. According to the statement of Mrs. Yelverton, he then offered her marriage; but she declined to leave her post until the war was over. According to the statement of Major Yelverton, he "embraced and kissed her several times, but did not refer to any intentions." They met again, in the heat of General Straubenzee, in the Crimea. There Major Yelverton was received as the accepted lover of Miss Longworth. On her departure in a steamer from the Crimea, Major Yelverton accompanied her—without the knowledge of General Straubenzee and his family. On board that steamer Major Yelverton states that he took disgraceful liberties with the young girl under his charge. Mrs. Yelverton states that he visited her to marry him in the Greek Church; but that she refused to be his on any other terms than a marriage in her own Church. She returned to England in 1857, and went to stay with a friend in Edinburgh. Major Yelverton was stationed at Leith—the port of Edinburgh—and visited her frequently. He says that while she was stationed at Edinburgh she triumphed over her virtue. She says that he offered to marry her in the Scotch manner, by reading the marriage ceremony over to her, and acknowledging her as his wife in the presence of a witness. She declined to consider this a marriage, and refused to live with him. On this he acceded to her suggestion that they should be married by a Roman Catholic clergyman. She crossed over to Waterford, Ireland, and met him there; thence they traveled to Newry, where a Father Mooney, having obtained, for five pounds, a dispensation from the bishop, duly married them, according to the rites of the Roman Catholic Church, and received from Major Yelverton five pounds for his pains. After the marriage they traveled through England, Scotland, and France. While at Boulogne, Mrs. Yelverton being ill, and in the family way, the Major left her, and has had no communication with her since. When she—unhappily—bore their offspring—she wrote to him, imploring him to make their marriage public. He replied, stating that such a thing would ruin him, and advising her to marry some rich man and go out to New Zealand. She retired to the house of a friend at Leith, Scotland. While living there she heard the news of her husband's marriage with a Widow Forbes, the relict of an Edinburgh professor, and a woman of large fortune.

She instantly sued him as his wife, for alimony. He allowed judgment to go by default, and paid the money.

The recent action was then brought by a Mr. Thelwall, an ironmaster at Hull, nominally for £250 15*s.* 4*d.*, Mrs. Yelverton's board while staying in his house. The object of the action was to have her admitted to be the wife of Major Yelverton. He put in the defense that the lady was not his wife, and so issue was fairly joined.

Mrs. Yelverton herself was, of course, the leading witness for the case. She stated her history as we have given it, exhibiting marked self-command, wit, and coolness. When the Counsel by assumed negligence addressed her as Miss Longworth, she instantly observed—"My name is Teresa Yelverton." A Dublin paper gives the following graphic sketch of her demeanor under cross-examination:

The cross-examination of the Hon. Mrs. Yelverton was resumed at the sitting of the Court on Saturday, and had not concluded until the Court rose at 6 o'clock. That she has been three days under examination, two of which have been occupied by one of the severest, closest, and most searching cross-examinations, conducted by one of the ablest lawyers, that has ever taken place in a public court. During that prolonged ordeal Mrs. Yelverton was never for a moment deserted by that dignified and lofty-like demeanor which has characterized her throughout these three days. She has maintained an imperturbable coolness, without in the least appearing too confident or too down, from her self-possession has elicited the highest admiration from all who have been able to procure admission to the Court, and observed her in the trying position in which she was placed. The manner, too, in which she replied—thoroughly unreserved, candid, and outspoken frankness of her replies call forth the warmest approbation, and pave that the Hon. Mrs. Yelverton is not only a lady most highly educated, but that she possesses an intelligence, a quickness of comprehension, and a power of language rarely met with in a lady, even in the present intellectual age, when the education of females receives so much attention. These high qualifications are revealed without the slightest effort, affectation, or departure from that graceful ease, placidity of manner, and composed dignity which should always distinguish a lady. No matter how severe the interrogatory of counsel, no matter how painful even to hear or embarrassing to answer, she always replies directly to the point of the query without confusion of language; and not unfrequently has she reminded the learned gentlemen by whom she was cross-examined of the impossibility of replying with accuracy to some questions which

MRS. YELVERTON.—[FROM A SKETCH MADE IN COURT.]

his cross-examination opened ominously for him.

Q. "Major Yelverton, did you ever love Teresa Longworth?"—*A.* "I did."

Q. "Did you ever love her purely and honorably?"

A. "No."

Q. "Then your love for her was always founded in dishonor?"

A. "Yes."

Q. "With the determination from the first to seduce her?"

A. "No."

Q. "Had your love was all founded on dishonor?"

A. "Yes."

Q. "Explain me that?"

A. "When I began the correspondence with her it was with no object either dishonorable or otherwise; if continued that correspondence with her; when I met her at Galata I was exerted every by passion, and then first conceived the design of making her my mistress."

Q. "In the convent of Galata?"

A. "In the convent of Galata, Sir."

Q. "She wearing the robes of a Sister of Mercy?"

A. "Even, Sir."

Q. "In attendance on the sick and dying soldiers of the Crimea?"

A. "True, Sir."

Q. "And you conceived the notion, then, of taking her from that holy work and taking her as your mistress?"

A. "I conceived the notion of making her my mistress, but not from that holy place."

Q. "I suppose you thought as your mistress she could as well perform the works of charity?"

A. "The kindest-hearted women in the world sometimes are mistresses."

Q. "Now you put them both together?"

CHIEF JUSTICE. "What are the two answers."

WITNESS. "I said first that it depends upon the nature of the seduction, by which I mean the means a man takes, the trouble he gives himself, the position into which he puts a woman—whether it was all upon his part, or all upon hers—I think that makes a great difference in the laudability or otherwise of a seduction."

SERGEANT SULLIVAN. "I see. Do you think the laudability of it is lessened if the woman entered it in an orphan?"

"I don't say it is laudable under any circumstances."

"Do you say that now?"—"I do."

"Did you not say that its laudability depended upon whether there was or not?"—"I say its laudability or otherwise depends upon that."

"So whether it is found out or not is a material element in its laudability?"—"It is, Sir."

"It was, then?"—"It is the time it meets with."

"Had you known, in the month of August, that Teresa Longworth was an orphan?"—[After a pause.] "She had told me that her mother died in early life—that her father was dead, the atheist."

CHIEF JUSTICE. "Who said that?"

SERGEANT SULLIVAN. "The witness adds that, my lord. You wrote her letters, and you knew she was a minor and a lady—a gentlewoman?"—"I don't know, Sir, what your definition of a gentlewoman is (*a laugh*)."

"Tell me what your own is."—"A woman of gentle blood."

"Has education nothing to say to it, think you?"—"Makes a lady, Sir."

"Have manners nothing to say to it, think you?"—"They have, Sir."

"Have accomplishments nothing to say to it?"—"They have, Sir."

"Belief in religion?"—"It has, Sir."

"Did you know Bell Teresa Longworth was an accomplished woman?"—"I thought so from her letters, Sir."

"Was her manner that of a lady?"—[After a long pause, and with a degree of hesitation.] "I believe it was, Sir."

"Had she told you who she was?"—"She had told me that her father had been a rich silk merchant in Manchester; that her mother had been many years dead; that he and her family had quarreled with her father, and never lived with him for many years; and that she and her sister were living comfortable from every body in the place where they I say them in London."

"You knew all about her?"—"What she told me."

"Was she a gentlewoman in your opinion?"—"I think, Sir, that accomplishment, religion, and every thing else must be added to gentle blood, to give a proper definition of a gentlewoman."

"You must have gentle blood at all events, according to your definition?"—"Exactly."

"And perhaps it is no harm to seduce a woman who has not that qualification?"—"I did not say that."

"Well, what is your opinion? Before 1858 did you think the element of gentle blood material in reference to seduction?"—"I think I had better give you my idea of seduction, Sir."

SERGEANT SULLIVAN. "I should very much like to hear it."

WITNESS. "Seduction is where a man follows a woman persistently and perseveringly, and with intent throughout to make her his mistress and dishonor her."

"Very good, Sir; that was your idea of seduction then?"—"It was."

"Do you think that the fact of the lady not having gentle blood makes a seduction better or worse?"—"I don't think it makes any very great difference."

"Does it make any, in your opinion?"—[After a pause.]—"Well, it does; and my reason for saying so is, that one has more to lose than the other?"

"And that, as regards the woman herself, makes the seduction better or worse? as the case may be; is that so?"—"As regards the woman's own feelings, is it?"

"As regards herself and her position?"—"There is a greater loss of position in entering than in seducing."

I see. Did you believe Teresa Longworth to be a gentlewoman at the said day in the convent of Galata?"—[After a pause.]—"Not according to my definition."

"What part of the character did she lack?"—"Gentle blood, Sir."

"Gentle blood! She had all but that, had she not?"—"There was something about her manner not quite—"

"Yes; you said the manner was tolerable?"—"I think so."

"But with the exception of the 'tolerable manner' and the want of gentle blood she was a gentlewoman, was she not?"—"With those exceptions, Sir."

"Yes; we must be particular, you see?"

"Yes."

"And you believed her to be so?"—"Yes, Sir."

"And you there formed the idea of engaging her at making her your mistress, as you say?"—"Yes, Sir."

"Do you know General Straubenzee?"—"I have that honor."

"Is he a man of honor and a gentleman?"—"I believe so."

"He was a General in the British army in the Crimea?"—"He was Brigadier-General."

"Do you know his lady?"—"I do, Sir."

"A lady and gentlewoman?"—"Yes."

"Of virtue?"—"I don't know, Sir; I only believe so, Sir. I live to estimate—"

"What is your opinion?"—"I fully believe that she is one of the purest ladies in the world."

"An excellent mistress of an orphan?"—"An excellent protectress of an orphan."

"And General Straubenzee an excellent protector?"—"Yes, Sir."

There are many other parts of Major Yelverton's evidence which are painfully interesting, as showing the total perversion of the system of virtue, and the abominable selfishness of the man. But they are not fit for reproduction. The point of his testimony is clear. When he was first asked, some Irish people were summoned who swore to minor facts in the interest of Major Yelverton, and then the case adjourned for Q. We can not forbear extracting the peroration from the speech of Mr. Whiteside, the leading counsel for Mrs. Yelverton, and the best lawyer at the Irish bar. He said:

The argument made by the defendant's counsel is that from the day he was at Galata he was her deliberate, skilful, and selected seducer. These say the defendant in his argument—"I have added hypocrisy and profanity to deception and seduction." Such is the history of the acquaintance of this woman. I am not her wedded husband; I stand before you her profligate and heartless seducer. I found her young, I found her virtuous." What is the use, gentlemen? Innocence defiled, virtue lost, beauty spoiled, and the hopes of life fled forever. Better the hand of death had swept her to an early grave that would have been watered by the tears of maternal affection—gentle tears, calling up the happy memories of the past, smoothed by the blessed hopes of a bright immortal future. He has blasted her happiness in this life, and endeavored it in the life to come, according to his own argument. Save him from the consequences of that argument, and do not brand him as his counsel do, as a scientific, deliberate, unprin-

cipled seducer. Whom stands the question, now that the whole of this great trial is before you—now that you have all these facts, and I can not dwell at this hour minutely upon them, so I might, if I had gained your attention at an earlier hour of the day, have endeavored to reason step by step? I ask you to judge that woman as she came before you, and then say do you believe her. Trace her conduct up from the time she sat within the walls of the convent until she comes to this bar to tell the story of her humiliations, sorrows, and ask yourselves what fact is proved against her with any living man save this defendant. Her crime is, she loved him too dearly and too well. If she had millions she would have flung them at his feet. Had she a throne to give she would have placed him on that throne. All she had to bestow was her heart; she made him sovereign of her affections, and there he reigned with undisputed sway. But what are those affections? They have been implanted in our nature by an Almighty hand. They have survived the fall, and are a spirit of the ravages of sin and death. They dignify, and exalt, and inspire our existence, which else were cold, monotonous, and dull. Nor may we believe that love terminates with the dissolution of the mysterious union between soul and body. Rather may we believe that the same high affections purified, spiritualized, and immortalized, become a portion of "the bliss unspeakable," reserved for the spirits of the just made perfect. (Loud applause.) She gave him that affection; she gave him that love,—a woman's love. Who can fathom its depths? Who can measure its intensity? Who can describe its fervidness? I will tell you herself what that love was.—"If you were to be executed as a convict, I would stand beneath the gallows." If he had taken that woman for his wife, misery would have overtaken him to her—poverty she would have shared with him, from sickness and misfortune she would never have fled, she would have been his constant companion, his guide, his friend—his polluted mistress never. Therefore I say you owe it to justice to find that injured woman. You can not restore her to the husband she adored or the happiness she enjoyed; you can not even restore to that faded cheek, nor lustre to the eye which has been dimmed by many a tear; you can not relieve the sorrows of her bursting heart; but you may restore her to her place in society—you may by your verdict enable her to say—"Rich I have been, indicted I may have been through excess of my affection, but guilty—no, that I am not." Place her in the rank which she would never disgrace; you may restore her to that society in which she is qualified to shine, and from which she has been hurled by a great cause. I can impede to further address you. Would to God I had the power, physical strength, to exert either or both longer on behalf of this injured, insulted woman! But this fond and adoring wife is gone; she has found it in other respected judge on the bench; she has found it in every heart that beats within this court, and in the breast of every honest man throughout this country.

The Judge charged the jury that they had three questions to decide: 1st, Was there a Scotch marriage? 2d, Was there an Irish marriage? 3d, Was Major Yelverton a Roman Catholic at the time of the latter?—as the law declares that a Roman Catholic priest can not lawfully celebrate a marriage between a Protestant and a Catholic.

The jury have just returned into court, in answer to the Chief Justice, stated—first, that they had found the Scotch marriage a valid one; and, secondly, that there was a good Irish marriage. The Chief Justice asked them if they found Major Yelverton was a Roman Catholic? to which they replied that they had.

On the announcement of the verdict the excitement of the audience burst into applause, which was continued for a short time, and which was taken up by the immense crowd assembled by the courts and along the quay. Mrs. Yelverton was in one of the chambers of the court. The horses of the carriage which was in waiting for her were taken off by the crowd, in order to draw her to the hotel where she is staying; when she arrived there she addressed the people.

The Dublin *Morning News* gives the following pen-and-ink portrait of Mrs. (Longworth) Yelverton:

Mrs. Yelverton is probably in her twenty-fifth year. She is under the middle height, and of fair complexion. She was pale, very pale, evidently suffering, if not agitated, by the circumstances of the occasion, time, and place. Subsequently, when slightly recovered with the excitement, or possibly the heat of the court, her face presented the appearance of what at daytime was to be passed by, when it were the charms that attracted the deceiver's gaze. Beautiful she was then indeed. Not that her features, when examined one by one, would be pronounced regular or beautiful. There was a motherly, a grave, thoughtful, sorrowful expression over all that I am utterly unable to describe; and this it was that first struck and impressed the beholder. Grief—grief and pity must be measured—had left its traces there. There was a softness in the flow of her voice, and there was a quick glance all around, in a half-troubled, apprehensive, inquiring manner, as if she wanted to be sure that no one indeed amidst the friendly hearts fame had always told her were ever to be found in Ireland, but the children of sorrow and misfortune. Hope spoke to the troubled soul that had so long lain in anguish, and therefore she seemed to acquire a strength none would have looked for in such a fragile form. The remembrance of which is delicately painted this; the general expression of the face is most feminine, her brow—clear, calm, touched—preserving, dignified power—confidence in repose. It is the eye that lights up, makes beautiful that whole countenance, which, in fact, is one of those which has its beauty and attraction more in expression, the soul of which can never be accurately fixed, than in the symmetry and regularity of the individual features themselves. Her glossy brown tresses, while it charms us with a style that has a profusion of rich, glossy, auburn hair, which was worn as it should be, and not with those antique drans. On the following day the news had reached her of the death of Mr. Bellingham, her brother-in-law, and, according, she appeared subsequently in mourning. So far for her personal appearance; but how shall I describe what constitutes the greatest charm about her? The perfection of graceful motion in the simplest movements and the voice—such a voice!—clear, soft, liquid, and musical. Browner was a child in her hands. In the very first sentence exchanged between them their relative positions were fixed, and the ascendency was hers. At her word he stirr she completely took up her position without effort or attempt, but seemingly naturally, it was her rightful position, one which exacted the most respectful and deferential demeanor from even her antagonist.

escutcheon is lilinis. The coat of arms of Louisiana may provoke some merriment among wags, who may suggest that the Pelican in the picture is not the true bird of that name, but the genuine American Eagle, while the breed around it represents the Sulcreasurer, etc., of New Orleans. Kansas, which has only been admitted a few weeks, is not represented in the picture.

THE GANOID.

WITH a biscuit in my pocket and a 'hammer in hand,
Charging bits from off the strata that were
"cropping" o'er the land;
Wearied out, at length I rested by a fractured
fresh and new,
And gazed in languid humor at the thing it
brought to view:
I had found an ancient casket that Agassiz e'en
himself,
When he saw beneath its cover that a ganoid
curled his tail.

It was lying half imbedded in its matrix in the
stone,
And scintillating round it, bright micaceous
fragments shone;
And I thought of all the weary, sad, and slow-
revolving years
Since the earth commenced her circling search
for light among the spheres,
And the huge lithyosaurus must have felt his
courage fail
In the turbulence around him when this ganoid
curled his tail.

When from out the turbid ocean seethed an at-
mosphere of steam,
And the waves refused in darkness to reflect a
single beam,
And barren rocks, that dimly rose, like spectres,
from the waste,
Glared grimly for a little while, and disappear-
ed in haste
Melted down with heat and horror—even gneiss
could not prevail
In those liquidizing eras when this ganoid curl-
ed his tail.

Check the onward march of Nature, and reverse
the wheel of Time,
From the morn when Eden blossomed in its
fresh-born mid its prime;
Roll it backward, roll it backward—backward
still, and backward more
Through every trace of the effort strains the mind
till it is sore.
Still a nebulæ beyond you, down within the
Past's dim vale,
Are those years when chronologic when this ganoid
curled his tail.

And I thought of all the struggles that we make
with such ado
To preserve our names from sinking for a cen-
tury or two;
How the deeds of warrior, poet, stern philoso-
pher or sage,
Are writ in brilliant letters on the Past's historic
page;
And yet the years the best have won is but a
fabric frail
By the grand unnumbered eras when this ganoid
curled his tail.

You're satisfied with glory, and you think the
thing is done
If you perish in the conflict, when a marble bust
is won.
Here's a rival—look upon him—he is not a
friend!—no,
For a lime inf sion keeps him still original and
real—
The antiseptic properties of Fame would prove
but frail
Had you done your deeds of wonder when this
ganoid curled his tail.

Perhaps in scaly armor, up and down these an-
cient seas
Roamed he, with a restless appetite that nothing
could appease,
Crushing shoals and hosts of beings, every one
of which that ran
Would, in course of time and season, have "de-
veloped" up to man;
But "Man is the profoligent," and we only may
bewail
Our dear relations slaughtered when this ganoid
curled his tail.

But it is a sad reflection—sad and stern enough
for tears,
To know that blood and carnage trail along the
track of years;
That Love and Peace and Mercy had not even
then begun
To sow the seeds of quiet for the future coming
man,
And the cries of God's first creatures were a
universal wail
Of fierce and brutal conflict when this ganoid
curled his tail.

C. A. P.

LOUISVILLE, KENTUCKY.

THE "MAKEWAKE'S" DOG.

LOFTUS his name was—Lofty we mostly called him for short; but with strangers he answered to "Mister Loftus"—nothing less than that. Passengers and visitors to the ship would ask many and many a time, in the usual coaxing way, but he never took the least notice of them. If they had any thing to say, they must call him by his proper title—talk straight out, with no nonsense about "good fellow," or "fine old dog," or any such nickname: then he'd listen respectfully, and understand what was said too.

I sailed in the *Makewake* with him going on eight years, and will say I never had a better shipmate. Orderly and good-natured, he never made the least trouble, and wouldn't allow any body else to either, if he could help it. I don't think he would interfere between the officers and crew, but when we were bringing emigrants, Loftus would always put a stop to disturbances among them. He would single out the leader in a free fight, throw him, and hold him down until the others came to his rescue. Sometimes he had to throw two or three, but the steerage soon learned to stow shillalahs whenever Misther Loftus appeared. I remember one time when we were lying in the Wellington Dock at Liverpool, taking on a lot of Fardrexes—and the steward had some difficulty with one. His only argument was a rope's end, and when Lofty thought the poor fellow had had enough he intimated as much quite plainly. But by some means the steward contrived to get a line through his right hand and was just in the act of rigging; then the Fardrower had to suffer. Pretty soon the dog parted the line with his teeth, quietly went ashore, rolled himself over and over in the thick, black, tide-mud—stole on board again and crawled, whole length, into Mr. Steward's berth. After that he wouldn't go ashore for a long time, and on the whole, I think the steward got rather the worst of it.

He did all our marketing—Loftus did, and never once made a mistake to my knowledge. They would try tricks with him sometimes, but were very likely to get the best of his custom. He was acquainted with most of the market-men, and if one did not treat him well he would go to another.

I sailed in Stirling and Field's Line five years before I got to be first mate, and then the very next voyage I came near losing the number of my mess. While we were in Liverpool the cholera broke out among the shipping, and we lay in that steaming mud-hole from the first of July until the last of August before we could get men enough to take the craft to sea. Meantime we lost poor old Captain Hayworth—the best officer I in the line—and I came pretty near going too. Loftus watched me and tended me like a true friend, and I do believe if it hadn't been for him I never could have pulled through. Ever since we have had an eye to pass a cup of water.

When the new captain came down from London he called me into the cabin, didn't like his looks at all. He was smooth-spoken enough, too, but his eyes were vicious, and I felt sure we should have trouble. He said the ship was quite ready for sea, and soon as I was able we would sail. Not to make further detention, I was carried aboard in a cot, and we hauled out of dock on the next tide. In the cabin I found another cot, beside which a young lady was sitting with a fan, while Captain Darcy was busy prescribing for sea-sickness. I then learned that our cabin passengers were an old man named Archer and his grand-daughter Jennie.

Poor old Mr. Archer! He was far too ill to undertake such a voyage, but he insisted on going with the ship, feeling sure he should recover when the cool Atlantic breezes began to blow. Well, the first Sunday at sea we buried him.

Little Jennie Archer was left entirely alone without a friend in the world, save an aunt in Brooklyn to whom she was going. A timid, strong-hearted girl bore up bravely in that sorrowful time, and even in her deepest grief found opportunity to render me a tender and delicate service. When I first began to crawl out into the cabin, I noticed Captain Darcy's evil eye often wandering toward her with a peculiar expression that alarmed me. I was troubled and didn't know what to do. I could not say any thing to Jennie, and, unable to stand alone, I could not in any way protect her. In this difficulty Loftus came to my aid. He would guard the lone girl far better than I, and his dislike to Captain Darcy was even greater than mine.

And so I contrived that Jennie and Loftus should become great friends. She was the kindest and gentlest little girl in the world, and the dog learned to love her more than he ever did another human being. Lofty never had a master; the Makewake was his home, and he clung to the ship through all her changes of crew, officers, and owners. But to Jennie he seemed to attach himself as dogs usually do to their owners, or even more closely. After fairly understanding that she must be watched and protected, he hardly left her an hour in the day, and slept before her door at night.

By the time I was able to go about a little—and out on deck when the sun was not too warm—Jennie Archer had quite won my heart, and I was much hurt to find that she grew more reserved as health returned to me; the little womanly ministrations, which had been so grateful, were gradually discontinued. Yet we were very friendly, and being the only idlers in the after-part of the ship, were with each other a great deal. Our long pleasant evenings on deck and morning readings in the cabin were the happiest hours I had ever known. But I did not believe that I was making any progress in her affection—that is, I did not think she would ever care for me as I did for her. I was pleased to see, however, that the captain's attempts to be agreeable were quietly but decidedly repulsed. He saw it, too, after a while, and his hateful disposition thereafter began to show itself. He persecuted poor Jennie without mercy whenever he could find an opportunity, and though Loftus and I were seldom off duty, he part contrived to make her suffer from his spite in a thousand wretched ways. Her simple dignity and unswerving faith in herself during these trials made me love her very dearly. She never complained to me at all; not even when I found her, one time, weeping, heart-broken, and frightened, with little bits of a note from him scattered over the floor.

Captain Darcy made no secret of his rage and vengeful temper; he seemed to consider that he owed defeat to me, and hated me accordingly. "You think yourself too—mart," he would say—"but I'll show you I'm not the man to be baked by any such whelps as you and that dog. You pay for your 2—ert, but I'll master her yet, and then I'll settle with you, young man."

I didn't mind his threats much, knowing him to be cowardly like other mean souls; but I kept a close watch that never of Jennie, and Loftus with my own hand, to which care I think he owes his life.

The thirty-fifth day out we were off the Banks, and about noon I went up with Captain Darcy to take the sun. Lofty assisted in the observation, as always did with the sun and latitude, and Miss Archer added her smile to the brightness of the hour, happy—thought I—to know our voyage was nearly done. While working out my calculation, I noticed the captain hastily descending the cabin gangway. I thought it odd he did not wait for the result, and directly I got below I was surprised to find that Loftus had also disappeared. I didn't think much about it all, though. I was alone with her for the first time, the last time, and meant to speak my mind before going below to make my entry in the log. It seemed to me that she had never looked so kindly upon me as then, and I came very near telling how dearly I had learned to prize her favor, and asking that it might be mine forever. But I felt as though that would be taking an unfair advantage of her needing a protector, and, in some sort, presuming upon the claim I might be supposed to have—the words which trembled on my tongue were not spoken. I afterward wished they had been.

Entering the cabin at last, we were startled by sounds of strife, evident struggling, fierce growls, and a storm of curses. For the first time Jennie's courage gave way; she, even then, she seemed more hurt than afraid at the love against me, sobbing,

"Oh, Heaven! he's in my room!"

And so it was. Crushed down in one corner—a pitiable sight indeed—lay poor Lofty, faint with Loftus's teeth in his throat. He still clutched the leather belt which contained Jennie's little fortune, and in a sailor's bag at his feet I found every thing else of the least value which she possessed in the world—even the letters to her friends.

Loftus must have seen indignation and horror in my face, for he immediately renewed his attack with the utmost ferocity, and 'twas only by Jennie's active efforts he was prevented from finishing the wretch on the instant—he wouldn't listen to me at all. As it was, Captain Darcy had to be carried down when we came on deck, and I remember he used the very same cut that I was brought aboard in. During the fever which followed he was delirious part of the time, and I gathered from his wild talk that he had hoped, by reducing Jennie to utter poverty, he could make her dependent upon him and submissive to his will.

Thanks to Loftus, the robber was caught in the act, and I half envied the dog his reward of food and caresses. He remembered her by her letters and her friends came for her, and after that he used to run over there every day or two. As the Captain's brain fell to work again, I resigned my berth in the ship for more than a week, but soon as I could get off, I too made a visit to Jennie in her new home. A very nice place it was, way out on Clinton Avenue, and I found her delighted with it, and all she might be. Her friends, too, were just the pleasantest sort of people, and received me very kindly. And somehow I felt disappointed and unsatisfactable, though I couldn't tell why for the life of me. Jennie's manner to me was the same as always had been, except for the embarrassment of the first; she was friendly and confiding as ever, but yet I felt that in Clinton Avenue she was very far away from me, and from that day we had lived apart. Then there was a good-looking young chap at the house who played on the piano and sang with Jennie, and who had all those pleasant little ways somewhere which show cultivation and good-breeding. Well, I liked him—I hadn't any spite at all—but couldn't help thinking that Tompkins Square was a certain graces my plain sailor ways appeared to small advantage. So I did not enjoy my visit as I had planned, and went away early and rather cross, and vexed and dissatisfied with myself and every body else.

Captain Darcy got an idea into his unsettled mind that I were going to marry Jennie, and he came against him for piracy on the high seas, and though I assured him neither of us had any such intention, he became more frightened, and suddenly disappeared from his hotel before I believed him able to go about. I have never seen him or heard of him from that day to this. When I took out his flight to Stirling & Field, our owners, they seemed rather glad than otherwise, and much to my surprise immediately offered the command of the *Makewake* to me.

During the long days of convalescence, when I could do but little else, I had strengthened and again of the time when I should be captain of the *Makewake*, and be in position to offer Jennie Archer a home as well as a heart. These had been dreams of happiness to me; but now, when they might be realized, their brightness faded fast—it seemed highly improbable that I should ever make Jennie an offer of any thing at all, and being captain of a Liner didn't amount to much any way. However, I accepted the proposition gladly enough, and thereafter staid by the ship more closely than ever.

Loftus still continued his visits to Clinton Avenue, being over there, indeed, at least half the time, though he always came home at night. My first experience there had not been of a sort to encourage my going again—so, when the *Makewake*

COASTS OF ARMS OF THE STATES.

WE publish on page 220 the coats of arms of the various States of the Union; at the present crisis these mottoes of State pride are not without their peculiar interest. Georgia, it will be noticed, plights her faith to the "Constitution;" while Massachusett: may be said to have foreshadowed the policy of coercion by her cry for "Peace won by the sword." Arkansas justifies the submission of her ordinance to the people by the motto "Regnat populus;" and of all the States, the only one which makes a parade of State sovereignty in her

was nearly ready for sea, I sent, by Loftus, a note to Jennie, apologizing for not calling, and saying good-by. Of course I half hoped he would bring some little reply from her—and so he did. She wished particularly to see me, and begged I would come to her before I sailed. Well, I was delighted! I spread all the light canvas I could carry, and bowled over there—gay as a lark. The very first thing I saw was Jennie walking about the grounds with that good-looking young fellow—talking so earnestly and gazing up to his face in such a charming way! It just took me flat aback; I wished myself aboard ship again and outside the Hook. I don't know but I might have run away, only Loftus attracted the children's attention, and then 'twas too late.

I had not been in the house ten minutes when I noticed an understanding of some sort between Jennie and the handsome young gentleman. They had consultations, and side-glances, and looks toward me—as I thought—and, finally, it ended in his presenting to me, on behalf of Miss Jennie Archer, a very fine gold chronometer and chain. He delivered it with a little speech of which I hardly heard a word—I was so confused. Passengers aboard ship often met in the cabin on coming into port and gave the officers something or other to remember the voyage by, and I had certain phrases which were always used on such occasions. I got them off now well as I could, and sat down in a corner to think the matter over.

I don't like people who are over-sensitive, easily grieved, and perpetually feeling hurt. I think it generally shows a mean disposition; but I do suppose that was just about my state of mind. This, thought I, is what she wanted me for. This watch means payment in full of all demands against her; and she didn't want me, even while going to Liverpool and back, to have an idea that she was under any obligation to me. A valuable gift settles the old accounts, and leaves her free to open new books. What a fool I have been! But I'll not be any more—I'll never trouble her again, that's certain.

Such bitter, gloomy reveries as these kept coming and coming all the afternoon. Meantime I hardly knew what to do with the watch. I carried it about in my hand a long time, and finally shut up the box case carefully and put it into my coat pocket. I thanked Jennie in an awkward, cold way, and felt an ugly satisfaction in noticing how pale she looked and grave she looked. I do not think, however, that any one else perceived my spiteful temper. I never had better access among men, than that afternoon. Later, I determined to show that I didn't care for any one particularly, and tried my best to be entertaining and agreeable to all the girls in the house—something, as I said, better than ever before. But my heart —the whole time—was filling more and more with sad, troubled memories. Gradually pride and vexation gave way to the old tenderness for Jennie, and as I thought of the long, weary hours I had to pass, without a hope of her, in the very place where we had so lately been happy together, I realized how dear she had become to me—how utterly desolate and lonely I was destined to be. At last, I could keep up the appearance of cheerfulness no longer, and determined to steal away—never to return.

I looked all about, quietly, for Loftus, and after some time found him in a little summer-house in the garden. 'Twas now quite dusk, but with him I recognized Jennie, her arms about his neck, her face hidden in his long fleecy coat. She started as I spoke, and would have run away, but Loftus was seated on her dress and could not move.

"I'm sorry to part old friends," I said; "but Loftus and I must go now, Miss Jennie." I wanted to say "old lovers," but couldn't.

"And are you going away angry, when we have always understood each other so well?"

How schemed and repentant I felt, finding the poor girl had been crying! "No, indeed, Jennie," I answered; "I am not angry now. Forgive me for hurting you by accepting your present with such bad grace—I was vexed then, but am not any more. Believe me, I do understand, and I see, you would have told me in a more delicate way. Come Loftus, we will go now. Good-by, Miss Jennie—do not feel troubled about me: I'll try never to think of you again, as I used to."

"What have I done dreadfully wrong that you should change so? Only the watch? Is that all?"

"Pray don't think you have done wrong. You have always been fair and sincere with me, and I have only myself to blame. I shall esteem and respect you as ever."

"We may be friends, then? You will visit me when you return?"

"No, no, Jennie, I could not do that. If you ever need me, I shall be only too happy to serve you; but otherwise, I hope this will be our last meeting in the world. After all you have been to me, and all I have dreamed you might be, I could not bear to see you with any one another, even though he is more worthy of you."

She turned away, covering her face with her dear little hands, sobbing as if her heart would break. "Oh, mother, what shall I do! what shall I do!"

I had been standing at the door of the summer-house, much farther away from Jennie than I used to be in our talks aboard the *Mohawk*, and Loftus didn't understand it at all. He walked from one to the other, growling, troubled and perplexed. When Jennie leaned for her seized my arm, dragged me across the floor, and pulled me down at her feet.

The darling girl put both her arms about my neck, nestled her beautiful head upon my shoulder, and without a word we did understand each other right well at last.

We have often tried to persuade Loftus to stay at home and keep Jennie company while I am away in the *Mohawk*, but he never would desert the ship. Whenever we arrive in New York, though, the instant we touch the dock he bounds away to tell his dear mistress her husband has come home.

ODE TO A BOB-TAILED CAT.

FELIS INFELIX! Cat unfortunate,
With nary narrative!
Canst thou no tale relate
Of how
Miller?
Thy tail-end came to terminate
So bluntly?

Didst wear it off by
Sedentary habits,
As do the rabbits?

Didst go a
Fishing with it,
Wishing with it
To "bob" for cat-fish,
And get bobbed thyself?
Curses on that fish!

Didst lose it in kittenhood,
Hungrily chewing it?
Or, gayly pursuing it,
Did it make tangled,
Abrupt, refrangled,
From the tip curtail?

Did some brother Greyback—
Yowling
And growling
In nocturnal strife,
Spitting and slating,
Causing and swearing,
Ripping and tearing,
Cause thee "change-tail"—
Abbreviate thy suffix?

Or did thy jealous wife
Detect yer
In some sly flirtation,
And after Count Coaxal lecture,
Bite off thy termination?
And serve yer right?

Did some mischievous boy,
Some barbarous boy,
Some sacrilegious boy,
Eliminate thy fais?
(Probably!)
The wretch!
The villain!
Cruelly spilte!
Thy current blood!
Let every cat scratch him,
Sack his breath,
Be his death,
Where'er they can catch him!

Well, Bob, two courses are left,
Since thou'st lost all that you're bereft:
Tell your friends that by letter,
From Forth,
You have learned the style there is
To wear the tail short,
And the briefer the better,
And for private visitation
Such is the passion,
That every Grimalkin will
Follow your fashion.
Or else,
If they laugh at the stump
That you wear, why wear none.
There are for-slops where cat skins are re-tailed—
Hurry off, Robert Cunds, and be tailed. R.

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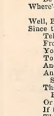

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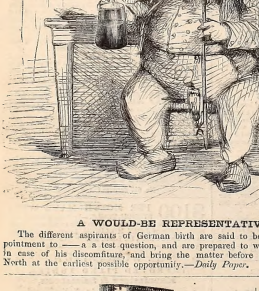

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HARPER'S
NEW MONTHLY MAGAZINE
For April, 1861.

The present Number contains an opening paper on "Labrador." The Illustrations are from Photographs taken expressly for the Magazine. There in the present Number relate chiefly to the coast. The succeeding paper will contain Illustrations of Scenery and Character in the interior. They are probably the first accurate pictures ever given of this almost unknown region. These papers will be followed by others, describing the most interesting portions of the British Provinces in America. The "Chapter on Mice" is a continuation of the series on Entomology which have attracted so little attention among scientific men in Europe and America. This paper, as well as the previous ones on "Destructive Insects," shows the great importance, in a sanitary and commercial point of view, of a thorough investigation into the structure and habits of the minute insect world. The article on the "Heron Tower" was prepared from materials and information obtained directly from Mr. RAREY, and furnishes the most authentic account of his career that has been given to the public.

The other articles in this Number will be found fully to sustain the character of the Magazine in all its departments.

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A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION.

VOL. V.—No. 224.] NEW YORK, SATURDAY, APRIL 13, 1861. [PRICE FIVE CENTS.

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the Year 1861, by Harper & Brothers, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Southern District of New York.

THE GREAT GAINES CASE.

We publish herewith a portrait of Mrs. General Gaines, the heroine of the most remarkable lawsuit ever prosecuted in our civil courts. This lady has just won a case which entitles her to a property variously estimated at from ten to fifteen millions of dollars. The circumstances which gave rise to that case constitute a romance stranger than the boldest fancies of novel writers.

Just sixty years ago a young man, handsome, polished, brave, energetic, who, from some strange whim, had devoted himself to a life of trade among the Indians and French settlers on the Mississippi, spent a winter in the American metropolis of that day—Philadelphia. The young man's name was DANIEL CLARK. He was fond of gayety and social pleasures. In some social haunt he met a French lady of uncommon beauty and rare wit, named ZULIME CARRIER. She was living with a Frenchman named Lagrange, a common adventurer, whether legitimately married to him or not it is now not easy to discover. In 1800 this lady left Lagrange, and went to live with Daniel Clark. The theory accepted by the Supreme Court of the United States is that Zulime Carrier was never married to Lagrange, and that she was married, privately, to Daniel Clark. In 1806, at Philadelphia, the only issue of her union with Clark—Myra, the present Mrs. Gaines—was born.

After the birth of this child it would seem that Clark sent Zulime to New Orleans, and prosecuted his amatory career at Philadelphia with the gay freedom of a bachelor. He engaged himself in marriage to the celebrated Miss Caton, who afterward married the Marquis of Wellesley. He formed other connections, the offspring of which have figured in the Gaines case. After a time Zulime returned to Philadelphia, and claimed her rights as a wife. Clark denied her right to the title, and she was unable to maintain it. She seems herself to have recognized the feebleness of her claim; for soon afterward she married or accepted the protection of a Dr. Gardette, with whom she lived till his death.

Meanwhile Daniel Clark grew tired of Capua, and returned to New Orleans. He formed extensive business connections, and being gifted with rare mercantile capacity, made money in every thing he touched. He soon became the leading merchant on the Mississippi. Those were the days when fortunes were made in judicious trading with the Indians. Daniel Clark was one of the wise men who saw the opportunity and turned it to account. When his daughter Myra was yet a child, her father was a rich man, whose wealth was daily increasing.

MRS. GENERAL GAINES.—[FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY BRADY.]

It does not appear that he ever took steps to reunite his fortunes with those of his much-loved Zulime. But he certainly took charge of her child Myra, had her properly educated, and testified much affection for her on all occasions.

In 1813 Daniel Clark died, leaving an immense fortune, mostly invested in land in New Orleans and other cities on the Mississippi. A will was produced, bequeathing his fortune to his mother and to the city of New Orleans. The legatees and executors entered into possession.

Some thirteen years afterward Myra, his daughter, married a Mr. Whitney, of New Orleans, and set up a claim as heir to the property. Thus the great Gaines suit began. Myra claimed to be the only legitimate daughter of Daniel Clark, and sought to have the above-mentioned will set aside. It was natural that, where so much property was at stake, the claim should be hotly contested. It was so; and Mr. Whitney, Myra's husband, died during the first campaign in the war. His widow—young, beautiful, and as energetic as her father—continued to prosecute the suit. Meeting General Gaines shortly afterward, she married him, and he espoused her cause with warmth. The case was tried and lost at New Orleans: it was carried to the Supreme Bench at Washington, and lost there too. In 1852 the hopes of Mrs. Gaines seemed utterly extinguished, and the death of General Gaines appeared to crush out the last ember of expectation.

But the lady had an indomitable spirit. After the judgment of 1852 a will was discovered, duly executed by Daniel Clark, certifying that Myra was his only legitimate child, and creating her his sole heir. This will Mrs. Gaines offered for probate, and sued the possessors of her father's property thereupon. In the New Orleans Court the case went against her. She appealed again to Washington; and after several years of tedious legal proceedings, she obtained a judgment on March 14, 1861, confirming the will, declaring her the only rightful heir of Daniel Clark, and entitling her not only to the whole property left by him, but to the rents of the same during the thirty-old years which had elapsed since she first set up her claim.

So the case now stands. The judgment was delivered by Mr. Justice Wayne, of Georgia, who significantly remarked that the Supreme Court would have their decree carried out in Louisiana. No one knows how far the accession of that State may have impaired the power of the United States Supreme Court, within the State limits. Mr. Justice Wayne's *obiter dictum* looks as though the judgment would be acknowledged. If it is, Mrs. General Gaines will soon be the richest woman in America.

The portrait which we publish herewith reveals something of the indomitable spirit and energetic will which has enabled this lady to prosecute her case through so many courts, and for so many weary years.

POINT ISABEL, TEXAS, WITH THE "DANIEL WEBSTER" SAILING WITH U.S. TROOPS ON BOARD.—FROM A SKETCH BY A GOVERNMENT DRAUGHTSMAN.—[SEE NEXT PAGE.]

THE "DANIEL WEBSTER" AT POINT ISABEL, TEXAS.

We publish on page 225, from a drawing by a Government draughtsman, a view of Point Isabel, Texas, with the steamer *Daniel Webster* lying off the coast. Point Isabel was a place of note in the Mexican war, and the name will be familiar to our readers. The *Webster* arrived here from thence, on Saturday, March 30, with United States troops.

The reporter of the Associated Press states:

"When the *Webster* sailed there were left at Fort Brown one company Third Artillery, Captain Darvon commanding, and two companies of Second Cavalry, Captain Stoneman commanding. The posts in the upper part of Texas had generally been abandoned, and the troops were being concentrated on the sea-coast. Colonel Bonlin was at Fort Brown, and was to command the United Infantry, under Major Sibley, were expected soon. The Indians followed the march of the troops, and committed great havoc among the people, killing some and running off their stock. Major Sibley chastised some of the savages. Great fear is felt all along the line of the Rio Grande, and indeed the whole frontier, of attack from Indians. Couriers was understood to be simply waiting the departure of the Federal troops to recommence operations on a larger scale than heretofore, and in which he was checked by the army of last year.

"The *Daniel Webster* passed the *Star of the West* about two hundred miles off Tortugas. The *Daniel Webster* has had a remarkably pleasant passage, and the troops on board are all in fine health. When they reached Key West they found the people very much excited, and apparently not inclined to furnish them with fresh water; but finding that the troops were determined to take by force, if necessary, whatever supplies were needed, they complied with the request, although with very ill grace. The troops which arrived here on Saturday in the *Daniel Webster* proceeded to Fort Hamilton Saturday night, where they will remain until further orders are received from head-quarters."

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

SATURDAY, APRIL 13, 1861.

THE PRINCIPLE OF CENTRALIZATION.

GOVERNOR PICKENS, of South Carolina, in a Message recently transmitted to the Legislature of that State, asserts that South Carolina has "made an advance in the science of government by engrafting the fundamental right of a separate and independent State to withdraw from any confederacy that may be formed, whenever her people, in sovereign convention assembled, shall so decide."

We will not stop to question the merit of the "advance" which South Carolina is here said to have made. But we must say, in justice to the ancients, that Governor Pickens is stealing their laurels. If it be a credit to establish separate governments, and to maintain separate nationalities on either side of each mountain ridge or river, the glory is due to the men who lived a thousand years ago or thereabouts. Governor Pickens and his State are borrowing the seanty honors of the barons of the Middle Ages. For they it was who invented the system of small nationalities, and an endless series of secessions.

The events of the past few months have done much to shake our belief in the teachings of history, and in the grand old truths which are generally in the lives of such men as George Washington and Benedict Arnold. But still, facts are facts, and can not be controverted. It is a fact, for instance, that before Charlemagne, France consisted of a series of petty nations like South Carolina, all warring against each other, and wasting their strength in internecine contests; that he united them under one head, after which they began to prosper; and that when his empire broke up, the "right of withdrawing from the empire whenever the people shall so decide" was invoked by various constituent parts of his wide, and France then became again into a congeries of independent States, which instantly made war on each other, and fought for centuries, breeding races of ignorant paupers, until another great man forcibly united the whole under one head, when, once more, France began to prosper. It is a fact again that, a thousand years ago, more or less, the little island from which our ancestors came was divided into no less than seven distinct kingdoms—to say nothing of Scotland; and that these kingdoms, all of which insisted on separate national rights, were steeped in the deepest barbarism; from which none of them emerged until the whole seven began to be united under one head. It is a fact that Italy—notwithstanding occasional gleams of energy and prosperity at Genoa and Venice—has never enjoyed any real national strength from the time of the Cæsars, when it was under one head, until now, when the Kingdom of Italy is reconstituted. The same is true of Spain, Germany, and Russia.

In a word, the history of all nations is the same. At first, in a state of nature, every man is his neighbor's enemy, and fights him when occasion offers. By-and-by he discovers that friendship and mutual assistance are better than fighting, and he agrees to an association for mutual benefit. This is the village. This village naturally goes to war with neighboring villages, and, for several generations—as the history of our Indian tribes proves—these village wars go on, until some day the communities make the discovery which the individual had made before—that peace and co-operation are better than war and disunion. Then several villages unite together, and form a county, a tribe, a State, or a province. The province or tribe or State follow the time-honored example, and war with other provinces, tribes, or States, until exhaustion and ripened intelligence teach them, too, the lesson that it is better to be friends than foes. Then several of the tribes or provinces or States unite, and constitute a NATION. This is the history of Great Britain; of the history of France; the history of Spain; the history of Germany; the history of Russia; and, we venture to say, it will be the history of America next century, if it survives.

So far from the doctrine of secession being an improvement in political science invented by South Carolina, it is, on the contrary, one of the oldest of the doctrines of barbarous nations in the dark ages. Nothing is commoner, in ancient history, than the rebellions of minorities against the decision of majorities. It is ripened experience and enlarged civilization which alone have taught and enforced the great truth that minorities must yield to majorities, and yield peaceably; and the same great teachers have also taught us that the tendency of civilization is toward the destruction of small and the consolidation of great nationalities.

The natural tendency of the wild man is to rebel against all authority. The effect that which is not directly palpable to his senses. The natural tendency of the civilized man is to bow to constituted authority for the sake of the advantages. The idea of the Indian is to declare his little clan independent of all control save his own. This is what he calls independent national existence. The idea of the civilized man, on the contrary, is to widen as far as possible the limits of the nation to which he belongs. He knows that in doing so he must sacrifice some of his own liberty; but he calculates that the gain he will realize from an enlarged nationality and freedom from strife will more than compensate him.

In one word, civilization centralizes. Barbarism divides. When the Roman Empire was in its glory, all the civilized world obeyed implicitly the decrees and the officers of the Senate. When it was in its decay, there were always provincials, every town, and every castle set up for itself. Shall it devolve upon the future historian to report that when the United States were in their glory, the Act of the Congress were obeyed from the frontier of Russia to the frontier of Mexico; but that the moment they broke up not only did each State deny the central authority, but each county and village, the power of their States, cities derided the superior control of counties, and strong places throughout the country arrogated to themselves an independent robber sovereignty?

THE PUBLIC CREDIT.

IT must be a matter of satisfaction to every true-hearted citizen that the public credit has begun to improve. In the spring of last year, all State Sixes were worth at least 15 per cent. premium. In November of the same year a political panic, assisted by the flooding of the market with bonds stolen from the Indian trust fund, caused them to decline to 6@7 discount. In February last, after the secession of the Cotton States, they were barely salable at 90½ per cent. On the 4th of March the Secretary of the Treasury asks for $8,000,000, and is offered $34,000,000 at an average of 93.2-6 per cent. The public credit is evidently improving.

In point of fact, the country has ended any sufficient reason for the depreciation of Government bonds which has been witnessed. If the whole fifteen slave States had seceded from the Union, their separate existence free-booters could have been abundantly able to pay the interest on the Federal debt, and to make arrangements for the principal at maturity. The decline in national credit proceeded from the fact of Cockburne in our financial community, and the knavish tricks of stock speculators.

The success of the new loan renders the negotiation of the Treasury Note loan a matter of comparative certainty. Pride will oblige the wealthy men of the South to subscribe for their loan, now that the Northern loan has gone off so well.

The people in both sections will realize, in due time, that if they wish to enjoy the luxury of a Government worth paying for it. Sweeping retrench thewishes in selfish independence, and leave their chiefs to support themselves by plundering the weak and levying toll on the cowardly. Civilized citizens see themselves voluntarily for the support of their Government, and the more onerous the tax the clearer the evidence of the satisfaction of the governed. Certain difficulties have lately arisen which will break down the credit of both Governments prove, that if we have still primitive people among us, they are powerless to oppose the enlightened will of our people.

☞In publishing last week the diagram of the "Ups and Downs of the States," we accidentally omitted to give due credit for it to Professor WM. MITCHELL GILLESPIE, LL.D., of Union College, to whom is due the conception and the development of this striking manner of presenting to the eye at a single glance relations and variations which the largest study of mere numerical tables could with difficulty suggest.

THE LOUNGER.

THE ACADEMY AGAIN.

LAST week we stopped in our tour through the Academy Exhibition just as we were entering the third room. Stop a moment longer and look at these two notices of the Academy, which have fallen in our way since last week. One of them begins in this melancholy way:

"It is in an eminent degree dispiriting to be forced to chronicle, year after year, the deterioration of the Academy exhibitions. Few exhibitions have shown the same number of tolerable ones, and an enormous increase of rubbish. If the annual exhibitions be practically, as they are in theory, an indicator of the condition of painting in the country, the conclusion is inevitable, either that the Academy fails to fulfill its contemplated ends, or *that the conditions essential to the steady growth of art do not yet exist among us.*"

How doleful that is! On the other hand, *The Crityon*, which is the especial organ of Art, says, in a cheerful strain:

"The collection, numbering 576 works, is not quite as large as last year, or last year, nor is it so interesting, there being too few figure-subjects, which are always essential to render an exhibition effective. There are, nevertheless, many striking and excellent works—*works that indicate a steady and encouraging growth of art.*"

There it is! One man looks round the galleries and says, "Well, at least art is steadily growing among us." Another looks about, shakes his head, and sighs, "Well, we have begun among oysters as he goes. It is not fair to measure this excellent picture of McEntee's by any standard so arbitrary as this—nor do I mean to do so. Mr. McEntee is too thoughtful and—in the old sense—painful, an artist, not to know thoroughly why he selects one scene rather than another; and his Indian Summer is another instance of the rapidity with which his fine eye and faithful hand are raising him to the heights of fame.

—Here we stop for the present, and pass out. If other visits shall reveal other pictures as good as those already named, a loyal Lounger will not fail to commend them—quite sure, in the mean time, that, as long as an Academy exhibition will furnish even as many good pictures as this, we need not give up all hope of American art.

STICK TO YOUR LAST.

VERDI, the composer, has been elected a deputy to the Italian Congress, and has therefore declined alluring engagements from Russia and France. The Lounger's neighbor Terence is of opinion that Verdi is a fool for so doing; that he makes a huge mistake. "Look at the musicians!" cries Terence—"then why doesn't he stick to his trade? *Ne sutor ultra crepidam.*" (Terence graduated last year.) Let the shoemaker stick to his last, as Apelles said to the cobbler who found fault with the slipper the artist had painted.")

Terence says it of Verdi; but he means it of some people nearer home. He is polite, and does not wish to be personal, and so eastigates inferentially. "Methinks it is good," he said, speaking of a distinguished political gentleman; "why doesn't he stick to poetry?"

"Bosh!" replied his friend Plautus, to whom Terence made the remark—"and you are a stockbroker; why the d—— don't you leave politics alone, and stick to stock-broking?" Yes, and why doesn't your brother, continued Plautus, especially, carrying the war into Africa, as the classical Terence would allow if the debate were upon any other subject—why doesn't your brother, who is a dry-goods merchant, stick to his dry goods—and your cousin, who is a wet-goods merchant, to his wet goods—and your uncle, who is a dealer in clothats—and his brother, who is a watchmaker, to his watches—and his nephew, who is a manufacturer, to his manufactures—and his sister's husband, who is an iron man, to his iron—and the masons to their mortar, and the farmers to their plows, and the carpenters to their chips? That's your argument, is it: Let every man stick to his trade, and not meddle with politics?

"Well, then, tell me who the — (Plautus *is* profane when he is excited) "are to meddle with them? The politicians, of course, because politics is their trade. And they are actually the only fortenest scamps in the country." (Plautus *is* vehement upon these occasions.) Then you propose that all the intelligence, and honesty, and honesty, who have every thing at stake under the Government, shall stand aside and let the rotten scamps who have made the nation what it is—persons with all that is false, rule the country? That is where you come to, with your absurd talk about poets, and merchants, and lawyers, and lawyers, and clergymen having no business to meddle in politics.

"Why, Terence—bless your poor addled pell!—it has not yet got through your brain, it seems, that in our system, where the people are the Government, politics is the particular business of every citizen. Are your uncle, and brother, and cousins, are all your relations any less citizens because they are dealers in wet and dry goods? Why, in this country, even stock-brokers may be citizens; and when they are so, if they don't meddle with politics they don't do their duty, and they deserve every thing they get. Politics is or are—for I don't care a cent for grammar in a matter of this importance—*the last* of every citizen in the country, and, by Jove! let him stick to it. And when you or any of your tribe come pulling round with your weak twaddle about people's minding their own business—you must excuse me, really; but, by Jove! I hope you will be told to your face that it is just such white-livered sneaks as you, who leave and have left the Government to

the scoundrels who make a trade of it, who are directly and morally responsible for all the troubles in which we find ourselves. By Jove! if you and your kind stuck to your last, as you call it, you'd stick to spitting in your own faces!"

Terence, of course, was moving off with dignity. Plautus ran after him, and held on by his hand: "I beg your pardon, Terence. I know I am a boor: but, by Jove! the great difficulty with this country is just such fellows as you. Without you, we should be all the best of us fed on the husks. So much by way of apology. Good-morning!"

"OUR OWN."

MR. RUSSELL, who has written vivid descriptions of Eastern battles and sacks and "indiscriminate loots," has arrived upon these happy shores, and, unluckily, in his official capacity. Now when the historiographer of Ireland was a well-bred, educated gentleman arrives anywhere, he is very sure to receive the welcome which Montague in his travels always presumed upon in stopping at the chateaux of the gentry. But when the historiographer comes to fulfill his vocation, his arrival ought to open our eyes and minds as to the conviction which causes him to be sent.

There has been a gush of curious rhetoric in the newspapers in regard to the luxury of the Fourth estate. The newspapers, as has often been conceded in this department, are models of modesty. They inform us that it is they who control public affairs, that they are really the government of countries in these days, etc., etc., and they therefore rub their hands with complacency as they inform us that the Bonds and Jacks and Moon, and the great grandfather of the fixed stars among newspapers, the London *Times*, has sent its embassador to this government.

That is, at least, a pleasant and highly poetic way of saying that the London *Times* has sent a correspondent to the United States—a correspondent already famous for his brilliant and picturesque descriptions—his battle-pieces, as Scott—calls them—and he will come to us as he went to India or the Crimea, to do our battles in the most gorgeous and impressive colors. But we have got the start of them. We "have" him in long-gorgeous and impressive hues, and no one probably enjoys the unexpected glitter more than the correspondent himself. He will be ruddier, keep his eyes and ears open. He will hold his pen ready to sketch whatever novel, grotesque, characteristic, or tragic aspect of American life may fall under his observation. He will interweave his comments, grave or gay. He will form his conclusion, often as grotesque and odd, of course, as the phenomena upon which they are based. He will do among us precisely what the correspondents of the leading New York papers do among the Japanese when a fire establishing relations and inaugurating policies, etc., those are things not precisely within the province of newspaper correspondents, however able they may be.

Newspaper correspondents are usually selected not so much from their merits as statesmen and diplomatists as from their power of entertaining graphic, and accurate description of life and manners.

Nor let any sensitive journalist suspect the Lounger of a disposition to depreciate his craft and its influence. Whatever may be true of other countries, it is certain as a fact here, that newspapers, as such, have little influence. It is the opinion of the men who are known to control them which has weight, and that weight is measured by its individual merits. That is the very defect and weakness of our whole newspaper system. Papers are persons with no powers. The *Evening Journal* is Mr. Weed, the *Times* is Mr. Raymond, the *Tribune* is Mr. Greeley, the *Herald* is Mr. Bennett, the Charleston *Mercury* is Mr. Rhett. The papers these gentlemen control have just as much influence as their names carry, and no more; except the mechanical and factitious effect of an incessant repetition.

THE LAST TETRACHORDON.

"A BOOK was writ of late called Tetrachordon," sings Milton in one of his sonnets. "Twalk'd the town a while," he continues. It was vehemently denounced and abused. In fact, it shared the fate of many a striking book before and since. The latest Tetrachordon is called Essays and Reviews, and the publication of theological essays by some of the most conspicuous clergymen of the Church of England, including the Queen's chaplain and the successor of Dr. Arnold in the headship of Rugby School. It has been republished in this country under the name of "Recent Inquiries in Theology," and has already passed to a second edition.

The latest accounts from England describe the great ecclesiastical excitement which the volume has occasioned there. No less than five thousand clergymen of the Church are reported to have petitioned or protested against it. Twenty-five bishops have followed suit in either petition. And, in this country, one of the most ardent of Churchmen declares it to be the pernicious book of the century. All the English papers, secular and religious, join in the deep bay of the hunt. What shall be done is not yet decided. What ought to be done the crowd of ecclesiastics are fully persuaded. But while the voice of denunciation clashes with the other voice that denounces the spirit of the denunciation, and while it is yet a question whether several of the most eminent English clergymen—by personal character, by scholarship, and by position—shall be degraded from their order, the Bishop of London lifts his voice and cries out, in a tone that pierces the din of censure, "Already your angry talk has dispersed edition after edition of what you condemn as the most dangerous of books, and you are sadly mistaken if you suppose you can remedy the error by denouncing the errorist. You can confound their influence only by confuting their arguments."

In the midst of a wild uproar how grateful is a little common-sense! If this work is so terrible it must be proved so; and the Bishop of London is the only one who seems fairly convinced that the more you bang a heretic the bigger he grows. Heresy thrives by hanging. The blood of the martyrs is not only the seed of the Church, it is the seed of every cause under heaven whose adherents are martyrized. If five clergymen of the Church of England, among its most pious, learned, and spotless servants, have published a collection of untruths, what is the obvious remedy? To kick them? Apparently not. But to show that they have spoken untruly. Let us, at least, quoth the Bishop of London, have common sense, though we are ecclesiastical.

GREEK AND LATIN TEXTS.

A CONVENIENT edition of the Greek and Roman classics, carefully printed from the best approved editions of the best German and English scholars, and in a clear, black, delightful type, upon fine paper, and substantially bound, is a desirable convenience. Students like to put their books to slip into their pockets, yet not so insignificant that they might not be upon your table, and adorn it: in fine, the most scholarly and the handsomest edition of the earliest great works in literature is the Harper's Greek and Latin Texts, sold for forty cents the volume. Every scholar, every man or woman who reads with ease and pleasure, or wishes that their children should so read, the tragic and comic poets, the historians, and the lyrists of Greece and Rome, ought to know of this most excellent series. And every school-boy and collegian who has a real interest in his studies (and there are many!) will be proud and glad to own an neat and "knowing" a collection.

We Americans are not thought to know much Greek and Latin after we have left school, and probably not many of the gentlemen who leave town presently for Newport or Saratoga put Virgil or Homer or Aristophanes into their pockets. And yet there are such, also. The Lounger was quietly coming through the Sound upon a steamer, one fine autumn morning last year, and the afternoon of a pleasant party fell upon favorite authors. "My vademecum is Montaigne," said Shem. "And mine Charles Lamb," said Ham. "And mine Horace," said Japhet, pulling a neat pocket copy of the gay Roman out of his coat. It was well thumbed, and in the greatest confusion of dog's ears and grief that it was well conned. The wonder is that Japhet was a candidate for the New York Assembly! Of course he was defeated. Think, Lobsky, of a member who actually read Horace in the original for pleasure!

CLOUDY WEATHER.

THE Parisian Lounger, and in fact those of all the world, are necessarily excited by the Mires swindle, or "Union," as it is called. Nobody that has a leading stock-gambler has failed or played false which makes the commotion. That is an event not entirely unprecedented. But the general suspicion that somehow the government is implicated; that perhaps even the Emperor's name may be associated with the matter; that it is only a closure through which you may have a glimpse into the abyss of rottenness underlying French society; that nothing prevents, but what may prevent, that France, socially and politically, and morally and commercially, is undermined, as Paris is by the catacombs, is not in any measure what may be a frightful inguiling—it is the vague suspicion of these things that disturbs the confidence of France, and leaves the mystery which shrouds the Mires "affair" with peculiar terror.

The truth probably is, that however evident the ability of the Emperor individually may be, there is a deep rottenness of the stability of things. Who feels sure, for instance, either in France or any where else, that if the Emperor Napoleon died his son would succeed to his place? Or that France would not fall again immediately into her chronic political chaos? Whatever Louis Napoleon's ambition, he cannot but be a very American citizen about the necessity of a "strong" or despotically absolute government as universally necessary, like gravity, to keep the globe in place. If lives long, are secure only in the degree that he recognizes the only possible basis of permanent government, as democracy—that is, the consent of experience—the consent of the governed. A "strong" government, in the usual sense—that is, a military organization—is not the strongest or safest government against itself. For it is always a "strong" government which provokes revolution. A system whose acted principle is order is the one to which civil rights of mankind, and the greatest good of the greatest number, is the strongest system in the world. If Louis Napoleon is wise enough to see that, and wary enough to trust himself to it, he may sit comfortably and his son securely. But if his system corrupts Society as the old Bourbon system corrupted the Louis Philippe system did, he too will fly over the frontier suddenly, and one apparently unimportant explosion may blow him and his throne to pieces. Then he will equally makes him, whether of pebbles or of planets.

"GOD MUST BE SO."

THERE is a very common fatalism in Christendom which is always brought to support every kind of iniquity: and that is, that God permits it. The argument is this: "If God permitted" a man to beg caught in his honey-say sinning as hard as ever, remarks with the utmost surprise, "Why, I've always done so. He took stealing as much view than God, and hasn't he always permitted it?"

Stated in this way the argument is ridiculously transparent, but no more so than it is in every other. Brigham Young can quote you the nations that have encouraged polygamy—and God certainly permitted it; or there would have been no polygamy. History is full of lusts, murders, rapines, and tyranny. What then? Are these things good things? Is the fact that a crime has been committed a reason that it should continue to be committed? The great Teacher taught otherwise. That it was said by them of old time was not a reason with him. He told us that God can in no just sense be said to have permitted what is not according to perfect love and charity. God wills only what is right. If, therefore, any thing is repudiated by the universal human instinct, God does not will it, though it be as venerable and universal and easy as lying.

AN ANSWER.

"——, KENTUCKY.

"MR. LOUNGER,—I have written you more than once to ask when the novel of 'Trumps' will be published, and so have many of my friends; but you have always declined to answer. HAVE you any particular objection to letting us know? Your friend, KITTY ——."

The Lounger is glad to inform his friend, and the many others who have asked him the same question, that "Trumps" is now published, with the admirable illustrations by Augustus Hoppin.

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

"BEGGAR MY NEIGHBOR."

An International Duet.

LOUIS.

"COME, MR. Bull, your purse is full,
Let's have a friendly game:
See, here I play you my *Les Gloire*,
Now what's the card you name?"

JOHN.

"I play my *Warrior*, a good card,
And one I'll back to win;
Then follow suit with my *Black Prince*,
The Lion after the Lion.

"And so for every card you play,
You'll find that I'll play two:
My purse is as long as you say—
Who'll tire first, I or you?

"Your little game, my foreign friend,
Is one that two can play:
And he will be the winner to win
Who can the longest pay.

"But is it wise to waste our time
(Not it much I care)
In games that can do neither good,
And are only for grief?

"Throw up your cards, I'll throw up mine,
And core this Trubites labor:
There's work to be done, I ween, to do
Than Beggaring his Neighbor!"

MEMBERS OF THE SAME FAMILY THAT ARE VERY DISTANT TO ONE ANOTHER.

Washington Irving is well known as "City of Magnificent Distances." We think, if the gulf keeps widening, that Jeff. Davis will be known as "Capital, and going to the country at large: for if these secessions and ruptures continue much longer, Jeff. Davis's fourth Heaft will soon be known as "THE NATION OF MAGNIFICENT DISTANCES."

ADORIGINAL POEMS FOR INFANT MINDS.

BY LORD MACAULAY'S NEW ZEALANDER.

I.

Chickaboo, chickaboo, chuckaboo, chew,
Mark baby making a mouth at you,
Cut in the pattern like open-work tart:
Rub in the powder, and shake well the shirt.

II.

Catch a little white boy, catch him by the leg,
Kill a little white boy, and you may have an egg.
Fry a little white boy, do him brown and dry,
Put him on the table with the messenary pie.

III.

Tattoo him, tattoo him, artist-man,
Do on his back as well as you can.
Prick him, and prick him, and mark him with V.
For the name of the Queen that lives over the sea.

IV.

Will my baby go a-courting,
Yes, and ride a white bull:
Take his club and hang the lady:
That's the way to court the gal.

V.

O fe, naughty Wang-Wang, don't scratch little brother,
You're spoiling his pattern, you mischievous dunce:
Let him get well, directly, and then see another—
Or Mamma'll take you both, dear, and cut you at once.

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Or Mamma'll take you both, dear, and cut you at once.

VI.

What, cry when I'd cook you, not like to be stewed?
Then go and be raw, and not fit to be food.
Until you become, like a chop, well done,
I shan't take the trouble to eat such a child.

THE CHRISTIAN BROTHERS.

THE Christian Brothers have been unfortunate here-about in the Borough: here have Hope been rising lately ever so high, and now, Pray look, the Fates have risen also."

ANTIQUE DISCLOSURE OF OUR FUTURE.—TO BE SOLD.

A WHISPER IN THE EAR OF BROTHER JONATHAN.—Keep together, whatever you do. Maintain the Union at any risk. We are—you know—a family secret we wrong yet—that the secret of America's strength is gone, like every secret, the moment it is spilt.

It is the practice among waggish printers, when a poem "out" happens to be set up, to play jokes on him by sending him on an errand to a neighboring office for something that he could by no means find, and he returns with some strange article or other, thinking that, in printer's phrase, he has got a "sell" on the boy. Just a joke of this kind was recently perpetrated in a neighboring town. A boy who was rather "cruel" to cats left his father's printing business, and one of the journaymen, loving sport, sent him one day to the office of a literary editor to borrow "a gill of editorial." The editor, understanding the game, returned a pint bottle. After one day's trial the boy returned rather "come over," set his wits to work to think how he should be even with the editor, and he has not be rifled the lad, and told him to go and tell the editor that "it was editorial which he wanted, and not the editor."

A wag happening to go into the shop of a tailor just as the latter was in the act of putting a coat all garnished with new cloth, thus addressed the knight of the bodkin: "You are a clothier, I presume?" "I am by the highest authority." "How so?" replied the unsuspecting tailor, as he plied his needle with redoubled activity. "I should like to hear the evidence of your assertion." "You shall be accommodated, sir," says the wag, seizing at the same time the recollected of ever having read the passage in the New Testament which declares that "no man putteth a piece of new cloth into an old garment!"

A baby was out with the nurse, who walked it up and down a garden. "It's a baddie, a baddie!" said the gardener. "A baddie," said the maid. "Well," says he, "I'm glad of that, for there's over many women in the world."—"Hech, man," said Jess, "thy ye no ken there's aye maid aneu'd in the best crop?"

WHY SHE NEVER TOLD HER LOVE.

Could it be virgin bashfulness
That shut concealed the tender thought?
Or fear she might perchance confess
A love that was not sought?

Was it mere womanly caprice?
Or pride? or modesty reserve?
Or merely want of nerve?

She could not choose but understand,
His thought, his little game of sighs,
Slow parting gestures of the hand,
Soft words, and "speaking eyes:"

The reason why this was above
Ten years ago he now knows well:
She simply never told her love,
Because—she'd none to tell!

A gentleman at Paris amusing himself in the gallery of the Palais Royal, observed, while he was carelessly looking over some pamphlets at a bookseller's shop, a suspicious fellow stand rather too near him. The gentleman was dressed according to the times, in a coat with a prodigious number of silver tags and tassels, upon which the thief began to have a design; and, finding that he was not willing to disappoint him, turned his head another way to give him an opportunity. The thief immediately set to work, and in a trice twisted off seven or eight of the silver tags. The gentleman perceived it, and, drawing out a pen-knife, caught the fellow by the ear, and cut it off close to his head. "Murder! murder!" cries the thief. "Robbery! robbery!" cries the gentleman. Upon this the thief, in a passion, throwing them at the gentleman, roared—"There are your tags and buttons." "Very well," says the gentleman, throwing it back in the like manner, "there is your ear!"

An old bachelor says he is delighted at having nearly been called "loney" by the girl he loves, because she assisted him at their parting to complete the "O."

Why is a hen immortal?—Because her *ova* never *sets*.

"No one would take you to be what you are," said an old-fashioned gentleman the other day to a dandy who had more hair than brains. "Why?" was immediately asked. "Because they can't see your acre."

A beadle of one of the city churches of Glasgow being asked by a stranger in the country whether he could recommend a person to act as a church-officer, replied that he could not, "but if you want a minister," he added, "I could direct you at once, but where to get one qualified to undertake a beadleship is more than I ken."

"Where is your house?" asked a traveler in the depths of the mine of the old miner who was working by his side. "House? I ain't got no home."—"Well, where do you live?"—"I tell you I have no home." After a great punishment purchase, eat raw bear and wild turkey, and drink out of the Mississippi." And he added, "It is getting too thick with folks. You're the second man I've seen within the last month. I'll have to move a few hundred miles up about fifty miles down the river, and I am going to put out into the woods again."

A party of negroes in Biloxi, New York, recently decided to have a ball. It took place about six miles out of the city, and they engaged a splendid six-horse team to take them to the spot. The owner of the team, a well-known white man, was invited to join the party and to entertain him to the care of any one else, resolved to drive it himself. After the ball was opened one of the darkey managers politely invited the gentlemen to go in as a spectator if he pleased, and he did so. After a while, the negroes becoming aroused by the dance, the use of the room became slightly objectionable. As the ball progressed, the owner of the team became weary until he concluded to leave. Just at the moment he saw a number of darkeys in evening costume and one of them approached him with much politeness, and informed him that the ladies requested him to leave the room. The darkey further stated that he regretted to make the request, but that the ladies insisted, because, they said—he smelled too much of the stable!

The Rev. Dr. R——, of E——h, met one day in an omnibus Mr. T——n, a well-connected spoiler. "Now, having just been returned to Parliament, asked Dr. R——, somewhat patronizingly, what he intended to recommend him to follow any particular course in the House of Commons. Dr. R——n, having a little fish, and that Mr. T—— was attracting toward both parties in the public conveyance, said, sweetly, "I recommend *moderate to omnibus.*"

Mothers and maternal aunts will find the following tender epistle from a boy of the fourth form of one of the latter, pleasing if not wholesome, from the moral it conveys:

"DEAREST SIMY,—Flantagenet will come by the train which arrives at 4 o'clock. Have dinner ready for him at 12. Mutton broth, the inside of a chop, the thigh of a pheasant, a few potatoes, a little fish, and a tart will do for him. When he goes to sleep after dinner, put some warmed plates on his knees: if we are breaking him of reading his thumbs. Warm the drawing-room sofa for him, and put three pins in the arm for me. If he can't be wakes cwiwick he probably will do, buy him several toys and give him a rap with a book or a dish or a spoon, and they arnsee him. If you have company at dinner, let him have a large pie of gravy near him, he likes pats both hands ile. When he is a man, we will leave this off. Let a servant go up with him to bed: if he wakes, let her have something hot for him. Be sure tun you grease his nose for him before he sleeps—he is getting to mosquing—tallow-candle next the lighted end, is best.

"Your affectionate MATILDA BROWN."

A North Wales paper thus begins one of its paragraphs: "The inhabitants of Llanbedgrock, and the contiguous parish of Llanfairpwllgwyngyllgogerychwyrndrobwllllantysiliogogogoch, are in very pleasant mood these last twenty-three letters must have!"

The Bridgeport *Standard*, alluding to Lincoln's farewell speech, at Lincoln Springfield, says it illustrates the following stanza from Watts:

"So Abraham by Divine command,
Left his own home to go with God;
His faith beheld the promised land,
And all the land was his abode."

Quoth Abraham, at Harrisburg—

"From my own house, Pve walked in faith,
Sustained by Divine command;
But here, I think, *I'll change to sleep*—
Lest I be taken for a deserter!"

The Rev. W—— B—— is possessed of a large share of ready humor. At an evening party in the house of V——, some one asked the learned divine if he had ever known an Edinburgh Professor in a Latin quantity. "I don't remember," said he, "but I know a professor in a false quantity has always been deemed a forfeiture."

Some people, if asked by the poor for relief, are liberal in words, but not in deeds. The only person they dispense charity from are their pursed-up mouths.

The meeting of two gentlemen in the theatre lobby is a happy illustration of the confusion a simultaneity of questions. Coming from different points, each in a great hurry, one addressed the other with, "Pray, have you seen Jacques?"—"No," replied the other; "are you?"

THE RIGHT MAN IN THE WRONG PLACE.—MR. VON FUDGE, who has been invited to a funeral at No. 37, unhappily mistakes the number, and finds himself in the midst of a wedding!—Excuse me, I am afraid I have made a mistake and come to the wrong house." (Distractedly, who is very superstitious, insists upon postponing the wedding for a month, much to the disappointment of Augustus and Julia.)

If a flock of geese are one of their number drink, they will all drink too. Man often make geese of themselves.

BIRD'S-EYE VIEW OF SOCIETY.

"AT HOME. SMALL AND EARLY." REFRESHMENTS.

By Richard Doyle.

THE drawing which accompanies these few lines does not pretend to novelty of subject. Nor is it hoped that people "in society" will be struck with the representation of what they so constantly see, and, it may be added, feel in the Season. It is intended chiefly for the information of country cousins, intelligent foreigners, and other remote persons; also young ladies and gentlemen growing up, and not yet out, to let them know what and where they may expect to go to if they should "give up to parties what is meant for mankind." Perhaps, also, in the future, it may be news to that distinguished New Zealander so often referred to by contemporary writers, and who, we are given to understand, will himself be fond of drawing. Far be it from me to imply that this attempt to picture a manner and custom of modern society is likely to "live" in that distant period of posterity when St. Paul's is in ruins, and the enterprising traveler is sitting patiently on the Monument—I mean the broken arch of London Bridge—sketching. I only intend to convey that a fossil copy of it may, by chance, be dug up by the antiquarian; or that my little fly-leaf may be preserved in the otherwise amber periodical in which it now appears.

It is a Protest against a habit the givers of parties are given to of inviting into their houses more people than the houses will hold. And it may be remarked, that if it be necessary to the happiness of the hostess and the success of "At Homes" that the guests should be crushed almost to death, it would be an improvement if such pressing invitations were issued in winter only, and not, as now, chiefly in the hottest months of the year.

It is common at these receptions for the crowd to reach such dimensions that, the rooms becoming quite full, the company is squeezed gradually up the stairs till it disappears out of sight in the direction of the bedrooms, and toward the roof of the house; while in another direction it overflows out of the windows on to the balconies into outer darkness. More guests arrive every minute, and endeavor to make their way into the presence of the hostess; some struggle manfully, but never reach the rooms, and subside at last on the stairs; others succumb sooner, and live the rest of the night on the landing, a quiet, but an oppressive existence among colored lamps and flower-pots. The whole staircase at last becomes choked up with "society," closely packed, leaning against the balusters on one side and the wall on the other, resigned to their fate; while in the centre or middle passage, the horrors of which increase each moment, two streams of company are seen, one supposing it is going up, and the other under the impression that it is coming down; but this is a delusion, for neither has moved more than three quarters of an inch the last half-hour, and it becomes a melancholy subject for speculation whether, at this rate, the middle of next week or the latter portion is the soonest their respective destinations are likely to be reached.

In such circumstances a philosopher may, although a stout lady be standing upon each of his patna-leather feet, in agony, yet fixed—the edge of a gibus hat stuck in his eye, or an elegant gold pin of enormous size decorating a lovely head, but at the same time stabbing him in the ear—he may, I suggest, still, if he has any pluck, find amusement and instruction. He may find pleasure in the delightful good-humor of some, in the long-enduring, uncomplaining patience of others; and again, he may see one of the gentler sex, while grief is struggling in her face, gallantly preserving her company smile, and trying hard to look as if she really thought it pleasure she was undergoing; and he may see, and hear too, some of the sex that is not gentle seeking relief to their pent-up feelings by muttering words of a condemnatory nature. He may discover who is good-tempered, and who is not, as he contemplates that mob of well-dressed persons, whose trains, heads of hair, wreaths and bouquets, flounces and feelings, are more or less disheveled.

But observe the refreshment-room. From about midnight all the various currents set in in that direction—those in the drawing-rooms, the landing, the little boudoir off the drawing-room, the staircases, and the hall; all these, which are full, are to be emptied into the refreshment-room, which is already full. That is the intention; the consequences of the attempt to carry it out it is not easy to imagine or to describe.

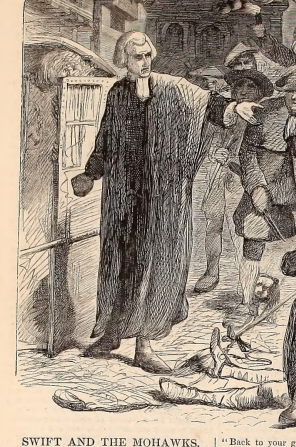
Suppose yourself slowly drifting toward the ices, you being, perhaps, short of stature but of a persevering nature—pledged, perhaps, to the Object of your Affections to get a strawberry cream, she being on the point of fainting—you yourself in an exhausted state, your progress stopped in front, and the horizon shut out from view by a big fat man. The consciousness that the parting of your back hair is being ruffled, that a dragoon's mustache of supernatural length is tickling your eye on one side, and that the man of all others in the world you most dislike has his elbow wedged into your side on the other, almost drives you to despair; and when, with a surprising effort, you are able to turn to escape these, it is only to find all your features violently imbedded in the prodigious wreath attached to a lady's head, and not *hers*. To be near the rose is considered an advantage, but when the roses are artificial that makes a difference. For my part, I think what I describe realizes the picture of an honest man struggling with adversity, formerly esteemed one of the noblest of sights.

After all, I suppose that, while there are Objects of the Affections, men will be found willing to go through dangers and difficulties to see them and to serve them; and who can doubt that in the fabulous period when the knight killed a dragon, or fought his way through the enchanted forest, an additional pleasure was imparted by those facts to the interview afterward with the princess, who was waiting the result on the tower-top?

Suppose, then, that you have survived the supper-room, your next endeavor is to get into the apartment devoted to outer coats, etc.; and upon reaching which you fondly hope that your garment will be delivered up upon the production by you of a small ticket, having a number inscribed upon it. Vain delusion, and weak-minded man! The barricade of tables formed for the preservation of order and the outer garments, and behind which neatly-attired maidens hat officiated in the early part of the night, has been stormed by "society," and complete anarchy prevails. Ladies' cloaks, beautiful burnooses, shawls, bags containing furs, strange hoods, are trampled under foot, with coats, Inverness wrappers, and hats, all mingled together, and flung about in the wildest disorder. "Numbers" are no use: the maids are fled, or out of their wits with perplexity; it is a wild hunt of ladies and gentlemen for their "things." Some find them, some don't; some take what comes, some go without taking any thing; some have even been known to imagine they had a chance of recovering their property by calling next day.

And to think that there were some people who "moved heaven and earth" to get invited to this party, while of those who were there the greater part seemed to think only of how they could get away soonest, and in safety.

The chance into the fresh air is pleasant after an atmosphere of faded flowers, wax-lights, and scent. There is a whole army of servants about the door, the familiar shouting of the linkman greets the ear, a long stream of carriages—their lamps shining into the far distance—meets the eye, while above are the stars glittering in the cool, bright sky.



SWIFT AND THE MOHAWKS.

[In one of his letters to Stella, dated from Harley Street, Swift speaks with angry disgust of the nightly outrages then perpetrating in London by bands of dissolute revellers, who assumed the Indian name of Mohawks, to express their wildness and ferocity. From what we can gather about them, from stray passages in the *Spectator* and elsewhere, it would appear that the Mohawks were in the habit of slitting the noses of poor servant maids, and insulting bewildered old citizens, on their way home from their tavern clubs, in prickly circles of sword points, besides breaking windows with showers of half-pence, illtreating old watchmen, and pulling down shop signs, and doing other wanton and selfish mischief. In the following ballad I have confounted them with Swift.]

A BLACK sedan through Temple Bar
Comes at the midnight chime,
Just as above the silvering roofs
The moon begins to climb.
There is something stern about the place,
And sad about the time.

That black arch rises like Death's door,
For rebels' heads are there;
The moonshine, now a silver crown,
Rests upon each in the air,
So bright that you can see their eyes
Upon the clear stars stare.

A grim man sits in the sedan;
It skirts St. Clement's tower
As high aloft in angel's voice
Is meting out the hour;
And on the street the moonbeams broad
Meridian brightness shower.

Fast down the Strand the Mohawks come,
With clash of shivering glass;
With bristling swords and flaming links,
That let no watchman pass;
A yellow gown upon a pole
Leads on the drunken mass.

With hurrying cries of "Scour!" and "Scour!"
The revelers rush on;
Red smoky whirls of drifting flame
Light faces woe-begone—
Such faces only night can show,
Day never on them shone.

"Down with the country parson's chair!"
The drunken Mohawks shout;
"Unearth, old fox! no preaching now
Will save your bacon—out!
Or we'll slit your nose, and float your chair
Down stream—now, Sir, come out!"

The jostled chairmen's trembling hands
Put down the black sedan;
Then out at once—wild beast from cage—
Strides forth a black-browed man,
Who pashes back the line of swords,
And faces all that clan.

Plain, homely, in a rusty gown—
Some village priest, no more—
And yet a lion, and at bay,
Had daunted them no more,
As, all unarmed, the stern man stood,
Backward the foremost bore.

"Begone!" he cried, "you swaggering rogues,
You fools and knaves by fits;
Who let bad wine creep up and steal
Your poor besotted wits;
E'en now for you the hangman works,
And chain to collar knits!

"Back to your garrets and your dens,
Your greasy dice and cards;
Back, lazy prentices and thieves,
Back to your Bridewell wards!
Go to the hospitals, and pine
With Blood Bowl Alley's hordes.

"For ye the madhouse cries and gapes,
For ye the gibbet creaks;
Go, join the highwayman, and kill
The miser when he squeaks;
Or cower around the glass-house when
The pent-house shelter leaks.

"You brood of apes, and dogs, and swine,
Back to your kennels—go—"
(Each bitter word that grim man spoke
Fell like a bruising blow)
"—Spawn of the serpent, to your holes,
He calls you from below!"

Those wine-flushed faces pale to see
The sternness of that face;
The banners droop, the tankards sink,
The cowering links give place;
The stuttering mouths, the vacant eyes
Look sober for a space.

The wildest shrinks before that gaze,
Nor dares to brave that eye;
Them, one by one, like snow in thaw,
Melts all that company;
The swords are sheathed, the lights go out,
Hushed is their tipsy glee.

"To Harley Street!" Swift cries, and pass'd,
Humming a biting rhyme;
The moon, just now eclipsed, had ceased
To soar, and soaring climb.
There was something stern about the man,
And sad about the time.

[Entered according to Act of Congress, in the Year 1860, by Harper & Brothers, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Southern District of New York.]

GREAT EXPECTATIONS.

A NOVEL.

By CHARLES DICKENS.

Splendidly Illustrated by John McLenan.

☞ Printed from the Manuscript and early Proof-sheets purchased from the Author by the Proprietors of "Harper's Weekly."

CHAPTER XXXI.

ONE day when I was busy with my books and Mr. Pocket, I received a note by the post, the more outside of which threw me into a great flutter; for, though I had never seen the handwriting in which it was addressed, I divined whose hand it was. It had no set beginning, as Dear Mr. Pip, or Dear Pip, or Dear Sir, or Dear Anything, but ran thus:

"I am to come to London the day after to-morrow by the mid-day coach. I believe it was settled you should meet me? at all events Miss Havisham has that impression, and I write in obedience to it. She sends you her regards. Yours, ESTELLA."

If there had been time, I should probably have ordered several suits of clothes for this occasion; but as there was not, I was fain to be content with those I had. My appetite vanished instantly, and I knew no peace or rest until the day arrived. Not that its arrival brought me either; for then I was worse than ever, and began haunting the coach-office in Wood Street, Cheapside, before the coach had left the Blue Boar in our town. For all that I knew this perfectly well, I still felt as if it were not safe to let the coach-office be out of my sight longer than five minutes at a time; and in this condition of unreason I had performed the first half-hour of a watch of four or five hours, when Mr. Wemmick ran against me.

"Hallos, Mr. Pip," said he; "how do you do? I should hardly have thought this was your beat."

I explained that I was waiting to meet somebody who was coming up by coach, and I inquired after the Castle and the Aged.

"Both flourishing, thank ye," said Wemmick, "and particularly the Aged. He's in wonderful feather. He'll be eighty-two next birthday. I have a notion of firing eighty-two times, if the neighborhood shouldn't complain, and that cannon of mine should prove equal to the pressure. However, this is not London talk. Where do you think I am going to?"

"To the office?" said I, for he was tending in that direction.

"Next thing to it," returned Wemmick, "I am going to Newgate. We are in a banker's-parcel case just at present, and I have been down the road taking a squint at the scene of action, and thereupon must have a word or two with our client."

"Did your client commit the robbery?" I asked.

"Bless your soul and body, no," answered Wemmick, very dryly. "But he is accused of it. So might you or I be. Either of us might be accused of it, you know."

"Only neither of us is," I remarked.

"Yah!" said Wemmick, touching me on the breast with his fore-finger; "you're a deep one, Mr. Pip! Would you like to have a look at Newgate? Have you time to spare?"

I had so much time to spare that the proposal came as a relief, notwithstanding its unreconcilability with my latent desire to keep my eye on the coach-office. Muttering that I would make the inquiry whether I had time to walk with him, I went into the office, and ascertained from the clerk, with the nicest precision and much to the trying of his temper, the earliest moment at which the coach could be expected—which I knew beforehand quite as well as he. I then rejoined Mr. Wemmick, and affecting to consult my watch and to be surprised by the information I had received, accepted his offer.

We were at Newgate in a few minutes, and we passed through the lodge where some fetters were hanging up on the bare walls among the prison rules, into the interior of the jail. At that time jails were much neglected, and the period of exaggerated reaction consequent on all public wrong-doing—and which is always its heaviest and longest punishment—was still far off. So felons were not lodged and fed better than soldiers (to say nothing of paupers), and seldom set fire to their prisons with the excusable object of improving the flavor of their soup. It was visiting time when Wemmick took me in; and a potman was going his rounds with beer; and the prisoners behind bars in yards were buying beer and talking to friends; and a frouzy, ugly, disorderly depressing scene it was.

I struck me that Wemmick walked among the prisoners much as a gardener might walk among his plants. This was first put into my head by his seeing a shoot that had come up in the night, and saying, "What, Captain Tom? Are you there? Ah, indeed!" and also, "Is that Black Bill behind the cistern? Why, I didn't look for you these two months; how do you find yourself?" Equally in his stopping at the bars and attending to anxious whisperers—always singly—Wemmick with his post-office in an immovable state, looked at them while in conference, as if he were taking particular notice of the advance they had made, since last observed, toward coming out in full blow at their trial.

He was highly popular, and I found that he took the familiar department of Mr. Jaggers's business (though something of the state of Mr. Jaggers hung about him too, forbidding approach beyond certain limits. His personal recognition of each successive client was comprised in a nod, and in his settling his hat a little easier on his head with both hands, and then tightening the post-office, and putting his hands in his pockets. In one or two instances, there was a difficulty respecting the raising of fees, and then Mr. Wemmick, backing as far as possible from the insufficient money produced, said, "It's no use, my boy. I'm only a subordinate. I can't take it. Don't go on in that way with a subordinate. If you are unable to make up your quantum, my boy, you had better address yourself to a principal; there are plenty of principals in the profession, you know, and what is not worth the while of one may be worth the while of another—that's my recommendation to you, speaking as a subordinate. Don't try on useless measures. Why should you? Now, who's next?"

Thus we walked through Wemmick's greenhouse until he turned to me and said, "Notice the man I shall shake hands with." I should have done so, without the preparation, as he had shaken hands with no one yet.

Almost as soon as he had spoken, a portly upright man (whom I can see now, as I write) in a well-worn olive-colored frock-coat, with a peculiar pallor overspreading the red in his complexion, and eyes that went wandering about when he tried to fix them, came up to a corner of the bars, and put his hand to his hat—which had a greasy and fatty surface like cold broth—with a half-serious and half-jocose military salute.

"Colonel, to you!" said Wemmick; "how are you, Colonel?"

"All right, Mr. Wemmick."

"Every thing was done that could be done, but the evidence was too strong for us, Colonel."

"Yes, it was too strong, Sir—but *I* don't care."

"No, no," said Wemmick, coolly, "you don't care. Then, turning to me, "Served His Majesty this man. Was a soldier in the line and bought his discharge."

I said, "Indeed?" and the man's eyes looked at me, and then looked over my head, and then looked all round me, and then he drew his hand across his lips and laughed.

"I think I shall be off on Monday, Sir," he said to Wemmick.

"Perhaps," returned my friend, "but there's no knowing."

"I am glad to have the chance of bidding you good-by, Mr. Wemmick," said the man, stretching out his hand between two bars.

"Thank ye," said Wemmick, shaking hands with him. "Same to you, Colonel."

"If what I had upon me when taken had been real, Mr. Wemmick," said the man, unwilling to let his hand go, "I should have asked the favor of your wearing another ring—in acknowledgment of your attention."

"I'll accept the will for the deed," said Wemmick. "By-the-by, you were quite a pigeon-fancier." The man looked up at the sky. "I am told you had a remarkable breed of tumblers. *Could* you commission any friend of yours to

"IF I SAY YES, MAY I KISS THE CHEEK AGAIN?"

bring me a pair, if you've no further use for 'em?"

"It shall be done, Sir."

"All right," said Wemmick, "they shall be taken care of. Good-afternoon, Colonel. Good-by!" They shook hands again, and as we walked away Wemmick said to me, "A Coiner, a very good workman. The Recorder's report is made to-day, and he is sure to be hanged on Monday. Still you see, as far as it goes, a pair of pigeons are portable property, all the same." With that he looked back, and nodded at this dead plant, and then cast his eyes about him in walking out of the yard, as if he were considering what other pot would go best in its space.

As we came out of the prison through the lodge, I found that the great importance of my guardian was appreciated by the turnkeys, no less than by those whom they held in charge. "Well, Mr. Wemmick," said the turnkey, who kept us between the two studded and spiked lodge gates, and carefully locked one before he unlocked the other, "what's Mr. Jaggers going to do with that waterside murder? Is he going to make it manslaughter, or what's he going to make of it?"

"Why don't you ask him?" returned Wemmick.

"Oh yes, I dare say!" said the turnkey.

"Now, that's the way with them here, Mr. Pip," remarked Wemmick, turning to me with the post-office elongated. "They don't mind what they ask of me, the subordinate; but you'll never catch 'em asking any questions of my principal."

"Is this young gentleman one of the 'prentices or relations ones of your own office?" asked the turnkey, with a grin at Mr. Wemmick's humor.

"Oh yes, I dare say!" said the turnkey.

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"Is this young gentleman one of the 'prentices or relied ones of your own office?" asked the turnkey, with a grin at Mr. Wemmick's humor.

"There he goes again, you see!" cried Wemmick. "I told you so! Asks another question of the subordinate before his first is dry! Well, supposing I am, Pip is one of the family."

"Why then," said the turnkey, grinning again, "he knows what Mr. Jaggers is."

"Ah!" cried Wemmick, suddenly hitting out at the turnkey in a facetious way, "you're as dumb as one of your own keys when you have to do with my principal—you are. Recollect you are, Let us out, you old fox, or I'll get him to bring an action of false imprisonment against you."

The turnkey laughed, and gave us good-day, and stood laughing at us over the spikes of the wicket when we descended the steps into the street.

"Mind you, Mr. Pip," said Wemmick, gravely, in my ear, as he took my arm to be more confidential; "I don't know that Mr. Jaggers does to better than the way in which he keeps himself so high. He's always so high. His constant height is of a piece with his immense abilities. Head Colonel dare no more take leave of *him*, than that turnkey durst ask him his intentions respecting a case. Then between his height and them he slips in his subordinates—don't you see?—and so he has 'em, soul and body."

I was very much impressed, and not for the first time, by my guardian's subtlety. To confess the truth, I very heartily wished, and not for the first time, that I had had some other guardian of more abilities.

Mr. Wemmick and I parted at the office in Little Britain, where suppliants for Mr. Jaggers's notice were lingering about as usual, and I returned to my watch in the street of the ooach-office, with some three hours on hand. I consumed the whole time in thinking how strange it was that I should be accompanied by all this taint of prison and crime; that in my childhood out on our lonely marshes on a winter evening I should have first encountered it; that it should have reappeared on two occasions, starting out like a stain that was faded but not gone; that it should in the very new year pave my fortune and advancement. I thought of the beautiful young Estella, proud and refined, coming forward in, while the boy was thus engaged, and thought with absolute abhorrence of the contrast between the jail and her. I wished that Wemmick had not known me, or that I had not yielded to him and gone with him, so that, of all days in the year on this day, I might not have had Newgate in my mouth and on my clothes. I beat the prison dust off my feet as I sauntered to and fro, and I shook it out of my dress, and I exhaled its air from my lungs. So contaminated did I feel, remembering who was coming, that the coach came quickly after all, and I was not yet free from the soiling consciousness of Mr. Wemmick's commentary, when I saw her face at the coach window and her hand waving to me.

What was the nameless shadow which again in that one instant had passed?

CHAPTER XXXII.

In her furred traveling-dress, Estella seemed more delicately beautiful than she had ever seemed yet, even in my eyes. Her manner was more winning than she had cared to let it be to me before, and I thought I saw Miss Havisham's influence in the change.

We stood in the Inn Yard while she posted out her luggage to me, and when it was all collected I remembered—having forgotten every thing but herself in the mean while—that I knew nothing of her destination.

"I am going to Richmond," she told me.

"Our lesson is, that there are two Richmonds, one in Surrey and one in Yorkshire, and that mine is the Surrey Richmond. The distance is ten miles. I am to have a carriage, and you are to take me. This is my purse, and you are to pay my charges out of it. Oh, you must take the purse. We have no choice, you and I, but so obey our instructions. We are not free to follow our own devices, you and I."

As she looked at me in my inner meaning in her words. She said them slightingly, but not with displeasure.

A carriage will have to be sent for, Estella. Will you rest here a little?"

"Yes, I am to rest here a little, and I am to drink some tea, and you are to take care of me the while."

She drew her arm through mine, as if it must be done, and I requested a waiter who had been staring at the coach like a man who had never seen such a thing in his life, to show us a private sitting-room. Upon that he pulled out a napkin, as if it were a magic clean towel which he couldn't find the way up stairs, and led us to the black hole of the establishment; fitted up with a tarnished mirror (quite a superfluous article considering the hole's proportions), an anchovy sauce-cruet, and somebody's pattens. On my objecting to this retreat, he took us into another room with a dinner-table for thirty, and in the grate a scorched leaf of a copy-book under a bushel of coal-dust. Having looked at this extinct conflagration and shaken his head, he took my order: which, proving to be merely "Some tea for the lady," sent him out of the room in a very low state of mind.

I was, and I am, sensible that the air of this chamber, in its strong combination of stable, and soup-stock, might have led one to infer that the coaching department was not doing well, and that the enterprising landlord was living above the horses for the refreshment department. But the room was all in all to me, Estella being in it. I thought that with her I could have been happy there for life. I was not at all happy there at the time, observe, and I knew it well.

"Where are you going to, at Richmond?" I asked Estella.

"I am going to live," said she, "at a great expense, with a lady there, who has the power —or says she has—to take me about and bring me introducing me, and showing people to me and showing me to people."

"I suppose you will be glad of variety and admiration?"

"Yes, I suppose so."

She answered me carelessly that I said, "You speak of yourself as if you were some one else."

"Where did you learn how I speak of others? Come, come, Pip," she returned, lightly, "you must not expect me to go to school to you; I must talk in my own way. How do you thrive with Mr. Pocket?"

"I live quite pleasantly there; at least—" Is appeared to me that I was losing a chance.

"At least?" repeated Estella.

"As pleasantly as I could any where, away from you."

"You silly boy," said Estella, quite composedly, "how can you talk such nonsense? Your friend Mr. Matthew, I believe, is superior to the rest of his family?"

"Very superior indeed. He is nobody's enemy—"

"Don't add 'but his own,'" interposed Estella, "for I hate that class of man. But he really is disinterested, and above small jealousy and spite, I have heard?"

"I am sure I have every reason to say so."

"You have not every reason to say so of the rest of his people," said Estella, nodding at me with an approving face that was at once grave and rallying, "for they beset Miss Havisham with reports and insinuations to your disadvantage. They watch you, misrepresent you, write letters about you, eavesdrop and misunderstand. You are the torment and the occupation of their lives. You can scarcely realize to yourself the hatred those people feel for you."

"They do me no harm, I hope?" said I.

Instead of answering, Estella burst out laughing. I felt extremely angular to me, and I looked at her in considerable perplexity. When she left off—and she had not laughed languidly but in a real enjoyment of me and my mystification—I said with her, "I hope I may suppose that you would not be amused if they did me any harm."

"No, no, you may suppose that," said Estella. "You may be certain that I laugh because they fail. Oh, those people with Miss Havisham, and their miserable opinions!" and she laughed again, and even now when she had told me why, her laughter was very singular to me, for I could not detect a singular emotion in it, and it seemed too much for the occasion. I thought there must really be something more here than I knew; and the saw the thought in my mind, and answered it.

"It is not easy for even you," said Estella, "to know what satisfaction it gives me to see those people thwarted, or what an enjoyable sense of the ridiculous I have when they are made ridiculous. For you were not brought up in that strange place, my dear, to be fooled by it. You had not your little will sharpened by their intriguing against you, suppressed and defenseless, under the mask of sympathy and pity, and what not that is soft and soothing.—I had. You did not gradually open your round childish eyes wider and wider to the discovery of that state secret of a woman who calculates her stores of peace of mind when she wakes up in the night.—I did."

It was no laughing matter with Estella now, nor was she summoning these remembrances from any shallow place. I felt that I was in the presence of a woman who had been practised on by the arts of which I was ignorant.

"Two things I can tell you," said Estella. "First, notwithstanding the proverb that constant dropping will wear away a stone, you may set your mind at rest that these people never will—never would, in a hundred years—impair your ground with Miss Havisham, in any particular, degree or way. Second, I am beholden to you as the cause of their being so busy and so mean in vain, and there is my hand upon it."

As she gave it me playfully—for her darker mood had been but momentary—I held it and put it to my lips. "You ridiculous boy," said Estella, "will you never take warning? Or do you kiss my hand in the spirit in which I once let you kiss my cheek?"

"What was it?" said I.

"I must think a moment. A spirit of contempt for the fawners and plotters."

"If I say yes, may I kiss the cheek again?"

"You should have asked before you touched the hand. Yes, yes, you may."

I leaned down, and her calm face was like a statue's. "Now," said Estella, gliding away the instant I touched her cheek, "you are to take care that I have some tea, and you are to take me to Richmond."

Her reverting to this tone as if our association were forced upon us and we were mere puppets, gave me pain; but every thing in our intercourse did give me pain. Whatever her tone with me happened to be, I could put no trust in it, and build no hope on it; and yet I went on against reason, against sense. Why repeat it a thousand times? So it always was.

I rang for the tea, and the waiter, reappearing with his sacrilegious towel, brought in by degrees some fifty adjuncts to that refreshment, but of tea not a glimpse. A tea-board, cups and saucers, plates, knives and forks (including carvers), spoons (various), salt-cellars, a mock little muffin confined with the utmost precaution under a large strong tin cover, bloaters in the bulrushes dignified by a soft loaf of butter in a quantity of parsley, a pale loaf, with a powdered head, two proof impressions of the bars of the kitchen fireplace on its countenance, and ultimately, with a fat family urn, which the waiter staggered in with, expressing in his countenance burden and suffering. After a pause of blowing and poking at this stage of the entertainment, he at length came back with a casket of precious appearance containing twigs, for the infusion in hot water, and so from the whole of these appliances extracted one cup of I don't know what, for Estella.

The bill paid, and the waiter remembered, and the hostler not forgotten, and the chamberlain taken into consideration with a word, the whole house bribed into a state of contempt and animosity, and Estella's purse much lightened—we got into the carriage and drove away. Turning into Cheapside and rattling up Newgate Street, we were soon under the walls of which I was thinking.

"What place is that?" Estella asked me.

I made a foolish pretense of not at first recognizing it, and then told her. As she looked at it, and then looked at me, her head, murmuring "Wretches!" I would not have confessed to my visit for any consideration.

"Mr. Jaggers, I say by way of putting it neatly on somebody else, "has the reputation of being more in the secrets of that dismal place than any man in London."

"He is more in the secrets of every place I think," said Estella, in a low voice.

"You have been accustomed to see him often, I suppose?"

"I have been accustomed to see him at uncertain intervals, ever since I can remember. But I know him no better now than I did before I could speak plainly. What is your own experience of him, that you associate with him?"

"Once habituated to his distrustful manner," said I, "I have done very well."

"Are you intimate?"

"I dare dined with him at his private house."

"I fancy," said Estella, shrinking, "that must be a curious place."

"It is a curious place."

I should have been chary of discussing my guardian too freely even with her; but I should have been chary of that subject so far as to describe the dinner in Gerard Street, if we had not then come into a sudden glare of gas. It seemed all white for me in all slight and alive with that inexplicable feeling I had had before; and when we were out of it, I was as much dazed for a few moments as if I had been in lightning.

So we fell into other talk, and it was principally about the way by which we were traveling, and about nothing that London lay on this side of it, and what on that. The great city was almost new to her, she told me, for she had never left Miss Havisham's neighborhood until she had gone to France, and she had merely passed through London then in going and returning, locked her in a carriage and had any charge of her while she remained here? To that she emphatically said, "God forbid!" and no more.

It was impossible for me to avoid seeing that she cared to attract me; that she made herself winning; and would have won me even if the task had needed pains. Yet this made me none the happier, for even if she had not taken that tone of our being disposed of by others, I should have felt that she held my heart in her hand because she willfully chose to do it, and not because it would have wrung any tenderness in her to crush it and throw it away.

When we passed through Hammersmith I showed her where Mr. Matthew Pocket lived, and said it was no great way from Richmond, and that I hoped she would see her sometimes.

"Oh, yes, you are to see me; you are to come when you think proper; you are to be mentioned to the family; indeed you are already mentioned."

I inquired was it a large household she was going to be a member of?

"No; there are only two—mother and daughter. The mother is a lady of some station, I believe, though not averse to increasing her income."

"I wonder Miss Havisham could part with you again so soon."

"It is a part of Miss Havisham's plans for me, Pip," said Estella, with a sigh, as if she were tired; "I am to write to her constantly and see her regularly, and report how I go on—I and the jewels—for they are nearly all mine now."

It was the first time she had ever called me by my name. Of course she did so purposely, and knew that I should treasure it up.

We came to Richmond all too soon, and our destination there was a house by the Green—a solemn old house, with three heaps and powder and patches, embroidered coats, trolled larkings, ruffles, and swords had had their court-days many a time. Some ancient trees before the house were still cut into fashions as formal and unnatural as the hoops and wigs and stiff skirts of the last century, and threw a dismal shade on the allotted place in the great procession of the dead were not far off, and they would soon drop into them and go the silent way of the rest.

A bell with a handle of rusty iron hung up in its time had often said to the house, Here is the green farthingale, Here is the diamond-hilted sword, Here are the shoes with red heels and the blue solitaire—sounded gravely in the moonlight, and two cherry-colored maids came flustering out to receive Estella. The door-way soon absorbed her hoops, and she gave me her hand and a smile, and said good-night, and was absorbed likewise. And still I stood looking at the house, thinking how happy I should be if I lived there with her, and knowing that I never should be happy with her, whether she lived there or not.

I got into the carriage to be taken back to Hammersmith, and I got in with a bad heart-ache, and I got out with a worse. Throughout At our own door I found little Jane Pocket coming home from a party escorted by her little lover; and I marveled how little lover, in spite of his being subject to Flopson.

Mr. Pocket was out lecturing; for he was a most delightful lecturer on domestic economy, and his treatises on the management of children and servants were considered the very best textbooks on those themes. But Mrs. Pocket was at home, and was in a little difficulty, on account of the baby's having been accommodated with a needle-case to keep him quiet during the unceremonious exercise (with a wooden leg in the Foot Guards) of Millers, and of more needles being missing than it could be regarded as quite wholesome for a patient of such tender years either to apply externally or to take as a tonic.

As Mr. Pocket was also busy with the case, I gave Mrs. Pocket practical assistance, and for having a clear and sound perception of things and a highly judicious mind, I had some notion in my heartache of begging him to accept my confidence. But happening to look up at Mrs. Pocket as she sat reading her book of dignities after dismissing the case, I was struck by the vanity of baby, I thought, Well—No, I wouldn't.

ELISABETTA SIRANI.

1665.

Wert to begin—and end! so much—no more!
To touch with light, my pencil at last
Where life should cling: to feel the solid shore
Safe; warm, the reeking sea of storm and toil expel,
Peace seem'd appointed: then, with all the store
Of magic weight of the gland's acute cell,
Like a discouraged wave on the bleak strand,
Whose fresh appeal, some temple (where no glad Priest
To gather ocean's sparkling gift should stand),
Shining for ever, would waive, then yield
Deep in the marble harbors bathed with blood
And quiet sunshine, darting from that coast
Among the tuneful pines the dull-blind rocks
Thunder their call to die, a dimpling,
Death purpose: which the scornful shore-cliff mocks,
Rent in the sands: and all its scarcely
In vain,—there food to feed, preclusive, stony flocks
Of the same gull, wavering, that were shrouded
Of idle foam, swift seating to be rent
Sail, and [illegible]: yet it came to this,
For I am dying. All that matter'd was here—
That must have been!... the days, to hard to miss,
So vain to miss!... Love, life, that would be mine
In on me as my work; and about it then
The world's ever it, ... last! And she never doubt
I should have lived to know them all again,
Not from the blurred memorial alive with toil
For special love those forms betelet so plain
Beforehim. When my pictures, fresh and cool
Bologna, to the church doors, led their train
Of kindling hearts! ... Ah, yet I come to this,
Too much remembered—standing at your side
Unseen, unheard, [illegible] and welcome back those eyes and lips, deserted
Long since in favor of the [illegible] dark.
And so believed them! Think!... Bologna's pride
My pupilage!... Guido Reni's mantle was ...
And I, the maiden artist, prized among
The wearers, ... Ah, [illegible] was divine
For earth to realize! I die so young,
All this success to fail, God, the [illegible] Thine.
Not man's, then ... better so! That throbbing throng
Of human faces [illegible] Thine were yours,
Believed me, the inexorable Fate
(For all our vows' affections) scarce endures
Above one. Alas! I go, then, where
Out from among you? Nay, my work insures
Fit praise somewhere—the gift must wait!
Had I lived longer, life would sure have set
Earth's gift of fame for me, and I, for it,
Death must make safe the heavenly guerdon yet.
Take, then, solace for immortality ...
There was my error! Father, never let
Doubt of reward confound our charity!
Besides, I have done much: and what is done
Of work, that work is my heart conceived—my hand
Made fast ... cold, mutely, silent, and weeping non
Of my completion ... my voice with bold brand,
Yet keep my life upon them;—as the sun,
After fallen below the limits of the land,
Still sees on every form of purple cloud
His painted procession.

Flaring August's here,
September's coming! Summer's bridetrl shroud
Is borne away in triumph by the year:
Red Autumn drops from all his branches bow'd,
His careless wealth upon the ground.
We must be careful. Set the ornament wide.
One last look o'er the plains I have loved,
One last long look!..... Bologna, O my pride
Among thy palaced streets! Thy days have moved
Pleasantly o'er us. What has been denied
To our cadences? Life goes unproved.
To make the best of all things, is the best
Of all meats to be happy. This I know,
But can not phrase it finely. The night's rest
The day's toil sweetens. Flowers are warm'd by snow.
All's sweet, in fact. Work on the ground. Joy's nest
Itself is salted with a touch of woe.
There's nothing comes to me my not be borne,
Except a too great happiness. But this

Comes rarely. Tho' I know that you will mourn
The little maiden helpmate you must miss,
Thanks be to God, I leave you not forlorn:
There should be comfort in this dying kiss.
Let Mothers keep my colors for herself,
I'm sorry that Lucia went away
At some sunkissen. There's a cheerful elf
Sold her my scarlet ribbons, mother; my
I thought of that. My pallor on the shelf,
Surprised, no doubt, at such love lordship.
In the small window, on the east, stands
My picture for the Empress Eleanor,
Still waiting some fine touches on the weak hands
Most dear to others. Yet there's time before
The year ends. And the Empress's own commands
You'll find in writings. Further, I have left a more
Like mine then Anne's: let her finish it.
Oh, — and there's Mass on Sunday afternoon!
You'll find my work done for him: something fit
To hang among his saints. Ah, that's the plan
My fancy took to please our friend's dull wit,
Scarce better than his old tin fishing can. . .
St. Margaret, stately as a ship full sail,
Leading a dragon up on a golden chain.
The ribbon flutters gayly in the gale:
The monster follows the Saint's guiding hand,
Wrinkled to one grim smile from head to tail:
So he has helped him to learn grave friend.
—— Where are you, dear ones? . . .

'Tis the dull, faint chill,
Which soon will shrivel into nothingness!
Dear brother, sister, father, mother—still
Stand near me! While your hands in fact remain
Within my sense, vague fears of unknown ill
Are stiff or crowded out, and "tis vain
Great Giulio Romi; great Antonio; great
Bartolomeo, kindly. When I'm gone,
And in the school-room, as of old, you meet,
. . . Ah, yes! you'll miss a certain merry tone,
A cheerful face, a smile that stood for guide
The vague plans in the hunched picture grown
By my school-fellows. I'm sorry I died.
That might should utter there. Mere life, at least,
Could make beauty through the dim shadows
Across it. Safely the warm years increase
Among us. I have never cared for feasts
From our small table at earth's general feast.
To Father Jerome: never loved but you.
Dear family of friends, except my sex:
Nor may those fears that my Lieutenant knew
His quiver's in the quiet of my heart.
I die a maiden to Madonna true,
And would have so continued. . . There, the smart,
The pang, the faintness! . . .

Ever, as I lie
Here, with the autumn sunset on my face,
And keep in my ears (while I sigh
Together, slipping softly from the place
We play'd in, melancoly) prayer to pray
A low warm humming summers in my ears,
Old summer afternoons faint fragments rise
Out of my broken life. . . . A little maiden
Shadows like a moon in mellow skies:
She there I am with the dear sisters and she there's
The Grand Duke Cosmo with the Destinies:
Or, Margaret with her dragon, or Antonio
Along the Via Urbana come and go:
Bologna with her towers: . . . Then all grows dim,
And shapes itself anew, softly and slow.
To clouds of glories thro' which the silver hymn
Eludes the sensitive silence; while below
The sunset window, the quiet room, the dim,
And sleepy sunbeam, powders with waved gold
A moving figure mist along the gloom,
Whereby to find its way, thro' manifold
Magnificence, to Guido Reni's throne
Which sat in steadfast splendor, I behold.
And all the while, I have no income home,
Till dizzy grows the brain, and dark the eye
Beneath its eyelid. When the end is near,
There, by his tomb (our master's) let me lie,
Somewhere not too far off: beneath the dome
Of our own Lady of the Rosary:
Safe, where old friends will pass; and not near them!
Owen Meredith.

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

ELECTIONS DURING THE WEEK.

The election for State officers and members of Congress in Rhode Island took place on 3d, and resulted in the complete overthrow of the Republicans. The Opposition gain two members of Congress.

We are to-day without full returns from Connecticut, but the Republican majority for Governor will not probably fall short of 4,000. Last year it was 541, a gain of over 1100.

At the city election in Cincinnati, on 2d, the Unionists are reported to have carried their ticket by 2000 majority.

The Brooklyn charter election, on 1st, resulted in the success of the Democratic Mayor, Corporation Counsel, and for Mayor, by a majority of 5037, or 1002 less than the Democratic majority at the gubernatorial election. The rest of the city for President, last fall, was: Lincoln, 15,137; Prolano, 10,619; Douglas, 6,004. Lincoln's vote in the Democratic town an apparent gain in their majority upon last fall of 4,518.

At the municipal election in Richmond, Virginia, on 2d, the Union candidate for Mayor was defeated by a decisive majority.

The city of Portland, on 2d, elected William W. Thomas Mayor by 175 majority over his Democratic competitor. Last year Democrats carried Portland by 31 majority. The City Council is also largely Democratic.

A LETTER FROM GENERAL SCOTT.

Some sort of a row has been made in Virginia about the delivery of guns from the Bellona Arsenal to the Governor, General Scott writes the following letter:

"WASHINGTON, *March 27, 1861.*

"DEAR SIR.—On inquiry here, at the Ordnance Department, I learn that the guns of the Bellona Arsenal, about which you write, are by contract to be delivered at Rockville, on the Maryland line of canal boats, thereby saving expense of landing and reshipping before being sold for. If stolen while there, they will be a total fall whole on the founders. The guns are only sent to Fort Monroe as a safe place of deposit—being as little would answer for the defence of that work as for the defence of Richmond. The subject was yesterday before the Secretary of War, on an inquiry from some quarter unknown to me, and I have not time to learn the character of the party. The object of inquiry in the case results from the founders' want of the earliest money.

"I write as a mere outsider in respect to such matters, for my position happily exempts me from the handling of money—from all contracts and disbursements.

"With great respect, your obedient servant,

"WINFIELD SCOTT."

THE NEW CONFEDERATE LOAN.

According to the Montgomery correspondence of the Charleston *Mercury*, the measures now both North and South, are to appear to take the Confederate loan that they can not wait for the opening of bids:

"When the contract was made that Congress had authorized a loan, and before proposals were invited, a Mississippian placed $50,000 in the hands of his bankers, made subject to the draft of the Treasurer of the Confederacy. This gentleman is not alone in his patriotic tender of money at the time it was supposed the Government was in need of it, for similar offers came from other States. I learn to-day that one man has offered $100,000, and another $30,000, to Mr. Memminger for which sum no interest is required. It is well known here that offers of money have been received from New York, Philadelphia, New Orleans, and other cities in the United States and in the Confederate States, to an amount that would cover the entire authorized loan. Mr. Memminger has concluded—and very wisely too—that the citizens of the Confederate States are entitled to the preference in this investment, and the bonds will be scattered among them as equally as possible."

AFFAIRS AT FORT PICKENS.

Lieutenant Gilman, one of the officers at Fort Pickens, arrived at Washington on 3d from Pensacola, having left there on the 31st of March. He states that no reinforcements had been landed from the *Brooklyn* or any other vessel, but that she had gone to Key West for provisions. He states that the Confederate troops were arriving there in large numbers, and in a few days would have five thousand, well provisioned. He says it is impossible for the Government to hold Fort Pickens without the Confederate authorities knowing it, and whenever they attempt a hostilities will be opened upon it. He says he met large numbers of troops on the route for Pensacola; that General Bragg and Governor Moore of the Confederate Government much longer before they commence operations. He says it is generally believed that Fort Pickens was to be abandoned. Such assurances were given out there.

A LETTER FROM THE "SABINE."

The Times publishes a letter written on board the frigate *Sabine*, dated Hampton Roads, March 30, which we insert into the omission of affairs at that point, both on ship and shore, on the 29th. The writer says that the vessels and boats station were short of provisions, and the men on account of the supposed neglect of the authorities at Washington, were somewhat disheartened; but since then the supplies which have been dispatched from the port have doubtless reached their destination. The letter says nothing relative to the evacuation of Fort Pickens, except to exhibit the difficulty of such an enterprise.

ANOTHER VESSEL FIRED INTO.

Important information has been received at Charleston. The soldiers on Morris Island, unable probably to restrain longer their martial ardor, and burning once more to signalize their bravery and prowess, yesterday, during the prevalence of a severe gale, fired into a schooner which was attempting to enter the harbor. The schooner was struck by a shot, which went through her, immediately turned and stood off to sea, and has not since been seen. It was subsequently ascertained that she was from New Jersey, loaded with ice. The only conjecture that can be had is that she carried no colors—which it is quite likely she had not on board. The Charleston authorities dispatched a steamer to Governor Pickens for an explanation, but the result of the interview is not known. It is understood, however, Lieutenants Snyder and Talbot came off from Fort Sumter and said to the captain of the vessel (a pilot) or: and in the evening Lieutenant Talbot left with dispatches for Washington, and Lieutenant Snyder returned to the fort. Whether the schooner which was fired into subsequently put into any other port, has not been ascertained, both in Charleston and Washington, that supplies and mail matter had been cut off from Fort Sumter, by order of Jefferson Davis.

THE GARRISON AT FORT MORGAN.

The Mobile *Tribune* of the 27th has the following: "The garrison at Fort Morgan, Alabama, is to be reduced in a thousand men. At present we suppose there are at least seven or eight thousand men at that point. It is said that they are rapidly being instructed in all the garrison duties. They will then be ready for active service, when, if we should put them through what is vulgarly termed 'a course of egress.' That is about what we intend to do; and, if he did, he would find it a very difficult feat."

RUMORED MEXICAN FOWLY UPON TEXAS.

We have heard from Mexico, through General Gonzal Ampudia, with three thousand Mexicans, was at last accounts within a few days' march of Brownsville. The papers report that his object was to plunder Brownsville and Matamoros, and then retire. It is also reported that Ampudia has aroused the Mexicans with the design of renouncing Texas back to Mexico. Ampudia was as the Federal Government no longer supports Texas, nor at the time to retake her. The Texans were preparing to repel the invasion.

HOW ARKANSAS STANDS.

A letter dated Little Rock, March 22, says: "Our Convention has adjourned, subject to the call of the Union. Sebald down what we consider our grievances—a plan for adjustment—Joined Virginia Convention 1st April in Washington or Frankfort on the 27th day of May next, and elected five delegates to represent us in that Convention. If we are not first Monday in August next, we take the vote of the people for 'co-operation' or 'secession,' and if the latter, then determine our action. We had all odds to contend against. Every influence was brought to bear on us. Disappointed politicians and aspiring ones crowded the Convention to sway its action, but to no purpose. I think we have done well."

A NEW CUSTOM-HOUSE REGULATION.

To guard against the fraudulent entry and unauthorized out of bond for the purposes of transportation to States which do not acknowledge the authority of the United States Government, thus defrauding the Government of its proper revenue, the Secretary of the Treasury has issued the following order to the Collectors of Customs at the various Atlantic ports. The guards are instructed to be vigilant, and in order to introduce them into Southern ports under their charge favorable and prompt facilities for the inconvenience of paying duties at all, was getting to be quite too numerous to be longer tolerated. The following is a copy of the order:

"TREASURY DEPARTMENT, *March 28, 1861.*

"The control of the warehouses of the Government in the several ports of the States of South Carolina, Georgia, Alabama, Mississippi, Louisiana, Texas, and Florida having been usurped under the alleged authority of those States, and the collection of the revenue therein under the authority of the United States having been forcibly prevented from their exercise, all goods, wares, and merchandise, and experimentence of the entries for warehousing and withdrawing will be peremptorily refused, continue the privilege of bonding for transportation to those ports.

"Collectors of the Customs are accordingly hereby instructed that no entries for transportation to those ports can be permitted until otherwise directed by the Department. By order of the Secretary of the Treasury.

"S. P. CHASE, Secretary of the Treasury.

"A. SCHELL, Ex. Clerk, Collector's Office."

ACTIVITY IN OUR NAVY-YARD.

The greatest activity prevails at the Navy-yard and forts in the harbor of New York. Large numbers of heavy pieces of ordnance, and speedy preparations on board of vessels of war, were in progress. Every day's delay increases of importance is on foot. Whether it relates to our domestic affairs, or to the recent demonstrations on the part of Spain, is left to conjecture.

WHAT SECESSION HAS COST SOUTH CAROLINA.

A Message from Governor Pickens to the Convention of South Carolina contains many details respecting the military affairs of that State. He informs them that 600 men will be required to garrison Fort Sumter, to be enlisted for war, and that the expenditures of the State have been $500,317.

FUGITIVE SLAVE CASE AT CHICAGO.

A colored man named Harris, with his wife and two children, was arrested at Chicago on 2d, on a warrant issued by United States Commissioner Conson, and sent by special train to Springfield, to be examined. The man is claimed by Mr. Patterson, of St. Louis County, Missouri, and the warrant was issued on the affidavit of that gentleman, whose they escaped. As it was almost entirely unknown that slaves were held in Illinois, the circumstance is little difficulty; but after the affair became known the usual intense excitement was aroused, and large numbers gathered at the depôt at the time for regular morning train left, the crowd supposing the fugitives to be on board. One or two shots were fired at the train. Beyond this there was no disturbance.

A TERRIBLE OUTRAGE.

The Nashville *Union* of 26th March says: "We have the particulars of a most deplorable outrage committed by a negro man in Sumner County, and his summary execution by the citizens of the neighborhood. The facts, as we are informed, are as follows: Mr. W. C. Moore, who resides at Somerville, in Sumner County, on the Louisville and Nashville Railroad, had recently purchased a plantation in Alabama, and was preparing to remove to it. One of his negroes escaped one supposed entire willingness to go, and it became necessary to use force with that one. Mr. Moore was bulldozing him for the purpose of sending him off with the rest of the negroes. The boy, it appears, had prepared himself for a murderous assault upon his master, so he had a knife concealed in his right sleeve, and while the bandcuff was being fastened upon his left wrist, he struck at Mr. Moore's breast, inflicting a terrible but not fatal wound, which he followed up with another stroke, which was parried by Mr. Moore's left arm. By this time Mr. Saunders and the father of Mr. Moore came to the rescue, when the negro leaped into the former and commenced cutting him, and then upon the latter, cutting his throat from ear to ear, and then turned upon Mr. Moore, his body, and killing him instantly. The alarm having been given, Mr. Moore was soon surrounded by the bloody scene, and it was found necessary to shoot the negro before he could be secured. He died in a few hours. He was then taken and hung immediately. It is thought the wound of the negro will not prove fatal."

A SENSIBLE LETTER.

Hon. C. B. Sedgwick has written the appended reply to a letter of remonstrance from a Congress asking his influence to obtain a subordinate clerkship in the New York Custom-house for his son, a youth to be "put near enough to publish, and never knew of his being guilty of falsehood":

"Rev. Mr. P., *My dear Sir:* If the Spectator, *March*, 38, ... won't let me steal, don't, for God's sake, put him in the New York Custom-house. I have two sons. Both were quite like there, and got other habits not half so virtuous. If you are inclined to do anything for my son, instead of being careful and prayerful that it be removed from him. I will give him a letter, provided any friend of mine is appointed collector.

"Very truly your friend and the friend of your boy,

"C. B. SEDGWICK."

A DI VERNON IN WISCONSIN.

The Wisconsin *State Journal*, of the 30th ult., says: "About two o'clock this afternoon, as people along Kayand and Pinkney streets were startled by a horse, with a young lady on his back, coming down the street at the direction of the American House. She had evidently lost control of him, and was compelled to cast on her shoulders to the ground and seriously hurt, if not killed outright. Coming down Pinkney street, the horse passed by the crowd of wood wagons and other vehicles, and dashed furiously into the square in front of the new Academy. A great rush of people immediately filled the stable, fearful that the girl would be found in the wreck of some rents in her riding dress, she was unhurt. She had kept her wits about her, managed her steed and effected. All that troubled her, she declared, during the runaway was the discouragement of her party, who had agreed to try the horse again without delay. It proved to be a fast horse, owned by Mr. Bullard, and for one person to ride, he is so wild and unmanageable, but which the girl, Miss Ellen Dousman, of Fox Lake, had determined to ride at the State Fair. She was practicing for the occasion. Miss Ellen is a Governor Farwell's house, when she lost control of the bridle, and the horse took to his heels. He ran about a mile. The horse was very much excited, and when the young lady attempted to dismount her from mounting him again. She very coolly replied that she proposed to ride him to the fair on the morrow. Remaining the horse, she rode out in the street, when he left the fair ground. She got on him by the bits, and led him into the stable, where, after some stroking, there and she mounted him, and rode off very quietly, and Miss Dousman rode him away in triumph. Miss Dousman is a fine equestrienne and rides splendidly, with a keen black eye and cross cheeks, and what very pretty, besides being a fine Julia Cæsar."

PERSONAL.

Judge McLean, of the United States Supreme Court, died at Cincinnati on 4th, in the seventy-seventh year of his age. There are now two vacancies in the Supreme Court Bench, namely, that of Judge Daniel of Virginia, and McLean of Ohio. Judge McLean was born in 1785, at Cincinnati in 1815, was made Postmaster-General by President Monroe and was appointed in the office by J. Q. Adams, but displaced in 1829 by General Jackson, who made him Judge of the Supreme Court, which he has filled for more than thirty years.

Mr. Clay, in 1824, was defeated to sell at auction on the 40th of April, his stock and farm and household appointments, preparatory to the great act of leaving for the Court of St. Petersburg. Mr. Clay has long been a distinguished breeder and raiser of stock.

Governor Houston has sent a message to the Legislature recommending the calling together of a State Convention to sustain him, and claiming still to be Governor. The Legislature has not yet taken action on it.

A Washington correspondent says that G. W. Lane, recently confirmed as Postmaster, has strong claims to the office of Lieutenant-Governor, and declared that it only opened Court at Austin, in the Union dress of that State.

Captain Berrymon, Commander of the United States sloop *Plymouth*, died at Kenosha, on Tuesday, of brain fever.

The three Confederate States envoys to the European courts are now *en route*. Mr. Dudley Mann sailed from this port on Saturday, on board the *Canada*, while Messrs. Rost and Mann Page sailed from Quebec yesterday for Havana, where they will embark on board the British steamer for Southampton. Mr. Rost and the Confederate Ambassadors will be dispatched abroad with as little delay as possible.

FOREIGN NEWS.

ENGLAND.

DEATH OF THE QUEEN'S MOTHER.

Her Royal Highness the Duchess of Kent died at Sunday morning, March 16, at 9½ o'clock, at Frogmore, in the presence of Mr. Birch, Sir James Clark and Her Royal Highness the Prince Consort, and some of the other members of the Royal family. The following announcement was communicated to the Lord Mayor in an official letter from Mr. C. C. Lewis, the secretary of State, also requesting his lordship to direct the great bell at the Royal Exchange to be tolled, as is customary on the death of members of the Royal family:

THE "GREAT EASTERN" COMING HERE AGAIN.

A letter from England to the *Herald* says: "The *Great Eastern* is by her fully ready to sail to New York on the 1st of May. The decision, I learn from a private source, has been taken, and the order will be communicated on Monday. Various other ports, all the way from Scarborough to Portsmouth, have been mentioned as those at which new loaded toward their egg-shell harbors. There is but one *Great Eastern* and one Brunel to build her, and the two are made for each other. I trust the little ebony steamer that built her last year in the exercise down your coast will be stood for by our good management and good fortune."

FRANCE.

THE DEBATE ON THE ADDRESS.

In the Corps Legislatif M. Jules Favre had moved his amendment to the address, declaring that the intervention of the French troops from Rome. He strongly urged the necessity for such withdrawal, and declared that the maintenance of the States would be impossible. M. Rouher said that the French Government would neither sacrifice the Pope to the unity of Italy, nor the unity of Italy to the Pope. The aim of France was to reconcile the two interests. The combination proposed at Villa France was the true solution, and it should be accepted as such. He alluded at length to the difficulties attending the question. The amendment was then rejected by 240 to 6. An amendment in favor of the temporal power of the Pope was offered, but subsequently withdrawn. Count de Morny urging the Legislature to leave the solution of the question to the Emperor. The entire address was finally agreed to by a vote of 213 against 15.

THE ITALIAN QUESTION.

At latest dates it was currently reported in Paris that the Emperor of Austria had sent an autograph letter to the Emperor of the French, stating both that his position in Italy is untenable, owing to the constant encroachments of Piedmont. His Majesty likewise expresses himself unable to understand the policy of France with regard to Italy, and especially adverts to the speeches of Prince Napoleon in the Senate and M. Billault in the Corps Legislatif, and requires a distinct answer to this question: Does the Emperor of the French mean to support Piedmont in its aggressions against Rome? The presence of the Piedmontese in the Papal capital calls Austria into Majesty as not look upon as a preliminary to an attack upon Venice—the argument that would justify the Victor Emanuel in taking possession of Rome would equally bear him out in attacking Venetia. Consequently, Austria requires an explicit answer as to what course the French Emperor means to pursue. It has been even hinted that a temporary occupation of Rome, the treaties of Zurich and Villafranca must be considered as annulled, and Austria contingent consider herself bound by a compact so glaringly violated, and would consider herself free to act. Austria's policy was entirely free to act in the manner best calculated to protect her openly threatened interests in the Peninsula.

THE BONAPARTE-PATTERSON CASE.

The Herald correspondent writes: "The Bonaparte-Patterson case is, it is said, to be brought on on appeal. Madame Patterson alleges that she left in Baltimore her marriage papers, which she feared to bring to France, thinking that they might be taken from her by the police, which would fully establish her fact that her marriage was contracted in good faith on her part. The law has been on this side and no one has ever desired to prove. As to winning the suit, they never had the least fear. It was simply wished to see upon the record of the judicial tribunals evidence which would establish that Napoleon Bonaparte, who is an officer in the French army, and whose future lot is cast in France, the stain of illegitimacy will be for ever against him, and since the commencement of these proceedings has been made clear and legal in France and in Paris. In addition to his pay, Captain Bonaparte has an income allowed him by his grandmother of 100,000 francs, besides which, and during on these fine, sunny spring afternoons, may be seen driving in the Champs Elysées and Bois de Boulogne.

TRADE IN FRANCE.

The Paris correspondent of the London *Times* says: "Commercial operations are still dull. Uneasiness, created by political events, has not subsided on the American, Europe and Americas, the ill-founded apprehension entertained by many that the manufactures on the part of approaches for carrying into full effect the commercial treaty with England, and the immense amount of money, impede the revival of trade. The Paris wheat and flour market was firm."

ITALY.

RESIGNATION OF THE MINISTRY.

A dispatch dated Turin, Wednesday, March 20, says: All the Ministers have tendered their resignations, which have been accepted by the King. Count Cavour, it is believed, will be charged with the formation of a new Ministry, in which all the different divisions of Italy will be represented.

In to-day's sitting of the Chamber of Deputies, Count Cavour announced that the whole Ministry had resolved on its resignation, and stated that he had advised the King to form a Ministry composed of the representatives of the kingdom. It was he said, the intention of the Government to place the Capital at the centre of gravity of the new political Government, which would be transferred to Florence. The Chamber of Deputies then adjourned until a new Ministry has been formed.

A dispatch dated Turin, the new Ministry is not yet announced. Rumor gives the following combination: Cavour, President of the Council and Minister of Foreign Affairs and Marine; Farini, Chancellor of State; Peruzzi, Minister of Justice; Minghetti, of Interior; Desanctis, of Instruction; Petri, of Finance; Fanti, of War; Jacini, of Finance; Pepoli, of Commerce; Poerio, Minister without portfolio.

WHAT ITALY WANTS.

The Italian Parliament, in addition to the speech of Victor Emanuel, tells him that it trusts in him as an Italian King, that Italian unity, significantly adding that its thoughts are sorrowfully turned toward absent Rome, and that it expressly aspires to the possession of her city of Rome, and that every other question of the Italian peninsula will be settled with satisfaction by the Italian people.

THE POPE DEFENDS HIMSELF.

At Rome, on the 18th ult., a consistory was held, at which the Pope held an address in defense of the assailing himself upon the present position of Italy and the Papacy. He declared confidently that the present storm of Italy was being opposed to civilization, and declared that it only opposed Church and trampled justice under foot. He stated that he would defend the spiritual sentences of the Church against able concessions, and would have gladly abided by the decision of a Congress of sovereigns, but that he would preserve the advice or submit to the unjust demands of a usurping power.

WILL HE GO TO VERCE?

The *Perseverance* of Milan asserts that the priests were exceedingly discontented at the Pope, who is about to be during him to proceed to Venice. Bellegrade was in Venice, Gregory replied that he was afraid that it would appear, however, that Austria bears the responsibility which rests in the hands of Providence. Upon this information is regarded as precluding all hope of a compromise between the Holy See and the new kingdom of Italy.

RUSSIA.

THE EMPEROR'S REPLY TO THE POLES.

The substance of the Emperor's reply to the address of the Polish subjects is published. The Emperor says that he will maintain the Polish nationality in all its rights, but, nevertheless, he graciously consents to regard it only as a matter of administration. He declares that abstraction to the reforms which are necessary throughout the Empire, and which he will not allow to be made the subject of his solicitude as are the Russians. But he has a right to expect that the moderate and loyal portion of Poland will be "misunderstood or paralyzed by importune or immoderate demands, which are only connected with the welfare of his subjects." He will not tolerate any serious disturbance of public order, and will not allow the foundation "for aspirations which should there seek for support." The Emperor concludes by saying that the deputies from Warsaw may put the Polish deputation was "authorized to make known to the Emperor the Sovereign's reply which has not abated the prevailing excitement. Prince Gortschakoff declared that the Emperor would grant no imperial mandate would speedily great reforms, and received the address in silence: "We accept; but we are far from being satisfied."

TURKEY.

COTTON CULTIVATION IN ASIA MINOR.

A company has been proposed at Constantinople under the name of the Ottoman Bank of Asia Minor, for promoting *the cotton cultivation in Asia Minor.* It is said to be supported by the Government, and the ultimate object of the proposal is the payment of the British Ambassador, Sir H. L. Bulwer, and the suppression of the Grand Vizier.

ST. DOMINGO.

RUMORED MOVEMENT OF THE SPANIARDS.

By an arrival at Key West on the 26th ult. it was reported that the Spanish flag had been hoisted at St. Domingo by the Spanish and French. The Spanish President had previously written to Havana, stating that if Spanish forces were not sent thither immediately the Spaniards would hoist the Spanish flag, whereupon five Spanish war vessels and 1000 men sailed from Havana and took formal possession of San Domingo, aided by a French corvette.

AMERICAN

ME SCENES.

PAUL LEE'S WIFE.

"WHO ever has been, and gone, and done this?" said Purvis Lee as he opened the door of Dr. Lee's office from the inside, early in the morning, and found hanging on the door-knob a basket with something in it.

"Baskets were made to put something in, and this has something in it, and no mistake, and I would like to know who has been and hung this basket on Dr. Lee's door. It is not *her*—no, that is fixed and certain. She could not, for it is not a day old. And it is not *him*—that's just as fixed and certain, for he's run away long ago, with no manner of doubt. So you see, Purvis, that's me, 'as settled that it was not the mother of it nor the father of it that brought it here' and hung it on this door-knob. You see, Purvis, that's me, we are taking circumstantial evidence this morning, and if we can't find out who did bring it here, we can find out who did not. It was not Paul, that's the doctor, for he staid with old Mrs. Boyd and her asthma till four o'clock, and I let him in here at this door, and there was nothing here then. And it was not Purvis, that's me, because—well—I know 'twas not. So it's settled that there are four persons in Bordenton who did not bring it here. But somebody it came, and here it is," and Purvis picked it very carefully, and it screamed very naturally.

"Take care, you chap, you'll raise the house, and Paul, that's the doctor, will scold Purvis, that's me, as if I was the fellow in the basket, that screamed on purpose to wake him after his night's watching. But no earthly can I divine this thing! Emily is not here, and if she was she would send it to the poor-house: and Aunt Hetty has her hands full, standing in every thing and the scolding inside, so that she could not look at it."

Purvis Lee was what is called the "black sheep" in his family. "I was something worse than the old screw loose," people said. He had sense enough to learn well at school; he had a better education than many who are successful in business and elegant in manners; but Purvis Lee had never been either. He was considered a sort of irresponsible being. He was kind-hearted, generous in a certain way as a dependent upon his brother, and it was a standing wonder how such an old, "half-baked" person could be brother to the popular and handsome Paul Lee, M.D. in Bordenton.

Purvis was in a difficulty this morning. I think such a very little will come in his way to be a comprehensive difficulty to any man unassisted by the other, if not better, half of humanity.

"Don't scream, you little beggar," said Purvis Lee, "and something may happen." Purvis was of the genius Micawber, and therefore he expected that something would "turn up." As if Providence ever answered reasonable expectations, just at that moment Phœbe Boyd appeared at the door of the office.

"Good morning, Miss Boyd," said the man with the baby, as he swung the basket to and fro to keep it still.

"How dost thou do, Purvis Lee?" said the young lady. Being a Quaker, or Friend, her faith forbade her to say good-morning; and she said Purvis Lee instead of Purvis, because Joseph John Gurney and other polite Friends thought it was more respectful and deferential to speak the whole name than the pet name alone, or as Friends say, the "first name." As they do not christen their children, they have no Christian names; and as they never say "Sir," they have no sir or surnames. I think they have made no inquiry to learn whether surname comes from an objection-able root, but as the wife takes the name with all other titles, or from *sur*, the French word for over and above.

"What, and thou there, Purvis Lee?" said Phœbe, longing to take the basket from his hands.

"It is only a baby that somebody hung on our office-door knob to-day. They must have been in a dreadful hurry, for it is not dressed, and I don't know what to do with it, any more than I would, know what to do with an elephant that had been hung on our door-knob."

"How I wish I could carry the dear little thing home!" said Phœbe, as she bent over the basket, looking just like a fairy, in a muslin dress the color of heliotrope blossoms, a little white silk shawl, and a cottage straw, with a dove-colored ribbon just resting the shade of her cheek. "But I came for mother's medicine, and I must return as soon as possible, for she had a very bad night. Here is the recipe."

"Well, you take the basket, and I will get you the remedy. Paul, that's Dr. Lee, don't like me to say anything over more. He says, 'Purvis' (that's me), 'these are remedies, not medicines.' But what am I to do with that in the basket?"

"When the mother rises her self she will show; and thou mayst mention to him that I feel a deep interest in the baby, and if my mother would consent; but—but—I would do any thing right for the privileges of loving and caring for this babe! Poor little outcast! But I must go. Thou wilt not forget, Purvis, to tell thy brother that I feel a deep interest in the babe."

I guess I shan't be likely to forget the only friend and acquaintance the little leaper has in Bordenton, always excepting Purvis Lee, that's me. I'll take it down stairs to Aunt Hetty. She won't like; she only scolds just what it was.

"Only a baby that somebody hung on our office-door, and I reckon it wants some breakfast. They eat when they are little and red like this, don't they?"

Aunt Hetty was sixty years old. She was neat and a scold; and Purvis Lee and most people who had to abide in her vicinity sometimes wished that she was good-natured and a slattern. But she had a weakness for babies. Poor Aunt Hetty had the ears of a baby, forty years ago, that won her whole heart and died; and her sister, who was its mother, never grieved as much for the translated little angel as did Aunt Hetty. In the bottom of her sea-chest covered trunk there is a red housewife with a soiled and bitten corner. Little Annie had played with it forty years ago. And there is a tiny green morocco shoe that has held its color surprisingly, seeing it is forty years old. Little Annie had worn this shoe one day—the day she was taken with "the three distemper," and Aunt Hetty kept the small memento while the other had preserved its fellow. The mother had gone to join her darling many years ago; but Aunt Hetty had lived to be a wonderful housekeeper, a desperate scold, and a great lover of babies, though few knew of the last-named gift.

"Put that basket down, you awkward thing! You will spill that baby on the floor, and knock the breath out of its poor little body. There, leave it, and carry up that water to the dining-room, and ring the bell for the doctor."

"Paul, that's the doctor, did not come home till four o'clock this morning; and Purvis, that's me, will not risk ringing the bell till he has slept his first nap out."

Aunt Hetty bade him take up the tray, and he obeyed; and then she rung the bell.

"He may get up and eat his breakfast, or he may sleep and let it alone. I am not any part. Now, you poor, dear little baby, I'll see to you."

When Purvis returned to the kitchen Aunt Hetty was busily engaged with a set of little garments that were in the basket lay on a chair by her side.

"The little beauty! The little darling! Its fingers are almost as long as mine, and its limbs are as perfect as a picture. Oh my! It's a baby that never belonged to common folks! and to think of its going to the poor-house!"

The tears dropped fast from Aunt Hetty's nose as she crooned in her labor of love. Purvis came up with a disposing air.

"Take yourself off, Purvis—you hain't no business here. Go up and see if Dr. Lee is at his breakfast. He will be down to the office when the table every morning at seven if the house was afire, and if he is there I want to know it."

Purvis regarded her for a moment. "Paul, that's Dr. Lee, is at his breakfast."

In due time Aunt Hetty ascended to the dining-room with the baby in her arms.

"Why, Aunt Hetty! Aunt Hetty! Who would have thought it of you? And then to come in open daylight! Why, Aunt Hetty! Oh, Aunt Hetty! think of it! To disgrace your young years and my old age!"

"You always talking nonsense, Dr. Lee; but somebody has to talk sense now."

Purvis was standing behind Aunt Hetty.

"It is not Aunt Hetty, Paul, but I found it on our door-step; no, hanging to our door-knob; they are always on the door-step in stories."

"So you have decided you be still a story, poor Purvis," said the doctor, overbrimming with fun, though he had watched and worked nearly all night to keep the breath in widow Boyd.

"Well, that is all I get, a nurse, or a housekeeper? I suppose I must keep you, for else else would have any thing to do with you? What am I to do? I can't keep it, I suppose; so long that I could not get on at all without your tyranny; so just tell me what, and I'll attend to it."

"I think," said the doctor, half pretending to the subject-matter before them, "that you had better get a nurse. This baby warn't made for the poor-house."

"Then it warn't made for our house," said the doctor.

"You ought by good rights to have a wife; but as you hain't got none, we must do the next best way. If we had a little girl, I think I could manage with the baby and the baby."

"Tis hard to part you, Aunt Hetty, and at your time of life, too; but you must take your punishment, and find a nurse for it."

"To the poor-house!" screamed Aunt Hetty. "I'll spend all my savings first. I'll bire a room!"

"Oh, and Aunt Hetty!" said the doctor "that will be punishing me a little too severely. Suppose I take the thing down to Phœbe Boyd. The old lady owes me for having saved her life. She is pretty safe from another attack for the next three months, and Phœbe is all right always."

"I'll be satisfied with that," said Aunt Hetty; "but there will be a dreadful deal of talk if Phœbe takes it. It ought to be some married woman."

"Why, you are a married woman, Aunt Hetty, and yon proposed to take it."

"It ought to be a married woman, or an old maid like me, by rights."

"Now I have finished my breakfast, let me look. Purvis, harness my horse and buggy. Come, Aunt Hetty, you are a married woman, I think you yet. Whence came I? who am I?' will be questions for after-years. For the present, you will eat and sleep and squall down your punishments doings. A fine child! Aunt Hetty, I really don't know whether to praise you or blame you. I believe, on the whole, I'll praise. Run the State some service. Fold it up in a blanket, and put on your bonnet, and we will go down to the widow Boyd's."

"And the dinner?" said Aunt Hetty.

"I can't carry the baby. That is women's work. The dishes must wait ones in a lifetime. Come! hurry up! I'll send me, doctor. The attack is clean gone. Thee is worth thy weight in gold. The pressure on my chest is all gone."

"I'll it comes again," said the doctor. "Now you must bathe, and rub your chest with the flesh-brush daily, and eat half or a third as much as you want, and that plain bread and meat, or toast and milk, none of your made-up dishes, and then I can promise you that you won't be smothered this week."

"Oh, if I could ever pay thee!"

"I have brought my pay along," said the doctor. "It is out in the other room with your Phœbe, and my Aunt Hetty."

"Thee don't say that Aunt Hetty is here. Thee is making sport, doctor. The always is, for that matter. Hetty Marshall would not be away from home before the work was done up."

"I'll tell you, Mrs. Boyd. Somebody left a new-born babe at my door this morning. Hetty loves babies, and she could not bear that this should be sent to the poor-house, and she is out in search of somebody who will take the little creature and nurse it by hand for a while."

"Thee don't say so! What a dreadful world we live in! Has thee any notion who the baby belongs to?"

"Well, I think it belongs to Providence and me. At any rate, I shall take that view of it for the present. If my sister Emily were with me now, and would consent to adopt it, I'd take in the house, I should keep it at home. As it is, I want you to take it for a month."

"Thee don't say so! Why, doctor, people would talk."

"I never knew them to do any thing else," said the doctor.

"What *would* they say, doctor?"

"I don't care what others would say. I want to know what you say. Will you take the baby for two weeks—a week—till I can look about me?"

"Why thee has been so good to me that we *must* take it. Its mother is dead, and I will speak to Phœbe. We can't do too much for thee, doctor, after all thee has done for me."

"Pile on the gratitude, Mrs. Boyd; it is convenient, now I want you to serve me."

"Thee's such a strange man!" said the widow. The baby is a blessing to Phœbe Boyd, and a great joy it was to her; but it was a thorn in the side of the Quaker mother.

"I don't like Dr. Lee to be looking at thee as he does, Phœbe. All the world would not tempt me to have thee marry out of meetin'. Thee has done enough to trouble me with thy ways of speakin' and dressin'. That straw-bonnet of thine is not Friendly."

"What could be plainer, mother, than my strawbonnet? A drab silk, a muslin gown over the top, and tying under my chin. The rain does not spoil it, and if it gets soiled I can wash it. Now a Quaker silk bonnet, made of the rain sprinkles it, and one fly could spoil twenty dollars' worth of drab or white silk Quaker bonnets in a night. They frown and look sorrowful over their cold pasteboard sides; and they are like putting one's head in a tin pail in summer—hot when we want them cold, cold when we want them warm; liable to be spoiled every day they are worn, and every night when they are not worn; they are ugly and inconvenient, besides being very disagreeable to wear."

"Thee is not Friendly," said the mother, with a sigh.

"Mother, thou knowest I prize our Testimonies above price," said Phœbe. "Thou knowest that I do not like extravagance in dress, and that I do love plainness and simplicity. I would obey the light within. I would be a plain Friend."

"Then why does thee set thyself up above the best Friends that ever lived with thy *thee*, Phœbe? Why can't thee say *thee*, as others do?"

"I do not wish to speak ungrammatically because I am a Friend, but my principal reason for one of our greatest singularities in language is that it is grammatical."

"I don't know what grammar-buck," said Mrs. Boyd, or Ruth Boyd, as she was known among Friends; "but I know that no good comes of being proud, and so I say to you, when thee answers for every body in the meetin' but one or two public Friends."

"Thou sayest, mother, that I am proud because I use language a little more correct than others. Why dost not thou call Alice Osborne and Moses Chase proud? They are ministers, to be sure, but have they therefore an exclusive right to speak correctly?"

"We expect public Friends to say thou," said her mother. "They are ministers, and Friends expect it of them, but thee is not likely to be a minister, and must not set thyself above others."

"I have no such intention, mother."

"I must tell thee, Phœbe, that this baby must go. I can't have the way it is leading thee out of plain ways. When thee thinks Doctor Lee is going to call, thee combs thy hair low on thy temples, and thee puts on a collar with an edge, such as no plain Friend ever wore yet."

"Mother, I am young," said Phœbe, very greatly distressed.

The colloquy was cut short by the entrance of Dr. Lee.

"I am troubled about this baby," said Ruth Boyd. "I don't like to be over every thing."

"Well, my sister has come, and she says I must take the baby home, and hire or take a small girl," said Dr. Lee.

"And will thy sister Emily take care of the dear little fellow?" said Phœbe, the tears gushing from her eyes.

"She says so. Are you tired of him? Do you know I have brought a present for the little one this morning? I am going to have him named."

Dr. Lee did not say christened, because he knew too well the strength of Quaker prejudices.

"What will he call him?" said Ruth.

"Paul Lee," said the doctor.

"Thou art a brave man, and I thank thee," said Phœbe.

"Will you do up little Paul in his best bib, Phœbe, and let me drive you over to my house, that Emily may decide whether she will like to take such a lump of trouble? How he has grown in ten weeks!"

Phœbe looked at her mother for leave to go with the doctor. Ruth Boyd trusted Dr. Lee very much. She wanted to get rid of the cause, or excuse rather, for his frequent visits. She had seen the tell-tale blood fly into Phœbe's face, when he had driven up to the door. She knew that she was exposing her daughter to the fascinations of a fine man of forty, who seemed not a day over thirty. She dreaded that a child of hers should marry out of meeting. Phœbe already had a mind of her own about several things. The end of all her reflections was always the same. The baby must go away.

"Put on thy bonnet, Phœbe, and take the baby over; thee will have to give it up, then is not strong enough to be up nights, the way thee is."

Phœbe did as she was bid, and she was soon seated by the doctor in his buggy. He peeped under the cottage straw-bonnet, and saw the tears dropping fast on the wee face in her lap. He turned off on the Grove Road without her noticing the fact, and drove under the shadow of the rich old woods, which was very grateful, as it was the middle of July.

"Phœbe," said the doctor, in a low and very tender voice.

She looked up and was startled when she saw herself in the shadow of the beautiful woods called "The Grove."

"Phœbe, dear, said the doctor, Providence has given to us an outcast babe. I believe little Paul will come to be a good man if we do our duty by him, and I think we shall, for we both love him as our own."

"I hope we shall," said Phœbe, her tears falling fast.

"I am a great coward," said the doctor. "I want to tell you, Phœbe, that I love you dearly, deeply. It seems to me that men never know woman as I love you, and yet I begin by talking about our love for the baby. Phœbe, I want you to be my wife, and take care of Paul Lee as a man; but I don't want you to be mine because you love the babe, whose parents have forsaken it—I want you to love me, Phœbe. Do you think you can ever come to love me well enough to be my wife?"

Ever come to love him? What a question, when he had been the object of her almost idolatrous love ever since she knew him well, which had been from all his tender kindness to her mother. Phœbe had looked up to the doctor as we do to superior beings, with a reverent love, like that of the Catholic for the saint. "A child, few objects of interest. "The meeting" was small and dull. There was not a man in it who could by any possibility prove to be a gentleman. "Ever come to love Dr. Lee?" Her misery had been that she could not come to love, or even tolerate, any one else. Poor Phœbe had all her tender kindness for

"If copper were silver or silver were gold, it would be all very well for our pockets, but metals are not transmutable. Neither am I; but Leave you, Phœbe, and will never interfere with your religious liberty."

"I believe thee," said Phœbe.

The doctor reverently kissed her ungloved hand, and they drove up to Ruth Boyd's door.

"What time to-morrow?" said he.

"Three in the afternoon, if it is convenient to thee."

"Why did not thee leave the child?" said Ruth, sharply.

"Neither the doctor nor I thought it best." No more was said then.

Doctor Lee went home. His sister was a very vinegary old maid, who respected the Proprieties, and honored "they say" more than the whole moral law.

"Where is that baby?" said she.

"Where it was yesterday and day before," said the doctor. "I forgot that the baby belongs to Aunt Hetty, and I only tell you in confidence; but she placed it with Miss Boyd, and I can't take it away without her leave."

"I wish you would not talk nonsense to me, Paul," said the lady.

"Perhaps I had better not," said the doctor.

"Well, Emily, I will talk sense. You know you always said you would never stay a day in my house if I was married."

"To be sure I did! What business would I have here? I have trouble enough with Hetty."

"I am afraid I shall want to get married, and if you got fond of the babe it might make trouble, as I am fond of him, and have given him my name. I mean, in the event of my marriage you might find yourself awkwardly placed."

"I have kept house for you in Bordeston ten years last New Year's, and I have put up with you and Purvis"—

"That's me," broke in that worthy.

"—and Hetty; and now you are talking nonsense about being married, after picking up somebody's brat, that I consented to take care of rather than leave you out what you have been paying to those Quakers, who are stingy as—"

"You are, maybe," said Purvis.

"I know I am all nonsense—Purvis go to your work in the garden. And now, Paul Lee, I shall take house that child to-morrow. Hetty says you pay three dollars a week for taking care of it."

"Five," said the Doctor.

"To-morrow afternoon I'll go for it."

"Wait a little, and I'll bring it home," said the doctor.

"You will see whether I shall wait."

"There are a good many things in my dish," said the doctor to himself, "and half a dozen patients to see to-night."

"Shall I put out the horse?" said Purvis.

"Not at," said the doctor, quite miserable, for an accepted lover; and he went out and took his seat in his buggy.

"I can think here," said he to himself. "Emily must go away. She has been an old house on my head these ten years. She will torment Phœbe into her grave in a month. I won't try to piece impossibilities together; Hetty likes my little Quaker girl, and she loves babies better than my thing. I must decide."

Phœbe was at home thinking also. She had an aunt who needed a home, and her mother and brother could live very happily with her. There was only the misery of having a daughter marry out of the meeting for Ruth Boyd to bear. That evening, when Joshua came in from work, Phœbe thought she would speak. She trembled a good deal; but she strengthened herself by looking at little Paul.

"My darling outcast," said she to herself, and then she said, "Mother I must try three terribly tough, but I have made up my mind, and I tell thee and Joshua because you ought to know. I am going to be married to Dr. Lee, and take care of little Paul always. Aunt Rhoda will be glad to live with thee and Joshua, mother."

Joshua had sense enough to be angry with his sister for coming out of meeting, the mother had goodness enough to grieve. Both remonstrated; but Phœbe made no replies. She took the baby and retired to her own room early.

The next morning a sad group met at the breakfast-table. The widow had slept very little, and her eyes looked heavy and tearful. Phœbe was sad though determined, and Joshua was vulgarly angry.

This must end at once, thought Phœbe. At two P. M. the doctor called. Phœbe was dressed in a drab-colored barege, with a white crape handkerchief, surmounted by a white silk handkerchief. The baby was in parest white, and looked most lovely.

She tied on her little straw-bonnet, and took the baby in her arms, and said to the doctor, "I am ready." "To go to a Justice?" said he, in a low voice.

"I am ready to go to a Justice," said Phœbe, aloud.

"Phœbe," said Mrs. Boyd, "give me the baby. I will take care of him till thee comes back. I can't, as a Friend, consent to thy marriage, though Dr. Lee has been very good to me. But I can't see thee or to be married with a child in thy arms —it would be dreadful. What would Friends say?"

"I thank thee, mother," said Phœbe, putting Paul in her lap.

"And I thank you too," said Dr. Lee. "I hope to make a good husband and a good son, though you've me no consent to wed your daughter, Mrs. Boyd."

In an hour Dr. Lee and his bride returned to claim their baby; as much their own as if strangers had not cast it upon their charitable care.

"One more trial, darling," said Dr. Lee. "My sister is harder than your mother, for she won't hold the baby. See if she does!"

Miss Emily Lee was generally in every room of the house some dozens of times in a day. The doctor took Phœbe and the baby into the parlor. Miss Emily came in and opened the windows as evening was coming. She opened them spitefully, as if they were to blame for somebody being present who was not a welcome visitor to her.

"You need not flat and slam so," said Purvis Lee, who had the same trick of being inopportunely present that his sister had.

"This is my wife, Sister Emily," said the doctor. "Purvis"—("That's me," said his brother) —"this is Mrs. Lee, your sister-in-law, and I hope you will always treat her as a gentleman ought to do."

"Hurrah!" cried Purvis, dashing his hat on the floor, which he had previously ball under his arm. "I am glad you have been, and gone, and done it."

Miss Emily went out of the parlor as spitefully as she had opened the windows, and when the doctor took Phœbe up stairs to her room, the spare room of the house, and which joined his own, they found her there making many demonstrations in various directions, and of various kinds. Then they went down stairs. She was there also, but after overseeing herself in a glass, she said to Purvis, loud enough for all to hear,

"You will book my name for the Taunton stage, that goes at 4 o'clock in the morning, and tell them to call here first."

"With pleasure," said Purvis, making a face behind her back. Phœbe turned again and saw the motion being made, and I believe she took a lock of her brother's hair, in a great hurry, and I also think she did not feel it for a long while.

"That's me," said the black sheep.

The next day Phœbe, and a new baby, and little Paul took up their abode as friendship. They began it in good earnest and good faith. Phœbe helped Hetty about her housework, and Hetty helped Phœbe in the care of the children, and became a happy family, for Aunt Hetty left off scolding when she had a baby to love.

Mrs. Phœbe Lee was much used to the meeting that she was sorry she married her husband; neither did she say, as many did, on a bit of paper which was sent to every one, "I am sorry that I have transgressed the order established by Friends in my marriage, and I hope Friends will pass it by." No. She was a good Christian woman, and a loving wife, and mother to the outcast babe, as to her own; but the peculiarities of Friends gradually disappeared from her language and manners, and now there is only a pure modesty in her dress to distinguish her from others.

Dr. Lee is one of the happiest of men, for, besides having the dearest little wife in the world, he is not invaded by his sister, he is not scolded by Aunt Hetty, and Purvis is less a black sheep than formerly.

Ruth Boyd loves her daughter and her daughter's husband, though they have left the meeting, and Joshua is not so angry as he intended to be. He likes to have a good doctor in the family, for it saves money, and Friends are very remarkable for minding the main chance.

CANNIBALISM IN GALICIA.

THE inhabitants of Austrian Galicia are quiet, inoffensive people, and the worst of them are the Jews, who number a twelfth of the population, are the most intelligent, energetic, and certainly the most money-owning individuals in the province, though the Poles proper, or Masurs, are not devoid of natural parts.

Perhaps a remarkable a phenomenon as any other in that kingdom—for kingdom of Waldimir it was—is the enormous numerical preponderance of the nobility over the untitled. In Lemberg the proportions stood thus: 32,190 nobles to 2076 tradesmen.

The average of execution for crime is nine a year, out of a population of four and a half millions—by no means a high figure, considering the peremptory way in which justice is dealt out in that province. Yet, in the most quiet and well-disposed neighborhoods, occasionally the most startling crimes are committed, and murder is the least expected, and sometimes perpetrated by the very person who is least suspected.

Just twelve years have happened in the circle of Tornow, in Western Galicia—the province is divided into nine circles—a circumstance which will probably furnish the grandames with a story for their firesides, during these bitter Galician winters, for many a year.

In the circle of Tornow, in the lordship of Poremost, is a little hamlet called Polomyja, consisting of eight hovels and a Jewish tavern. The inhabitants are mostly wood-cutters, hewing down the firs of the dense forests of their village in the vast wold, and conveying them to the nearest water, down which they are floated to the Vistula. Each tenant pays no rent for his cottage, but is glad of it, but is bound to work a fixed number of days for his landlord: a practice universal in Galicia, and often productive of much discontent and injustice, as the proprietor exacts labor from his tenant on those days when the harvest has to be got in, or the land is in best condition for tilling, and just when the peasant would gladly be engaged upon his own small plot. Money is scarce in the province, and this is accordingly the only way in which the landlord can be sure of his dues.

Most of the villagers of Polomyja are miserably poor; but by cultivating a little vegetable, and keeping a few fowls or a pig, they scrape together sufficient to sustain life. During the summer the men collect resin from the pines, from each of which, once in twelve years, they strip a slip of bark, leaving the resin to exude and trickle into a small earthen-ware jar at its roots; and during the winter, as already stated, they fell the trees and roll them down to the river.

Polomyja is not a cheerful spot—nested among dense masses of pine, which shed a gloom over the little hamlet; yet, on a fine day, it is pleasant enough for the old women to sit at their cottage doors, scenting that matchless pine fragrance, sweeter than the balm of the Spice Islands, for there is nothing cloying in that exquisite and exhilarating odor—listening to the harp-like thrill of the breeze in the stiff gray tree-tops, and knitting quietly at long stockings, while their little grandchildren romp in the heather and tufted fern.

Toward evening, too, there is something indescribably beautiful in the fir-wood. The sun dives among the trees, and paints their boles with patches of luminous saffron, or falling over a level clearing, glorifies it with its orange dye, so visibly contrasting with the blue-purple shadow on the western rim of unreclaimed forest, deep and luscious as the bloom on a plum. The birds than are hastening to their nests, a gerfalcon, high overhead, is kindled with sunlight; capering and gamboling among the branches, the merry squirrel skips home for the night.

The sun goes down, but the sky is still shining with twilight. The wild-cat begins to hiss and squall in the forest, the heron to flap hastily by, the stork on the top of the tavern chimney to poise itself on one leg for sleep. Now then! an owl begins to wake up. Hark! the wood-cutters are coming home with a song.

Such is Polomyja in summer-time, and much resembling it are the hamlets scattered about the forest, at intervals of a few miles; in each, the public house is the most commodious and best built edifice, the church, whenever there is one, not remarkable for any thing but its bulbous steeple.

You would hardly believe that amidst all this poverty a beggar could be picked up any substance, and yet, a few years ago, Sunday after Sunday, there was a home-boarded venerable man at the church-door, asking alms.

Poor people are proverbially compassionate and liberal, so that the old man generally got a few pepers, and often enough a crust of brown bread to come into her cottage, and let him have some food.

Occasionly Swiatek—that was the beggar's name, were it worth mentioning—shall puchlace ornaments and beads; generally, however, only appealing to charity.

One Sunday, after church, a Mazur and his wife invited the old man into their hut and gave him a crust of pie and some meat. There were several children about the floor, and of nine or ten, attracted the old man's attention by her artless tricks.

Swiatek felt in his pocket and produced a ring, inclosing a piece of colored glass set over foil. This he presented to the child, who ran off delighted to show her acquisition to the neighbors.

"Is that little maid your daughter?" asked the beggar.

"No," answered the housewife, "she is an orphan; there was a widow in this place who died, leaving the child, and I have taken charge of her; one mouth more or not matter much, and the good God will bless us."

"Ay, ay! to be sure He will; the orphans and fatherless are under His own peculiar care."

"She's a good little thing, and gives no trouble," observed the woman. "You go back to Polomyja to-night, I reckon?"

"I do not," exclaimed Swiatek, as the little girl ran up to him. "You like the ring, is it not beautiful? I found it under a big fir to the left of the church-door, about two dozens there. You must turn round three times, bow to the moon, and say 'Zalee!' then look among the tree-roots till you find a ring."

"Come along!" screemed the child to its comrades; "we will go and look for rings."

"You are not such nonsense," said Swiatek.

The children scampered off into the wood.

"I have done one good thing for you," laughed the beggar, "the only one you, for a time, of the noise of those children."

"I am glad of a little quiet now and then," said the woman; "the children will not let the baby sleep at times with their clatter. Are you going?"

"Yes; I must reach Polomyja to-night. I am old and very feeble, and poor"—he began to fall into his customary whine—"very poor, but I thank and pray to God for you."

Swiatek left the cottage.

That little orphan was never seen again.

The Austrian Government has, of late years, been vigorously repressing brigandism among the lower orders, and establishing schools throughout the province.

The children were returning from class one day, and were scattered among the trees, some pursuing a field-mouse, others collecting juniper-berries, and some sauntering with their hands in their pockets, whistling.

"Where's Peter?" asked one little boy of another who was beside him. "We three go home the same way, and he is not together."

"Peter!" shouted the lad.

"Here I am!" was the answer from among the trees; "I'll be with you directly."

"Oh, I see him!" said the elder boy. "There is some one talking to him."

"Where?"

"Yonder, among the pines. Ah! they have gone further into the shadow, and I can not see them any more. I wonder who was with him; a man, I think."

The boys waited till they were tired, and then they sauntered on toward the wood to thank Peter for having kept them waiting. *But Peter was never seen again.*

Some time after this a servant-girl belonging to a small store kept by a Russian, disappeared from a village five miles from Polomyja. She had been with a young man, a soldier, on a long-deferred visit to her parents, but lying apart from the cluster of hovels, and surrounded by tree.

The day closed in, and her master w return anxiously, but as several hours elapsed out any sign of her, he—assisted by the—went in search of her.

A slight powdering of snow covered the and her footsteps could be traced at intervals she had diverged from the beaten track.

part of the road where the trees were thickest there were marks of two pair of feet leaving the path; but owing to the density of the forest at that spot and to the slightness of the fall of snow, which did not reach the soil, where shaded by the pines, the footprints were immediately lost. By the following morning a heavy fall had obliterated any further traces which daylight might have disclosed.

The servant-girl also was never seen again.

During the winter of 1849 the wolves were supposed to have been particularly ravenous, as they alone did people account for the mysterious disappearances of children.

A little boy had been sent to a fountain to fetch water; the pitcher was found standing by the well, but *the boy had vanished.* The villagers turned out, and those wolves which could be found were dispatched.

We have already introduced our readers to Polomyja, although the occurrences above related did not take place among those eight hovels, but in neighboring villages. The reason for our having given a more detailed account of this cluster of houses—such cabins they were—will now become apparent.

In May, 1849, the innkeeper of Polomyja missed a couple of ducks, and his suspicion fell upon the beggar who lived there, and whom he held in no esteem, as he himself was a hard-working, industrious man, while Swiatek was intimidated himself, his wife, and children by mendicity, although possessed of sufficient arable land to yield an excellent crop of maize, and produce vegetables, if tilled with ordinary care.

As the publican approached the cottage a fragrant whiff of roast goose met his nostrils.

"I'll catch the fellow in the act!" said the innkeeper to himself, stealing up to the door, and taking good care that he should be observed.

As he threw open the door he saw the mendicant hurriedly shuffle something under his feet, and conceal it under his long clothes. The publican was on him in an instant, had him by the throat, charged him with theft, and dragged him from his seat. Under one of his sickening former limbs beneath the pauper's clothes rolled forth the head of a girl about the age of fourteen or fifteen years, carefully separated from the trunk.

In a short while the neighbors came up. The venerable Swiatek was locked up, along with his wife, his daughter—a girl of sixteen—and a son, aged five.

The hut was thoroughly examined, and the mutilated remains of the poor girl discovered. In a vat were found the legs and thighs, partly fresh, partly stewed or roasted. In a chest were the heart, liver, and entrails, all prepared and cleaned, as nearly as though done by a skilful butcher; and, finally, under the oven was a bowl full of fresh blood. On his way to the magistrate of the district the wretched man, being himself repeatedly on the ground, struggled with his guards, and endeavored to suffocate himself by gulping down clods of earth and stones, but was prevented by his conductors.

When taken before the Protokoll at Dalkow, he stated that he had already killed and—assisted by his family—eaten six persons. His children, however, asserted most positively that the number was much greater than he had confessed, and their testimony is borne out by the fact, that the remains of *fourteen* different cups and suits of clothes, male as well as female, were found in his house.

The origin of this horrible and depraved taste was as follows, according to Swiatek's own confession:

In 1846, three years previous, a Jewish tavern in the neighborhood had been burned down, and the host had himself perished in the flames. Swiatek, while examining the ruins, had found the half-roasted corpse of the publican among the charred rafters of the house. At that time the old man was craving with hunger, having been destitute of food for some time. The scent and the sight of the roasted flesh inspired him with an uncontrollable desire to taste of it. He tore off a portion of the carcass and satiated his hunger upon it, and at the same time he conceived such a liking for it that he could feel no rest till he had tasted again. His second victim was the orphan above alluded to; since then—that is, during the period of no less than three years—he had frequently satisfied in the same manner, and had actually grown sleek and fat upon his frightful meals.

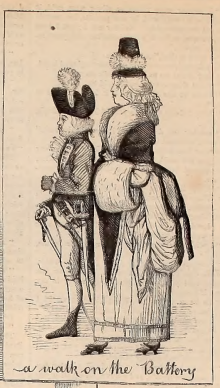
The excitement roused by the discovery of these atrocities was intense; several poor mothers, who had bewailed the loss of their little ones, felt their wounds reopened agonizingly. Popular indignation rose to the highest pitch; there was some fear lest the criminal should be torn in pieces himself by the enraged people, as soon as he was brought to trial; but he saved the necessity of precautions being taken to insure his safety, for, on the first night of his confinement, he hanged himself from the bars of his prison-window.

We gladly leave the matter here, thinking that perhaps it would have been hardly judicious to recall such an act of outrageous wickedness, were it not for the attention which has of late been directed to morbid diseases of the brain and [illegible] Such a case as that above recorded is [illegible] wife!

An OLIO of the Year 1800

Up-Town cit and his lady

Art of tying the cravat


a walk on the Battery

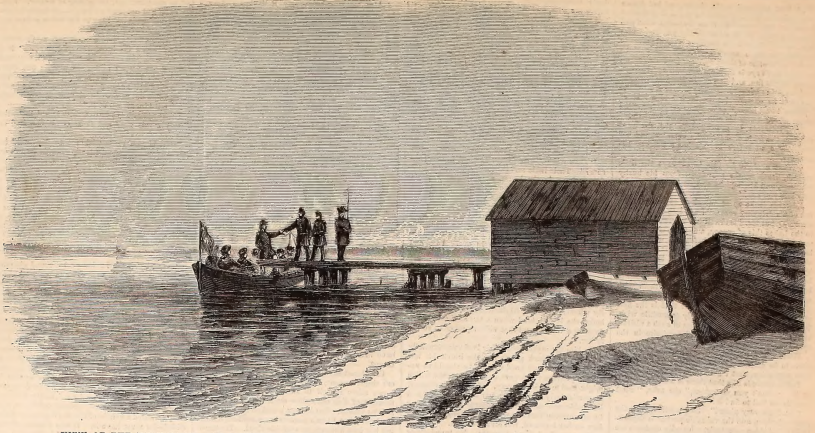
going to church

Fashionable Theatricals of 1800
(A SCENE FROM THE TRAGEDY OF DOUGLAS)

Gent of military turn of mind

Lady's Gentleman of 1800

A Belle of the period



VIEW OF THE BOAT-HOUSE AND LANDING AT FORT PICKENS, FLORIDA.—[FROM A SKETCH BY AN OFFICER OF LIEUTENANT SLEMMER'S COMMAND.]

BOAT-HOUSE AND LANDING AT FORT PICKENS.

WE publish herewith, from sketches kindly sent us by officers of Lieutenant Slemmer's command, a view of one of the ten flank casemate batteries at Fort Pickens, and a view of the boat-house at which all the interviews between the Secessionist leaders and the United States forces are held. One of our correspondents writes:

"FORT PICKENS, FLORIDA, *March* 18, 1861.

"Inclosed please find a drawing representing the Landing and Boat-house of Fort Pickens, Florida. This is the first and most familiar object that meets the visitor's eyes on coming to the fort, as it is the point where all must come who visit the island, and besides, as you come into the harbor, it is the only object that breaks the monotony of the beach for miles.

"On the left is the Quarantine Point, about seven miles distant. This is a projection from the main land. Pensacola lies across a bay to the left of the Quarantine. The central opening in the distant shore is the continuation of Pensacola Harbor to the eastward. The point on the right is 'Fair Point,' and at its base is an old Spanish fort, concealed by the boat-house. I will send you a sketch of it in a few days.

"The sentinel, at the moment I immortalized him, was watching the minnows.

"No strangers or secessionist friends are allowed to land at any point but this wharf. Here all interviews are held, and here Lieutenant Slemmer was thrice summoned to surrender—twice by Major Chase, in command of the united secession forces. The interviews on this wharf are frequent, and it was only yesterday that I met an old comrade who served with me in the Florida War, but who is now aid to Bragg; while the day before I met the embassador from Bragg, and recognized a former class-mate at West Point. Both are serving the secessionists, and came with letters from their commanders. We took a friendly glass while sitting on the wharf, and renewed assurances."

LOST!

A PARTING glance round the office, to assure himself all desks, closets, and iron safes are properly secured for the night, and the solicitor's confidential clerk locks up, and prepares for home.

ONE OF THE TEN FLANK CASEMATE BATTERIES AT FORT PICKENS, FLORIDA.—[DRAWN BY AN OFFICER OF LIEUTENANT SLEMMER'S COMMAND.]

With coat buttoned to the throat, and hat drawn over his eyes, Mark Edwards turns his steps toward Islington, and cheerfully faces the rough wind and drizzling rain, which unmercifully pelt and buffet him, as he vainly hails omnibus after omnibus to receive the same answer—"Full." But Mark makes no trouble of these out-door inconveniences, for his mind's eye is fixed on the well-covered breakfast table, bright fire, and best of all, the pretty young wife awaiting his return. The picture is so pleasant that he cheerily breaks forth into a line of "Home, sweet home," as he turns the corner of the street where stands his own trim little domicile.

Mrs. Edwards is peering into the darkness through the folds of the muslin curtains, and has the door open before Mark's hand touches the knocker.

"What a night for you, love!" says the little matron, brushing the rain-drops from his bushy whiskers, and kissing him compassionately; "what have late you are!"

Edwards looks up at the clock as he struggles out of his dripping coat: "I am late indeed!" he answers; but Mr. Pleadwell has started on his trip to the Lakes this afternoon, and there were a great many things to attend to before he went. And look here, I—this packet contains some valuable deeds and securities, which will be called for by the owner in a few days; so though it would have to go over one of them, but don't feel inclined to begin to-night. Where can I place them with safety?"

"Fanny suggests his desk, but that is the first article a burglar would be likely to meddle with. The wife's check pales at the idea of such a charge, and she considers. "That old escritoire in the spare bedroom, will not that do?"

Mark still hesitates. "I had so many injunctions to be careful, and not let them go out of my own possession, that I am afraid of even that."

Fanny reminds him that there is a secret drawer in it, that "no one remembers," she asks, "what trouble we had to find it?"

"Ha! the very place!" So his wife carries the candle for him, and the valuable packet is deposited in this hidden receptacle. Its only contents are a few highly scented letters, tied together with a piece of ribbon, the which Fanny, laughing and blushing, confesses are Mr. Mark Edwards's love effusions before marriage, carefully preserved to bear witness against him when he becomes cold and cross.

How is it that next evening his welcome is not such a smiling one as it usually is? A bitterly spiteful seemed depressed, and her eyes look as if they had been clouded with tears.

"Has you had any visitors to-day?" her husband carelessly inquires as he sips his tea.

The hesitating "No" is so faintly pronounced that the young man, hitherto preoccupied with business, looks up.

"That 'No' sounded like 'Yes!' Who has been here?"

"Only my brother George," Fanny answers in a low voice, and Mark, frowning, turns away, and takes up a book.

"My brother George" is his *aversion*, and the torment and trouble of his wife's family; always in difficulties, no sooner rescued from one scrape than running headlong into another, sometimes invisible for months, and suddenly reappearing to levy contributions on any relatives able or willing to assist him. Mark has repeatedly contemplated forbidding his visits; but then Fanny is so tender-hearted, and cherishes such a kindly belief in the prodigal's ultimate reformation, that her husband has not yet mustered sufficient firmness to enforce his wishes, although he knows where his wife's heart is most, and why she was called old velvet bonnet. Fanny seems to guess what is passing in his mind by her coming so softly to his side, and stroking his hair, and pressing her lips to his forehead, but neither of them say any thing, and Mark leisurely prepares for his task of conveying. When he has gone up stairs to fetch his papers, she lights an extra candle, and ensconces herself in a corner with her work-table, regretting as she does so that her "poor boy" must be bored with this odious writing when he ought to be resting. However, Mark soon comes down the stairs, three at a time, to ask, rather angrily, why she has moved his packet without mentioning it. With astonishment in her looks, his wife denies having done so, and inquires with him as to the spare bedroom, exerting her belief that he has overlooked the parcel. Not a thing is out of its place. The old escritoire stands exactly as they left it, the lock had not been tampered with, nor was the secret drawer open; and there, undisturbed, lie the love-letters; but the small brown-paper parcel, tied with pink tape, and sealed with the office seal, is gone!

The husband, suspecting he knows not what, looks almost sternly at his wife, whose answering glance is confused and full of terror.

"Tell me the truth, Fanny, my dear Fanny! Are you playing a trick to tease me? Remember, if I can not produce these papers, I am a ruined man! It would be worse than the loss of money; *that* I might replace, these I can not. Tell me at once where they are."

"Indeed, Mark, I know no more about them than you do yourself." They must be here; perhaps they have slipped behind the drawer."

Although next to impossible, the chance is not overlooked; hammer and chisel are soon fetched, and the back of the escritoire is knocked out, leaving no nook or cranny where the smallest paper could remain unperceived.

Almost beside himself, Mark leads his wife down stairs, and commences questioning her. Where is her key? On the ring; it has not been out of her possession. Has she been out? No. Is she quite sure of that? Quite.

Suspicions are crowding upon his mind; hints given before his marriage about Fanny Roberts's brother, and regrets uttered, even in his hearing, that a respectable young man like Mr. Edwards should lower himself by such a connection, are suddenly remembered and dwelt upon. He pauses before his wife, and sternly demands what errand had brought that brother of hers to his house. That brother of hers! What a speech! All Fanny's sisterly feelings are in arms, and yet her voice falters, for she is forced to own that it was the want of money. "And you told him I had been a-sleep in the house," Mark cries, accusingly. With a crimson face she angrily denies it. She did not mention Mark's affairs during their short interview. Is it likely she would do so? Or if she did, would George, poor foolish fellow that he is, steal up stairs and rob his sister's home? Ridiculous! Impossible!

"Impossible," Mark retorts, "without he possessed the key."

"It has not been out of my pocket," sobs Fanny.

"Then where," asks Mark, "are the missing papers?" Their little servant-maid away for a holiday—no one in the house, according to Fanny's own confession, but this young man. Where are the papers?

Receiving for reply a torrent of tears and protestations, he flings himself on the sofa, and tries to steady his nerves to the consequences of this extraordinary loss. And while Fanny goes and institutes an unavailing search in every box, and cupboard, and drawer where it could be possible to find such a parcel, he considers how it would be to explain how it could have withdrawn itself from the secret drawer to take refuge elsewhere. At his late return to the office next day? That packet must have been stolen. But how? When? By whom? Getting frightened at Mark's gloomy looks, she is delighted to see that he goes and institutes an unavailing search in every box, and cupboard, and drawer where it could be possible to find such a parcel, though it would be useless to explain how it could have withdrawn itself from the secret drawer to take refuge elsewhere. At his late return to the office next day? That packet must have been stolen. But how? When? By whom?

Getting frightened at Mark's gloomy looks, she is delighted to see that he goes and announces a visitor, and that visitor proves to be her father.

To him the mysterious affair is circumstantially detailed, and Mark points out the inevitable loss of his situation and good name if he should be unable to produce the papers, or even to say where they might lead to their recovery. To Fanny's dismay, he particularly dwells upon her brother's visit, and per haps unwarrantably enlarges upon the meaning by an entreaty that she will, if retaining any affection for her husband, tell all she knows.

But now the faith of womanhood, namely bear both his children accused of such a crime is more than his rather irascible temper will endure, and he enters a counter-accusation that Mark has, for some unworthy motive, removed the parcel himself. Words now become so hot and bitter that Fanny's distress is increased, not lessened by this charge, trembling, and sick with a bilious attack, she leads so earnestly with both, that Mark, more touched than he would like to confess, abruptly leaves them in the silent house. After some hours, the servant, the sound of his footsteps ceasing, the anxious wife creeps softly up the stairs, and is relieved to find him lying on the bed in uneasy slumber. Her father persuades her to rest too, but poor Fanny shakes her head, and still sits by his side, leaning her head on his arm and feeling more lonely and miserable than it had ever been her lot to feel before. What will poor Mark do? And what will become of her, if he persists in believing her guilty?

A footstep overhead startles them. "It is only Mark," says Fanny, after a moment's listening. "Poor fellow, I wish he had slept longer!"

In the modern six-roomed house every sound is distinctly audible, and Mark's movements in the chamber where stands the now shattered escritoire. After a short pause, he is heard slowly descending the stairs, and his wife prepares to resume her reclining position, and smoothes her disordered hair.

As he enters the room, Mr. Roberts lays his hand on his daughter's arm. "Look, child, look!" he whispers; and Fanny sees with astonishment that her husband is fast asleep, and holds in one hand the bundle of old love-letters.

Setting down his candle, Mark unlocks the front of his large and well-filled bookcase, and begins deliberately taking down, one by one, the handsome bound volumes of the "History of England," which grace the highest shelf; then he draws out a number of loose magazines, hidden there because of their untidy appearance; lays the old love-letters quite at the back of all, replaces the odd numbers, and resumes the volumes; not one, with carefully putting them even, locks the glass-doors, and is stalking away, when Fanny, with a cry which awakens him, snatches up the packet from the handsome bound volumes of the "History of England," which grace the highest shelf; then he draws out a number of loose magazines, hidden there because of their untidy appearance; lays the old love-letters quite at the back of all, replaces the odd numbers, and resumes the volumes; not one, with carefully putting them even, locks the glass-doors, and is stalking away, when Fanny, with a cry which awakens him, snatches up the packet from the bookcase, eyes, and wondering, he sees her eager fingers dragging Hume and Smollet from their proud position to assume the humbler one on the hearth-rug, and in the fender; the ones treasured *Belle Assemblées* are scattered in all directions; the highly prized love-letters recover their dignity, and lying then in the fender,

"My dear Sir," interrupted the lawyer, "there really is no money. I don't think I could squeeze out a fifty-pound note to save my own father from bankruptcy."

"Humph!" grunted Ralph, "it will bother me."

Crawshay's only reply was to put his hands in his pockets, and look more benevolent than before.

"How's Miss Annie?" he asked, after a pause.

"Oh, middling," replied Ralph.

An expression crept across his face which Crawsher did not observe.

"By-the-way, when did you see young Lucerne last?" he inquired.

"Six weeks back."

"Then you don't know what's occurred?"

"Eh? No. Nothing bad, I hope, to Lucerne; for he's a nice young fellow—plenty of money, and a good client."

"He's about making somebody a good husband," said Ralph, significantly.

"What?" cried Crawsher. "You don't mean — is it — is he going to marry our dear young lady?"

Ralph nodded. (A great vagabond was Ralph.) "I'm astounded! All settled?"

"Every thing."

"Humph! I'm right glad. A little business for me, too. I shall have Lucerne here shortly, no doubt, about the settlement. Ha! ha! But, stay, I'm forgetting your own particular matter."

"Oh, if there's not fifty pounds to be had—" Ralph was beginning, cavalierly.

"Oh, well, never mind that; we must see, you know. I've a client, the *protégé* of an old trader-man, who has lately died and left him a heap of money. I don't want to see you himself, for he's rather a funny customer. But come here the first thing in the morning, and I dare say we shall manage it. Good-by! good-by!"

"I think we shall be able to go back to Bramblestone afire and sound, Annie," said Ralph, when he had returned to his daughter.

"Thank God, papa!"

"There's no doubt he'll do it, I think," muttered Ralph, to himself. "He's running it rather close, though. I must have the money to-morrow."

Early the next morning Ralph was with Crawsher.

"Well," said the latter, "my man is in the other room."

"Can I have the money at once?" asked Ralph, with barely concealed anxiety.

"He'll give you the check in this room, my friend. I know he'll do it, for he said so; but he wants to see you."

He walked to the door of an inner room, and opened it.

"Walk in, Mr. Daunt. Will you be kind enough? Mr. Daunt, Mr. Mayner. Mr. Mayner —Eh! Bless me! what's wrong?"

Nothing, as far as Sydney Daunt was concerned, for the lawyer's communication had revealed to him (though he had said nothing to the lawyer) to w om he was asked to lend; but Ralph fell back, saying, huskily,

"Have we seen each other before, Sir?"

"I am Sydney Daunt," was the reply. "Twenty years since you and I were in Bramblestone church-yard. Nay, don't turn away, Mr. Mayner. Let that sad story drop. I have no desire for what men call revenge. You want a couple of thousand pounds—there is the check."

But even in that dire extremity, Ralph Mayner was the Ralph Mayner—the watcher of Bramblestone work-house; the cruel witness in Bramblestone church; his features grew ghastly, his limbs shaking in spite of him, so that he had to grasp the table for support.

"And do you think," he uttered, in a hoarse voice, "that I am become a weak, cry-baby thing like John Daunt, your father? Oh, this is beautiful! Here is a scene! Here is Christian vengeance! Shall I go upon my knees, and weep over you, young man? Shall I beg a blessing on you, and entreat forgiveness for the past? Hark ye, now! I would not turn limb from limb first! Sooner than take that check I'd burn myself bit by bit in yonder fire. I hate you! You have your triumph, you white-faced schools-girl; but it shall go no further. Even now, Ralph Mayner can despise you from the bottom of his soul, and can hurl at you a lasting defiance."

And he rushed from the room into the street, mad and desperate.

Many days had passed, and Annie had become uneasy on account of her father's lengthened absence. Toward afternoon she determined to seek him at Mr. Crawsher's office, which she knew to be in Gray's Inn. Being quite unacquainted with London, it is not strange that she lost her way, and, our pretty, fair-faced school-girl; but it shall go no further. Even now, Ralph Mayner can despise you from the bottom of his soul, and can hurl at you a lasting defiance."

And he rushed from the room into the street, mad and desperate.

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And he rushed from the room into the street, mad and desperate.

Many

THE NEW TARIFF ON DRY GOODS.

Unhappy condition of the Optic Nerve of a Custom House Appraiser who has been counting the Threads in a Square Yard of Fabric to ascertain the duty thereon under the New MORRILL Tariff. The Spots and Webs are well-known Opthalmic Symptoms. It is confidently expected that the unfortunate man will go blind.

THE LATEST MARTYR.

Horrible Phantasms disturb the Slumbers of the newly-appointed Custom-House Entry-Clerk, who has come into Office with the New MORRILL Tariff, and spent a Morning in the vain endeavor to make something out of it.

CONSULTING THE ORACLE.

PRESIDENT LINCOLN. "And, what next?"
COLUMBIA. "First be sure you're right, then go ahead!"

READS THE PAPERS.

Our Friend, MR. JONES, who is deeply interested in the condition of the country, takes all the Papers, and reads them thoroughly. The following Dispatches puzzle him somewhat:

The Cabinet have issued the orders for the Evacuation of Fort Sumter.—*Herald.*

It is at last decided that Fort Sumter shall be reinforced.—*Times.*

Orders were sent off last evening to Reinforce Major ANDERSON at all costs.—*Tribune.*

It is believed that Major ANDERSON Evacuated Fort Sumter by order of the Government last evening.—*World.*

NEW BOOKS NEARLY READY.

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HARPER'S WEEKLY.

A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION.

VOL. V.—No. 225.] NEW YORK, SATURDAY, APRIL 20, 1861. [PRICE FIVE CENTS.

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the Year 1861, by Harper & Brothers, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Southern District of New York.

ADVERTISEMENT.

In view of the momentous events which are impending, and of the possible outbreak of civil war, the proprietors of *Harper's Weekly* beg to draw public attention to the following list of engravings which have been published in this journal within the past few weeks, as evidence of the fidelity and thoroughness with which they are redeeming their pledge to "give a well-drawn, well-engraved, and well-printed illustration of every important event that occurs." Almost all of the illustrations of the Southern Forts have been made from drawings by United States Officers; and the proprietors of *Harper's Weekly* take this opportunity of informing Officers in the Army and Navy serving in the South that they will be glad to receive sketches of Forts and Scenes of Interest at the present crisis, and to pay liberally for such as they may use. Any officer in either service can obtain the *Weekly* gratuitously for six months by sending his address to this office.

Illustrations of the War.

SEVERAL SKETCHES OF MAJOR ANDERSON IN FORT MOULTRIE.
THE ENTRY INTO FORT SUMTER.
THE OCCUPATION OF CASTLE PINCKNEY.
MAPS OF THE CHARLESTON HARBOR.
PROFILE VIEW OF THE SAME.
THE MARINE SCHOOL AT CHARLESTON.
FORT SUMTER, FROM SULLIVAN'S ISLAND.
THE CUSTOM-HOUSE AND POWDER MAGAZINE AT CHARLESTON.
FORT MOULTRIE—CHARLESTON IN THE DISTANCE.
PORTRAIT OF MAJOR ANDERSON, U.S. ARMY.
PORTRAIT OF CAPTAIN FOSTER, U. S. ARMY.
PORTRAITS OF MAJOR ANDERSON'S COMMAND.

HON. CHARLES F. ADAMS, U. S. MINISTER TO ENGLAND.—PHOTOGRAPHED BY BRADY.—[SEE NEXT PAGE.]

PORTRAIT OF GOVERNOR PICKENS.
PORTRAIT OF JUDGE MAGRATH, SECRETARY OF STATE.
PORTRAIT OF SECRETARY OF WAR JAMIESON.
PORTRAIT OF REV. DR. BACHMAN.
PORTRAITS OF THE SOUTH CAROLINA DELEGATION IN CONGRESS.
THE WASHINGTON ARTILLERY OF CHARLESTON.
THE CHARLESTON ZOUAVES.
FORT JOHNSON, CHARLESTON HARBOR.
THE "STAR OF THE WEST."
THE PRAYER AT SUMTER.
FIRING ON THE "STAR OF THE WEST."
THE BATTERY AT FORT MOULTRIE BEARING ON FORT SUMTER.
DISMANTLED GUNS AT FORT MOULTRIE.
FORT SUMTER, SEEN FROM THE REAR.
THE MAIN BATTERY AT FORT SUMTER.
THE CASEMATES AT FORT SUMTER.
THE SALLY-PORT AT FORT SUMTER.
THE GORGE AT FORT SUMTER.
THE INTERIOR AT FORT SUMTER.
A TEN-INCH COLUMBIAD AT FORT SUMTER.
INTERIOR OF THE SALLY-PORT AT FORT SUMTER.
OFFICERS' QUARTERS AT FORT SUMTER.
THE GOOD-BY OF THE SOLDIERS' WIVES TO FORT SUMTER.
MAJOR ANDERSON'S QUARTERS AT FORT SUMTER.
AN EMBRASURE—OUTSIDE AND INSIDE—AT FORT SUMTER.
MAJOR ANDERSON'S COMMAND AT FORT SUMTER.
THE CITY OF CHARLESTON.
FORT MOULTRIE, AS SEEN FROM FORT SUMTER.
MORRIS ISLAND, AS SEEN FROM FORT SUMTER.
FORT JOHNSON, AS SEEN FROM FORT SUMTER.
THE IRON-CLAD BATTERY ON CUMMING'S POINT, AS SEEN FROM FORT SUMTER.
FORT PICKENS, PENSACOLA, LOOKING SEAWARD.
PORTRAIT OF LIEUTENANT SLEMMER.
PORTRAIT OF LIEUTENANT GILMAN.
FRONT VIEW OF FORT PICKENS, SHOWING THE SALLY-PORT.
THE FLAG-STAFF BASTION AT FORT PICKENS.
THE SALUTE ON 22D FEBRUARY AT FORT PICKENS.
THE BOAT-HOUSE AND LANDING AT FORT PICKENS.
ONE OF THE FLANK CASEMATE BATTERIES AT FORT PICKENS.

THE CONFEDERATE BATTERIES OPPOSITE FORT PICKENS, FLORIDA.—DRAWN BY AN OFFICER OF LIEUTENANT SLEMMER'S COMMAND.—[SEE NEXT PAGE.]

THE CONFEDERATE BATTERIES AGAINST FORT PICKENS.
SEA BATTERY AT FORT MONROE, VIRGINIA.
INTERIOR OF SEA BATTERY AT FORT MONROE.
TESTING THE BIG COLUMBIAD AT FORT MONROE.
THE RIP-RAPS.
SHIPS IN THE NORFOLK NAVY-YARD.
FORT JEFFERSON, TORTUGAS
FORT TAYLOR, KEY WEST.
FORT SMITH, ARKANSAS.
UNITED STATES ARSENAL AT LITTLE ROCK, ARKANSAS.
THE NAVY-YARD AT NORFOLK.
THE NAVY-YARD AT WASHINGTON.
FORT WACHITA, TEXAS.
FORT ARBUCKLE, TEXAS.
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FORT NORFOLK.
FORT WASHINGTON.
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The proprietors of *Harper's Weekly* beg to state that they have made the most extensive arrangements for the illustration of future movements at the South, and that the public may rely upon finding in *Harper's Weekly* an accurate and reliable picture of every scene of interest to which occurrences may direct attention. The increasing circulation of *Harper's Weekly* renders it a most desirable advertising medium.

HON. CHARLES F. ADAMS,

UNITED STATES MINISTER TO ENGLAND.

We publish on the preceding page, from a photograph by Brady, a portrait of the Hon. CHARLES F. ADAMS, who is to succeed Mr. Dallas at the court of St. James. Mr. Adams will fill one of the most important posts in the Government in the present crisis of the country.

He is the third member of his family who has represented the country in England. His grandfather, John Adams, was the first American Minister to the Court of St. James: it was to him that King George the Third delivered the famous speech, "I, only, Sir, of all men in England, as you may imagine, the sorriest to receive you here," etc. This was in 1785. Thirty years afterward, the son of John Adams, John Quincy Adams, was sent to England, and represented the country there for two years. He took with him his son, the present Charles F. Adams, who was eight years old at the time they arrived in London and went to an English school. Report states that he took his first lesson in the manly art of self-defence from some English fellow-pupils, whose sarcasms upon the United States were more than the young Yankee could tolerate.

Mr. Adams has lived a quiet, unobtrusive life. In 1848 he was a delegate to the famous Buffalo Convention, and was chosen President of that body: a post of which he discharged the duties with credit. He subsequently published the life and writings of his grandfather, John Adams—a work of great merit, which occupies a standard place in our political literature. Two years ago he was elected to Congress. He has not been a prominent member of Mr. Pike; but the first proposition for a compromise came from him: he represented Massachusetts in the famous perilous committee, and probably the most finished speech delivered in Congress on the crisis was his.

He is fifty-three years of age, and is in possession of a splendid fortune, part of which he derived from his wife.

FORT M'RAE, PENSACOLA.

We publish on the preceding page a view of FORT M'RAE, PENSACOLA, FLORIDA, from a sketch by an officer of Lieutenant Slemmer's command, who writes as follows:

"FORT PICKENS, FLA., *March* 29, 1861.

"DEAR SIR,—Inclosed is a sketch of Fort M'Rae, at the entrance of Pensacola Harbor, and directly opposite Fort Pickens, from which the view is taken. It is a little more than one mile and a quarter from Fort Pickens, and about one mile and three-fourths from Fort Barrancas. It shows from Fort Pickens 4 embrasures, having two tiers of casemate guns and one *en barbette*. None of the latter, however, are mounted, and but few of the former.

"The fort is on an island, being separated from the main land by a narrow, shallow cut (seen on the right), made—during the gale of September, 1858—from the bay through to the lagoons, seen in rear of the fort. In one place the water reaches to the walls of the fort; but near the southeast corner the sand has been thrown so high by the waves as to conceal several embrasures.

"To the south is seen the Water Battery, still unfinished and without guns. To the left of this is the house of the beacon-light keeper and Beacon-light, which is now seldom lighted. The small steamboat entering the harbor is the *Crusader*, which is kept running night and day by the 'harbor police,' for the purpose of cutting off any supplies that citizens, so disposed, might send either to the fleet or fort.

"In the fore-ground is seen the western extremity of Santa Rosa Island, on which Fort Pickens is situated.

"This portion—and, in fact, the whole island—is cut up by irregular sand-ridges, some of the hillocks rising as high as fifteen or twenty feet."

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

SATURDAY, APRIL 20, 1861.

THE RIGHT OF SECESSION.

THE State of Virginia has decided not to secede; but has adopted, in Convention, a series of resolutions affirming among other things, the right of a State to secede from the Union at will. In like manner, the State of Missouri, which is overwhelmingly opposed to secession, and the State of Kentucky, in which no Convention has been called, both declare that in the event of forcible measures being taken by the General Government to resist the dismemberment of the Union, they will take sides with the seceded States.

It seems questionable whether the continued alliance of these States, on these conditions, is an unmixed gain. If the Union of forts is a confederacy of States which is liable to be dissolved at the will of any of the States, and if no power rests with the General Government to enforce its laws, it would seem that we have been laboring under a delusion these eighty years in supposing that we were a nation, and the fact would appear to be that the several States of the Union have really been united by no closer bond than that which connects us with Great Britain and France—a mere treaty stipulation, which any of the parties were at liberty to annul at pleasure.

It is of the essence of nationality that the Government of the whole shall be obeyed by each constituent part, and that the armaments of the nation shall bind each and every section thereof. If any one part can declare itself not bound by the national laws and obligations, then no part is bound, and such laws as a bad tariff; next, the conclusion of an unpopular treaty; next, the creation of a large debt; next, the declaration of a doubtful war. If the right of secession be admitted, each of these causes may be successfully invoked by any State to justify the repudiation of the laws, treaties, and pecuniary obligations of the government. What is this but anarchy?

The question, therefore, which is presented to the people of the Northern States by the people of the border States of Virginia, Kentucky, and Missouri is, whether or not they will accept organized anarchy as the normal condition of their political existence, as the price of retaining these States in the Union?

Suppose the Pope, as the sovereign of Rome, and Francis-Joseph, as the sovereign of Venetia, were to say to Victor Emanuel, King of Italy:

"Sire, you are anxious to unite Italy under one head. On certain terms we will confederate with you. You shall give us the benefit of your laws, your taxes, your army, your post-office, your national prestige, your power. You shall protect us against the foreign world, so that our citizens shall be safe wherever they go. You shall grant us the loan of your national credit, so that the money needed for our national public works can be raised. You shall put down robbers and pirates in our midst. In return for this we will give you our allegiance *as long as we please;* but from the hour we decide to withdraw it you shall have no right to coerce us, or to keep us within your dominion by force."

An Italian Parliament under King Emanuel would be likely to reply to this proposal by remarking that it offered him a one-sided bargain; that a compact which could be shuffled off by one of the parties at the will of the other was hardly worth making; that if Venetia and Rome really sought admission into the kingdom of Italy, they must first admit that Italy was a nation, and that its laws must be enforced throughout its territory; and that whatever conditions Venetia and Rome sought to make with the parent State, they must not be mentioned until the vital consideration of a stable nationality and a universal acquiescence in the authority of the general laws of the kingdom had been settled forever.

This, in our friend's opinion, is the way the question would be viewed in Italy.

THE MISSION OF THE NEGRO.

A TIMELY book, pending the present excitement on slavery in this country, is SEWELL'S "ORDEAL OF FREE LABOR IN THE WEST INDIES." Every one knows that the negroes in the British West Indies were emancipated in 1838, and those in the French and Danish Islands in 1848. The negroes in the Spanish Islands are still in a condition of slavery. Mr. Sewell spent two years in traveling through those islands, making observations, collecting statistics, and comparing opinions; the result of his travels is to be found in the compact volume now appearing from the press of the Harpers.

Two opinions are entertained by two antagonistic sects with regard to British emancipation in the West Indies. The prevailing notion in this country is that emancipation was a mistake; that it ruined the islands, and did not benefit the negro; that it sacrificed the white man without helping the black. Another opinion, which is the common notion held in England, is that emancipation—with compensation to the planter—was a noble instance of national devotion to principle; that the islands were ruined, not by emancipation, but by the previous bad management and wasteful living of the planters; that the negroes, after idling for a generation, as was natural to a race suddenly freed from a bondage of centuries, are now slowly reviving to usefulness, and acquiring habits of labor, industry, and virtue.

The partisans of both these opinions will find material to sustain their views in Mr. Sewell's most conscientious and dispassionate work. That the author has opinions of his own there can be but little doubt. He writes, however, so impartially that we are inclined to think that both the slavery and the anti-slavery leaders will, on the strength of isolated passages and statements, claim him as an ally.

The work will doubtless furnish material for a library of controversial essays on the vexed question.

THE BORDER STATES.

THERE are no States in the Union or out of it which are so deeply interested in the maintenance of peace, order, and good government as Maryland, Virginia, Tennessee, Kentucky, and Missouri. For of all the States, Nature has done most for them. God created them the garden of the continent. Blessed with a soil of unusual fertility, and a climate exquisitely adapted to the requirements of heat and cold, they enjoy the advantages of both the northern and the southern meridians, and have, if their people do not prevent Providence, a greater fitness than any part of the country. They can grow every thing, from the northern potato and apple to the southern cotton-plant, the grape, and the fig. Their soil overlies mines of gems of various kinds, iron, gold, copper, lead, and coal. They stretch in an unbroken line from the great waters of the interior to the great ocean which washes the continent. If they maintain peace and good government, their latitude must render their railroads the great avenue between the West and the East. Their climate is such that it is a miracle they have not absorbed the whole population of the continent. To a dweller in frozen Michigan or torrid Louisiana, life under the genial sun of Virginia seems a dream of impossible bliss. In the shade of the grand old woods of that noble State, with no winter snow-storms, no summer dog-days, no deadly epidemics, no frightful labor-problem for existence, but just such a rotation of seasons as gives a relish to each, and tempts the earth to bring forth her regular increase, GEORGE WASHINGTON beguiled his declining years with visions of the future glories of his native soil, and of the possible predominance of the Potomac over all other rivers of America. Can such a State seek to emulate the desolate and barren regions in Mexico and Central America, to which God, in His Providence, was originally as bountiful as to her?

BETTER THAN DOLLARS.

Is there any thing better than dollars? Actual dollars, bankable, redeemable in gold on presentation?

"No, Sir," says our old friend, COTTON PORK, Esquire, "there is not. Young people talk sentiment about honor, and principle, and patriotism, and that sort of thing; but there is nothing reliable in the world but dollars." And Cotton Pork is sincere. He acts up to his principles. He married a sickly, cross-grained wife whom he did not love, but who had dollars, in preference to a sweet girl whom he loved—far as he could—but who had none. He commits acts in business daily which are not honorable, and endeavors to justify them by the plea of nationality and a universal acquiescence in the authority of the general laws of the kingdom. It has been settled forever.

Cotton Pork is a Northern man. Mostly from New England, though often transplanted to New York, and doing well in our climate. Some varieties of his genus have been tried at the South, but they don't thrive there. They can't stand so much sun.

At the South—an odd region—dollars are well thought of, to be sure, but still they don't govern. People don't measure each other on plantations by the bankable fund they own; nor is public policy exclusively adjusted to the dollar standard. It seems ridiculous, but people talk and think much more about honor at the South than about dollars. Our friend Cotton Pork is, of course, ready to prove that they are a very deluded race; that they don't agree even among themselves as to what honor requires; and that they would have done much better to have kept their eye always fixed on the main chance. But he don't convince them. In South Carolina they go to prodigious expense, sacrifice the trade of their port, mulct their rich men, and drive their poor out of employment; but they stick firmly to their point of honor. In New York Cotton Pork pooh-poohs the firing on the *Star of the West*, demands the evacuation of Sumter, declares himself ready to vote for slavery in New York, but talks like a mild Abolitionist. He is told that New Orleans is going to import pork or ny cloth. In Louisiana private citizens subscribe for five millions of the new loan of the Southern Confederacy at par—knowing the prospect of the security; in New York Cotton Pork, Esq., condescends to come to the relief of his country by taking United States Treasury notes at twelve per cent. discount, which, as currency is not worth over six, is not so very expensive patriotism.

Yet Cotton Pork is a patriot—in one way. He is dead against civil war. "What," says he, "imbrue our hands in our brothers' blood—and knock Central down to 50? Deluge the country with blood—and send to our trade in pegged boots? Spread havoc through peaceful vales—and deprive us of a market for gunny cloth? Carry the sword and torch into happy plantations—and write off our outstanding Southern claims? Stain the national flag with American blood—and hand over the Southern market to foreigners? Never, never, never!" The good man's bosom swells at the theme, and he denounces fighting with the energy of a Quaker. Strange, how differently they talk down South! They spend no energy in denouncing civil war. They do not want to fight. They seek peace. But if it comes, they will make no wry faces. It will cost them much, but they utter no such philanthropic shrieks as proceed from the mouth of Cotton Pork. They seem to think that there are things worse than fighting in this world—and better than dollars. An odd people, surely.

THE LOUNGER.

CHURCH'S NEW PICTURE.

IF the last number of Thackeray's "Philip" there is some very pleasant talk about artists, *apropos* of our old friend in "The Newcomes," J. J. Ridley, who lived in the Fitzroy Square Academician. Thackeray has a fond hankering for art and artists. He always describes them well. He knows the Bohemian life in which they are wont to dwell. There is a freshness, a simplicity, a sweetness and pathos in the pursuit of art and the character of artists which especially interest and charm a man who is much in what is technically called the world. Besides, Thackeray's homage to the studio has a genuine regret in it. He has not wanted to be a painter; and they are his own sketches, the same old familiar faces, with which we are regaled in the "Roundabout Papers."

"To be a painter," says Thackeray, in the character of Arthur Pendennis, "and to have your hand in perfect order, I hold to be one of life's *summa bona*. The happy mixture of hand and head work must render the occupation supremely pleasant. In the day's work must occur endless delightful difficulties and occasions for skill over the details of that armor, that drapery, or what not, the sparkle of that eye, the downy blush of that cheek, the jewel on that neck, there are beauties to be fought and victories to be won." And so on to the end of a pleasant paragraph. And who has not thought so a thousand times as he ascended (painters are apt to dwell near heaven) to the studio? As he passed in among the canvases and breathed the atmosphere of art? Who has not thought of Noma entering the sweet-scented wood to commune with the nymph? As he came out again, and descended to earth and mixed the streets once more, who has not felt as Mignon felt wandering over Germany but yearning for Italy? What was the longing and fragrant memory of youth and travel? Answer, Cape Greco; answer, Lepre; answer, hilarious nights when, as Topas modestly declared, all baggage was at the risk of the owner.

Thinking these things in the luxurious chair in the upstairs studio, idly regarding the buffalo plunging headlong from the wall, and the butterfly, burning spot of splendor by his side, we have had yet little time to see the picture which we have all known was painting for us: the new work of the year, which is as surely and sternly required of a famous painter as of a successful novelist. There it is, at last. It is about the size of the Heart of the Andes, but rather smaller. It is as solid a picture as we ever painted, but there is nothing before you but air, light, and water. In the centre of the middle distance, a huge iceberg, a drifting glacier at sea: beyond it, at the left, the scene opens out into the solemn, dark distance of a sullen sea, with two distant piles and peaks of ice, leading the eye away, away, to the cloudy gloom that muffles the horizon; while beyond it, at the right, in pale blue, luminous shadow, the shining crags, and angles, and buttresses of ice, mingle in receding obscurity—an awful gorge of

death and shadowy splendor. In the fore-ground, at the left, a vast jagged cliff of splintering, shattered, crystal green and blue ice stretches from the bottom to the top of the canvas; immediately in front there is a rough and fissured plain of ice, then an opening of water; and at the left foreground a fantastic fret-work worn by ceaseless currents in the ice, floating isles of emerald, many arches, among which a rock is caught and held, bewilderment of shifting hues. Between the plain of ice and the iceberg the main distance, a bay makes up from the outer sea—a bay secluded in mid-ocean by icy constructs, that turn, and grind, and crash, and roll thundering under, leaving the secluded bay a wild yeast of tossing sea. The long line of ocean swell comes rippling up the reach. There is no sign of human life. All is silence, solitude, and desolation. If the smooth snow-peaks, flushed with sunset, that you see from the terrace at Berne, should meet you nearer, drifting along the coast of Labrador, you would see what you know in Church's picture.

Much of the charm of such a work lies of course in the exquisite delicacy and play of tint. The transparent gleams; the glimmering vistas of cold, rich light; their shifting, evanescent hues of pools and shining points; the vast, thick ribs of dull green crystal; the ghostly glare—these cast a phantom and spectral spell. But some absolutely talent that last year did not hesitate to cope with all the intricacy of tropical luxuriance now revels in Arctic magnificence; and the same conscientious fidelity, the same sensitive apprehension of color and light, the same calm self-reliance of the artist, will unquestionably conquer the same success.

THE RIGHT OF REVOLUTION.

THERE is one axiom in which all humane and thoughtful men are agreed; and that is, that war, being among the most fearful of evils, should be postponed as long as the welfare of society allows and that therefore revolution should be considered as the last and most solemn and dreadful appeal. The conscience of mankind sits in perpetual judgment upon every national movement which involves the shedding of blood, and will brand forever the author of dispute. It holds that a revolution must be clearly shown to be necessary before it can be justified; the hopelessness of legal remedy must be perfectly plain, before the cry for revolution becomes other than a summons to blood and pillage.

When great wrongs have been endured in personal rights or property interest, which it is the object of Government to protect, and the Government declines to defend them, or even insists upon inflicting the wrong—then, when argument, appeal, entreaty, have failed, there remains but one method, and the Government itself is guilty of provoking the struggle. But this can only be true of an unchangeable government. Wherever the Government is constantly and directly responsible to the people, there, if Parliament, by its vote and by its action, is the instrument, there by the limit resort to arms. The Government, of course, could do only what could be legally done if the Government did at the time of the Charitist riots, maintain general order and insist upon the observance of the laws.

Nor can it be any such thing allowed by men of sense as a prospective revolution; or an appeal to arms to settle difficulties that may arise, but have not arisen. But this is precisely what is the destruction of human society. If, however, a large body of men, discontented with the operation of a political measure, proposed to obtain a fundamental law to the extent of terminating the Government, but strictly according to the terms prescribed by the Constitution itself, by which alone it can be made lawful, no man who honestly believes in the government of the majority, or the practical principle of republics, would wish to prevent such a change. You may go out of my house, certainly, but you must not pull the house down as you go. In other words, you may change the government, if you wish, by orderly constitutional means, because otherwise you injure those who wish to retain it, and whom you do not wish to injure. Under a popular representative government, which provides for its own change, any change which, if seriously desired by any considerable number of citizens, can always be obtained. Why, then, appeal to anarchy?

These are truths which no calm and intelligent man in any part of this country could seriously dispute: and if we all had them sincerely at heart, no trouble could arise among ourselves that might not be amicably settled.

A GALLERY OF CASTS AT LAST.

THE Lounger has often enough spoke of the noble Meng's Museum of casts in Dresden, which contains the most accurate reproductions in plaster of the finest statues in the world. The collection is unique and invaluable; for a plaster cast of a statue is the next perfect of all things to the statues in art. It was a very feasible thing for many of our wealthy men who would build themselves such a pretentious mansion as Astor in the Library, Cooper in the Institute, and Vassar in the College have built, to found a gallery of casts, which should give us in New York an accurate knowledge and enjoyment of what we must now wise cross seas and travel thousands of miles to behold.

The beginning has at last been made. Thanks to the energy and tact of Henry T. Tuckerman, the fine collection of casts which belonged to the Sculptor Crawford has been secured, and will be held upon for free public view and study under the auspices of the Central Park Commission. Those who were travelers in Italy of late years will remember this noble selection, and will appreciate the value of such a nucleus. Like the Egyptian Museum of Dr. Abbott, and the Astor Library, it is one of the natural ornaments of a metropolis; and it is one of those possessions whose value every man of taste and means may increase, by adding casts of such works as are not already included. In this way, rapidly and at the smallest expense, the finest gallery of the kind in the world may be secured.

POSTERITY *vs.* THE POST-OFFICE.

AT last New York is to have a Post-office. The disgraceful shed in which the letter business of the city has been transacted is to give way to a new and, we all hope, an entirely adequate building. The long and loud quarrel over the site has been settled by the Postmaster-General, who retains the present one. The merchants, all who do business in the immediate vicinity, have been clearly of opinion that for every conceivable reason the site should not be changed. But the other merchants and all who do business further up town, have been equally of opinion that for the same number of equally weighty reasons the Post-office should be transferred to some other spot. Thus our excellent friend the *Evening Post*, which is posted directly opposite the corner of the present office, has been firmly persuaded that it ought to stay where it is; while our other excellent friend the *Tribune*, which rents the Park, has been sufficiently big in the faith that it ought to be moved up town, and placed somewhere convenient to the great centre of thing-ness, for instance, upon the north side of the Park.

But the final authority has decided what ought to have been plainest to the meanest of the new Post-office is to be built upon the site of the old. Of course such a decision is not made without ample reasons. And, of course, when the march of the business-city may be up town, the lower part of the town will always be occupied by stores and commercial establishments of all kinds, which are their friends and servants. Moreover, the kind of trade which is likely to remain in that neighborhood is the banking business. The banks, with the banks, has a heavy correspondence. Besides, although the Park may, by-and-by, be more of a practical residence than it now is, the Fifth Street—our practical centre is what's wanted—yet who should posterity win all the prizes? Posterity has a capital chance and plenty of plums, as it is. Posterity has drawn the Astor Library as a very pretty prize it is. Why should Posterity grudge us a convenient Post-office? Posterity will doubtless dwell upon the glories of Washington's last words, some of us, who have got the start of Posterity in point of time, upon Brooklyn Heights. We want our rivers where they are and not Hudson-bloken. All in good time. Why will not Posterity consent to be satisfied with its fair share and be packed? Is there to be no end to its little heir-loons? Then let it tell us how many letters it writes? Does Posterity correspond with China? (If it does, perhaps it will be time enough to say which is more than the Post-office could, or would do, of late.) Does Posterity correspond with any thing but the future? Has Posterity ever had its head pestered with an incessant clamor of applicants. But of all vociferous solicitation this of Posterity is the most unpardonable.

A LITTLE CHARITY.

IT is never worth while to get out your forty-pounder to blow up a mosquito. A brush of the finger answers the purpose. Likewise it is always amusing and unnecessary to expend wrath upon my obvious mistakes. Let us reserve wrath for serious and important things. A friend writes to the *Weekly* that he "must hope, for the honor of your literary critic, that it was a typographical error" that in the close of the seventeenth century, when evidently the close of the sixteenth was intended, otherwise his information with regard to the progress of literature "is worth, as it is, many shillings and unnecessary to expend wrath upon my obvious mistakes. Let us reserve wrath for serious and important things. A friend writes to the *Weekly* that he "must hope, for the honor of your literary critic, that it was a typographical error" that in the close of the seventeenth century, when evidently the close of the sixteenth was intended, otherwise his information with regard to the progress of literature "is worth, as it is,

Now, what a superfluity of lofty correction is here? If a man of ordinary reading says that at the time of the Reformation, or about the 15th century, when evidently the close of the sixteenth was intended, otherwise his information with regard to the progress of literature "is worth, as it is, manifestly a slip either of the pen or the types, why not have the same charity?

MUSIC OF THE FUTURE.

WAGNER'S Opera, the *Tannhäuser*, has been produced in Paris, and failed entirely. Money was spent in profusion, every advantage of scenery and costume was given to the piece, and the orchestra were perfectly drilled, preliminary puffs, and the national sympathy of the great number of Germans resident in Paris, were not omitting: there was the most ample and careful preparation, as if one of Meyerbeer's great works were to be produced: the house was crowded on the first and second nights—but the third night has not come. The musical burst in the very crisis of the opera, whereby is meant the second and third act, spiritual change in the hero's mind, instead of thrilling Paris, made it laugh. That, of course, was the end. The Wagner composer of the future, "gay, pleasant Paris" is *beaucoup-bored*, we won't let our ears stand in their way." And so they pass it on to the Fatirs, scrupulously declining to hear.

Our Philharmonic Society will not be allowed to overture several times, and we are all more or less familiar with it. There are passages of great beauty and power, and the final triumphal march is certainly very grand. Even laughing Paris does not deny him genius. But there is undoubtedly a grandiose effect throughout which is unsatisfactory. You find yourself saying to the instruments, as Hamlet said to the players: Leave your thunder and your lightning. There is an elaborate anticipation and preparation; but when you ask when, in pity's name, is it coming, you learn to your dismay that the act has come and passed.

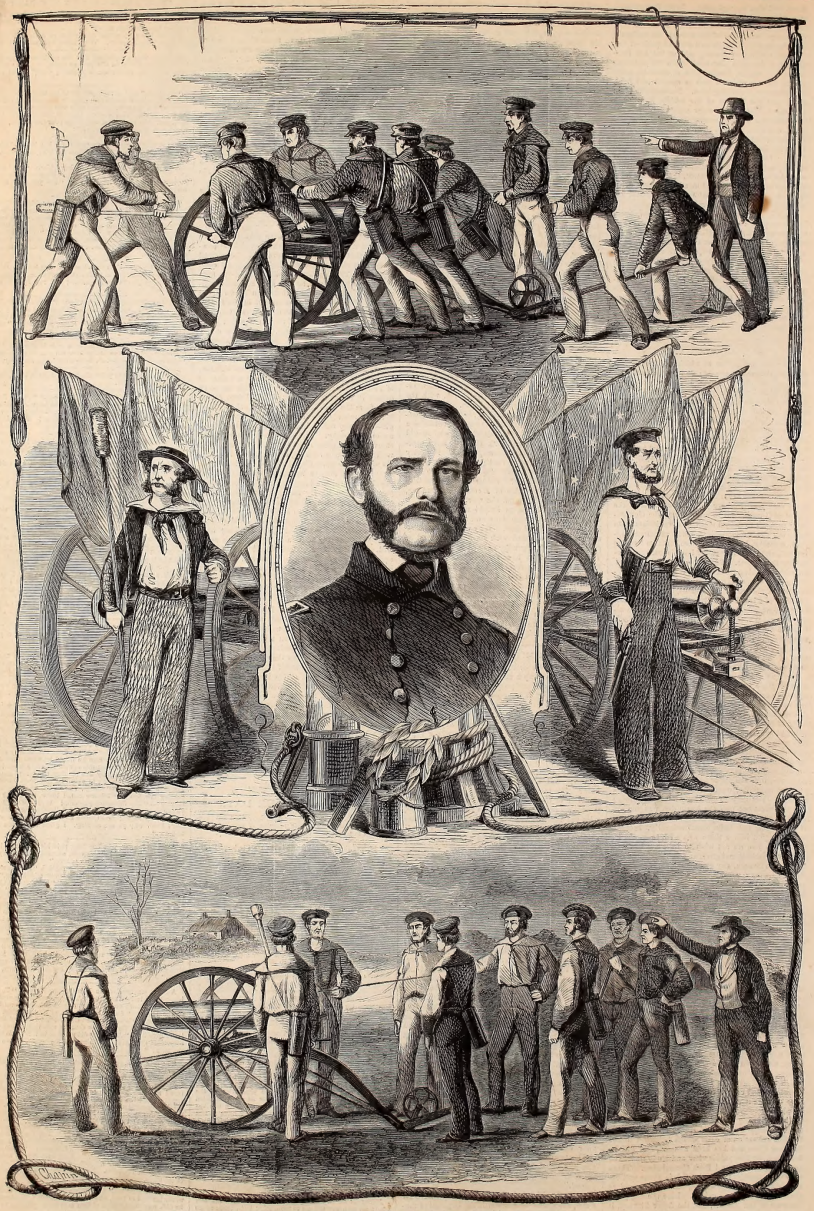
Still a Parisian judgment is only conclusive for Paris, after all. Meyerbeer is the imperative musical fashion in Paris, although he is a German. But, in general, Germany insists upon its own music so strongly that Paris rebels. Paris does not believe there can be a good German singer. "Mon Dieu! they don't know how to open their mouths!" Formes and Standigl, both made their names in London. Jenny Lind, knowing the Parisian jealousy, would never sing in the gay city. "Dear Sir," said she to a manager to the gay city, as we sit in the *Opera Comique* listening to Ugalde in *L'Ambassadrice*—and how smiling, and pretty, and fluent, and French it was!—"I think Jenny Lind knows too much to come to Paris: we should find her out!" This Lounger was fresh from Berlin, where he had just heard Jenny Lind in *Fra Diavolo*, and he replied with ardor, "But, my dear Sir, Jenny Lind despises Paris." The other Lounger smiled, as Cleopatra smiled when told that a poor Italian woman of the Nile had told her that she wouldn't be queen of Egypt. A Frenchman's idea of heaven is Paris, only more so.

So if Wagner has failed in Paris, there may be many reasons for the failure besides the music.

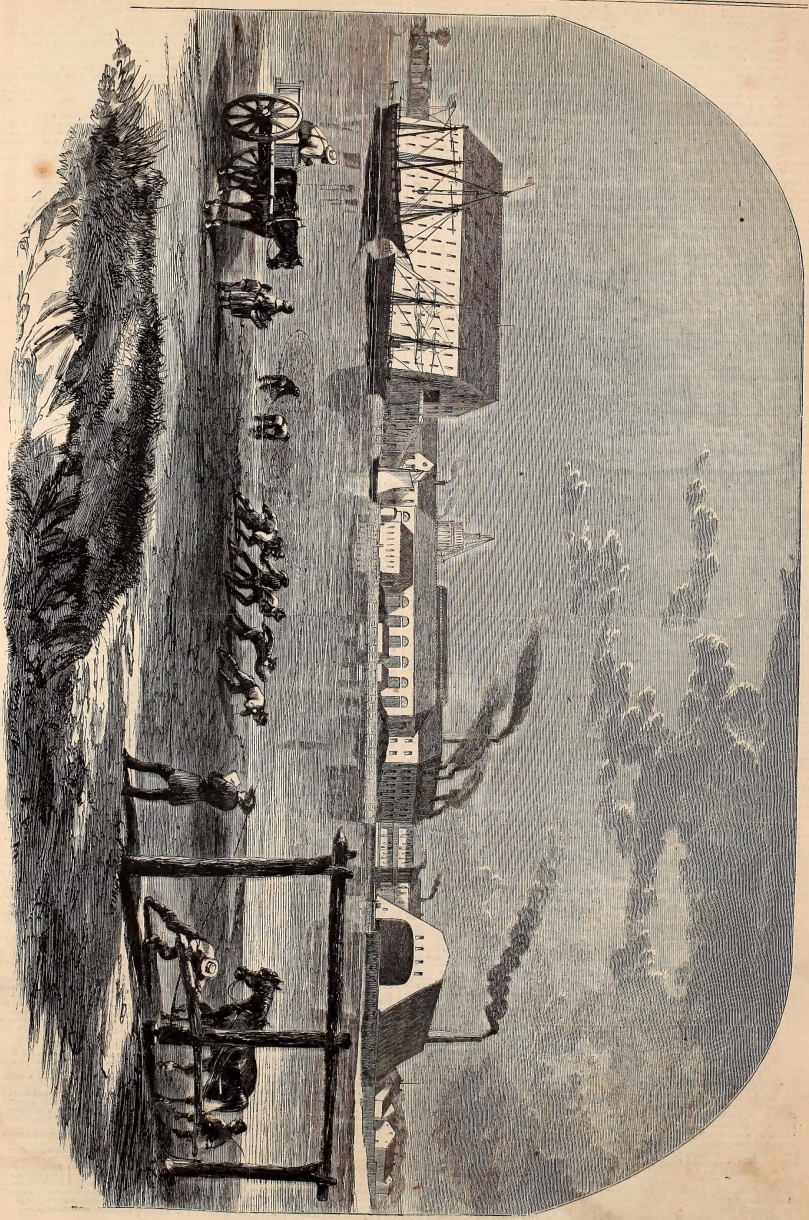
THE CALM CAVOUR.

WHEN the calm Cavour says that the Pope's temporal must be separated from his spiritual power, and that Rome must be the capital of united Italy, he is only saying what all dreams are coming true. The cautious Sardinian minister says nothing so bold until he has seen how his words have been made good. No one can be no doubt that we shall soon see another act in the Italian drama. The Pope, in his turn, protests. Cardinal Antonelli has issued such a pamphlet. The Bishop of Poictiers, in France, launches his mimic thunders at the Emperor. Austria threatens in Venetia; but Cavour, always moderate, wise, does not hesitate to raise his fatal hand and write *Mene, mene* upon the walls of the political Vatican.

It does not seem impossible that the most acute of Italian statesmen is of the inevitable course of events in his country. From the Alps to Taranto, from the Gulf of Venice to the Gulf of Genoa, is to be one and free. Then comes the great struggle—after the battle is fought comes the organization of victory. And it is often more trying than defeat to great causes; and a wise man may well tremble when his cause succeeds. But with the spirit which has accomplished the most ast



COMMANDER DAHLGREN, U.S.N., AND THE DAHLGREN GUN.—[FROM PHOTOGRAPHS.]—SEE PAGE 246.



THE WASHINGTON NAVY-YARD, WITH SHAD FISHERS IN THE FOREGROUND.—[See Page 246.]

COMMANDER DAHLGREN AND HIS GUNS.

In a recent number we published a picture of Captain Rodman's big Columbiad at Fort Monroe. We now publish on page 244 a series of pictures illustrating the Dahlgren gun, with a portrait of Commander Dahlgren.

This distinguished officer of the United States Navy is a native of Pennsylvania. He entered the service as a Midshipman in 1826, became a Lieutenant in 1837, and a Commander in 1855. For the last fifteen years he has been engaged at the Navy-yard at Washington in superintending the construction of artillery. The service owes to him, first, the heavy guns which bear his name, and also a very efficient armament for boats, consisting of 12 and 24-pound bronze howitzers of light pattern, which throw shells, shrapnel, and canister. Before his time boats were armed merely with shot guns, carronades, and land pieces, which were obviously unsuitable for service at sea. His vigilance and energy have now provided our boats with an admirable system of ordnance, and contributed not a little to the general efficiency of our naval gunnery.

The large Dahlgren guns with which our new steam frigates are armed are regarded as the most perfect models yet constructed. The weight of metal between the muzzle and the trunnions is reduced, and is placed about the breech, where most strength is required. In length, weight, and height the 8-inch Dahlgren does not differ materially from the 32-pounder. Its dimensions are as follows:

Length of bore	10 feet 3 inches.
Weight	63 cwt.
Ranges at 5°, 10°, 15°, with 9 pounds powder,	1°7

The navy 32-pounder sends a ball or shell 1930 yards, when fired at an elevation of 5° with nine pounds powder. The great 9 and 11-inch guns are still an experiment.

The fuse used in the Dahlgren howitzers was invented by Colonel Borman, of the Belgian Artillery. Our correspondent writes: "When the charge is to be placed in the gun, the time for explosion—from a quarter of a second to five seconds —can be calculated by cutting away the soft metal of which the cover to the fuse chamber is composed at the time, as marked upon the fuse. The discharge of the gun ignites the fuse, which, burning the time marked, reaches the chamber of grained powder, which explodes the thin covering between the bottom of the shell and explodes the whole. I have seen the Dahlgren howitzer discharged four times within twenty seconds. Each charged case contains eighty musket balls; this would give nearly a thousand balls per minute from a single piece—and then, too, the shell is exploded at will at any given point."

THE WASHINGTON NAVY-YARD.

We publish on page 215 a view of the Washington Navy-yard, showing the shed-dishers in the fore-ground pursuing their peaceful calling, and the engines of dread war in the whole back-ground of the picture.

The Washington Navy-yard lies on the north bank of the Anacostia, a branch of the Potomac, about one mile from the junction. The waters of this stream are of considerable width, and though the channel is very narrow, it has been practicable for the largest ships of war; but from neglect it is now so shoaled that vessels must only pass at high-water and with great care can vessels of 17 and 18 feet get to the navy-yard. This navy-yard was located very near the city itself, and being at the seat of Government, has been more used for building and fitting ships than its remoteness from the ocean might be supposed to make convenient. The *Chesapeake* was prepared here for sea in 1807, previous to her encounter with the *Leopard*. In 1814, when the British occupied Washington, a fine frigate, in process of building, and the *Argus*, 18, were burned to prevent their being taken. The *Columbus*, 74 (1819); frigates *Potomac* (1821), *Brandywine* (1825), and *Columbia* (1836); sloops-of-war *St. Louis* (1828), and *St. Mary's* (1844); schooners *Grampus*, *Shark*, and *Dolphin*; and the steam-frigate *Minnesota* (1855), were all built here.

The yard is best known, however, for its facilities in preparing supplies for the Navy of a peculiar description.

All the anchors and chain cables for the Navy are made here, and under the eye of that faithful old son of Vulcan, Mr. Tucker. This has been his province for nearly half a century, and though scarcely as active as he has been, he is yet to be seen, early and late, in the active performance of his business, and the full vigor of a green old age.

The range of buildings for the manufacture of steam-engines is perhaps unsurpassed in this country for its extent, convenience, and excellent machinery. Here was made the engine of the *Minnesota*; and if it sustains the same standard of work in future, the establishment need not fear competition in that line. Here, too, was cast the engine of the *Richmond* was executed, and now the machinists are busy putting up that of the *Pensacola*, a new design by Mr. Sickles. Here presides Mr. Bright, an able and industrious engineer, who was trained in the yard.

In the same buildings are manufactured all the bronze howitzers for the Navy, also supplies of various kinds, such as fuses and rockets, shrapnell, shell, etc., for the howitzers, caps and ammunition for the small-arms.

This is under the direction of Captain Dahlgren, by whom all the product establishments was designed and put into operation during the last ten or twelve years, except the Laboratory, which owes its existence to the late Mr. Coster, an accomplished pyrotechnist.

The several parts of this branch are the Mechanical Department, the Laboratory, the Gun Foundery, carriage-makers, etc.

One of the most important is the experimental Battery, where may be seen every model of artillery, new or old, rifled or smooth, and where have been first put into practice the important changes that are noticeable in the new steamers of the Navy.

The entire yard is under the command of Captain Buchanan, and its beautiful condition is not only creditable to his personal taste and industry, but is evidence that an officer so distinguished for his ability on board ship can be equally so in a yard. His many friends in the city will rejoice to record him in and out of his profession.

Here, too, in the extensive and excellent building and library of the Navy, as indeed of every other navy-yard in the United States, may be observed the results of able and faithful management by the several officers in charge of the Bureau of Yards and Docks—Commodore Jos. Smith—one of the few who have survived the perils of 1812, and the labors of continued service since that epoch. He played an active part in the stubborn fight on Lake Champlain, and now seems barely touched by the intervening period of half a century.

THE UNITED STATES FLEET OFF FORT PICKENS.

We publish on pages 248 and 249 a picture of the steam-frigate Powhatan now lying off Fort Pickens, at Florida. She is a vessel of 3765 tons, and besides the frigate *Sabine*, the sloop of war *St. Louis*, the steamers *Crusader* and *Wyandot*, and a supply ship. They lie about three miles off the shore, and form a beautiful picture as seen from Fort Pickens.

The following list will give the strength, and the names of the officers of the respective vessels:

FRIGATE "SABINE"—FIFTY GUNS.

Captain—Henry A. Adams. *Lieutenant and Executive Officer*—J. R. Mullany. *Lieutenants*—George F. Wyman, W. A. Murray, Robert B. Hitchcock. *Surgeon*—Antonio. *Acting Master*—Wm. F. McCann. *Surgeon*—M. D. Delaney. *Assistant Surgeon*—Edward C. Harrison. *Paymaster*—John F. Steele. *First Lieutenant of Marines*—Jos. Goldsborough Atkinson. *Gunner*—James M. Cooper. *Carpenter*—Wm. D. Jenkins. *Sailmaker*—Wm. Bowen. *Acting Midshipmen*—John Parker, Vol. Voorhees, Daniel Dunsmore, Wm. S. Roche, John Skinhead, J. R. Sweeney, Thomas Harvey. *Captain's Clerk*—B. H. Lane. *Purser's Clerk*—John M. Falk.

STEAM-SLOOP "BROOKLYN"—TWENTY-FIVE GUNS.

Captain—William Walker. *Lieutenants*—James A. Doyle, J. C. Williamson, Henry W. Lamdin, Charles Jeffers, William Mitchell, H. A. Adams. *Surgeon*—Lewis Minor. *Paymaster*—Charles H. Lanier. *Assistant Surgeons*—T. W. Leach, M. P. Christian. *Lieutenant of Marines*—Commander Reid. *Gunner*—John Lamb. *Carpenter*—Wm. B. Brooks, Marshall P. Jordan, James W. Whitaker. *Acting Sailmaker*—A. Meyer, Jun., John K. Neill.

SLOOP "ST. LOUIS"—TWENTY GUNS.

Captain—Charles H. Poor. *Executive Officer*—Lieutenant J. D. Todd. *Lieutenants*—W. W. Low, M. P. Jones, G. B. Balch, Edward Barrett. *Acting Master*—Paymaster—G. T. Pierce. *Assistant Surgeon*—J. O. Thrall. *Marine Officer*—Lieutenant H. L. Graham. *Boatswain*—P. A. Chasen. *Gunner*—J. W. Searle. *Carpenter*—Thomas E. Dunning. *Sailmaker*—D. Wikeman. *Clerks*—Captain's, W. Gordon; Paymaster's, W. Shubrick.

STEAMER "CRUSADER"—EIGHT GUNS.

Lieutenant Commanding—T. A. M. Craven. *Lieutenants*—J. M. Duncan, J. E. Jewett, and A. E. K. Benham. *Third Assistant Engineers*—J. B. Greenough. *Master*—Rush R. Wallace. *Engineers*—First Assistant, A. Gerdt; Third Assistants, L. Campbell, O. R. Lockey, and J. D. Lining.

STEAMER "WYANDOT"—FIVE GUNS.

Lieutenant Commanding—Abner Read. *Lieutenants*—J. R. Eggleston, J. M. Stribling. *Assistant Surgeon*—Algernon S. Garnett. *Engineers*—First Assistant, W. H. Shock; Third Assistants, M. H. Plunkett, K. Wilson. *Purser*—Emery J. Brooks.

STORE-SHIP "SUPPLY"—TWO GUNS.

Captain—Alexander Gibson. *Lieutenants*—C. H. B. Caldwell, James S. Maxwell, Alfred Hopkins. *Master*—J. Bowen. *Surgeon*—A. W. Smith. *Paymaster*—E. W. Dutch. *Clerks*—Captain's, John Van Dyke; Paymaster's, A. C. Hoxie.

THE DEPARTURE OF THE "ATLANTIC" AND "BALTIC" WITH TROOPS.

On Saturday, April 6, the *Atlantic* sailed under sealed orders, with several hundred United States troops and military stores on board; and on Monday following the *Baltic* also sailed with the like freight. We give on page 245 a couple of pictures illustrating the shipment of military stores, etc., on board these vessels. The *Herald* reporter thus describes the scene:

ON BOARD

the ship every thing betokened the mission on which she was bound. Her decks were piled high with that equipage of war; the decks were covered with loose plank, around the sides of the vessel were piled boxes of all practicable cubic, while piled up for future disposition were boxes of shell and other warlike implements, among which were the different pieces of artillery belonging to each of the gillery. The upper deck, at the bow, was devoted to the service of cattle for the use of the troops that were to be received on board. These were constructed with regard both to strength and convenience. The cattle pens were very carefully padded, so as to secure the animals from injury during the journey. Eighty of these pens were constructed, completely filling up the front part of the vessel. Every passage was supplied with a guard to all practicable to secure the comfort of the animals.

The sleeping accommodations for soldiers are little better than the horse-stalls—rough boards carelessly nailed together and the bedding on which the men are to stretch themselves, and more than stretch themselves they can't, there being very close quarters for one, when two are intended to be put. It is intended that each of these stalls shall hold three men, and as they are very narrow, very high, and packed together as close as it is possible to do so, they will be able to get a good night's rest in a very small space. The cabin, state-rooms, and other portions of the vessel remain unchanged.

In the fore-part of the hold an immense quantity of provisions are stored—flour, meats, hogs, barrels, and parcels are carefully stored away, and there is little fear of their provisions falling short, at least for some time; the rest of the hold is filled with the guns, carriages, forges, and stores that may be needed at whatever place the army may land.

THE EMBARKATION

of the troops and stores was conducted in the usual military style. Some curiosity was manifested as to how so many horses (seventy-eight) were to be got on board, as the steamer was lying several feet to the dock, but the presence of two strongly-built stalls soon explained that. The horse was quietly placed in one of the stalls, and almost before he had time to know where he was, the stalls-sending carpenters had placed him with his companions on board the ship. The time employed in putting all the animals on board vessels was incredibly short, only a few moments being given to each. The guns and their heavy carriages were also stowed away quickly, and the baggage next received the proper attention.

The sailing-ship *Le Roy*, a large three-o'clock came alongside; her deck was densely crowded with soldiers from Fort Hamilton, and there was some little delay in getting them on board the larger vessel. They presented a strange sight, with their knapsacks, water-bottles, cans, and other accoutrements. They are nearly all young men—fine, healthy young fellows, and full of spirit.

THE SAILING OF THE "BALTIC."

The work of shipping stores on the *Baltic* was proceeded with with unusual vigor during the whole of Sunday night and yesterday, until the last moment of departure. The stalwart shipped enthusiastic enthusiastic cheers, and waving hats, and farewell cheers, and for some time, a large number of gunny bags were in the like. These gunny bags possess a warlike character, inasmuch as they are used in throwing up redoubts, and are also very serviceable in protecting a boat's crew in approaching a fortress.

Among the commodities shipped was a remarkable quantity of spirituous liquors in kegs, the labels attached to which were oftentimes rather ludicrous, especially such as the following: "A present from Washington."

During the afternoon the workmen were principally engaged in shipping provisions and ammunition on board the *Baltic*. A number of Bengalese lights were also shipped. Several fine horses, the property of *R. L. Maloy*, *T. W. Smith*, and *Cattin* came to the dock with 500 troops. The *R. L. Maloy* placed them on board Governeur's island, and board the *Baltic*, after which the steamship moved slowly out from the dock, and down the river, then turned around, and gaining the middle of the river, turned toward the Bay and went out to sea. The steamer had the Normans at noon, accompanied by the steam-tug *Fanders*, which has been chartered by the Government.

YE KNYGHTE, YE SQUIRE, AND YE LADYE.

A METRICAL ROMANCE OF THE MIDDLE AGES.

SIR WALTER DE GREY was a gallant young knight
As ever was seen at a feast or a fight—
Had fired all the battle-fields over the land,
Were it blood to be spilled or good wine to be poured.
He had robbed with six sword-strokes bestowed on his crust—
Twice that number of pints might he stowed 'neath his vest.

And little the marvel that Walter was tough,
For the life of a reiver in that day was rough.
The most of his time in the saddle was spent,
Or, when arms tired his arms, he retired to a tent,
Or lay in the forest intrenched in rude fort,
A blow upon which was precursor of blows!
Of a south his armed heels he might proudly display,
For he won them their spurs upon Arcadian's day.
Though then but a squire, he so wrought in the fight
That Richard at bed-time said, "Walter, good knight!"
He had charged on Count Adolphus, without fears,
And had raised such a din about Saladin's ears,
That the fee to their Prophet cried, "Shield us, we pray
From the old devil, black and this young devil Grey!"

Sir Walter, of course, was a favorite with dames—
The seamen most always, and sure nobody blames;
But certain it is that bright plumes and bright swords
Have made bright eyes forget both the Lord and their words
And that down 'tis day there is nothing that charms
Like a gent "dight complete in good 'man at arms."

To tell truth of my knight, our Good Lady above
Came in for a very small share of his love;
If he knelt at her shrine 'twas more than I know,
But I'll vouch that he knelt him to many below;
He'd been saddle-mate, and was ever at least,
And their love—like their lances—but seldom knew rest.

Sir Walter for squire had as merry a knave
As ever had helmet of brass on his glaive.
Stout John was the man a young master to aid,
And a rover, or squire, or knight's body-guard made.
He had rolled the steps of an optician knight
Who sought to restore the old Squalchre's site,
Yet I grieve to say never gave it from loss—
They were crossed in their efforts by foes of the Cross!
But I can say nothing of merry-squire and spur
Where my good John had been—nor can you where he'd not!

Well!
As the knight and his squire scoured the country one day,
In quest of some straggler to succor or slay,
They espied a fair castle—the evening was nigh,
And our heroes were weary, and hungry, and—dry.
Quoth Sir Walter, "That will seat for the move of the night's night!"
So they spurred on like men decision and tact,
On the spur of the moment, determined to act,
Till they came to the gates—not a soul was exposed,
And the portcullis down, and the drawbridge closed;
But a horn hung outside—they had never heard toll
In that quaint Middle Age of a door with a bell;
Quoth John, "Let me!" and his traveler is wearied and worn,
He was he encountered for taking a horn!"
So he put to his lips, and he wound such a blast
That the church-yards all round thought that day was the last;
And a Gambler who long had lain still as a dump
Sprang up and demanded "Who was the trump."
While the Baron inside swore he hadn't a doubt
That his man were a devil, and "Bring him out!"
And the old warder sprang to unfasten his chains,
Lest the parties outside should blow out their brains.
A "you mock!" said the greybeard, as John entered through,
"More noise with one horn than the Fool Fiend with two!"

Inside of the castle was feasting and cheer—
It was wassail and wine, beef, brandy, and beer—
But the revelers ceased when the Baron arose:
"Fair Sirs, if it please, ere we go to repose
A few strokes of the harp my daughter shall play."
"We attend the fair harpist," said Walter de Grey.

Don't tremble, good reader, I mean not to tell
Of the beauties and charms of the fair Isabel;
For Sir Walter that night bored the poor sleepy John
With such tales of these witches that, when he had done,
The squire spoke him, briefly: "I see, though too late,
This casting was wrong—it will end in a mate."

That night my poor knight very little sleep knew,
And he woke up his squire ere the cock fairly crew.
"God save us!" cried John, "have this young demon's charms
Turned thy head, that thus early we take to arms?"
Quoth the knight, "Save thy jokes, for they please
Me not half so well:
We fell on this castle—you wot what befell.
Unhelmed and unbarred, on my knees and in need,
I have called on my squire—shall I see him no more?"
"Nay, nay," said stout John: "and no cattle shall
Say the squire leaves the knight till the knight leaves his squire.
You shall mount, and I'll make you quite rich in a trice
With the coin that rich men give to poor—good advice.
If you're saddled by love, and the boy's bridal rein
Binds you closely to cheek, it is useless to strain,
And fret, and grow restive, and, toss from the arena,
And take the field fair like a courser, of course."
"Alas! my squire's sagacity," said Sir Walter de Grey,
"I've heard horses whinny and dislike cry neigh."
Quoth John, "I have ridden beside thee in fight,
And each deed was indeed like a gallant Sir Knight;
Upon bombards we've charged in the far sunny South—
And was blench from the face of a fair lady's mouth?"

Sir Walter was silent, but soon he arose,
And in dressing that morning he donned his best clothes.
Perhaps I am wrong, but I've noticed this much:
When young men to their dress give artistical touch,
The think of the maidens as cloudy in the sky—
You may know that a wedding or funeral is nigh.
Well, Sir Walter had morning threw armor afar,
And instead of his fashion he wore a gallant
In the garden below soon a thinking was heard,
And the Baron, who roamed, damned an innocent bird.

I remember that once some young ladies next door
Had a warbling bird hanging out in front—
And they opened their window and flung out bouquets
On the brazen young ass who'd woke me with his
Lays;
But I wander—I will, had he come beneath ours,
Have flung out some favors more weighty than flowers,
But tastes don't agree—to return to my theme,
I'll tell you the words that broke Isabel's dream.

THE KNIGHT'S SONG.

Oh, Lady, leave thy slumber new,
For birds their matins trill,
The gems of night shun Morning's brow:
Come down my Isabel!

The rose is breathing its sweet penyer,
And every lily-bell
Is ringing fragrance on the air:
Come down my Isabel!

And I have found an angel's tear—
This dew on the daisy,
To mirror back thy beauty clear:
Come down my Isabel!

I bent above a blushing flower,
And found the queen of the chalice
To bring the brightest to her bower:
Come down my Isabel!

The stars swing silent in the sky,
So doth the zephyr's swing,
It scarce can drown a lover's sigh:
Come down my Isabel!

The lady came down, the knight knelt in the dew,
What he said as he knelt there is nothing to you:
The set was imprudent, he spoiled his guitar,
And wounded to death a whole wilk a shrieking catarrh.

When Sir Walter and John after breakfast had met,
John never stirred out while the gram-pint was wet:
"Tell me now," said the squire, "have we gleanings!"
"Not a grain."

One would say by the face "twas a very dark knight."
And also by voice, for it was rough, and like thunder.
As the bell's that is tolled to tell tidings of woe:
"Alas for my love, and alas for its grief,
And alas for my lady, her fairness—the thief!
To the musty old church his fair daughter has given,
And to-morrow the knight will be wedded to Heaven!"

Loud laughed the stout squire, "If this blade good and knight,
I will swear she had rather be wed to a knight!"

"One hope," said Sir Walter, "one only remains,
And that hope my good squire must render its chains."
So they sought out the Baron, they found him at play
With two kittens—his fellows were tender, you'll say—
Sir Walter spoke deftly, "Thy daughter is fair
As the brow of the morning and pure as a prayer,
Through the land such hand can no lady be found."

The Baron called "puss" and he looked on the ground:
"What's this," whispered Walter, "why calls he the cat?"
"I opine," said the squire, "that he smelleth a rat!"

The Baron then spoke. "In his young knightly days
He'd been given," he said, "to some weak, wicked ways—
Such as sacking of churches and burning of priests,
And robbing the widows of their beautiful tresses:
But long since of his sins he repented sincere—
For the gifts of the Church he restored the whole lot—
And he'd deeded away both his castle and child,
To atone for the wrongs he in young blood ran wild,
And the abbot had promised that church bells should toll,
And
"If mass" he said for his soul;
And he hinted that now, since the day was well through,
The knight should go on, and he wished him a-dew!"

"By my soul," cried the squire, "what a villainous shame
It is meet that we met this poor innocent lamb!
How next shall we meet, ere we go, to rue your game?"
"Alas," said Sir Walter, "I fear to my shame
We must call it a draw!" "Nay," said John, "that were green,
Put a check on his Bishop and capture the Queen."

There was bustle next morning the castle about,
It was bustle within and more bustle without.
For, in cowl and in surplice, on foot and on horse,
The monks and the priests had turned out in such force,
That a perfect procession was formed the Baron arose:
"No Bishop before dragged behind such a train!"
All was pomp and display: Isabel was to go
As a bride to a convent—conventionally so—

For I've told you before that her heart and her hand,
With their aching and ache, and some acres of land,
Had been pledged to a groom of exceeding great worth,
But sensitively distant just then from the earth;
So the Bishop himself had consented to ride
At the bride's bridlerein, and to bridle the bride.

Good sooth, there was bustle enough on that morn:
You'd have thought by the clamor a Bedlam was born!
But the noise and confusion were doubled, I ween,
When Dame Margy cried that her young miss she missed.

The Bishop first spoke: "By the altar and pyx,
What spawn of the fiend has left us in this fix?
Steal a bride from the altar! a curse on his soul,
As sure as I've thought he had stolen my stole!"

One wag of a monk said that all had gone right,
"For the bridegroom had come like a thief in the night;"
But this joke of the clerks on such barren ground fell:
Thus the laugh was Amelus was sent to hell.

The old Baron swore by his beels and his head,
And his heart and his hair, and by every thing red:
And his blustered oath in oaths with him desperate flew;
That he shocked a poor innocent priest from his horse,
Even strangers, who know not his title and place,
Would have said by his speech he was bred at the Bar.

The Abbot he cursed—and the Abbot cursed well—
In the orthodox way, by bell, candle, and bell;
He uncorked several vials of desperate wrath,
And poured the contents on the fugitives' path.

But the curses and oaths—blessings they turned as fast
As bolts from the bow, or as leaves on the blast—
Could not catch the three sideways—John on his bay,
The knight on a roan, Isabel with her Grey!
And cooling long since they have hardened to stone.
Which yet block that road to the peril of bones.

MORALE.

Each tale has a purpose—the reader may use
This story or none for what purpose he chooses—
Draw what point he pleases from the points of my pen;
But one point I must point at all beedless young men:

If you fall into love first try hard to fall out,
If the pit be too deep don't go dawdling about,
Pop the question at once like a ball from a bow,
For the maid may say yes ere her father can "no;"
Or, should she refuse, don't write verses or die,
But ask her again, and be steady-by,
If engaged to another, to weaken the links
Just praise up your rival, but blind her to drinks;
If she's gone to get married, put on your best clothes—
She may alter her mind at the altar—who knows?
Though the knot has been tied, do not give up the prize,
But ask her to have you when that husband dies,
For love is like cannon—balls fetched round the same—
If once more is left you may yet win the game!

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

THE ALARM AT CHARLESTON.

On 8th inst. Lieutenant Talbot arrived at Charleston from Washington. He had a conference with Governor Pickens and General Beauregard, but was not allowed to communicate with Major Anderson at Fort Sumter. Lieutenant Talbot started back for Washington on 9th. It is understood that the purport of his conference with Governor Pickens and General Beauregard was to obtain permission to send unarmed steamers with provisions to Fort Sumter. Permission was refused.

It is stated that Lieutenant Talbot then communicated to Governor Pickens the intelligence that supplies would be sent to Major Anderson peaceably if they could, forcibly if they must. Immense preparations were immediately commenced outside to the emergency. Orders were issued to the entire military force of the city, held in reserve, to proceed to their stations without delay.

THE MIDNIGHT PANIC.

At midnight the community was thrown into a fever of excitement by the discharge of rockets from Citadel Square, the signal for the assembling of all the reserves ten minutes after. Hundreds of men left their beds hurrying to and fro toward their respective destinations. In the absence of sufficient armories, at the corners of the streets, engine houses, and other stores were opened, lanterns were formed, and all night the long roll of the drum and the clash of troops of the militia and city police in the cavalry pelmoding through the city betokened the close proximity of the approaching conflict. The Home Guard corps of old gentlemen, who occupy the position of military reserve, took through the city, escorting the soldiers, and doing other duty required by the moment. Hundreds of the citizens were all night, and a little thunderstorm prevailed until a late hour. The Seventeenth Regiment, 600 strong, paraded at 4 A.M. and had not left for the fortifications early in the morning.

REINFORCEMENTS FROM THE COUNTRY.

The regiments of a thousand men each were telegraphed for from the country. One of these, from Kershaw District, under command of Colonel Davis, was forwarded in the understanding not to be called out until the fight was positively in sight. Dr. Gibbs, Surgeon-General, was ordered to prepare ambulances, and make every provision for the wounded. All night long the streets were crowded, the sidewalks system and discipline with which the State is prepared for this exigency.

PREPARATIONS FOR THE FIGHT.

On 9th, the floating battery, finished, mounted, and manned, was taken out of the dock and anchored in the very mid Sullivan's Island. All vessels in the harbor received a notification from General Beauregard to be ready at the word of fire between Fort Sumter and Sullivan's Island, on which Fort Moultrie is situated. As a further measure, a steamer was situated near one of the batteries erected against the fort, supposed probably to interfere with its delivery of provisions, by the

Charleston telegraphs state: Senator Wigfall, of Texas, and Lieutenant Wigfall, of Virginia (formerly several years of age), shouldered muskets and joined the army as privates. Numbers of old men have done the same. The people are anxious to fight, and may be seen riding with the cavalry.

About 1000 troops were sent to the fortifications on 9th, Wednesday, Sullivan's Island, Morris Island, Cummings, and Boyleston, have received appointments in General Beauregard's staff as Aids. Governor of the convention of Convention, after adjournment, volunteered as privates. About 7000 troops are now at the fortifications.

MAJOR ANDERSON SUMMONED TO SURRENDER.

At noon on 11th Major Anderson was formally summoned, by General Beauregard, the commander of the secession forces, to surrender Fort Sumter. Major Anderson declined to surrender, alleging that such a course would be incompatible with his duty to the government. The people of Charleston were intensely excited on the receipt of the demand to surrender the Fort. They ran to and housetops, and all the places from whence a view of the harbor could be had. Ladies thronged with men and women eager to witness the conflict, which was expected momentarily to begin. No battle shot, however, was fired on either side. But later in the day negotiations were resumed between the commissioners, and pending their conclusion hostilities have of course been postponed. The Federal fleet had not made its appearance off Charleston at last accounts.

The non-arrival of the squadron off Charleston is doubtless due to the heavy gale that has prevailed along the southern coast for the past three days. The gale from was so severe that a large number of vessels, including several steamers, were obliged to take refuge in Hampton Roads.

BEGINNING OF THE WAR.

On Friday, 12th, at 27 minutes past 4 A.M., General Beauregard, in accordance with instructions received on Wednesday from the Secretary of War of the Southern Confederacy, opened fire upon Fort Sumter. Forts Johnson and Moultrie, the iron battery at Sullivan's Island, and the Stevens Floating Battery, kept up an active cannonade during the entire day, and probably during the past night. The damage done to Fort Sumter is stated by the Charleston papers to have been considerable. Gone had been dismounted, and a part of the parapet swept away.

Major Anderson had replied vigorously to the fire which had been opened upon him, but the casualties which had represent the injury inflicted by him to have been but small. The united battery had been exhibited on both sides, and a large portion of the Charleston population, including few ladies, had congregated on the south battery to witness the conflict.

Down to our latest advices, the battle had been carried on solely by the batteries of the revolutionists and Fort Sumter. The Federal fleet, consisting of the Pawnee, Pocahontas, and another United States vessel, were said to be off the harbor, but had taken no part in the conflict. The *Harriet Lane* is said to have received a shot through her wheel-house.

The opinion prevailed in Charleston that an attempt would be made during the night to reinforce Fort Sumter by means of small boats from the three vessels seen in the offing.

No one had been killed by the fire of Major Anderson, and the casualties among the Confederate troops in the batteries were confined to a few. There was, however, no account of the loss, if any, among the garrison of Fort Sumter.

THE ATTACK SUSPENDED BY SURRENDER.

A telegraphic correspondence between the Montgomery War Department and General Beauregard, before the commencement of hostilities, had been peaceably. On April 8 General Beauregard telegraphed that a messenger from President Lincoln had informed him that provisions would be sent to Fort Sumter—peaceably if possible, forcibly if necessary. On April 9 the Secretary of War replied, on April 10, instructing General Beauregard to demand the immediate evacuation of the fort, and if this was refused, to proceed to attack the fort in the way he thought best. This latter dispatch was received and communicated by General Beauregard, and Major Anderson replied, on April 11, "At 3 o'clock this afternoon I will open fire, the sense of honor and my obligations to my Government prevent my compliance with your demand." The attack was then made, but it was not better us to pieces, we will be carried on to Montgomery, the Secretary of War telegraphed back that if Major Anderson would state definitely the time when he evacuate the fort, it should not be bombarded. To this Anderson would not consent, and upon the receipt of this intelligence the latest of these dispatches, that from General Beauregard to the Secretary of War, bears date April 13, and we suppose that the fort is a few hours after it was sent to Montgomery.

SECESSION OF ARIZONA.

Accounts from Mexico state that the citizens of Arizona, in convention at Mesilla, have voted that Terry Jury out of the Union.

THE GOVERNMENT'S ANSWER TO THE SOUTHERN COMMISSIONERS.

The Southern Commissioners left on Washington on 9th received from the State Department a reply to their note, seeking to initiate negotiations for the withdrawal of the seceded States from the Union, and a surrender to them of forts of the Government within the limits of those States. Several of course declines to receive them in their official capacity, but consented to receive them as individuals, published gentlemen, and declares the intention of the Government to defend its forts and property.

The Southern Commissioners to Washington on 11th left the Department of State, and proceeded to the office of Mr. Seward rejecting their offer to treat with reference to the troubles of the nation. They intend to remain in Washington, and have instructed the Secretary to report to the Confederate States Government.

THE LOAN.

The bids for five million dollars of Treasury notes were opened at Washington on 11th. The entire amount was taken at par for the loan. There were over $8,000,000 more offered than was called for.

NAVAL MOVEMENTS.

The *Atlantic* was chartered by the Government, and sailed on 6th with troops and munitions of war. The Baltic and Arctic sailed on 6th for Liverpool. Freight. Orders were issued on same day by the Navy Department that the Cumberland, Sabine, Constellation, Pawnee, Pocahontas, and the *Jamestown*, at Philadelphia, fitted for active service with all possible dispatch. The *Powhatan* sailed from Norfolk at 6 P.M. on Tuesday, bound South. She was said to be under the command of Lieutenant of the Charleston Navy-yard (at Boston, Massachusetts). Over 600 seamen and marines, with the Sixth Regiment, ready for sea, and waiting for her crew. The steam-frig- ate Minnesota, Captain Gerdon, sailed on the same day. Comodore Stringham is expected to arrive early in the week to assume command of all vessels, and to be active, and there are frequent discharges of men, only two hundred from Hudson's Navy-yard. The United States steamer *Water Witch* has gone into commission, and sails during the week. Her destination is unknown. Her crew consists of 150 men and officers.

PRESIDENT DAVIS GOING TO CHARLESTON.

Dispatches received from Montgomery state that President Davis left there on Monday last, 15th, en route to Charleston, being satisfied that Fort Sumter was to be the great strategic point of the struggle, and that it would be the power of the Confederate States Government to maintain itself. He said that Sumter deceased to be taken or to be ground.

REMOVED TROUBLE AT WASHINGTON.

The Government has come into possession of such definite information as to warrant them in acting, and on Tuesday, 16th, issued orders to remove about one-fourth of the militia of the District of Columbia, were ordered into service for the purpose of undergoing a rigid inspection. Major Ben. McCulloch, who has recently been a thriving business in Washington City, Maryland, and was left the former place on Tuesday with the expressed intention of joining the Texas Rangers, now in the field in the of the contemplated movement—the Texas "journey" be-

The Virginia Convention, on 16th, by a vote of 88 to 55, passed a resolution declaring that the Federal authorities have no power to deal with the subject of secession in any way, was voted down—114 to 15. A resolution was adopted—108 to 20—declaring that the Convention was willing that Virginia should be made to be resorted as independent Powers. An amendment declaring that in the event of a peaceful adjustment, the Constitution being rejected by the Non-Slaveholding States Virginia will secede, was voted down—89 to 74. On 17th, the twelfth and thirteenth of the pending resolutions were adopted. They oppose all Federal action for holding or retaking the forts in the seceded States, and declare that any action on the part of the United States Government or Confederate States tending to produce a collision pending the efforts for an adjustment of difficulties will be regarded as leaving them free to determine their own future policy.

THE LATEST FROM PORT PICKENS.

Lieutenant Slemmer has found means of communicating with the Government, and the surveillance exercised by the investing army. He explains why the troops were withdrawn from Brooklyn, conformably to the orders issued by the War Department some weeks ago. According to his view Fort Pickens can withstand any assault which may be made by the force now assembled there, by any which is likely to be collected by Jefferson Davis. He has provisions enough, and has declared that while he maintain his position and defend himself, without drawing a single additional man from the disposal in the other war. In case of an attack, which is not feared, notwithstanding the demonstrative display, the troops could be landed at a signal, just as easily as at this time. The intelligence was received by telegraph.

AFFAIRS AT KEY WEST.

The *Brooklyn* has returned from her trip to Key West and the Gulf, and has rejoined the other vessels of the fleet with various necessaries. The Commander of Fort Taylor, at Key West, had completed the installation of that place to haul down all their Confederate State flags, with a polite intimation that two different nationalities could not rule in the place.

THE TROOPS IN TEXAS.

Another of the Commanders in Texas is being away the United States troops—the steamer *Coatzacoalcos*—which left Indianola on 6th, left here on the 10th of March, and arrived at Pass Cabello Bar on the 21st. She was detained by the bar until the 26th, reached at Key West on the 4th inst., where she loaded two companies of infantry. Being unable to get coal there, she left for Havana, whence she sailed on the 5th. She brings one company of infantry and six of cavalry, number of the latter having been mounted and immediately sent to Washington. The troops left in Texas, numbering about two thousand, are said to be in good health, and abundantly supplied with provisions: and in view of recent events in Texas, the Secretary of War's policy in withdrawing will be removed.

MESSAGE OF THE GOVERNOR OF PENNSYLVANIA.

Governor Curtin, of Pennsylvania, on 10th, sent to the Legislature of that State a special message relative to national affairs, recommending the appropriation of half a million dollars for the proper military organization of the State. He also recommended the passage of a militia law known at the Capitol, and other modifications of the Militia law, by which the militia may be in the most complete state of readiness for any emergency which may arise. Governor Curtin declares, incidentally, that he has received a letter from President Lincoln, in which he states that he has information of a design to attack Washington.

THE MASSACHUSETTS LEGISLATURE.

The Massachusetts Legislature adjourned on 11th *sine die*. During the session it has authorized the Governor to increase the number of the volunteer militia and to purchase arms. It has also settled the long disputed boundary question between the State and Rhode Island, and has incorporated the Boston and Hoosac Tunnel and Western Railroad to Newport. These are its principal enactments.

SHOCKING MURDER.

We learn from the *Louisville Times* that an inhuman wretch, in an adjoining county to Washington, deliberately murdered his child. The child is but six years old, and of course having left it to be home after his father had gone to work in the field. When he left, while the father secreted himself in the woods near by, telling the boy before this, that he would return and accompany him home. He, to approach her from behind and secret her clothes on fire, which he did, and before she was aware her clothes were all burning. She then ran to him for aid, and of course burning her to death. The fiend does not state that the inhuman deed has been arrested.

PERSONAL.

The Legislature of Kansas has chosen as United States Senators Messrs. Pomeroy, Republican, and James H. Lane.

General Sumner has gone to take charge of the Pacific division, thus superseding General Johnston, who has been relieved at his own request. He is a kinsman of Mr. Floyd. Unpleasant reports have reached here of late of a disgraceful affair in the Navy-yard, and of certain conduct once carried on between high officers and Jefferson Davis. Such reports, however, are not to be credited. The affair committed suicide on the 8th inst. at a drinking saloon, by swallowing laudanum. Naternity of good abilities, having had every advantage which wealth could furnish, he started in life under favorable circumstances. He was but thirty-five years old.

The correspondent of the St. Louis *Republican* says that there is a Revolutionary soldier now living at Ironton, Iron County, Missouri, named Captain John Cox. He is old here in the county, and was a few months since enjoying good health. The old man relates with much interest the manner in which he came to be passed through in those times that 'tried men's souls.'"

FOREIGN NEWS.

ENGLAND.

LORD PALMERSTON ON OUR CRISIS.

The election of a member for Tiverton, in the room of Lord Palmerston, who had accepted the office of Lord Warden of the Cinque Ports, took place on the 28th ult. Lord Palmerston offered himself for re-election, and was returned without opposition.

Lord Palmerston, in returning his thanks, after alluding to the condition of affairs in America, said:

"There is but one spot in the political horizon the contemplation of which must inspire us with regret and uneasiness. I allude to circumstances which are now taking place among our cousins in North America, leading to a contest which, whatever may be its immediate issue, is not for us to judge between the contending parties. It is not for us to express a wish to be whether successes ought to be made by which the Union may be maintained, or whether it is better for the future interests of that they should separate, and form respectively different associations and confederations. But this is the first great secessions and confederations that ever took place among civilized nations, and the fact that it is our cordial wish that, whatever may be the opinion we may entertain of the issue of the struggle, that result may be brought about by amicable adjustments, and that the world may be spared from the calamities attendant of seeing brothers arming against brothers, and parents against children, and that great state of society which happens which has hitherto been the admiration of mankind should be changed into a condition of things which is the scene of peace and industry polluted by the effusion of blood."

THE FIRST STREET-RAILWAY IN LONDON.

Mr. Train's first piece of street-railway in London was opened on the 23d of March, and he celebrated the event with a banquet, at which he delivered one of his characteristic speeches.

FRANCE.

SPEECH OF THE EMPEROR.

Napoleon addressed the following to the *Corps Legislatif* on the 23d ult. In returning thanks he said:

"I thank the Corps Legislatif for the sentiments which it expresses toward me, and for the confidence which it places in me. If that confidence honors me and flatters me, I think I deserve it from my constant solicitude of only looking upon questions in a point of view of the real interests of France.

"To love well the age, to preserve of the past all that is good, to prepare the future by sweeping off the path of civilization all the prejudices which obstruct it, or octopus which compromise it—that is how we shall beposed calm and prosperous days to our children.

"Despite the universal love of pacification, I by no means regret to see the great bodies of the State discuss the difficult questions of foreign policy. The country benefits from it in many respects. These discussions instruct it and enlighten it.

"I shall be always happy, believe me, to act in concert with you. Coming from the free suffrage, backed by the same sentiments, let us unite by id each other in proclaiming the grandeur and power of France.

The speech was received with enthusiastic cheering, but it is generally regarded as unsatisfactory.

ATTEMPT TO ASSASSINATE HIM.

The Paris correspondent of the New York *Times* says: "The news to-day at the Bourse of Napoleon's escape, at the head of a secret society having for its object the assassination of the Emperor, quite took Paris by surprise. The day of such enterprises, people had thought, was past. The abolition of the Imperial Guard, and the reduction of the army to Italy, were understood, and, in their view of the case, logical. But an attempt on His Majesty's life today, and by a Republican, is both illogical and insane. The Republican party has never had any support for resistance to a Regency, and the Legitimists are powerless and are declined to remain so. So good could therefore result from such an event, even if it had nearly the success with to serve. Blanqui and his accomplices will be 'consigned' in the penal colony."

ITALY.

THE ITALIAN PARLIAMENT.

Count Cavour has announced to the Italian Chamber of Deputies, that the relations between Austria remain unchanged. In a speech on the Roman question he claimed that Rome must be the capital of United Italy, and that she must go there with the consent of France. He said that the Italians would not go to Rome without power was the source of evil.

The discussion of the Roman question continued in the Italian Chamber of Deputies. The speakers generally advocated the removal of the capital to Rome, and condemned power. Several speakers on the left proposed the simple declaration that the Chamber was ready to vote the ceding up Napoleon to withdraw his troops.

Signor Cheves spoke on the transfer of the capital of the Kingdom of Italy to Rome.

Signor Ricasoli opposed the arguments brought forward. He maintained that it was urgent that Rome should be immediately occupied by the armies of Italy. This would take place in consequence of the law adopted by the Chamber relative to the disturbances in the States of the Church by law. We offer the spiritual power of the Pope all guarantees for the exercise of moral influence. The Italian Government can ever give to the Papacy. I hope public opinion will soon be disposed to accept this organization, and that France will agree with us in the matter.

RUSSIA.

THE EMANCIPATION MANIFESTO.

We have now before us the text of the manifesto of the Czar, announcing to his subjects the emancipation of the serfs. His Majesty tells them that on ascending the throne he resolved to do away with the evil of serfdom, and the judgments of their rank and condition—"from the warrior who nobly performed his military duty to the humble artisan who labored for the public good." He then declares that the spiritual relations which have hitherto existed between the lords and peasants remain intact, and that the full majesty of manners has disappeared, the condition of the serfs has unfavorably changed. It is, he has announced, therefore, that a great amelioration of their lot was a mission to which he was called by Divine Providence. The steps which have been taken in consulting the nobility, in the provincial assemblies, and in the discussion of various propositions, are successively detailed; and the mode of emancipation adopted (which is the same as that of which has been given in our column) is described at length. The co-operation of the nobility is expressly stated in the manifesto. "Russia," says His Majesty, "will never forget the devotion and sincerity of which you have given for the dignity of men and by the power of your influence, have spontaneously renounced the rights which the serfdom gave her shrinkage, had given them, and have laid the foundations of a new future for the peasants." They are then told that they must not abuse their liberty, particularly the regulations which have been deemed fittest for the great and wise.

The manifesto was read in all the churches of St. Petersburgh on Sunday, the 17th ult., and on the same day followed by solemn prayers for the preservation of the health and prosperity of the Czar and his family. The manifesto and the accompanying regulations are being sent as rapidly as possible to the Governors of the provinces, proprietors of land, and communes of peasants throughout the empire. The Czar, it is said, will not leave until the end of some weeks, it is said, must elapse before the requisite number can be distributed.

THE WORK AT SEBASTOPOL.

Colonel Gowen, the American contractor at Sebastopol, says in a letter to the Philadelphia *Evening Bulletin*:

"My enterprise in clearing the harbor from the sunken fleet is progressing favorably, and I hope to have it entirely completed during the present year. The harbor is now provided with docks of all dimensions, and the arsenals being built to raise whole." He then details what he has done in the way of excavating, and of improvements, and acknowledges the receipt of a beautiful gold snuff-box from the English Government for his services in this matter.

AUSTRIA.

THE DRUSES AGAIN.

It is stated that the Porte has consented to the proposition of the representatives of the five Great Powers, committee at Beyrout had demanded the prompt execution of the condemned Druses. The Porte papers publish a telegram dated Constantinople, the 15th inst., announcing that Druses at Damascus, Beyrout, and Sidon, had submitted notes to the Porte, stating the urgent necessity of the execution of the murderers of the Christians at Damascus, and the fears entertained respecting other Provinces, the Porte had consented to the request. It was also reported that the Conferences would shortly be resumed at Constantinople, at which a plan for the pacification of Syria, and France, Russia, and Turkey, for the creation of an independent State, to be governed or covered by Abd-el-Kader, under the protectorate of France.

JAPAN.

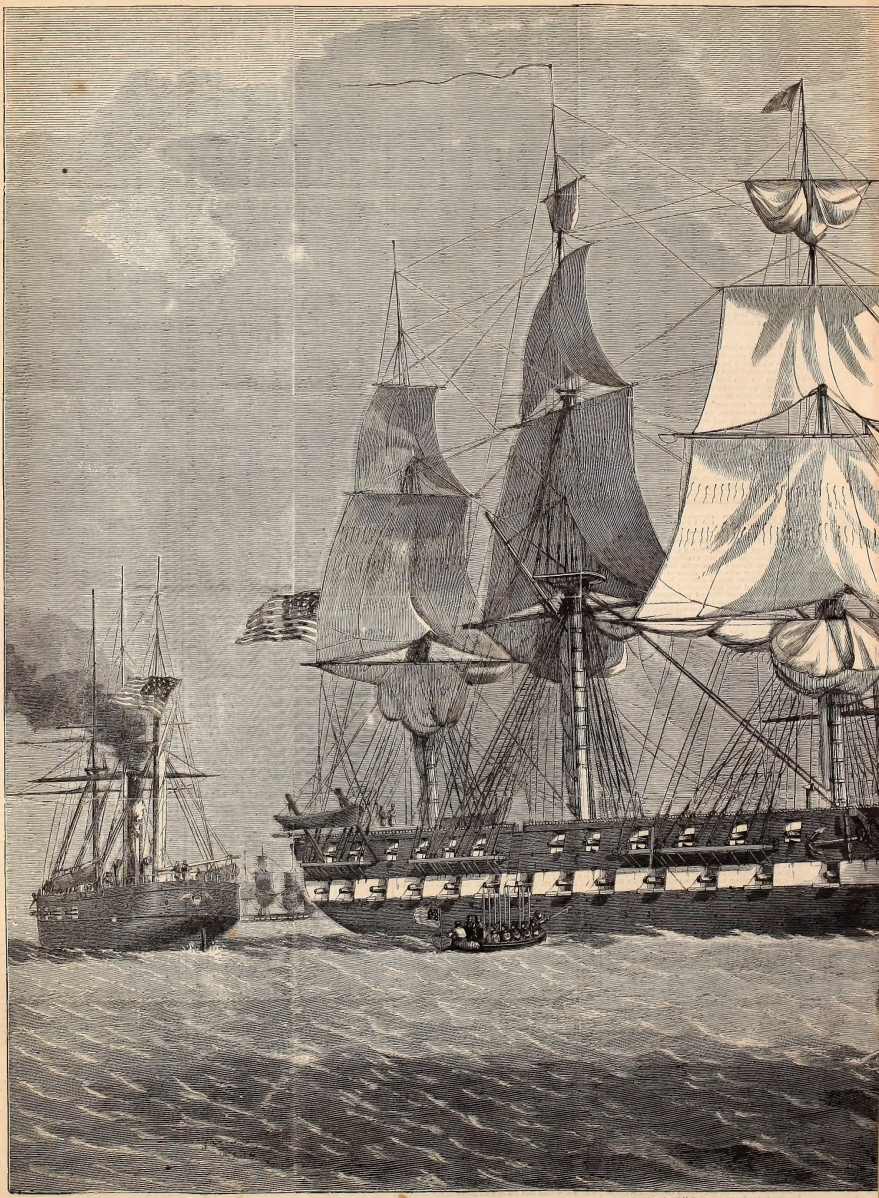
MURDER OF THE AMERICAN SECRETARY OF LEGATION.

It is reported from Japan that Mr. Heusten, the Secretary of the American Legation at Yeddo, had been murdered by assassins. Mr. Heusten and the British Minister had retired to Kanagawa. Another dispatch says the English Minister, Sir Rutherford Alcock, is Kanagawa, while the United States Minister remained at Yeddo.

SAN DOMINGO.

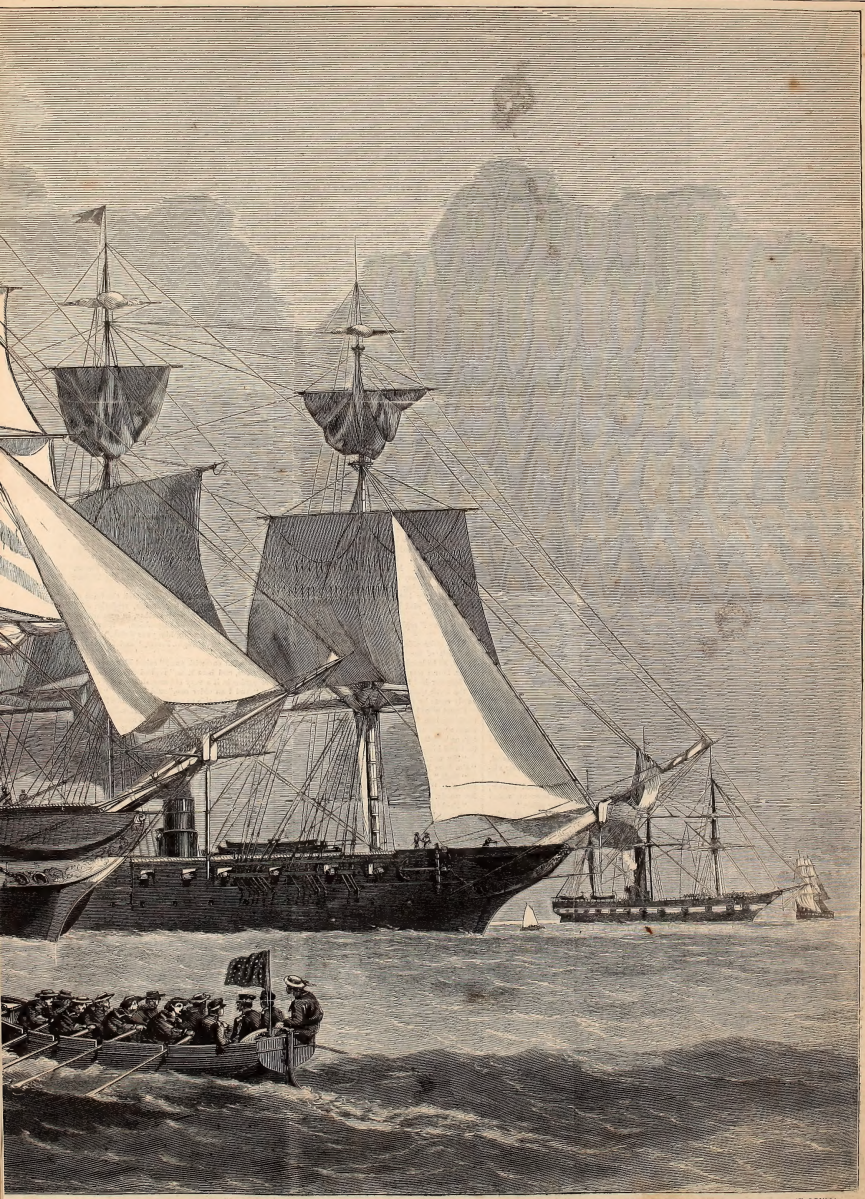
THE SPANISH EVACUATION OF SAN DOMINGO.

By way of Havana we have received definite intelligence in regard to the long-whispered-of descent on San Domingo. The Havana papers have at length spoken, and it is somewhat singular that they first mention made of the affair by that press should be the announcement of its consummation. We have the authority of the *Diario de la Marina*, of Havana, for the formal cession of Santana, ex-President of the ex-republic of San Domingo, for the annexation of that island to the dominions of Spain. It is stated once more under the dominion of the Spanish crown, and we now hold by seven thousand bayonets of her Catholic Majesty's army.



GUN-BOAT "WYANDOT." STORE-SHIP "SUPPLY." FRIGATE "SABINE."

THE UNITED STATES FLEET OFF FO



UNITED STATES STEAM-SLOOP "BROOKLYN." GUN-BOAT "CRUSADER." "ST. LOUIS."

PICKENS, FLORIDA.—[See Page 246.]

A CHARADE.

BY WINTHROP MARKWORTH PRAED.

COME from my First, ay, come!
The battle dawn is nigh;
And the screaming trump and the thund'ring drum
Are calling thee to die!
Fight as thy father fought,
Fall as thy father fell;
Thy task is taught, thy shroud is wrought;
So—forward! and farewell!

Tell ye, my Second, tell!
Fling high the Bantam's light;
And sing the hymn for a parted son,
Beneath the silent night!
The wreath upon his brow,
The cross upon his breast,
Let the prayer be said, and the tear be shed:
So—take him to his rest!

Call ye my Whole, ay, call!
The lord of lute and lay;
And let him greet the sable pall
With a noble song to-day;
Go, call him by his name;
No fitter hand may crave
To light the flame of a soldier's fame
On the turf of a soldier's grave.

LOOK AFTER BROWN.

THERE was not a busier man in all the little town of B—— than Mr. John Ferret: a lawyer by profession, he was every thing else almost by election, and really did nearly as much good as harm, and that is saying a great deal in his favor, considering he was a lawyer. Ferret was a constant patron of all the itinerant lecturers who visited B——, and a certain purchaser of every new invention pertaining to domestic economy or enjoyment. Patent stoves, patent bedsteads, patent frying-pans, and patent the thing, had irresistible charms for him; and the period of our tale he had become the proprietor of the Patent Niagara Shower Bath, warranted to wash a blackamoor white, so tremendous was the rush of its waters. This terrific machine was erected in a small breakfast parlor, as its dimensions exceeded the capacity of Mr. Ferret's dressing-room, and was, on the 10th of last December, a source of considerable amusement to Wapshot, the page in waiting to Mrs. Ferret. That young gentleman was delighted at the roar of the descending streams which followed the pulling of a cord resembling a bell-rope, and his speculations as to the effect to be produced upon his master were made manifest by the performances of a kind of war-dance, which ceased only on the entrance of Mrs. Ferret.

"Wapshot!" exclaimed the lady, "what are you about?"

"Oh, meem, only hear!" said the excited Button, pulling the string. "That's master's new shower-bath."

The fall of water was terrific.

"It certainly is very powerful; but Mr. Ferret will be the only sufferer," remarked the lady. "Thank goodness! it has nothing to do with the house arrangements this time."

The pleasant anticipations of Wapshot were doomed to disappointment, for a knock at the door, and its consequences, brought Mr. Ferret instantly in pursuit of his wife. In his hurry to communicate with his *cara sposa*, Mr. F. had evidently forgotten the progress he had made in his bathing costume, and being a bald-headed man (with the most imposing wig in B——), he had surmounted the apparatus which took a long, conical, oil-cloth cap, according to the "Directions for Use," which accompanied the bill and recipe for the Niagara.

"Bless me!" exclaimed Mrs. Ferret, in astonishment at her husband's singular appearance.

"And bless me!" rejoined Mr. Ferret, "since it comes to that—there's a letter addressed to you—I have opened it, as I did not know the handwriting (gray excuse the liberty)—and left by a gentleman who promises to call again in half an hour. It is from Mincing Lane."

"What, from dear old Uncle Richman!" cried Mrs. Ferret.

"It is, Barbara; and this is what he says:

"'DEAR MADAM,—The bearer of this is a friend of our house, and will be introduced to Mr. Ferret. The name of the bearer is Mr. Brown.—Yours, etc.,
GEORGE RICHMAN,
for
RICHMAN & Co.'

"The gentleman is to call again?" inquired Mrs. Ferret, and not waiting for a reply, added: "Dear Old Uncle! It's a long time since we heard from him. I'm so glad he has not forgotten us, and it's just like we can show him a civility. He is so very rich!"

"And we," remarked Mr. Ferret, laying great stress upon the personal pronoun—"we, his only relations; I say we, my dear, because with all your worldly goods you did me endow, and I looked upon your fortune as part of your marriage settlement. Ha! ha! Barbara!"

Mr. Ferret had not done laughing at his own happy conceit when Wapshot placed in his hand a telegraphic message, and which that intelligent servitor called a "electrify."

"From Richman, ship," said Mr. Ferret, and read aloud:

"From George Richman, London, to John Ferret, B——. Look after Brown."

"Our expected visitor, my dear. What's he mean by 'Look after Brown?'"

We have hesitated to confess that Mr. Ferret had any weakness beyond that love of novelty which, we are told in the Latin grammar, is common to all, but he had. Mr. Ferret was of a most suspicious nature, and trusted nothing and nobody until he had turned them inside out, as he expressed it.

"What's he mean?" answered Mrs. Ferret—"that we are to show Mr. Brown every possible attention. 'Look after Brown.'"

"Well, I don't read it so," said Ferret. "'Look after' means 'look *sharp* after Brown.'"

"What a suspicious creature you are, Ferret!"

"And you are so confiding you would trust the cat with the cream-jug," retorted Ferret.

"Didn't you annoy our neighbor from India by your ridiculous notion that he lured our ducks to lay in his garden?" said Mrs. F., with a sneer. "The man was so hurt at your insinuations that he left his lodgings, and has put at 'The George' ever since."

"So much the better," replied Ferret, declining, however, to satisfy his wife why it was more desirable for Mr. Mango to live at an inn than in lodgings; and adding, "However, I shall take care of Brown whenever he puts in an appearance."

They did not wait long for that pleasure, for Wapshot very soon after introduced a much sunburned, middle-aged gentleman at Mr. Brown to the pair of Ferrets.

Nothing could be kinder than his reception by the lady—nothing much colder than his introduction to the gentleman.

"And dear uncle—is he quite well?" said Mrs. Ferret.

"Quite so—apparently," said Mr. Brown, cautiously.

"No appearance of his distressing asthma and biennial gout?" asked Ferret, stimulated to join the conversation by Mr. Brown's slight hesitation in certifying to the unanimous concurrence of agreement.

"I was not aware he was so afflicted," replied Brown; "I am not an intimate friend of Mr. Richman. His house was the first consigned to my agency in Calcutta, and I applied to him to assist me in my inquiry for a Mr. Mango. I was told that he was living here, and that you would kindly introduce me."

"Dear me, how unfortunate!" said Mrs. Ferret, looking askance at her husband.

"Not at all! not at all!" exclaimed Ferret; "a man who allures silly creatures to desert their natural protectors—to forget the hand that feeds them—"

"You astonish me!" said Brown. "Mango was thought to be an eccentric man, but the soul of honor. May I inquire where he has lured into error?"

"Four Aylesbury ducks, Sir. Encouraged them to lay on his premises," answered Ferret.

Brown evidently thought Ferret insane, and considering his extraordinary costume, and the ridiculous defense against Mango, there was sufficient cause for the opinion. Brown therefore said, very mildly, "Oh, was that all! you have relieved my anxiety. And where is Mr. Mango, if I may?"

"At the George Inn," replied Mrs. Ferret; "but I hope you will take dinner with us to-day. We dine at five."

"You are very kind, Mrs. Ferret, but I must return to London this evening," answered Brown.

"Then oblige us by taking luncheon at twelve."

"I have a board to attend at twelve," said Ferret, glancing savagely at his wife.

"Mr. Brown will excuse your absence, I am sure," replied Mrs. Ferret, returning the look.

"I am sure I will," said Brown, with an emphasis which made Ferret start, and almost alarmed his jealousy.

"At twelve I will be punctual," said Mr. Brown, referring to his watch, which, to his apparent surprise, had stopped short.

"Pray, make use of mine," exclaimed Mrs. Ferret. "It was a present from my dear uncle, and rees capital."

"Goes! of course it does!" whispered Ferret, holding up the telegram at the back of their visitor.

"I thank you very much," answered Brown, "and will, with your permission, leave my watch with you. It is a strange thing, Mrs. Ferret—"

It was, and quite justified Ferret's remark, who, on learning that it had come from India, observed,

"The climate must be favorable to watches, if they generally grow to the size of the present specimen."

Mr. Brown merely looked at him in reply, and then addressing Mrs. Ferret, said, with some earnestness, "It is of English make, ma'am, and I hope to have something to tell you about it when I return."

"When he returns," whispered Ferret again, showing his teeth.

"Which will be at twelve," returned his wife, pointing significantly to her letter.

"To a minute," said Brown, "so for the present I wish you good-morning."

"John Ferret," said the lady, when Brown had left the house; "John Ferret, I blush for you! How can you be such a beast!"

"I am ashamed of you," retorted Ferret, "for being such a fool. Do you expect to see that watch any more? Not if either have a hands put to the one he has left you, and use it as a warming-pan. To call that a watch! A steam-engine of twenty horse-power, at least! Ah! you may well stare at it. However, it's your own doing, and if you lose your watch, don't ask me to buy another."

Mr. Brown's odd-looking time-piece seemed to interest Mrs. Ferret strangely, so much so that she burst into tears and left the room.

Mr. Ferret was rather pleased than otherwise at his wife's tribulation, receiving it as a testimony to his own superior discrimination, two things upon which he prided himself exceedingly.

A client was now announced, and Mr. Ferret, utterly unmindful of his singular head-dress, requested the new-comer to be shown into the breakfast parlor.

"Well, Spooner! an early bird this morning," said Ferret. "What's the matter? Sit down."

Mr. Spooner, who was at all times very nervous in Mr. Ferret's presence, was rendered increased trepidation at finding he had intruded upon the worthy lawyer's privacy, and it was not until he had been told to "go on," and to "fire away," that he ventured to observe that he had "come for a little advice."

"And shall have it cheap," said Ferret, encouragingly. "Thirteen and four-pence an hour isn't dear. Is it?"

"No, Sir; I suppose not."

"Five minutes past ten," continued Ferret, looking at his watch: "say ten, so fire away."

Mr. Spooner shook a good deal, and obeyed.

"I have been broken into, Mr. Ferret."

"What?"

"I was a victim to burglary last night. I was in bed."

"Nothing unusual in that," said Ferret.

"No, Sir—and asleep."

"And snoring?"

"No, Sir; thank goodness my worst enemy can't accuse me of that! I heard a noise in the washhouse. Up I gets—"

"And down you goes, of course; and there you saw—?"

"A man who cried out, 'Take care—'"

"Of Brown?" exclaimed Ferret, starting up.

"I can't say, Sir, but he threw a bottle-jack at me, and I threw a boot-jack in return, and—and—and knocked off this," said Spooner, producing a blue bag, which contained something bulky.

"Knocked off his head?" inquired Ferret.

"No; I wish it had been. It's only his hat;" and Spooner produced a somewhat sound bread-brimmed beaver, very much the worse for the service it had seen.

Now, strange to say, Brown's hat was just the same shape, and as "trifles light as air are to the jealous mind confirmation strong as proofs of holy writ," this hasty conclusion of Mr. Ferret being, as we have already observed, of a suspicious temperament, he instantly exclaimed,

"As I live, it's Brown's scoundrel, Brown."

"What a clever man you are, Mr. Ferret! you know the hat. The man was—"

"Tall," said Ferret. Brown was tall.

"No—short," said Spooner.

"No—tall," cried Ferret: "he can shut himself up like a concertina, so don't I."

"You think so?" asked the wondering client.

"Rather fat—"

"When compressed. Draws out long and thin," remarked Ferret, determined not to lose his man. "I know the fellow—he was here before I had breakfast. But I was up to him. Don't mind showing me the purport of the telegram." Read that. 'Look after Brown?'"

"Dear me! what information you have, Mr. Ferret. What is to be done?"

"Spooner, I wouldn't let that fellow escape for a thousand pounds. You shall identify him; he will be off directly. The police must not suspect we have found out any thing, or such is her infatuation she will be giving the vagabond warning. Now, you shall see, Spooner, what a brilliant thought! Get in here," said Ferret, undrawing the curtain of "Niagara."

"In there?" replied Spooner, hesitating to enter the bath.

"It's quite safe, only a very little damp: and the smell of the paint is quite refreshing," said Ferret, as he handed in his unwilling client.

Mr. Ferret was doomed to have a busy morning, for Spooner was scarcely behind a Companion of the Bath when Wapshot announced a stranger newly come by the train.

Ferret evidently made some preparation before receiving him, but the business which had brought the stranger to B—— evidently admitted of no delay, as he followed Wapshot into the room, and introduced himself.

"My name's Drabs, Sir," said the new-comer. "I'm from Pankers."

"Well," said Ferret, rather annoyed at the intrusion, "that's a great deal of information in a few words. Pray, Mr. Drabs, who is Pankers?"

"Pankers, Mr. Drabs, Pankers," is a metereopolitan parish, and I am its beadle—plain as I appear."

"A parochial peacock without its feathers," thought Ferret. "Travelling *incog.*—and for what purpose?"

"The fact is," said Drabs, settling down in an arm-chair—"the fact is, in our parish we have more wives and small children than we knows what to do with, and a unmitigated vagabond has left us five—"

"What—wives?" inquired Ferret.

"No; children," said Drabs, replied Drabs. "We've traced him down here, and I've been referred to you, as Clerk to the Guardians, to help us to get him back again. He ain't particular what he calls himself. Sometimes it's Downs, sometimes it's Crown, sometimes—"

"Brown," exclaimed Ferret; the one idea still uppermost in his mind.

"Well, let us think," said Drabs, sucking the knob of his stick, and cocking one eye up at the ceiling. "Well, I should say it's very likely he might a' called hisself Brown at some period or other."

"Then I've got him, Drabs," cried Ferret. "A human cuckoo that leaves his brood in any nest that will hold them! He'll be here directly."

"But are you sure he's my man?" asked Drabs, not to be too hasty in the matter.

"Tall!" said Ferret.

"Well, betwixt and between."

"Rather thin?"

"Not corpulent, certainly," answered Drabs, glancing at his own well-developed figure.

"It's the same man!" said Ferret. "I expect him here every moment. You shall pounce upon him like a hawk. Let me introduce you to another victim of Brown," said Ferret, drawing aside the curtain of the bath, "Mr. Drabs of Pankers, Mr. Spooner of B——. You'll soon know each other—mutual wrongs are like the thongs which bound the *fasces*." A classical figure of speech, in great favor with Mr. Ferret on public meetings.

The trap being set and baited, Mr. Ferret proceeded to his dressing-room to make his toilet, resulting in his anticipated triumph over the credulity of Mrs. Ferret, should Brown return, or not.

He was not quite so clever as he thought himself.

There was evidently a culmination of events threatening the House of Ferret this morning, for, to the terror of Wapshot (the real egg-sucker), Mr. Mango knocked at the door.

Mrs. Ferret was very pleased and surprised to see Mr. Mango, and told him so.

"You are most kind," said the old gentleman. "I have long desired to pay this visit—indeed it was my business here at B——, but Mr. Ferret's extraordinary conduct with regard to those Aylesbury ducks made it impossible."

"Pray think no more of that, my dear Sir. Mr. Ferret had been very ill with a fever and lost—lost—"

"His wits?" asked Mr. Mango.

"No, Sir, not his wits, but a remarkable fine head of hair, and the loss made him very irritable. Besides, I must own, that, though he is a most affectionate husband, he is the most suspicious man alive."

"What has made him so?" inquired Mango.

"I think it is his profession," replied Mrs. Ferret. "He is a lawyer; and, therefore, sees so much of the bad side of human nature, that he almost doubts if there be a good one. Pray think no more of that ridiculous matter."

"Well, for your sake," said Mr. Mango, "I will not. You know a Mr. Brown, I believe?"

"He called here this morning," replied Mrs. Ferret; "and—really I am ashamed to own it—but John suspects him of some design upon him. I would give a great deal to cure John of this unfortunate impression, as it is so distructive."

"Humph!" grunted Mr. Mango, and it was evident Mr. Ferret was no favorite with the old Indian. "But to go on," he continued, with reference to an interview I have had with Mr. Brown."

Mr. Ferret having completed his toilet, substituting a wig for which George the Peruvian had been envied, for his oil-cloth extinguisher, fancied he heard voices in the adjoining room, and stealing to the door, as gently as a cat, opened it without noise, and to his surprise saw Mr. Mango in conversation with his wife, and heard the hated name of Brown.

"Your maiden name," said Mango, "was Chubb."

"What's that to him?" thought Ferret; "I changed it."

"You were an orphan, and married a man older than yourself."

"Like his impudence," muttered Ferret; "he's been looking up the parish register."

"You had an uncle Godfrey, who years ago went to India—a bankrupt, worthless fellow."

"He had been unfortunate," replied Mrs. Ferret, "but my mother always said he was the kindest of brothers."

Mango paused for a moment, took the hand of Mrs. Ferret, and looking at her, tenderly said, "You are very like your mother, in openess of face and confidence of disposition. Brown has told me of your lending him your watch."

"Of course," thought Ferret, "and laughed at her stupidity."

"He left one with you?" asked Mango.

"Yes, and here it is," replied Mrs. Ferret; "I recognize in it a very old acquaintance."

"And I an older one," said Mango. "Do you mind trusting this to me for a short time?"

"Not at all, sir," answered Mrs. Ferret, giving Mango the wonderful piece of mechanism.

"I see it all," thought Ferret. "Brown has her watch: Mango gets Brown's, and Mrs. F. is done out of both."

"I know your uncle well," said Mango. "Some years ago I gave you a locket—I see it there. May I be allowed to look at it?"

"He will have the wedding-ring off her finger presently," thought Ferret, and began to consider whether he was not bound as a husband to present himself. The return of Mr. Brown left him no alternative.

Either the abruptness of Ferret's entrance into the room or the magnificence of his wig overpowered his visitors, and neither spoke for nearly a minute; while he, with his arms folded and figure erect, looked any thing but a welcome.

"John!" exclaimed Mrs. Ferret, at length, "what is the matter with you?"

A look was her only answer, and then Ferret took from the table the blue bag brought by Spooner, and producing the hat left behind by the burglar, threw it with great force at the feet of Mr. Brown.

"Is the man mad?" cried Mango.

Ferret, undisturbed by the remark, placed himself opposite to Brown, and in a hissing whisper, which would have made any tragedian's fortune, said: "A wife and five children are in Pankers' workhouse. Where is the husband? Where is the father?"

"How should I know, my dear Sir?" replied Brown, getting rather alarmed.

"Where indeed? a peaceable citizen was broken into last night. That hat was left behind."

"Well, Sir," remarked Brown, not in the least understanding how that information was confided so particularly to him.

"But we were warned in time," said Ferret, raising his voice to gallery pitch. "Thanks to the Electric Telegraph. Read that, Sir, from our excellent relative, Mr. Richman. 'LOOK AFTER BROWN.'"

"Mad! Decidedly mad!" cried Mango, buttoning up his coat and preparing to retreat; but poor Mrs. Ferret, almost hysterical with disgust and anger, clung round his neck and prevented his egress.

"And dare you, Sir," said Brown, as soon as his indignation would allow the words to escape his lips—"dare you, Sir, accuse me of burglary and desertion?"

"In unvarnished English—yes," bawled Ferret, "and I've witnesses there," pointing to "Niagara."

"Produce them!" shouted Brown.

"I won't till I please!" exclaimed Ferret.

"Mango, ring the bell. Let us see if there is a sane person in the house!" cried Brown.

Mango had already fixed his eye on the brass ring and cord depending from Niagara, and, without pausing to consider this somewhat unusual position for a bell-rope, pulled away with all his might.

Then came a rush of waiters, mingled with roars of alarm and agony from Drabs and the timid client, followed by a most unfortunate appearance in the centre of the room dripping and shaking themselves like two Newfoundland dogs after a bath in the river.

"Where?—Who?—What?" exclaimed all but Ferret; and he pointed with exultation to the saturated pair, "Behold my witnesses!"

"Plaintiffs, you mean," said Drabs. "At least I'm one. You shall pay for this trick, Mr. Ferret."

"Nonsense. That's your deserter, Fankers."

"No, it's not; not a feature of any one of the children about him," said Drabs, abruptly quitting the room.

"Spooner, then it's your man!" cried Ferret.

"Not the least like him. I'm a corpse, Mr. Ferret, a corpse!" My last injunction to my executors will be, 'Prosecute Ferret!'" said Spooner, leaving the room, the chattering of his teeth being distinctly audible until he reached the street.

Ferret was confounded.

"Well, Sir, a pretty fool you've made of yourself, John Ferret," said his brother-in-law, Bob, after Brown!

Look after yourself, I think, Sir."

"My dear, there is evidently some mistake," suggested Jemima.

"I beg your pardon, Mr. Brown," said Mango to that gentleman, and with whom he had been conversing in a low tone. "I was prepared to receive your statement as truth, and would have acted upon it; but when I find a respectable practitioner like Mr. Ferret accuse you of burglary and desertion of your family, I pause, Sir—I pause!"

"Say, Sir, what have I to gain?" asked Brown.

"That would be my question, Sir, was given to me by your nephew, William Chubb."

His nephew!" exclaimed Mr. and Mrs. Ferret.

"With this will," continued Brown, showing a legal-looking packet, "bequeathing his claims upon you—"

"Ten thou-sand pounds," said Mango. "I acknowledge the debt."

"Ten thou-sand pounds," and Brown rolled the words out as though every letter was a lump of gold, "out which he bequeaths to his cousin Mrs. Ferret here."

Mrs. Ferret subsided on to the sofa, and the hair of Ferret's wig stood on end—almost.

"What do you say, Sir?" gasped the astonished lawyer. "Ten thousand pounds, and the debt acknowledged."

"Just so," said Mango; "and I should have made no difficulty in the payment of the money, had not Mr. Ferret accused Mr. Brown of crimes which make me doubt the validity of those documents."

"Oh, don't say that," cried Ferret; "I didn't mean it."

"Pardon me," rejoined Mango. "I am sorry to put you to the trouble and expending to India for proofs. The process is tedious, very tedious, but necessary now."

"Oh, Jemima!" sobbed Mrs. Ferret, from the depths of the sofa pillows; "I told you to look after Brown."

"When you can bring me satisfactory evidence," continued Mango, walking toward the door, "I am prepared to pay."

"You don't mean to leave us, Mr. Mango, in this unsatisfactory manner?" cried Ferret.

Mr. Brown appeared about to follow Mr. Mango, but pausing, said,

"Mr. Ferret, my object was to have served you in this matter, but the insult I have received, the injury my character has sustained, must be atoned for. You, as a lawyer, know the course I shall adopt, and you know your own."

"Oh, yes," replied Ferret, in a most despondent tone; "the usual story about *Brown* vs. *Ferret*, defamation. Damages a thousand pounds."

"Oh, John! John! How could you doubt the meaning of that letter?" and Mrs. Ferret sat on the sofa like "Niobe all tears."

"You have been a good wife to me," said Ferret, throwing himself on the table and wrapping up his head in the crimson cover. "So young, and yet so wise! You'll find my will at the back of the wardrobe, wrapped up in my wedding waistcoat."

The wife—the woman could not withstand this, and as she threw her arms about the red bundle on the table, and called it her "dear Johnny."

"I've left you every thing, and have only to add a lawsuit, *Brown vs. Ferret*, damages a thousand."

"Oh! my dear Johnny, you are wandering!" exclaimed Mrs. Ferret, striving to unroll the mummy.

"It was destiny made me erect 'Niagara,'" continued the unhappy man. "An ancient gentleman hinted himself to a funeral pyre. I shall take a funereal shower-bath!"

Mrs. Ferret screamed and shook her husband violently while Mr. Mango returned and said, soothingly: "Come, Mr. Ferret, be a man. Proofs of Mr. Brown's respectability can be obtained easily."

"No, no! impossible!" interrupted Ferret; and then recollecting the probable consequences of such a denial, gasped, rather than said, "More likely more libel!"

It was fortunate that Wapshot interrupted this agonising scene by another telegram, and which the excited Mrs. Ferret seized and read aloud for the general edification: "Look after Brown. He is the best friend you have, and the most honorable man alive."

"Hoorah!" All is clear at last. The telegraph clerk had only sent one half the message, which had produced such confusion and misunderstanding. The doubts of Mango were only feigned to punish Mr. Ferret, and the old Indian proved the best of the *genus* uncle, making his niece richer than she had ever dreamed to be, and happier by laughing Ferret out of his proneness to suspicion.

The telegram was framed and hung over the mantle-piece in the breakfast parlor *in memoriam* of the eventful day recorded in these pages.

A PARCEL OF PREACHERS.

It is the object of the present paper to revive the remembrance of a few popular preachers, deceased. Those who are living speak for themselves; but it is noticeable how closely they confine themselves on the dead, and how very little originality is to be found among them.

One of the most remarkable of these was Rowland Hill, sixth son of Sir Rowland Hill, baronet, of Hawkstone. He first began to preach when he was at Cambridge, and he received seven censures from his superiors for going about and preaching in the barns and farm-houses of the villages near the University. When he left Cambridge, and had been ordained, he used to preach, sometimes as often as thrice a day, to large congregations. He used to stock his sermons with queer phrases and odd illustrations, and often amused his congregation with jokes.

On one occasion, when preaching at Wapping to a congregation composed chiefly of sea-faring men and fishermen, he greatly astonished his congregation by commencing the sermon with these words: "I come to preach to great sinners, notorious sinners—yes, to *Wapping* sinners." On another occasion, there came a heavy shower of rain, which compelled the congregation to take refuge in the chapel; Hill, remarking this, looked up and said: "Many people are greatly to be blamed for coming to chapel in wet weather, but I do not think those are much better who make it an umbrella." In 1803, the time of the first grand volunteer movement, Hill was at the head of a congregation of volunteers. Two psalms, of his own composition, were sung on this occasion; one of them was sung to the tune of "God save the King;" the other, after the sermon, to the tune of "Rule Britannia." It began: "When Jesus reigned in Britain's favored land."

Hill was earnest in manner, and imposing in appearance. He was very tall, and had a loud, sonorous voice, which he knew how to make a modest man, and to have particularly objected to being considered an enthusiast. Preaching once at Wotton, he said, "Brethren, I am not enthusiast enough to be an enthusiast, but I am not; mine are the words of truth and soberness. When I first came into this part of the country, I was preaching on a tender hill, I saw a gravel-pit fall in and bury three human beings alive. I lifted up my voice for help as loud as I was able, and called on the people at a distance of a mile; help came and rescued two of the poor sufferers. No one called me enthusiast then, and when I see immortal creatures ready to fall into eternal sinners, and about to entomb them irrevocably in an eternal mass of woe, and call about on them to escape, shall I be called an enthusiast now? No, indeed, I am not an enthusiast in so doing; I call on these aloud to fly for refuge to the hope set before them in the Gospel of Christ Jesus."

William Huntington, the coal-heaver, was a strong contrast to Rowland Hill, and was immeasurably inferior to him in every respect, though in every respect. Huntington was born in the Weald of Kent; his father was a day-laborer, earning seven or eight shillings a week. Huntington, in his published sermons, tells several anecdotes of his childhood, one of which shows his inordinate conceit and vanity. He had a great desire to act as errand-boy into the service of a certain Squire Cooke; but the Squire already had an errand-boy, with whom he was very well satisfied. Huntington bethinking himself that if all things were possible with God, it was possible for the Almighty to send him into Squire Cooke's service, and prayed for the discharge of this unfortunate boy, asked the Almighty in an "extempore way" (his own words) to give him the place. He says that his earnest promises how good he would be if this request were granted. Some time after a man came to his house, and told his father that the boy was to have been turned away for theft; and advised him to go and apply for the place. He did so, and (as a matter of course) obtained the situation. Shortly after came the theft was committed for Huntington's special behoof through Divine interposition is very shocking.

On another occasion, when this favored gentleman was older, he was again in want of a situation; a part of his history which appears to be highly probable, was informed that a certain Squire Peel, of Charren, in Kent, was in want of a servant. He went after the place, and on the way, he prayed to God about him the situation. When he arrived at the gentleman's house, he found a servant in the parlor, with whom the gentleman had been drinking; and the Squire immediately broke off with this man when he saw Huntington (very much to his subsequent regret, we have no doubt), and engaged that latter person. Huntington ascribed this, of course, to the great influence of his prayers, and the high regard in which the Almighty held him. He soon left this situation too (through a want of appreciation on the part of sinners), and tried to set up as a coke-burner; failed, as a gardener. He also tried gardener's situation, and lost it (so he says) for refusing to work on Sundays; he then became reduced to the necessity of laboring as a coal-heaver, and began to preach in earnest.

Huntington used generally to preach at Wellingborough; but he also visited his friends, and preached in their houses. In his sermons, The Bank of Faith and God, the Guardian of the Poor, printed with an account of his life, he mentions, as an instance of the Lord's care for him, that he had ordered a box of clothes to be left at the Star Inn, at Maidstone in Kent, and that he went for it with only a shilling in his pocket. When he arrived at Maidstone he found that the box had been sent on by the carrier, so he had to go back again without it. He had spent his shilling, was hungry and tired, and began to think that if he had faith and prayed, he might have any thing he wanted. Just then the thought seized him that he would go out of the foot-path into the horse-road; he did so, and instantly saw a sixpence lying in the road, and, a little further on, a shilling. He attributed his finding these to the regard the Lord had for him, and to the effect of his prayers and to his great faith.

On another occasion, a heavy fall of snow threw him out of work, and he thought he prayed the Lord to send the snow away. When he got up next morning he found it all melted. No doubt, if he had lived in the last great frost, he would have procured a thaw immediately.

Some of this man's printed sermons are very ludicrous. In one of them he relates that, being greatly in want of a pair of leather breeches, he prayed very earnestly to God for this favor. He went to London, where he met a person of his belonging to one of his friends. Not finding the shop, he called on another friend of his, a shoemaker, who told him that a parcel had been left there for him. He opened the parcel, and found that it contained a pair of leather breeches, which fitted him perfectly, although he had never been measured for them. He left a letter he wrote to the unknown donor, he declared that God must not only have put it into the heart of that charitable person to send him a pair of breeches, but must also have given him his (Huntington's) exact measure.

One Sunday, as he was rising early to go to Moulsey to hear a popular preacher who was coming to preach there, there came a voice which he took to be that of God, saying, "You must preach out of doors to-day, and you must preach from this text: 'Go therefore into the highways, and as many as you find, bid to the marriage.'" He went to the meeting. The preacher did not make his appearance, and Huntington got up and preached with such effect that the congregation fell down in a fit caused by "violent convictions," and was obliged to have a blister applied to her head. We strongly recommend this remedy for general adoption in similar cases.

At the latter part of his life, Huntington preached several sermons which were afterward printed separately. Among them is The Coal-heaver's Cousin rescued from the Bats. In one of these compositions he says, "In reference to a gentleman having made him a present of ten guineas, 'I found God's promises to be the Christian's bank-notes; and a living faith to be the means of realizing the Divine Bank-er; yea, and the spirit of prayer and the deep sense of want will give an heir of promise a filial boldness at the throne of grace, to draw upon heaven.' He was also in the habit of calling the Almighty his Bank, his Banker, and his Blessed Overseer.

A very different preacher from Huntington was the Rev. William Dodd, LL.D. He is represented to have been a man of elegant manners and refined tastes; a scholar and a wit. Perhaps he was all these—an indifferent poet he certainly was. He was born in the year 1729, at Bourne, in Lincolnshire. He was sent to Cambridge at the early age, and, in the year 1755, produced a translation of the Hymns of Callimachus, translated from the Greek into English verse, with explanatory notes, and the Encomium of Ptolemy, by Theocritus. Hymns to Diana, and several sermons, full of Christian precepts and religious sentiments. He greatly interested himself in public charities, and subscribed much of his money toward the founding of the Magdalen Hospital. He preached two or three times at Magdalen House before Prince Edward. He was also connected with Lord Chesterfield, who was so pleased with him that he confided to him the education of his eldest son. Dodd bought a house in Southampton Row, where he lived in a sumptuous manner. Wishing to obtain the living of St. George's, Hanover Square, he endeavored to get Lord Chesterfield to give the Lord Chancellor. An anonymous letter was also sent to Lady Chesterfield, offering a sum of money if she would procure Dodd the same living. It was discovered that the letter must have been written by Dodd himself, although he tried to throw all the blame on his wife. The fact was not credited, and failing into disfavor, his name was ordered to be struck off the list of Royal chaplains. It regards to his pecuniary affairs, he subscribed more liberally than ever to schools and charities; but continued to live so extravagantly, that at last he was afraid to go out in the street lest he should be arrested for debt. However, being severely pressed by his creditors, he became desperate, and forged the name of his pupil's guardian to a bond for four thousand two hundred pounds. The forgery was discovered, and he was arrested—taken from a gay supervivial party—and committed to Wood Street Compter. Public sympathy was lavished on him in the most absurd manner; every body talked of "the unfortunate Dr. Dodd;" and the following verses, supposed to have been written by himself, appeared in all the newspapers:

"Amidst confinement's miserable gloom,
Midst the hot horrors of the wretched room,
What comforts gracious Heaven! does then bestow
To soothe my sorrows and relieve my woe?
A wife beyond the first of womankind,
Tender, attached, and e'en to death resigned;
Dear youthful friends, in life's prosperous hour
As children zealous, to exert each power;
Men skilled in wisdom's most sagacious lore,
Solicitous to aid, to save—restore!
Lawyers and counselors, without a fee,
Studious to guide, direct, and set me free!
Nay—from the man I falsely deemed my foes,
The noble offer of all service flows.
While gratitude in gaine unknown draws nigh
Say (I am still mind) what more can reply?
Above the rest, my keepers, soothed to grief,
With sympathetic pity give relief.

Treat as a guest the sufferer they receive,
And make it even tranquil to be here.
Great God of mercy! if amidst my woes
A stream of such peculiar comfort flows;
Flows full, flows only from thy care divine,
May I not humbly, firmly, Lord, resign?
And trust the issue to thy care alone?
Yes, Lord, I trust—Oh, may thy will be done!"

This "revered sufferer" also had the coolness to insert the following letter in the principal newspapers: it is written quite as of course, and more with the air of an injured innocent than with that of a squandering, unprincipled forger:

"Dr. Dodd begs leave to present his most sincere and grateful acknowledgments to those many sympathising friends who have been so kind as to think of him in his distresses, and to assure them that, though his mind was too much engrossed and agitated with necessary and important business during his confinement in Wood Street, to admit the kind favors of their proffered visits, he shall now be happy, at any time, to receive their friendly and Christian consolation.

"Destitute at once with respect to his fate, and thoroughly resigned to the will of God, he can not but feel a complacency in the striking humanity of which he has experienced; and while he most earnestly entreats a continuance and increase of that 'spirit of grace, which he is told is poured forth for him,' he can not omit to assure all those who, by letter or otherwise, have expressed their concern for him in his trial, that, conscious of the purity of his intention from any purpose to do injury, and happy in the full proof of that intention, by having done no injury to any man in respect to this unfortunate prosecution, he fully reposes himself on the mercies of his God, and on his own wish to live or die, in all that may best tend to the glory of that God and the good of mankind.

"*Tuesday Ev.*, 11."

He was tried, found guilty, and sentenced to death: his fate created a great sensation among all classes. The Lord Mayor, aldermen, and commons of the city of London, got up petitions beseeching commutation of the sentence, and a monster petition, thirty-seven yards long, and signed by twenty-three thousand persons, was presented with the same object. A young man named Joseph Harris, convicted of highway robbery, was sentenced to die with Dodd; but the Lord Mayor, aldermen, and commons, did not present any petition praying for commutation of the younger and probably less criminal offender's sentence, nor was a single quarter of a yard of public sympathy unfolded in his behalf. However, the Lord Mayor, his magnificent brethren, and the thirty-seven yards of paper, and the twenty-three thousand signatures, could not save Dr. Dodd. He was hanged with the lay, unclassical, and altogether inelegant Joseph Harris.

Orator Hunter, another well-known preacher, was a member of St. John's College, Cambridge, where he distinguished himself by his abilities and perseverance. His pulpit was covered with black cloth, ornamented with gold; his cushions, vulgates, and liturgies were printed in red and black; he stuck medals which he dispensed to his admirers, round the room; a sun over the pulpit, with the motto Ad Summa, and the inscription, Invenium viam aut faciam (I will find a way or make it). His sarcasm is considered to have been very, and he "won his" for brilliant jokes in his sermons. He was a great enemy of Pope, whose satire on him is well known:

"Unbowed in this untoward time, lo! Healey stands,
Tuning his voice and balancing his hands;
How fluent nonsense trickles from his tongue!
How sweet the periods neither said nor sung!
Still break the benches, Henley, with thy strain,
While Bladen, Hare, and Gibbs roar again in vain.
Oh, great restorer of the good old stage,
Preacher at once and Zany of thy age!"

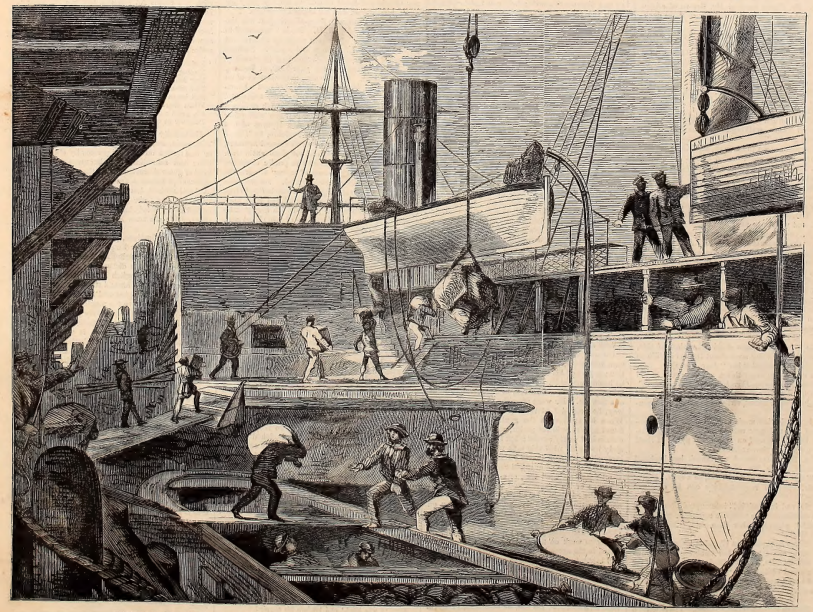
He usually chose a text from the Old or New Testament, and adapted it to the topics of the day, or to a satire on persons personally obnoxious to him; but sometimes his discourses resembled a kind of poetical prose rather than a sermon. His manuscript sermons are preserved in the library at the Guildhall, London; his handwriting is very irregular, and the whole is pronounced to be much erased and blotted that it is not easy to decipher them. We see from his sermons that he was a good scholar.

One of his Orations, preached October 21, 1730, is entitled, "A Sober Enquiry into the History and Adventures of Whittington and His Cat." The text chosen for this discourse was, "A cat may look at a king" (English Proverb). It is chiefly satirical or political, and the preacher begins with the story of Whittington and his cat, and in pointed satire likens cats to the magistrates and judges. "A cat is a creature extremely political: it does indeed, like other civil magistrates, look not only grave but sleepy; but when it winketh, little knows the mouse what is in it." The next paragraph is a satire on the Church. He says: "There is no mention of *cats* in the Scripture; since our clergy spoken of, the Church militant also are common, but many of them are poor, for the Church cats, pretending only to play with them, starve the mice." The rest consists of satires on the topics of the day, which would not interest the reader nowadays.

Hanley sometimes prayed in a devout and impressive manner, but sometimes his prayers were ludicrous and even blasphemous. In one of his sermons, discovering that the petitioners would be damned, he prayed that the Dutch might be "undamned." In another of his sermons he undertook to prove that the petitioners were the ancients, and, in corroboration, quoted that chapter of the Old Testament in which Samuel's mother is said to have hidden him "in a petticoat," obviously a "petticoat." He usually hired a body of strong men to attend his sermons and dispose of any body inclined to discuss a point with him; but on one occasion, having challenged any two Oxonians to argue with him on the superiority of his doctrines and teaching over those of the Church of England's ministers, two Oxonians appeared, attended by a larger body of prize-fighters than he was provided with, and he slunk away by the back door.

* The *Historical Register* for 1736.

UNITED STATES FLYING ARTILLERY GOING ON BOARD THE STEAMSHIP "ATLANTIC" AT NEW YORK, APRIL 6, 1861.—[SEE PAGE 246.]



SHIPMENT OF MILITARY STORES ON BOARD THE STEAMSHIP "BALTIC" AT NEW YORK, APRIL 8, 1861.—[SEE PAGE 246.]

THE BEGGAR'S SOLILOQUY.

I.

Now, this, to my notion, is pleasant cheer,
To lie all alone on a ragged heath,
Where your nose isn't sniffing for honor or beer,
But a peat-fire smells like a garden beneath.
The cottagers bustle about the door,
And the girl at the window fits her strings.
She's a dish for a man who's a mind to be poor;
Lord! women are such expensive things.

II.

We don't marry beggars, says she: why, no:
It seems that to make 'em is what you do;
And as I can cook, and scour, and sew,
I needn't pay half my victuals for you.
A man for himself should be able to scratch,
But tickling's a luxury—love, indeed!
Love burns as long as the heifer match,
Wellock's the candle! Now, that's my creed.

III.

The church-bells sound water-like over the wheat;
And up the long path troop pair after pair.
The man's well-brushed, and the woman looks neat,
It's man and woman every where!
Unless, like me, you lie here flat,
With a donkey for friend, you must have a wife:
She pulls out your hair, but she brushes your hat.
Appearances make the best half of life.

IV.

You nice little madam! you know you're nice.
I remember hearing a parson say
You're a plateful of vanity pepper'd with vice;
You chap at the gate thinks Father way.
On his waistcoat you read both his head and his heart:
There's a whole week's wages there figured in gold!
Yes! when you turn round you may well give a start:
It's fun to a fellow who's getting old.

V.

Now, that's a good craft, wearing waistcoats and flowers,
And selling of ribbons, and scenting of lard:
It gives you a house to get in from the showers,
And food when your appetite jockeys you hard.
You live a respectable man; but I ask
If it's worth the trouble? You use your teeth,
And spend your time, and what's your task?
Why, to make a slide for a couple of fools.

VI.

You can't match the color o' these heath mounds,
Nor better that peat-fire's agreeable smell.
I'm clothed like with natural sights and sounds;
To myself I'm in tune. I hope you're as well.
You jolly old cot! though you don't own coal:
It's a generous pot that's built with peat.
Let the Lord Mayor o' London roast oxen whole:
His smoke, at least, don't smell so sweet.

VII.

I'm not a low Radical, hating the laws,
Who'd the aristocracy rebuke.
I talk o' the Lord Mayor o' London because
I once was acquainted with his cook.
I served him a turn, and got pensioned on scraps,
And, Lord, Sir! didn't I envy his place,
Till Death knock'd him down with the softest of raps,
And I knew what was meant by a tallowy face!

VIII.

On the contrary, I'm Conservative quite;
There's beggars in Scripture 'mongst Gentiles and Jews:
It's nouseus, trying to set things right,
For if people will give, why, who'll refuse?
That stopping old custom wakes my spleen:
The poor and the rich both in giving agree:
Your tight-laced chapman's the Radical mean:
There's nothing in common 'twixt him and me.

IX.

He says I'm no use! but I won't reply.
You're lucky not being of use to him!
On week-days he's playing at Spider and Fly,
And on Sundays he sings about Cherubim!
Nulling shillings to counters is his chief work:
He nods now and then at the name on his door:
But judge of us two at a hour and a smirk.
I think I'm his match: and I'm honest—that's more.

X.

No use! well, I mayn't be. You ring a pig's snout,
And then call the animal glutton! Now, he,
Mr. Shopman, he's naught but a pipe and a spout
Who won't let the goods o' this world pass free.
This blessing blue weather all round the brown crop,
He can't enjoy! all but each he hates.
He's only a snail that crawls under his shop;
Though he has got the ear o' the magistrates.

XI.

Now, giving and taking's a proper exchange,
Like question and answer: you're both content.
But buying and selling seems always strange;
You're hostile, and that's the thing that's meant.
It's man against man—you're almost brutes,
There's here no thanks, and there's there no pride.
If Charity's Christian, don't blame my pursuits,
I carry a touchstone by which you're tried.

XII.

—"Take it," says she, "it's all I've got:"
I remember a girl in London streets:
She stood by a coffee-stall, nice and hot,
My belly was like a lamb that bleats.
Says I to myself, as her shilling I seized,
You haven't a character here, my dear!
But for making a rascal like me so pleased,
I'll give you one, in a better sphere!

XIII.

And that's where it is—she made me feel
I was a rascal: but people who scorn,
And tell a poor patch-breech he isn't genteel,
Why, they make him kick up—and he treads on a corn.
It isn't liking, it's cunst ill-luck,
Drives half of us into the begging-trade:
If for taking to water you praise a duck,
For taking to beer why a man upbraid?

XIV.

The sermon's over: they're out of the porch,
And it's time for me to move a leg;
But in general people who come from church,
And have called themselves sinners, hate chaps to beg.
I'll wager they'll all of 'em dine to-day!
I was easy half a minute ago.
If that isn't pig that's baking away.
May I perish?—we're never contented—heighoe!

GEORGE MEREDITH.

"DEAR JOE, HOW ARE YOU?"

THE LAST HYMN.

"Yet once more on the organ play
To me, old neighbor mine;
Try if my heart may be refreshed
Still by its tones divine—"

The sick one prayed, the neighbor played,
So played he ne'er before;
So glorious are the tones that he
Knows his own touch no more.

'Tis some unearthly blessèd strain
Bursts forth as he doth play—
He stops with awe—the list'ner's soul
Hath gently passed away.

[Entered according to Act of Congress, in the Year 1860, by Harper & Brothers, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Southern District of New York.]

GREAT EXPECTATIONS.

A NOVEL.

By CHARLES DICKENS.

Splendidly Illustrated by John McLenan.

☞ Printed from the Manuscript and early Proof-sheets purchased from the Author by the Proprietors of "Harper's Weekly."

CHAPTER XXXIII.

As I had grown accustomed to my expectations I had insensibly begun to notice their effect upon myself and those around me. Their influence on my own character I disguised from my recognition as much as possible; but I know very well that it was not all good. I lived in a state of chronic uneasiness respecting my behavior to Joe. My conscience was not by any means comfortable about Biddy. When I woke up in the night—like Camilla—I used to think, with a weariness on my spirits, that I should have been happier and better if I had never seen Miss Havisham's face, and had risen to manhood content to be partners with Joe in the honest old forge. Many a time of an evening, when I sat alone, looking at the fire, I thought, after all there was no fire like the forge fire and the kitchen fire at home.

Yet Estella was so inseparable from all my restlessness and disquiet of mind, that I really fell into confusion as to the limits of my own part in its production. That is to say, supposing I had had no expectations, and yet had had Estella to think of, I could not make out to my satisfaction that I should have done much better. Now, concerning the influence of my position on others, I was in no such difficulty, and so I perceived—though dimly enough, perhaps—that it was not beneficial to any body, and, above all, that it was not beneficial to Herbert. My lavish hal its led his easy nature into expenses that he could not afford, corrupted the simplicity of his life, and disturbed his peace with anxieties and regrets. I was not at all remorseful for having unwittingly set those other branches of the Pocket family to the poor arts they practiced: because such littlenesses were their natural bent, and would have been evoked by any body else, if I had left them slumbering. But Herbert's was a very different case, and it often caused me a twinge to think that I had done him evil service in encouraging his expensefurnished chambers with incongruous upholstery work, and placing the canary-breasted Avenger at his disposal.

So now, as an infallible way of making little ease great ease, I began to contract a quantity of debt. I could hardly begin but Herbert must begin too, so he soon followed. At Startop's suggestion, we put ourselves down for election into a club called The Finches of the Grove: the object of which institution I have never divined, if it were not that the members should dine expensively once a fortnight, to quarrel among themselves as much as possible after dinner, and to cause six waiters to get drunk on the stairs. I know that these gratifying social ends were so invariably accomplished that Herbert and I understood nothing else to be referred to in the first standing toast of the society, which was: "Gentlemen, may the present promotion of good feeling ever reign predominant among the Finches of the Grove."

The Finches spent their money foolishly (the hotel we dined as was in Covent Garden), and the first Finch I saw, when I had the honor of joining the Grove, was Bentley Drummle: at that time floundering about town in a cab of his own, and doing a great deal of damage to the posts at the street corners. Occasionally he shot himself out of his equipage head-foremost over the apron; and I saw him, on one occasion, deliver himself at the door of the Grove in this unintentional way—like coals. But here I anticipate a little, for I was not a Finch, and could not be, according to the sacred laws of the society, until I came of age.

In my confidence in my own resources I would willingly have taken Herbert's expenses on myself; but Herbert was proud, and I could make no such proposal to him. So he got into difficulties in every direction, and continued to look about him. When we gradually fell into keeping late hours and late company, I noticed that he looked about him with a despondent eye at breakfast-time; that he began to look about him more hopelessly about mid-day; that he drooped when he came in to dinner; that he seemed to descry Capital in the distance rather clearly, after dinner; that he all but realized Capital and banked it toward midnight; and that at about two o'clock in the morning he became so deeply despondent again as to talk of buying a ville and going to America, with a general purpose of compelling buffaloes to make his fortune.

I was usually at Hammersmith about half the week, and when I was at Hammersmith I hunted Richmond; whereof separately by-and-by. Herbert would often come to Hammersmith when I was there, and I think at those seasons his father would occasionally have some passing perception that the opening he was looking for had not appeared yet. But in the general tumbling up of the family, his tumbling out in life somewhere, was a thing to transact itself somehow. In the mean time Mr. Pocket grew grayer, and used oftener to lift himself out of his

perplexities by the hair. While Mrs. Pocket zipped up the family with her footstool, read her book of dignities, lost her pocket-handkerchief, told us about her grandpapa, and taught the young idea how to shoot, by shooting it into bed whenever it attracted her notice.

As I am now generalizing a period of my life with the object of clearing the way for before me, I can scarcely do so better than by at once completing the description of our usual manners and customs as Barnard's Inn.

We spent as much money as we could, and got as little for it as people could make up their minds to give us. We were always more or less miserable, and most of our acquaintance were in the same condition. There was a gay fiction among us that we were constantly enjoying ourselves, and a skeleton truth that we never did. To the best of my belief, our case was in the last aspect a rather common one.

Every morning, with an air I never saw, Herbert went into the City to look about him. I often paid him a visit in the dark back-room in which he consorted with an ink-jar, a hat-peg, a cool-box, a string-box, an almanac, a desk and stool, and a ruler; and I do not remember that I ever saw him do any thing else but looking about him. If we all did what we undertake to do as faithfully as Herbert did, we might live in a Republic of the Virtues. He had nothing else to do, poor fellow, except at a certain hour of every afternoon to "go to Lloyd's"—in observance of a ceremony of seeing his principal, I think. He never did any thing else in connection with Lloyd's that I could find out, except come back again. What he felt his case unusually serious, and that he positively must find an opening, he would go on 'Change at the busy time, and walk in and out, in a kind of gloomy confidence, for a quarter of an hour, among blood magnates. "For," says Herbert to me, coming home to dinner on one of these special occasions, "I find the truth to be, Handel, that an opening won't come to one, but one must go to it—so I have been."

If we liked, we less attached to one another, I think we must have hated one another regularly every morning. I detested the chambers beyond expression at that period of separation, and could not endure the sight of the Avenger's livery; which had a more expensive and a less remunerative appearance then than at any other time in the four-and-twenty hours. As we got more and more into debt, breakfast became a hollower and hollower form, and, being on one occasion at breakfast-time threatened (by letter) with legal proceedings, "not unwholly unconnected," as my letter-writer might put it, "with jewelry," I went so far as to seize the Avenger by his blue collar and shake him off his feet—so that he was certainly for a few days, like a hooked Cupid—for presuming to suppose that we wanted a French roll.

At certain times—mean'ng at uncertain times, for they depended on our luncheon—I would say to Herbert, as if it were a remarkable discovery:

"My dear Herbert, we are getting on badly."

"My dear Handel," Herbert would always say to me in all sincerity, "if you will believe me, those very words were on my lips, by a strange coincidence."

Then, Herbert," I would respond, "let us look into our affairs."

We always derived profound satisfaction from making an appointment for this purpose. I always thought myself, this was business, this was the way to confront the thing, this was the way to take that by the throat. And I know Herbert thought so too.

We generally ordered something rather special for dinner, with a bottle of something similarly out of the common way, in order that our minds might be fortified for the occasion, and we might come well up to the mark. Dinner over, we produced a bundle of pens, a copious supply of ink, and a goodly show of writing and blotting paper. For these we somehow got very comfortable in having plenty of stationery.

I would then take a sheet of paper, and write across the top of it, in a neat hand, the heading "Memorandum of Pip's debts;" with Barnard's Inn and the date very carefully added. Herbert would also take a sheet of paper, and write across it with similar formalities, "Memorandum of Herbert's debts."

Each of us would then refer to a confused heap of papers at his side, which had been thrown into drawers, worn into holes in pockets, half burned in lighting candles, or taken for weeks into the looking-glass, and otherwise damaged. The sound of our pens going refreshed us exceedingly, inasmuch as I sometimes found it difficult to distinguish between this effusive business proceeding and actually paying the money. In point of meritorious character the two things seemed about equal.

When we had written a little while, I would ask Herbert how he got on? Herbert probably would have been scratching his head in a most rueful manner at the sight of his accumulating figures.

"They are mounting up, Handel," Herbert would say; "upon my life, they are mounting up."

"Be firm, Herbert," I would retort, plying my own pen with great assiduity. "Look the thing in the face. Look into your affairs. Stare them out of countenance."

"So I would, Handel, only they are staring me out of countenance."

However, my determined manner would have its effect, and Herbert would fall to work again. After a time, he would give up once more, on the plea that he had not got Cobbs's bill, or Lobbs's, or Nobbs's, as the case might be.

"Then, Herbert, estimate it; estimate it in round numbers, and put it down."

"What a fellow of resource you are!" my friend would reply, with admiration. "Really your business powers are very remarkable."

I thought so too. I established with myself on these occasions the reputation of a remarkable man of business—prompt, decisive, energetic, clear, cool-headed. When I had got all my responsibilities down upon my list, I compared each with the bill, and ticked it off. My self-approval when I ticked an entry was almost a luxurious sensation. When I had no more ticks to make, I folded all my bills up uniformly, docketed each on the back, and tied the whole into a symmetrical bundle. Then I did the same for Herbert (who modestly said he had not my administrative genius), and felt that I had brought his affairs into a focus for him.

My business habits had one other bright feature, which I called, "leaving a margin." For example; supposing Herbert's debts to be one hundred and sixty-four pounds four-and-twopence, I would say, "leave a margin, and put them down at two hundred." Or supposing my own to be four times as much, I would leave a margin, and put them down at seven hundred. I had the highest opinion of the wisdom and prudence of this same margin. I am sure I have to acknowledge that, on looking back, I deem it to have been an expensive device. For we always ran into new debt immediately, to the full extent of the margin, and sometimes, in the sense of freedom and solvency it imparted, got pretty far on above the margin, too.

But there was a calm, a rest, a virtuous hush, consequent on these examinations of our affairs, that got even me, for the time being, into opinion of myself. Soothed by my exertions, my method, and Herbert's compliments, I would sit with his symmetrical bundle in my hand, at the table before me among the stationery, and feel like a Bank of some sort, rather than a private individual.

We shut our outer door on these solemn occasions, in order that we might not be interrupted. I had fallen into the habit one evening, when we heard a letter dropped through the slit in the said door, and fell on the ground.

"It's for you, Handel," Herbert would say, and coming back with it, "and I hope there is nothing the matter." This was in allusion to its heavy black and border.

The letter was signed TRABB & Co., and its contents were simply, that I was an honored Sir, and that they begged to inform me that Mrs. J. Gargery died yesterday. That on Monday last, at twenty minutes past six in the evening, and that my attendance was requested at the interment on Monday next at three o'clock in the afternoon.

CHAPTER XXXIV.

IT was the first time that a grave had opened in my road of life, and the gap that the gap it made in the smooth ground was wonderful. The figure of my sister in her chair by the kitchen fire instantly started out of it. The place it could possibly be without her was something my mind seemed unable to compass; and whenever she had seldom or never been in my thoughts of late, I had now the strangest ideas that she was coming toward me in the street, or that she would presently come down from one of the rooms, too, with which she had never been at all associated, there was at once the blankness of death and a perpetual suggestion in the gap in of her voice or the turn of her face or figure, as if she were still alive and had been often there.

Whatever my fortunes might have been, I could scarcely have set myself right sooner with a more genuine remorse. But I suppose there is a shock of regret which may exist without much tenderness, and I believe it influenced me in this (for I doubt to the want of the softer feeling) I was seized with a violent indignation against the assailant from whom she had suffered so much, and felt that, on sufficient proof, I could have revengefully pursued Orlick, or any one else, to the last extremity.

Having written to Joe, to offer consolation, and to assure him that I should come to the Forge, I passed the intervening time of my stay in the curious state of mind I have glanced at. I went down early in the morning, and nighted at the Blue Boar in good time for the mail. I left the Forge It was fine summer weather again, and, as I walked along, the time when I was a little helpless creature, and my sister was not there to be vividly returned. But they returned with a gentle tone upon them that softened even the edge of Orlick. For the very breezes from the beans and clover whispered to my heart that the day must come when it would be well for my memory that other walking in the sunshine should be softened as they thought of me.

At last I came within sight of the house, and then I immediately saw that Trabb's boy had put in a funereal execution and taken possession. Two dismally absurd persons, each ostentatiously exhibiting a crutch done up in a black bandage—as if that instrument could by any communicate any comfort to my body—were posted at the front door; and in one of them I recognized a person who had formerly been fined for turning a young copie into a saw-pit on their bridal morning, in consequence of intoxication rendering it necessary for him to ride home locked clasped round the neck with both arms. All the children of the village, and most of the women, were admiring these sable warders, and the dining-windows of the house and forge; and as I came up, one of the two warders (the post-boy) knocked at the door—implying, I think, that I was too much exhausted by grief to have strength remaining to knock for myself.

Another sable warder (a carpenter, who had once eaten two geese for a wager) opened the door, and showed me into the best parlor. Here Mr. Trabb had taken upon himself the best table, and had got all the leaves up, and was holding a kind of black Bezar, with the aid of a quantity of black pins. At the moment of my arrival he had just finished putting somebody's hat into black long-clothes, like an Afghan baby; so he held out his hand for mine. But I, misled by the action, and confused by the occasion, shook hands with him with every testimony of warm affection.

Poor dear Joe, in a little black cloak tied in a large bow under his chin, was seated apart at the upper end of the room; where, as chief mourner, he had evidently been deposited by Trabb. When I bent down and said to him, "Dear Joe, how are you?" he said, "Pip, old chap, you know'd her when she were a fine figure of a—" and stopped my hand, and said no more.

Biddy, looking very neat and modest in her black dress, went quietly here and there, and was very helpful. When I had spoken to Biddy, as I thought it no time for talking I went and sat down near Joe, and there began to wonder in what part of the house it—she—my sister was. The best parlor being full with the smell of sweet cake, I looked about for the table of refreshments; it was scarcely visible until one had got accustomed to the gloom, but there was a cut-up plum-cake upon it, and there were cut-up oranges, and sandwiches, and biscuits, and bottles of wine, and I knew very well as ornaments, but had never seen used in all my life, one full of port and one of sherry. Standing at this table, dusting the associates of the service Pumblechook, in a black cloak and several yards of hat-band, who was alternately stuffing himself, and saying serious mouthfuls to me to catch my attention. The moment he succeeded he came over to me (breathing sherry and crumbs), and said in a subdued voice, "May I dear Sir?" and did. I then described Mr. and Mrs. Hubble—the last-named in a decent speckled pocket-handkerchief—as "Mr. and Mrs. Hubble to "follow," and were all in course of being tied up separately (by Trabb) into ridiculous bundles.

"What has occurred, Sir," Joe whispered me, as we were being what Mr. Trabb called "formed" in the parlor, two and two—and it was dreadfully like a preparation for some grim kind of dance—"what is Mortimer, Sir, as I would in preference have carried her to the church myself, slong with three or four friendly ones who could be spared, in willing hearts and arms; but it were considered wot the neighbors would look down on such, and would be of opinion as it were wanting in respect."

"Pocket-handkerchiefs out, all!" cried Mr. Trabb at this point, in a depressed business-like voice. "Pocket-handkerchiefs out! We are ready!"

So we all put our pocket-handkerchiefs to our faces, as if we were howling, and Biddy did not two and two; and Joe and I; Biddy and Pumblechook; Mr. and Mrs. Hubble. The remains of my poor sister, in the handsomest shell the kitchen door; and, it being a point of Undertaking ceremony that the six bearers must be chilled and frozen with the horrible black velvet housing with a white border, the whole looked like a blind monster with twelve human legs, shuffling and limping beneath, under the guidance of two keepers—the post-boy and his comrade.

The neighborhood, however, highly approved of these arrangements, and we were much admired as we went through the village: the more lugubrious and vigorous of the performance making dashes now and then to cut us off, and lying in wait to intercept us at points of vantage. At such times the more exuberant among them called out to the excited mariner, on our emergence round some corner of expectancy, "*Here* they come! *Here* they are!" and we were all but cheered. I think the progress I was much annoyed by the abject Pumblechook, who, being behind me, persisted all the way, as a delicate attention, in walking on the grass-plot between the sable warders and my cloak. My thoughts were further distracted by the excessive pride of Mr. and Mrs. Hubble, who were surpassingly conceited and vainglorious in being members of so distinguished a procession.

At last the range of marshes lay clear before us, with the sails of the ships on the river growing out of it; and we went into the church-yard close to the Forge, among the unknown graves. Philip Pirrip, late of this parish, and Also Georgiana, Wife of the Above. And there my sister was laid quietly in the earth at the lark-song hour, high above it, and the light wind strewed it with beautiful shadows of clouds and trees.

As the day was warm, the clergyman came out into the church-porch to read the service, and Pumblechook while this was doing I desire to say no more than it was all addressed to me; and that even when Biddy and the clergyman read which I remind humanity how it brought nothing into the world and can take nothing out, and how it behoveth like a flower and never continueth long in one stay, I heard him accept a reservation of the case of a young gentleman who came unexpectedly into large property. When we got back, he—as if I were the person to be set right by what my sister could have known I had done her so much honor, and to hint that she would have considered it a slight upon somebody at the price of her death. After that he drank all the rest of the sherry, and Mr. Hubble drank the port; and the two talked (which I have since observed to be customary in such cases) as if they were of quite another race from the deceased, and were noticeably condescending. Finally, he went away with Mr. and Mrs. Hubble—to make an evening of it, I felt sure, and to tell the Jolly Bargemen that he was the founder of my fortunes and my earliest benefactor.

When they were all gone, and when Trabb and his men—but not his boy: I looked for him —had crammed their mummery into bags, and were gone too, the house felt wholesomer. Soon afterward Biddy, Joe, and I had a cold dinner together; but we dined in the best parlor, not in the old kitchen, and Joe was so exceedingly particular what he did with his knife and fork, and the salt-cellar, and what not, that there was great restraint upon us. But after dinner, when I made him take his pipe, and when I sat down together on the great block of stone outside it, we got on better. I noticed that after the funeral Joe changed his clothes so far as to make a compromise between his Sunday dress and working dress; in which the dear fellow looked natural and like the Man he was.

He was very much pleased by my asking if I might sleep in my own little room, and I was pleased too; for I felt that I had done rather a great thing in making the request. When the shadows of evening were closing in, I took an opportunity of getting into the garden with Biddy for a little talk.

"Biddy," said I, "I think you might have written to me about these sad matters."

"Do you think so, Mr. Pip?" said Biddy. "I could have written if I had thought that."

"Don't suppose that I mean to be unkind, Biddy, when I say I consider that you ought to have thought that."

"Do you, Mr. Pip?"

She was so quiet, and had such an orderly, good, and pretty way with her, that I did not like the thought of making her cry again. After looking at her downcast face for a few eyes, as she walked beside me, I gave up that point.

"I suppose it will be difficult for you to remain here now, Biddy dear?"

"Oh! I can't do so, Mr. Pip," said Biddy, in a tone of regret, but still of quiet conviction. "I have been speaking to Mrs. Hubble, and I am going to her place now. I hope she shall be able to take some care of Mr. Gargery, together, until he settles down."

"How are you going to live, Biddy? If you want any mo—"

"How am I going to live?" repeated Biddy, striking in, with a momentary flush upon her face. "I'll tell you, Mr. Pip. I am going to try to get the place of mistress in the new school lately finished in the village. I can be recommended by all the neighbors, and I hope I can be industrious and patient, and teach myself while I teach others. You know I can, Mr. Pip," pursued Biddy, with a smile, as she raised her eyes to my face, "the new schools are not like the old, and I learnt a good deal from you after that time, and have had time since then to improve."

"I think you would always improve, Biddy, under any circumstances."

"Ah! Except in my bad side of human nature," murmured Biddy.

It was not such a reproach as an irresistible thinking aloud. Well! I thought I would give up that point too. So I walked a little further with Biddy, looking silently at her downcast eyes.

"I have not heard the particulars of my sister's death, Biddy."

"They are very slight, poor thing! She had been in one of her bad states—though they had not better of late, rather shorter worse—for four days, when she came out of it in the evening, just at tea-time, and said, quite plainly, 'Joe.' As she had been quite dumb and any word for a long while, I ran and fetched in Mr. Gargery from the Forge. She made signs to me that she wanted him to sit down close to her, and wanted me to put her arms round his neck. So I put them round his neck, and she laid her head down on his shoulder quite content and satisfied. And so she remained for a little while again, and died so, and once 'Pip.' And so she never lifted her head up any more; and we just sat an hour later when we laid her down on her own bed, because we found she was gone."

Biddy cried; the darkening garden, and the lane, and the stars that were coming out were blurred in my own sight.

"Nothing was ever discovered, Biddy?"

"Nothing."

"Do you know what is become of Orlick?"

"I should think, from the color of his clothes, that he is working in the quarries."

"Of course you have seen him then?—Why are you looking at that dark tree in the lane?"

"I saw him there on the night she died."

"That was not the last time either, Biddy?"

"No: I have seen him there since we have been walking here." —Is it of Orlick, then, Biddy, laying her hand upon my arm as I was for running out; "you know I would not deceive you; he was not there, to my knowledge, last night."

It revived my utmost indignation to find that she was still pursued by this fellow, and I felt inveterate against him. I told her so, and told her that I would put a stop to any money or take any pains to drive him out of that country. By degrees she led me into more temperate talk, and she told me how Joe loved me, and how Joe never complained of any thing—she didn't say of me; she had no need; I knew what she meant —but ever did his duty in his place in his way of life with a strong hand, a quiet tongue, and a gentle heart.

"Indeed it would be hard to say too much for him," said I; "and Biddy, we must often speak of these things, for of course I shall be often down here now. I am not going to leave poor Joe alone."

Biddy said never a single word.

"Biddy, don't you hear me?"

"Yes, Mr. Pip."

"Not to mention your calling me Mr. Pip—which appears to me to be in bad taste, Biddy—what do you mean?"

"By this?" said Biddy.

"Now, don't echo, Biddy." I retorted. "You used not to echo, Biddy."

"Used not!" said Biddy. "Oh, Mr. Pip! Used!"

Well! I rather thought I would give up that point too. After another silent turn in the garden I fell back on the main position.

"Biddy," said I, "I made a remark respecting my coming down here often to see Joe, which you received with a marked silence. Have the goodness, Biddy, to tell me why."

"Are you quite sure, then, that you WILL come to see him often?" asked Biddy, stopping in the narrow garden walk, and looking at me under the stars with a clear and honest eye.

"Oh, dear me!" said I, as if I found myself compelled to give up Biddy in despair. "This really is a very bad side of human nature! Don't say any more, if you please, Biddy. This shocks me very much."

For which cogent reason I kept Biddy at a distance during supper, and when I went up to my own old little room took as steady a leave of her as I could, in my murmuring soul, deem reconcilable with the church-yard and the event of the day. As often as I was restless in the night, and that was every quarter of an hour, I reflected what an unkindness, what an injury, what an injurior Biddy had done me.

Early in the morning I was to go. Early in the morning I was out, and looking in, unseen, at one of the wooden windows of the Cock. There I stood, for minutes, looking at Joe, already at work, with a glow of health and strength upon his face that made it show as if the bright sun of the life in store for him were shining on it.

"Good-by, dear Joe!—No, don't wipe it off —for Heaven's sake give me your blackened hand! I shall be down soon, and often!"

"Never too soon, Sir," said Joe, "and never too often, Pip!"

Biddy was waiting for me at the kitchen door, with a mug of new milk and a crust of bread. "Biddy," said I, when I gave her my hand at parting, "I am not angry, but I am hurt!"

"No, don't be hurt," she pleaded, quite pathetically; "let only me be hurt, if I have been ungenerous."

Once more the mists were rising as I walked away. If they disclosed to me, as I suspect they did, that I should not come back, and that Biddy was quite right, all I can say is—they were quite right too.

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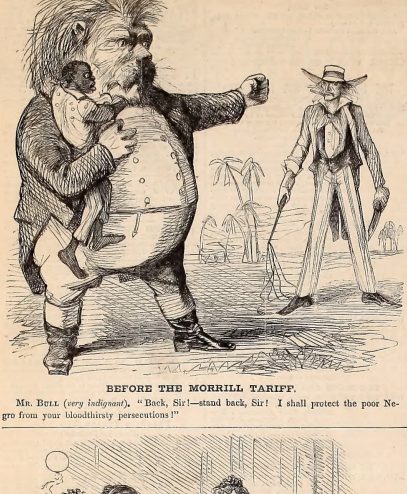

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THE BOMBARDMENT OF FORT SUMTER.

WE devote most of our space this week to illustrations of this memorable event. On pages 264 and 265 will be found a general picture of the BOMBARDMENT, SEEN FROM FORT JOHNSON. On page 260 we give a picture of the INTERIOR OF FORT SUMTER during the terrible rain of shot and shell from the Confederate batteries; and on page 261 an accurate MAP OF THE HARBOR OF CHARLESTON, showing the relative position of Sumter and of the batteries by which it was surrounded. We now subjoin, by way of record, a brief account of the transaction.

On 8th April Lieutenant Talbot and Mr. Chew, messengers from the President, informed General Beauregard that the Government would supply Major Anderson with provisions—which were denied him by the South Carolinians—peaceably if they could, forcibly if they must. General Beauregard referred the message to his Government at Montgomery, and was ordered to reduce the fort. He summoned Major Anderson to surrender on 11th. The reply was:

"I have the honor to acknowledge the receipt of your communication, demanding the evacuation of this fort, and to say, in reply thereto, that it is a demand with which I regret that my sense of honor and my obligations to my Government prevent my compliance."

Accordingly at 4 27 A.M. on 12th fire was opened from Fort Moultrie on Fort Sumter. To this Major Anderson replied with three of his barbette guns, after which the batteries on Mount Pleasant, Cummings's Point, and the Floating Battery opened a brisk fire of shot and shell. Major Anderson did not reply, except at long intervals, until between seven and eight o'clock, when he brought into action the two tiers of guns looking toward Fort Moultrie and Stevens's iron battery. The fire continued brisk all day. At 7 P.M. a heavy rain-storm caused a cessation of hostilities till 11 P.M. Major Anderson appears to have employed the interval in repairing damages. At or about 11 P.M. the fire recommenced, and a shell was thrown into Fort Sumter from each battery every twenty minutes during the night. With daybreak the heavy bombardment recommenced from all the batteries; the fire was returned from Fort Sumter with vigor until about 8 A.M., when Fort Sumter was perceived to be on fire. Major Anderson's fighting then slackened, but the fire of the besiegers increased in intensity. At about 10 A.M. Major Anderson lowered his flag to half-mast in token of distress; perhaps as a signal to the United States vessels which were lying at anchor outside the bar, unable to get into the harbor so as to participate in the conflict. About half past ten one or two explosions took place in the fort; it has since been ascertained that these proceeded from the heating of piles of shells. Meanwhile the fire progressed rapidly; the whole roof of the barracks was a sheet of flame, and flames and smoke issued thickly from the casemates. At or about eleven Major Anderson ceased firing, and devoted his whole attention to putting out the fire. At about noon some of his men were noticed on the wharf of the fort handing in buckets of water; the besiegers' fire, which had never slackened, was at once directed upon them. In a few minutes afterward Major Anderson hauled down his flag. About then put off, containing ex-Governor Manning, Major D. R. Jones, and Colonel Charles Allston, to arrange the terms of surrender, which were the same as those offered on the 11th. These were official. They stated that all proper facilities would be afforded for the removal of Major Anderson and his command, together with the company arms and property, and all private property, to any post in the United States he might elect. Major Anderson stated that he surrendered his sword to General Beauregard as the representative of the Confederate Government. General Beauregard said he would not receive it from so brave a man.

The correspondent of the Press telegraphs on 14th:

"The last act in the drama of Fort Sumter has been concluded. Major Anderson has evacuated, and, with his command, departed by the steamer *Isabel* from the harbor. He saluted his flag, and the company, then forming on the parade-ground, marched out upon the wharf, with drum and fife playing 'Yankee Doodle.'

"During the salute a pile of cartridges burst in one of the casemates, killing two men and wounding four others. One was buried in the fort with military honors. The other will be buried by the soldiers of South Carolina.

"The scene in the city after the raising of the flag of truce and the surrender is indescribable; the people were perfectly wild. Men on horseback rode through the streets proclaiming the news, amidst the greatest enthusiasm.

"On the arrival of the officers from the fort they were marched through the streets, followed by an immense crowd, hurrahing, shouting, and yelling with excitement.

"The number of soldiers in the fort was about seventy, besides twenty-five workmen, who assisted at the guns. His stock of provisions was almost exhausted, however. He would have been starved out in two more days.

"The entrance to the fort is mined, and the officers were told to be careful, even after the surrender, on account of the heat, lest it should explode.

"Several fire companies were immediately sent down to Fort Sumter to put out the fire, and any amount of assistance was offered.

"The fort is burned into a mere shell; not a portion of wood-work can be found. The guns on one side of the parapet are entirely dismounted, others split, while the gun-carriages are knocked into splinters.

"The flames have destroyed every thing. Both officers and soldiers were obliged to tie on their faces in the casemates to prevent suffocation."

SWEARING IN VOLUNTEERS AT WASHINGTON.

WE publish herewith, from a sketch by our special artist in Washington, a picture of the SWEARING IN OF THE VOLUNTEERS called out by the President for the defense of the Federal Capital. The Washington *Star* describes the scene thus:

"As we went to press yesterday the volunteer companies were responding to the call of the War Department for volunteers to defend the city of Washington from assault. In the case of some of the companies a portion of the members declined to take the oath required by the Department of all soldiers mustered into the United States service, and the deficit in the ranks of said companies thereby brought them below the standard requirement as to numbers, and they were not received by the Government.

"The following is the form of the oath administered to the volunteers who were mustered into the service of the United States yesterday. It is nothing more than the usual army oath. It was administered by General Thomas, of the District of Columbia Militia:

"'I, ——, do solemnly swear that I will bear true allegiance to the United States of America; that I will serve them honestly and faithfully against all enemies or

GENERAL THOMAS SWEARING IN THE VOLUNTEERS CALLED INTO THE SERVICE OF THE UNITED STATES AT WASHINGTON, D. C.

opposers whatsoever; that I will obey the orders of the President of the United States, and of the officers appointed over me, according to the rules of the armies of the United States: so help me God."

"The Washington Riflers were inspected and mustered into the service, and every man in the line took the required oath. So hortify sez the thing done by the entire company that the crowd of spectators outside the fence burst out into quite a demonstration of applause."

STEER N.W.

THE FIRST OFFICER'S STORY.

ABOUT two years ago I left the service. I was tired of it, and as I wanted some more exciting employment I joined a whaler. We were unlucky —somehow, I bring no luck any where—and we were nearly empty. We were cruising up here in the north, and thinking of making for home, as the weather had changed; and the ice forms precious quick in those latitudes when it once begins. The captain naturally wanted to hang on to the last for the chance of another haul.

One bright afternoon, just after eight bells, I made up the log, and took it to the captain's cabin. I knocked at the door, and as nobody answered I walked in. I thought it odd the captain hadn't answered me, for there he was, sitting at his desk, with his back to me, writing. Seeing he was employed, I told him I had brought the log, laid it down on the table behind him, and as he made no answer I walked out. I went on deck, and the first person I met was the captain. I was puzzled —I could not make out how he had got there before me.

"How did you get up here?" I said; "I just left you writing in your cabin."

"I have not been in my cabin for the last half-hour," the captain answered, but I thought he was chaffing, and I didn't like it.

"There was some one writing at your desk just now," I said; "if it wasn't you, you had better go and see what it was. The log is made up. I have left it in your cabin, Sir," and with that I walked sullenly away. I had no idea of being chaffed by the captain, to whom I had taken a dislike.

"Mr. Brown," said the captain, who SAW I was nettled, "I must have been mistaken, my desk is locked. But come—we'll go down and see about it."

I followed the captain into the cabin. The log was on the table, the desk was closed, and the cabin was empty. The captain tried the desk—it was locked.

"You see, Mr. Brown," he said, laughing, "you must have been mistaken, the desk is locked."

I was positive—"Somebody may have picked the lock," I said.

"But they couldn't have closed it again," the captain argued, "but to satisfy you, I will open it, and see if the contents are safe, though there is not much here to tempt a thief."

He opened the desk, and there—stretched right across it—was a sheet of paper, with the words "Steer N.W." written in an odd cramped hand.

The captain looked at the paper, and then handed it to me.

"You are right, Mr. Brown; somebody has been here. This is some hoax."

We sat there some time talking, and trying to guess what could be the object of such a joke—if joke it was meant to be. I tried to slyly look behind the man that I had seen at the desk with that of any of the crew. I could not do it. It is true I had at first taken the man for the captain, but now points of difference suggested themselves. I had not looked very attentively at the figure, but still I was under the impression that the coat I had on was brown, and the hair, which appeared under the cap, seemed, as I remembered it, to have been longer and whiter than the captain's.

Not to appear to suspect any one in particular, the captain determined to have up all the crew. We had them up, one by one. We examined them, and made of those who could write, write "Steer N.W.," but we gained no clew. The mystery remained unsolved.

That evening I sat drinking my grog with the captain in his cabin. We were neither of us inclined to be talkative. I tried to think of home, and the pleasure it would be to see old England again, but still my thoughts always wandered back to that mysterious writing. I tried to read, but I caught myself furtively peering at the desk, expecting to see the figure sitting there.

The captain had not spoken for some time, and was sitting in his face buried in his hands. At last, he suddenly looked up, and said,

"Suppose we alter her course to Northwest, Mr. Brown?"

I don't know what it was; I can not hope to make you understand the feeling in my mind that followed those words; it was a sense of relief from a horrible nightmare. I was ashamed of the childish pleasure I felt, but I could not help answering eagerly, "Certainly; shall I give the order?"

I waited no longer, but hurried on deck and altered the course of the vessel.

It was a most frosty night, and as I looked at the compass before going below, I felt strangely pleased, and caught myself chuckling and rubbing my hands—at what, I can not say—I didn't know then, but a great weight had been taken off my mind.

I went down to the cabin, and found the captain pacing up and down the small space. He stopped as I came in, and looking up, said, abruptly,

"I can see no harm, Sir, Brown."

"If this breeze continues," I answered, "we can hold on for thirty hours or so, but then I should think—"

"But then—we shall find ice. How's the wind?"

"Steady, north by east."

We sat down and finished our grog. I had the morning watch to keep next day. I was too restless to sleep after it, so I kept on deck the whole of the day. Even that did not satisfy me. I was continually running up into the tops with my glass, but every time I came down disappointed. The captain was as unquiet as myself. Something we expected to happen, but of what it was to be we could form no idea. The second officer, I believe, thought us both crazy; indeed, I often wondered, myself, at the state I was in. Evening came, and nothing had turned up. The night was bright, and the captain determined to carry on under easy sail till morning.

Morning came; and with the first gray light I was on deck. It was bitterly cold. Those only who have seen them can form an idea of the delicate tints of the morning sky in those Northern Seas. But I was in no humor to appreciate the beauties of nature. There was a mist low down on the horizon; I waited impatiently for it to lift. It lifted soon, and I could not be mistaken—beyond it I could see the shimmer of ice. I sent down to tell the captain, who came on deck directly.

"It is no use, Mr. Brown," he said; "you must put her about."

"Wait one moment," I said; "wait one moment, the mist is lifting more, it will be quite clear directly."

The mist was indeed lifting rapidly. Far to the North and West we could see the ice stretching away in one unbroken field. I was trying to see whether that appearance over to the East, and toward the West, when the captain, seizing my arm with one hand, and pointing straight ahead with the other, cried out,

"My God! there is a ship there."

The mist had risen like a curtain, and there, sure enough, about three miles ahead, was a ship seemingly firmly packed in the ice. We stood looking at it in silence. There was some meaning after all in that mysterious warning, was the first thought that suggested itself to me.

"She's hipped but, Sir," said old Shiel, who, with the rest of the crew, had been busily watching our new discovery. I was trying to make her out with the glass, when the flash of a gun, quickly followed by the report, told me that she had seen us. Up went the flag, Union downward. We needed no signal to know her distress. The captain ordered the second officer off into the boat. I watched him as he made his way over the ice with a few of the men toward the ship. They soon returned with eight of the ship's crew. It was a dismal account they gave of their situation. They might have saved their way out of the ice, but the ship was so injured that she could not have floated an hour. The largest of their boats had been stove in, the others were hardly seaworthy. They were preparing, however, to take to them as a last resource when our welcome arrival put an end to their fears. Another detachment was soon brought off, and the captain with the remainder of his crew was to follow immediately.

I went down to my cabin, and tried to think over the singular fate which had brought us to the rescue of this ship's crew. I could not divest myself of the idea that some supernatural agency was connected with that paper in the desk; and I consoled at the thought of what might have been the consequences if we had neglected the warning. The boat coming alongside interrupted my reverie. In a few seconds I heard a step.

I found the captain talking to a fine old sailor-like looking man, whom he introduced to me as Captain Squires, and whom the captain shook hands with me, and we remained talking some time. I could not keep my eyes off his face; I had a conviction that I knew him somewhere, though I could not tell. Every now and then I seemed to catch at some clew, which vanished as soon as touched. At last I turned round to speak to some of his men: I could not be mistaken—there was the long white hair, the brown coat. He was the man I had seen writing at the captain's desk!

That evening I and the captain told the story of the paper to Captain Squires, who gravely and in silence listened to our conjectures. He was too thankful for his escape out of such imminent peril to question the means by which it had been brought about. At the captain's request he wrote "Steer N.W." We compared it with the original writing. There could be no doubt of it. It was in the same old, cramped hand.

Can any one solve the mystery?

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

SATURDAY, APRIL 27, 1861.

By the President of the United States:

A PROCLAMATION.

Whereas, The laws of the United States have been for some time past and now are opposed, and the execution thereof obstructed, in the States of South Carolina, Georgia, Alabama, Florida, Mississippi, Louisiana, and Texas, by combinations too powerful to be suppressed by the ordinary course of judicial proceedings, or by the powers vested in the Marshals by law:

Now, therefore, I, ABRAHAM LINCOLN, President of the United States, in virtue of the power in me vested by the Constitution and the laws, have thought fit to call forth, and hereby do call forth, the Militia of the several States of the Union, to the aggregate number of **75,000**, in order to suppress said combinations, and to cause the laws to be duly executed. The details for this object will be immediately communicated to the State authorities through the War Department.

I appeal to all loyal citizens to favor, facilitate, and aid this effort to maintain the honor, the integrity, and the existence of our National Union and the perpetuity of popular government, and to redress wrongs already long enough endured.

I deem it proper to say that the first service assigned to the force hereby called forth will probably be to repossess the forts, places, and property which have been seized from the Union, and, in every event, the utmost care will be observed, consistently with the objects aforesaid, to avoid any devastation, any destruction of, or interference with property, or any disturbance of peaceful citizens in any part of the country; and I hereby command the persons composing the combinations aforesaid to disperse and retire peaceably to their respective abodes within twenty days from this date.

Deeming that the present condition of public affairs presents an extraordinary occasion, I do, hereby, in virtue of the power in me vested by the Constitution, convene both Houses of Congress. The Senators and Representatives are therefore summoned to assemble at their respective chambers at twelve o'clock, noon, on Thursday, the fourth day of July next, then and there to consider and determine such measures as, in their wisdom, the public safety and interest may seem to demand.

In witness whereof, I have hereunto set my hand, and caused the seal of the United States to be affixed.

Done at the City of Washington, this fifteenth day of April, in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and sixty-one, and of the independence of the United States the eighty-fifth.

ABRAHAM LINCOLN.

By the President.
WILLIAM H. SEWARD, *Secretary of State.*

THE WAR.

WAR is declared. President Lincoln's proclamation, which we publish above, is an absolute proclamation of war against the Gulf States. The die is now cast, and men must take their sides, and hold to them. No one who knows any thing of the Southern people supposes for a moment that, having gone so far as to bombard Fulton Fortress and capture it, they will now succumb without a fight. No one who has seen the recent manifestations of popular sentiment in the North can doubt that the Northern blood is up, and that they will listen no more to talk of compromise, truce, or treaty, until they are fairly beaten.

Let us then forbear puling, and look the situation in the face. There are some among us still who whine about the evils of civil war. These are they who, with a burglar in their house, his hand on the throat of their wife or daughter, would quote texts on the loveliness of Christian forbearance and charity. Nobody —outside of lunatic asylums—doubts that civil war is an enormous calamity. On this point all are agreed. But as it has actually begun, and exists, what is the use of deprecating it? What should we think of a doctor who, summoned to visit a half-dying patient, should wring his hands hopelessly and bewail the malignancy of disease?

The United States Government has called into the field 75,000 militiamen, who, added to the regular force, will swell the effective army to nearly 90,000 men. It is understood that further calls are to be made upon the States, to the extent of 200,000 more. The plan, as understood by military officers, is to form three camps: one at the Federal capital, consisting of 50,000 men, who will constitute an army of observation on the Border States, and will be commanded by Lieutenant-General Scott in person; another of 75,000 men, which will be located in the valley of the Ohio, with a view to an ultimate movement down the Mississippi; and a third, of over 100,000 men, which will be situated in the suburbs of New York. Rumor asserts that General Wool will command the New York army, and General Sumner the army on the Mississippi; but of these matters of course nothing is known. In the mean time, the navy will be occupied in closing the ports of the seceded States. It seems to be expected that by August next there will not be a port in South Carolina, Georgia, Florida, Alabama, Mississippi, Louisiana, and Texas, which will not be hermetically sealed by United States ships of war.

This is the Government programme. On the other hand, the Seceders are gathering soldiers vigorously on their side. It is stated that at the siege of Sumter over 7000 men were engaged, and that, simultaneously, 5000 were on duty opposite Fort Pickens. Letters from Montgomery say that 32,000 additional men are being mustered for an attack on Washington. As the population of the eight seceded States, exclusive of negroes, is over 2,000,000, it should be possible for Mr. Davis to collect 100,000 able-bodied troops on one point. With such a force, secretly if not openly favored by the Border States, a very formidable movement might be made on Washington.

OUR ILLUSTRATIONS OF THE WAR.

IN view of the momentous events which are impending, and of the actual outbreak of civil war, the proprietors of *Harper's Weekly* beg to draw public attention to the following list of engravings which have been published in this journal within the past few weeks, as evidence of the fidelity and thoroughness with which they are redeeming their pledge to "give a well-drawn, well-engraved, and well-printed illustration of every important event that occurs." Almost all of the illustrations of the Southern Forts have been made from drawings by United States Officers; and the proprietors of *Harper's Weekly* take this opportunity of informing Officers of the Army and Navy serving in the South that they will be glad to receive sketches of Forts and Scenes of Interest at the present crisis, and to pay liberally for such as they may use. Any officer in either service can obtain the *Weekly* gratuitously for six months by sending his address to this office.

Illustrations of the War.

SEVERAL SKETCHES OF MAJOR ANDERSON IN FORT MOULTRIE.

THE ENTRY INTO FORT SUMTER.

THE CONFLAGRATION OF CASTLE PINCKNEY BY THE CHARLESTON TROOPS.

MAPS OF THE CHARLESTON HARBOR.

FORT SUMTER, AS IT NOW STANDS.

THE MARINE SCHOOL AT CHARLESTON.

THE SUMTER, RUNNING THE BLOCKADE.

THE CUNARD-HOUSE AND POWDER MAGAZINE AT CHARLESTON.

FORT MOULTRIE—CHARLESTON IN THE DISTANCE.

PORTRAIT OF MAJOR ANDERSON, U.S. ARMY.

PORTRAITS OF MAJOR ANDERSON'S COMMAND.

PORTRAIT OF GOVERNOR PICKENS.

PORTRAIT OF JUDGE MAGRATH, SECRETARY OF STATE.

PORTRAIT OF COLONEL DE SAUSSURE OF SOUTH CAROLINA.

PORTRAIT OF REV. DR. BACHMAN.

THE SOUTH CAROLINA DELEGATION IN CONGRESS.

THE WASHINGTON ARTILLERY OF CHARLESTON.

THE CHARLESTON ZOUAVES.

THE CHARLESTON-CHARLESTON HARBOR.

THE "STAR OF THE WEST."

THE FLAG OF FORT SUMTER.

FIRING ON THE "STAR OF THE WEST."

THE RECOVERY AT LAST NIGHT'S MEETING ON FORT SUMTER.

DISMANTLING GUNS AT FORT MOULTRIE.

FORT SUMTER, SEEN FROM THE REAR.

THE MAIN BATTERY OF FORT SUMTER.

THE CASEMATES AT FORT SUMTER.

THE PARADE-GROUND AT FORT SUMTER.

THE GORGE AT FORT SUMTER.

THE INTERIOR AT FORT SUMTER.

A TEN-INCH COLUMBIAD AT FORT SUMTER.

INTERIOR OF BARRACKS AT FORT SUMTER.

OFFICERS' QUARTERS AT FORT SUMTER.

THE GOOD-BY OF THE U. S. SOLDIERS' WIVES TO FORT SUMTER.

MAJOR ANDERSON'S QUARTERS AT FORT SUMTER.

BOMBARDMENT OF FORT SUMTER—SCENE AT FORT SUMTER.

BOMBARDMENT OF FORT SUMTER.

THE FLAG-STAFF SHOT THROUGH DURING THE BOMBARDMENT.

PORTRAIT OF GENERAL BEAUREGARD.

THE CITY OF WASHINGTON, D. C.

THE "BALTIC" AND "ILLINOIS" SHIPPING TROOPS FOR THE SOUTH.

THE CITY OF CHARLESTON.

THE BOMBARDMENT, SEEN FROM FORT SUMTER.

MORRIS ISLAND, AS SEEN FROM FORT SUMTER.

SULLIVAN'S ISLAND, AS SEEN FROM FORT SUMTER.

THE IRON-CLAD BATTERY ON CUMMING'S POINT, AS SEEN FROM FORT SUMTER.

FORT PICKENS, FLORIDA, LOOKING SEAWARD.

PORTRAIT OF LIEUTENANT SLEMMER.

PORTRAIT OF LIEUTENANT GILMAN.

VIEW OF FORT PICKENS, SHOWING THE SALLY-PORT.

THE FLAG-STAFF BASTION AT FORT PICKENS.

THE SALUTE ON 22D FEBRUARY AT FORT PICKENS.

THE BOAT-HOUSE AND LANDING AT FORT PICKENS.

ONE OF THE ISLAND BARRACK BATTERIES AT FORT PICKENS.

THE CONFEDERATE BATTERIES AGAINST FORT PICKENS.

SEA BATTERY AT FORT MONROE, VIRGINIA.

PRINCESS ANNE BATTERY AT FORT MONROE.

TESTING THE BIG COLUMBIAD AT FORT MONROE.

FORT MONROE.

SHIPS IN THE NORFOLK NAVY-YARD.

FORT CLINCH, FLORIDA.

FORT TAYLOR, KEY WEST.

FORT SPRIGG, ALABAMA.

UNITED STATES ARSENAL AT LITTLE ROCK, ARKANSAS.

THE NAVY-YARD AT NORFOLK.

THE NAVY-YARD AT WASHINGTON.

FORT WASHITA, TEXAS.

FORT ARBUCKLE, TEXAS.

THE BRAZOS, TEXAS.

FORT BROWN, TEXAS.

FORT LAVACA, TEXAS.

FORT ISABEL, TEXAS.

THE ALAMO, SAN ANTONIO, TEXAS.

SURRENDER OF GENERAL TWIGGS, AT SAN ANTONIO, TEXAS.

THE WASHINGTON ARSENAL.

FORT ON CHANEY ISLAND.

FORT NORFOLK.

FORT WASHINGTON.

THE HOWARD ARMORY.

The proprietors of *Harper's Weekly* beg to state that they have made the most extensive arrangements for the illustration of future movements at the South, and that the public may rely upon finding in *Harper's Weekly* an accurate and reliable picture of every scene of interest to which occurrences may give rise.

The increasing circulation of *Harper's Weekly* renders it a most desirable advertising medium.

THE LOUNGER.

CIVIL WAR.

PEACE lounging is rather hard work in times like these. It is almost an interest in every human's heart is so intense that it is hard to escape the eagerness which is incompatible with true lounging. When one military neighbor may march at any moment to battle, and when you may march side by side with your military neighbor, the moment is so serious that we must help ourselves to a little song a little more rapidly and energetically than is the wont of loungers.

The grave events of the last few days will make every thoughtful citizen feel how unstable, even in the most enlightened and prosperous countries, are the foundations of public order. The Government, of all the governments upon the globe, which has done most, and which promises most for human liberty and the general welfare, has passed through a shock so tremendous that, whatever the immediate result, the consequences are incalculable.

Those who have taken up arms against the Government claim that there is no rebellion or revolution. They have insisted from the beginning that they were merely resuming rights with which they had never absolutely parted. And it was necessary for them to take this ground, because revolutions can be justified only by extreme peril to rights and liberties, and the discontented citizens have forborne to make any such charge. The confederacy is at some future time their rights might be in danger is the reason proffered to the world for the resumption of what are claimed to be powers still in their rightful dismissal.

Whether it is called a revolution or not, however, is of no practical importance now. No Government, under the Act of the United States in this country, can recognize more than two ways of changing the fundamental law: one according to the forms of self-government, the other by revolution. Unless, therefore, the Government of the United States, unconstitutionally elected according to the very letter of the Constitution, had formally submitted to its own dissolution, it could regard the action of the dissatisfied citizens only as revolution. If a majority of the people

THE INTERIOR OF FORT SUMTER DURING THE BOMBARDMENT.—[SEE PAGE 257.]

MAP OF CHARLESTON HARBOR, SHOWING FORT SUMTER AND THE CONFEDERATE BATTERIES.—[SEE PAGE 257.]

THE GREAT HOUSE ON THE SHORE.

I HAD no one to counsel me, and my trial was bitter. I had idolized my mother, and she had been dead only three years. It seemed such a little while to me! I had not even yet grown accustomed to her absence. Not unfrequently, when I came in, I ran with thoughtless effort to the door of the room where she always used to sit, and called "Mother!" before I remembered that there was none to answer. The sound of her voice stole often—was it from out of the grave?—to my ears. I could see, looking toward her chair in twilight, the sweet, patient face which slow disease had made so pale; the white, calm forehead, with the soft hair brushed away from the throbbing temples.

Short as the years had seemed to me, they had been long enough for my father to woo and win another bride. I was waiting for her home-coming now.

Had he forgotten—could he have forgotten—the old love and the old vows? Oh, how bitter my heart grew as I thought about it! My mother had been the wife of his youth; his first love, whom he wooed with a boy's tremulous tenderness. I had found in her desk, since her death, some of his early letters. What vows were in them! What words, whose strength and fire leaped over the years between and thrilled my heart with something of the glow they must have brought to that of their girl-reader! Were they mere words, then? Had the soul in them died with the dead years? It seemed so, for the husband of Margaret Raymond was bringing home another bride.

I had heard that this new wife was handsome and wealthy; I supposed she would be proud and fashionable also. I felt that I could not stand so distinctly, and scorned to give my neighbors a chance of enjoyment in the disagreement between Squire Ellingwood and his daughter. I would have gone out of the house with the slender fortune I had inherited from my dead mother, instead of remaining to see a stranger in the place that's dear. But I despised gossip, and was too proud to endure pity; therefore I staid in my father's house, and waited for the home-coming of his second wife with a slow hatred kindling in my heart. I professed to be a Christian, but I did not realize to what unchristian tempers I was giving room. I even flattered myself that I was meekly, fully good and self-sacrificing, because I refrained from open rebellion, and especially because I had omitted outward sign of regret. Thus, I had adorned the house with flowers—regal autumn blossoms —for it was already the first of October. I had a bright fire kindled in the open grate of the dining-room, and I had ordered a sumptuous dinner. Moreover, I had put on my gala robes, as for a festival. Silvery silk, glistening lace, was rose and fall with the beatings of my bitter, scornful heart.

I heard the carriage at last, and went to the door. My father was helping out a slight, veiled figure. In his care for her he seemed scarcely to see me at first; but he gave me a kiss, tender though hasty, as he came up the steps.

"She is very tired, Madge," he said. "Can you show her to her room at once?"

I offered the stranger my hand, but I hardly knew how to address her. Call her mother I would not, and I hesitated to wound my father by saying Madame or Mrs. Ellingwood; as I comprehended the matter by giving her no title at all.

"Your room is ready," I said, as I took her hand. "I think you will find it very nicely comfortable. I am sorry you are so fatigued."

I walked before her up stairs, and threw open the door of her room—the very room where my mother had died. In giving her this chamber I had taken a certain grim satisfaction. I thought a dead love would come between those young lips and my father's—that the love-words he strove to speak would grow cold with the chill of the grave. She looked in as I opened the door. I suppose it seemed pleasant to her, who did not know what ghost haunted it. The fire was bright on the hearth. Vases of deep-colored chrysanthemums, full of the varied autumn flowers, stood on the white-marble tops of the furniture. The bed was white, and the carpet crimson. The general blending of snow and fire was very pretty.

"How inviting it looks, and how kind you have been!" she said, in her low, lady-like voice, putting away her veil, and looking at me with a wistful expression in her great, innocent, brown eyes.

"Shall I stay to help you?" I asked, coldly.

Her eyes turned slowly and sadly away from my face.

"No, thank you. If you will have my trunks brought up I shall do very well."

I went down, gave the necessary order, and then sought my father in the drawing-room.

"Is Gertrude alone, Madge?" he asked, as I entered.

"Yes, Sir, she preferred to be."

I went and stood beside him, and he put his arm round my waist with all his old fondness.

"Nothing can ever come between us, Madge. No one can ever take your place in my heart, or your dear mother's either. Believe that, darling. I have not sought Gertrude because my first love had grown dim; but when your mother died it left a void in my heart and my home which I thank God for filling so worthily."

Soon he went out, to go up stairs I knew, to make up to her by his warmth and tenderness for whatever coldness she might have perceived in my greeting. How bitter and resentful I felt! It seemed only an aggravation of the wrong I thought he had done me for him to treat me with tenderness now, above all, for him to speak of his unchanged love for my mother.

When the bell rang they came down together—my father and his young wife, and for the first time I had an opportunity of deciding on her pretensions to beauty. Prejudiced against her as I was, I could but confess that she was very charming. A slender, yet perfectly formed little lady, with exquisite feet and hands, and motions so graceful that you would have known, by simply walking behind her, how refined a woman she was. Her face was peculiar yet beautiful. Except in her lips, which were bright crimson, she had not a particle of color; yet there was a kind of glow, such as a lamp imparts to the vase it shines through—a revelation of her soul. Her large, dark eyes were full of tenderness. Her hair was braided simply behind her ears, but no other style could have been so becoming to her small, elegantly shaped head. Her dress was perfection of its kind. I felt that here was not only was Squire Ellingwood's wife, but who had a fortune of her own—rich and handsome, yet matronly; a woman to whom servants and collar of point lace. Predisposed as I was to condemn her, I saw nothing with which it was possible to find fault. She took her seat at the head of the table, when my father led her to it, not ostentatiously, but with the quiet dignity of the future mistress. The dinner seemed insufferably long and tedious to me, but it was over at last and we returned to the drawing-room.

We sat there together, we three, before the bright fire, while the day went slowly down the hills. Her low seat was near my father's, to near that once or twice he reached over and laid his hand on her small white one, whereon, kindled by the firelight, the diamonds flashed like sparkles of flame. We did not talk much, and I was not restrained on them, for they both had natures fine and sensitive enough to feel the unexpressed antagonism of mine. At length she spoke to me:

"Are you too tired to go out of doors, Gertrude? The grounds are beautiful just at sunset."

How sunny and childlike her voice was which sprang to her lips, as she answered that she was quite rested now and would go for her shawl! I did not respond, but I rose and took the rose nearer to him, and held her a moment before he released her.

"You too, Madge," he said, turning to me. "Get your bonnet, and come with us."

"No, I thank you"—I tried to speak gayly—"you are too well acquainted with the grounds to need my assistance, and I am chilly. It is not necessary for me also to run the risk of taking cold."

He sighed. I think my manner wounded him a little; but he said nothing, and his face cleared when his Gertrude came down the stairs.

Soon they went out together, and I stood at the drawing-room window watching them. He was a tall, noble-looking man in the prime of life, a little past forty. His figure was manly and dignified, but his head was bent very tenderly down to the little creature clinging to his arm, with her warm, bright shawl drawn over her, and her light straw-hat resting on her brown braids.

"All men are alike, even the best of them," I said, bitterly, as I flung myself down on a chair to remain looking at the dead. What do they care for lips no longer ripe for kisses—for a brow on which the dust of the grave has settled? The first purity fades from the face, the comelier flesh, at each step, is enough to rivet their chains. It is idle to blame *him*. He but follows the law of his nature. But there is no excuse for me. Does she not believe in the immortality of the soul, that she is ready to rob a dead woman of her love and her husband? I thought I did, but I was not half so honestly in love. It is not natural she should care for a man more than twenty years her senior. She wanted a home, Mrs. Ellingwood—that was all. Much good may her name do her!"

I went up stairs and locked into their room. Already it bore the impress of occupation. Some one morning-dress hung over a chair, some tasteful trifles strewed the bureau. I sank upon my knees, and sobbed passionately. Does she pray?

"Mother!" I cried—"mother up in heaven! all else that is earthly may fail you—she may take your place in your husband's heart, your head, beside your hearth, in your very bridal chamber—she shall never win your daughter's love!"

Time passed on, and young Mrs. Ellingwood, as she was called, became almost the idol of the village. She was a liberal, kind-hearted woman, who were charmed with such an addition to their circle, to the rheumatic old widows, to whom she dispensed flannel and sound, practical advice; and for my father, it seemed to me that her hold on him grew every day stronger. And yet he was growing old strangely. His step began to lack sudden and terrible attacks of illness, which I did not understand. At such times he always chose to have her with him; and I was glad that she could move about the house with sad, white face, and eyes which seemed darkened with some unspoken grief. I should have pitied her, I know, but I could have loathed—could not love! him; but I never admitted to myself the possibility of that.

He changed much in these months of suffering. He had been always considerate; now he grew singularly, almost pitifully, gentle. He was very tender to me, and no word or look ever bore witness that he had ever been other than a loving father to me. If I had blamed him, I reproached myself for it now. He was all I had on earth, and my heart yearned to give him with an unutterable fondness.

One night—it was again October, just about a year after their marriage—I was roused at midnight by a step. I sprang up and looked toward the door. Just within it stood my step-mother. It was the first time she had ever entered my room. She held a lamp in her hand, and its rays streamed over her pallid face, as white almost as the dressing-gown she wore.

"Madge, dear Madge," she said, in a kind of awe-struck whisper, "hurry and dress yourself. I fear your father is dying. He has been subject for some time to severe attacks of heart disease; but he would not let you know it, because he wished to save you as long as possible from anxiety and suffering. He is worse now than I have ever seen him. Robert is gone for the doctor."

She had lighted my lamp as she spoke, and she went out of the room before I had collected my faculties sufficiently to answer her. Even in this bitter hour, when the father I had loved with such passionate tenderness lay dying, I found space in my heart for hatred and anger against her. Why had she not told me before? What right had she to keep the knowledge of his danger from me, his child?

I had no hope of his recovery for a single moment. I had heard of spirit-summonings which the mortal to whom they were sent had no power to gainsay or resist. A wild fancy took possession of me that so my mother, lonely in the land of strangers, had summoned me. I felt that he might of her soul would conquer. She would reclaim from the clasp of the living her lost bridegroom. Should I be willing to go?

I hurried down stairs. My father was leaning back in an easy chair. His face was ghastly with suffering, but he was still able to speak to me.

"Come hither, Madge, darling," he said, as he motioned to the place at his feet where his wife was kneeling.

I knelt down beside her—how could I help it then?—and his hands fell upon our two heads.

"You two shall have no quarrel," he gasped, "you two. For my sake you must love each other. Promise me that till one of you shall go forth as some good man's wife you will live together in this house where I shall leave you. Do you promise, Gertrude?"

Her head was not lifted, but her words came low and firm through her tears—"I do."

"And you, Madge? Promise quickly, if you would have me die in peace. Oh, my child, leave not this roof will be your safe shelter—Gertrude your companion."

The quivered, what could I answer? The struggle in my heart was fierce, but it was short. I hated her; I did not want to live with her; but I could not—no, I could not, pausing on the threshold of eternity for my answer.

"I promise, father," I said, solemnly.

For one instant his eyes rested with a brief, glad gleam. Then again his features were contorted with the terrible anguish of dissolution, and he was soon unable to utter a voice to say—

"I shall not be lonely in the land whence my summons comes. Margaret, my youth's love, waits for me. You will, Gertrude, my darling, for neither marry there nor are given in marriage, and we shall all love each other. You have made one heart of my life very happy."

Again the sudden, choking pause—the deathly agony overweeping the noble face—then a moan, a shiver, a long, half-whispered

"We were two daughters of one race:
She was the fairest in the face."

hummed Mrs. Ellingwood. "Your plea is irresistible."

She went up stairs, put on the same warm, bright shawl which she had worn the first day my father brought her home; and presently I stood at the window, as I stood that day, and watched two figures glancing about among the shrubbery.

"Poor fool!" I murmured, bitterly, sending my eyes after Ray Saltonstall, "does he not know it was only last year that she whispered just so sweetly in my father's ear?—that she would whisper just as sweetly to some new cavalier if he himself were gone? Never mind, *chacun a son goût!*"

If I was unhappy I did not confess it to my own heart, so why should I tell you? I meant to be very indifferent, and, to persuade myself that I was so, I sat down and commenced pulling the canvas threads out of a bouquet I had been embroidering on a broadcloth chair-cover. It was a steady, mechanical work, and it answered my purpose very well.

By-and-by they came back, and Mrs. Ellingwood went directly past the drawing-room door up stairs, Mr. Saltonstall came in, and sat down near my embroidery-frame. He looked steadily at me with those controlling blue eyes of his, and said,

"I have been making a request of Gertrude, which had some relation to you. I fear you have not treated her well, have you?"

My quick power blazed.

"Poor Mrs. Ellingwood!" I sneered. "It is melancholy that I should have behaved so badly as to force her to come to you with her complaints."

She has made no complaints. It was only from her hesitation at speaking to you on a certain subject that I judged; or rather, it was not only from that. I have thought all along that you did Gertrude great injustice."

"Surely not," I said, with bitter, scornful calmness. "I do her the utmost justice. I acknowledge her graces of fascination. Did she not begin her efforts for all his fidelity to a wife whom he idolized? I am quite prepared to admit her ability to attract."

"Miss Ellingwood, that is not what I meant. You are very wrong. Gertrude Blagden was not won unwooed; and when she turned away from younger—yes, and richer—suitors to marry your father, it was because he loved him as women seldom love, and never more than when he is a lifeless."

I was too much enraged to be kind or even prudent. I cried, scornfully,

"I could believe you. You offer a strong enough proof of your faith in her, I am sure, when you are ready to give all your life for her second love."

An expression I could not interpret flashed over his face. He came a little nearer to my embroidery-frame.

"Did you think that?" he asked. "Can it be that you supposed I was seeking Gertrude's love?"

"Surely." What else could I—could any one—have thought?"

"Then you have misjudged both her and me. It must be a loftier man than I who would woo Gertrude Ellingwood, or one who did not know how faithfully she had loved your father. It is you, Madge, who, with all your pride—in spite of the pride and passion of your nature—I love more than any thing else in the world. It was about this which I wished Gertrude to speak to you; for hitherto I have been a coward in your presence. Is it all in vain? Can I never be more to you than now?"

I knew in that moment how dear he was to me; but I could not answer him just then. I drew my hand from his clasp, and went up stairs to Gertrude. I found her in her chamber—the room where my mother had died. She was sobbing as she knelt before the bed. She did not hear my step; her blond agony shut out sight and sound. How I had misjudged that nature, outwardly so calm! I went up to her, and, for the second time in my life, I knelt down beside her.

"Gertrude," I whispered, "I have come to ask you to forgive me. I know now how wrong and how cruel I have been. Can you ever pardon me?"

"I have never blamed you, Madge. It was natural that you should feel as you did. I shall be only too grateful for your love now. I have been very lonely since your father died."

"If my love is worth any thing, thank Ray for the change. He has, in very truth, been a ray of sunshine to my heart."

"And you love him? Is it not so, Madge?"

"I can tell *him* that. He has a right to hear first."

I went down stairs, and found him where I had left him. I went up to him and put my hand in his. I answered his question.

"I could not give myself to you while the heart you sought might unwillingly be given. I think betrothal is like a sacrament—one should come to it with clean hands and a right heart. I have made my peace with Gertrude, and how you shall be all to me that you will."

"My Madge! my pride! my darling!"

"And so you love him very dearly?" Gertrude asked this that night, as we stood together in the twilight, waiting for the moon to come. I turned my face away from her kind eyes. My great happiness was so new, I felt shy in its presence. I did not like to answer that question to any but him; so I whispered, "Ray knows."

For ten years I have been out into the world with Ray, my conquering hero, my knight; better —my husband. Gertrude has passed them all in the great house on the Long Island shore, where she was brought a bride—where she will live a widow till the summons comes for her to pass through the opened gate which leads to the home country, where there is rest for all the dear departed—the fair, fair, silent land.

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

THE CALL FOR VOLUNTEERS.

The Secretary of War has addressed the following circular to the Governors of States:

"WAR DEPARTMENT, WASHINGTON, *April —*, 1861.

"SIR,—Under the Act of Congress 'for calling forth the militia to execute the laws of the Union, suppress insurrection, repel invasions,' etc., approved February 28, 1795, I have the honor to request that the quota of militia to be immediately detached from the militia of your State the quota designated in the table below, to serve as infantry or riflemen for the period of three months, unless sooner discharged.

"Your Excellency will please communicate to me the name or names of officers to whom the rank will be given in the rendezvous, as it will be met as soon as practicable by an officer or officers to muster them into the service and pay of the United States. At the same time the oath of fidelity to the United States will be administered to officers and men.

"The mustering officer will be instructed to receive no men under the rank of commissioned officer who is in years apparently more than forty-five or under eighteen, or who is not in physical strength and vigor."

NEW YORK REPLIES.

On 16th the Legislature passed a bill authorizing the Governor to call out the thirty thousand State troops to be placed at the disposal of the President, and appropriating three million dollars for the purpose. The bill was amended from the form in which it passed the Assembly, was passed by the Senate, and returned to the Assembly, which again concurred in the amendments almost unanimously, there having but one negative vote. The preamble and resolutions were manifested in both Houses on the subject. Part of the troops have already been sent off by Washington.

SO DO MASSACHUSETTS,

Without waiting the official requisition for troops, but acting upon the call made by the Secretary of War, Governor Andrews telegraphed to the President as follows:

"The quota of troops required of Massachusetts is ready. How will you have them proceed?"

The Secretary of War responded:

"Send them by rail."

Part have gone forward by rail, the rest by steamer.

AND CONNECTICUT.

Governor Buckingham, of Connecticut, telegraphs to the Secretary of War, "Your requisition will have immediate attention."

AND VERMONT,

Governor Fairbanks, of Vermont, responds that one regiment of Green Mountain boys will be immediately raised.

AND OHIO,

Governor Dennison says to the Secretary of War, "Your dispatch calling on Ohio for thirteen regiments is received, and will be promptly responded to.

Adjutant-General Buckingham has issued orders carrying into effect the military laws just enacted by the General Assembly of Ohio, and providing for 6000 regular militia, besides the militia of reserve, not less than 35,000 men, to be subject to immediate transfer into the United States service. Commissions will be issued to the twenty-five regiments, which, when upon a war basis, will make 16,000 volunteers. The ranks of each war are thronged by persons eagerly inquiring for the news, and sending their names as volunteers to aid and support the General Government.

Governor Dennison telegraphs that Ohio will furnish her quota of twelve thousand men, and more if needed.

AND WISCONSIN,

Governor Randall, of Wisconsin telegraphs, "The call for one regiment will be promptly responded to, and further calls when made."

AND RHODE ISLAND,

Governor Sprague tendered, by telegraph, 1000 men, with himself as leader, and a second regiment if the Senate is not required to send more than one regiment.

AND MAINE,

Governor Washburn, of Maine, telegraphs the Secretary of War as follows: "Your dispatch is received, and the call will be promptly responded to. The people of the Maine, of all parties, will rally with alacrity to the maintenance of the Government and the Union."

AND ILLINOIS,

Governor Yates has issued a proclamation to convene the Legislature of Illinois in extra session on the 24th April, for the purpose of enacting such laws and adopting such measures as may be deemed necessary to place the loyal sovereign State, in a condition to render the most effective aid to the General Government in preserving the Union, enforcing the laws, protecting the public property and rights of the people, and also the raising of such money and other means as may be required to carry out the foregoing objects.

The troops are mustering, and ready to go forward.

AND KENTUCKY.

Governor Curtin has directed his Adjutant to forthwith establish two camps, one in eastern and the other in western Pennsylvania, for the reception of the thirteen thousand men required from that State; and he has also authorized his Adjutant to issue orders for a fifteen division officers to act promptly.

Pennsylvania has organized 130,000 men if necessary.

AND MINNESOTA,

Governor Ramsey, of Minnesota, offered the President one thousand volunteers. He replied: "The song would be long to sing on all dining occasions forever. The Union must be preserved."

A VOICE. "Governor, you have done your duty so far."

GOVERNOR. "Yes, and I intend to keep doing so."

VOICE. "Well stand by you."

Much enthusiasm was manifested.

A telegram dated Baltimore, April 14, says: The Union feeling in the city has been very much strengthened since Friday. Men with cockades and secession emblems have been seen by crowds, and applauded for their pluck.

The bark *Fanny Fensham* hoisted the secession flag today, and crowds assembled on the wharves to insist on it coming down. The captain afterward relented it, and required a detachment of Federal troops to take it from the people. The indignation is intense. All the other vessels in port hoisted the American flag. The opposition to Union men has not hoisted the flag under instructions from the owners of the vessel, for fear of the effect on their business.

Another of some date says: The Union feeling here is strong this morning. The Minute-Men number now, 2000 strong, who have been drilling ever since the Presidential election as a military organization, under out the State and Stripes this morning from their head-quarters, with the motto, "The Union and the Constitution."

AND NEW JERSEY.

General Halsted has issued the following call:

"HEAD-QUARTERS, HUDSON BRIGADE, N. J. S. M., JERSEY CITY, April 15, 1861.

"TO THE OFFICERS OF THE BRIGADE.—In view of the proclamation of the President of the United States, calling forth the militia of the several States to aid in the protection and execution of the laws, and the expected immediate call for the required quota of troops from this State by the Governor, Commander-in-Chief, I deem it most expedient to call together the immediate representatives of the several companies, to consult and determine what duty and honor require of us under these circumstances.

"I have no authority, by my office, or your enlistment in the organization of the State, to offer your services, unsolicited by you, to the General Government.

"I therefore request that the commissioned officers will assemble on Friday evening next, the 19th inst., at eight o'clock, at the Hudson House, Jersey City.

"JAMES E. HATFIELD, Brig.-Gen."

KENTUCKY REFUSES.

FRANKFORT, *April 16*, 1861.

"HON. SIMON CAMERON, *Secretary of War*:

"Your dispatch of 15th inst., received, say emphatically that Kentucky will furnish no troops for the wicked purpose of subduing her sister Southern States.

"B. MAGOFFIN, Governor of Kentucky."

A dispatch dated Louisville, April 16, says: "A large and enthusiastic meeting was held this morning to Proclaim Lincoln's war policy was held to-night. About 2000 people were present.

"Resolutions were unanimously adopted that Kentucky will not permit the marching of troops to the Confederate States, but shave the latter's destiny, if war must ensue. Speeches were made pertaining to the fore-going, and indorsing Governor Magoffin's response to Secretary Cameron."

Another dated Pedonah, April 16, says: "A meeting, irrespective of party, was held here yesterday, and high toned adopted resolutions recommending the government to immediately call out the militia, that we are with the South in interest and action; that the Governor be requested to call a special session of the Legislature forthwith at as early a day as practicable, to consider the position of this State and the action of Kentucky in the people of Kentucky to ignore party feelings and repose in the sovereignty the concrete and fratricidal policy of the Executive."

SO DOES MISSOURI.

The *State Journal* publishes the following reply from Governor Jackson to Secretary Cameron:

"EXECUTIVE DEPARTMENT,
"JEFFERSON CITY, April 17, 1861.

"SIR,—Your requisition of the 15th instant, making a call on Missouri for four regiments of men for immediate service, has been received. There can be, I apprehend, no doubt but there will be no compliance on the part of this State with the requisition. Your requisition will have its intended effect. It will be regarded by the people of Missouri as part of a system of coercion, inaugurated by a illegal, unconstitutional, and revolutionary in its objects, in which Missouri will refuse to take part. I speak, in this one man will, of the State of Missouri, furnish or carry on such an unholy crusade.

"C. F. JACKSON, Governor of Missouri."

SO DOES NORTH CAROLINA.

The following dispatch was received:

"HON. SIMON CAMERON, *Secretary of War*:

"Your dispatch is received, and, if genuine, which its extraordinary character leads me to doubt, I have to say in reply that I regard the levy of troops made by the Administration for the purpose of subjugating the States of the South, a wicked violation of the Constitution and a usurpation of power. I can be no party to this wicked violence, and I will not obey any requisition that may upon the liberties of a free people. You can get no troops from North Carolina. This is my answer in detail when you call is received by mail.

"JOHN ELLIS, Governor of North Carolina."

A dispatch, dated Wilmington, North Carolina, April 15, says: "Business is entirely at a stand, with perfect contempt and indignation. The Union men openly denounce the Administration, and the Secessionists manifest joy."

THE FEELING IN TENNESSEE.

A dispatch dated Nashville, April 13, says: An enthusiastic public meeting was held here to-night. Resolutions were unanimously adopted, condemning the Administration for the coercive policy and warmongering with the South. The Hon. Mr. Zollicoffer and others spoke.

Another, dated Memphis, April 14, says: Great excitement prevails in this city over the news from Charleston, and great crowds are in the streets. The event is being celebrated by firing cannon, bonfires, music, and dancing.

Another, dated Memphis, April 16, says: There is intense excitement here. A tremendous meeting to-night adopted resolutions to the effect that there are no Union men now here.

A dispatch from Montgomery says: General Pillow guarantees to raise 10,000 men in Tennessee in twenty days. Governor Harris is in favor of them, and there is no doubt expressed but what he will accept of the offer.

THE SOUTHERN LOAN.

The 15th April was the day for the reception of subscriptions to the five million loan of the revolutionists. Of this sum the Times subscribed in Charleston, and $5,000,000 in New Orleans.

MR. DAVIS CALLS FOR PRIVATEERS

The following proclamation has been published:

PROCLAMATION OF THE PRESIDENT OF THE CONFEDERATE STATES OF AMERICA.

"*Whereas*, Abraham Lincoln, President of the United States, has, by proclamation, announced intention of invading the Southern ports of the United States, for the purpose of capturing its fortresses, and thereby subverting its sovereignty and destroying the rights which belong to the domain of a foreign power; and whereas, it has thus become the duty of the Government to repel the threatened invasion, and defend the rights and liberties of the people by all the means in its power, not inconsistent with the usages of civilized warfare place at its disposal.

"Now, therefore, I, Jefferson Davis, President of the Confederate States of America, do issue this, my proclamation, inviting all persons who desire to render service in private armed vessels on the high seas, to aid this government in defending the right of the people, to make application for commissions or letters of marque and reprisal, to be granted under the seal of the Confederate States; and I do further notify all persons applying for letters of marque and reprisal to accompany their application with the name and suitable description of the vessel, the name and residence of each owner concerned, and the intended number of crew, and to sign each statement, and deliver the same to the collector of the port, or other officer of the customs of these Confederate States, to be by him transmitted to the Secretary of State, that I may not unlawfully withhold any commission, before any commission or letter of marque and reprisal to any person or persons applying for the same when revoked by the President of the Confederate States.

"And I do further specially enjoin on all persons holding offices, civil and military, under the authority of the Confederate States, that they be vigilant and zealous in the discharge of the duties incumbent upon them; and I, moreover, exhort the good people of these Confederate States, to support their country—for they justly claim at the hands of government—as they feel the wrongs of the past, and the perils which environ the approaching future. No serious enmity is more implacable, because unprovoked—no war more just, because waged in defense of wicked—no strife more inspiring than the struggle for maintaining the authority and efficacy of the laws, and in supporting, invigorating all the measures which may be adopted for a common defense, and by which, under the blessings of Divine Providence, we may hope for a speedy, just, and honorable peace.

"In witness whereof, I have set my hand and have caused the seal of the Confederate States of America to be attached this seventeenth day of April, in the year of our Lord, one thousand eight hundred and sixty-one.

"JEFFERSON DAVIS.

"ROBERT TOOMBS, Secretary of State."

AND MEM.

He has also called out 32,000 men for three troops, 2000 are from each State except Florida, the number from that State being 1000.

WILL VIRGINIA SECEDE?

A Washington correspondent states that Mr. Seward has received information from Richmond to the effect that the secession element in the Virginia Convention in secret session by seven majority. Other

A telegram dated Richmond, April 14, says: The demonstration in the city of a large crowd continued till midnight. Illuminations, bonfires, and fire-works were the order of the evening. A party ascended the roof of the Capitol and hoisted the Southern flag on the flag-staff. It was subsequently hauled down by a guard.

THE REPLY OF MR. SEWARD TO THE SOUTHERN COMMISSIONERS.

The correspondence between Mr. Seward and the Southern Commissioners has been published. The gist of Mr. Seward's letter is in the following paragraph:

"The Secretary of State finally confesses that he understands the events which have recently occurred, and the condition of political affairs which now exists in the first part of the Union to which his attention has thus been directed, to be substantially as they are stated in a written paper presented by Messrs. Forsyth and Crawford. He says in them, not a right derived from established revolution and an independent nation, with an established governance, but rather a position of actual temporary and partial advancement to the inconsistent purposes of an unjustifiable and unconstitutional usurpation upon the rights of both the authority vested in the Federal Government, and hitherto belonging exclusively to the free and very nature that always must be so exercised, for the maintenance of the Union, the preservation of liberty, and the security, peace, welfare, happiness, and aggrandizement of the American people.

"The Secretary of State, therefore, in which Mr. Mason-Forsyth and Crawford that he looks patiently but confidently for the events which will force upon the existing proceedings unnecessary, so unwise, so unusual, and so unjustifiable in the circumstances, having in view the peaceful and untried relations with agencies unknown to and acting in derogation of the Constitution and laws, to regulate and coordinate action of the people of those States, in co-operation with the people of the Union in the States, through the Congress of the United States, and such extraordinary conventions, if there shall be need thereof, as the Federal Constitution provides and authorizes to be assembled."

THE NEW CONGRESS.

The President has called an extra session of Congress, to meet on the 4th of July next. Leaving out the seceded States, only fifty representatives will answer to the call. Of these, thirteen will be chosen in Virginia on the 23d of May, leaving thirty-seven to be chosen in other States, with two members, Kentucky tet, Maryland six, North Carolina seven, Tennessee eight, and Kansas one, will have to call special elections.

WERE THERE ANY NEW KILLED AT FORT MOULTRIE?

A private letter received by a gentleman in this city from a friend in Charleston, gives the most new and interesting particulars respecting the bombardment of Fort Sumter. The writer states that such was the correctness of Major Anderson's fire that thirty of the reconstructs in Fort Moultrie were killed, besides many wounded, and that the Stevens Battery was silenced, and the Floating Battery half shot away. He extols the courage and skill of the garrison, and intimates that the casualties of the enemy were more numerous than they with to acknowledge.

TERRIFIC.

Ex-President Buchanan exhibits intense interes in the news from the South, and participates in the expression of joy at the success of the Administration.

Major Anderson arrived at New York with his command on 26th at two o'clock.

FOREIGN NEWS.

ENGLAND.

MR. TRAIN FINED ONE SHILLING.

MR. TRAIN, of Massachusetts, has been fined one shilling by a London Police Court for driving on the London race-way was on obstruction; but the magistrate explained that the penalty would be remitted if imposed by the Supreme Court. Mr. Train gave notice of an appeal to that court.

THE BUILDING STRIKE IN LONDON.

At latest dates there was some probability of a compromise in the Building Trade strike. The London *Times* says showing some disposition to accept a proposition of working by the hour under an increased scale of wages.

FRANCE.

MILITARY AND NAVAL PREPARATIONS.

The French navy has, by command of the Emperor, been organized into five divisions, each division to be under the charge of an admiral, and the ships and steel plated frigates attached to it. One division was about to proceed to the Levant, and another to the coast of the naval force.

Great sensation was created by the announcement that the Emperor was about to review the garrison of Paris. A review of the troops of the line was construed by some into a forerunner of a campaign.

ITALY.

AFFAIRS OF ROME AND NAPLES.

The affairs of Rome, Naples, and Sicily remain an article showing the necessity of withdrawing the troops from Rome. It says that the Pope will not leave during the Pope; but as soon as fully grants the complete guarantees for the safety of the Pope and the inviolability of the residue of the seat of the French will be fulfilled with dignity by the national army of Naples.

The Pope's army of Naples continued in the Chamber of Deputies from the Minister of the Interior and the Minister of Police been exaggerated, but he promised a remedy of several inconveniences of the Government. It is intended to increase the military of the country previous as measures of public safety.

AUSTRIA, THE POPE AND GARIBALDI.

The Pope fainted away during service on 3d, but his indisposition was not serious.

Garibaldi arrived safely at Turin. He was received with the greatest enthusiasm by the people.

HUNGARY AND VENICE CO-OPERATING.

The London *Post* asserts that the military operations in which Garibaldi will take part are the point of commencing; and that the Hungarians and Italians have come to a perfect understanding to make a combined movement. It is expected that the Hungarian Diet will pass a formal vote calling on the Hungarian troops from other parts of the Austrian empire to be concentrated in the kingdom of Hungary alone. Such a measure will necessarily strip the Southern provinces of the force of the Austrian forces. If opposed by the Austrian Government the Hungarians will refuse to take part with the movement for breaking out into insurrection will be have arrived.

BOMBARDMENT OF FORT SUMTER BY THE BATTERIES O

E CONFEDERATE STATES, APRIL 13, 1861.—[See Page 257.]

BILLOWS PAST.

My mother died when I was very young; I never thought my father was very fond of me. Nigel inherited my mother's beauty, which I did not; but he was rich, proud of his old family, and he wished me to make what would be called a good match. I did not much think about it, I had all I wanted at home; but I did one season at last; I met him often, he was staying with some friends; he staid here several times. His regiment was quartered at Carlisle, and the officers were asked every where. My father seemed to like him, too, and often told him he should be glad to meet him at Littlecourt whenever he liked a day's shooting, and that was a great deal for him to say. I thought he liked me; I felt sure of it sometimes when he would bring me a flower, and look down on me in a peculiar way as he gave it, and once, too, he said he wished we were not so rich. I felt so happy then, I only laughed.

He sang, oh, such a voice! I never heard one like his. I can hear it now. He sang without music at first, but after I had prayed for him once he used to ask me to accompany him, and ask me to sing, which I could not do; but he would say he thought I must, for I played his songs as no one else did, and I felt them; I must have been dull indeed not to feel that voice, "Oft in the Stilly Night," "The Land o' the Leal," and some of the old Scotch and Irish ballads.

Tall, I could see his head above every one in the room: light hair, and he had a way of passing his fingers through it, and shaking a rebellious lock back that always fell over his forehead. His eyes were dark—I scarcely know what color—they changed and looked darker as he spoke. But he was so good and gentle, and I was so thoughtless then for any thing beyond idle words, that I remained that spring year over a Sunday, 20th April, 1832, and in the afternoon service there was a baptism, as there often was. I looked upon it as an interruption to the regular prayers, and was busy looking at the painted glass, or beautiful carving of our old church: but he stood or knelt according to the service, and I saw him hear a baptism without seeing him standing so firm with his arms crossed, and hear his "Amen" to those beautiful words, "And so receive Thy servant's faithful mother and servant unto his life's end."

As he walked home he asked me if I were "The Christian hero" of one thing, but, oh, I had it, and though not understanding or valuing it as I do now, I admired many of the poems. It was a lovely evening, and we came across the fields and through the larch wood, then in all the beauty of its fresh bright green leaves, studded with small crimson cones, and beyond the yellow primroses peeping out every where, the birds singing, every thing looking bright, bursting into leaf, making me glad and happy. On reaching the brow of the hill we all stopped to look at the sunset, so glorious it was, and a young girl of my age party with us.

"Let us each take one of those feathery clouds for our own and see what happens to it. I will have that pink feathery bit, and you, Mr. Armstrong, take that bit of bright gold." So we each chose our little cloud, and watched their future destiny.

His bright golden one moved swiftly, straight on, on, on, and melted away in the great golden sunset in the West.

"Your journey is soon over, Armstrong," cried one; "now look at Miss Beresford's—where in the world is she going?"

It was said lightly, but I saw a look in his face —he did not take it lightly. My cloud affected amusement and trifled now with its wandering, but at last it also joined the glorious crimson sunset.

We had all talked and laughed carelessly about it, but remembered it by grave, and said to Percy as we again moved on our way down the hill:

"When the shore is won at last,
Who will mourn the billows past?"

"That is just what I was thinking," he said, eagerly. "I could not help feeling there was something under those clouds deeper than we first thought."

Those were very happy days; they went on for some weeks, and constantly meeting. I saw my father went from home for a fortnight, taking me with him. We were to return for a ball at Warrington, which I was to open with Nigel. I knew he would be there; he was to be at the Grange, and I thought he would come over to see us.

We went to Warrington for the ball I had been at but was on the stairs, as I thought waiting for us, for he had taken me into the ball-room, and asked me to dance at once; but he was not there now. However, I saw his head as soon as we entered, and thought he would come to meet me; I saw him look at me, but he did not come. We were rather late, and as we edged our way to the far end of the room, I was one of the last, and there were several people between us. I felt him watching me, as he did not come round to me at once, he only bowed again, and looked so grave —so pale! I thought he got to him. I was too far off to speak. There were several gentlemen with us, and I know I should be obliged to dance with them; how I hated it, he would come and ask me, but he stood there, leaning against the corner of the bench as if he had forgotten where he was.

"What has happened to Mr. Armstrong?" said Mrs. Biddulph, and she looked at me and smiled.

"Who?" said Sir Harry Vivian.

"That handsome young fellow, Percy Armstrong, of the—h. I call him my Hotspur."

"The Knight of the Sorrowful Countenance, I should call him," said Sir Harry, putting up his glass. "But do you really consider him good-looking, Mrs. Biddulph?"

"Yes, remarkably so, and you would too, only you are so horribly conceited."

"Ah!" said Sir Harry, "you always flatter me. Do you admire him, Miss Beresford?"

How I hated him for asking me!

"It is a well-known fact," said Mr. Lane, "that Armstrong and I are the handsomest men in the room. You are a stranger here, Sir Harry, so may be excused for not finding it out."

I could not help laughing, and felt grateful to kind, ugly little Mr. Lane for coming to my rescue, and saying what I dared not.

"Well," said Mrs. Biddulph, "I shall go and ask him, and tell him we are all speculating on what can make him so unlike himself."

She moved toward Percy, she spoke to him in a rallying way, he looked at me; surely she had not used my name! I felt my color rise, for his face flushed, then he came straight toward me.

"Were you laughing at me, too?" he said, bending down to the door. I watched him.

"I! oh no," I said; and looked up at him, though my eyes were full; I held out my hand, he took it, and in the same moment I said:

"I did not believe it; I knew you could not do that." He pressed my hand in both his. "God bless you," he said, and he walked quickly from me. I saw my father meet him, shake him heartily by the hand, and then Percy passed on through the room to the door. I watched him so eagerly I found Sir Harry Vivian asking me for the second time to dance. As Percy reached the ball-room door he turned, and was not taking my place in the dance—only to think he was nothing to me, when my whole heart was his, and I felt as though it were dreaming, and not real.

I tortured myself fruitlessly for years, thinking I might have said or done something different that dreadful evening. If I had only said, "Stay with me," if he had only called me Helen, I could have spoken —could have followed him—could have told him I was ready to go with him to the world's end.

"Myself must tell him in that purer life,
But then it were too daring."

I watched the door in vain, he did not return. never saw him again.

I suppose I looked deadly pale, for some one asked me if I were ill; then I remembered I must not betray myself. I must not look ill, talk, and smile through that horrible ball. Then came the drive home; no relief: not alone till I was undressed, and my maid went. Oh! could think over all, and feel I was miserable, loving him utterly as I did. Why had he left me in that way? Was it quite right? Could I have done more for me? How humbled, crushed, broken I felt as that idea forced itself upon me!

How wretched I looked the next morning! but I had a part to act, and I acted it well, I believe. After breakfast my father called me to the library, and told me I had been selfish and cruel to his old friend and I money enough for all I wanted? if not, he would double my allowance; he liked me to be well dressed. I, I, I, I, I, I, I, I, I, I, I, I, I, I, I, I.

"By-the-by, my dear, Armstrong's regiment is ordered to India, and he thanked me last night for all our attentions to him during his stay. He was to catch the night mail, and sail from Liverpool next week, I think he said; he is a fine young fellow, a credit to any corps."

What could I say? I felt something rise in my throat—I could not speak. Then he had not really cared for me, and I had allowed myself to think—to nothing—no one but him. I thought I never could be more miserable than I then was.

A few months passed. It was the end of October. I had been to Chester in October a twelvemonth ago. One morning at breakfast my father, reading the newspaper, exclaimed, "Good Heavens! the *Birch*, a new list, with the old name, has foundered at sea!" and then he read aloud,

"It is with feelings of deep regret we announce the total loss of the ship *Berkshire*, on the 10th August, latitude 5° North, longitude 20° West, bound for Calcutta with the —th on board. Only five officers and fifty men, of the —th, the troops behaved nobly, obeying orders to the last."

I heard all; my tongue dry, my eyes burning, I tried to say something, but my voice did not obey me, my lips moved, but there was no sound. I reached my own room—my trembling limbs carried me so far—and I threw myself on my bed. As for sleep, I felt, I could not forget, I knew he was gone; I felt reproached he was not one of the five saved: I suffered all the horrors of that fearful voyage, and to care; I had no right even to wear a black gown for him, and oh! the misery of knowing I was what people term a widow, mourning for my husband!

I don't remember how the time passed from that day until my father's death. Early in January, as we were sitting at tea over-night, I suddenly never regained consciousness. Nigel arrived too late to see him alive.

I found a letter from after my father's death he wrote to me to look for some papers which were missing. "Do look in my father's bureau and send me all the papers you can find relating to Mr. Armstrong." I took the key and went to the library, with the melancholy feeling such a task gives one. I had never opened that bureau before. I searched one drawer after another—I could find nothing. At last I found an inner drawer; it looked as though the contents had been disturbed, for two or three packets of papers tied up, headed "Spanish Bonds." I took it and untied the red tapes to see if Nigel would want any, when I saw, underneath, my own writing, and I knew I should be obliged to dance with them; how I hated him! he would come and ask me, but he stood there, leaning against the corner of the bench as if he had forgotten where he was.

"What has happened to Mr. Armstrong?" said Mrs. Biddulph, and she looked at me and smiled.

"Who?" said Sir Harry Vivian.

"That handsome young fellow, Percy Armstrong, of the—h. I call him my Hotspur."

"The Knight of the Sorrowful Countenance, I should call him," said Sir Harry, putting up his glass. "But do you really consider him good-looking, Mrs. Biddulph?"

"Yes, remarkably so, and you would too, only you are so horribly conceited."

"Ah!" said Sir Harry, "you always flatter me. Do you admire him, Miss Beresford?"

How I hated him for asking me!

"It is a well-known fact," said Mr. Lane, "that

"I thought his face was like the face of an angel; then he turned away, encouraging the men.

"We had to row hard to get the boats away from the burning ship; but the sea was so calm, not a breath of wind, and such horror and awe among us all—not a word was uttered, and we could hear the voices of those left behind. I knew Percy's voice as he began the litany. I heard him say, 'In the hour of death, and in the day of Judgment;' then one deep, full cry for mercy echoed over our heads, 'Good Lord, deliver us!' then came the fearful explosion, and all was over.

He stopped a moment; then he added, "Poor fellow! these awful days of suffering and thirst, and death! I read his Prayer-Book as I never read before. I would give it to some of his friends, if I could find one who loved him."

I started forward then: "Give it to me! oh, give it to me, for I *did* love him, and he loved me!"

Under his name on the fly-leaf was written—

"When the shore is won at last,
Who will count the billows past?"

IN PERIL UNDERGROUND.

My comrades and I were underground and hard at work two full hours before sunrise. Our work lay in a part of the coal-mine far away from where the general work was carried on, and was on this account comparatively lonely and remote. We were employed in cutting a pair of drifts through a barrier of coal which divided the workings of two coal-pits situate in the north of England.

Fifteen strokes to the middle of our work was the time we allowed ourselves for rest and refreshment; but we always spent these well, and made up for that deficiency by the increase of our pleasure. But one day—the last day we ever passed together—an unusual amount of gloom seemed to have settled on the whole of our little party. I was the first to attempt a conversation: I remarked that Thomson, the wildest of us all, looked very serious, and I asked him the reason. To my left you tell you that Thomson was the only gambler among us—he cared nothing about religion, and was set down as seriously disposed; and his wit being quick and keen, he would always try to raise a laugh against you at every opportunity that presented itself. But to-day he was neither inclined to himself, nor to cause others to do so. He could not have done it if he had tried, for we were all as gloomy as himself; and he explained that he had been troubled with a remarkable dream last night, which he could neither remember nor understand; nor could he account for the unusual effect it had caused him during the day. The conversation then took a generally superstitious turn, and it was agreed by the fact that most of us were more or less perplexed with forebodings for which we could find no reason. Harry Walters, who had been married but three weeks, said, "Our fancy," as he quickly and perplexed with forebodings for which we could find no reason. Harry Walters, who had been married but three weeks, said, "Our fancy," as he quickly added, "that we should always try to raise a laugh against you at every opportunity that presented itself. But to-day he was neither inclined to himself, nor to cause others to do so. He could not have done it if he had tried, for we were all as gloomy as himself; and he explained that he had been troubled with a remarkable dream last night, which he could neither remember nor understand; nor could he account for the unusual effect it had caused him during the day. The conversation then took a generally superstitious turn, and it was agreed by the fact that most of us were more or less

did, for another second would have plunged me into the madly rushing torrents.

The water burst through the stoppings with such force that when it struck the angles of the opposite pillars of coal, it caused the floor and roof of the mine to shake as if convulsed by an earthquake. It seems to me as if I was then inverted with the power of seeing the events taking place in all parts of the mine. The bodies of men were caught up by the currents and dashed fearfully against the joints of the coal-pillars, tearing them as I thought limb from limb, and drifting the parts in different directions. The most painful scene which my imagination, or perhaps, something superior, forced upon my vision, was that of a little driver, eleven years of age, whom I recognized in the night-gown-and-tail, with his horse mate! to a train of railroad cars. He had been in the act of driving outward with his load, but his horse was backing and plunging. The poor fellow's face was fast down the poor little driver's smutty face, when a rush of water down an adjoining headway engulfed all at once—the horse, the driver, and the load. This ended a succession of visions too horrible to detail. It seemed as if I had been a considerable time witnessing such scenes, but it could not have been more than a minute.

It required all my energy to enable me to start back—all but the hope of a body of water close to me showed the immediate necessity of this only alternative. Back I ran as fast as my now trembling limbs would carry me. I had not gone far when I came in collision with some one running in the opposite direction. I was knocked down, and had not the faintest power to prevent my opponent from running headlong into the water. I regained my legs, and commenced a speedy retreat. I soon met many remaining companions, and prevailed on them to turn back, which I had to do by means of cuffs and signs, for we could not hear each other's voices. We all made directly to the face of the drift, where the noise was not so loud, and where we could talk to each other quite easily. Thomas was missing, and we knew too well his awful fate.

We were so confused and terror-stricken at our horrible situation that we could scarcely command our senses, and raved more like insane men than rational beings. There were lamentations, prayers, hopes, which all uttered simultaneously—their poor wives and dear children—who would protect them, was their plaintive cry! Our situation was really desperate. There were, driven in the face of a narrow drift, six feet wide by four feet high, and we could hear the water rapidly advancing; with the least power to prevent we should be spared many minutes in this life or not. About an hour afterward we were comparatively calm, like men on the brink of fearful resignation. The distant roar had gradually ceased, and I was the first to venture to the water's edge, which may have been about forty yards from the face of the drift. I found great resistance in moving, and, knowing some little trifle of pneumatics, came to the conclusion that this resistance was caused by the compression of the air; therefore that the column of water would be kept back by the elasticity of the air, and that we were no longer in danger of being drowned. I communicated my opinions to my comrades, and then went into the other drift to reflect. My spirits rose high, and I felt extraordinary mental power; owing, I suppose, to the increased pressure of the atmosphere and the proportionate amount of oxygen. By the height of the water, and that of the drifts within the barriers, from which no air could escape, I found the pressure had increased two additional atmospheres; and by the rules of calculation, I concluded that the water would be stationary about thirty yards above the face of the drifts. The upper edge of the barriers of which was expected to be about twenty yards further than the face, thus leaving ten or twenty yards of water above the upper edge of the barrier. It also struck me that some one would be down the up-cast pit examining the old works to endeavor to give relief to those who had been working in the upper part of the new or do-to-cast workings. I knew, however, that this would be probably given up as soon as the settled level of the water had been discovered; yet with the hope of being heard, I commenced knocking on the face of the drift, and continued to do so in measured time, as that any one might recognize the knocks as proceeding from us. Most fortunately the very first blows I struck were heard: they were faintly answered by similar knocks, which appeared to us a hopeless distance off.

This, I afterward learned, was the case; for a party of miners were hewing, and were at the point of turning back in despair, when the sound of my first blows reached them. They could not tell what to make of it, nor how to account for the sounds proceeding from below the level of the water; and a sort of superstitious dread came over them as they observed the knocks by making similar ones on the nearest coal; which, however, was cut off from the barrier by a gallery, which accounted for their faintness. I immediately returned to my companions, and communicated to them my hopes of escape. They were still in a state of quiet despair, yet they agreed to keep up a system of knocking on the face of the drift, though with small hopes of good result. Knocks responding to our own, and with the same measured time, a little raised their spirits, for we knew that, if it was possible, we should get assistance. The knocks seemed to be about forty yards distant, each side the edge of the seam, which confirmed my supposition that the upper edge of the barriers was under water. The question was, could the water be lowered by the new pumping-engine, so that a drift could be driven toward us from the upper edge of the barrier? and could this be accomplished before we died of starvation? That a drift would be driven to us we felt confident, but it might arrive too late to save life. Yet hope gleamed brightly through all the blackness, and we, one and all, looked forward to an ultimate release.

We had to suffer much. It was horrible to think that the water we were obliged to drink contained the dead bodies of all our friends and comrades among them, my two brothers and my father, who had been working in another part of the mine, where I knew they must have been drowned. And then I thought of my mother and sisters, how they would be mourning for us all; and I prayed to be spared for their sakes. Time passed, and brought on hunger; and our thoughts were then concentrated on our own sufferings. We had a few pounds of candles which we divided among us, and which we were obliged to eat raw, principally. Two of our number sick ned and died very shortly after the candles were consumed, leaving but three feet to meet our fate. They died in my arms quietly, without a murmur, and it seemed to us as if they had simply fallen asleep, when they lay dead beside us. We did not throw them into the water, for a sense of deathly sickness was settling on us, as the change from hunger to weakness was taking place. At the beginning of that trial I suffered terribly from hunger, and my mental sufferings were also great; but as I grew weaker, my pains and sufferings diminished in proportion to my strength. Hope left us at last, and we ceased knocking on the face of the rock; but once more I collected the little remaining strength I had and struck a few blows. There was no response. Then hope flew, and I did not care to encourage it back. The last clear recollection I have is of repeating Dr. Walter's and Whitehead's names, and that they did not answer. I then lay down; for I felt drowsy.

What passed now seemed to be a feeble dream. I had alternating periods of light and darkness; in the light period I seemed to be in a cell, in the dark period I was dead. I also faintly recollect that I considered why I did not go to the world eternal. It then appeared that I was surrounded by beings like what I imagined I recognized by their shape. I thought I was in a tomb of fire, while a being, human in form but of brilliant flame in substance, came toward me with a shroud of fire, and in an instant all was dark, and I remember no more.

It was weeks before I got better, or could call to mind the feelings and incidents of the first few weeks. I can only account for the light and dark periods by supposing that I was delirious when I thought I was light, for I was then in a comfortable room. The familiar sounds no doubt aroused me, and I tried to sit up, but I was too weak for this and must have fallen back on the floor. When I saw the opening was made and candles of the searchers appeared, I must have opened my eyes and believed the place to be eternal misery. When the sun had a was a flame in human form must have been the man who rushed to ascertain whether I was alive or dead. I will leave you to your explanation.

Whitehead and I were the sole survivors: the rest were dead when the rescue came.

LOVE AND 'LECTION.

CHAPTER I.

"Tippecanoe and Tyler too,
Oh, Van, Van! you're a used up man.
Tippeca—"

JACK GARNER stopped short in his jubilant chorus as he saw his quondam friend Wright Holmes on the other side of the way also journeying toward the scene of action. The man had a moment for breath, and then recommenced the refrain louder than ever in the ear of the crest-fallen little Democrat.

"Tippecanoe and Tyler too, Tippecanoe," etc., finishing off with the question "Mail come yet? Jest wait till them returns is in. Oh, won't we whip the—" Tippecanoe—"

Wright gave the bundle of books under his arm an extra hitch and the visor of his cap an extra pull—the one to signify his contempt, the other to shut off the sight of his aggravating little Whig companion.

There were heavy thoughts in the boy's sad heart, for he knew well the trial it would be to his father to surrender the post-office, which he so long had held. The old man was going to say, with honest pride, that for twenty years the correspondence of H——— County had passed through his hands, and that a letter had never been lost nor a penny missed.

And now this was past. The idea of March had come, and "Old Tippecanoe" had succeeded by a brief career. The Whigs looked triumphantly at the Squire when they came for letters, bringing additional items with regard to the majorities by which the party had conquered. He knew that he would be displaced very soon, and two or three of the opposite side had been mentioned as likely to succeed him. Young Harry Grafton had gone already to Washington, and people said it was pretty hard for the old man to see his son-in-law's office. During that time he had been faithfully nursed through a long illness by the family of his employer, and had professed so much gratitude for it that every body thought it was hardly fair to try to supplant him now. How the story originated nobody knew, but the rumor was afloat that the flourishing young lawyer was not content with his profession, and through the influence of powerful friends he would likely succeed to the office.

CHAPTER II.

MISS POLLY BAS—allow me to present her to you—gaunt, dark, a nose decidedly Roman, hair that was twisted so tight and wound around so firmly that one fancied that nothing but an old-fashioned bed-wrench could have produced the tension, small gray eyes, and piercing tips. That's the style of Miss Polly's beauty. Now if she had been really genteel and clever, nobody would have cared a straw for these personalities; but there was the misapprehension that the world demanded extraordinary candor from her, she was at times decidedly vicious. As the only male member of a small family in the town, she was a person of no slight importance, and when May Holmes would have her plain gray merino made up, she would not dare to oppose her will—the formidable lady; and thus it was that the waning light of a March afternoon saw May's round figure under the non-unfashionable hands of Miss Polly, and the soft folds began to assume her trim shape. She didn't look like the picture of a martyr as she stood there with the slender waist and trailing skirt, with the bright blue eyes and golden hair of a Hebe; but she was being martyred after all that. I omitted to notice, in the list of Miss Polly's personalities, her thumb, which was curved back like a bow. Under the pressure of this magical member plaits and flounces seemed to gather themselves instinctively, and shears under its guidance never swerved from the straight line, or left where they ought to be. She had not learned to trust implicitly to the thumb, and when the shining steel bows of the scissors came near her thumb she held it out that they might slip on a small incision on her throat, or that the long, keen fingers might close any moment. But this wasn't extraordinary, and I'll tell you what was.

"Ahem! I made a blue silk for Miss Garner, and it were lovely. How's that seam?" giving a touch on the back with her hand to pull down a fold, and trimmed with the beautifulest gimp you ever see. Hold out your arm a mink. I'spose you've heard the news, I guess there'll be a wedding down to Garner's soon."

May guessed what was coming, and helped it on by saying, coolly,

"Ah, Miss Sarah is to be the bride, isn't she?"

"Oh yes, you know Hal Grafton has been courtin' some time; and I guess the old man wants him so anxious to get the office away from your father."

"From father! Is he trying to get it?"

"Yes—he's been writin' to Washington a good thing I've got the courage to tell folks what they don't know."

May put up her hand saying, "Isn't this too tight around the throat—it chokes me?" and Miss Polly hastened to release the girl, who was trembling and cold; but she didn't mean to let her escape, so she said,

"Now, Miss May, you jest stitch up them seams while I go on with the sleeves," and May tried the task, but her fingers trembled, and with a woman's intuitive tact, interposed for her relief.

"No, May dear, you go and take that loaf of gingerbread to Mrs. Jones, and the fresh air will do you good. I can finish these seams."

With a thankful glance May went out into the bright sunshine on her way to her errand of kindness, but she still felt as though something was choking her breath, and making her heart bound at every impulse. She turned down the path to the big flush and sparkle in her eye as she walked quickly down the narrow lane, but the blood would not be checked in its flow. She willed rapidly, as a relief for the excitement of her spirit; for truly the words of the mantua-maker had been doubleedged swords. Yes, she had sometimes unconfessed liked her just a little bit, should marry Sarah Garner, she had schooled herself to believe; but that he would ask for the office which it would grieve Squire Holmes so much to resign, this it was that added to her sadness and bitterness of spirit. She remembered those happy days when now seemed ages past, when her girlish will was law to the handsome clerk, and when, under pretext of a piece of knotty political solicit her aid in the office; or when she, vexed with Euclid or Algebra, found the clear brain and ready explanatory, making ease of difficulty. And then walks and rides, and treasured flowers, and pleasant books, had kept up a dreamy happy life until now——now—— Leo, the big Newfoundland, interrupting by, and would fain have leaped for a caress, but with a stern "Down, Leo!" she repulsed him. It was but a moment; and observing the brute's keen eye so full of love and wonder, she stooped to pat him, and then her heroism gave way, and, clasping the dog's neck, he leaned down and cried like a little child.

What there is in a caress or gesture that makes "a good cry" such a positive necessity at times I don't know, but certain it is that May Holmes went on her way more calmed and strong.

CHAPTER III.

If was the night but one before the new appointments would arrive by mail, and the Squire sat down to think. Ah, he looked back on by-gone years—on those years of his life in the post-office—on had gone home, and he prepared to close the shutters and lock the mail-bags, thinking how he now might miss those accustomed tasks. An oppressive sadness came over him as he sat down by the old stove to try to realize the coming change. Fancy carried him back to the days when he first was entered on his duties, and that prouder time when he had a home and competence to offer to the sweet orphaned child who was to be his companion in those days when his first-born May began to run about and play stage-coach among the mail-bags, and part imagining that she was the mistress of the home when dark-eyed Allan sat and dreamed in the old leathern chair where he now sat, drinking in the arguments and reasoning of the politicians about him with a wisdom beyond his years, until Death stamped his name on the white tombstone; and he was seen no more in his favorite resort. And then came right bright and loving, quick and merry, a winsome chap enough. With this memory came the sad thought that the favorite dream of giving his only son a college education must be dispelled—for the small pittance he possessed would barely sustain them all.

The fire was out and the lamp had grown dim before he was roused from his reverie by a light footfall. The office communicated directly with the house—in fact, occupied one thing, and through the door peeped the pale face of May Holmes—

"Oh, father, you'll get cold here; you are chilly now—you'll be getting a cold" and the tearful, handkerchief came out to justify the flimsy pretext. May stopped a moment, and, with sudden courage, placing her slight figure before him, spoke rapidly.

"Father, I have done something without your permission—I have written for a place to teach. I thought you would have hard times pretty soon, and Wright must go to college; and I shall be so glad if I can be a little bit of help that way. Now you shall not say no, father; I won't let you do it, you see. I shall like to do something that will keep my thoughts occupied; for—for—I don't care to say both of you and myself—Wright's dear body;" and here, like an unaccountable little woman, she began to cry too.

The Squire looked at her with a puzzled glance, and, lifting her dimpled chin with his big forefinger, he said,

"May, May! and how about Hal Grafton? You know they say that he has the post-office all to Washington to get this office for himself, and you could—be Hal Postmaster?"

"Oh, father, don't! If he is so cruel as to do that I never want to see him any more, and I would rather go away somewhere else. If he ever did like me ever so little, he couldn't do such a hateful thing as to try to get my father's place. I'spose Miss Polly knows, and she says that Sarah Garner told her so, but I didn't believe it."

A few tears, a quivering lip, and the girl took her father's hand smilingly, and drew him to the house, where he told Wright that he had left his hand on her heard with a solemn "Bless you, child!" and she retired to fight the battle of life with a brave heart, with a sad regret for her heart, but a brave spirit that was resolved to conquer regrets and repinings, to smooth the path of life for the parents she loved, and to help make sunshine on her little brother's future course. Such unselfish resolves as these always bring their own sweet reward; and when the morning broke, Squire Holmes felt the cheerful brow and happy smile of the good daughter and loving sister, and with a peace that leaped of trust in Him she commenced her accustomed tasks.

But a new care came upon her, for her father was sick—sick to keep his bed, and the fresh energie in the freelies office, and perhaps a troubled spirit, had brought on a severe attack of lung fever, and for the first time in many years Squire Holmes was not seen at his accustomed post. May knew that her mother would be his nurse, and she made her own resolve. She knew that the office must be attended to, that Wright could not leave school at this time without endangering his success at the coming examination, and she knew one who knew the routine would be required; so as she kissed her father "Good-morning," she answered his questions, "How about the Office?" with a cheerful answer.

"Oh! I've got somebody to attend it. Some one that is used to it. Don't you know?" His sick man had hardly consciousness to wonder who it was when the lethargic sleep crept over him again, and he wandered off in dreamy slumber.

CHAPTER IV.

SEE the new clerk perched up on a high stool behind the bars, two small hands setting the few letters from a country mail, two small feet dangling long way from the round rung of the stool, eyes glancing up when a new-comer asks for a letter. They stare at May Holmes in her father's place. Is she fit even for the duties? Will she charge upon her? It did not seem long to her since she used to be her father's assistant, while short dresses and curls made her presence suitable; and now a time had arrived to the reckoning of "Jack" before a brother made his appearance on life's stage. She knew right well the whole routine, and for her father's sake she had made her mind up to meet—and once resolved, she was not one to falter in the path. I would not undertake to say that Fred Nelson did not come for his letter for the next two or three days. I rather think he did; for May looked very fair as she sat among the dull books and mail-bags, and Bill Barlow came every night to drag the heavy uncouth leathern receptacle to her feet and deposit it on the table before her, and would stand and stare at her with open mouth, and then the little hands brought order out of chaos. He told one or two in a loud whisper, "Well, I does beat me to wot she knows 'workin' so sure. Why I couldn't do it more 'n a nothin'." Miss Bias came in to say that she thought May ought to know that Hal Garner thought that she was rather forward "to be doin' so, settin' up and talkin' to all the men." May grew white as she answered, "Miss Garner is cruel to think so," and she bent over a letter and directed it to the wrong mail in her agitation, and wondered whether any one ever knew but such hard-hearted people to deal with before.

At last the night came when the document which would dispossess the present incumbent of the office might be supposed to arrive by mail, and as that time approached May grew trembling and excited. Her father seemed more ill than usual, and she felt the self-imposed task irksome to the last degree while her heart was with her father, she longed to be about his bed every moment.

But the hours of that day came and went as hours will come and go forever; and at last her ear caught the sound of the well-known horn, and shortly after the rattling wheels of the stage-coach as it drove up to the door, and her stanch friend, Barblow, stood ready to transfer the mail-bag to the table. There was a short colloquy with some one within the vehicle, a clear ringing voice, and then a quick step on the threshold made May look up, to meet the eager, bright glance of Hal Grafton's eye, as his pleasant tones rang out so cheery:

"Miss May, I've come just in time to save you this work. I wish I had come before, but I had something to stay for—" His frank face grew puzzled, for the hand which he had thrust through the bars to exchange salutations was not grasped, and the ring of the girl before him moved quietly, saying, "Thank you, Mr. Grafton, I can do very well alone."

Nothing more; and Hal stood perfectly still and motionless for a moment. Then he grew angry, and turned on his heel to retreat; but some kindly feeling prompted him to return, and say,

"I would be very glad to relieve you of this care, for you look very weary, Miss May."

A quiet "No, thank you," barred all further endeavors to make himself useful; and what his thoughts were as he shot off down the street like an arrow, any young man of twenty-four who thinks he has been abused can guess.

There was no document in the mail that night for Squire Holmes, for May's nervous fingers had shuffled the epistles over many times; and somewhat relieved that the evil day had been put off, she sought her father's bedside, only to find him delirious. Dr. Burnett was then watching anxiously the quick pulse of the sick man, and before he left determined to send some one to watch with the invalid who should be strong enough to lift him for freer breath or to administer the medicines.

It was midnight when the watcher made his appearance, and weeping May scarcely raised her head as a tall, dark form stepped lightly into the shaded room, and took a position by the head of the bed, behind the chintz curtain, and there remained, only speaking in a whisper to Mrs. Holmes, who sat beside her husband.

The patient slept at intervals, but uneasy mutterings and half-forgotten memories sounded sadly through the anxious hours.

"Yes, I know it; Jackson will never favor it. The bank—the great bank. Where's Allan? He looks pale to-night; he must not study too much. There's no letter for you to-night, Sir. Yes here is one." Allan Holmes, aged ten, died—yes, died. I know he died in the spring—"

Then a few moments of quiet, and the busy brain wrought on:

"Twenty years—yes, Sir. Nobody ever lost a letter—nobody. Did they tell me Hal was gone to get the office for himself? Well, well, Hal is a good lad, and I'm getting old; and—Where's May?"

The girl could keep down her sobs no longer, and had passed out of the room; but the tall watcher started at the last words, and with the reverential tenderness of a son he bent over the sick man, bathing his temples and hands, and administering the cooling draught; and when he seated himself again beside the patient, who had sunk off to sleep, there was a soft light in his eye, and a new calmness on his brow. In those dark hours he prayed with the earnest trust that he had ever had; that One above would spare the old man's life a little longer, or if that boon might be denied, that he should turn to that God who alone could smooth the dark passage.

CHAPTER V.

THE morning light brought hope to the hearts of the watchers, and in the coming sunshine May knelt beside her father's bed, thankful to hear the words once more "My daughter?"

Henry Grafton—for he it was who had held the vigil of the night—stood back; but when May's eyes discerned who it was who had nursed the weak invalid so tenderly, her frank nature could not resist the impulse to put out her hand with a word of thanks for the kindness, but she dared not meet his glance bent on her so inquiringly, nay, tenderly, as he said, "Miss May, at the risk of displeasing you, I must insist on taking your place in the office to-day." Before May could reply, Mrs. Holmes had thanked him and accepted the offer in spite of her protestations, and so the key was produced from May's apron-pocket and she was left to watch her father. The doctor came and reported favorably—the crisis had passed, and only rest and quiet would insure a speedy recovery.

It was strange why Hal would keep running into the house to ask May where the different articles were. In the first place, he declared he couldn't find the wrappers for the papers, then he didn't know where the wafers were kept, and, finally, he reported that the ink was all gone from the inkstand, and he didn't know where the rest was kept. Wouldn't Miss May please come and show him once? he wouldn't trouble her afterward if she would only set him right this time.

So there was nothing for it except to help his awkwardness, whether it were real or assumed, and she found the wrappers and the wafers and the ink, and was demurely walking out again when he arrested her.

"One more favor, Miss May—will you look in your father's box, there seems to be something there?"

She thought it strangely cruel that he should compel her to read the fatal official paper that met her eye, and smile so exultingly all the while, but with a trembling hand she took it up, as Hal said, "I brought it on from Washington, open, and I suppose you can as well see what it is?"

If ever Hal Grafton was happy in his life, it was when he saw the soft blue eyes dilate and the cheeks flush with the glad surprise; for he signed and sealed with all due forms, was the reappointment of Frederick Holmes, Esq., to the post-office for the next term of years, and a letter from a great political character, alluding to the testimonials and long array of the names of fellow-townsmen, referred to Harry Grafton as indefatigable in presenting and forwarding the petition, wherein Whigs and Democrats alike were represented. The paper dropped from her hands as she clasped them.

"Oh, I'm so glad!" How can I thank you?—and to think that I—"

She was perched up on the tall stool, and Hal made only one step forward when he took each one of her little hands in his, as though he would help her off; but he only held her there, looking down on her with his big brown eyes, while he said,

"Little May, don't you know better than to doubt me so? You thought I was only seeking my own good; that I would willingly grieve you and lose my self-respect by taking away from your father the post which he fills so much better. Blossom—May blossom—I don't want any thing that any body can give me—but little May; can't she trust me for the future? I never had another dream than this, to press on in my profession until I could offer heart and home together to May Holmes."

Well, what does any body suppose a wee woman perched on a high office-stool could do but to let such a great, handsome, frank lover lift her down? and if he didn't take his arm from about her round waist until he had heard some sort of answer from the lips, what wonder? And if Squire Holmes didn't get well quicker after the administration of when he wrote home to May the letter bore the superscription, Mrs. Henry Grafton, Esq. At each appearance of such epistles the Squire would smile anew, and declare that Love had stepped in to aid him when Lection failed.

PRESIDENT LINCOLN.—[PHOTOGRAPHED BY BRADY.]

PRESIDENT LINCOLN.

WE publish herewith, from a photograph just taken expressly for this paper, a PORTRAIT OF THE PRESIDENT. It is the first authentic portrait that has been published of him since he began to grow his beard.

HON. ABRAHAM LINCOLN, of Illinois, was born on the 12th February, 1809, in Hardin County, Kentucky. His family, although much respected, were not blessed with much of this world's goods, and he was forced to fight his own way through the opening struggles of life's campaign. In this way he became intimately acquainted with the industrial classes, and they now claim him as one of their number—"*The Flatboatman.*" It is also reported that he supported himself for a winter by splitting rails for a farmer—whence his sobriquet, *The Rail-splitter*. Whether he was engaged in rural pursuits, or in piloting down the Mississippi boats laden with produce, he permitted no opportunity to escape for the improvement of his mind. When he had thus, by his own exertions, been admitted to the bar, he settled in the pleasant town of Springfield, Illinois, where he has since resided.

When the "Black Hawk War" broke out, in the spring of 1832, Mr. Lincoln was among the first to offer his services, and was elected captain of a company of Illinois volunteers, at the head of which he distinguished himself during the brief yet effective campaign. He was afterward elected to the State Legislature, taking decided ground as a Whig of the Henry Clay school. In 1846 he was elected a member of the 30th Congress, where he acted with the Whig party; and at the National Convention which nominated General Scott for President, in June, 1852, he was elected to represent Illinois in the Central Whig Committee. Yeoman's service did he render in that campaign.

In 1856 Mr. Lincoln entered actively into the Republican contest, and two years later a Convention of that party nominated him, in opposition to Judge Douglas, as Republican Senator from the State of Illinois. He was defeated, as is known, but lost none of his reputation with his party.

In May, 1860, he was nominated for the Presidency by the Republican Convention at Chicago, and was duly elected in November. His Inaugural in March has already been laid before the readers of the *Weekly*.

Last week a Committee of the Virginia Convention waited upon him to ascertain his views. He replied to them as follows:

"*To Hon. Messrs. Preston, Stuart, and Randolph:*

"GENTLEMEN—As a Committee of the Virginia Convention, you present me a preamble and resolution in these words:

"'*Whereas*, In the opinion of this Convention, the uncertainty which prevails in the public mind as to the policy which the Federal Executive intends to pursue toward the seceded States, is extremely injurious to the industrial and commercial interests of the country, and keeps up an excitement which is unfavorable to the adjustment of the pending difficulties and tendencies to disunion of that public peace; therefore,

"'*Resolved*, That a committee of three delegates be appointed to wait on the President of the United States, present to him this preamble, and respectfully ask him to communicate to this Convention the policy which the Federal Executive intends to pursue in regard to the Confederate States.'

"In answer I have to say that having, at the beginning of my official term, expressed my intended policy as plainly as I was able, it is with deep regret and mortification I now learn there is great and injurious uncertainty in the public mind as to what that policy is, and what course I intend to pursue. Not having as yet seen occasion to change, it is now my purpose to pursue the course marked out in the Inaugural Address. I commend a careful consideration of the whole document as the best expression I can give to my purpose. As I then and therein said, I now repeat, 'The power confided in me will be used to hold, occupy, and possess property and places belonging to the Government, and to collect the duties and imposts; but beyond what is necessary for these objects, there will be no invasion, no using of force against or among the people anywhere.' By the words *property and places belonging to the Government*, I chiefly allude to the military posts and that wonderful paper than if he had taken a dozen pills, I don't know the reason why. Mrs. Holmes declared that it was the most wonderful "Poor Man's Plaster" that ever was known, for it was not many weeks ere the Squire was at his post, active and cheerful as ever.

Then came an answer to May's application for a teacher's place; but, for obvious reasons, she was obliged to decline the offer for herself, recommending, as more able, an old school friend who was very glad to make the engagement.

Miss Sarah Garner called soon after, dressed in the identical "beautifulest silk," bows and gimp included; and there was no consciousness in her manner that she had ever heard the story coined in the fertile brain of Miss Polly Bias. She congratulated May as politely as any one else; and if she felt a twinge of regret for handsome Hal, she concealed it very skillfully.

When that wedding did come off Miss Polly didn't get a chance to cut a breadth or gather up a bow with the wonderful thumb, but she revenged herself by pointing with it over her shoulder toward the Squire's, and referring to the city artists there employed, as that "furrin" baggage.

Wright went to college the next winter, and

GENERAL BEAUREGARD.—(FROM A PHOTOGRAPH FURNISHED BY E. ANTHONY.)

and property which were in possession of the Government when it came into my hands. But if, as now appears to be true, in pursuit of a purpose to drive the United States authority from those places, an unprovoked assault has been made upon Fort Sumter, I shall hold myself at liberty to repossess it, if I can, like places which had been seized before the Government was devolved upon me; and in my event I shall, to the best of my ability, repel force by force. In case it proves true that Fort Sumter has been assaulted, as is reported, I shall, perhaps, cause the United States mails to be withdrawn from all the States which claim to have seceded, believing that the commencement of actual war against the Government justifies and possibly demands it. I scarcely need to say that I consider the military posts and property situated within the States which claim to have seceded as yet belonging to the Government of the United States as much as they did before the supposed secession. Whatever else I may do for the purpose, I shall not attempt to collect the duties and imposts by any armed invasion of any part of the country; not meaning by this, however, that I may not land a force deemed necessary to relieve a fort upon the border of the country. From the fact that I have quoted a part of the Inaugural Address, it must not be inferred that I repudiate any other part, the whole of which I reaffirm, except so far as what I now say of the mails may be regarded as a modification."

GENERAL P. G. T. BEAUREGARD.

We publish herewith a portrait of General Beauregard, the commander of the Confederate forces at Charleston, to whom Major Anderson surrendered on 13th.

General P. G. Toutant Beauregard was born on his father's plantation, near New Orleans. His father was a wealthy and influential Louisiana planter. His mother—born Reggio—was of Italian origin, and descended from the ducal Reggio family of Italy. General Beauregard entered the United States Military Academy at West Point at an early age, where he graduated in 1838, taking the second honors in a class of forty-five graduates, and was appointed a Second Lieutenant in the First regiment of Artillery, which commission he only held for one week ere he was transferred to the Corps of Engineers. He was promoted to a First Lieutenantcy in June, 1839, and in that capacity served with great distinction during the Mexican War. He was twice brevetted "for gallant and meritorious conduct" in the field, the first time as Captain for the battles of Contreras and Churubusco, to date from August 20, 1847, and again as Major for the battle of Chapultepec, to date from the 13th of September of that year. Major Beauregard was wounded in the assault upon the Garita de Belen in the city of Mexico. On his return home he was presented with an elegant sword. He was subsequently placed by the Government in charge of the construction of the Mint and Custom-house at New Orleans, as well as of the fortifications on and near the mouth of the Mississippi. General B. is about forty-three years of age, in the prime of life and vigorous health, erect as a soldier, well made, and remarkably active.

A Charleston paper gives publicity to two incidents in General Beauregard's career:

"The first occurred before Vera Cruz.

"General B., then a Lieutenant of Engineers, was sent out by his Colonel (Totten, if we remember aright), with a party of sappers to dig out pioneers trench, according to a profile and plan prepared by the Colonel. No sooner had Beauregard examined the ground than he discovered great objections to the plan. To assure himself, he climbed into a tree, and with the aid of the marine glass, the engineer's side-arm-in, he made a reconnaissance, and saw plainly that the trench, as planned, would be enfiladed by the enemy's cannon. Here was a difficult position for a subaltern misinterim officer. He decided promptly, and returned to head-quarters without stacking a spade. The Colonel met him and expressed surprise that he had not been performed his task. Beauregard replied that he had not touched it. The Colonel, with the astonishment military men feel in hearing their orders have not been obeyed, inquired the reason. He was soon informed of it. He was incredulous: 'the ground had been examined,' 'the reconnaissance was perfect,' etc. The young lieutenant was satisfied, however, that the reconnaissance of his old chief had not been made like his, 'from up in a tree.' The colonel, like a sensible man, concluded to make another examination; the plan was changed in accordance with the young lieutenant's views. The work done from these trenches is matter of history, which has not, however, informed us to whom the credit is due.

"The second event occurred before the city of Mexico.

"A night or two before the attack a council of war was held. There were assembled all the big folks, from the (now) Lieutenant-General who gnettions Scott to the (now) Lieutenant-General who gnettions Scott, to the (now) Lieutenant-General who gnettions Scott, including Worth, Ten from the housetops in Washington, including Worth, Twiggs, etc., down to our friend Beauregard, the youngest officer in the room. The plan was put before Scott was solitary to his opinion. Every other officer present, except one, had spoken, and all concurred in their views. The silent one was Beauregard. At last General Vive crossed over and said, 'You have not expressed an opinion.' 'I have not been called on,' said Beauregard. 'You shall be, however,' said Pierce; and soon resuming his seat, announced that Lieutenant Beauregard had not expressed his opinion. Being then called on, he remarked, that if the plan which had received the consent of all but the commanding General was carried into effect, it would prove disastrous. It would be another Churubusco affair. He then detailed the objections at length, and, after having up the other, urged the reasons in its favor with equal earnestness. The Council reversed their decision. The city of Mexico was entered according to the plan urged by the young lieutenant; and it would seem that his reasons influenced the decision. A few days afterward General Scott, in the presence of a number of general officers, alluded to Lieutenant Beauregard's opinion at the Council, and the consequences which had followed from it."

[Entered according to Act of Congress, in the Year 1860, by Harper & Brothers, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Southern District of New York.]

GREAT EXPECTATIONS.

A NOVEL.

By CHARLES DICKENS.

CHAPTER XXXV.

HERBERT and I went on from bad to worse, in the way of increasing our debts, looking into our affairs, leaving margins, and the like exemplary transactions; and Time went on, whether or no, as he has a way of doing; and I came of age—in fulfillment of Herbert's prediction that I should do so before I knew where I was.

Herbert himself had come of age eight months before me. As he had nothing else than his majority to come into, the event did not make a profound sensation in Barnard's Inn. But we had looked forward to my one-and-twentieth birthday with a crowd of speculations and anticipations, for we had both considered that my guardian could hardly help saying something definite on that occasion.

I had taken care to have it well understood in Little Britain when my birthday was. On the day before it I received an official note from Wemmick, informing me that Mr. Jaggers would be glad if I would call upon him at five in the afternoon of the auspicious day. This convinced us that something great was to happen, and threw me into an unusual flutter when I repaired to my guardian's office, a model of punctuality.

In the outer office Wemmick offered me his congratulations, and incidentally rubbed the side of his nose with a folded piece of tissue-paper that I liked the look of. But he said nothing respecting it, and motioned me with a nod into my guardian's room. It was November, and my guardian was standing before his fire leaning his back against the chimney-piece, with his hands under his coat-tails.

"Well, Pip," said he, "I must call you Mr. Pip to-day. Congratulations, Mr. Pip."

We shook hands—he was always a remarkably short shaker—and I thanked him.

"Take a chair, Mr. Pip," said my guardian.

As I sat down, and he preserved his attitude and bent his brows at his boots, I felt at a disadvantage, which reminded me of that old time when I had been put upon a tomb-stone. The two ghastly casts on the shelf were not far from him, and their expression was as if they were making a stupid apoplectic attempt to attend to the conversation.

"Now, my young friend," my guardian began, as if I were a witness in the box, "I am going to have a word or two with you."

"If you please, Sir."

"What do you suppose," said Mr. Jaggers, bending forward to look at the ground, and then throwing his head back to look at the ceiling, "what do you suppose you are living at the rate of?"

"At the rate of, Sir?"

"At," repeated Mr. Jaggers, still looking at the ceiling, "the—rate—of?" And then looked all round the room, and paused with his pocket-handkerchief in his hand, half way to his nose.

I had looked into my affairs so often that I had thoroughly destroyed any slight notion I might ever have had of their bearings. Reluctantly, I confessed myself quite unable to answer the question. This reply seemed agreeable to Mr. Jaggers, who said, "I thought so!" and blew his nose with an air of satisfaction.

"Now, I have asked you a question, my friend," said Mr. Jaggers. "Have you any thing to ask me?"

"Of course it would be a great relief to me to ask you several questions, Sir; but I remember your prohibition."

"Ask one," said Mr. Jaggers.

"Is my benefactor to be made known to me to-day?"

"No. Ask another."

"Is that confidence to be imparted to me soon?"

"Waive that a moment," said Mr. Jaggers, "and ask another."

I looked about me, but there appeared to be now no possible escape from the inquiry, "Have—I—any thing to receive, Sir?" On that Mr. Jaggers said, triumphantly, "I thought we should come to it!" and called to Wemmick to give him that piece of paper. Wemmick appeared, handed it in, and disappeared.

"Now, Mr. Pip," said Mr. Jaggers, "attend, if you please. You have been drawing pretty freely here; your name occurs pretty often in Wemmick's cash-book; but you are in debt, of course?"

"I am afraid I must say yes, Sir?"

"You know you must say yes, don't you?" said Mr. Jaggers.

"Yes, Sir."

"I don't ask you what you owe, because you don't know; and if you did know, you wouldn't tell me—you would say less. Yes, yes, my friend," cried Mr. Jaggers, waving his forefinger to stop me, as I made a show of protesting, "it's likely enough that you think you wouldn't, but you would. You'll excuse me, but I know better than you. Now take this piece of paper in your hand. You have got it? Very good. Now unfold it and tell me what it is."

"This is a bank-note," said I, "for five hundred pounds."

"That is a bank-note," repeated Mr. Jaggers, "for five hundred pounds. And a very handsome sum of money too, I think. You consider it so?"

"How could I do otherwise!"

"Ah! But answer the question," said Mr. Jaggers.

"Undoubtedly."

"You consider it, undoubtedly, a handsome sum of money. Now that handsome sum of money, Pip, is your own. It is a present to you on this day, in earnest of your expectations. And at the rate of that handsome sum of money per annum, and at no higher rate, you are to live until the donor of the whole appears. That is to say, you will now take your affairs entirely into your own hands, and you will draw from Wemmick one hundred and twenty-five pounds per quarter, until you are in communication with the fountain-head, and no longer with the mere agent. As I have told you before, I am the mere agent. I execute my instructions, and I am paid for doing so. I think them injudicious, but I am not paid for giving any opinion on their merits."

I was beginning to express my gratitude to my benefactor for the great liberality with which I was treated, when Mr. Jaggers stopped me.

"I am not paid, Pip," said he, coolly, "to carry your words to any one;" and then gathered up his coat-tails, as he had gathered up the subject, and stood frowning at his fire as if he suspected them of designs against him.

After a pause, I hinted;

"There was a question just now, Mr. Jaggers, which you desired me to waive for a moment. I hope I am doing nothing wrong in asking it again?"

"What is it?" said he.

I might have known that he would never help me out; but it took me aback to have to shape the question afresh, as if it were quite new. "Is it likely," I said, after hesitating, "that my patron, the fountain-head you have spoken of, Mr. Jaggers, will soon—" there I delicately stopped.

"Will soon what?" said Mr. Jaggers.

"That's no question as it stands, you know."

"Will soon come to London," said I, after casting about for a proper form of words, "or summon me any where else?"

"Now here," replied Mr. Jaggers, fixing me

"THE REPUGNIBLE DUTY OF MAKING THE TOAST WAS DELEGATED TO THE AGED."

the first time with his dark deep-set eyes, "we must revert to the evening when we first encountered one another in your village. What did I tell you then, Fip?"

"You told me, Mr. Jaggers, that it might be years hence when that person appeared."

"Just so," said Mr. Jaggers, "that's my answer."

As we looked full at one another I felt my breath come quicker in my anxiety to get something out of him. And as I felt that it came quicker, and as I felt that he saw that it came quicker, I felt that I had less chance than ever of getting any thing out of him.

"Do you suppose it will still be years hence, Mr. Jaggers?"

Mr. Jaggers shook his head—not in negativing the question, but in altogether negativing the notion that he could anywise be got to answer it—and the two horrible warts of the twitched faces looked, when my eyes strayed up to them, as if they had come to a crisis in their suspended attention, and were going to sneeze.

"Come!" said Mr. Jaggers, warming the backs of his legs with his warmed hands, "I'll be plain with you, my friend, Pip. That's a question I must not be asked. You'll understand that better when I tell you it's a question that might compromise me. Come! I'll go a little further with you; I'll say something more."

He bent down so low to frown at his boots that he was able to rub the calves of his legs in the pause he made.

"When that person discloses," said Mr. Jaggers, straightening himself, "you may trust that person will settle your own affairs. When that person discloses, my part in this business will cease and determine. When that person discloses, it will not be necessary for me to know any thing about it. And that's all I have got to say."

We looked at one another until I withdrew my eyes, and looked thoughtfully at the floor. From this last speech I derived the notion that Miss Havisham, for some reason or no reason, had not taken him into her confidence as to her designing me for Estella; that she resented this, and felt a jealousy about it; or that he really did object to that scheme, and would have nothing to do with it. When I raised my eyes again I found that he had been shrewdly looking at me all the time, and was doing so still.

"If that is all you have to say, Sir," I remarked, "there can be nothing left for me to say."

He nodded assent, and pulled out his thick-throaded watch, and asked me where I was going to dine? I replied at my own chambers, with Herbert. As a necessary sequence, I asked him if he would favour us with his company, and he promptly accepted the invitation. But he insisted on walking home with me, in order that I might make arrangements for him, and first he had a letter or two to write, and (of course) had his hands to wash. So I said I would go into the outer office and talk to Wemmick.

The fact was, that when the five hundred pounds had come into my pocket, a thought had come into my head which had been often there before; and it appeared to me that Wemmick was a good person to advise with concerning such thought.

He had already locked up his safe, and made preparations for going home. He had left his desk, brought out his two greasy office candlesticks and stood them in line with the snuffers on a slab near the door, ready to be extinguished: he had put his hat on, put his hat and great-coat ready, and was beating himself all over the chest with his safe-key, as an athletic exercise after business.

"Mr. Wemmick," said I, "I want to ask your opinion. I am very desirous to serve a friend."

Wemmick shook his post-office and shook his head, as if his opinion were dead against any fatal weakness of that sort.

"That friend," I pursued, "is trying to get on in commercial life, but has no money and finds it difficult and disheartening to make a beginning. Now, I want somehow to help him to a beginning."

"With money down?" said Wemmick, in a tone of the most business-like.

"With *some* money down," I replied, for an uneasy remembrance shot across me of that symmetrical bank-note in my safe at home; "with *some* money down, and perhaps some anticipation of my expectations."

"Mr. Pip," said Wemmick, "I should like just to run over with you on my fingers, if you please, the names of the various bridges up as high as Chelsea Reach. Let's see: there's London, one; Southwark, two; Blackfriars, three; Waterloo, four; Westminster, five; Vauxhall, six." He had knocked off each bridge in turn, with the handle of his safe-key on the palm of his hand. "There's as many as six, you see, to choose from."

"I don't understand you," said I.

"Choose your bridge, Mr. Pip," returned Wemmick, "and take a walk with your bridge, and pitch your money into the Thames over the centre arch of your bridge, and you know the end of it. Serve a friend with it, and you may know the end of it too—but it's a less pleasant and profitable end."

I could only remind a newspaper in his mouth, he made it so wide after saying this.

"This is very discouraging," said I.

"Meant to be," said Wemmick.

"Then is it your opinion," I inquired, with some little indignation, "that a man should never—"

"—Invest portable property in a friend?" said Wemmick. "Certainly he should not. Unless he wants to get rid of the friend—and then it becomes a question how much portable property it may be worth to get rid of him."

"And that," said I, "is your deliberate opinion, Mr. Wemmick?"

"That," he returned, "is my deliberate opinion in this office."

"Ah!" said I, pressing him, for I thought I saw him near a loophole here; "but would that be your opinion at Walworth?"

"Mr. Pip," he replied, with gravity, "Walworth is one place, and this office is another. Much as the Aged is a pleasure, and Mr. Jaggers is another. They must not be confounded together. My Walworth sentiments must be taken at Walworth; as to my official sentiments can be taken in this office."

"Very well," said I, much relieved, "then I shall look you up at Walworth, you may depend upon it."

"Mr. Pip," he returned, "you will be welcome there in a private and personal capacity."

We had held this conversation in a low voice, well knowing my guardian's ears to be the sharpest of the sharp. As he now appeared in his door-way, toweling his hands, Wemmick got on his great-coat and stood by to snuff out the candles. We all three went into the street together, and from the door-step Wemmick turned his way, and Mr. Jaggers and I turned ours.

I could not help walking more than once that evening that Mr. Jaggers had had an Aged in Gerrard Street, or a Stinger, or a Something, or a Somebody, to assist his hymen a little, or was an uncomfortable consideration on a twenty-first birthday, that coming of age at all seemed hardly worth while in such a guarded and distrustful world as we were environed by. He was a thousand times better informed and cleverer than Wemmick, and yet I would a thousand times rather have had Wemmick to dinner. And Mr. Jaggers made not me alone intensely melancholy, because, after he was gone, Herbert said of himself, with his eyes turned to the fire, that he thought he must have committed a felony and forgotten it, he felt so dejected and guilty.

CHAPTER XXXVI.

DEEMING Sunday the best day for taking Mr. Wemmick's Walworth sentiments, I devoted the next ensuing Sunday afternoon to a pilgrimage to the Castle. As I walked towards the appointments I found the Union Jack flying and the draw-bridge up; but undeterred by this show of defiance and no answer to a kick at the gate, and was admitted in a most pacific manner by the Aged.

"My son, Sir," said the old man, after securing the draw-bridge, "rather had it in his mind that you might happen to drop in, and he left word that he'd soon be back from exercising the guns with a salute. He is very regular in his walks, is my son. Very regular in every thing, is my son."

I nodded at the old gentleman as Wemmick himself might have nodded, and we went in and sat down by the fireside.

"You have a pleasant time with my son, Sir," said the old man, in his chirping way, while he warmed his hands at the blaze, "a real pleasant time?"

I expected from the phrase that he was falling into the greatest confusion by laughing heartily, and replying, in a very sprightly manner, "No, Sir, no; you're right there!" But he only said, as he bore a resolute face to it, "I am glad to have not the faintest notion what he meant, or what joke he thought I had made.

As I could not sit there comparing at him perpetually, without making some other attempt to interest him, I shouted an inquiry whether his calling in the Stinger was "a usual thing with Wemmick." By dint of straining that term out of myself several times, and tapping the old gentleman on the chest to associate it with him, I at last succeeded in making my meaning understood.

"No," said the old gentleman; "the warehousing, the warehousing."

He appeared to point up the chimney, but I believe he intended to refer me to Liverpool; "and then in the City of London here. How then," he gave an infirmity—for I am hard of hearing, Sir—"

I expressed in pantomime the greatest astonishment.

"—Yes, hard of hearing: having that infirmity coming upon me, my son he went into the line, and he took charge of me, and he by little and little made out this elegant and beautiful property. But returning to what you said, you know," resumed the old man, again laughing heartily, "when I say is, No to be sure; you're right."

I was modestly wondering whether my utmost ingenuity would have enabled me to say any thing that would have amused him half as much as this unintentional remark, when I was startled by a sudden click in the wall on one side of the chimney, and the ghostly tumbling open of a little wooden flap with "Post-Office" on it. The old man, following my eyes, cried with great triumph, "My son's come home!" and we both went up to the door to let him in.

It was worth any money to see Wemmick waving a salute to me from the other side of the moat, when we might have shaken hands across with the greatest ease. The Aged was so delighted to work the draw-bridge that I made no offer to assist him, but stood quiet until Wemmick had come across, and had presented me to Miss Skiffins: a lady by whom he was accompanied.

Miss Skiffins was of wooden appearance, and was, like her escort, in the post-office branch of the service. She might have been some two or three years younger than Wemmick, and I judged her to stand possessed of portable property. The cut of her dress from the waist upward, both before and behind, made her figure very like a boy's kite; and I might have pronounced her gown a little too decidedly orange, and her gloves a little too intensely green. But she seemed to be a very good sort of fellow, and showed a high regard for the Aged. I was not long in discovering that she was a frequent visitor at the Castle; for, on our going in, and straightening Wemmick on his ingenious contrivance for announcing himself to the Aged, he begged me to give my attention for a moment to the other side of the chimney, and disappeared. Presently another click came, and another little door tumbled open with "Miss Skiffins" on it. Then Miss Skiffins shut up, and, John tumbled open; then Miss Skiffins and John both tumbled open together, and finally shut up together, the door remaining open. Through these mechanical appliances I expressed the great admiration with which I regarded them, and he smiled, "I'll let you know, Mr. Pip, by both pleasant and useful to the Aged. And by George, Sir, it's a thing worth mentioning, that of all the people who come to this gate, the secret of those pulls is only known to the Aged, Miss Skiffins, and me!"

And Mr. Wemmick made them," added Miss Skiffins, "with his own hands out of his own head."

While Miss Skiffins was taking off her bonnet (she retained her green gloves during the evening, as an outward and visible sign that there was company present), Wemmick led me to take a walk with him round the property, and see how the island looked in winter-time. Thinking that the Aged might relish an opportunity of taking his Walworth sentiments, I seized the opportunity as soon as we were out of the Castle.

He took hold of the matter with a cry, I approached my subject as I had never hinted at it before. I informed Wemmick that I was anxious in behalf of Herbert Pocket, and I told him how we had first met, and how we had fought. I glanced at Herbert's home, and at his character, and at his having no means but such as he was dependent on his father for; whose, uncertain and unpunctual. I alluded to the advantages I had derived in my first rawness and ignorance from Herbert's society, and I confessed that I feared I had but ill repaid them, and that he might have done better without me. And my expectations being now Miss Havisham at the back-ground at a great distance, I strongly hinted at the possibility of my having competent means to make it worth Herbert's while to enter upon a partnership, and being for above any mean distrusts, relations, or designs, I put those means in Wemmick's hands at once. In short, I begged Wemmick, in conclusion, to understand that my help must always be rendered without Herbert's knowledge or suspicion, and that there was no one in the world with whom I could advise. I wound up by laying my hand upon his shoulder, and saying, "I can't help confiding in you, Wemmick. I know it must be troublesome to you; but that is your fault, in having ever brought me here."

Wemmick took it very well for a little while, and then said, with a kind of start, "Well, you know, Mr. Pip, I must tell you one thing. This is devilish good of you."

"Say you'll help me to be good, then," said I.

"Econ," replied Wemmick, shaking his head, "that is not what I mean."

"Nor is this your trading-place," said I.

"You are right," he returned. "You hit the nail on the head. Mr. Pip, I'll put on my considering-cap, and I think all you want to do may be done by degrees. Skiffins (that's her brother) is an accountant and agent. I'll look him up and go to work for you."

"I thank you ten thousand times."

"Why, of course," said he, "I thank you for though we are strictly in our private and personal capacity, still, there are Newgate cobwebs about, and it brushes them away."

After a little further conversation to the same effect we returned into the Castle, where we found Miss Skiffins preparing tea. The response to the duty of making the toast was delegated to the Aged, and that excellent old gentleman was so intent upon it that he seemed to me in some danger of melting from the face of the earth—a consummation that were going to make, but a vigorous relative. The Aged prepared such a hay-stack of buttered toast that I could scarcely see him over it as it simmered on an iron stand hooked on to the top-bar; while Miss Skiffins brewed such a urn-full of tea as I think only the best breweries became strongly excited, and audibly expressed his desire to participate in the entertainment.

The fire burned clear, and the tea-pot had been fired at the right moment of time, and I felt as snugly cut off from the rest of Walworth as if the moat were filled with pitch and tar instead of water. Nothing disturbed the tranquillity of the Castle but the occasional tumbling open of John and Miss Skiffins: which little doors were a prey to some spasmodic infirmity that made me sympathetically uncomfortable until I got used to it.

I inferred from the mechanical nature of Miss Skiffins's arrangements that she made tea there every Sunday night; and I rather suspected that a classic brooch she wore, representing the profile of an undesirable female with a very straight nose and a very new moon, was a piece of portable property that had been given her by Wemmick.

We ate the whole of the toast and drank tea in proportion, and it was delightful to see how warm and greasy we all got after it. The Aged especially, might have passed for some clean old chief of a savage tribe, just oiled. After a short pause of repose, Miss Skiffins—in the absence of the little servant who, it seemed, retired to the bosom of her family on Sunday afternoons—washed up the tea-things in a trifling lady-like amateur manner that compromised none of us. Then she put on her gloves again, and we drew round the fire, and Wemmick said, "Now Aged Parent, tip us the paper."

Wemmick then handed to me while the Aged got his spectacles out, that this was according to custom, and that it gave the old gentleman infinite satisfaction to read the news aloud. "I won't offer an apology," said Wemmick, "for he isn't capable of many pleasures—are you, Aged P.?"

"All right, John, all right," returned the old man, seeing himself spoken to.

"Don't tip him a nod every now and then when he looks off his paper," said Wemmick, "and he'll be as happy as a king. We are all attention, Aged One."

"All right, John, all right!" returned the cheerful old man: so busy and so pleased that it really was quite charming.

The Aged's reading reminded me of the classes at Mr. Wopsle's great aunt's with the pleasanter peculiarity that it seemed to send Wemmick to sleep. As he wanted the candles close to him, and as he was always on the verge of pulling either his head or the newspaper over them, he required as much watching as a fire-work. But Wemmick was equally untiring and gentle in his vigilance, and the Aged read on, quite unconscious of his many rescues. Wherever he looked at us, we all expressed the greatest interest and amazement, and nodded until he resumed pleasantly.

As Wemmick and Miss Skiffins sat side by side, and as I sat in a shadowy corner, I observed a kind and protecting abrogation of Miss Skiffins's mouth, powerfully suggestive of his slowly and gradually stealing his arm round Miss Skiffins's waist. It was not in the least unpleasant to appear on the other side of Miss Skiffins; but at that moment Miss Skiffins nearly stopped him with the green teapot several times, and again as if it were an article of dress, and with the greatest deliberation bind it on the table before her. Miss Skiffins's composure while she did this was one of the most remarkable sights I have ever seen, and if I could have thought that she consistent with abrogation I should have deemed that Miss Skiffins performed it mechanically.

By-and-by I noticed Wemmick's arm beginning to disappear again, and Miss Skiffins put out of view. Shortly afterward his mouth began to widen again. After an interval of suspense, his arm was shot out of sight again and almost pinful, I saw his hand appear on the other side of Miss Skiffins. Instantly Miss Skiffins stopped it with the mouth of a placid boxer, took off that girdle or cestus as before, and laid it on the table. Taking the table to represent the path of virtue, I am compelled to state that during the whole time of the Aged's reading Wemmick's arm was straying from the path of virtue and being recalled to it by Miss Skiffins.

At last the Aged read himself into a light slumber. This was the time for Wemmick to produce the case-bottle, a tray of glasses, a black bottle with a porcelain-topped cork, representing some clerical dignitary of a rubicund countenance, and a lemon. On the aid of these appliances we all had something warm to drink: including the Aged, who was soon awake again. Miss Skiffins and I drank punch, and Miss Skiffins and Wemmick drank out of one glass. Of course I knew better than to offer to see Miss Skiffins home, after the delicate attentions I thought I had best go first: which I did, taking a cordial leave of the Aged, and having passed a most agreeable day.

Before a week was out I received a note from Wemmick, dated Walworth, stating that he hoped he had made some advance in that matter appertaining to our private and personal capacities, and that he would be glad if I could come and see him upon it. So I set off, all impatience, and yet again, and yes again, and I saw him by appointment in the City several times, but never alone, and our conversation was on the subject in or near Little Britain. The upshot was that we found a worthy young merchant or shipping-broker, actually established in business, who wanted intelligent help, and who wanted capital, and who in due course of time and receipt would want a partner. Between him and whom articles were signed of which Herbert was the subject, and I paid him half of my five hundred pounds down, and engaged for every other year of my income; some, contingent on my coming into my property. Miss Skiffins's brother came into the negotiation; Wemmick pervaded it throughout, but never appeared in it.

Time wore on, and Clara was so cleverly managed that Herbert had not the least suspicion of my hand being in it. I never shall forget the radiant face with which Clara came home one afternoon, and told me, as a mighty piece of news, of her having fallen in with one Clarriker (the young merchant's name), and of Clarriker's having shown an extraordinary inclination toward him, and of his belief that the opening had come at last. Day by day as his hopes grew stronger and his face brighter, he must have thought me a more and more affectionate friend, for I had the greatest difficulty in restraining my tears of triumph when I saw him so happy. At length, the thing being done, and he having that day entered Clarriker's House, and he having talked

to me for a whole evening in a flush of pleasure and success, I did really cry in good earnest when I went to bed, to think that my expectations had done some good to somebody.

A great event in my life, the turning-point of my life, now opens on my view. But before I proceed to narrate it; and before I pass on to all the changes it involved, I must give a chapter to Estella. It is not much to give to the theme that so long filled my heart.

THE SMILES AND TEARS OF APRIL.

WITH weeping clouds the sky was gray;
An unseen mist above us fell;
And up the Hudson, far away,
The vapors rose from flood and fell;
The dim sun through the atmosphere
Flung down a moist heat from above,
Like one that strives to dry the tear
That trickles on the cheek we love.

Weehawken woods were blurred and wet,
And shivered through their leafy grain,
Like some poor bird by storms beset,
Whose plumage ruffles in the rain.
And every cool creeping mass
Distilled a copious sorrow then,
As if Earth had usurped all loss,
And left no grief for gods or men.

And we wept too—those tears of pride
That well within the heart's deep core—
Our hearts swelling like the tide
That lashed the dank Hoboken shore.
Our faces were as fixed as stone:
But deep a cliff that granite seems
Is filled with crypts and springs unknown,
And in its heart is rich with streams!

We walked in silence: then, at last,
She turned and said: "This best we part.
Forget," she sobbed—"forget the past;
Forget the bondage of heart;
Forget the evenings passed in song;
Forget the happy, happy stroll,
When o'er the twilight dusk and long
The night with shadowy footsteps stole.

"I loved you, and you oftimes swore
That you loved me as well as life;
Here, by this dank and dismal shore,
You asked me to become your wife.
I trusted you, and yet last night,
Here in this very spot, I saw
You, whom I thought my love, my light,
Prove traitor to all manly law.

"I, musing here, beheld you pass!
A fair girl to your bosom clung;
I crept behind you through the grass,
And heard the glozing of your tongue.
I saw her kiss you kissing back;
I saw her arms about your neck;
I saw your treachery—and, alack!
I knew my faithful heart a wreck.

"And now, Sir, go!" With a slow smile
I drew her head upon my breast—
The head that struggled all the while
In my strong arms with fierce unrest;
And whispered in her delicate ear,
Rosy and cabinéed as a shell,
One day a sister, loved and dear,
That pined within a convent cell,

Grow sick of solitude so unblest;
Flung off her robes so black and grim;
And flying to her brother's breast,
Came from once more to God and him!
"And that was she?" "It was: for years
I had not seen her till that eve."
Then on my bosom, through hot tears,
The maid sighed out, "Forgive, forgive!"

And as she sobbed the gray skies broke;
A golden flood poured down the west;
The clouds rolled back like driven smoke,
And melted on Weehawken's crest.
An evening glory swept the earth;
The white sails down the Hudson flew;
In all there was a tenderer mirth,
For Heaven and she were smiling too.

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Close of the Twenty-Second Volume.

HARPER'S NEW MONTHLY MAGAZINE
For May, 1861.

CONTENTS.

A SUMMER IN NEW ENGLAND.—IV. BOSTON AND LOWELL. Illustrated by FORTE CHANLY.

ILLUSTRATIONS.—An expatriated Patriot.—On State Street.—Worth a Million.—Shifting Figures.—The Kitchen.—Boston Girl.—Lecture on Matrimony.—The Artist's Studio.—A popular Orator.—Harlot of the Crescent.—A Haddock.—Lobster Pot.—Pond near Cohasset.—The Apple-Peeler.—The Reformer.—The Good Old Times.—Recreation formerly.—Recreation nowadays.—The Circus.—Lecture Hour and Bed.

THE OLD LOVE AND THE NEW.

THREE MONTHS IN LABRADOR. By CHARLES HALLOCK. (Concluded.)

ILLUSTRATIONS.—Camp at Flatwater.—Settler's Cabin.—Map of Esquimaux Bay.—Esquimaux Sketch.—Esquimaux of Nugsuak.—Rigolette.—The Doctor's Mishap.—Moaly Mountain.—Mosquito, or Musquito.—Labrador Indian.—Chateau Islands.—Profile Rocks at Henley Harbor.—Fort Chateau Bay.

DIGGING FOR CARTHAGE.

ILLUSTRATIONS.—Reservation at Carthage.—Cape Carthage.—The African Colonel.—Ruins of Temple of Baal Hammon.—Inscription.

THE DEBATABLE BABY.

GEORGE ROGERS CLARKE.

GELEY'S DAM. By ANTHONY TROLLOPE.—Illustrated by J. E. MILLAIS.

CHAPTER I. The Commencement of the Great Geley Farm Case.

CHAPTER II. Lady Mason and her Son.

CHAPTER III. Mr. Dockwrath.

CHAPTER IV. The Doris of Youth.

CHAPTER V. Mr. Sturt's Solicitor.—Sir Peregrine and his Heir.

A SINGLE WOMAN'S STORY.

THE ADVENTURES OF PHILIP. By W. M. THACKERAY.

CHAPTER VIII. Will he pronounced to be Cynical by the Benevolent.

CHAPTER IX. Contains one Riddle which is solved, and perhaps some more.

CHAPTER X. In which we visit "Admiral Byng."

ILLUSTRATIONS.—Cynical.—Laura's Fireside.—Riddle.—With Admiral Byng.

PRINCE NAPOLEON.

A WOMAN'S ADVENTURE.

MONTHLY RECORD OF CURRENT EVENTS.

LITERARY NOTICES.

EDITOR'S EASY CHAIR.

OUR FOREIGN BUREAU.

EDITORS DRAWER.—*With Ten Illustrations.*

FASHIONS FOR MAY.

ILLUSTRATIONS.—Spring Fardessus, No. 1.—Spring Fardessus, No. 2.

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VENUS. "Whar dey get dat?"
NAPOLEON. "In de Nort, I b'lieve."
VENUS. "Well, my Lor! sooner en' to fite, dey better git de Coppermise, ef it cos' a Hundred Dollar; dis ting of Brudderin' fitin' is agin de Scriptur!"

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HARPER'S WEEKLY.

A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION.

VOL. V.—No. 227.] NEW YORK, SATURDAY, MAY 4, 1861. [SINGLE COPIES SIX CENTS.—$2 50 PER YEAR IN ADVANCE.

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the Year 1861, by Harper & Brothers, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Southern District of New York.

THE HOUSE-TOPS IN CHARLESTON DURING THE BOMBARDMENT OF SUMTER.

PUBLISHERS' NOTICE.

THE proprietors of *Harper's Weekly* beg to inform the public that they have dispatched an artist to the SOUTH, in company with MR. RUSSELL, the correspondent of the London *Times*. Another of their special artists is traveling with the SEVENTH REGIMENT; a third is now in BALTIMORE; and a fourth is with the *Southern Army* in VIRGINIA. They are making other important changes in *Harper's Weekly*, involving considerable expense. The present number contains many MORE PICTURES than any heretofore issued; succeeding numbers will be still richer in illustrations. In addition, the next number of *Harper's Weekly* will be published on better paper than has ever been used by any newspaper in this country. These improvements, it is believed, will render *Harper's Weekly* the BEST ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER IN THE WORLD.

In consequence of the additional expense which they will involve, the proprietors beg to announce that the price of *Harper's Weekly* is raised from FIVE to SIX CENTS for single copies. The subscription price remains the same. The advertisement of terms, etc., will be found on the last page.

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

SATURDAY, MAY 4, 1861.

THE WAR.

THE WAR has now begun in earnest. The secession of Virginia, and the attempts of rebels to seize the Arsenal at Harper's Ferry and the Navy-yard at Norfolk; the bombardment of Fort Sumter; the investment of Fort Pickens; the seizure of the *Star of the West* by a Southern privateer; the threatened seizure of the Federal Capital by the rebels; the murder of Massachusetts men in Baltimore, and the refusal of Maryland to permit Northern troops to pass through that city to defend the capital—these facts explain the situation without further comment.

It is not now a question of slavery or anti-slavery. That is not even a question of Union or disunion. The question simply is whether Northern men will fight. Southerners have rebelled and dragged our flag in the dirt, in the belief that, because we won't fight ducks or engage in street brawls, therefore we are cowards. The question now is whether or no they are right.

If they are wrong, and if Abraham Lincoln is equal to the position he fills, this war will be over by January, 1862.

At the time we write, after less than a fortnight's notice, nearly 20,000 Northern men have left their homes to defend Washington. In the course of another week as many more will have gone forward from New England, New York, and Pennsylvania. By 15th May, 100,000 Northern men will be in arms for the defense of the capital. By 15th June, this number can be increased, if need be, to 200,000. Any amount of money is at the service of the Government. The whole Northern people are of one mind on the subject; party divisions are obliterated; twenty millions of people place at the service of the Administration their lives and their money.

With such support, and such resources, if this war be not brought to a speedy close, and the supremacy of the Government forcibly asserted throughout the country, it will be the fault of ABRAHAM LINCOLN.

We do not propose to re-echo the censure which the Administration has already incurred at the hands of its friends for its want of energy. We hope that in the future it will be energetic enough to satisfy every body. But Mr. Lincoln must remember that this is no time for trifling. The rebels have appealed to the sword, and by the sword they must be punished.

Baltimore should instantly be seized and occupied. Governor Hicks and Mayor Brown mean very well, no doubt. But it is evident they can not control the lawless mob who are known as "Blood-tubs" and "Plug Uglies," and it is necessary that Baltimore should be held by people who can. Two columns—one from New York and Philadelphia, the other from Harrisburg—should move on Baltimore, and hold it under martial law. In case of resistance, the city should be shelled. The more severe the methods the surer and more humane the regimen. Mr. Lincoln must remember that if we can not hold Baltimore we must evacuate Washington.

Baltimore secured—either as a city or as a ruin—the Government should operate on Virginia, on a base line from Fort Monroe to Washington City. Both shores of the Potomac must be secured; and this done, a column should move on Richmond. Richmond is important, first as the capital of Virginia, and secondly as the greatest depot of arms and flour in the Southern States. The entire rebel force is armed and fed, at this moment, by Richmond. It should be in the possession of the Government before 1st of June.

A similar course should be pursued in the West. St. Louis, Missouri, Louisville, Kentucky, and Memphis, Tennessee, should be occupied by Northwestern troops, and the strong points on the river fortified. At least fifty thousand men should be scattered along the shore of the Mississippi, south of St. Louis, with a home reserve of an equal number to fill vacancies after battles. Kentucky and Missouri, we notice, evince a tardy sense of their national obligations. This is very good, as far as it goes. But Kentucky may as well understand at once that she can not occupy an attitude of neutrality in the present contest. If she is not for us, she is apparently really for the secession temper of the North, people don't seem to care much which way she goes. If she is for us, we expect her riflemen in our ranks. If she is against us, in a few months Ohio will probably be arming 50,000 negroes who will have fled from slavery in Kentucky. It is hard to say which event would be best for the North.

It will probably take the whole summer to consummate these operations. But they can be consummated, if Mr. Lincoln and his advisers have energy enough, by 1st November. And by that time, the Southern rebels will be cooped in from Richmond, Virginia, to Memphis, Tennessee, will be ready to commence operations against the Gulf rebels.

These should not be undertaken before November. It would be fatal to send troops South in the summer. A few frigates should cruise all summer in Southern waters to pick up privateers and compel the Southern rebels to keep their forts fully garrisoned. In case of neglect, landings might be effected on healthy points, and fortifications erected. But the main operations should be deferred till November.

Then, two armies should move—one in transports from New York, the other down the Mississippi. The one should capture every fort, arsenal, custom-house, and post-office in the Southern States on the Atlantic; the other should move directly on Baton Rouge and New Orleans. With proper generals and reliable commanders, both armies would perform their work by New Year. The work would be sharp, but it could and should be done.

We desire, in conclusion, to present three considerations:

1. The war has now begun, and the trade of the year is as thoroughly ruined as it can be. We should do no more mischief to trade by war vigorously. By prosecuting it vigorously we shall secure peace and a fair trade next year. By pursuing a lax, half-and-half policy, we shall probably involve this country in a ten years' war. Furthermore, this war, which wise men have foreseen for three or four years, should be settled now, for two reasons: first, because, if it is not, two of the North's bravest cowards beyond redemption; and, secondly, because we owe it to our children not to bequeath to them a quarrel which we had a fair chance to adjust.

2. As to slavery. This is a matter which concerns the Southern States exclusively. We of the North have never attempted to touch it, but if we have believed that it was not our business to interfere with it where it existed. The Government troops will not march into the Southern States to set the Africans free, however. But if the South expect that our gallant volunteers are going to hunt the slaves who may run away as they approach, they labor under a delusion. We will not employ a single man to assist blood-hounds to catch runaway slaves, they are mistaken. Wherever the United States Army goes, local, municipal, and State laws will be suspended by martial law, and the Fugitive Slave Act is not to be found in the Army Regulations. Whatever may be the intentions of the Government, the practical effect of a war in the Southern States will be to work even against Southern men, must be to liberate the slaves. This should be well understood.

3. Lastly, we desire to caution Northern people against the danger of underrating Southerners. The Southern States, combined, constitute a powerful nation. Southern men are accustomed to the use of arms. Each State is able to raise a great army; the men will all be found brave, and at least as highly skilled in military tactics as our Northern men; they have officers fully as able as our own people who are. They have as much money as they need for the present. There are twenty-five millions of dollars at least in specie in the Southern States, and in case of need, Southern troops would fight put in bonds or shinplasters, however depreciated. They can raise plenty of corn, pork, and vegetables for their subsistence. They commence the war with a capital of thirty or forty millions of repudiated Northern debts. They are thoroughly persuaded that they are right, and that their cause is the cause of God and of independence. Some Northern people suppose that negro slavery is a source of weakness to the South. This is only conditionally true. A grate, scientifically filled with paper, dry kindling-wood, and good coal, is quite likely to blaze into a flame if a match be applied beneath. But until the match is applied it is as dead as a wet log. Who has asked the Southern slaves to look out for themselves?

THE LOUNGER.

THE TALK OF RIGHT OF REVOLUTION.

Do you, then, deny the right of revolution? returns some wise slave as yet without adequate conception of what is taking place in the country.

No, and again no, you exasperating but possibly honest persons, nobody denies the right of revolution. But do you believe in a revolution without cause? Is it enough that some people think they would prefer a different Government to justify them in trying to break up that which already exists? Do the people of this country owe no duties to each other? Did Wendell Phillips say: "Stand by with the principles of '76 behind us, who can deny them the right?" Why, what are the principles of '76? Simply that when a Government oppresses and robs people the oppressed have before God and men a right to seize their arms and redress themselves, even at the cost of destroying that Government.

But the principles of '76 are any thing but a resort to revolution until all legal redress fails. Of course the discontented must themselves be the judge when they are oppressed; but if they refuse to take the lawful, peaceful, sanctioned methods of remedy and appeal to battle, they are the deadly foes of all mankind.

If the people of South Carolina or Georgia felt aggrieved by any thing in the lawful and regular operation of our Government, why did they not invite a convention to deliberate upon redress? Does Mr. Phillips forget that James Otis constantly declared that the remedy for the colonies was in the English Constitution, which had been violated? And he did not think that such representation was denied to the colonies. But in our case the Constitution prescribes the very form of remedy, and each State had and has nothing to do but follow it. If that appeal had been made and had failed, there would have been a little better excuse for the effort to plunge the land into anarchy, and the orator would have been somewhat more justified in defending the rebellion.

But the great truth is, that under our system of revolution can be considered always and utterly unjustifiable; because there is scarcely any conceivable harm which the Government could do which would not be preferable to the consequences of triumphant anarchy. And therefore it is that this insurrection is a rebellion *against* the people. It is the cause of the skilled and desperate faction, despotic and aristocratic in its very nature, against the peace and the will of the people of the United States.

No; nobody denies the right of revolution. But a pirate can not plead the principles of '76. A thief can not plead that a burglar can not point his pistol and accuse us of breaking the peace, if we move to save wife and child and he shoots us. No; when every remedy which the peaceful course of law provides has been exhausted, then, but not till then, may you begin to talk of revolution and the principles of '76. And then you are the natural foe of all honest citizens, and, if you are many and dangerous, the continuance of society demands that you be put down at every cost, even that of your extermination.

THE FIRST GREAT VICTORY.

THE great rebellion had counted upon the division of loyal citizens. Jeff Davis supposed that this war would be fought and finished in the streets of the chief Northern cities. New York he considered his especial and trusty ally; and the moment his gage was thrown down he believed that his course would triumph at the North.

He fired his shot, and lo! the echo from the North! He expected that the fire of it to every loyal heart in the land into a blaze! He took Sumter—seven thousand men took seventy. And the answer to the appeal to the power of civilization and Constitutional liberty took twenty millions of heroic hearts, and is this moment marshaling them for battle. The rebellion was sure that the men and money of New York would go for anarchy. But the men and money of New York have responded to the appeal to labor by every heart-strings of treason. "Anarchy is no remedy for political disappointment. While you were true to the laws which are virtually essential to the welfare of all, we were true to you; but when you put down the laws, then by the grace of God we will put you down at every cost."

This was the cheer which the city of New York listened on the 20th of April, and which is ringing through all the loyal States. Jeff Davis and his rebellious crew forgot that the New York merchants were the first to declare non-intercourse with Great Britain in the old revolutionary day, and that their sons were worthy of them. The rebels have made the same mistake at home that they have made abroad. As they believed that Northern men would not support the rebellion in order to secure a supply of cotton, so they supposed that the trade of New York would countenance rebellion to prevent a panic. But they think that a man builds his house upon a volcano that it may be stable? There can be no peace without civil war, and order? The first security of New York is permanent quiet, and it knows that quiet can be obtained only by the most unflinching reliance upon law.

The rebellion, therefore, deprived of its chief hope, must strike out desperately and at once. If they had known the profession, said a Southerner in the streets of New York when the Seventh Regiment marched to the field, things would not have gone so far. Without money, without ships, without a cause—except that which every pirate has—and with four millions of servile population which knows that the struggle springs indirectly from their condition, what can the rebellion do but plunge forward ferociously, and try to carry by terror a victory which it can not compel by force? Meanwhile the rebels know that, as surely as the sun rises, the honor of the country's flag will presently be vindicated.

WAR!

THE great triumph of these days is that the American people outside of the rebels are not in the least demoralized, and that they are united in heart and hand in this struggle for the very existence of civil society.

The guilt of the leaders of the rebellion is unparalleled in history. For their own selfish and base purpose the hearts of thousands are to be wrung and the blood of thousands more to be poured out like water. Our best and bravest have marched away, with cheerful hearts and smiling faces. They will return to us victors or not at all, for they are heroes. But for the vast blight and desolation which now cover the land there is but one man responsible—a few men directing this colossal treason, by whose side Benedict Arnold shines white as a saint.

At this moment—it may be passed when the writing becomes print—the fear is the capture of Washington. By the treason of Virginia, which is the meanest treason of the whole, and the defection of Maryland, our chief point is far within the lines of the enemy and communication well-nigh cut off. The great hope of the rebellion is a sudden blow. If it can fall upon Washington successfully, it will move triumphantly across Maryland, and give battle to the patriots along the Pennsylvania line.

Meanwhile we are to remember that this is War. The rebels have appealed to arms. They seek to smother us in our own blood. Let us all understand, therefore, that war it is to be. Every loyal State should make it death to hold the least commerce with traitors. The coast of the South should be sternly blockaded, and as the rebellious army presses northward it should be recalled by the destruction of Southern cities. We can not put with one hand and strike with the other. War they have invoked; war let them have; and God be the judge between us!

THE FLAG A SYMBOL.

NOBODY openly defends the rebellion, because it is not safe to do so. But if any one secretly sympathizes with it, not from treachery, but from ignorance and thoughtlessness, let him remember this—that the flag of the United States is the symbol of the Government which secures and protects him in all his rights and interests; and when he accuses the flag he invites anarchy and the universal destruction not only of all property, but of all the guarantees of civil society.

Does any man seriously think that a man is absolved from his allegiance to this Government simply because he *says* that he is so? Is a thief, caught in the act, to be glad especially that he does not acknowledge the law, that he has thrown off his allegiance? Is it unjust or unkind or cruel to defend the law by every means necessary to insure safety and assault? Is it noble and magnanimous to spring to avenge it when some pirate nation in a remote sea lays hand upon the flag, and is when the men who have grown and prospered under it more than any nation in the world strike their hands at the flag and their fangs at the peaceful and happy system which it symbolizes?

A man so totally devoid of love of country as such a feeling indicates is to be pitied. He is a lump of inhuman selfishness. He has no more conception of civil society than a Hottentot or a Digger Indian. To him Bunker-hill and Marathon and Salamis—to him Naseby and Worcester—to him Lexington and Saratoga and King's Mountain, Lake Erie and Chippewa, are names without music or meaning. The heroic names of history, that shine all along from the beginning to our time, beacons of human hope and progress, are merely names to him, nothing more. He is incapable of that glowing emotion of patriotism which fuses all his thoughts and hopes into one burning passion of loyalty. In his native land, which has the cause of that land is the cause of liberty and law and human welfare, such a being is not a man but a fish.

GO, OR KEEP STILL.

IN a struggle so vital as this for the maintenance of law and the flare of human society, there is no half ground. Every man is a friend or foe. Every man who, by word or deed, sympathizes with rebellion should be marked and watched, not for mischief, but to see that he does no mischief. One enemy within the camp is as fatal as fifty outside. And at a time when the best citizens send their husbands, and sons, and brothers, and lovers to the war to shed their life blood with the enemy at home supports the traitors who shed that blood should be made painfully conspicuous, that his power to harm be blood-shudders may be paralyzed.

At the same time mob-law of every kind should be sharply and suddenly and hopelessly repressed. It is not a war of vengeance, but of defense and love of liberty. The calm and regular course of law, essential to human freedom and the equal rights of the citizens, has been withstood and crushed by opposite factions and furious men assume to be higher than the law, and wiser than the tried system of ages. Since, then, we are engaged in a holy war for rights and liberty and law, it must be our first duty and vow to show how loyal we ourselves are to law. Let every man upon private property or upon individuals be as sternly discountenanced as treason and traitors. But if we are to defend the law we must obey it. In one any man openly gives aid and comfort to the enemy, he must remember that the Constitution declares just that business to be treason.

There were plenty of men in the old Revolution, when the people of this country established the Government they are now defending and maintaining, who said that they thought the Americans wrong. Such gentry were known as Tories—and as such they are stigmatized in our history. But they went off. They went to Halifax, to the West Indies, to England, or they held their tongues. They were wise men, and those who resemble them

in disloyalty to the American flag will be wise if they go to Europe or Asia, or hold their tongues.

THE HEROES WHO FIRST FELL.

In Acton, a country town of Massachusetts about 20 miles from Boston, and near Concord bridge where the battle was fought in '75, there is a military company which is composed of the descendants of the men who fought and fell in the battle. Their commander's family name since that day has always been Davis. On Monday morning, the 15th April, the proclamation of the President of the United States calling for troops was issued. On Tuesday morning, the 16th, at one o'clock, the Acton church bell rang. The men of the town hastily assembled on the green. The President's proclamation was read, and the requisition of the Governor of Massachusetts; and a fund was started during the Acton company was in Faneuil Hall, in Boston, ready for service. On Friday, the 19th April, the great day of the company's history, it was engaged in Baltimore; and the heroes of Lexington and Concord of 75 made place in glory beside them, for their sons the heroes of Baltimore fight in '61.

Nor is he less a hero who is the official civil and military head of Massachusetts in this solemn hour. Long foreseeing the inevitable fate, personally acquainted with leaders of the rebellion, then ripening into full traitors; sprung of the blood which has been the seed of liberty and progress in civilization; an accomplished civilian; a man altogether of the higher type of the old Revolutionary leaders—Governor Andrew was preparing, hoping against hope for a peaceable solution, so that the Massachusetts men could be equipped and forwarded at once. It was their happiness to be first summoned and first in the field. It will be their undying fame that, in the great struggle of to-all it is certain the liberty our fathers won, they were again the first to fall.

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

A NEW MISERERE

(For this Year's Border Services at the Pope's Chapel).

That tottering state of Peter's chair,
In shaky Italy, in confusion here,
All stuffed with thorns for soft horse-hair.
Miserere!

And the old man that filleth it,
Upon French bayonets forced to sit
(Galling predicament, smith),
Miserere!

The triple crown, now crushed and flat,
At e'er the shocking-at bad hat,
Since Piedmont on it rudely sat,
Miserere!

The great Cross-Keys—that sign which showed
The sinful sinner upon the road,
Now debutain's diner abode,
Miserere!

St. Peter's bark, before the blast,
Upon a lee-shore driving fast,
With leaky sides, and splintered mast,
Miserere!

The Captain of that storm-beat craft,
Helpless at tiller fore and aft,
No chart—no compass—life-buoy—raft—
Miserere!

St. Peter's Patrimony fair,
Where once the Church had pickings rare,
Now left from spoliation bare.
Miserere!

St. Peter's sheep—whose fat increase,
Wit, wool, mutton, wool, and grease—
Turned out for battles to fleece,
Miserere!

Their shepherd, to the wolves a prey,
Gone in sheep's clothing, and to say,
And others in their fangs display!
Miserere!

The cardinals, in fear intense,
Mustered for their red hats' defense,
Cut down from Peter's Pounds and Pence,
Miserere!

The friars, black, blue, brown, and gray,
Who right pro-tem-pore-ize and pray,
Now rudely driven to work, and pray,
Miserere!

Poor bats, broad daylight made to bear,
Poor moles, dug out to upper air,
Poor owls, from ruins found to fare,
Miserere!

Our ancient wind-bags, pricked by doubt—
Our windmills, turned into a rout—
Our pious frauds, sin's impious fout—
Miserere!

Austrian hopes now down at zero—
Ground-floor blocked by every Nero—
King Bomba-ino—pestilent hero—
Miserere!

And lastly Bowyer noble chief,
Who dared to call the Papal brief,
Gainst John Bull cursed be in beef,
Miserere!

A QUESTION FOR THE HOUSEKEEPERS.—Like curds like say Hahnam-ann's disciples. Well, granted this be so, who will tell us whether an ounce of the latter should not be cured by a small mouthful of *pâté de foie gras*, which every lady knows is made of diseased liver?

DON'T BELIEVE IT WAS EVER SAID.—Hundred anecdotes are generally very stupid—so are most other inventions, and the less a Party getting into his anecdotage. What is the good, for instance, of Sydney Smith's story. An actress who is a very great favorite with the gallery, was being interviewed in the green-room upon the blackness of her hair. "Why, it's dyed," she replied, with the sensible frankness of the true artist. "Dyed," repeated the other speaker, "why, favorite as you are, you are not yet five-and-twenty." "Why, no," said the lady, "but you know—"

"Whom the Gods love, dye young."

A QUESTION FOR DR. TAYLOR.

Why is a man who has made his Will like a rabbit-pie-ous? Because he's a Test-ator (pronounced, cockneywise, *Testeator*).

A fiend in human form suggests that, in these days of burnt candles and much writing, it would be well if some enthusiast, instead of consuming the midnight oil, were to burn the midnight composition.

According to Drummond of Hawthornden, it was a remark of Dr. Arthur Johnstone, on being told of a bishop who seldom preached, that he was "a very rare preacher."

JUVENILE PERCEPTION.

A Schoolmistress once asked a pupil to tell What word the letters S double E spell?
The child was but dull, and no mistress cries,
"What is it, you dunce, I do with my eyes?"
"Oh yes!" says the child, quickly opening her hist,
"I know the word now, ma'am, S double E *myself*."

LYING IN STATE.—A Queen's Speech.

A just but a severe man built a gallows on a bridge, and asked every passenger what was his business. If he answered truly, he passed unharmed; if falsely, he was hanged on the gallows. One day a passenger being asked the usual question, answered, "I am going to be hanged on the gallows." On hearing this, the man ordered him to hang this man, he will have answered truly, and ought not to have been hanged; if he be not hung, he will have answered falsely, and ought to have been hanged." It is not recorded what decision was come to.

"Pray, Sir," said a person who had previously been the backmost of a crowd, to another who had just joined it, "pray, Sir, will you be kindenough to pass upon me; it is unnecessary, since there is no one behind to press upon you!" But there may be presently," said the other; "besides, Sir, where's the good of being in a crowd, if one mayn't shove?"

A young clergyman very deficient in learning complaining to Dr. Johnson that *Amor* was a noun of the third conjugation Greek—"I suppose," said the Doctor, "it was at the time of your being examined in Virgil."

"Sir, your account has stood for two years, and I must have it settled immediately."—To which the customer replied, "Sir, I am surprised at your standing for a debt, a debt that my account is an exception. If it has been standing too long, suppose you let it stand longer."

The Rev. Dr. A——, and the late Mr. T——, of B——, were together on a scientific excursion in Perthshire. They were pursuing their researches on the estate of Dundarach, which had been left by a deceased proprietor to a gentleman named Melills, but who had changed his name on succeeding to the property. "Pray, Mr. T——," said the latter, "that the laird has not been injured by prosperity; he is well known to be a little near." "Why, Sir," replied T——, "since he has laid aside *mellis* and is done *sinecure*."

[ARTIFICIAL MEMORY.—A humorous comment on this system was made by a waiter at the Crystal Palace dining-room after giving his lecture on artificial memory. A few minutes after the gentleman had finished his lecture, he entered, with uplifted hands and eyes, exclaiming, "Well, I protest the memory can be improved to a miracle!"]

At a banquet, when solving enigmas was one of the diversions, Alexander said to one of his courtiers, "What is that which did not exist before, and will exist no more next year?" A distressed officer, starting up, said, "It certainly must be our army list." The king was so diverted that he commanded him to be paid up, and also increased his pay.]

A quack doctor advertises to this effect. "Consumptives, come to me, and I'll cure you for after you've taken one bottle of my mixture you can't." We rather think we won't take any of that until we find out what it is, by means by the above rather equivocal extract from his advertisement.

EXAMINER. "Who was the strongest man?"
SMART BOY. "Jonah."
EXAMINER. "How so?"
SMART BOY. "Cause the whale couldn't hold him after he got him down."

In one of the States they passed an act that no dog should go at large without a muzzle, and a man was brought up for violating the statute. In defence he alleged that his dog had a muzzle. "How is that?" quoth the justice. "Oh!" said the defendant, "I had a notion a thing of where the muzzle should be placed; and as I thought the animal would like the fresh air, I put the muzzle on his tail."

It is the opinion of the doctor that the lawyer gets his living by philander, while the lawyer thinks the doctor gets his by medi-cheat.

"What do you call this?" said Jones, tapping his dinner lightly with his fork. "Call it!" emitted the landlord; "what do you call it yourself?" "Well, really," said Jones, "I don't know; it hasn't quite enough hair in it for plaster, but there's a little too much for a bun."

"Weigh your words," said a man to a fellow who was blustering away in a towering passion at another. "They won't weigh a pound," was the cool but unmeaning reply.

A burglar was once frightened out of his scheme of robbery by the sweet simplicity of a military spinster, who, getting her candle safely out of the window, exclaimed: "Go away! ain't you ashamed!"

HONEY AND BUTTER.—The Rev. Dr. M—— was reputed for the suavity of his manners and his especial politeness toward the fair sex. Hearing that Miss Butter was dead at a party in his house, he said, in his wonted manner, "Do take a little more wine, Miss Butter, and help yourself." A Mr. Mudie, handling the butter-dish to the next, exclaimed, "Do take a little butter, Doctor; 'tis as like yourself!"

"DEAR ADOLPHUS," said a fashionable belle the other day to her accepted admirer, "have you felt the force of the winds and waves?"—Oh, yes," replied Adolphus, "for I have frequently seen it stated that the wind flies and the wave *rose*!"

A beggar, some time ago, applied for alms at the door of a partisan of the Emigrating Society. After in vain declaiming his manifold sorrows, the inexorable gentleman peremptorily dismissed him with "Go away," said he; "I go—no sense go ye nothing." "You might at least," replied the mendicant, with an air of great dignity and archness, "have refused me grammatically."

A woman of a satirical mind was asked by her friends if she really intended to marry Mr. ——, adding, "He is a man was a good kind of a man, but so very singular. "Well," replied the lady, "so much the better; if he is very much unlike other men, he is much more likely to make a good husband."

An old lady, who had been frightened by the running of a horse, was asked whether she was not afraid that the beast was glimpsing?"—"Oh," said she, "I trusted in Providence *Until the broncho broke*, and then I had to look out for myself."

Should not our fair country-women take into consideration whether the wearing of bustles is not repeatable a little too early, and leave off a great deal too soon?

A lady, somewhat advanced in years, whose vivacity sometimes approached the borders of impertinence, asked an old man, in rather a jarring tone, why he was always dressed in black. "Why, madam," was the answering fee?"—"For your charms, Miss," he gallantly replied.

Dowell complained to Johnson that the noise of the drums in the night kept him awake. "Why, Sir," said Johnson, it was not the noise that made your head ache; it was the noise we put into it."—"Has any that effect upon the head?"—"No, Sir, on heads not used to it."

A Scottish student, supposed to be deficient in judgment, was asked by a professor, in the course of his examination, how he would discover a fish. "By the questions he would ask," was the prompt and highly suggestive reply.

Put your money into a box if you like, but get a dice box.

DOUBTFUL PUBLICITY.—The breaking in of bores.

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

A LETTER FROM THE STATE DEPARTMENT.

THE following important letter has been sent by Mr. Seward to Governor Hicks, of Maryland:

"DEPARTMENT OF STATE, *April 28, 1861.*

"*Thomas H. Hicks, Governor of Maryland:*

"SIR,—I have had the honor to receive your communication of this morning, in which you have informed me that you have little it is in your power to advise the President of the United States to order elsewhere the troops of Pennsylvania, which are now on their way through Maryland, and that you have further suggested that Lord Lyons be requested to advise the President to order the troops parties in our country, to prevent the effusion of blood.

"The President directs me to acknowledge the receipt of that communication, and to assure you that he has given to the subject which it contains with the utmost which he habitually cherishes for the Chief Magistrate of the several States, and especially for yourself. He regrets as deeply as any Magistrate or citizen of the country can the unhappy circumstances which exist in the United States, with very extensive preparations for the effusion of blood, but none is his duty to call out the force by which you allude. The force now sought to be sent through Maryland is destined for rendering aid to the defense of this capital.

"The President has necessarily confided the choice of the National highway which that force shall take in coming to this city to General Scott, who, as the commanding army of the United States, who, like his only responsible to the people, distinguished for humanity profound loyalty, patriotism, and distinguished public services.

"The President requests me to add that the national highway thus selected by the lieutenant-General has been chosen by him upon consultation with prominent magistrates and citizens of Maryland, as being known, while a route is absolutely necessary, is further removed than the other possible routes from danger with the expectation that it would, therefore, be the least objectionable one.

"The President has been pained to learn that there has been a time in the history of the American Union when the presence of the troops of the United capital were not welcome any where in the State of Maryland, and certainly not by the Legislature, assembled for the special and patriotic State, and then, also, one of the capitals of the Union. If there should have been any obstructed all other noble sentiments of that age in Maryland, the President should be happy to believe that there is one that would forever remain there and every where. That sentiment is the love of constitutional freedom wherever that may arise among the parties of this republic, ought, in any case, to be referred to the peaceful judgment, least of all to the arbitrament of a European Monarchy.

"I have the honor, sir, to be your distinguished consideration, your Excellency's most obedient servant,

"WILLIAM H. SEWARD."

HOW THE NORFOLK NAVY-YARD WAS DESTROYED.

The following account has been published: "On Saturday evening, at 9 o'clock, the *Pawnee*, arrived from Washington, with 200 volunteers and 200 marines, besides her crew, and at once the officers and crew of the *Pawnee* and *Cumberland* went on board the latter vessel, and dismissed the guns, and threw the shot and small-arms into the river. At this time the marines, who had been quartered in the barracks, fired them, and came on board the *Pawnee*. This was done to prevent the fact that the intention to fire all the buildings simultaneously. A party of officers, marines, and others, going through the different buildings and ships, distributing waste and turpentine, and laying a train to blow up the Dry Dock. They were engaged in this work until 2 o'clock, when the train was fired. The first explosion, to the Captain of which, Charles Germain, much credit is due, came next, and took the Commodore's house. The *Pawnee* taking the lead. All the vessels beat to quarters, the guns were manned, and every thing was in readiness to carry out the behest of Secretary Welles, that if a gun was fired from either shore he would level both Portsmouth and Norfolk. At 10 o'clock the *Pawnee* indescribably magnificent, all the buildings being in a blaze, and explosions here and there continuing to take place.

HOW THE "CUMBERLAND" ESCAPED.

The *Yankee* left the yard with the *Cumberland* in tow about 2 o'clock. The *Cumberland* was towed down the river until 9 o'clock, when it came to another within a mile of the point where everything was supposed to have been sunk for the purpose of obstructing the navigation. Boats were sent out to take soundings to ascertain whether some other passage than the regular channel could not be found. All efforts proving unsuccessful, as the fleet ruined another vessel was sunk there. The *Cumberland* caught one of the sunken vessels and carried it along with her, and succeeded in getting over at first exclaimed that she might be carried on to Sewell's Point, where it was supposed the rebels had their batteries. Meantime the *Keystone State* came up from Washington with marines, and by her tugs and that of the *Yankee*, the *Cumberland* was towed into deep water and the wreck were disentangled. The *Cumberland* was towed out of the guns of Fort Monroe and came to anchor. While the vessels lay there the men were employed in getting in the Navy-yard, succeeded in making their way down the river, and reported that the *Cumberland* was all right, and the smoke and flames could easily be seen from the *Cumberland*. The *Pawnee* and *Yankee* were sent early in the morning to arrest the flames, because they apprehended that a train to the powder had been laid.

THE TWO MASSACHUSETTS VOLUNTEERS.

The following telegraphic correspondence explains itself:

"I pray you to cause the bodies of our Massachusetts soldiers dead in Baltimore to be forwarded to me. I have served in ice, and tenderly sent forward by express to me. All expenses will be paid. Respectfully yours,

"JOHN A. ANDREWS, Governor of Massachusetts."

The Mayor replied as follows:

"*The Hon. John A. Andrews, Governor of Massachusetts:*

"SIR,—No dead bodies of soldiers are in Baltimore in the city more deeply than myself, but they were inevitable. Our people, in the midst of armed troops to another State through the streets as an invasion of a mob, and could not be prevented. The authorities exerted themselves to the best of their ability; but with only police force. Governor Hicks was present, and concurs in all my views as to the necessity of the passage of the troops for protection. When are these scenes to cease? Are we to have a war of sections? God forbid! The bodies of the Massachusetts soldiers could not be sent out to Boston, as you requested, at present. Persons in this city and Philadelphia by railroad, and with Boston by steamers, and every effort has been made to place them in metallic coffins, and will be placed, with proper funeral ceremonies, in the mausoleum at Mount Auburn Cemetery, where they shall be retained until further directions are received from you. I have the honor to remain, sir, with high respect, your obedient humble servant,

"GEORGE BROWN, Mayor of Baltimore."

To this the following reply was returned by the Governor:

"*To the Hon. George W. Brown, Mayor of Baltimore:*

"DEAR SIR,—I appreciate your kind attention to our wounded and dead. I have learned before the arrival of your sentiments of our fallen will return to us. I am grieved to learn that a peaceful march of American citizens over the highway to the defense of our common country should have been stained with blood. Through New Yorkthe march was triumphal.

"JOHN A. ANDREWS, Governor of Massachusetts."

BURIAL OF THE MASSACHUSETTS VOLUNTEERS.

A letter has been received by a gentleman in this city from a friend in Baltimore, of the highest respectability, giving a touching account of the inquest over the bodies of the two Massachusetts soldiers, killed on Friday last, and of their burial at Green Mount Cemetery. Their remains were followed to the grave by the greatest and most respectable citizens, and the funeral services were solemnly performed by a minister of the Methodist Episcopal Church. The letter declares that their death took place without the sanction of either the city or the State authorities—that their slayers were not *executed* but *murdered*.

CONDITION OF BALTIMORE.

All accounts from Baltimore represent the condition of affairs in that city as most fearful. Irresponsible mobs calling themselves Vigilance Committees, exercise a severe espionage over persons entering or leaving the city, and those who incur their suspicion or displeasure are treated in the most harsh and summary manner. Hundreds of these people are flying from their homes and seeking safety in the country. The railway bridges over the roads connecting with Baltimore have all been destroyed, and armed parties are constantly on the watch to prevent their repair or reconstruction. Travelers coming North have great difficulty in getting from the city, and on the slightest pretexts are detained and subjected to hardships and indignities.

WHAT NEW YORK IS DOING.

New York has been responded to the call made for troops to assert and protect the honor of the country. The following is the list for military forces to the expected requisition of Gen. Scott. Eight regiments are already under the command of Gen. Washington, as follows:

Seventh regiment, Colonel Lefferts.....	1000 men.
Seventy-first regiment, Colonel Vosburgh.....	1000 "
Twelfth regiment, Colonel Burtnett.....	800 "
Sixth regiment, Colonel Pinckney.....	850 "
Sixty-ninth regiment, Corcoran.....	1000 "
Eighth regiment, Colonel Lyons.....	1000 "
Thirteenth regiment, Colonel Smith (Brooklyn)	800 "
Twenty-eighth regt, Col. Bennett (Brooklyn)	800 "

It will thus be seen that 7300 troops have left the city—a small choice of the quota which is expected from the State—and a much larger number is in readiness to leave on receipt of the next requisition.

MAJOR ANDERSON'S TERMS OF SURRENDER.

[SPECIAL DISPATCH TO THE NEW YORK *Herald*, *April 15, 1861.*]

"*The Hon. S. Cameron, Secretary of War, Washington:*

"SIR,—Having defended Fort Sumter for thirty-four hours, until the quarters were entirely burned, the main gates destroyed by fire, the gorge wall seriously injured, the magazine surrounded by flames, and its door closed from the effects of the heat, four barrels and three cartridges of powder only being available, and no provisions but pork remaining, I accepted terms of evacuation offered by General Beauregard, being the same offered by him on the 11th instant, prior to the commencement of hostilities, and marched out of the fort Sunday afternoon, the 14th instant, with colors flying and drums beating, bringing away company and private property, and saluting my flag with fifty guns.

"ROBERT ANDERSON, Major First Artillery."

PERSONAL.

Hannibal Hamlin arrived in this city on 23d, from his residence in Maine. He has taken up his quarters at the Astor House. He is at present the guest of Governor Morgan.

Mr. Evans, the editor of the *Baltimore Patriot*, has been driven from that city by the traitors. He arrived in Philadelphia. He declares he will return to the city if he can get a military escort.

Gen. Case made a patriotic speech at Detroit, last week, urging the people to stand by the Union and the Government, and to rally to the defense of the Stars and Stripes.

Count Gurowski, Minister to Russia, has offered his services to the Secretary of War, either as a private volunteer or to serve as a private soldier in the ranks. Mr. Cameron said to him, "Sir, this is the first instance in history that ever I heard of where a foreign Minister volunteered to to serve in the ranks." "Then," said Count, "let's make a little history." A company of 100 volunteers was speedily raised and put under Count's command.

Gen. Henry Wilson, U. S. Senator from Massachusetts, passed through this city last week on his way to Washington. He goes as a private in the Worcester regiment.

It is said that Mr. Forney, editor of the Hon. John J. Tucker, Ex-Secretary of State, has become editor and part proprietor of the *Evening Bulletin* of this city. Mr. Seaver, the late editor, is a staunch Union man.

FOREIGN NEWS.

ITALY.

THE ITALIAN PARLIAMENT.

In reply to an interpellation in the Chamber on the Roman question, Count Cavour said the Italian Government could not, in the present circumstances, be represented in Rome as a conqueror. He admitted that the solution of the Roman question could never be bound by any convention, and hoped the antagonism of the Church would soon cease. He said the Government could not peacefully suppress any disturbances in Naples, and the most efficacious means would be found for the solution of the Roman question. The Chamber finally adopted the following, almost unanimously:

"The Chamber, having confidence in the Government, and acknowledging the necessity for the union of Rome to Italy, in accomplishing which, however, the grandeur and independence of the Church and the Pope will be guaranteed, passes to the order of the day."

Count Cavour, in reply to a question, denied the rumors of a treaty concluded with the Inland Government of France.

Revolts continue to be made in Naples of parties implicated in the recently-discovered conspiracy, and a search-ing inquiry is being instituted.

Reactionary attempts had been suppressed at numerous places.

AUSTRIA.

PROSPECT OF WAR.

A well-known correspondent of the *Times* points out the temptation to immediate hostilities. He says it is requisite to Austria to wait until the Italian Kingdom is consolidated. A bold attack with two hundred thousand men could soon drive Austrians to Milan and Turin, a pretext must be found, otherwise the French would again cross the Alps. This is the present Austrian agents allege, that Austria is arming to prevent Garibaldi's army the price being about £12 each. Once a sufficient number of these weapons are in the hands of the Hungarian malcontents can be easily put in real clarity, and be made to attack. Then Austria will have a right to retaliate, and the Austrian Army will re-enter Italy.

RUSSIA.

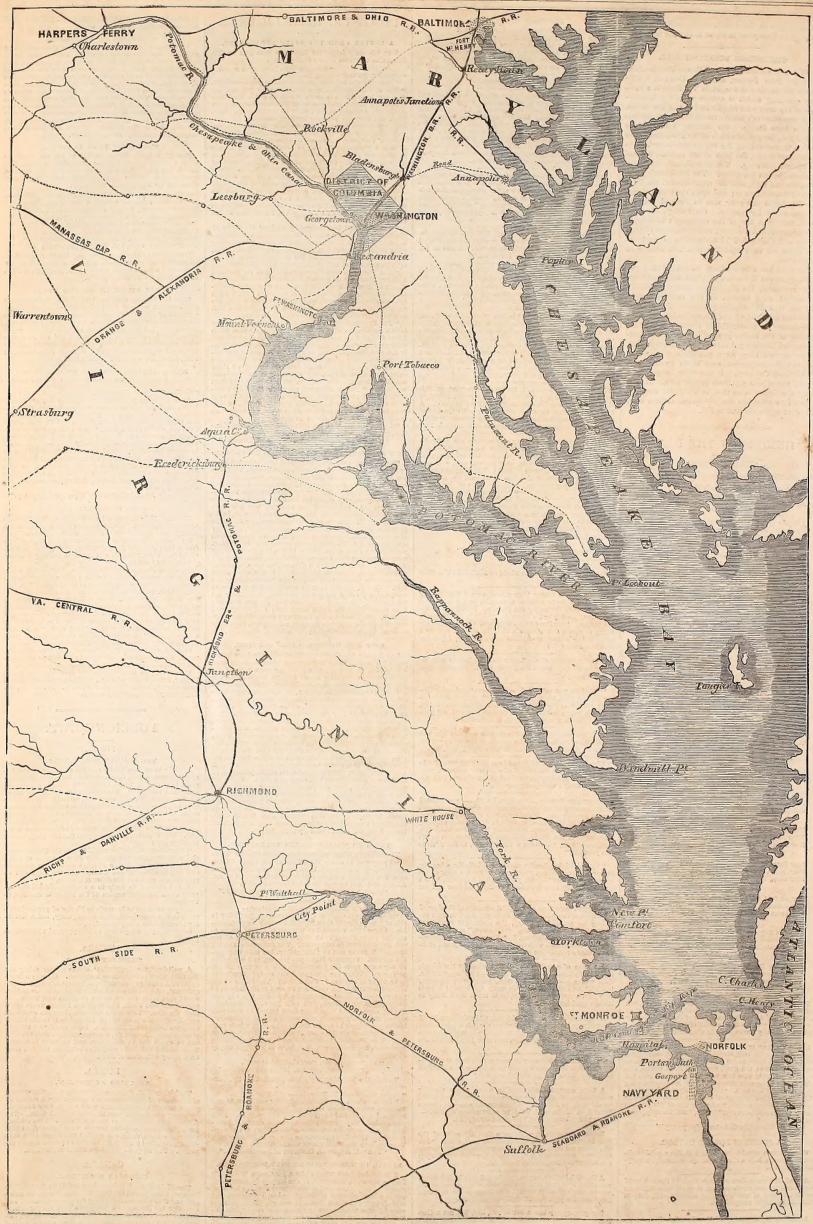
TROUBLES AT WARSAW.

The Journal St. Petersburg gives the following version of the renewed disturbance at Warsaw: Great crowds of persons had assembled before the church, and impressed by love; the conflict was renewed several times. Ten persons were killed, and forty-five persons were arrested. Other accounts say the number of victims was far more than stated in original telegram. Renewal of disturbances expected. The troops now number 15,000 men.

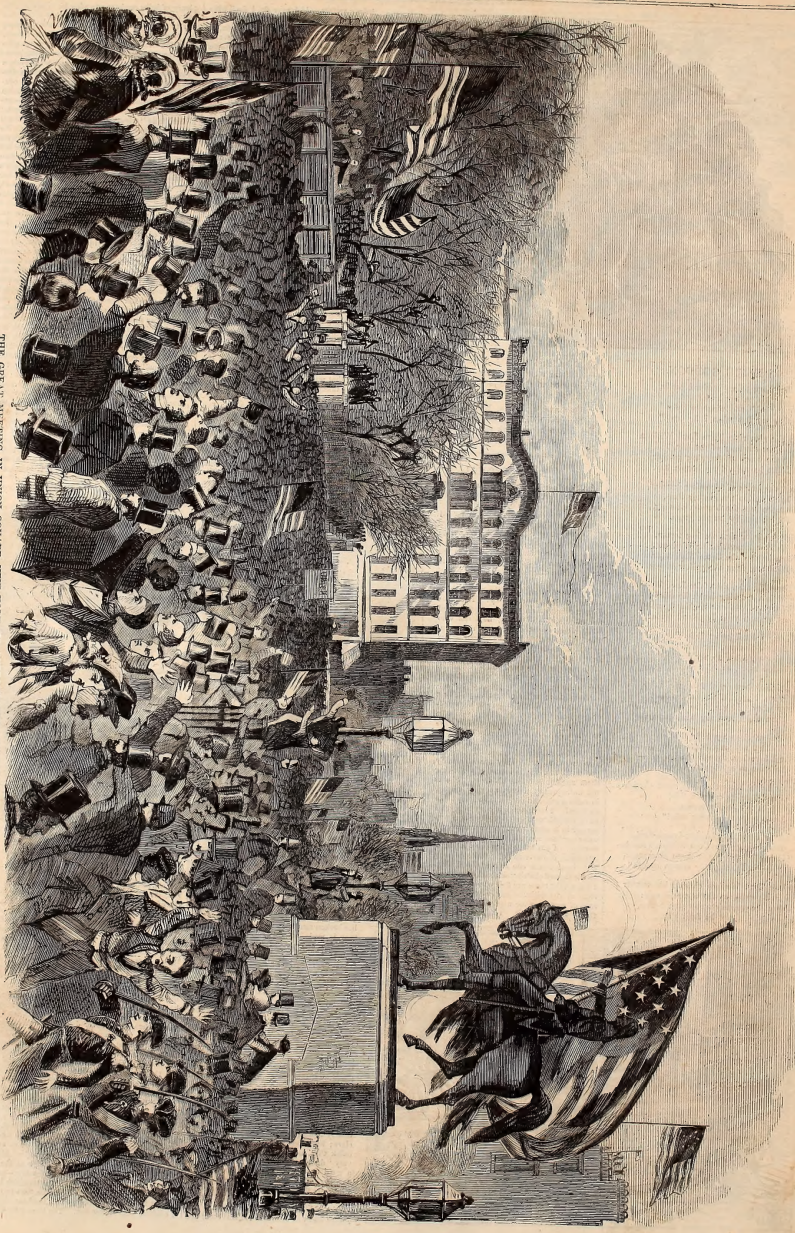
CANADA.

CANADIAN SENTIMENT.

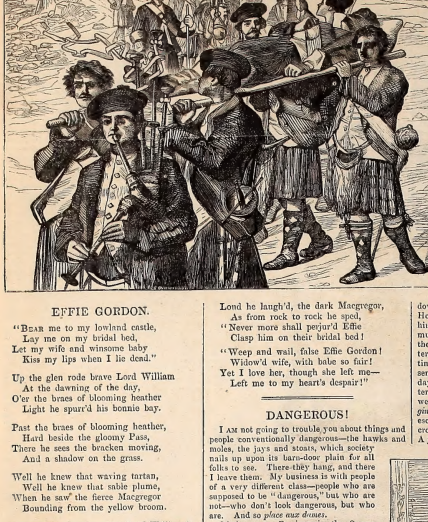
The *Globe* of April 30 has a long article on the relations between England and the United States, advocating a sincere and firm alliance, forgetting all past differences and quarrels. It says that the Union is dead, but the permanent good will of the American people is worth a war. It hopes that the hopes to see the rebellion put down and the traitors dealt with as they deserve.



MAP OF PART OF MARYLAND AND VIRGINIA, SHOWING THE PROBABLE THEATRE OF THE WAR.



THE GREAT MEETING IN UNION SQUARE, NEW YORK, TO SUPPORT THE GOVERNMENT, APRIL 20, 1861.



EFFIE GORDON.

"BEAR me to my lowland castle,
Lay me on my bridal bed,
Let my wife and winsome baby
Kiss my lips when I lie dead."

Up the glen rode brave Lord William
At the dawning of the day,
O'er the braes of blooming heather
Light he spurr'd his bonnie bay.

Past the braes of blooming heather,
Hard beside the gloomy Pass,
There he sees the bracken moving,
And a shadow on the grass.

Well he knew that waving tartan,
Well he knew that sable plume,
When he saw the fierce Macgregor
Bounding from the yellow broom.

"Draw the rein, thou false Lord William,"
With a mocking laugh he cried;
"Would ya win our Highland quarry
As ye won your Highland bride?

"Long I loved sweet Effie Gordon,
Bonnie blossom, fair and bright!
I had clasp'd her to my bosom,
Fickle heart, so false and light!

"Pricking homeward from the foray,
When I reach'd the border side,
There they told me, false Lord William,
Thou hadst won thy winsome bride!

"Now ye clasp my Effie Gordon,
Wedded wife with babe so fair!
But I love her, though she left me—
Left me to my heart's despair!

"And this heart that love must cherish
Till I lose its crimson tide,
Lying in my bloody tartan
Dead upon the border side!"

Out he swept his flashing broadsword,
Backward bounds Lord William's steed—
"Coward!" shouts the fierce Macgregor,
"Quick I'll stay thy craven speed!"

Brave Lord William check'd his courser
Half-way down the torrent's side:
There Macgregor's arrow struck him,
Drinking deep the fatal tide.

Loud he laugh'd, the dark Macgregor,
As from rock to rock he sped,
"Never more shall perjur'd Effie
Clasp him on their bridal bed!

"Weep and wail, false Effie Gordon!
Widow'd wife, with babe so fair!
Yet I love her, though she left me—
Left me to my heart's despair!"

DANGEROUS!

I AM not going to trouble you about things and people conventionally dangerous—the hawks and moles, the jays and stoats, which society nails up upon its barn-door plain for all folks to see. There they hang, and there I leave them. My business is with people of a very different class—people who are supposed to be "dangerous," but who are not—who don't look dangerous, but who are. And so *place aux dames*.

Of the genus *Fascinatoria*, the *Syrens Circoliers*, or circulating library Syren, is a very well known variety. It infests French romances in yellow wrappers, and the early works of young novelists who write about what they have not seen. The French variety is to be known by the locality of its dwellings and elegance of its furniture; the English, by the whiteness of its linen and the smallness of its boots. One of these latter is now conspicuously before the public, in the pages of a popular magazine; and I protest to you, that if any accident should happen to her washer-woman, or her boot-lace, there would be an end of the character at once and forever. She could do no more mischief, being in fact as powerless as poor Aladdin when he lost his wonderful lamp. The Syren always grows curls, they are invariably perfumed, and she is incessantly shaking them against gentlemen's faces. She is not unfrequently a very naughty person, in more ways than one; and she sings like an angel. I have made her my study. I have her—so to speak—stuffed, and preserved in a glass case. In all candor, I must say that she is a most unnatural production. I am led to class her with those gorgeous contortions of mother-of-pearl and tinsel which one sees in the fishing-tackle shops ticketed "artificial minnows." I know that there are fish who are fools enough to snap at the delusive bait, and am told that the sons of men may be angled for, with a book, by the *Syrens Circoliers*. I have never met with one in my waters. If I ever do, I shall give it a wide berth. So will you. The snowy, lace-edged petticoat will not catch you, or the boots beguile. You will not be struck and landed, or break away and pine in some silent pool, trying in vain to rub a hook out of your gullet. No! this is not the sort of being which I label "dangerous."

The Fresh *Saltfora*, or ball-room belle, is another specimen of the *Fascinatoria*, which is supposed to be "dangerous." She is to be found upon the back of songs, of the "Will you love me then as now?" order, and of dance music. She also frequents the fashionable novel, appears at Christmas in books of beauty and other annuals, and in May smiles upon you from the walls of the Royal Academy. Her dress and general "get-up" is something bewildering to behold. She is always in full costume—wreathed, white gloved, bouqueted, satin shod, silver sheened, clothed in white samite, mystic—wonderful! She requires the whole of the front seat of the carriage for the accommodation of self and flounces. She retires to her toilet at five P.M., and the link-boys touch their hats to her at a quarter to midnight. As she enters the "gay and festive scene," a buzz of admiration runs round the room, and in ten minutes her engagement-card is full. Henceforward she reigns supreme. What care those happy youths, whose names are down for the late dances, will take of her chaperon, for fear she should want to go before their turns come round! What scheming there will be to get her down to supper! What dreadful falsehoods the Honorable Coolsum Flirtford will fabricate to edge himself in for that waltz which is played while the musicians are taking their refreshment! She is the very flower, spirit, pride—every thing else flattering that you can suggest—of the ball. But time flies; you can not dance and talk soft nonsense forever. The candles are getting low, the daylight streams in through the chinks of the shutters, and the detestable sparrows *will* chirp their welcome to the smiling morn outside. The *Virginia Saltfora* must go. Never was lady so well escorted to her coach. She is surrounded by a crowd of grief-stricken and assiduous cavaliers. A juvenile peer of the realm has darted up stairs to fetch her bouquet from the mantle-piece; a secretary of legation holds her fan; a Crimean colonel spreads the opera-cloak over her lovely shoulders from behind, and a popular preacher ties the cords in front. A sucking barrister has got her stolen sandal, and thinks that his fortune is made. She has rejected the proffered arm of young Willows, of the Rudd, Buckinghamshire, and the poor boy's peace of mind is ruined for a week. She bestows a smiling adieu upon all, and slides her little hand along the coat-sleeve of that dark cynical Colin Grey, who is just passing out without noticing her, and leaves her chaperon to be handed into the carriage by the lord, the soldier, the pet parson, the country gentleman, and the man of law.—Is not this being "dangerous?"

Well, I don't know. The danger I wot of is incurred when the bundle of St. George's, Hanover Square, waves aside the dirty little boys from the façade steps, and his lordship, my hero, and my heroine, his lovely and accomplished bride, are whirled away by Newman's grays into the unknown matrimonial land. Sometimes the *Virginia Saltfora* is so dangerous as utterly to destroy noble and wealthy bachelors; but, somehow or other, I do not think that, taking it as a class, it is so very "dangerous" after all. I see it about a good deal, with every charm in good fighting order, and every snare set; but where are the victims? The Crimean Colonel and the pet parson have tied operacloaks and been smiled upon before. The young lord will soon find out that there are plenty of *belles* ready to run after *his* bouquet, if he had one; the barrister will be told that it is a cruelty to ask a girl to marry on his hundred a year; the young squire will get over his little attack, and Colin Grey will go home, stuff a very large pipe with very strong Cavendish, and smoke it gloomily. Our *belle* is like a sportsman who, with a strong shooting-gun and heavy charges, takes aimless shots, right and left, into the middle of a covey before it is fairly off the ground. Half a dozen birds are wounded—one has its leg broken—another has to go without any feathers on its back; a third falls "winged," and running up a drain is lost, and so on. There is nothing for the bag. No execution done. Are you not acquainted with some families in which the "beauty" daughter did not make the first—or the best—match? Do you not know of instances in which that young lady's marriage has brought trouble upon herself and her friends? How many ball-room belles of—well, say nine-and-twenty—have you met about this season?

No! the real object of bachelor dread is the *Anglicana Domestica*, or English Hearth flower. This is a sort of girl that the Royal Humane Society ought to be compelled by act of Parliament to label "Dangerous." She may be found at many a fireside, but notably in country-houses about Christmas time. She is not a "beauty" like the *Virginia Saltfora*, or a professional enchantress like the *Syrens Circoliers*, though it must be admitted that she does her bootmaker credit, and that she has a large running account with the laundress. Do not run away, though, with the idea that she is plain. The shape of her head is classical, her eyes are large, kind, and lustrous, her teeth are white and regular, and her figure—perfect. Still she has not a good feature in her face. In stature she is usually *petite*, in complexion a *brunette*. She shakes no perfumed tresses under your nose; indeed, she avoids essences and scents, and is redolent only of that exquisite bouquet which suggests nothing at all but the plentiful use of cold water. I should call it the "odor of sanctity," did I dare to be irreverent and had forgotten that the saintly ones of old were not remarkable for the use of the liquid which produces it. She dearly loves a good dance, but does not talk "ball" or think "ball," and to her ear the march of intellect is not written in two-four time, and published by D'Almaine & Co.

The *Anglicana Domestica* is accomplished, as you

may find at your leisure. She does not interlard her conversation with French and German words, neither will she pelt you with old red sandstone, pterodactyls, and oolite forces upon first acquaintance. Ask her to play and she will sit down, without an excuse, and run you off sparkling little Reveries, and dreamy Nocturnes, one after the other. You must not expect fire-work pieces and bravura songs. She has not a powerful voice, and is not such a goose as to think she can please you in a back drawing-room with what you have heard from Titiens upon the opera-stage the night before. She will warble little ditties that you have not heard elsewhere, and is remarkable, generally, for having all sorts of things that other people *could* have very easily, but, somehow or other, don't find out. Thus she is never dressed in the height of the fashion, but wears what is going to be, or ought to be the fashion. Pretty girls—her companions—bow down and worship her cuff, or her wreath, or the bodice of her dress, and, "Oh! where did you get the pattern of that EX-quisite"—whatever it may be?—is their cry. Then our *Anglicana Domestica* gives a little laugh, and confesses that she cut it out herself yesterday; so it is borrowed and lent. She would strip the nose off her face and lend it to a friend, if it would do her any good; but, plague take the copy! it never will look like the original; and by the time it is made she has invented something else about three times as bewildering that puts it quite in the shade. Herein lies her "dangerous" character. She is the sort of girl that a poor gentleman may marry—so patient, so cheerful, so contriving, so unselfish is the British Hearth Flower. I believe that it is the easiest thing in the world to be a Duchess, though, I confess, I never was one. You have only to look

haughty, do nothing, and hold your tongue, consistently, and you will pass for an exceedingly well-bred person, and a superior being altogether. A poor gentleman's wife has much to bear, and I respect and love the home specimen when I see how well she goes through it all.

What is the consequence of this? My friend Jack Steadman—whom I have known ever since he was my fag at school—comes fidgeting into my chambers as I am writing this. He has come thus fidgeting about many times before. He had read the *Virginia Solifidra*, and was going to cut somebody's throat—probably the Honorable Coolman Flitcher's because of his dividend. He had a long gallop, or he was going through a course of strychnine and charcoal hot-air baths, because she would not look at him in the park. I soon got accustomed to such debilitations. I used to give him one of my strongest cigars, and bid him sleep upon it—the blighted affection, I mean, not the cigar. He did, and smoothed it. But now I saw by the expression of his countenance, that there is something serious the matter. With a shy sort of happy grin, he asks if I remember the little girl with the big gray eyes that we met last July, at the Fizzeyman's picnic. *I* know what is coming. The little girl with the big gray eyes that we met at the Fizzeyman's picnic is an *Anglicana Domestica* of the most dangerous type. I remember calling upon her mother one day with Jack. The color of the eyes was practising in the back drawing-room, and Mr. Jack must needs go and turn over the music for her. I kept a sharp look upon them while Materfamilias was recounting the horrible profligacy of her late cook. There sat the daughter in her simple morning dress, with natty little linen cuffs at her wrists and a natty little linen collar round her throat, a natty little belt round her natty little waist, and great wavy masses of glorious brown hair glistening in her natty little net. She had just concluded a piece; and, with one hand leaning on the lyre, she looked up to Jack's face, while the chords were still quivering, and asked him how he liked "that." I never saw a girl look more "dangerous." My friend, I do remember this person, and then, looking more shy and stupidly happy than before, he tells me that he is very fond of her, and I say, "All right, you know, you must be my best man." His best man! Hang his impudence! What else have I been to him all his life?

And so roving Jack is led into captivity. Our acquaintance, the *Virginia Solifidra*, comes in state to the evening party that is given afterward to finish up the scraps of the wedding breakfast, and dances and flirts till she can hardly stand. But nothing comes of it, and the week afterward her cousin is heard of as about to sail out of the Guards, and settle down into matrimony with one of the bridesmaids to the "little girl with the big gray eyes"—another specimen of the *Anglicana Domestica* that nobody heard of before.

OUR WAR ILLUSTRATIONS.

We devote most of our space this week to the war.

On page 273 will be found an interesting picture of the SCENE ON THE HOUSE-TOPS AT CHARLESTON during the bombardment of Fort Sumter. Reporters say that every human being in Charleston had gathered to see the fight.

On page 276 we publish a MAP of that part of Virginia and Maryland which, for the present, promises to be the THEATRE OF THE WAR. It shows Baltimore and Harper's Ferry on the north, and Richmond and Norfolk on the south, with all the principal roads, railroads, canals, rivers, cities, etc.

On page 277 will be found an engraving of the GREAT WAR MEETING in Union Square. Of the meeting the *Herald* said:

"A great mass meeting in support of the Government, in the present crisis of the nation, was held at Union Square, in this city, on Saturday afternoon. Such a mass meeting of the people has never before been witnessed in New York, or probably in the whole length and breadth of the Union. Five stands were erected, from which seven of the most able speakers of the city and state addressed the multitude on the necessity of rallying around the flag of the republic in the hour of its danger. A scene of frivolities was proposed and unanimously adopted, pledging the meeting to use every means to preserve the Union intact and inviolate, and agreeing to the appointment of a committee of seventy to represent the citizens in the collection of funds and the transaction of such other business as will aid the Government at the public meeting to-day to-morrow. Great unanimity prevailed throughout the whole proceedings; party spirit was thrown overboard, and the meeting—speakers and listeners—were a unit in maintaining the national honor unsullied. Judge Anderson, the hero of Fort Sumter, was present, and showed himself to the several stands, each of which he was most enthusiastically received. An impressive feature in the proceedings was the Fort Sumter flag, hoisted on the stump of the mast which had been shot away by the revolutionists, and which was placed to the head of the equestrian statute of Washington."

On this page we give a small picture of HARPER'S FERRY, showing the Arsenal and Workshops which have been destroyed by the United States troops to prevent them falling into the hands of the Virginians. Of this spot a correspondent wrote us some time since:

"Harper's Ferry is situated in Jefferson County, Virginia, at the confluence of the Potomac and Shenandoah rivers, on the point opposite the gap through which the united streams pass the Blue Ridge on their way toward the ocean. The Ridge here is about seventeen hundred feet in height, showing here, precipitous cliffs on either side of the river, and exhibiting some of the most picturesque and imposing natural scenery to be found in the country. The town was originally built in two streets stretching along a narrow shelf between the base of the bluff and the river, meeting at the point at nearly a right angle, and crossed respectively Potomac and Shenandoah streets. To accommodate its increasing population the town has struggled up the steep bluff, and, in detached villages and scattered residences, occupies the level ground above—about four hundred feet above the streams.

"It has altogether a population of five thousand; is distant from Richmond 173 miles; from Washington City, 57 miles by turnpike road; and from Baltimore, 80 miles by rail. Here the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad crosses the Potomac by a magnificent covered bridge, one thousand and passes along Potomac Street westward, its track being at first above the river. The Winchester and Harper's Ferry Railroad, lying along Shenandoah Street, connects with the Baltimore and Ohio at the bridge. Potomac Street is entirely occupied by the workshops and offices of the National Armory, and its entrance is inclosed by a handsome gate and iron railing. Nearly at the angle of junction are the old arsenal buildings, where usually from 100,000 to 200,000 stand of arms are stored. The other buildings on the point, and nearer the bridge, are railroad offices, hotels, eating-houses, a bank, etc. Shenandoah Street contains stores and dwelling-houses for half a mile or more, when we come to Hall's rifle-works, situated on a small island in the Shenandoah River."

On page 280 we publish a picture of the MASSACHUSETTS REGIMENT (8th) EMBARKING IN THE JERSEY CITY CARS FOR WASHINGTON. A reporter of the *Herald* published an account of this:

"The ferry-boat with the troops on board reached Jersey City about twenty minutes before two. Long before their arrival hundreds congregated about the ferry and railroad depôt waiting anxiously their arrival. The railroad depôt was crowded inside, while the crowd that belonged to it extend around the building, nearly every one bearing the Stars and Stripes. The depôt was also beautifully decorated with flags, presenting a most imposing appearance. As the troops marched from the ferry-boat to the depôt from the Long Dock, and the Custard steamer *Perseo* slipped her cables several times, and, accompanied by the tug-boat Thomas Holmes, also crossed the river to tender their services to the troops and to accompany them on the way of the troops at the depôt. As soon as the boat had been made fast to the bridge, and the order given to forward, the band struck up the Star Spangled Banner, which was accompanied by deafening cheers from the crowd in and about the depôt. As they entered the railroad depôt every other cheer broke forth, the ladies waving their handkerchiefs and flags, which lasted for nearly twenty minutes.

"The train, numbering eighteen cars, and to which was attached the powerful locomotive *Jersey*, was coupled with flags, and in charge of Mr. J. W. Woodruff, Assistant Superintendent of the road. While delay was occasioned on account of the crowd in the building blocking up the place; but the Chief of Police, Mr. Kennedy, with his men and Sheriff Francis, aided by the squad of New York police, soon cleared the way. During the time the troops were in waiting to embark on board they were continually cheered, and the ladies waved handkerchiefs and flags, which lasted for nearly twenty minutes.

"At one o'clock Colonel Jones informed Mr. Woodruff that all was ready, and the signal was immediately given for the train to start. The first movement of the locomotive brought out three other cheers, and as the train slowly glided out from the depôt, the crowd set up a deafening and waving of flags. Among the ladies could be seen several in tears, deeply affected at the scene; and one old

HARPER'S FERRY, VIRGINIA.

gentleman cried like a child. When asked if he had any friends among the troops, he replied that he had not, but he felt as though every one who composed the little band were his own children. The cheering was kept up until the last Jersey militia who accompanied the troops as far as Trenton."

On page 281 will be found a fine engraving of the MARCH OF THE SEVENTH REGIMENT DOWN BROADWAY on their departure for Washington. The *Herald* thus sketched the scene:

"With the band playing the national airs and the regiment's quickstep, while the streets were lined on either side by men, in double files to clear a way for the soldiery; while the line was broken by the crowd, which pressed backward and forward like an ocean, the march began. Through a long and dense line it advanced to block up the way impassably. Through walls of human beings, dense, compact, unyielding, as if not pithy. The Fifth-avenue Hotel, that parted the sea of people into living walls. Under a perfect canopy of flags, fluttering from every point of view bright as that which they have always won and deserved. With cheers rising and falling in tumultuous thunders. Past buildings whose fronts were covered with flags, and above doors, windows, stoops, and balconies were jammed with people. With handkerchiefs, waved by fair hands and as generous as the flowers which they typified, waved out, emulating the gallant volunteers. Past Major Anderson, who reviewed the regiment from the balcony of Hall, Bleeky & Co.'s building, and by his presence added a charm of war's dangers and of its glories. Past an effigy of "Jeff Davis in wood for whom many cheers were given.

"'Jeff Davis, Jeff Davis, beware of the day,
When the Seventh shall meet thee in battle array.'

"Past motives more commendable and its better taste, declaring that the National cause was for the Union, and that its members should imitate 'the National Guard of 1776.' With banners, lovingly clinging to the staff with stay firm; with bearing proud and erect, as befitted the men who were going forth to battle for principle; down Broadway. Never was a popular demonstration more thoroughly spontaneous. Never was a day more celebrated for her ovations, but even that to the Prince of Wales was not more enthusiastic in its heartiness, its spontaneity, and its enthusiasm. The street, the sidewalk, the doors, the windows, and the very roofs of our most beautiful fog, and the cheers were never ceasing, that the people found time to pay honor to the men who went to defend them, and along the entire line from the Park, blockading up Chatham Street and clustering over the Museum, they looked, shouted, and cheered as they have seldom done before. The crowd parted for the soldiery to pass, but before and behind them squeezed a dense, solid, impenetrable mass. Fire-engines were brought to the street-corners and hooks and ladders were planted there. The buildings along Broadway are themselves a decoration, so well are they adorned, and architecture, and its magnificent their proportions; but one accustomed to see only the everyday scene would have found it hard to recognized yesterday, flaunting with flags and packed with all upon tier of people, from sidewalk to house-roof."

On page 282 we illustrate the SAILING OF THE TRANSPORTS FROM NEW YORK, on Sunday, April 21, with Volunteers for the War. The *Herald* said:

"The bay never appeared to more advantage than it did yesterday on the occasion of the departure of the transport fleet for Washington. From an early hour in the morning until sunset, yachts, sail-boats, and other smaller craft, filled with the friends of the troops, dotted the entire surface of the North River, and hovered around the transports until the very last moment. The ferry-boats and shipping were thickly decorated with flags, and everywhere to their utmost capacity with an anxious multitude of men, women, and children.

"At a quarter past five o'clock, all being in readiness on board the *Baltic*, the cables were slipped, and the vessel glided out gracefully into the stream, amidst the firing of cannon, the ringing of bells, and the hearty cheers of the fifty thousand spectators. Unlike the *Empire State*, the *Baltic* kept steadily on her course, and, heading for Staten Island, led the fleet on their voyage to the Capital. As she passed down the river, the *Empire State*, the *Cahier*, the *Constitution*, the *Columbia*, and other vessels dipped their colors, while steamboats blew their fog-whistles and rang their bells in honor of the occasion. The *Harriet Lane*, Captain Faunce, accompanied the *Baltic* down the bay, and led her on the way to Quarantine. The *Cahier* soon followed in the wake of the *Baltic*, and then the *Constitution*, *Columbia*, and *Empire State* fell in behind, and at half past six o'clock the entire fleet was under way. After passing the line of the North Brother, from Fourteenth Street to the Battery, the piers were jammed with spectators, and as the transports one by one hauled out into the stream, there was a rush for the lower piers. At the Battery the crowd were densely packed. As the dense mass forced its way along West Street, the very house-tops were their foundations with the concussion. On the water the people were excited, and the most enthusiastic efforts were made to keep pace with the transports. Steamboats crowded every inch of the bay with the volunteers as long as they could, but after a few minutes' vigorous pulling were left behind. The troops, however, were delighted with waving their handkerchiefs and cheering until their forms were no longer discernible to their friends on board the fast receding fleet."

On page 283 we publish an illustration of the FIRST BLOOD. It is the conflict between the Baltimore mob and the Massachusetts regiment on 19th April. The Baltimore *Sun* of April 20 says:

"Yesterday morning the excitement which had been gradually rising, in this city for some days, with reference to the passage of Northern volunteer troops southward, was brought to a crisis by the arrival of the Philadelphia and other volunteers, some from the vicinity of Pittsburgh, at their usual depot, at half past ten o'clock. A large crowd guarded and none could be obtained. The firing continued from Fredrick Street to the South Street in quick succession, but how many fell can not now be ascertained.

"From Gay to South Street, on Pratt, the fight with the soldiers who marched, or rather ran, through the town, was terrific. Large paving stones were hurled into the ranks from every direction, the negroes who were down the wharf in many instances joining in the assault. At the depot the soldiers fired a number of shots in the air, without hitting any one, so far as could be ascertained. Soon after the volley the soldiers again broke into a run, but another shower of stones being hurled into the ranks they wheeled about face with such force as to knock several of them down, the order was given to another portion of them to halt and fire, which they did as requested before they could be brought to a halt. They then wheeled and fired some eight or nine shots, but no one could say for certain he saw the stones, but four or five shots took effect, the marks of which were visible on the walls of the depot, as well as on those of the adjacent warehouses, even up to the second stories. The soldiers then took up the line of march in a compact body, and the other two were carried off, supposed to be mortally wounded.

"At one of the soldiers fired he was struck with a stone and knocked down, and so he attempted to rise another stone struck him in the face, when he seemed into a stern, haggard ferocity he sprung to the front, escaped his hands and with instant death by his officers if he refused to accompany them. At this point of time one shot had been fired to come in the same manner, and he hoped all who forced either to come might be killed before they got through the city. He plead so hard that no further vengeance was bestowed upon him, and he was left to the police station to have his wounds dressed. As soon as they had fired at the crowd the party again proceeded and about a mile and a half, when some three or four parties issued from the warehouses on the right and fired on them, which caused about three more soldiers, one of whom was carried into the same depot that they had just attended to, as stated in a few moments. The others succeeded in regaining their feet, and proceeded on with their companions, the whole running as fast as they could, and a running fire was kept up by the soldiers from the point to the depot, the crowd continuing to hurl stones into the ranks throughout the whole line of march."

On page 284 we publish the group of Major Anderson's officers at Fort Sumter—THE HEROES OF SUMTER—whose biographies have been heretofore given in *Harper's Weekly*.

We publish on page 285 two pictures of the INSPECTION OF UNITED STATES TROOPS ON GOVERNOR'S ISLAND, NEW YORK HARBOR. Every day from twenty-five to fifty men arrive at Governor's Island from the various recruiting offices in New York and elsewhere, and are immediately drafted in squads, until they are fit to be formed into companies and drafted into regiments. Every afternoon the troops are marched out upon the grassy slope to the rear of the southeastern battery, and are drilled in every conceivable movement for the space of about one hour, and the success of this rigid training is to be very satisfactorily observed in the precision and rapidity of execution following any given order. A staff of officers usually occupy the rising ground.

Before the departure of the late expedition for Charleston not less than one-third of the landed men, with arms and knapsacks complete, were rallied in line behind the grove of trees ornamenting the southeastern battery. After going through various evolutions, part of the troops were separated and marched past the officers' houses to the water's edge. Of the reserve on the Island it may be said that their ease and precision of movement, as well as their numbers when all together, render their appearance quite formidable, and they look like a little army. Their officers, too, show indications of being able military men.

MOVING.

THE first of May is nearly come,
And people think of moving;
The cart and truck and wagon men
Find vistas opening!
All kinds of costly furniture
The swawny fellows lash on—
I think I'll move some things myself,
And so be in the fashion.

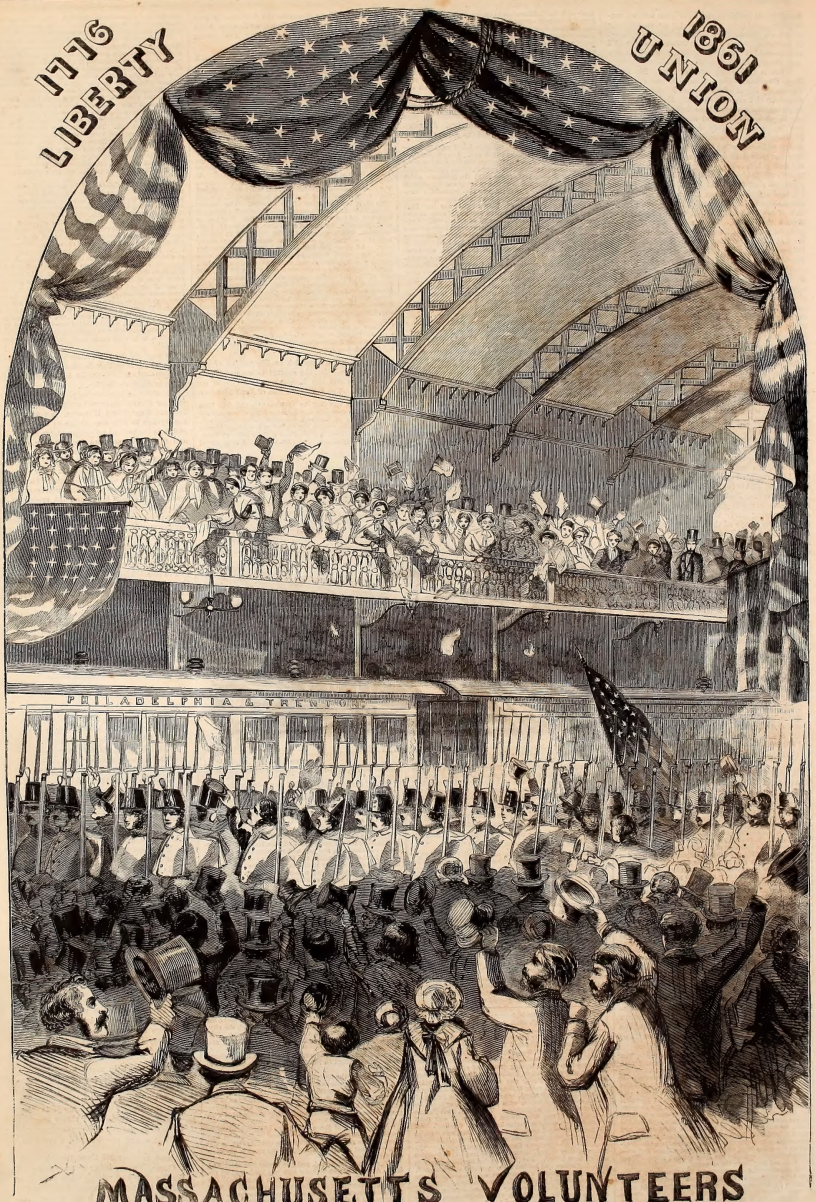
I've got a curious sort of house,
Which never had a name
From top to bottom it is filled
With lots of useless lumber.
And though I live a bachelor,
This house is not a single unit;
But night and day, and day and night,
Is given up to riot.

This curious house is called a heart,
And although small, is roomy:
Some chambers are as bright as day,
But some are dark and gloomy.
And there are pictures on the walls—
Some beautiful and sainted,
And some that I regret to say
Should not have been painted.

Some rooms are scented all with flowers
And memories of my childhood—
The boyish days of innocence,
The river, and the wild-wood.
And one is filled with music
More beauteous than all others;
And my hard face grows young again
When gazing on my mother's.

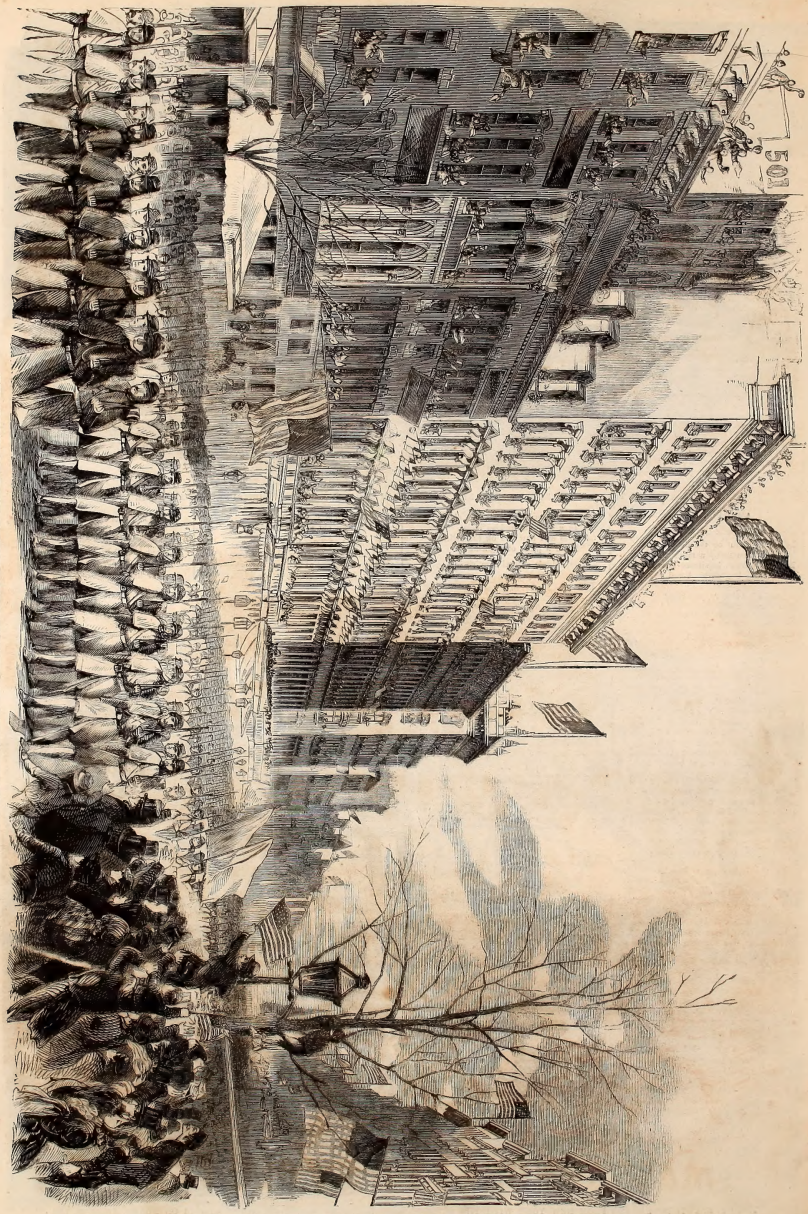
But yet, alas! in many a room
Still hang the scents of revel,
When fellows of the baser things
Sank down to toper's level.
And there are old, revolting jests
Still cobwebbing each rafter
With fragments of unholy songs
That waked the drunkard's laughter.

So now to clear all these away!
Come, Virtue, bring your besom;
Well sweep the vile things out of door,
And fill the trod-upon seize 'em;
And when my house is pure and clean
As you and I can make it,
I think I know a pretty girl
Who won't object to take it.



MASSACHUSETTS VOLUNTEERS

THE BOSTON REGIMENTS EMBARKING FOR WASHINGTON IN THE JERSEY CITY CARS.



THE SEVENTH REGIMENT MARCHING DOWN BROADWAY TO EMBARK FOR THE WAR.

DEPARTURE OF TRANSPORT STEAMERS FROM NEW YORK FOR WASHINGTON WITH VOLUNTEERS, SUNDAY, APRIL 21, 1861.

KING OLAF.

BY ARTHUR LAURENSON.

In his high seat on the dais,
Round him many a mighty lord,
Lost in thought, in silence brooding,
Sat King Olaf at his board.

With his unsheathed dagger playing
In a half-unconscious mood,
Strikes and hews he off the splinters
From a piece of faggot-wood.

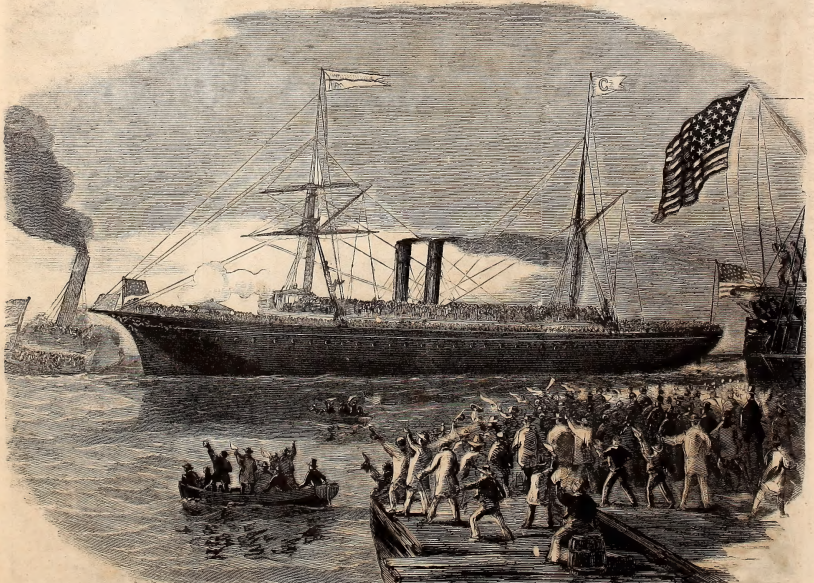
As the lords around him sitting
Mark the King's deep reverie,

"It is Monday, Sire, to-morrow,"
Says an old jarl, meaningly.

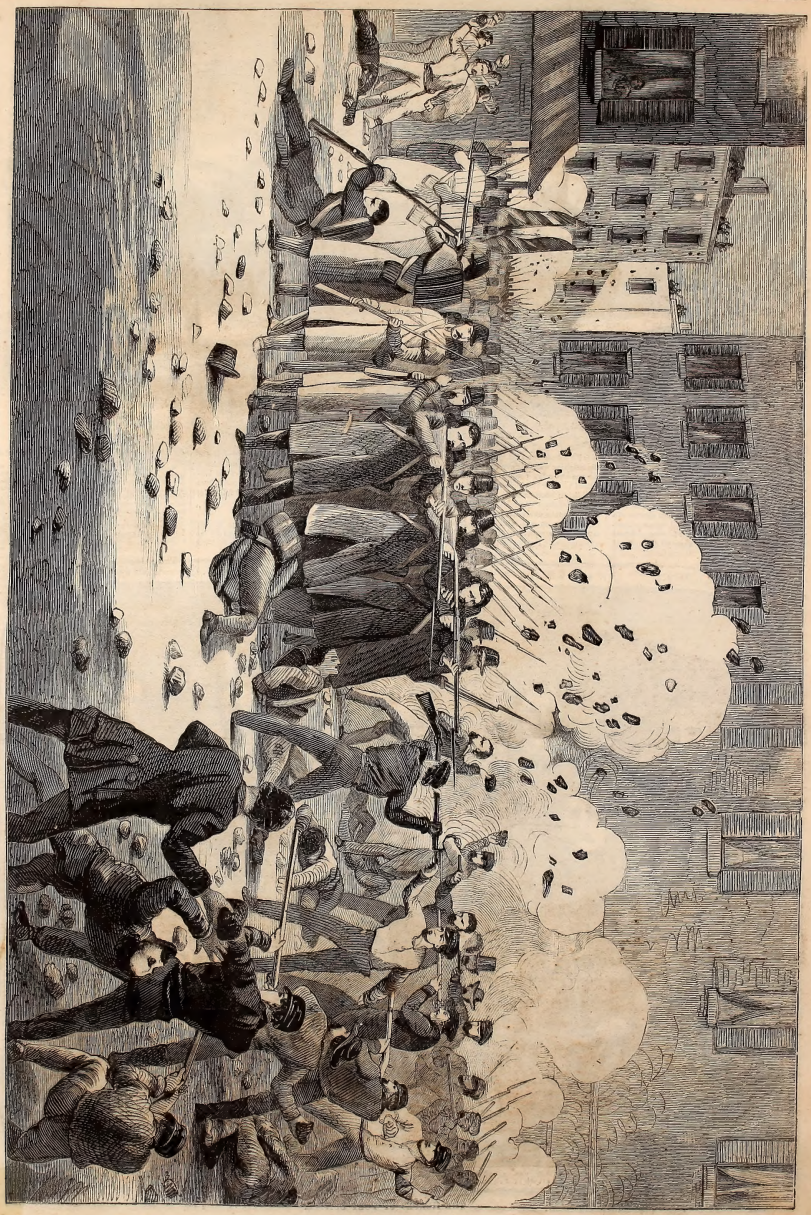
Sudden looks the King upon him:
"Bring me here a burning brand!"
Sweeps the splinters from the table—
Lights them on his naked hand.

Firm he holds it stretched before him,
Never does it backward draw—
Till the wood was all consumèd,
Till he the white ashes saw.

Thus King Olaf made atonement
For his trespass on God's law.



THE "R. R. CUYLER" SAILING FROM NEW YORK WITH THE SEVENTY-FIRST REGIMENT NEW YORK STATE MILITIA ON BOARD, APRIL 21, 1861.



FIRST BLOOD.—THE SIXTH MASSACHUSETTS REGIMENT FIGHTING THEIR WAY THROUGH BALTIMORE, APRIL 19, 1861.

STEVENS'S BOMB-PROOF FLOATING BATTERY.

STEVENS'S BOMB-PROOF FLOATING BATTERY.

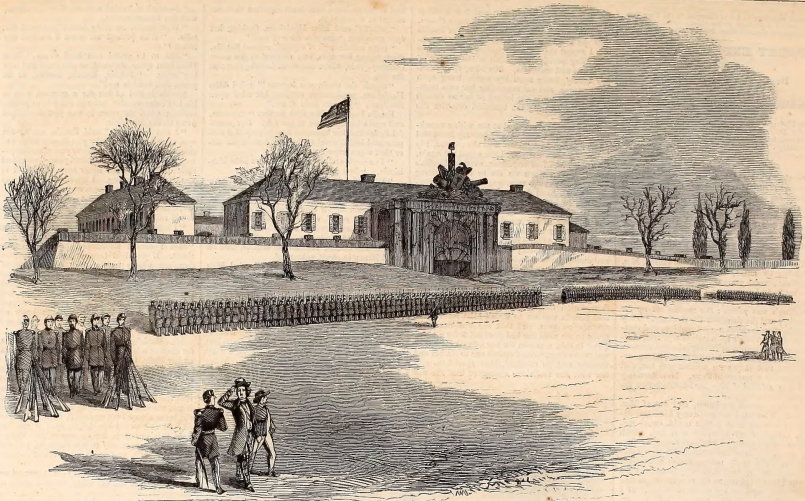
EVERY one has heard of the famous floating battery which has been for many years in course of construction at Hoboken, New Jersey. The idea of this battery occurred to Mr. Stevens shortly after the war of 1812, as an effectual means of protecting the harbor of New York in case of future wars, and the Government appropriated a large sum for its construction. Every thing relating to the machine was, however, kept a profound secret. No one but a few confidential workmen were permitted to enter the inclosure in which the battery was being constructed. Armed watchmen and fierce bull-dogs guarded every entrance. The most vigorous exertions have been made by newspaper reporters and others, from time to time, to ascertain the nature of the work; but all proved unsuccessful. For the first time since the work began, a reporter of the *World* newspaper, who is also an artist, penetrated the inclosure, and obtained a sketch and materials for a description of the battery. We publish herewith a drawing made from his sketch, and copy from the *World* the following description:

THE BATTERY.

Descending the sloping side of the dock, which is built in a rude manner, evidently designed to be used for the one purpose only for which it was constructed, we reach the bottom, which is about twenty-five feet below the surface of the yard.

Standing on the bottom, which is formed by the solid ground, near the stern of the vessel, and looking forward toward the bow, amidst the forest of sheers and beams which keep the hull upright, one can not fail to be struck with the magnitude of the proposed work. It was once stated that she was 700 feet in length, with a beam of 70 feet, but had such been a true statement she would have exceeded the famed *Great Eastern* in size. As far as the judgment of our reporter could be relied upon from eye measurement, she is about 400 feet in length, with about 50 feet beam. Even at this figure she is the next to the

THE HEROES OF FORT SUMTER.



RECRUITS DRILLING IN SQUADS ON GOVERNOR'S ISLAND, NEW YORK

largest vessel of which keel has yet been laid. Her huge proportions rose up like a mountain of iron as seen from the bed of the basin. Her beam spreading over so much ground added to her colossal appearance. If she were to placed upon the level of the ground, where her outlining could stand in greater relief against the surrounding objects, her form would present a spectacle such as never has been witnessed on the shores of the Hudson River. Notwithstanding her great size, she will draw but a light amount of water; and, when completed, the front of the dock and copper dam can be easily removed, and the vessel floated out by the water, which will rush in and fill the dock where she now lies. The stern of the vessel is within a few yards of the river, the ingress of which is prevented by the means of a strong coffer dam. Heavy timber props rest against it to prevent its being forced in by any undue pressure. Following along the bottom of the dock, then mounting the staging, one enters the cave or tunnel into which the bow of the vessel penetrates about 100 feet.

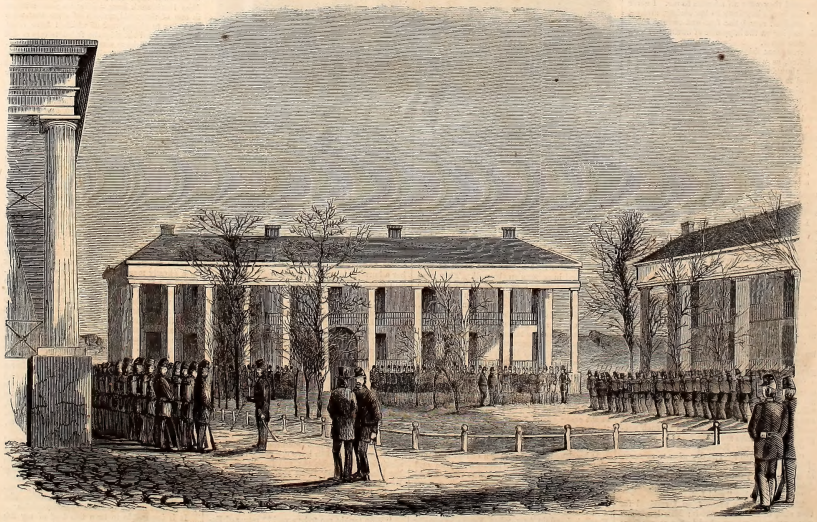
The excavation runs under the sidewalk in the street, and shelters the bow of the vessel from the weather.

THE HULL.

The hull of the vessel is built of iron plates, about three-fourths of an inch in thickness, nearly eight feet in length, and about two feet in width. These are fastened together by rivets placed at about the distance of an inch and a half from each other. The rivets below the water-line are smooth-headed, so that they will offer no resistance to the vessel's progress through the water, while those above the water-mark protrude from the vessel's side over a half inch, terminating in a sharp point. Eight is the average number of plates in depth below the water-line. The work has progressed only so far as that both forward and aft there are but two plates above the water-line; but amidships, or in the centre of the vessel, the number has increased to seven, extending only as far as the engine-room. The interior of the vessel presents a very forcible impression as regards her strength. At intervals of about two feet rise up very large L-shaped bars of iron, which are the ship's ribs; two of these constitute a rib, and from the rivet holes in them it would seem that more plates are yet to be added. This is evident when we remember that she was built on the principle of having a series of plates riveted together so that spaces should intervene between each of them. The bow is very sharp, and there are good evidence that she was intended to be fortified in this locality by what is termed *dead wood*; but in this case it would be *dead iron*. Passing along aft, and on reaching the beam, or broadest part of the vessel, we find that upright stanchions or bearers have been erected. These are arranged by pairs, and are intersected by the lower-deck floor-beams, forming, as it were, two crosses joined at the transverse ends. These beams are built of heavy plate-iron, firmly united together. A portion of the deck has been laid, on which is placed her engines, which are of a novel pattern, but as dismembered that full description of them can not be given.

PRESENT ARMAMENT OF THE BATTERY.

It is said, when completed, there will be nine shells or plates of iron, with space between, making a wall twenty-seven inches in thickness. Being sharp at the bow, she can be used for cutting a vessel in two. She was designed to carry thirty guns of the heaviest calibre on her gun-deck, and mount four Paixhan guns on her spar deck, and furnaces for heating red-hot shot were to be placed in different parts of the ship. Thus built, she would prove a valuable acquisition to our harbor defence. She will have no masts, and will probably be about 6000 tons burden.



PARADE OF UNITED STATES TROOPS ON GOVERNOR'S ISLAND BEFORE EMBARKATION.

[Entered according to Act of Congress, in the Year 1860, by Harper & Brothers, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Southern District of New York.]

GREAT EXPECTATIONS.

A NOVEL.

By CHARLES DICKENS.

Splendidly Illustrated by John McLenan.

☞ Printed from the Manuscript and early Proof-sheets purchased from the Author by the Proprietors of "Harper's Weekly."

CHAPTER XXXVII.

In that staid old house near the Green at Richmond should ever come to be haunted when I am dead, it will be haunted, surely, by my ghost. Oh the many, many nights and days through which the unquiet spirit within me haunted that house when Estella lived there! Let my body be where it would, my spirit was always wandering, wandering, wandering about that house.

The lady with whom Estella was placed, Mrs. Brandley by name, was a widow, with one daughter several years older than Estella. The mother looked young, and the daughter looked old; the mother's complexion was pink, and the daughter's was yellow: the mother set up for frivolity, and the daughter for theology. They were in what is called a good position, and visited, and were visited by, numbers of people. Little if any community of feeling subsisted between them and Estella, but the understanding was established that they were necessary to her, and that she was necessary to them. Mrs. Brandley had been a friend of Miss Havisham's before the time of her seclusion.

In Mrs. Brandley's house, and out of Mrs. Brandley's house, I suffered every kind and degree of torture that Estella could cause me. The nature of my relations with her, which placed me on terms of familiarity without placing me on terms of favor, conduced to my distraction. She made use of me to tease other admirers, and she turned the very familiarity between herself and me to the account of putting a constant slight on my devotion to her. If I had been her secretary, steward, half-brother, poor relation—if I had been a younger brother of her appointed husband—I could not have seemed to myself further from my hopes when I was nearest to her. The privilege of calling her by her name and hearing her call me by mine became, under the circumstances, an aggravation of my trials; and while I think it likely that it almost maddened her other lovers, I know too certainly that it almost maddened me.

She had admirers without end. No doubt my jealousy made an admirer of every one who went near her; but there were more than enough of them without that.

I saw her often at Richmond, I heard of her often in town, and I used often to take her and the Brandleys on the water; there were parties, fête days, plays, operas, concerts, parties—all sorts of pleasures, through which I pursued her—and they were all miseries to me. I never had one hour's happiness in her society, and yet my mind all round the four-and-twenty hours was harping on the happiness of having her with me unto death.

Throughout this part of our intercourse—and it lasted, as will presently be seen, for what I then thought a long time—she habitually reverted to that tone which expressed that our association was forced upon us. There were even times when she would come to a sudden check in this tone and in all her many tones, and would seem to pity me.

"Pip, Pip," she said, one evening, coming to such a check, when we sat apart at a darkening window of the house in Richmond, "will you never learn discretion?"

"Of what?"

"Of me."

"Would you not to be attracted by you, do you mean, Estella?"

"Do I mean! If you don't know what I mean you are duller indeed."

I should have reported that Love was commonly reputed blind, but for the reason that I always was entertained—and this was one of the least of my miseries—by a feeling that it was ungenerous to press myself upon her when she knew that I was not distasteful but dear to Miss Havisham. My dread always was that this knowledge on her part laid me under a heavy disadvantage with her pride, and made me the subject of a rebellious struggle in her bosom.

"At any rate," said I, "I have no warning given me just now, for you wrote to me to come to you this time."

"That's true," said Estella, with a cold, careless smile, that always chilled me.

After looking at the twilight without for a little while, she went on to say:

"The time has come round when Miss Havisham wishes to have me for a day at Satis. You are to take me there, and bring me back, if you will. She would rather I did not travel alone, and objects to receiving my maid, for she has a sensitive horror of being talked of by such people. Can you take me?"

"Can I take you, Estella!"

"You can, then? The day after to-morrow, if you please. You are to pay all charges out of my purse. You hear the condition of your going?"

"And must obey," said I.

This was all the preparation I received for that visit, or for others like it; Miss Havisham never wrote to me, nor had I ever so much as seen her handwriting. We went down on the next day but one, and we found her in the room where I had first beheld her, and it is needless to add that there was no change in Satis House.

She was even more dreadfully fond of Estella than she had been when I last saw them together; I repeat the word advisedly, for there was something positively dreadful in the energy of her looks and embraces. She hung upon Estella's beauty, hung upon her words, hung upon her gestures, and sat contemplating her own trembling fingers while she looked at her as though she were devouring the beautiful creature she had reared.

From Estella she looked at me, with a searching glance that seemed to pry into my heart and probe its wounds. "How does she use you, Pip —how does she use you?" she asked me again, with her witch-like eagerness, even in Estella's hearing. But when we sat by her flickering fire at night she was more weird; for then, keeping Estella's hand drawn through her arm and clutched in her own hand, she extorted from me, by dint of referring back to what Estella had told her in her regular letters, the names and conditions of the men whom she had fascinated; and as Miss Havisham dwelt upon the roll, with the intensity of a mind mortally hurt and diseased, she sat with her other hand on her crutch stick, and her chin on that, and her wan bright eyes glaring at me, a very spectre.

I saw in this, wretched though it made me, and bitter the sense of dependence and even of degradation that it awakened—I saw in this, that Estella was set to wreak Miss Havisham's revenge on men, and that she was not to be given to me until she had gratified it for a term. I saw in this, a reason for her being beforehand assigned to me. Sending her out to attract and torment and do mischief, Miss Havisham sent her with the malicious assurance that she was

"SHE CARRIED A BARE CANDLE IN HER HAND," ETC.

beyond the reach of all admirers, and that all who staked upon that game were secured to lose. I saw in this, that I, too, was tormented by a perversion of ingenuity, even while the prize was reserved for me. I saw in this, the reason for my being staved off so long, and the reason for my late guardian's declining to commit himself to the formal knowledge of such a scheme. In a word, I saw in this, Miss Havisham as I had her then and there before my eyes, and always had had her before my eyes; and I saw in this the distinct shadow of the darkened and unhealthy house in which her life was hidden from the sun.

The candles that lighted that room of hers were placed in sconces on the wall. They were high from the ground, and they burned with the steady dullness of artificial light in air that is seldom renewed. As I looked round at them, and at the pale gloom they made, and at the speechless clock, and at the withered articles of bridal dress upon the table and the ground, and at her own awful figure with its ghostly reflection thrown large by the fire into the ceiling and the wall, I saw in every thing the construction that my mind had come to repeated and thrown back to me. My thoughts passed into the room across the landing where the table was spread, and I saw it written, as it were, in the falls of the cobwebs from the centre-piece, in the crawlings of the spiders on the cloth, in the tracks of the mice as they betook their little quickened hearts behind the panels, and in the progress and gnawings of the beetles on the floor.

It happened on the occasion of this visit that some sharp words arose between Estella and Miss Havisham. It was the first time I had ever seen them opposed.

We were seated by the fire as just now described, and Miss Havisham still had Estella's arm drawn through her own, and still clutched Estella's hand in hers, when Estella gradually began, to detach herself. She had shown a proud impatience more than once before, and had rather endured that fierce affection than accepted or returned it.

"What!" said Miss Havisham, flashing her eyes upon her, "are you tired of me?"

"Only a little tired of myself," replied Estella, disengaging her arm, and moving to the great chimney-piece, where she stood looking down at the fire.

"Speak the truth, you ingrate!" cried Miss Havisham, passionately striking her stick upon the floor; "you are tired of me."

Estella looked at her with perfect composure, and again looked down at the fire. Her graceful figure and her beautiful face expressed a selfpossessed indifference to the wild heat of the other that was almost cruel.

"You stock and stone!" exclaimed Miss Havisham. "You cold, cold heart!"

"What?" said Estella, preserving her attitude of indifference as she leaned against the great chimney-piece and only moving her eyes; "do you reproach me for being cold? You?"

"Are you not?" was the fierce retort.

"You should know," said Estella, "I am what you have made me. Take all the praise, take all the blame; take all the success, take all the failure: in short, take me."

"Oh, look at her, look at her!" cried Miss Havisham, bitterly. "Look at her, so hard and thankless, on the hearth where she was reared! Where I took her into this wretched breast when it was first bleeding from its stabs, and where I have lavished years of tenderness upon her!"

"At least I was no part to the compact," said Estella, "for if I could walk and speak when it was made it was as much as I could do. But what would you have? You have been very good to me, and I owe every thing to you. What would you have?"

"Love," replied the other.

"You have it."

"I have not," said Miss Havisham.

"Mother by adoption," retorted Estella, never departing from the easy grace of her attitude, never raising her voice as the other did, never yielding either to anger or tenderness—"Mother by adoption, I have said that I owe every thing to you. All I possess is freely yours. All that you have given me is at your command to have again. Beyond that I have nothing. And if you ask me to give you what you never gave me, my gratitude and duty can not do impossibilities."

"Did I never give her love?" cried Miss Havisham, turning wildly to me. "Did I never give her a burning love, inseparable from jealousy at all times, and from sharp pain, while she spoke of thus to me! Let her call me mad, let her call me mad!"

"Why should I call you mad," returned Estella, "I, of all people? Does any one live who knows what set purposes you have, half as well as I do? Does any one live who knows what a steady monotony you have, half as well as I do? I, who have sat on this same hearth on the little stool that is even now beside you there, learning your lessons and looking up into your face, when your face was strange and frightened me!"

"Soon forgotten!" moaned Miss Havisham. "Times soon forgotten!" ✶

"No, not forgotten," retorted Estella. "Not forgotten, but treasured up in my memory. When have you found me false to your teaching? When have you found me unmindful of your lessons? When have you found me giving admission here"—she touched her bosom with her hand—"to any thing that you excluded? Be just to me."

"So proud, so proud!" moaned Miss Havisham, pushing away her gray hair with both her hands.

"Who taught me to be proud?" returned Estella. "Who praised me when I learned my lesson?"

"So hard, so hard!" moaned Miss Havisham, with her former action.

"Who taught me to be hard?" returned Estella. "Who praised me when I learned my lesson?"

"But to be proud and hard to *me!*" Miss Havisham quite shrieked, as she stretched out her arms. "Estella, Estella, Estella, to be proud and hard to *me!*"

Estella looked at her for a moment with a kind of calm wonder, but was not otherwise disturbed; when the moment was past she looked down at the fire again.

"I can not think," said Estella, raising her eyes after a pause, "why you should be so unreasonable when I come to see you after a separation. I have never forgotten your wrongs and your cause. I have never been unfaithful to you or your schooling. I have never shown any weakness that I can charge myself with."

"Would it be weakness to return my love?" exclaimed Miss Havisham. "But yes, yes, she would call it so!"

"I begin to think," said Estella, in a musing way, after another moment of calm wonder, "that I almost understand how this comes about. If you had brought up your adopted daughter wholly in the dark confinement of these rooms, and had never let her know that there was such a thing as the daylight by which the heart of every other girl newer face—if you had done that, and then, for a purpose had wanted her to understand the daylight, and know all about it, you would have been disappointed and angry?"

Miss Havisham, with her head in her hands, sat making a low moaning, and swaying herself on her chair, but gave no answer.

"Or," said Estella—"which is a nearer case —if you had taught her, from the dawn of her intelligence, with your utmost energy and might, that there was such a thing as daylight, but that it was made to be her enemy and destroyer, and she must always turn against it, for it had blighted you and would else blight her; if you had done this, and then, for a purpose, had wanted her to take naturally to the daylight, and she could not do it, you would have been disappointed and angry?"

Miss Havisham sat listening (or it seemed so, for I could not see her face), but still made no answer.

"So," said Estella, "I must be taken as I have been made. The success is not mine, the failure is not mine, but the two together are me."

Miss Havisham had settled down, I hardly knew how, upon the floor, among the faded bridal relics with which it was strewn. I took advantage of the moment—I had sought one from the first—to leave the room after beseeching Estella's attention to her, with a movement of my hand. When I left, Estella was yet standing by the great chimney-piece, just as she had stood throughout. Miss Havisham's gray hair was all adrift upon the ground, among the other bridal wrecks, and was a miserable sight to see. It was with a depressed heart that I walked in the starlight for an hour and more, about the court-yard, and about the brewery, and about the ruined garden. When I at last took courage to return to the room, I found Estella sitting at Miss Havisham's knee, taking up some stitches in one of those old articles of dress that were dropping to pieces, and of which I have often been reminded since by the faded tatters of old banners that I have seen hanging up in cathedrals. Afterward, Estella and I played cards, as of yore—only we were skilful now, and played For Love—and so the evening wore away, and I went to bed.

I lay in that separate building across the court-yard. It was the first time I had ever lain down to rest in Satis House, and sleep refused to come near me. A million of Miss Havishams haunted me. Every one of them laid a leaden pillow, on that, as the head of the bed, at the foot, behind the half-opened door of the dressing-room, in the dressing-room, in the room overhead, in the room beneath—in every where. At last, when the night was slow to creep on toward two o'clock, I felt that I absolutely could no longer bear the place, and was a most unearthly object by its light. Standing at the bottom of the staircase, I felt the mildewed air of the room I occupied, without seeing that open the door, and I heard her walking there, and so across into her own room, and so across again into that room, without pause. After a time, I tried in the dark both to get out, and to go back, but I could do neither until some streaks of day strayed in and revealed to where to lay my hands. During the whole interval, whenever I went to the bottom of the staircase, I heard her footsteps, saw her light pass above, and heard her cease to move.

Before we left next day, there was no revival of the difference between her and Estella, nor was it ever renewed on any similar occasion; and there were four similar occasions, to the best of my remembrance. Nor did Miss Havisham's manner toward Estella in anywise change, except that I believed it to have something like fear infused among its former characteristics.

It is impossible to turn this leaf of my life without putting Bentley Drummle's name upon it; or I would, very gladly.

On a certain occasion when the Finches were assembled in force, and when good feeling was being promoted in the usual manner by nobody's agreeing with any body else, the presiding Finch called the Grove to order, forasmuch as Mr. Drummle had not yet toasted a lady; which, according to the solemn constitution of the society, it was the brute's turn to do that day. I thought I saw him leer in an ugly way at me while the decanters were going round, but as there was no love lost between us, that might easily be. What was my indignant surprise when he called upon the company to pledge him to "Estella!"

"Estella who?" said I.

"Never you mind," retorted Drummle.

"Estella of where?" said I. "You are bound to say of where." Which he was, as a Finch.

"Of course, gentlemen," said Drummle, putting me out of the question, "and a peerless beauty."

Much he knew about peerless beauties, a mean miserable idiot! I whispered Herbert.

"I know that lady," said Herbert, across the table, when the toast had been honored.

"*Do you?*" said Drummle.

"And so do I," I added, with a scarlet face.

"*Do you?*" said Drummle. "*Oh, Lord!*"

This was the only retort — except glass or crockery — that the heavy creature was capable of making; but it came so lightly invested by it as if it had been barbed with wit, and I immediately rose in my place and said that I could not but express how much I felt honored by Drummle Finch's impudence to come down to that Grove — we always talked about coming down to that Grove, as a most Parliamentary turn of expression — down to that Grove, proposing a lady of whom he knew nothing. Mr. Drummle upon this, starting up, demanded what I meant by that? Whereupon, I made him the extreme reply that I believed he knew where I was to be found.

Whether it was possible in a Christian country to get on without blood, after this, was a question on which the Finches were divided. The debate upon it grew so lively indeed, that at least six more honorable members took six more, during the discussion, that they believed *they* knew where *they* were to be found. However, it was decided at last (the Grove being a Court of Honor), that if Mr. Drummle would bring never so slight a certificate from the lady, importing that he had the honor of her acquaintance, Mr. Pip must express his regret, as a gentleman and a Finch, for "having been betrayed into a warmth which." Next day was appointed for the production (let our honor should take cold from delay) and next day Drummle appeared with a polite little avowal in Estella's hand, that she had had the honor of dancing with his amiable friend Mr. Pip, and that she remembered him with pleasure. This left me no course but to regret that I had been "betrayed into a warmth which," and on the whole to repudiate, as untrustworthy, the words I was to be found any where. Drummle and I then sat snorting at one another for an hour, while the Grove engaged in subsidiary contradiction, and finally the promotion of good feeling was declared to have gone ahead at an amazing rate.

I tell this lightly, but it was no light thing to me. For I can not adequately express what pain it gave me to think that Estella should show any favor to a contemptible, clumsy, sulky booby, so very far beneath her notice. To the present moment, I believe it to have been referable to some pure fire of generosity and disinterestedness in my love for her that I could not endure the thought of her stooping to that hound. No doubt I should have been miserable whomsoever she had favored; but a worthier object would have caused me a different kind and degree of distress.

It was easy for me to find out, and I did soon find out, that Drummle had begun to follow her closely, and that she allowed him to do it. A little while ago, and I should have been maddened by jealousy, and have gone straight to her, and he and I crossed one another every day. He held on, in a dull persistent way, and Estella held him as with each encouragement, now with discouragement, now almost flattering him, now openly despising him, now knowing him very well, now scarcely remembering who he was.

The Spider, as Mr. Jaggers had called him, was used to his web, however, and had the patience of his tribe. Added to that, he had a blockhead confidence in his money and in his family pretensions, which sometimes did him good service — almost taking the place of concentration and determined purpose. So the Spider, doggedly watching Estella, outwatched many brighter insects, and would often uncoil himself and drop at the right nick of time.

At a certain Assembly Ball at Richmond (there used to be Assembly Balls at most places then), where Estella had outshone all other beauties, this blundering Drummle so hung about her, and with so much toleration on her part, that I resolved to speak to her concerning him. I took the next opportunity which was when she was waiting for Mrs. Brandley to take her home, and was sitting apart among some flowers, ready to go. I was with her, for I almost always accompanied them to and from such places.

"Are you tired, Estella?"

"Rather, Pip."

"You look so."

"Say rather, I should not be; for I have my letter to Satis House to write before I go to sleep."

"Recounting to-night's triumph?" said I. "Surely it's a very poor one, Estella."

"What do you mean? I didn't know there had been any."

"Estella," said I, "do look at that fellow in the corner yonder, who is looking over here at us."

"Why should I look at him?" returned Estella, with her eyes on me instead. "What is there in that fellow in the corner yonder — to use your words — that I need look at?"

"Indeed, that is the very question I want to ask you," said I. "For he has been hovering about you all night."

"Moths, and all sorts of ugly creatures," replied Estella, with a glance toward him, "hover about a lighted candle. Can the candle help it?"

"No," I returned; "but can not the Estella help it?"

"Well!" said she, laughing, after a moment, "perhaps. Yes. Any thing you like."

"But, Estella, do hear me speak. It makes me wretched that you should encourage a man so generally despised. You know that he is despised."

"Well?" said she.

"You know that he is as ungainly within as without. A deficient, ill-tempered, lowering, stupid fellow."

"Well?" said she.

"You know that he has nothing to recommend him but money, and a ridiculous roll of addle-headed predecessors; now, don't you?"

"Well? said she again; and each time she said it, she opened her lovely eyes the wider.

To overcome the difficulty of getting past that monosyllable, I took it from her, and said, repeating it with regret, "Well! Then, that is why it makes me wretched."

Now if I could have believed that she favored Drummle with any idea of making me unhappy, wretched, I should have been in better heart about it; but in that habitual way of hers, she put me so entirely out of the question that I could believe nothing of the kind.

"Pip," said Estella, casting her glances over the room, "I don't see Bentley in the office on you. It may have its effect on others, and may be meant to have. It's not worth discussing."

"Yes it is," I returned, "since I can not bear that people should say, 'she throws away her graces and attractions on a mere boor, the lowest in the crowd.'"

"I can bear it," said Estella.

"Oh! don't be so proud, Estella, and so inflexible."

"Calls me proud and inflexible in this breath!" said Estella, opening her hands. "And in his last breath reproached me for stooping to a boor!"

"There is no doubt you do," said I, something hurriedly, "for I have seen you give him looks and smiles this very night such as you never give to—me."

"Do you want me, then," said Estella, turning suddenly and looking me full in the face, "do you cry, look, 'to deceive and entrap you?'"

"Do you deceive and entrap him, Estella?"

"Yes, and numbers more. Come! Is not anybody, look, 'to deceive and entrap you?'"

And now that I have given the one chapter to the theme that so filled my heart, and so often made it ache and ache again, I pass on, unhastened, to the event which brought me nearest to my home.

Estella's intercourse with Drummle went on longer yet; the event that had begun to be prepared for, before I knew that the world held Estella, and it was consummated. Mr. Jaggers gave me a receiving its first distortions from Miss Havisham's wasting hands.

In the Eastern story, the heavy slab that was to fall on the bed of the bride in the flush of conquest was slowly wrought out of the quarry, the tunnel for the rope to hold it in its place was slowly carried through a hill of rock, the fall slab was slowly raised and fitted in the roof, the rope was rove to it and slowly taken through the miles of hollow to the grated door in the air. Being made ready with much labor, and the hour come, the sultan was aroused in the dead of the night, and the sharpened axe that was to sever the rope from the great iron ring was put into his hand, and he struck with it, and the rope parted and rushed away, and the ceiling fell. So, in my case; all the work, near and afar, that tended to the end, had been accomplished; and in an instant the blow was struck, and the roof of my stronghold dropped upon me.

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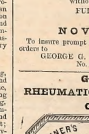

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A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION

VOL. V.—No. 228.] NEW YORK, SATURDAY, MAY 11, 1861. [SINGLE COPIES SIX CENTS. $2 50 PER YEAR IN ADVANCE.

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the Year 1861, by Harper & Brothers, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Southern District of New York.

COLONEL ELLSWORTH, OF THE FIRE ZOUAVES.

We publish above, from a recent photograph, a portrait of COLONEL ELLSWORTH, the commander of the Fire Zouaves of this city. Colonel Ellsworth's face and gallant bearing are well known to most of our citizens, and they will be glad to meet him once more in our pages.

The Colonel is quite a young man, being only about twenty-seven years of age. He is a native of New England, and studied for a time at West Point, acquiring the usual proficiency in the manual of military exercise and the use of arms.

Some years ago he removed to Chicago, Illinois, and settled there. His love for military pursuits still endured, and conceiving—shortly after the Crimean war—a decided opinion that the Zouave tactics were more practically efficient than those of our ordinary light infantry, he set to work to raise a corps of Zouaves in Chicago. Some forty or fifty young men joined his company, and he devoted himself to drilling them. In the course of a year or so, they arrived at such a pitch of perfection both in the light-infantry drill and in the Zouave tactics, that many of their friends were anxious that they should visit the East to show what Chicago could do. Accordingly, in July, 1860, they left Chicago on a pleasure tour.

On 14th July they arrived in this city, after a triumphant progress through the Western States. At that time the Zouave drill was new to most of us. The fantastic dress of our visitors, their strange evolutions, and the masterly precision of their drill, attracted general attention not only among military men, but among the public at large. All the Colonels of our crack city regiments attended their exhibitions, and studied Colonel Ellsworth's manœuvres, and at last, so great was the desire of our ladies to witness the Chicago boys, that an exhibition was given for them in the Academy of Music which was crammed by the élite of society. Colonel Ellsworth may safely be described as the Father of the Zouave drill in the United States. At the present time, there are several thousand well-drilled Zouaves in the North and West.

On his return home, the young Colonel was of course much féted by his fellow-citizens, and new Zouave Companies were formed on the model of his.

Among other persons who paid him marked attention was Mr. Lincoln, then merely a candidate for the Presidency. After the election Mr. Lincoln signified his intention of attaching Colonel Ellsworth to his person; and when, in February last, he departed on his journey to Washington, Colonel Ellsworth was invited to form one of his escort. He was, the reporters tell us, one of the most useful of the party, ever watchful of Mr. Lincoln's person, and always in good temper and ready for any thing that could render the journey pleasant.

It was generally supposed that Colonel Ellsworth would be placed in a prominent position in the War Department under MR. LINCOLN. It is understood that his claims were urged by General Sumner, and that some post—perhaps the Chief Clerkship—was mentioned in connection with his name. It is not likely, however, that he sought any such inglorious berth. On the outbreak of the war he sought active service. And having had an opportunity of judging what excellent material for soldiers was contained in the New York Fire Department, he bethought himself of forming out of them a Zouave Regiment.

The idea was a happy one. Our firemen, brave as steel, would be restive under the stiff restraints of light infantry tactics, whereas the comparative freedom and dash of the Zouave drill suit them exactly. In the course of a couple of days over a thousand firemen volunteered. Some ten companies were accepted, the regiment was formed, and sent to Fort Hamilton for drill. They have since left for Washington, and, whatever happens, will doubtless give a good account of themselves.

COLONEL WILSON.

COLONEL WILLIAM WILSON, of the "Wilson Zouaves," whose portrait we give on this page, is a well-known character in New York. He has long been famous as a leader of the Mozart Democracy, having joined Fernando Wood in his famous bolt from Tammany Hall. A doughty chief of the "roughs," Mr. Wilson has figured prominently in almost every mêlée of our turbulent city Democracy, and is justly feared even by the strongest and boldest of the "b'hoys." In his youth he was a prize-fighter, and made a name for himself in the ring. A few years since he became Alderman of the First Ward, and was an active member of the Board. Since his retirement from the City Council he has not filled any public station.

When the city of New York was thrilled by the news that Baltimore refused passage to Northern troops marching to the defense of Washington, and had even attacked and driven back a body of unarmed Pennsylvanians, Colonel Wilson instantly announced that he would form a corps of "roughs" to march through Baltimore. All the "b'hoys" flocked to his standard, and in two or three days nearly two thousand men offered their services.

They were offered no holiday work. "Boys!" said Wilson, to a party of thirty young men who volunteered, "you want to come with me, eh! Well, if you do, three-fourths of you will be in your graves in three weeks!"

"Bravo! good! good!" was the unanimous reply. "We'll go with you!"

They are all of this stamp.

Colonel Wilson and his men are encamped on Staten Island, preparing for their march through Baltimore.

COLONEL WILSON, OF WILSON'S BRIGADE.—[PHOTOGRAPHED BY BRADY.]

PUBLISHERS' NOTICE.

THE proprietors of *Harper's Weekly* beg to inform the public that they have dispatched an artist to the SOUTH, in company with Mr. RUSSELL, the correspondent of the London *Times*. Another of their special artists is traveling with the SEVENTH REGIMENT; a third is now in BALTIMORE; and a fourth is with the *Southern Army* in VIRGINIA. They are making other important changes in *Harper's Weekly*, involving considerable expense. The present number contains many spirited PICTURES than any heretofore issued; succeeding numbers will be still richer in illustrations. These improvements, it is believed, will render *Harper's Weekly* the BEST ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER IN THE WORLD.

In consequence of the additional expense which they will involve, the proprietors beg to announce that the price of *Harper's Weekly* is raised from FIVE to SIX CENTS for single copies. The subscription price remains the same. The advertisement of terms, etc., will be found on page 303.

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

SATURDAY, MAY 11, 1861.

A FEW FIGURES.

AT the time we write it seems likely that the Border Slave States, with the exception of Delaware and Maryland, will make common cause with the rebels against the United States Government. There is much talk about "neutrality" in Kentucky, Missouri, and Tennessee. In this case "neutrality" means a covert alliance with rebels, and treasonable willingness to supply them with aid and comfort. The Government will regard such "neutrals" as enemies, and will deal with them accordingly. If Maryland aspires to a similar position of neutrality; but geographical necessity will compel the Government to lay hands on her at the outset of the war, and it is therefore not worth while to estimate her among the parties to the conflict. Delaware alone, of the Border Slave States, evinces loyalty to the Union.

The war which has now begun will therefore be waged by the Free States, on one side, against thirteen Slave States on the other, to wit: Virginia, North and South Carolina, Georgia, Florida, Alabama, Mississippi, Louisiana, Texas, Arkansas, Tennessee, Kentucky, and Missouri.

The population of the Free States, by the census of 1860, amounted to 18,950,759; the free population of the thirteen rebellious States to 7,037,395—considerably less than half that of their opponents.

In the Free States every man able to bear arms is at the service of the Government. In the rebellious States a certain number of men are required at home to keep in subjection 3,912,406 slaves. By a law of Louisiana planters are obliged to keep on their plantations a sufficient force of white men to resist a negro insurrection. Custom renders the same practice imperative in the other Slave States. Thus, from the 7,037,395 whites of the rebellious States must be deducted a large body of adult males, who are required at home to defend the women and children from the negroes. It is with the balance only that the Government will have to deal.

In modern warfare, however, success is won not so much by numbers as by money. The longest purse, in the long-run, infallibly wins the day. The comparative wealth of the two sections thus becomes a matter of the highest moment. In the Banks of the Slave States now constituting the Southern Confederacy, there is at present about $20,000,000 in specie; in the Banks of the Border States about $5,000,000 more. With the exception of the Banks of New Orleans, all the Banks of the Gulf States, of North Carolina, and of Virginia, and many of those of Tennessee and Kentucky, are insolvent, have suspended specie payments, and issue notes which are uncurrent except at an enormous discount. In the three cities of New York, Philadelphia, and Boston, the Banks hold about $51,000,000 in specie, and the sub-treasuries and mint about $15,000,000 more. Notes of Western Banks, secured by deposits of Slave State stocks are greatly depreciated. But the currency of Pennsylvania, New York, and New England is at par. It is now well known that the attempt to negotiate $5,000,000 of Confederate Bonds, ten days ago, was a failure, notwithstanding the terrorism exercised by the rebel press. When our Government asked for $8,000,000, $24,000,000 were offered, notwithstanding the opposition of leading newspapers. The Southern Savings Banks contain so little money that the amount is not worth recording in statistical reports: in New England, New York, and Pennsylvania, the working-classes have deposited some $130,000,000 in Savings Banks. The Government of the United States can borrow, without difficulty, and at a moderate rate of interest, a hundred millions a year at New York for two or three years, if so much be required to suppress the rebellion: the rebel Government can not borrow ten millions at home, or ten cents abroad. If, therefore, money be the sinew of war, as historians assure us, a very brief campaign must settle the question in favor of the North.

Mechanical appliances are as essential in war as men and money. In these the pre-eminence of the North is unquestionable. The Southern States are a purely agricultural region. Mechanical arts can not thrive side by side with slavery. There is a foundery at Richmond, Virginia, at which guns and shot for naval war are manufactured, and there are one or two other small shops in other Southern States where Northern mechanics make a few guns. But, with sparse exceptions, every pistol, rifle, musket, cannon, bayonet, sword, and bowie-knife, and every pound of powder, every box of caps, every cartridge, every shell, every fuse, and every bullet or ball that is used by the Southern troops was made at the North, and can not be replaced at the South. From the hour the United States occupy the Mississippi foundries and blacksmith shops, the ports, the supply of arms to the rebels will be stopped. Every cartridge burned after that time will be an irreclaimable loss. For there is not any state that foundries will be established at the South. Slaveholders dare not. The most magnificent pasture-lands in America are untilled because the Southern whites dare not trust their slaves with scythes to mow hay; much less could they suffer armories and factories to be established where negroes might obtain powder, ball, and edged tools. It is obvious, on the other hand, the prospect is that every adult male will, in the course of a few weeks, be supplied with the most perfect weapons of modern warfare, and that the highest efforts of mechanical art and modern engineering talent will be at the service of the Government.

Again, in wars between regions which have both a large coast surface, much depends on the respective tonnage of the belligerents. In this respect the power of the Government is to the power of the rebels as four to one. Where they have a thousand tons the Government has four hundred thousand. All the great steamships and clipper vessels, all the fast yachts, and the bulk of the ocean steamers and propellers are owned at the North. New York alone can fit out, in thirty days, a fleet sufficient to capture every Southern vessel and blockade every Southern port. Mr. Jefferson Davis committed a sad blunder in organizing a system of privateering. He may tempt half a dozen pirates to seize a few of our mercantile ships. But he has essentially rendered ultimate extirpation of Southern vessels from the face of the deep. In six months from this time there will not be a craft afloat that will dare to hoist within any port south of the capes of the Delaware.

What, then, can the South hope from this absurd rebellion?

THE LOUNGER.

NO TRUCE WITH TRAITORS.

THERE are idle reports in the papers from time to time that Mr. Pierce, of Concord, or some other notable person, has been invited by Mr. Jefferson Davis to act as mediator between the Government and the rebels. Then that Secretary Cameron has proposed an armistice of sixty days. Then that Lord Lyons is going to mediate. Why not say at once that Jeff Davis has proposed to the President of the United States that if he will cease to hold the rebels in subjection, he will let him off with perpetual exile from the country?

The Government of this country was slow, and properly slow, to credit its unquestionable authority to force of arms. It endured more than any Government among civilized men ever endured before. It looked on as the rebels built batteries to batter down the forts of the people of this country. It looked on patiently while the hospitals, navy-yards, and ships of the United States were basely mutated as cravens by its foes—it was almost suspected as incompetent by its friends—and laughed at, yet treated with contempt. But the first shot from Sumter loomed across the land: its echo was an appeal from the Government to the people whose majesty it represented, and the response was the marvelous unanimity of the vast population of the Free States.

They have taken up their arms—they have kissed wife and child—they have bent under the blessing of parents—and they are not men who will parley or deliberate parleying with traitors. Indeed peace; obedient to law; patient of injuries while still legal redress is open; they are the last men in the world to be trifled with when once aroused, they are the very last men in the world to lay them down until every jot and tittle of the dispute has been finally adjusted.

No truce with traitors is their watchword; but laying down of arms by rebels—total dispossession or expulsion of English-like evidences of future quarrel—is their demand. No truce with traitors until the last spark of this treason, which has united our politics for twenty years and more, is utterly trampled out. No truce with traitors until the American flag floats over every inch of our soil, the unquestioned guarantee to every citizen of every right secured by the Constitution.

Whoever offers to treat with armed rebels is himself no loyal man. This profound and bitter struggle was none of our seeking; but by all the precious blood that has flowed and shall yet flow, it shall not end until all the wrongs which peaceful and decent citizens of the Free States have patiently and silently endured for years are thoroughly redressed. Because they believed in their Government and meant to right all wrongs by its lawful operation, the sons of the men who fought the Revolution have been spit upon as sneaking Yankee peddlers and cowardly tinkers whose noses might be pulled at pleasure. Believing still in that Government they have endured these insults for its maintenance. At last the great north wind is rising that shall purge our air of these sickly Southern vapors. At last, at last, the majesty of that flag shall be vindicated, and all that its bright stars mean shall be read in the regeneration of the nation. Through that blackest cloud the wolf will on toward morning. No truce with traitors until the spirit of treason is annihilated.

WHAT IS THE ISSUE?

A RECENT number of *Once a Week* has a summary of foreign news, and it remarks: "There is a revolution in America, involving impracticable tariffs and a question of a dearth of cotton."

England has always a magnificent ignorance of America and American affairs, but this is peculiarly dense even for England. It is like the journals of a century ago speaking of the Revolution as a trouble about a tea-tax. But patience, patience; England will learn in time that this is a very vital and a very simple struggle. It is only a question of rebellion. There is an effort making to change the government of the United States into a military despotism. If it succeeds, it will be a revolution like one which should change the English system into one of Russian absolutism.

The people of the United States last November constitutionally expressed their will. A faction refused to submit to it. Because the political sympathy in other parts of the country would negatively if not positively support its resistance. And it formed what is called a Government and took up arms. That moment the passive sympathy it had elsewhere had deserted it, and the rebellion found itself face to face with a vast people armed to maintain the supremacy of the Government they had constitutionally elected. Many of them had been bitterly opposed to the policy of the actual administration of that Government, but in defending their rights those people only maintain their own majesty in the person of a constitutional President.

"Impracticable tariffs" have as much to do with the struggle as they have with Garibaldi's war in Italy. The rebellion is an unfortunate complication before the final aspect of the treason. It has flowered out now into a formidable rebellion. Aaron Burr dreamed of Jeff Davis nets. His future is success, a baluter, or exile. He is Wat Tyler, nothing more; and if *Once a Week* represents that class of the English people it can easily understand our struggle. The issue is Government or Anarchy, Mexico or America. And the result will be America.

GENERAL SCOTT.

IN our natural eagerness to have every thing done at once we have forgotten, during the last two or three weeks, that at the head of the military movement in the country there is one of the most successful and accomplished soldiers of the age. The weight of years seems to tear lightly upon him. His letter to Floyd last autumn, before Floyd was so entirely exposed as he soon afterward became, showed that General Scott's faculties were untouched by time, while his management of matters in Virginia before and during the inauguration was certainly masterly. Of course every body must feel that it is to Scott that we owe the safety of the capital to the present moment.

On the day of the great meeting in New York a panic of apprehension fell upon the public mind, and the most incredible stories were told. Then this General Scott was the calmest man in the country, because no one could know so well as he the exact extent of the danger to be seriously apprehended. The Secretary of War would have risked was a battle with Jeff Davis before he was fully prepared. Scott has fifty years of illustrious service behind him. As the old Shakespeare knew:

"The painful warrior, famoused for fight,
After a thousand victories, once foiled,
Is from the book of honor razed quite,
And all the rest forgot for which he toiled."

He knows also that the deadly hate which Jeff Davis bears him could have no severer satisfaction than his final overthrow in wrestling.

Had Scott, therefore, seriously supposed that there was danger of an overwhelming or even doubtful attack upon Washington before he felt himself strong enough to meet it, he would have advised the destruction of the city and retirement within the lines of the free States of the offices and archives of the Government.

When the story was told that the command of the rebel army had been offered to Scott, it was necessary to forget two things before giving it even an attentive ear. The first was that Scott's glory is dear to the life of the country. To betray it was to damn himself to inappeasable infamy, and no one knew it so well as he. The second was that the ringleader of the rebellion is Jeff Davis.

The result, thus far, has shown how wary the old soldier has been. He has had his eye and hand upon the two chief points, Washington and Cairo. Of course we all want to direct the campaign, but General Scott probably knows almost as much about it as we do.

MAY.

WHILE the land hums with gathering armies the splendor of the spring unfolds itself, and leaves and blossom and soft sunny airs woo the mind away from the defiled images of war.

This memorable spring has been very late, as if aghast at the terrible preparations that are every where making. The delicate hands that are wont at this season to be pushing aside moist dead leaves for yellow violets and the early anemone are cutting bandages and scraping lint, while the tears fall quietly in the sad wonder for whose wounds they are making ready.

Yet while the sweet-breathed spring confirms our faith in the tender and beneficent Providence that shelters and sees and heals, and heals by nearness and music, let us not forget that this vast and swift movement of the people proves to us the same kind Providence in another way; for it shows us how faithful we still are to great principles.

The leaders of the rebellion secretly believed that the people of the United States were so thoroughly demoralized that they would accept any yoke rather than risk their lives or the interests of trade in the defense of their own Government. Not let any man wonder at this monstrous infatuation. The system by which the rebellion has been bred, and under which it has been long secretly fostered, is one of utter demoralization. It is the most absolute and intolerant of despotisms. It makes one class of men brutally abject, and the others insanely insolent. It is incompatible with Christian civilization. There may be, there doubtless are, shining exceptions, but a system is to be measured by its general influence. The trouble in this country has always proceeded from one section of the country and from one cause. The evil question which has now culminated in open and desperate rebellion are those which grow and rankly flourish only in an atmosphere of injustice.

The issue is before—the immediate future is dim; but did any spring ever steal over the land so full of the best promise for the world—as this? The rose of liberty and unbounding treasure symbols of flowers that shall not fade, of fruit that shall be immortal, which our children's children shall eat in plenty and peace.

OUR OWN.

HARPER'S WEEKLY has dispatched an artist for the benefit of its friends with Mr. Russell, who is to write letters about the war for the London *Times*. The correspondent of the *Times* has come for some time receiving the hospitalities of that cheerful city. Now the condition of that kind of hospitality is, that you shall say that every thing you see and hear is the most charming thing in the world; that civilization is unknown except in that and those old regions; and if you have a humor, dimly suspect, not what the host thinks, but what you think, of what you observe around you, you are an ungrateful scoundrel—a betrayer of hospitality, a viper warmed in the bosom, and then stinging it.

If Mr. W. H. Russell should happen to write for the London *Times* that he does not think every thing he sees is the best possible thing, he will be hustled out of the hospitable region. If he were an American he would be lucky to get off so easily—if he remembers that necessarily every thing unpleasant will be kept out of his sight—and if his natural prejudices for a strong monarchical government leave his judgment unwarped, he will be of great service to the cause of civilization and human rights in this crisis by simply describing what he sees and saying what he thinks.

The Mr. Gregory who moves in the British Parliament to recognize the rebellion, and the rebellious citizens of this country, is a young Oxford man who believes fully in the divine rights of kings and the aristocracy, and who believes that the aristocratic element in our society strongest in the Slave States, sympathizes most with them; believing that successful rebellion would secure a monarchical government to the country. He is quite right. It would do so unhesitatingly. For the rebellion is only a huge effort to overthrow a free popular government and erect a military despotism upon its ruins.

Mr. Russell may or may not see this. He may or may not say it. But if he writes to the London *Times* that the original crack in our political edifice is about having organized and the building made permanently rebellion and treason proof, he will be writing history.

A WORD OF RETROSPECTION.

EVENTS pass so rapidly in these eager days that it is hard to recur to the facts of a fortnight ago. But as we approach the end of the month we ought to pause a moment and reflect a little upon our judgments as we go.

In instance, there was the letter of the Secretary of State to the Governor of Maryland. It produced an outburst of fury among the marshaling hosts of the free States. There was to be no parley with a traitor? was the instinctive question of Tom, Dick, and Harry. Yes, he did; and so would you in the same circumstances. The Secretary's hand in the matter thrust you would parley, and temporize, and delay all you could.

What were the circumstances? The Capital of the United States and the persons of the Cabinet were felt every where to be in imminent peril. Virginia on one side and Maryland on the other were in a blaze of rebellion. Communication with the loyal States was cut off. The Government was forty miles and more within the lines of the rebellion. It had summoned the loyal States, but

it could not know that they were coming. It only knew that Virginia and Maryland swarmed with traitors. A new line of railroads were destroyed and bridges burned, and the chronically riotous city of Baltimore was mad with a rebellious riot. It knew and expected that at any moment a horde of rebels might descend upon it, and that their coming would not be unwelcome to many, if not a majority, of the population of the city.

It was under these circumstances that the Secretary wrote to the Governor, and spoke him fair. The position was a very humble one. It was not exactly a moment for bragging or defying. If he could have known what we know, he might not have sylvilated so civil a reply. If he had had an army of thirty thousand men about him, do you suppose he would have been so gingerly gracious? It was not a time for reply. It was not the kind of answer that a commodore makes upon the deck of his ship, or a commander standing by his flag in extremity. Yet it does not deserve the wholesale censure and contempt which have been cast upon it. Remember that the Secretary until lately was inclined to believe and say with Dalyer's Richie Ben,

"Put away your sword, you
States can't succeed without it."

He has now learned that these States, at least, can not be saved without it.

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

ROYCE CORYDON.—Asched-boy having good-naturedly helped another boy to polish cigarbing knives, was decply questioned by the Dominie, "Why did you work his beam?"—"Do 'cause he's a poor work," replied the youngster.

In the Paris Court of Correctional Police, recently, a lady, by no means young, advanced coquettishly to the witness-stand to give his testimony. "What is your name?"—"Virginie Lestatat."—"What is your age?"—"Twenty-five."—Exclamation of incredulity from the audience. The lady's evidence being taken, she regained her place, still coquettishly bridling, and the next witness was introduced. He was a full-grown young man. "Your name?" said the judge.—"Isidore Lestatat."—"Your age?"—"Twenty-seven years."—"Are you a relative of the last witness?"—"I am her son."—"Ah, well!" murmured the magistrate, "your mother must have married very young."

DR. PARR AY WISDOM.—Dr. Parr had a high opinion of his own skill as a wheel, and could not even patiently listen to the want of it in his partner. Being engaged with a party in which he was unusually melancholy, and the next witness by a lady how the fortune of the cause turned, when he replied, "Pretty well, Madam, considering that I have three observations."

"Father," said a lady of the new school to her indulgent spouse, as he resumed his pipe after supper one evening, "you must buy our dear Georgiana an English grammar and spelling-book to help her through her French, Latin, and Greek; music, drawing, and dancing, and now she must commence her English studies."

AN ANCIENT OF GENTLE BLOOD.—At a time when Curran was called before his colleagues for wearing a dirty shirt, "I pleaded," said Curran, "inability to wear a clean one, and then the history of poor Lord Avonmore, who was at that time the plain, untitled, struggling Barry Yelverton. 'I will, my mother,' said Barry, 'I have eleven shirts.'—Eleven, Barry? why eleven?'—Because, mother, I am of opinion that a gentleman, to be comfortable, ought to have eleven shirts.' Poor Barry had but one, and I made the precedent my justification."

"In what company is your life insured, Sir?" asked a sprightly young miss.

"In the Hope," said he.

"I prefer the Alliance," said she, blushing.

"Then we'll make a joint-stock operation, if you choose," said the sighing lover at her feet.

Pleasant enough was the magnanimity of the person who, being reproached with not having avenged himself for a certain thing, said, "Sir, I never meddle with what passes behind my back."

THE COCK AND THE OWL.—(A FABLE FOR THE TIMES.)

AN Irishman living in Ohio once challenged a Western man to fight roosters. The birds were brought out, and Pat's was pretty soon knocked off his pins. The Irishman concluded that his rooster's unsteadiness on his legs arose from the narrowness of his feet; and purchasing a duck, with webbed feet, challenged the Western man again. Again the Buckeye fowl won the day, and with ease. Pat then said he had a bird at home that would beat the Western gamecock, and offered to double the bet, provided the birds were not allowed to see each other till the fight began. The money put up, on the day fixed our friend Dockeye produced his rooster in splendid fighting condition. Pat brought out an old lanky chicken-cock, who was of course blind. by the light, and stood winking and stupidly twisting his head. The game-cock instantly flew at him, and drew blood. The owl winked, and looked stupider than ever. Again the rooster dashed in, and made a furrow in the owl's cheek. Again the owl winked, and twisted his neck round, appearently trying to understand the matter. A third time the game-cock flew at him, and slashed vigorously with beak and spurs. Just at that moment the owl happening to get the corner of one eye open enough to see his little antagonist, he grinned, stretched forth one claw, caught the game-cock by the neck, and ate him up on the spot.

MICHAEL SCOTT-BOOKS.—As musical small-beers of brilliant play are that are copyright, the singer's-face has been come to to prohibit them unless the author's right are paid.

In most quarrels, there is a fault on both sides. Both flint and steel are necessary to the production of a spark; either of them may hammer in vain for ever, and he die will follow.

A friend, in conversation with Rogers, said, "I never put my razor to my throat, but I feel as if I should cut the vessel of the blade."—"No doubt of it," said the poet; "other men blade that would not be out of temper, if plunged into hot water."

"Here, John," said a gentleman to his servant on horseback in the rear, "come forward, and just take hold of my horse while I dismount, and after I am dismounted, John, you dismount too. Then, John, unsaddle the saddle of your horse and put it down; then also unsirth the saddle of my horse and put it down. Afterward, John, take up the saddle of your horse, and put out girth in one hand, bent, John, take up the saddle of my horse, and put out girth in our horse. Then, John, I will seat myself in your saddle, and you will remount your own."—"Then me, master," said the astonished servant, "why couldn't you have simply said, Let's change saddles?"

Love's sweetest meanings are unspoken. The full heart knows no rhetoric of words; it asserts to the patronage of sighs and glances.

Joseph the Second of Austria was fond of traveling incognito, and one day he reached a little inn on his route before his retinue came up. Entering a retiring room he began shaving himself. Two thousand hussars were anxious to know what post his guest held about the person of the Emperor. "I shave him sometimes," was his majesty's reply.

The best government is that which teaches a man to govern himself; the next best, that which teaches him how to govern his family; the third, that which teaches him to govern a commonwealth.

When Voltaire was on his death-bed, many visitors called and of whom were denied entrance to his chamber. Among them was the Abbé Chaupee, who came to hear the last confessions of the Church. When his name was announced by the servant, Voltaire said, "I came into the world backward, and I shall leave it without a chapeau."

A Spanish proverb says: "Jew-rain themselves at their Passover, Moors at their marriages, and Christians in their quarrels."

One day, at a farm-house, a wag saw an old gobler trying to eat the strings of some nightcaps that lay on the ground to bleach. "Why, old boy," said he, "is what I call introducing cotton into Turkey."

A gentleman was threatening to beat a dog who barked into a kennel. "Why," exclaimed a by-lander, "would you beat that poor dumb animal for speaking out?"

"I say, Bill," asked an insulting fellow, "why is your hat like a gridiron?"—"Give it up."—"Why, because there's a great deal of brass in it."

Nothing is so fragile as thought in its infancy—an interruption breaks it; nothing is so powerful, even to the overturning of mighty empires, as thought matured.

A FAMILIAR HYMN.—On being shown a portrait of himself very unlike the original, Hood said that the artist had perpetrated a false-Hood.

MR. A——, upon entering a certain back-shop, inquired of a young lady in attendance if she was "Goldsmith's Grocer" to sell. "No, but we have some mighty good Grocer," was the reply.

"Why did you retreat in the face of the enemy?" "You see, sir, I have got a retreating nose, and of course I have to follow it."

It is a law among the Japanese that he who lends them cash in this world will receive in the next world the capital and ten per cent. at simple interest.

When the beautiful Duchess of Devonshire, and her sister, Lady Duncannon, canvassed the election of Westminster in behalf of Fox, in 1784, it was wittily said, "Never did two such lovely portraits appear on canvass."

Of what nation are all stocking-menders?—Darn-nation.

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

THE SAFETY OF WASHINGTON.

WASHINGTON is safe. Over 12,000 troops have arrived at Annapolis from the North, including the New York 6th, 7th, 12th, 13th, 25th, 28th, and 71st Regiments; and it is stated that no more volunteers will be ordered unless they are fully equipped for service. It would appear that the preparations to receive the troops at Annapolis were very much needed, and that it would have been very unfit, they would have suffered much. As it was, a thousand of them had to sleep in the open air, and without food, although there is abundance of provisions the commissariat was so badly managed that one of the troops were without food for twenty-four hours.

THE VIRGINIA ORDINANCE OF SECESSION.

This ordinance is in the following form, and reads as follows:

THE SECESSION ORDINANCE.

AN ORDINANCE TO REPEAL THE RATIFICATION OF THE CONSTITUTION OF THE UNITED STATES OF AMERICA BY THE STATE OF VIRGINIA, AND TO RESUME ALL THE RIGHTS AND POWERS GRANTED UNDER SAID CONSTITUTION.

The people of Virginia, in their ratification of the Constitution of the United States of America, adopted by them in Convention on the twenty-fifth day of June, in the year of our Lord one thousand seven hundred and eighty-eight, having declared that the powers granted under the said Constitution were derived from the people of the United States, and might be resumed whensoever the same should be perverted to their injury and oppression; and the Federal Government having perverted said powers, not only to the injury of the people of Virginia, but to the oppression of the South Slave-holding States:

Now, therefore, we, the people of Virginia, do declare and ordain that the ordinance adopted by the people of this State in Convention, on the twenty-fifth day of June, eighty-eight, whereby the Constitution of the United States of America was ratified, and all acts of the General Assembly of this State, ratifying or adopting amendments to said Constitution, are hereby repealed and abrogated; that the Union between the State of Virginia and the other States under the Constitution aforesaid, is hereby dissolved, and that the State of Virginia is in the full possession and exercise of all the rights of sovereignty which belong and appertain to a free and independent State. And they do further declare that the said Constitution of the United States of America is no longer binding on any of the citizens of this State.

This ordinance shall take effect and be an act of this day when ratified by a majority of the votes of the people of this State, cast at a poll to be taken thereon on the fourth Thursday in May, at which election the citizens of this State are entitled to vote.

Done in Convention, in the city of Richmond, on the 17th day of April, in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and sixty-one, and in the eighty-fifth year of the Commonwealth of Virginia.

JOHN L. EUBANK, Secretary of Convention.

VIRGINIA ENTERS THE CONFEDERATE STATES EMPIRE.

The following ordinance has also appeared:

AN ORDINANCE FOR THE ADOPTION OF THE CONSTITUTION OF THE PROVISIONAL GOVERNMENT OF THE CONFEDERATE STATES OF AMERICA.

We, the delegates of the people of Virginia, in Convention assembled, solemnly impressed by the perils which environ the Commonwealth, and appealing to the searcher of hearts for the rectitude of our intentions in assuming the grave responsibility of the act we are about to perform, adopt and ratify the Constitution of the Provisional Government of the Confederated States of America, ordained and established at Montgomery, Alabama, on the eighth day of February, eighteen hundred and sixty-one; provided that this ordinance shall cease to have any force or operation or effect, if the people of this Commonwealth, upon the terms and conditions of the amendments to the accession passed by this Convention, on the 17th day of April, eighteen hundred and sixty-one, shall reject the same.

A true copy.

JNO. L. EUBANK, Secretary.

A treaty, offensive and defensive, between the Confederate States and Virginia also has been published.

ANOTHER PROCLAMATION FROM THE PRESIDENT.

The following proclamation followed the secession of Virginia:

By the President of the United States of America.

WHEREAS, the laws of the United States, by proclamation of the 15th instant, a blockade of the ports of the States of South Carolina, Georgia, Florida, Alabama, Louisiana, Mississippi, and Texas was ordered to be established; and whereas, since that duly authenticated act, the State of Virginia has been seized, the collection of the revenue obstructed, and duly commissioned officers of the United States, while engaged in executing the orders of their superiors, have been arrested, and held in custody as prisoners, or have been impeled in the discharge of their official duties, without due legal process, by persons claiming to act under authority of the States of Virginia and North Carolina. An efficient blockade of the ports of these States will therefore also be established.

In witness whereof I have hereunto set my hand, and caused the seal of the United States to be affixed.

Done at the City of Washington, this fifth day of April, in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and sixty-one, and of the independence of the United States the eighty-fifth.

By the President:

WILLIAM H. SEWARD, Secretary of State.

MORE MEN CALLED OUT.

That the Government is resolved to carry on the war vigorously and to the bitter end, is evident from the fact that it has just decided to receive, besides the 75,000 volunteers called for, 42,034 men to serve for three years, 25,000 for five years, and 12,000 out of the regular army to serve for five years, besides enrolling 18,000 sailors in the navy. An additional call has been made upon Pennsylvania for twenty regiments of infantry and one of cavalry, all of which have already been tendered to the Government for the service of the United States aforesaid.

MARYLAND COMING TO HER SENSES.

Dispatches state that the Maryland Legislature, now in session at Frederick, has resolved not to be a party to secession of the people on the question of secession, by a vote of 53 nays to 13 nays, and also resolved that the troops of the United States Government shall be permitted to pass through the State. A great change in public sentiment has reported to have occurred in Baltimore, which has been manifested by an extensive display of the Stars and Stripes in all quarters of the city.

THE MARCH ON WASHINGTON.

A gentleman, who arrived in this city at Philadelphia, from Wilmington, North Carolina, having left there on Friday, and who says at Richmond and Petersburg, and that the people of North Carolina were all up in arms, and were preparing to come North with several thousand troops for the purpose, as Governor Ellis informed him, of making an attack upon Washington. The day that he left Governor Ellis received a dispatch which he said just received from Montgomery, stating that some five thousand troops were on the way to join those in North Carolina, which were about to leave for Richmond, and that it was the purpose of the Confederate authorities to make an attack without a moment's delay: that if they were to attack it must be done before the Northern troops could be concentrated a large force at Washington.

FEDERAL PROPERTY SEIZED IN NORTH CAROLINA.

General Ramsom, who has recently left North Carolina, reports that every Federal post in that State has been seized by the State authorities, and the Confederate flag of arms were captured, including twenty-eight thousand of the most approved pattern.

THE FIRST HERO OF THE WAR.

The *Tycoon* says: "General Butler, by the efficient manner in which he conducted the confederate affairs at Annapolis, and between that point and Washington, in fact established an enviable reputation for efficiency. The railroad is now fully in possession of the Government command, and the rails will not be allowed to be removed with impunity. The Superintendent of the road was on Friday arrested for attempting it."

A STEAMER CUT OUT BY THE BOSTON BOYS.

On Saturday night the Tenth Company of the Eighth Massachusetts regiment, in a steam-tug, cut out the steamship *ship Alleghany* in Baltimore harbor, and placed her under the guns of Fort M'Henry.

A NEW ARSENAL IN LIEU OF HARPER'S FERRY.

The Government has decided to establish an arsenal at or near Rock Island City, Illinois, in place of the Harper's Ferry Arsenal just destroyed. Rock Island City stands on the banks of the Mississippi, 182 miles west of Chicago. It is situated at the foot of the Upper Rapids, which cover the river fifteen miles, and in the centre of water obstruct the passage of vessels drawing a heavy draft.

GENERAL CASS ON THE WAR.

At a meeting in Detroit on the other day, General Cass presided, and said: "You need me not to tell you what are the dangers of your country or what are your duties to meet and avert them. There is but one path for every true man to travel, and that is broad and plain. I will conduct us, not, indeed, without trials and sufferings, to peace and to the restoration of the Union. He who is not for his country is against her. There is no neutral position to be occupied. It is the duty of all zealously to support the government in its efforts to save this unhappy civil war to a speedy and satisfactory conclusion, by the restoration to the integrity of that great charter of freedom bequeathed to us by Washington and his compatriots."

PERSONAL.

General Harney, it is reported, has been released from arrest by order of General Lee, the commander of the Virginia forces.

A proposition to act as arbitrators in the quarrel between the North and South has been made by Mr. C. J. Ingersoll, Mr. Reverdy Johnson, Mr. Crittenden, Mr. Bocanan, Pierce, Tillinghast, and Judge Woodward.

FOREIGN NEWS.

ENGLAND.

BRITISH SYMPATHIZERS WITH REBELLION.

IN the House of Commons, on the 16th ult., Mr. Gregory gave notice that he should defer the motion relative to a speedy recognition of the Southern Confederacy for two weeks.

ITALY.

GARIBALDI IN PARLIAMENT.

Garibaldi had taken his seat in the Italian Parliament, and business was temporarily suspended by applause.

The action of the Ministry in disbanding the Southern volunteers and in making a basis for its reorganization was debated. Garibaldi made a speech so violent that it created tumult. He said he would defer his observations to the Ministry, against which Count Cavour protested. The President of the Chamber put on his hat, and sitting was suspended for a brief interval. Garibaldi, in resuming, spoke with more moderation. He defended his comrades in arms, and said the formation of three divisions of volunteers, as decreed, was not sufficient for the national armament.

General Sirtie made a conciliatory speech.

Count Cavour said he accepted the mode of conciliation.

Garibaldi explained the several facts alluded to by Count Cavour, and removed the belief that Garibaldi favored Revolt. He designated the French army as the enemy of Italy, from the Alps to the Adriatic.

On the 19th Garibaldi was again received in the Chamber with loud cheers.

A discussion took place on the organization of the Militia.

RUSSIA.

MORE DISTURBANCES.

The disturbances in Russia are spreading fast. In Kiev, the capital of the district once bearing the distinctive name of the Ukraine, a fanatical crowd, now celebrated on the 14th ult. for the Warsaw victims, went to it in a most serious disturbance and slaughter. A bloody conflict is stated to have taken place between the inhabitants and the Russian troops. A telegraphic dispatch states that the number of persons killed and wounded amounted to one hundred and fifty.

JAVA.

DESTRUCTIVE FLOOD.

Particulars are published of a destructive flood which occurred on the 23d and 24th of January in the Bay of Batavia. Upward of 2000 people are reported as drowned and an immense amount of property destroyed.

OUR WAR ILLUSTRATIONS.

We continue in this number the series of illustrations of the pending War which have formed so conspicuous a feature in *Harper's Weekly* for some months back.

Mr. STONE has sent us some sketches of the Harper's Ferry affair. On page 293 we give a picture of the Garrisons on the Potomac for the protection of the Arsenal; and on the following page the APPROACH, and the BURNING of the Works and Arsenal. The following account is the

NARRATIVE OF AN EYE-WITNESS.

Harper's Ferry, which, eighteen months ago, was the centre of great interest, and the scene of one of the most furious events of more immediate political importance, but fortunately not of so tragic a character as those of October, 1859.

On Thursday, the 18th instant, private orders were brought from the authorities at Richmond commanding the seizure of the arms and public works at Harper's Ferry. Immediately on receiving the news Jefferson Davis, Esquire, assembled at Charleston, the county seat, and mustered the county militia, and marched at Hillsboro, a small village situated midway between the Court House and Harper's Ferry, and about four miles from either point. Some three thousand men had been notified of the movement, but only a part of the rendezvous of the summons, and doubt as to its authenticity, only two hundred and fifty were on the ground by eight o'clock in the evening. As prompt action was deemed more important than numbers, Colonel Allen, who commanded the Jefferson troops, gave the order to march as soon as it was quite dark. The infantry moved down the road to Harper's Ferry, followed by one piece of artillery and a squad of the Fayette Cavalry, led by Major Ambler, mounted upon heavy horses.

The troops marched in silence, and about a mile from the starting-point the column was challenged by sentries posted in the road. They halted, loaded their rifle-barrelings, and advanced with fixed bayonets until they reached the house of the toll-keeper at the head of the outskirts of the village of Bolivar. Here the advance was again challenged, and the column halted. As these sentries were known to be employees of the armories, and as it was thought best to avoid the firing of musketry during the day that the whole body of workmen had united with the Government troops, thus giving the best and speediest effective men, with full preparation and choice of position, it was thought proper to send a flag into the town to ascertain how matters stood. An influential gentleman accompanying the troops offered his services to execute this delicate duty, and to dissuade the citizens, if possible, from taking part in the contest. From observations it was ascertained that this precaution was unnecessary, as the mass of the inhabitants were loyal to and where they lived, and such as might have caused difficulty by their movements were silenced by the reports of the imposing force which was supposed to be at hand.

While the Virginia officers were in consultation there

VIEW OF FORT M'HENRY, BALTIMORE.—FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY W. H. WEAVER.

[SEE PAGE 293.]

was seen in the direction of the armory a flash, accompanied by a report like the discharge of a cannon, followed by a number of other flashes in quick succession, and then the sky and surrounding mountains were lighted with the steady glare of ascending flames. Captain Ashby, with his squad, immediately rode down into the town, and in a short time returned with the report that the troops had fired the public buildings and retreated across the Potomac bridge, taking the mountain road toward Carlisle Barracks in Pennsylvania.

On our way down we met a long line of men, women, and boys, carrying loads of muskets, bayonets, and other military equipments. The streets at the confluence of the two rivers were brilliantly illuminated by the flames from the Old Arsenal, which burned like a furnace. The incessant explosions around these buildings was covered with spintered glass, which had been thrown out by the explosion of the powder train. A few iron-boxes, open and empty, lay near the entrance; but nearly all the muskets in this building, fifteen thousand as stated, were destroyed.

Of the Armory buildings on Potomac Street one large work-shop was in a light blaze, and two others on fire. Alarmed by the first explosions, the citizens hesitated to approach the work-shops, and warned the Virginia troops not to do so, supposing them to be mined; but presently becoming reassured in that subject, they went to work with the engines, extinguished some of the fires, and prevented its extension to the town and railroad bridges.

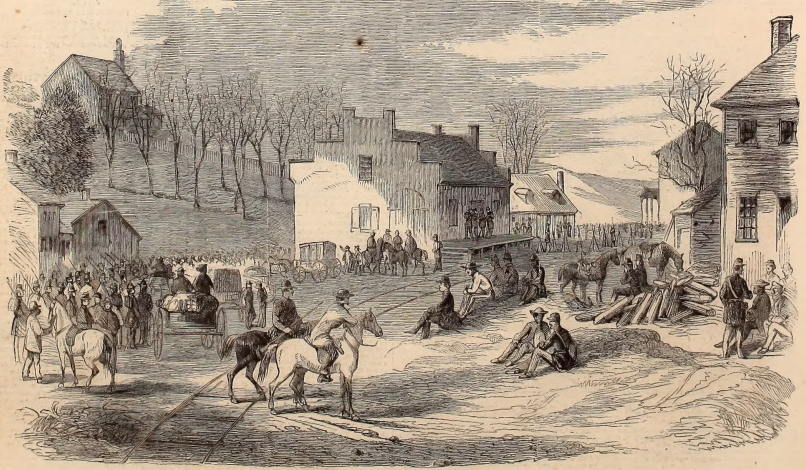
The total destruction of property, therefore, is confined to the Old Arsenal, with its contents; the carpenter's-shop on Potomac Street totally destroyed; with slight injury to the stock-turner's shop. All the remaining shops on Potomac Street, with their fine machinery, and all the establishment on the Shenandoah, known as Hall's Rifle-works, are uninjured and complete. There were saved, also—complete and nearly completed—about two thousand first-class Minie muskets in the shops and packing-rooms, together with a quantity of material, iron and wood, in progress of manufacture. I have been informed that a room full of packed arms, numbering five or six thousand, has been discovered since by the troops in occupation.

There were very few persons about the streets, and comparatively little excitement manifested during the conflagration. Those seen were chiefly engaged in extinguishing the fire and removing arms and provisions from the adjacent buildings. Some savage temper was manifested against the Government which gave, and the officer who executed the order for destruction; and some of the citizens talked of organizing parties to pursue the retreating troops, but the more considerate advised against it. I do not believe that any pursuit was undertaken, for soon after Lieutenant Jones left several deserters from his party returned to the town and reported no firing; and it is to be hoped that he was mistaken in supposing his missing men to be killed.

Indeed, up to the date of the burning the best feeling existed between the soldiers and the people; and even after that event, all better-thinking people exculpated the instruments of the devastation, and threw the responsibility where it properly belonged.

The estimate of the force advancing upon the town was based upon information given us to the numbers expected, and the report of videttes, who, in the darkness, could not tell the weight of the column, or possibly thought it only the avant guard of a larger force. The attacking party was only two hundred and fifty strong. The conduct of the Virginians throughout was quiet and determined, there being no exhibition of vindictiveness, triumph, or excitement of any kind.

THE BURNING OF THE BRIDGE AT CANTON, MARYLAND, BY THE MOB.—[SEE PAGE 293.]



THE RENDEZVOUS OF THE VIRGINIANS AT HALLTOWN, VIRGINIA, 5 P.M. ON APRIL 18, 1861, TO MARCH ON HARPER'S FERRY.

[SKETCHED BY D. H. STROTHER.]

THE BURNING OF THE UNITED STATES ARSENAL AT HARPER'S FERRY, 10 P.M. APRIL 18, 1861.—[SKETCHED BY D. H. STROTHER.]

The movement was regarded as a military necessity, and as such executed. To many of us who looked on, the scenes of that night were inexpressibly sad and solemn. The clouds of fire rolled up magnificently from the depths of the romantic gorge, illuminating the confluent rivers and the encircling cliffs for miles around, each rock and pinnacle associated with the name of some one of our great historic founders. In the martial column revealed by the blaze there stood arrayed, with deadly ball and bayonet, the freshborn pride of a hundred hitherto peaceful and happy families. In the town below, between them and their enemy, were neighbors, friends, and fellow-citizens—the enemies themselves our late patented defenders and countrymen.

Brethren, what has forced this fatal necessity upon us? "As the smoke and vapor of a furnace goeth before the fire, so revilings before blood."

D. H. S.

We also publish a view of FORT M'HENRY, at Baltimore. This fort is held by the United States, and in the event of a fight at Baltimore would probably shell the city. It stands at the extremity of a tongue of land near the geographical centre of the city. In the war of 1812 it was bombarded by the British fleet, without success. It was of this bombardment that the famous song "The Star-Spangled Banner" was written.

The small cut on the opposite page exhibits the burning of the bridge at Canton by the Baltimore mob. Both of these pictures are from photographs by W. H. Western, of Baltimore.

THE MARCH OF THE VIRGINIANS ON HARPER'S FERRY, 9.30 P.M. APRIL 18, 1861.—[SKETCHED BY D. H. STROTHER.]

REFERENCES.—1. Catholic College.—2. City Hotel.—3. Battery.—4. Capitol.—5. Midshipmen's Quarters.—6. *Constitution*.—7. Recitation Hall.—8. Chapel.—9. Observatory.—10. Officers' Quarters.—11. St. John's (Episcopal) College.—12. Hospital.—13. Monument—the same that was in front of the Capitol at Washington.—14. Naval Monument.

GENERAL VIEW OF ANNAPOLIS, WITH THE "CONSTITUTION" IN THE FOREGROUND.

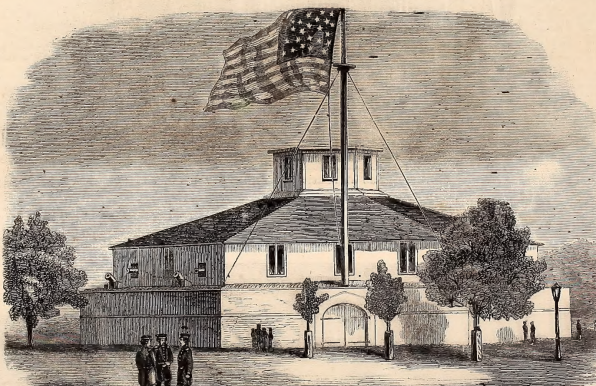
OUR WAR PICTURES.

We publish herewith a series of views of Annapolis, from sketches made by one of our artists who is now traveling for us through the South. Our illustrations consist of, 1. A GENERAL VIEW OF ANNAPOLIS; 2. THE PRACTICE BATTERY; 3. TARGET PRACTICE, BREECHES; 4. THE NAVAL MONUMENT IN THE SCHOOL GROUNDS; and, 5. THE MIDDIES LEARNING THE RIGGING OF BOARD THE "CONSTITUTION." Every body knows that Annapolis is the United States Navy what West Point is to the Army—the great training school from whence our gallant navy officers are sent forth to fight the battles of their country.

Our own Seventh, and the other Volunteers sent forward from Boston, New York, and elsewhere *for the defence of Washington*, all landed at Annapolis last week. A letter from a member of the Seventh thus describes the landing:

"At 4 o'clock P. M. of Monday, April 22, the Seventh Regiment first landed in a hostile State on a military errand, and was disembarked at the dock of the Naval School at Annapolis. The men marched ashore by companies in good order, and formed in regimental lines on the beautiful parade-ground in the rear of the Naval-school buildings.

"These grounds and views compose one of the most lovely spots that ever was beheld by mortal eye. The Severn River and the broad bay present a constant panorama of ships and boats; the distant shores are green and beautiful, with groves of forest trees; the buildings of the yard are elaborately and imposing in appearance; from the orchards and gardens on every side floated the delicious fragrance of peach and plum blossoms, there being now thousands of these trees in full bloom. At irregular intervals about the grounds were barrels, lying as the mowers had left them a few hours before; and the entire sides of new-mown hay added still another charm to the scene. Tired soldiers, just from the cramped discomforts and foul smells of a three-days' sea-voyage in an overcrowded boat, could never have had a more welcome sight or one of greater beauty. After a short inspection, the men were given leave to rest, when they stretched themselves on the bright green grass, or tumbled in the new hay, in a perfect glory of deliberate luxury. Under some trees, where every gentle breeze covered them with the pink fragrant peach blossoms, the lowliest were down up, headed to the parade with cannister shot. To have fired those cannon the gunner must have stood up to his knees in new-mown clover, and have brushed away the flowers from the place before he could apply the match."



THE PRACTICE BATTERY AT ANNAPOLIS.

On pages 296 and 297 we publish two fine illustrations of the burning of the NORFOLK NAVY-YARD BY THE UNITED STATES TROOPS, under orders from Washington. The following description of the event has been published: "On Saturday evening, at nine o'clock, the *Pawnee* arrived from Washington with 400 volunteers and 160 marines, besides her own crew, and at once the officers and crew of the *Pawnee* and *Cumberland* went to the Navy-yard and spiked and disabled the guns, and threw the shot and ammunition into the river. At ten

TARGET PRACTICE FROM THE NAVAL BATTERY.

o'clock the marines, who had been quartered on the barracks, fired them, and came on board the *Pawnee*. This movement was premature, for it was the intention to fire all the buildings simultaneously. A party of officers, meantime, were going through the different buildings and ships, distributing waste and turpentine, and laying a train so as to blow up the Dry Dock. They were engaged in this work until two o'clock, when the train was fired. At three o'clock the *Yankee*, to the Captain of which, Charles Germain, much credit is due, came along and took the *Cumberland* in tow, the *Pawnee* taking the lead. All the vessels had left quarters, the guns were manned, and every thing was in readiness to carry out the threat of Commander McAuley, that if a gun was fired from either shore he would level both Portsmouth and Norfolk. At this time the scene was indescribably magnificent, all the buildings being in a blaze, and explosions here and there occurring in the embers in all directions.

"The *Yankee* left the yard with the *Cumberland* in tow about three o'clock. The fleet proceeded down the river until nine o'clock, when it came to anchor within a mile of the point where wrecks were known to have been sunk for the purpose of obstructing the navigation. Boats were sent out to take soundings in order to ascertain whether some other passage than the regular channel could not be found. All efforts proved unsuccessful, so the fleet raised anchor and forced their way directly through the wrecks. The *Cumberland* caught one of the sunken vessels and carried it along with her, and apprehensions were at first entertained that she might be carried on to Sewell's Point, where it was supposed that the rebels had erected batteries. Meantime the *Keystone State* came up from Washington with marines, and by her help and that of the *Yankee*, the *Cumberland* was towed into deep water and the wreck was disentangled. She then went up under protection of the guns of Fort Monroe and came to anchor. While the vessels lay there, four men, who had been employed in the Navy-yard, succeeded in making their way down the river, and reported that they left every thing in flames, and the smoke and flames could easily be seen from the Cape Henry. Two rebels, too, they reported were fearful of attempting to arrest the flames, because they apprehended that a train was laid to blow up the building."

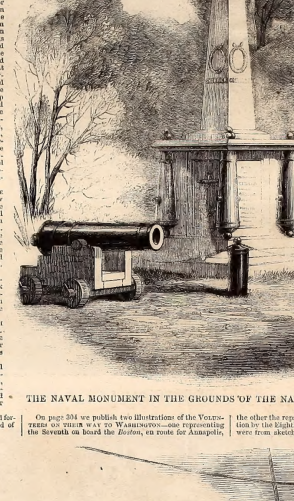
On page 298 we illustrate the DEPARTURE OF THE THIRTEENTH AND SIXTY-NINTH REGIMENTS from New-York. They left on Tuesday 23d, the 13th in the *Marion*, the 69th in the *James Adger*, and arrived safely at Annapolis. The 13th consists of Brooklyn boys, and is one of the finest Regiments in the service. The 69th is Colonel Corcoran's Irish Regiment, the same which refused to turn out in honor of the Prince of Wales. It is now very earnest in supporting the Government, and might have been four thousand strong if uniforms and arms could have been supplied. Both of these Regiments will do good service.

On page 292 we illustrate the NEW TEMPORARY BARRACKS WHICH HAVE JUST BEEN ERECTED ON THE PARK AT NEW YORK, AND THE ENCAMPMENT ON THE BATTERY. In the shade on the Park six thousand men can be fed. The Battery Encampment contains at the present time some two thousand five hundred men.

On page 299 we illustrate the EARTH-WORKS WHICH WERE THROWN UP TO PROTECT THE ARSENAL AT ST. LOUIS BEFORE THE ARMS WERE REMOVED FROM THENCE BY THE TEXAS TROOPS. The United States officer who sent us the sketches likewise kindly supplied us with the following account:

"The United States Arsenal at St. Louis is an arsenal of repair and shot-drill, here quantities of arms being annually sent there from the Government depots, and 1 or 2 in the several States to be placed in a proper condition for service. Here, also, is manufactured and put up out of the fixed ammunition used in our service.

"The Arsenal is defended by about four hundred and forty troops, Artillery and Infantry, under the command of Captain W. Lyon, 2d Infantry."



THE NAVAL MONUMENT IN THE GROUNDS OF THE NAVAL SCHOOL AT ANNAPOLIS.

On page 304 we publish two illustrations of the VOLUNTEERS ON THEIR WAY TO WASHINGTON—one representing the Seventh on board the *Boston*, en route for Annapolis, the other the repairing of a bridge on the road to the Junction by the Eighth Massachusetts Regiment. Both of these were from sketches of our special artist with the Seventh Regiment. The three boys carrying a United States flag who are shown in the latter picture were Maryland boys, who met the troops on their way and begged to be allowed to enlist. The *Herald* correspondent tells the following stories of the labors of the Eighth Massachusetts men on the way:

"At four A. M. on Wednesday, Company 9, Captain Clark, and Company 6, Captain Nevins, forming the advance-guard, marched to the railway station, where they found an engine and two or three passenger cars, ready to start. This was the work of the Massachusetts regiments, which General Butler, who had found the engine dismantled. 'Who knows how to make an engine?' asked General Butler. Six practical mechanics stepped from the ranks, but one claimed the privilege of making repairs. 'I made that engine,' said he, and pleaded out his private rank.

"The Sixth and Second companies were unable to proceed in the cars more than three or four miles, because the rails were torn up. Then commenced the march. Scouts and skirmishers were thrown out in front and on each side. Rails torn from switches at Annapolis too short for use, and having to be placed out with joists of timber, replaced the missing rails, excepting where they could be found in the bushes beside the track. The rails and timber we resorted on baggage cars, which were pushed by the men. On the front car was a howitzer, with guards and gunners. All day they marched, mending the track wherever it needed mending.

"About sunset they reached the remains of the bridge near Millersville, twenty feet high and sixteen feet long, which had been burned, and the engineer corps of the Regiment, assisted by the Massachusetts men, who had done good service throughout the day in repairing the track, rebuilt the bridge and relaid the rails, so that after a heavy shower, which wet the men through, they were enabled to proceed. After nightfall the march continued, through swamps and mist, out of which chill blasts came. Company G had been ordered to roll up its over-coats, and had only blankets. Occasional rails had to be replaced. The baggage cars were still to be pushed on by men who had no sleep for twenty-four hours, and who had experienced unusual heat and unusual chilliness by turns for twenty hours."

FORT SUMTER.

AN IMPROMPTU, BY A VIRGINIAN LADY STILL IN THE UNION.

LOUD be the note of triumph rung,
Forgot the battles Homer sung;
Let all men under heaven see
What Southern chivalry hath done:
The day that saw Fort Sumter won,
Seven thousand conquered seventy!

Let heroes, from Thermopylæ
To Waterloo, forgotten be;
Our faith in them is shaking.
Their deeds were rather grand, I know;
But not, though we have praised them so,
At all like Sumter's taking.

Thank God! if 'twas a bloodless fight,
Even brother foes in this unite;
May only such our heaven see!
But what can take from Southern men
The fame of that great battle, when
Seven thousand conquered seventy!

BALTIMORE, *April* 18, 1861.

MIDDIES LEARNING THE ROPES AT THE NAVAL SCHOOL ON BOARD THE "CONSTITUTION," ANNAPOLIS.

DESTRUCTION OF THE UNITED STATES NAVY-YARD AT NORFOLK, V

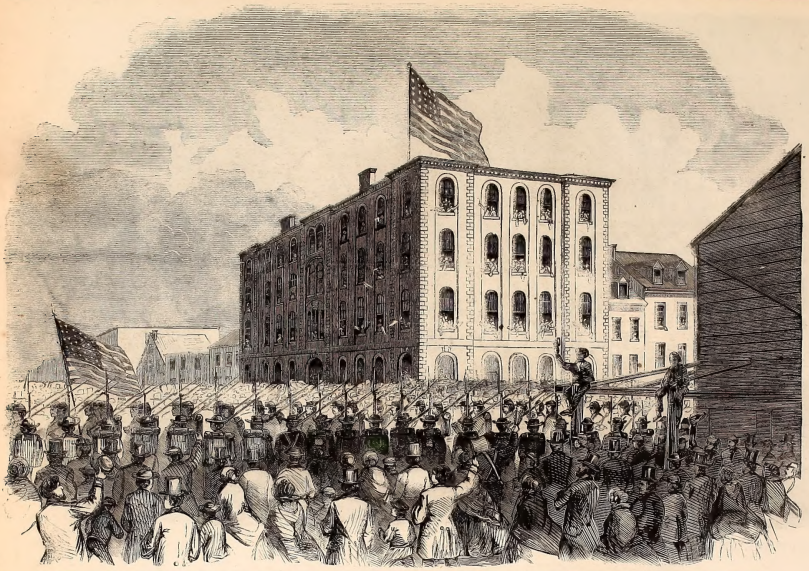
UNITED STATES. TUG YANKEE. CUMBERLAND. MERRIMAC.

DESTRUCTION OF THE UNITED STATES SHIPS AT THE NORF

NIA, BY FIRE, BY THE UNITED STATES TROOPS, ON APRIL 20, 1861.

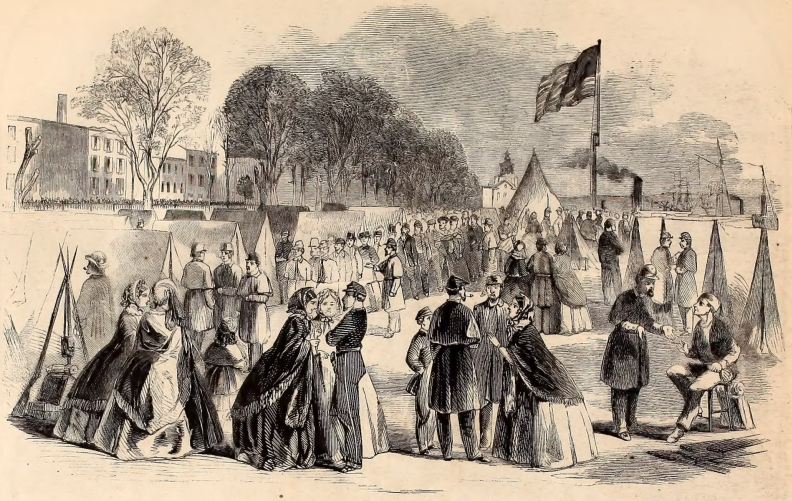
PENNSYLVANIA.

Y-YARD, BY ORDER OF THE GOVERNMENT.—[See Page 294.]



THE THIRTEENTH REGIMENT NEW YORK STATE MILITIA LEAVING THEIR ARMORY IN BROOKLYN FOR THE WAR, APRIL 23, 1861.—[SEE PAGE 295.]

THE SIXTY-NINTH (IRISH) REGIMENT EMBARKING IN THE "JAMES ADGER" FOR THE WAR APRIL 23, 1861.—[SEE PAGE 295.]



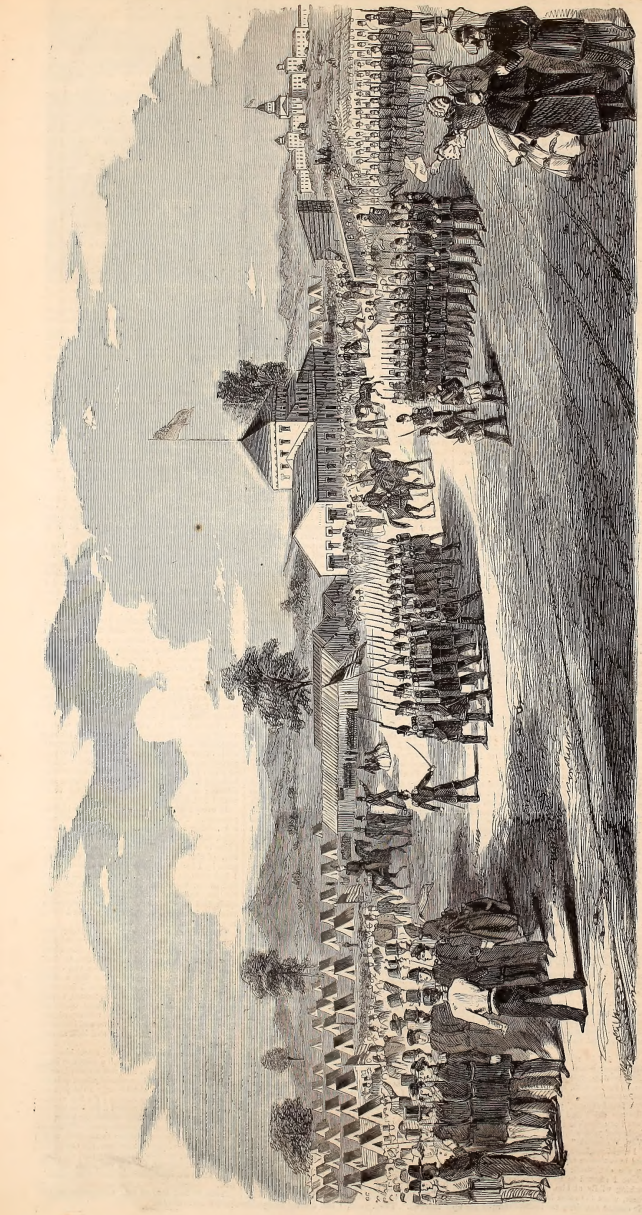
CAMP ON THE BATTERY, NEW YORK CITY.

[SEE PAGE 295.]

THE TEMPORARY BARRACKS ERECTED IN THE PARK, NEW YORK CITY, FOR THE ACCOMMODATION OF TROOPS.

[SEE PAGE 295.]

FORTIFICATIONS THROWN UP TO PROTECT THE UNITED STATES ARSENAL AT ST. LOUIS, MISSOURI.—[SEE PAGE 295.]



CAMP CURTIN, NEAR HARRISBURG, PENNSYLVANIA. A RENDEZVOUS OF THE PENNSYLVANIA VOLUNTEERS.—[SKETCHED BY JASPER GREEN, ESQ.]

CAMP CURTIN, PA.

WE publish herewith, from a drawing made on the spot, an illustration of Camp Curtin, a rendezvous of the Pennsylvania Volunteers. At this place Governor Curtin is understood to have collected some eight or ten thousand volunteers, and more are flocking in daily—horse, foot, and artillery. A large number of experienced drill-sergeants are busy from daylight till dark drilling the men, who go through the unaccustomed labor with cheerfulness, and only ask to be led forward. A gentleman who has just returned from Harrisburg writes as follows respecting the other camps of the Pennsylvania troops:

"This State has in the neighborhood of seventeen thousand already in the field, and thousands more begging for the opportunity of marching. They have full six thousand stationed at Camp Scott, near York, under the command of General Wynkoop and Negley. There are twenty-six hundred at Camp Slifer, near Chambersburg, under the command of General E. A. Williams, one of the officers of the Pennsylvania volunteers in the Mexican War, who has Colonel J. J. Patterson for his aid. Scattered along between Elkton, Perryville and Philadelphia are six thousand more, and there are one or two regiments from Ohio near Lancaster, with some twelve hundred United States troops at Carlisle Barracks."

(Entered according to Act of Congress, in the Year 1860, by Harper & Brothers, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Southern District of New York.)

GREAT EXPECTATIONS.

A NOVEL.

By CHARLES DICKENS.

Splendidly Illustrated by John McLenan.

☞ Printed from the Manuscript and early Proof-sheets purchased from the Author by the Proprietors of "Harper's Weekly."

CHAPTER XXXVIII.

I was three-and-twenty years of age. Not another word had I heard to enlighten me on the subject of my expectations, and my twenty-third birthday was a week gone. We had left Barnard's Inn more than a year, and lived in the Temple. Our chambers were in Garden Court, down by the river.

Mr. Pocket and I had for some time parted company as to our original relations, though we continued on the best terms. Notwithstanding my inability to settle to any thing—which I hope arose out of the restless and incomplete tenure on which I held my means—I had a taste for reading, and read regularly so many hours a day. That matter of Herbert's was still progressing, and every thing with me was as I have brought it down to the close of the last chapter.

Business had taken Herbert on a journey to Marseilles. I was alone, and had a dull sense of being alone. Dispirited and anxious; long hoping that to-morrow or next week would clear my way, and long disappointed, I sadly missed the cheerful face and ready response of my friend.

It was wretched weather; stormy and wet, stormy and wet; and mud, mud, mud, deep in all the streets. Day after day a vast heavy veil had been driving over London from the East, and it drove still, as if in the East there were an Eternity of cloud and wind. So furious had been the gusts that high buildings in town had had the lead stripped off their roofs; and in the country, trees had been torn up, and sails of wind-mills carried away; and gloomy accounts had come in from the coast of shipwreck and death. Violent blasts of rain had accompanied these rages of wind, and the day just closed as I sat down to read had been the worst of all.

Alterations have been made in that part of the Temple since that time, and it has not now so lonely a character as it had then, nor is it so exposed to the river. We lived at the top of the last house, and the wind rushing up the river shook the house that night like discharges of cannon or breaking of a sea. When the rain came with it and dashed against the windows, I thought, raising my eyes to them as they rocked, that I might have fancied myself in a storm-beaten light-house. Occasionally the smoke came rolling down the chimney as though it could not bear to go out into such a night; and when I set the doors open and looked down the staircase, the staircase lamps were blown out; and when I shaded my face with my hands and looked through the black windows (opening them ever so little was out of the question in the teeth of such wind and rain), I saw that the lamps in the court were blown out, and that the lamps on the bridges and the shore were shuddering, and that the coal fires in barges on the river were being carried away before the wind like red-hot splashes in the rain.

I read with my watch upon the table, purposing to close my book at eleven o'clock. As I shut it, Saint Paul's, and all the many church-clocks in the City—some leading, some accompanying, some following—struck that hour. The sound was curiously flawed by the wind; and I was listening, and thinking how the wind assailed it and tore it, when I heard a footstep on the stair.

What nervous folly made me start, and awfully connect it with the footstep of my dead sister, matters not. It was past in a moment, and I listened again, and heard the footstep stumble in coming on. Remembering then that the staircase-lights were blown out, I took up my reading-lamp and went out to the stair-head. Whoever was below had stopped on seeing my lamp, for all was quiet.

"There is some one down there, is there not?" I called out, looking down.

"Yes," said a voice from the darkness beneath.

"What floor do you want?"

"The top. Mr. Pip."

"That is my name. There is nothing the matter?"

"Nothing the matter," returned the voice. And the man came on.

I stood with my lamp held out over the stair-rail, and he slowly came within its light. It was a shaded lamp, to shine upon a book, and its circle of light was very contracted; so that he was in it for a mere instant, and then out of it. In the instant, I had seen a face that was strange to me, looking up with an incomprehensible air of being touched and pleased by the sight of me.

Moving the lamp as the man moved, I made out that he was substantially dressed, but rough-ly: like a voyager by sea. That he had long, iron-gray hair. That his age was about sixty. That he was a muscular man, strong on his legs, and that he was browned and hardened by exposure to weather. As he ascended the last stair or two, and the light of my lamp included us both, I saw, with a stupid kind of amazement, that he was holding out both his hands to me.

"Pray what is your business?" I asked him.

"My business?" he repeated, pausing. "Ah! Yes. I will explain my business, by your leave."

"Do you wish to come in?"

"Yes," he replied; "I wish to come in, Master."

I had asked him the question indomitably enough, for I resented the sort of bright and gratified recognition that still shone in his face. I resented the manner it seemed to imply that he expected me to respond to it. But I took him into the room I had just left, and, having set the lamp on the table, asked him as civilly as I could to explain himself.

He looked about him with the strongest air—as air of wondering pleasure, as if he had some part in the things he admired—and he pulled off a rough outer coat, and his hat. Then I saw that his head was furrowed and bald, and that the long, iron-gray hair grew only on its sides. But I saw nothing that in the least explained him. On the contrary, I saw him next moment once more putting out both his hands to me.

"What do you mean?" said I, half suspecting him to be mad.

He stopped in his looking at me, and slowly rubbed his right hand over his head. "It's disquieting to a man," he said, in a coarse, broken voice, "even having looked forward so distant and come so far; but you're not to blame for that—neither on us is to blame for that. I'll speak in half a minute. Give me half a minute, please."

He sat down in a chair that stood before the fire, and put his forehead with his large brown veinous hands. I looked at him attentively then, and recoiled a little from him; but I did not know why.

"There's no one nigh," said he, looking over his shoulder; "is there?"

"Why no, a stranger coming into my rooms at this time of the night, ask that question?" said I.

"You're a game one," he returned, shaking his head at me with a deliberate affection, at once most unintelligible and most exasperating; "I'm glad you've grow'd up a game one! But don't catch hold of me. You'd be sorry afterward to have done it."

I relinquished the intention he had detected, for I knew him! Even yet, I could not recall a single feature, but I knew him! If the wind and the rain that drove around the intervening years, had scattered all the intervening objects, had swept us to the churchyard where we first stood face to face on such different levels, I could not have known my convict more distinctly than I knew him now, as he sat in the chair before the fire. No need to take a file to him. No need to hint and shove him: no need to take the handkerchief from his neck and twist it round his head; no need to buy himself with bread, meat, and drink to get him across the room, looking back at me for recognition. I knew him before he gave me one of those looks, and I said no more than that I did not been conscious of remotely suspecting his identity.

He came back to where I stood, and again held out both his hands. Not knowing what to do—for in my astonishment I had lost my self-possession—I reluctantly gave him my left hand. He grasped it heartily, raised them to his lips, kissed them, and still held them.

"You acted noble, my boy," said he. "Noble, Pip! And you have never forgot it!"

At a change in his manner as if he were even going to embrace me, I laid a hand upon his breast and put him away.

"Stay!" said I. "Keep off! If you are grateful to me for what I did when I was a little child, I hope you have shown your gratitude by mending your way of life. If you have come here to thank me, it was not necessary. Still, however you have found me out, there must be something good in the feeling that has brought you here, and I will not repulse you; but surely you must understand that—I—"

My attention was so attracted by the singularity of his fixed look at me, that the words died away on my tongue.

"You was a saying," he observed, when we had confronted one another in silence, "that surely I must understand. What sarcely must I understand?"

"That I can not wish to renew that chance intercourse with you of long ago, under these different circumstances. I am glad to believe you have repented and recovered yourself, and glad to tell you so. I am glad that, thinking I deserve to be thanked, you have come to thank me. But our ways are different ways, now, my boy. You are well, and you look weary. Will you drink something before you go?"

He had replaced his neckerchief loosely, and had stood, keenly observant of me, biting a long end of it. "I think," he answered, still with the end at his mouth and still observant of me, "that I will drink (I thank you) afore I go."

There was a tray ready on a side-table. I had only to set the table near the fire, and asked him what he would have? He touched one of the bottles without looking at it or speaking, and I made him some hot punch-and-water, and tried to keep my hand steady while I did so, but his look at me as he leaned back in his chair made me nervous. A full sense of my condition, with the long dragged-out interval that had passed between his first confidently forgotten—made my hand very difficult to master. He took it from me, I put the glass to him, I saw with new amazement that his eyes were full of tears.

Up to this time I had remained standing, not to disguise that I wished him gone. But I was softened by the softened aspect of the man, and felt a touch of reproach. "I hope," said I, hurriedly putting something into a glass for myself, and drawing a chair to the table, "that you will not think I spoke harshly to you just now. I had no intention of doing it, and I am sorry for it if I did. I wish you well, and hope you!"

As I put my glass to my lips he glanced with surprise at the end of his neckerchief, dropping from his mouth when he opened it, and stretched out his hand. I gave him mine, and then he took his, and drew his sleeve across his eyes and forehead.

"How are you living?" I asked him.

"I've been a sheep-farmer, stock-breeder, other trades besides, away in the new world," said he; "and many a thousand miles of stormy water off from this."

"I hope you have done well?"

"I've done wonderful well. There's others went out sheep-farming as has done well too, but nowhere near as well as me. I'm famous for it."

"I am glad to hear it."

"I hope to hear you say so, my dear boy."

Without stopping to try to understand those words or the tone in which they were spoken, I resumed off to a point that had just come into my mind.

"Have you ever seen a messenger you once sent to me," I inquired, "since he undertook that trust?"

"Never set eyes upon him. I wasn't likely to do it."

"He came faithfully, and he brought me the two one-pound notes. I was a poor boy then, as you know, and to me they were a little fortune. But, like you, I have done well since, and you must let me pay them back. You can lend them to some other poor boy's use." I took out my purse.

He watched me as I laid my purse upon the table and opened it, and he watched me as I separated two one-pound notes from its contents. They were clean and new, and I spread them out and handed them over to him. Still watching me, he laid them one upon the other, folded them long-wise, gave them a twist, set fire to them at the lamp, and dropped the ashes into the tray.

"May I make so bold," he said then, with a smile that was like a frown, and was not like a frown that was like a smile, "as ask you how you have done well, since you and me was out on them lone shivering marshes?"

"How?"

"Ah!"

He emptied his glass, got up, and stood at the side of the fire, with his heavy brown hand on the mantle-shelf. He put a foot up to the bars, to dry and warm it, and the soft shoe-part, so often worn by him he neither looked at it nor at the fire, but steadily looked at me. It was only now that I began to remember it.

When my breath parted, and had shaped some words that were without sound, I forced myself to tell him (though I felt him to be intensely, that I had been chosen to succeed to some property.

"Might a mere warmint ask what property?" said he.

I faltered, "I don't know."

"Might a mere warmint ask whose property?" said he.

I faltered again, "I don't know."

"Could I make a guess, I wonder," said the Convict, "or you cannot since you come of age! As to the first figure now. Five?"

With my heart beating like a heavy hammer of disordered action, I rose out of my chair, and stood with my hand upon the back of it, looking wildly at him.

"Coaxing a guardian," he went on. "There ought to have been some guardian, or such-like, while you was a minor. Some lawyer, may be. As for the first time of their lawyer's name now. Would it be J?"

All the truth of my position came flashing on me; and its most overwhelming dangers, disgraces, consequences of all kinds, rushed in in such a multitude that I was borne down by them, and had to struggle for every breath I drew.

"Put it," he resumed, "as the employer of the lawyer whose name began with a J, and might be Jaggers—put it as he had come over sea to Portsmouth, and had landed there, and had wanted to equip a young fellow, gentleman, to have found me out, 'you says just now. Well! However did I find you out? Why, I wrote from Portsmouth to a person in London, for particulars of your address. That person's name? Why, Wemmick."

I could not have spoken one word though it had been to save my life. I stood, with a hand on the chair-back and a hand on my breast, where I seemed to be suffocating—I stood so, looking wildly at him, until I grasped at the chair, when the room began to surge and turn. He caught me, drew me to the sofa, put me up against the cushions, and bent on one knee before me: bringing the face that I now well remembered, and that shuddered at, very near to mine.

"Yes, Pip, dear boy, I've made a gentleman on you! It's me wot has done it! I swore that time, sure as ever I earned a guinea, that guinea should go to you. I swore arterward, sure as ever I got hold and got rich, you should get rich. I lived rough that you should live smooth; I worked hard that you should be above me. What coals, dear boy? Do I tell it for you to feel a obligation? Not a bit. I tell it for you to know as that there hunted dog-wot you kep life alive in got his head so high that he could make a gentleman—and, Pip, you're him!"

The abhorrence in which I held the man, the dread I had of him, the repugnance with which I shrank from him, could not have been exceeded if he had been the most terrible beast.

"Look'ee here, Pip. I'm your second father. You're my son—more to me nor any son. I've put away money only for you to spend. When I was a hired-out shepherd in a solitary hut, not seeing no faces but faces of sheep till I half forgot wot men's and women's faces was like, I see yourn. I drops my knife many a time in that hut when I was a eating my dinner or my supper, and I says to myself, they're mine, as is a-leaving at me while I eats and drinks! I see you there, a many times, as plain as ever I see you on them misty marshes. 'Lord strike me dead!' I says each time—and I goes out in the air to say it under the open heavens—'but wot, if I gets liberty and comes for my own, I make that boy a gentleman!' And I done it. Why, look at you, dear boy! Look at these here lodgings o' yourn, fit for a lord! Look at your linen! Look at your money with lords for wagers, and beat 'em!"

In his hard triumph, and in his knowledge that he had been nearly fainting, he did not remark on my reception of all this. It was the one grain of relief I had.

"Look'ee here, Pip." He sent on, taking out my watch, and turning toward him a ring on my finger, while I recoiled from his touch as if he had been a snake. "A gold one and a hunter, *that's* a gentleman's! A diamond, all set round with rubies; *that's* a gentleman's! Look at your linen, wot fine collars and wot fine cuffs! Look at your clothes; better ain't to be got! And your books too," turning his eyes round the room, "mounting up, I'll be bound, by hundreds! And you read 'em; don't you? I see you've been a reading of 'em when I come in. Ha, ha, ha! You mustn't be cast down, dear boy! And if they're in foreign languages wot I don't understand, I shall be just as proud as if I did."

Again he put his hands and put them to his lips, while my blood ran cold within me.

"Don't you mind talking, Pip," said he, after again drawing the back of his hair over his eyes and face, as the chief cause in his throat which I well remembered—and he was all the more horrible to me that he was so much in earnest; "you can't do better nor keep quiet, dear boy. You ain't looked slowly forward to this as I have; you won't prepared for this, as I was, but didn't you think it might be me?"

"Oh no, no, no," I returned. "Never, never!"

"Well, you see it was me, and single-handed. Never a soul in it but my own self and Mr. Jaggers."

"Was there no one else?" I asked.

"No," said he, with a glance of surprise; "in wot else should there be? And, dear boy, how have you been living, how growed! There's bright eyes somewheres—eh? Isn't there bright eyes somewheres, wot you love the thoughts on?"

Joe Gargery. Biddy.

"They shall be yourn, dear boy, if money can buy 'em. Not that a gentleman like you, so well set off as you, can't win 'em off of his own game; but money shall back you! Let me finish wot I was a telling you, dear boy. From that there hunted dog wot you kep life and got a independence for him, I got hold of your fortun, if so be I could make a gentleman—and, Pip, you're him!"

I forced myself to look at him. I looked at him, the dread I had of him, the repugnance with which I shrank from him, could not have been exceeded if he had been the most terrible beast.

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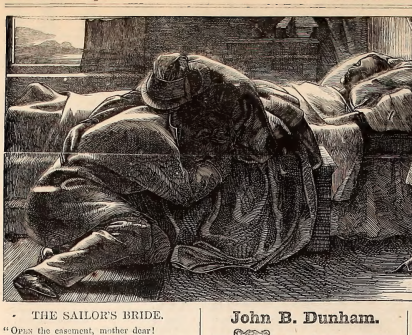

THE SAILOR'S BRIDE.

"Oh! the casement, mother dear!
Methinks the tide is high,
And I would look upon the sea
Once more before I die.

"Some ships are making for the bay;
It may be *his* is one.
Oh, mother! how will Leonard grieve
To come and find me gone.

"I will remember when he smiled
(It was at Lammas-tide),
He said that he would soon return
To claim his rosy bride.

"But, ah! the flush upon my cheek,
That showed like health's fresh bloom,
Was Death's own color—he had decked
His victim for the tomb.

"I had a vague misgiving then
I could not put away;
And look through parting tears unto
A happy meeting day.

"But he was full of hope—for him
The future had no cloud;
He saw me in my bridal dress,
Not in my burial shroud.

"Alas! he'll be a widowed man
Before I am his wife;
Oh, mother! for his sake and yours,
I sometimes pray for life.

"I know that he will soon be here,
It may be come this day;
I once thought it was very hard
To die, and he away.

"But now I feel 'tis ordered well
That Leonard is not here;
I might have found it was more hard
To die when he was near.

"Tell him I had my little bed
Before the window drawn,
That I might look upon the sea,
And think of him each morn.

"And say that with my latest breath
I prayed God soothe his pain;
And, mother, bid him live that so
We two may meet again.

"I know that you will grieve for me,
But he will be your son;
Tell him I loved him watch o'er you,
When you own child was gone."

Gazing upon the far-off sea,
A while she quiet lay,
Then murmured, "Father, lead my thoughts
From earthly things away."

And with that prayer God gave her peace,
And she was very calm;
And, like the swan that sings its dirge,
Chanted some favorite psalm.

Then stole a cloud across her face;
"All things are growing dim,
Mother! Can this be death? Kiss me,
And give my love to him."

A hand is on the cottage-door;
A face bend o'er the bed.
Too late! too late hath Leonard come;
Love can not raise the dead.

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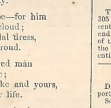

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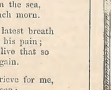

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ILLUSTRATIONS.—Excavation at Carthage.—Cape Cothage.—The Africa Coliseum.—Ruins of Temple of Baal Hammon.—Punic Inscription.

THE DEBATABLE BABY.
GEORGE ROGERS CLARKE.

ORLEY FARM. By ANTHONY TROLLOPE.—Illustrated by J. E. MILLAIS.
CHAPTER I. The Commencement of the Great Orley Farm Case.
CHAPTER II. Lady Mason and her Son.
CHAPTER III. The Chieves.
CHAPTER IV. The Perils of Youth.
ILLUSTRATIONS.—Orley Farm.—Sir Peregrine and his Heir.

A SINGLE WOMAN'S STORY.
THE ADVENTURES OF PHILIP. By W. M. THACKERAY.
CHAPTER VIII. Will he pronounced to be Cynical by the Benevolent.
CHAPTER IX. Contains one Riddle which is solved, and perhaps some more.
CHAPTER X. In which we visit "Admiral Byng."
ILLUSTRATIONS.—Cynical.—Laura's Fireside.—Riddles.—With Admiral Byng.

PRINCE NAPOLEON.
A WORD OF ADVENTURE.
MONTHLY RECORD OF CURRENT EVENTS.
LITERARY NOTICES.
EDITOR'S EASY CHAIR.
OUR FOREIGN BUREAU.
EDITOR'S DRAWER.—(*With Ten Illustrations.*)
FASHIONS FOR MAY.
ILLUSTRATIONS.—Spring Fashions, No. 1.—Spring Fashions, No. 2.

The present Number completes the *Twenty-Second* Volume of HARPER'S NEW MONTHLY MAGAZINE. The Publishers renew their thanks for the cordial approbation and liberal support which the Magazine has received during the eleven years of its publication.

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SEVENTH REGIMENT ON BOARD THE "BOSTON," EN ROUTE FOR ANNAPOLIS.—FROM A SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST.

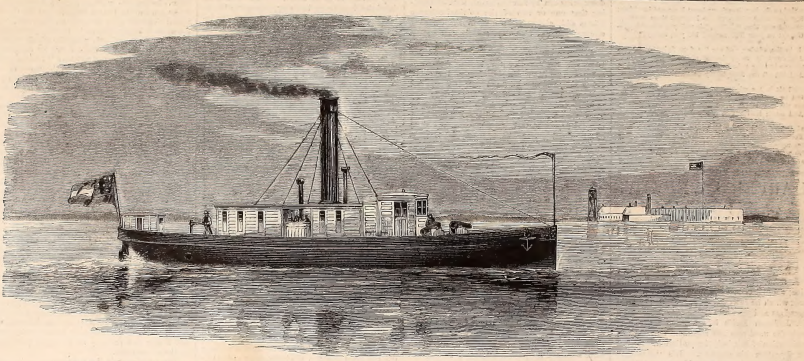
THE MEN OF THE EIGHTH MASSACHUSETTS REGIMENT REPAIRING THE BRIDGES ON THE RAILROAD FROM ANNAPOLIS TO WASHINGTON.—[SEE PAGE 295.]

HARPER'S WEEKLY

A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION

VOL. V.—No. 229.] NEW YORK, SATURDAY, MAY 18, 1861. [SINGLE COPIES SIX CENTS. $2 50 PER YEAR IN ADVANCE.

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the Year 1861, by Harper & Brothers, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Southern District of New York.



THE "LADY DAVIS," TWO GUNS, CAPTAIN ENGER, SHIP OF WAR OF THE SOUTHERN CONFEDERACY.—SKETCHED BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST.

[SEE PAGE 311.]

RHODE ISLAND ARTILLERY LANDING FROM THE STEAMER "BIENVILLE" AT WASHINGTON ARSENAL, ON APRIL 25.—SKETCHED BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST.

[SEE PAGE 316.]

VOLUNTEERED.

I know the sun shines, and the lilacs are blowing.
And Summer sends kisses by beautiful May—
Oh! to see all the treasures the Spring is bestowing,
And think—my boy Willie enlisted to-day!

It seems but a day since at twilight, low humming,
I rocked him to sleep with his cheek upon mine,
While Robby, the four-year old, waited for the coming
Of father, adown the street's indistinct line.

It is many a year since my Harry departed,
To come back no more in the twilight or dawn;
And Robby grew up as a watching, and started
Alone, on the journey his father had gone.

It is many a year,—and his afternoon, sitting
At Robby's window, I heard the band play,
And suddenly ceased dreaming over my knitting
To recollect Willie is twenty to-day!

And that, standing beside him this soft May-day morning,
The same smiling child of his wrenched eight-months,
I saw in his sweet eyes and lips a faint warning,
And choked down the tears when he gravely spoke:

"Dear mother, you know how those traitors are cowing
The hearts of the folds of our flag in the dust;
The boys are all fire; and by wish I were going,—"
He stopped, but his look said, "Oh, say if I must?"

I smiled on the boy though my heart it seemed breaking:
My eyes filled with tears, so I turned them away.
And answered him, "Willie, this well you are waking.
Go, act as your father would bid you, to-day!"

I sit in the window and see the flags flying,
And dreamily list to the roll of the drum,
And measure his pain in my heart that is lying,
And bid all the fears in my bosom be dumb.

I shall sit in the window when Summer is lying
Out over the fields, and the honey-bee's hum
Lulls the rose on the porch from her drowsiness sighing,
And watch for the face of my darling to come.

And if he should fall,—his young life he has given
For freedom is sweet take,—and for me, I will pray
Once more with my Harry and Robby in heaven
To meet the dear boy that enlisted to-day.

ALDEN, New York.

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

SATURDAY, MAY 18, 1861.

MR. JEFFERSON DAVIS'S "MESSAGE."

MR. JEFFERSON DAVIS, Ex-Senator from Mississippi, has transmitted to the select council of rebels at Montgomery a document which he calls "a Message." It is a most ingenious and plausible statement of their case. Mr. Jefferson Davis is renowned for having made the most specious argument on record in justification of Mississippi repudiation. He has not forgotten his cunning. His "Message" would almost persuade us—if we could forget facts and law—that rebellion is right, and the maintenance of government and the enforcement of law a barefaced usurpation. Unhappily for him, our common-school system, at the North, impresses so indelibly upon our minds the cardinal facts and the fundamental principles upon which our government rests that each reader will refute his fallacies as they meet his eye.

The idea which constitutes the basis of his theory is that of independent State sovereignty. He holds that no State parted with its sovereign rights on the formation of the Union; that the Union was essentially a confederacy of States; and that each State which entered into the partnership is as free to leave as it was to join it. To support of this view Mr. Davis adduces a number of plausible arguments and some specious statements of fact.

Mr. Davis overlooks several facts and arguments which are rather more important than those which he alleges in support of his peculiar views. It is undoubtedly true that an influential political party has for many years upheld the doctrine of State sovereignty. But their views amount to nothing when opposed to the naked fact that the Constitution is a compact, not between States, but among "the people." We, *the people of the United States*, for the purpose of forming a more perfect union," etc., are the words of the Constitution. If Mr. Davis and his confederates are right in their understanding of the Constitution of the United States, why did they alter it when they adopted a Constitution at Montgomery, and insert the clause "each State acting in its separate sovereign capacity?" Is not this amendment an admission that the old Constitution was not a league among States, but among people? Why, again, does not Mr. Davis make some explanation of the case of Alabama, which State, by special act of its Legislature, declared that it could not secede from the Union without the consent of the United States? Why does he say nothing of Florida and Louisiana, which were bought, or of Texas, which was only secured by force of arms—none of which States can therefore have displayed much sovereignty in becoming members of the Union? These were questions with which it would have been well for Mr. Davis to grapple, when he undertook the justification of disunion on abstract legal grounds.

For our part, we don't think the legal points involved in this disunion business worth discussing. Conceding all that Mr. Davis claims in his argument, statesmen will recognize reasons superior to any that he sets forth for maintaining the Union inviolate at all hazards.

When this Union was established, eighty years ago, it consisted of 3,000,000 of people, scattered along the Atlantic coast from the Penobscot to the coast of Florida. It is preposterous to suppose that these 3,000,000 of dwellers by the sea-coast foresaw the nation they were going to beget in eighty years: and it is absurd to pretend that the principles by which they shaped their petty destiny must necessarily control that of a nation of over 30,000,000 people, inhabiting the whole continent between the oceans, and stretching from Canada to the Gulf of Mexico. Our growth has created necessities—political and military—which were not dreamed of by the framers of the Republic. It has compelled us to purchase Louisiana and Florida—purchases which would have seemed wholly unnecessary to the framers of the Constitution, because, in their day, the necessity for them did not exist. It has led to the establishment of the Monroe doctrine, which the limited sphere of the original thirteen States would have been regarded with mere imagination. And now, it compels us to put down secession by force of arms, notwithstanding that one or two of the original thirteen States did, eighty years ago, in the different circumstances of that day, contemplate such a resort.

Events modify the policy of nations. Eighty years ago, the experiment of a great independent nation on American soil was undetermined. Many sound minds believed that it would not answer. Under those circumstances, it is easy to understand why a prosperous State like New York, with a fine harbor and a promising commercial future, should have reserved the right of withdrawal from the Union, if, on mature theory, it proved a failure. But the reservation became null and void after the experiment was proved to be a success by eighty years' successful working, and by the consolidation of the original three millions of maritime people into a great and wealthy nation of thirty millions. All the reservations, express or implied, which accompanied the first ratification of the Union in State Legislatures ratifying the Constitution, were predicated upon the apprehension that the Union experiment might prove a failure. It succeed did away with them all.

From the moment the people of the United States constituted a great nation, a political and military necessity for union came into existence. This necessity grew vital and became paramount. It was the only possible guarantee they could obtain for peace, growth, and prosperity. Without union, increase of population was an impossibility. Without union, they could never have assumed a commanding rank among nations; never have been secure from the ambitious designs of Europe; never could have efficiently protected their commerce or their citizens abroad; never have developed their free political institutions at home.

For these vital considerations—involving not only the progress and prosperity but the liberties and existence of the nation—good men hold that, even if every original State had expressly reserved the right of withdrawal in signing the Constitution, it would still be our duty to fight to the last to resist secession now, under the altered circumstances in which we are placed.

But the issue of this rebellion is simple. Mr. Davis has called 100,000 men into the field, and commits the destiny of his rebellion to the arbitrament of arms. The United States accept the challenge. Heaven knows they have been long-suffering enough. They have submitted to see their forts seized, their revenue-cutters stolen, their arsenals plundered, their citizens outraged, their flag fired upon, their officers exiled, their authority defied and insulted in every possible way. At last they have arisen in their might, and as soon as the war has begun. It is a sad, a cruel emergency to all of us. But the die is now cast; and we can only say, in buckling on our armor—GOD DEFEND THE RIGHT!

THE LOUNGER.

IN MEMORIAM.

The readers of the early numbers of *Harper's Weekly* will remember the pleasant gossip of town life published in these very columns under the title of "The Bohemian." They were written by Edward G. P. Wilkins, whose name became subsequently well known as the author of several successful plays, the latest of which was "Nicholas." Mr. Wilkins was the dramatic critic of the *Herald*, and wrote airy and sparkling feuilletons for the *Saturday Press*. His peculiar gifts promised a conspicuous career; but a brief illness quited his life on the 4th of May.

Personally, "The Bohemian" was unknown to the Lounger; but he was well known to him, as to others, through the warm words of admiring friends. And now that the pen of the brilliant and genial author is laid aside forever, there is a melancholy fitness in naming him here, scattering rosemary upon his early grave.

LETTING ALONE.

"ALL that we want," says Mr. Jeff Davis, "is to be let alone." All that the rebels in Charleston wanted, when they were for five months building batteries to fire upon the United States flag and take in United States fortress, was to be let alone. All that the rebels of New Orleans wanted, when they stole the Mint, was to be let alone. All that General Braxton Bragg wanted, as he concentrated troops and reared batteries against Fort Pickens, was to be let alone. All that the rebels who took the navy-yard and hospitals at Pensacola wanted was to be let alone. All that Floyd wanted, as he robbed the treasury of the United States and put the arms of the people of the country within reach of the rebellion, was to be let alone. All that Toucey wanted, as he sent the ships away and put the navy-yards into the hands of rebel men, was to be let alone. All that Cobb wanted, as he strained himself to create a disastrous financial panic in the country, was to be let alone. All that the Virginia traitors who went to seize the arsenal at Harper's Ferry, and were going to possess the navy-yard at Norfolk, wanted was to be let alone. All that the Baltimore Plug Uglies want at this moment is to be let alone. And Jeff Davis, at the head of a rebellion which struggles to destroy the government of the United States, and would snatch Washington if it could, merely wants to be let alone. Yes, and Guy Fawkes, aiming to touch the slow-match which should explode the powder in the cellar of the Parliament House that by wonder to be let alone. Lucky, who murdered the sheep's crew last year, only wanted to be let alone. The forger writing your name, the incendiary firing your house, the thief picking your pocket, the burglar breaking into your house, only want to be let alone.

My friend, don't cry out so lustily, when you see the sheriff's officer coming, that you want to be let alone, I shall do my best to detain you until the officer comes.

During all the years in which the mind of a section of the country has been carefully prepared for this rebellion, the leader of the movement and his followers have said, politely, "All that we wish is to be let alone. We think that we understand ourselves better than you understand us—so, if you please, will you kindly let us alone?" This an irresistible sarcasm in this supplication. They certainly did understand themselves better than we understood them. They were "let alone"—and this is the consequence.

They have led us by the nose, and kicked us, and laughed at us, and grovelled us in their very souls as cravens and tuppenny tinkers. They have swelled, and swaggered, and sworn, and lorded it in Washington at the White House, as if they were peculiarly *gentlemen*, because they lived by the labor of wretched men and women whom they did not pay—because they did not pay their debts, and whipped and maimed savagely at their pleasure. They have snorted superciliously about their rights. While they were the citizens of human beings of all rights whatsoever, and have sought to gain such control of the General Government that they might overrule the decisions of the State laws which protect the equal rights of men. They have aimed to destroy the beneficent popular system which peacefully and successfully and lawfully was working out the great problem of civilization; and while they have been digging about the foundations of the temple to undermine it, its downfall, they have coolly replied to our inquiries, "We only want to be let alone."

The treachery, the meanness, of the whole rebellion now stand exposed to the world. There is nothing horrid in it, nothing just, nothing fair; nothing that appeals to any emotion in the breast but honest contempt and honest contempt. The only two things that have lately flourished in the region which has bred this rebellion are cotton and treason. And the gentlemen, who have now made this clear enough to the dullest mind, will discover that the Government of their country will not be let alone. And when they have paid the penalty of the most monstrous social crime by flight or the halter, and when the seeds of the treason they have sown are utterly destroyed.

NEUTRALITY.

THERE are times when neutrality is impossible, because neutrality implies inaction, and inaction necessarily favors the success of one more than the other. If a man sees another running toward him followed by the cry of stop thief, and stands aside upon the plea that he is neutral, he helps the thief by the deed and does all he can at the moment to encourage robbery. Or when a riot breaks out and the military are called upon to act, every soldier who refuses to march because he does not care whether the rioters are suppressed or victorious, is responsible in his degree for the consequences of the riot.

When the Government of the United States summons all loyal citizens to help resist a rebellion, if any citizen says that he neither shall nor ought to lift his hand to reach the rebels, he is one of the rebels whom the troops are to put down. His inaction is simply a barrier against the criminal and his action is simply a barrier against the criminal and his action is simply a barrier against the criminal and his action

pusillanimous, if not treacherous, by eager writers, who, by an impotent defiance of danger would have secured the defeat of the good cause. Yet had he of all men given no proof of fidelity to the Government? Was he the first to be suspected of disloyalty to our system (or doubt of its power)—he who of all statesmen in the land, from his entrance into public life thirty-six years ago, has maintained a cheerful and unshrinking faith of the mind, not of the mouth, in the principle of popular government?

Last week we were speaking of his letter to Governor Hicks. Look at that again for one moment. The chance was, and every body knew it, that Washington would be captured. If it had been so the President and his cabinet would easily have been taken. Now if the head of the cabinet had written a truculent letter of defiance to Governor Hicks, and, as it was then fair to suppose, the capital of the country and the officers of the Government had been captured by the rebels, there is not a Government in the world that would not have felt that the Government of the United States was indecisively ignorant of its own power and position; and they would have been inclined to say, and justly, that this rebellion is very nearly a *de facto* government; it will presently become so, while such amusing and blustering ignorance rules the counsels of the regular Government.

Would it have been wise in the Secretary of State to have fortified the position of the rebels so strongly as that? And yet the very body-and-soul good reason he has for that the cool letter which he was sneered at for not writing to Governor Hicks would have been such a fortification.

The fact is that to write was to compromise precisely the same general policy as that which he addressed to Mr. Dayton, and which is so warmly praised. The President's son as clearly as the Secretary of State, *how to do as well as what to do*, we may be more cheerful than ever.

And as in the case of the History of England, lately published, Macaulay describes Lord Somers, the great Whig statesman of King William's day, "Could there be a better portrait of the present Secretary of State?

"Pre-eminent among the ministerial Whigs was one in whom admirable vigor and quickness of intellect were united to a not less admirable moderation and urbanity, one who looked on past ages with the keen eye of a practical statesman, and on the events which were passing before him with the eye of a philosophical historian. It was not necessary for him to name himself. He could be none but Somers."

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

A COMPLETE DISGUISE.—An Englishman and Roman were walking through the galleries of the Vatican, where certain statues and pictures have been lightly clothed so as not to shock the minds of purists as fastidious as the late King of Naples, when the Englishman made some allusion in the course of conversation to the "naked Truth." "Excuse me, Sir," replied the Roman, half plaintively, "the Truth is no longer allowed to go naked in Rome—good care is taken that it shall be draped by a Cardinal."

"OVER, FOR OVER."—The *Times* remarks that marriage is "a very highly pitched relation." Young Seldom, who was in love with his cousin Euphemia, says that he was also a very highly pitched relation when he proposed marriage, for his indignant uncle threw him bang over the room.

DIFFERENCE BETWEEN WIT AND HUMOR.

There has been so many thousand definitions of Wit and Humor that we do not offer the slightest apology for the following simple explanation of the difference between them. We have but little doubt that it will fully come up in merit and success to its numerous predecessors, the majority of which have been egregious failures.

Humor is the art of saying happy things that have the effect of making others happy; while Wit, and especially that grade of it that takes the form of Satire, is the art of saying smart things that are the cause of smarting in others.

ROBBERY OF THE NATIONAL APPLE ORCHARD.

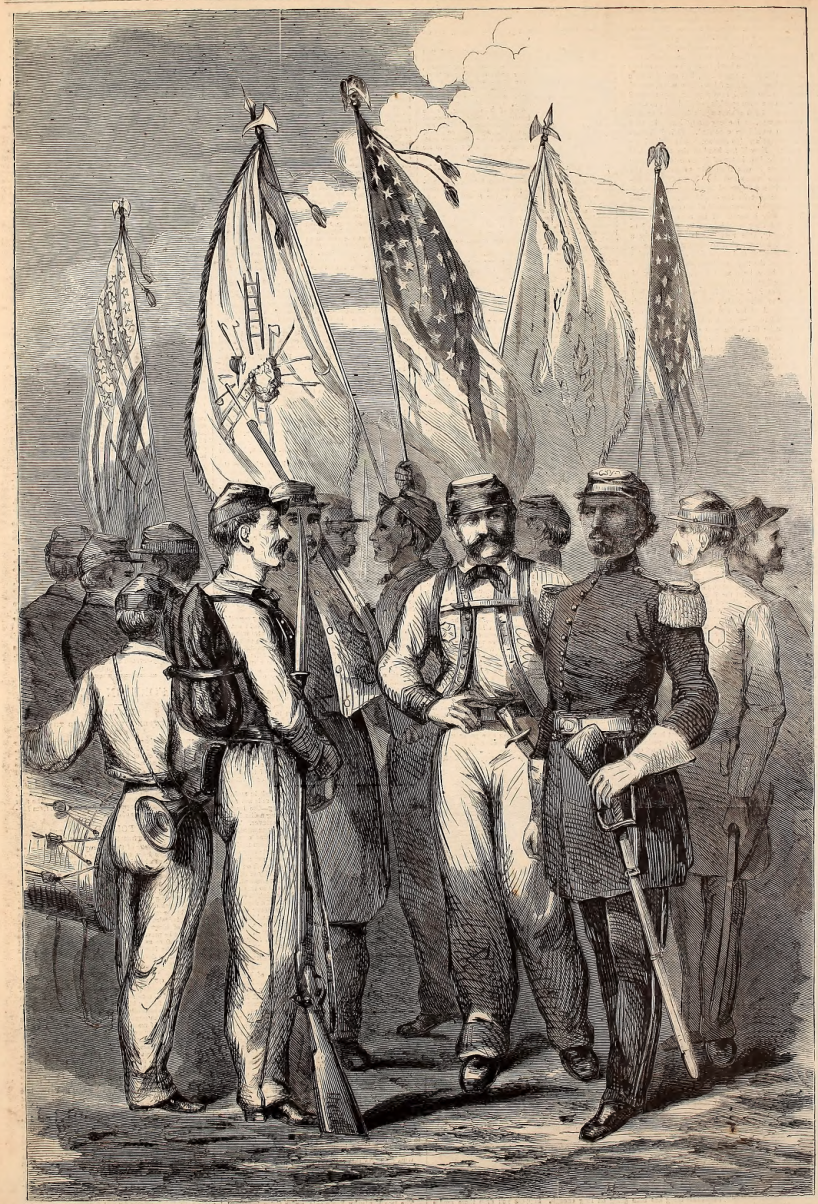
PRESIDENT LINCOLN. "I say, Jeff, this thing has been going on long enough. Suppose you drop those apples now and come down."

JEFF DAVIS. "Please don't shoot, Mr. Lincoln, ALL I WANT IS TO BE LET ALONE!"

"BEING HER DEAR SIMON."—The French have just launched another steel frigate, but our Admiralty are so slow with theirs that Britannia, in her leisure moments, will have plenty of time to sing, "Still, so gently o'er me *sticking*."

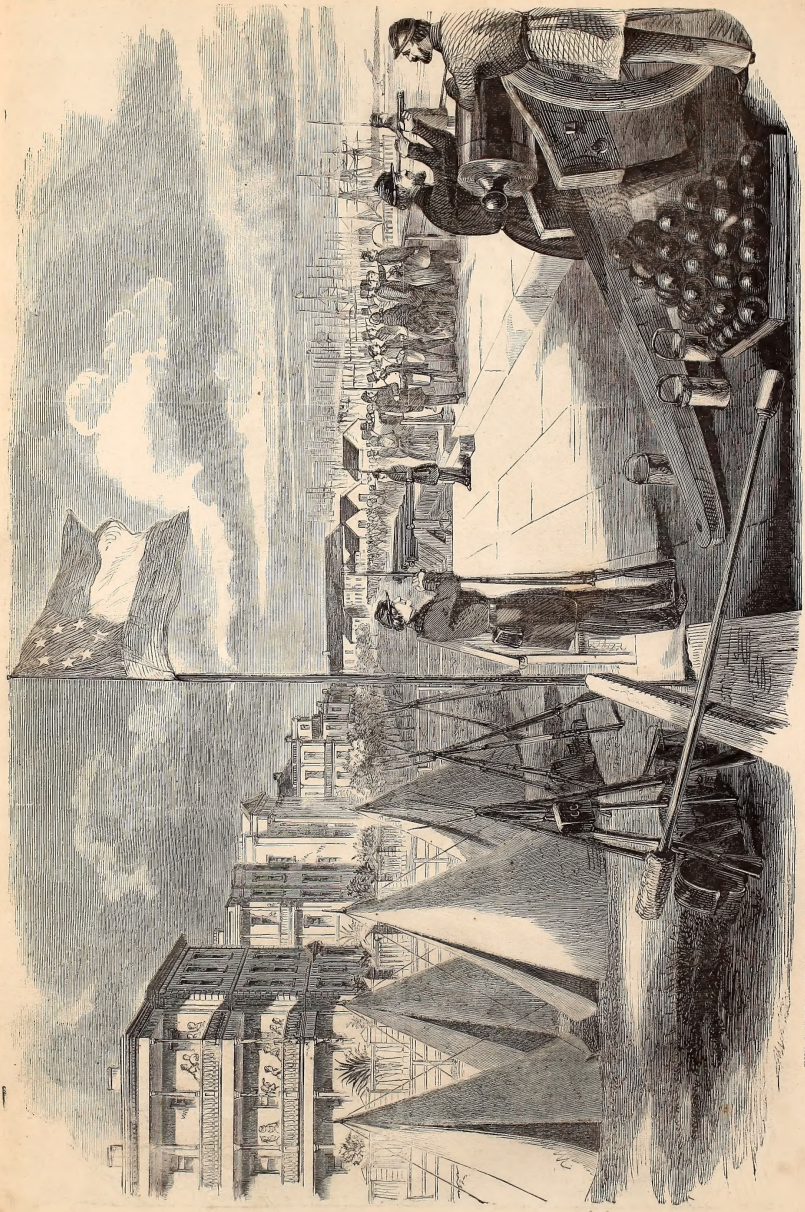
A NEW FASHION.—We are continually being told that "Pride will have a fall," but we never could understand it. As Pride is never ashamed of showing her features, but on the contrary is rather proud of displaying them, being generally noted for the unabashed boldness of her countenance, we do not see the reasonableness of the remark. I still, when it is very clear that she does not want one, will persist in offering Pride, instead of Pride, the bottle. Pride is the force of the meaning; for the fall, Pride is the feeling. Pride can be earned in cards, and Pride is the prettiness of blushing behind it; and Pride can only be worn on the cheeks of Pride's face, and not in other words. Also the veil, the more highly we shall be pleased, for we do not care that no one ever wants to see her ugly face again.

PRETTY PIECE.—The Pope, in his petticoats and white satin shoes, may be looked upon as somewhat of a female. There is another point of resemblance between his Holiness and the fair sex. Both, on occasion, are ready indeed to reason. The obstinacy of the Pontiff relates to Faith, the gallant Sex to the fair one transferred. Faith He will not concede secular Government nor surrender temporal Dominion; they refuse to give up Crinoline, Pin Money, Pin Money, Pin Money



COLONEL ELLSWORTH'S NEW YORK FIRE ZOUAVES.—[SEE PAGE 311.]

COLONEL WILLIAM WILSON AND HIS STAFF (WILSON'S FIGHTING BRIGADE.)—[SEE PAGE 311.]



THE BATTERY OR PARK PROMENADE AT CHARLESTON, SOUTH CAROLINA, DURING THE BOMBARDMENT OF FORT SUMTER.—SKETCHED BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST.—[SEE NEXT PAGE.]

OUR CHARLESTON PICTURES.

WE publish herewith a view of the BATTERY AT CHARLESTON DURING THE BOMBARDMENT OF SUMTER, and a picture of the famous RIFLED GUN which is said to have done so much injury to Fort Sumter on that occasion. On page 305 we also give a picture of the "LADY DAVIS," the first regular man-of-war of the Southern Confederacy. She is a little steamer, armed with two boat howitzers, and does not look as though she would capture the *Brooklyn* or the *Niagara*. All these pictures are from sketches sent us from Charleston by our special artist, now traveling with Mr. Russell, the correspondent of the London *Times*. Of the scene on the Battery, the *Herald* Charleston correspondent wrote:

"In one of the windows Governor Pickens, a portion of his council and staff, maintained their position during the day, availing themselves of a very powerful telescope, which carried them, as it were, into the very midst of the fight. General Beauregard, the Commander-in-chief, remained at his headquarters in the city."

The rifled cannon was sent from Europe by a South Carolinian now residing there. It bears the inscription: "Presented to the Sovereign State of South Carolina by one of her sons residing abroad, in commemoration of 20th December, 1860." This was the gun a ball from which knocked down the flag-staff at Fort Sumter. It was then at the iron battery; now it is on Morris Island, and commands the ship-channel. In the fore-ground will be seen a couple of the balls. The point is of iron, but the base a softer metal, which expands and fills the grooves in the piece when discharged. General Beauregard has seen the sketch from which our picture is made, and pronounces it extremely accurate.

DESECRATION OF THE STATUE OF WASHINGTON AT RICHMOND, VIRGINIA.

WE illustrate herewith a singular occurrence which is said to have taken place at Richmond, Virginia, on the passage of the Secession Ordinance. A telegram to the New York *Times* states that the people celebrated the passage of the ordinance by placing a negro astride of the celebrated statue of Washington, by Houdon, which stands in the capitol at Richmond. Richmond, it will be remembered, is the only place in the United States where the Prince of Wales was treated with discourtesy.

ELLSWORTH'S FIRE ZOUAVES.

ON page 308 we publish a picture of the uniforms of COL. ELLSWORTH'S FIRE ZOUAVES, now stationed in Washington. This gallant regiment has been entirely recruited from the ranks of the New York firemen; it is officered by Colonel Ellsworth of Chicago, whose portrait we gave last week. They are armed with Sharp's rifles, and bowie-knives which may be used as bayonets at the end of the rifles; many of them carry revolvers besides. When they left New York, they were presented with a stand of colors by the Fire Department, on whose behalf Mr. Wickham thus addressed them:

"COLONEL ELLSWORTH.—The Board of Representatives of the New York Fire Department of this city have caused to be prepared this stand of colors to present to your regiment, composed of the firemen of New York and our associates. As President of the Fire Department, I now perform that duty. Take them, place them in the midst of your gallant band, and wherever the fight is the thickest and the bullets fly the fastest let these banners be borne, and may you and your comrades, in the hour of trial and battle, remember the proud motto emblazoned upon them: 'The Star Spangled Banner in triumph shall wave.'

"Let this be your war-cry as you rush to the onset. Let it nerve your arms and fire your ranks. Wave it in triumph only; and do you bring it back, Sir, though it be tattered and torn in the fight.

"Old associates, remember, on every battle-field and in every trial, that the thousands here around you have placed in your hands a mighty charge. Go forth from this hour, and swear by that flag to live, for that flag to die."

Mrs. John Jacob Astor, Jun., also presented a stand of colors, with the following letter:

"COLONEL ELLSWORTH: Sir,—I have the honor of presenting the accompanying colors to the First Regiment New York Zouaves. In delivering the ensign of our nation into the charge of the brave men under your command, I am happy in the confidence that I intrust it to men whose hands are moved by a generous patriotism to defend it, and whose hearts feel now gladdened through your success.

"Believe me yours, with much respect and true regard, AUGUSTA ASTOR."

Colonel Ellsworth made a suitable reply.

DESECRATION OF THE STATUE OF WASHINGTON AT RICHMOND, VIRGINIA.

THE UNION BATTALION OF ZOUAVES.
DEATH TO SECESSIONISTS.

The other officer on his left holding up in both hands a bowie-knife and revolver, Wilson shouted to them to swear, and they responded with shouts of 'Blood!' 'blood!' 'blood!' 'We swear,' etc.

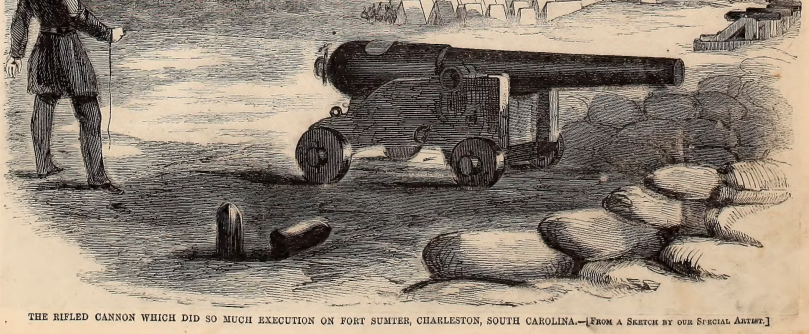
"The band then struck in with the 'Star Spangled Banner,' which they all sung in chorus, as well as also 'Dixie Land.'"

WILSON'S FIGHTING MEN.

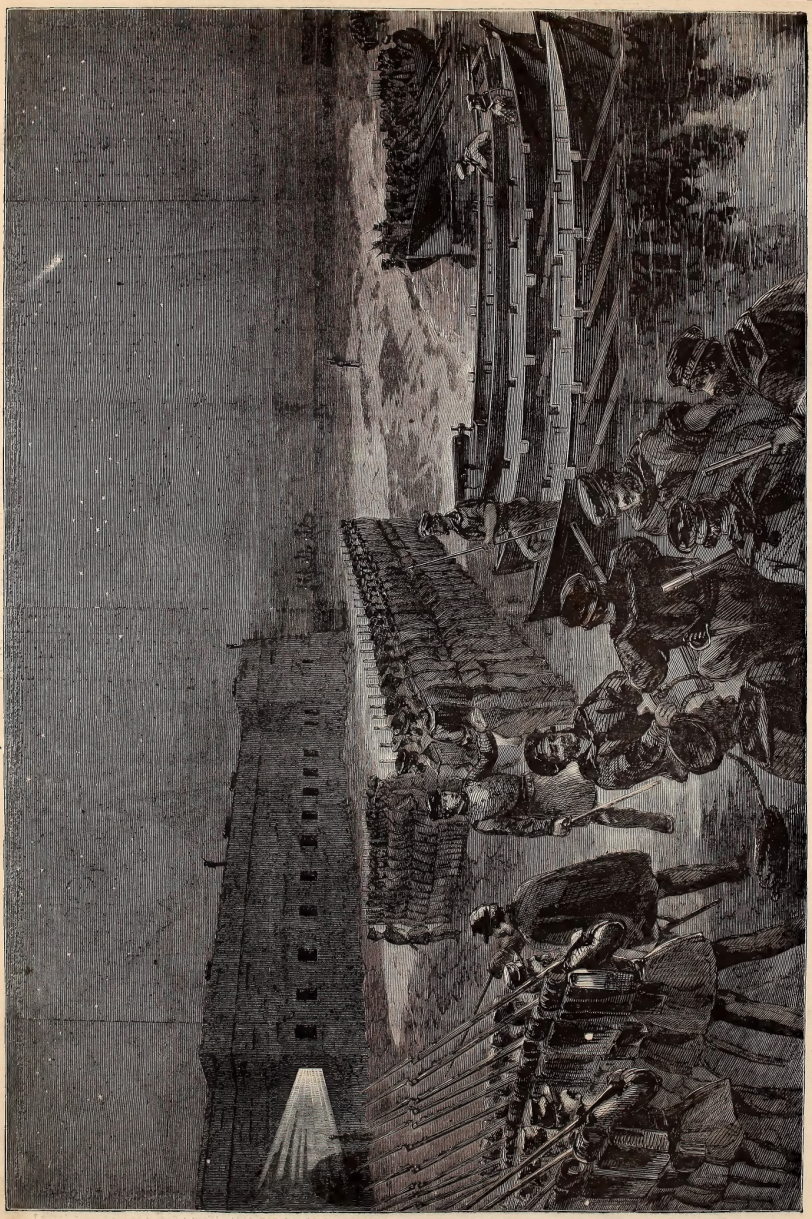
ON page 309 will be found a group of WILSON'S FIGHTING ZOUAVES. We gave a portrait and sketch of Colonel Wilson in our last number. This regiment has been recruited from the roughs and b'hoys of New York city. Their uniform is a gray shirt, gray pants, brown felt hat, belt, and bregans: their arms are the Minié rifle, a bowie-knife, and in many cases a revolver. The *Herald* thus described the ceremony of swearing them in:

"All the men being ranged against the walls, Colonel Wilson, with a drawn sabre in one hand and the American flag in the other, stood forth uncovered, and addressed his men amidst deafening cheers.

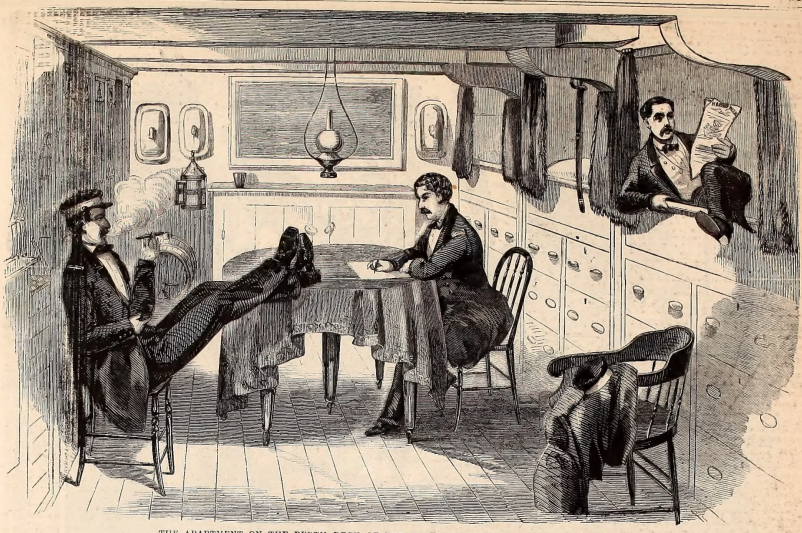
"After a short adjuration to the flag, for which he declared his devotion, he called upon all to kneel and swear with him. Waving the former and flourishing his sabre, he knelt on one knee. All present knelt with him and repeated the oath which he put to them to support the flag, and never flinch from its path through blood or death. He said he would lead them to Baltimore, and they would march through it or die; at which they all arose with a tremendous yell, firing up their hats and brandished their glittering knives amidst prolonged and frantic cheers. He then announced death to the Baltimore traitor secessionists and Fire Uglies, and said they would leave a monument of their bones in the streets of Baltimore. Amidst yells of 'Death to the Fire Uglies,' he illustrated with his sword how they should sew their way, and said though he should be the first man slain, he had but one thing to ask, which was that each of his followers should secure his man and avenge his blood. That they would do this, he again called upon them to swear, and marching round the hall, holding up the flag and the sword, and accompanied by two officers, the one on his right bearing a banner inscribed:



THE RIFLED CANNON WHICH DID SO MUCH EXECUTION ON FORT SUMTER, CHARLESTON, SOUTH CAROLINA.—[FROM A SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST.]



REINFORCEMENT OF FORT PICKENS BY COMPANY A, FIRST ARTILLERY, ON SATURDAY MORNING, APRIL 13.—SKETCHED BY AN ENGINEER OFFICER OF THE "BROOKLYN."—[SEE NEXT PAGE.]



THE APARTMENT ON THE BERTH DECK OF THE "BROOKLYN" IN WHICH OUR ARTIST RESIDES.

THE REINFORCEMENT OF FORT PICKENS.

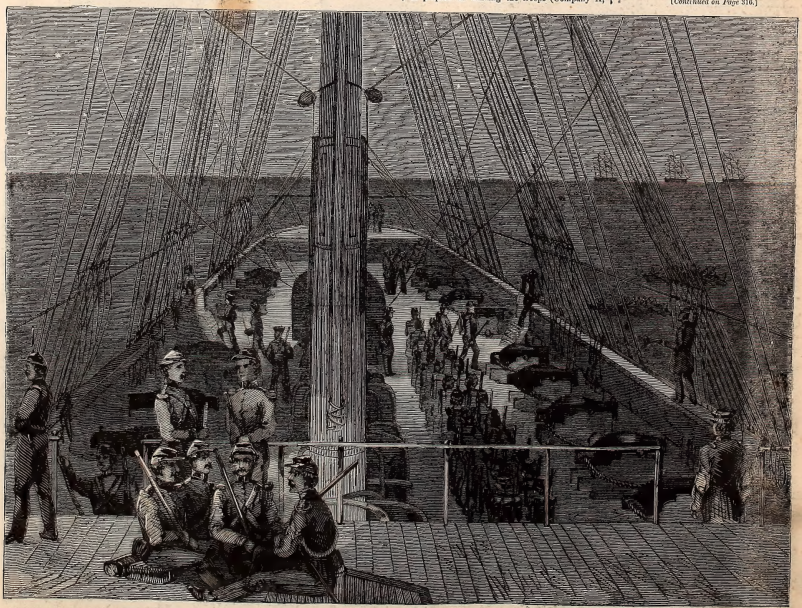
We publish herewith, from sketches by an Engineer officer of the United States sloop of war *Brooklyn*, a view of the REINFORCEMENT OF FORT PICKENS, of the GUN-DECK OF THE "BROOKLYN," and of THE OFFICERS' WARD-ROOM ON BOARD THAT SHIP. The author of the sketches thus writes us concerning them:

To the Editor of Harper's Weekly:

U. S. SHIP "BROOKLYN," OFF FORT PICKENS, FLORIDA, *April 23*, 1861.

On Friday, April 12, our captain received orders to prepare for landing the troops (Company A, First Artillery) which we brought from Fort Monroe. After sunset all the boats were hoisted out and dropped astern. Volunteers were called for to man them, and every man in the ship volunteered.

(*Continued on Page* 316.)



DISEMBARKING THE TROOPS FROM THE U. S. SHIP "BROOKLYN" TO REINFORCE FORT PICKENS, APRIL 12, 1861.—[SKETCHED BY AN ENGINEER OFFICER ON BOARD.]

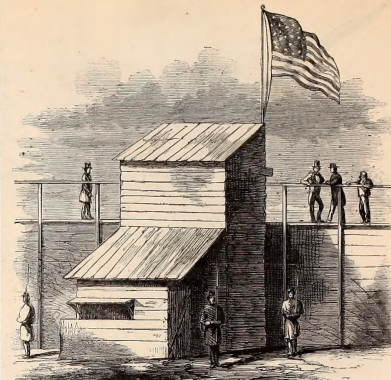
METHODS OF CONVEYING COTTON IN INDIA TO THE PORTS OF SHIPMENT.—[SEE PAGE 316.]

THE VIRGINIAN OF 1776.

THE VIRGINIAN OF 1861.

THE SEVENTH REGIMENT N. Y. STATE MILITIA HALTING FOR A REST ON THE MARCH TO ANNAPOLIS JUNCTION.—FROM A SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST.—[SEE PAGE 317.]

QUARTERS OF COMPANIES A AND D, SECOND OHIO INFANTRY, AT CAMP DENNISON, NEAR LANCASTER, PENNSYLVANIA.—[SKETCHED BY CAPTAIN GEORGE M. FISCH.]



HEAD-QUARTERS OF COLONEL A. McCOOK, OF THE FIRST OHIO INFANTRY, AT CAMP DENNISON, NEAR LANCASTER, PENNSYLVANIA.—[SKETCHED BY CAPTAIN GEORGE M. FISCH.]

After selecting the crews, they were armed to the teeth for covering the landing of the troops. As the enemy threatened to prevent the landing, having stationed coast-guards along shore for that purpose, it was necessary to send a considerable force; so the *Sabine* and *St. Louis'* boats were sent to assist our men. After the moon had set all deck lights were extinguished, to prevent the enemy discovering our movements. Strange to say, the light-house on shore, whose powerful light would make the position of our ships visible, was put out about the same time. Between ten and eleven o'clock the ship got under way, creeping slowly toward the shore and sounding all the way, anchoring in seven fathoms of water, which indicated close proximity to the shore. The boats were then got alongside, and the men disembarked. At this time the ship's deck presented an interesting and lively spectacle, though all was done very quietly, reflecting great credit upon the officers in command. After all was ready, Lieutenant Albert N. Smith, who had command of the boat expedition, shoved off, and the other boats followed in line. He intended landing on the beach near the ship and marching to the fort—a distance of about three miles—but finding the surf too heavy, he determined to pull into the harbor and land in front of Pickens. He was successful; the doors of the fort were opened, and the troops entered. In the mean while the *Wyandotte* carried all the *Sabine's* marines and put them on the *Brooklyn*, which, together with the *Brooklyn's* marines, were to go also. The boats made a second trip, being successful in getting the marines into the fort; but day broke before the boats got out of the harbor, making the sleepy sentinels on McRea and Barrancas rub their eyes in astonishment, not daring to molest the returning party.

The sketch representing the disembarkation gives a correct view of the *Brooklyn's* gun-deck and battery of nine-inch Dahlgren shell-guns.

☞ We shall be glad to hear again from our correspondent, and from other officers of the United States fleet now in the Gulf. Sketches of the movements of the ships will always be acceptable.

LANDING THE RHODE ISLAND ARTILLERY AT WASHINGTON.

ON page 305 we give a picture—from a sketch by our special artist—of the landing of the Rhode Island Battery at the Washington Arsenal, from the *Bienville*, on Thursday, April 25. This is one of the finest batteries in the service. On seeing it, the President could not help observing that it was "the prettiest battery he had ever seen." A newspaper correspondent thus sketches their being sworn in:

"The Rhode Island regiment was sworn in in the east Capitol garden, by Major M'Dowell. The men were inspected by companies, and then formed in a hollow square, the American and Revolutionary flags were brought to the centre, and then, holding up their right hands, the twelve hundred men repeated the oath after General Thomas, a magistrate of the district. The scene was very imposing, and the setting sun, lighting up the front of the Capitol, strongly relieving the statues against the green-sward, and glancing from bayonets, made the *tout ensemble* most beautiful. Then, breaking into column, and wearing their red blankets as overcoats, the regiment marched back to quarters, Governor Sprague leading them on horseback."

HOISTING THE STARS AND STRIPES AT BALTIMORE.

WE illustrate this scene herewith, from a photograph by Mr. Weaver. The Associated Press dispatch thus describes it:

"At noon, on 1st May, the Star-spangled Banner was raised, with great demonstrations of enthusiasm, from the Post-office and Custom-house, by order of the newly appointed officials. A large crowd assembled in front of the Custom-house to witness the flag-raising. A new flag-staff was erected over the portico, and at precisely quarter to twelve Captain Frazier, a veteran sea-captain of Fells Point, who was assigned the honor, drew up the flag, which, as it spread to the breeze, was greeted with tremendous applause, waving of hats, cheers for the Union and the old flag. The crowd then joined in singing the 'Star-spangled Banner.'

"After the crowd had left the Custom-house to-day a man named George Lemmon, in the uniform of the Maryland Guard, deliberately cut down the American flag, which fell into the arms of a by-stander. He was immediately arrested by a Deputy Sheriff, and with some difficulty saved from the wrath of the few Union men present, and conveyed to the police station, where he awaits examination. The Guard, it is said, will expel the offender.

"Lemmon was taken before the United States Marshal, and held in $500 security for examination to-morrow. His friends claim that he did not commit the act, while others are positive he cut the halyards with a pocket-knife."

COTTON IN INDIA.

WE publish on page 314 a graphic picture representing the difficulties of moving cotton to the sea-board in India. Since the rebellion broke out at the South the British consumers of cotton have been moving heaven and earth to obtain a supply of cotton from elsewhere, and especially from India, which already produces a good deal of cotton. The great difficulty in India is in the moving cotton to the ports.

An Indian road is a curious thing. Suppose the dry bed of a considerable mountain torrent placed a little nearer the horizontal than it usually lies, and perhaps it may supply some tolerable notion of the state of an Indian road. A writer on India, speaking of the province of Candeish, says: "In the year 1847 the collector of the district was compelled to grant the cultivators remissions of the land-tax, not from any successive failure of crops, but the very reverse. The yield of the province had become augmented so far beyond the local requirements, and the state (or rather total want) of the roads was such a barrier to the disposal of their produce elsewhere that their crops lay useless on their hands, and they found themselves without means."

RAISING THE STARS AND STRIPES OVER THE CUSTOM-HOUSE AT BALTIMORE, ON MAY 1.—[PHOTOGRAPHED BY W. H. WEAVER.]

A gentleman, who was an eye-witness to the facts he relates, thus refers to the perils of cotton bales on their pilgrimage from the plantation to the nearest Indian port. This port may probably be distant 1000 miles; and if the owner of the cotton live sufficiently near to some river station on the Ganges, after getting through the difficulties of the transit on such Indian roads as we have described, he may at length find his cotton produce on the banks of the river. Are his difficulties then at an end by his finding at this point a safe and ready conveyance for his property to Calcutta? Not at all. If he aims at embarking it on a river steamer he may find that the few that exist are all booked for many months to come; or, if such should not be the case, the cost demanded for carriage is so heavy as would at once destroy all hope of profit from his goods. In this state of things his *dernier ressort* is a country boat, which is a rickety conveyance under the most favorable circumstances, but becomes alarming to contemplate with his cotton bales piled upon it. There is no help or choice left, however, so the boat is dispatched; but when it will arrive at its destination, or in what state its cargo will be delivered, are events that lie shrouded in the most absolute uncertainty. If it happen to be the hot season the crazy craft will most likely lie on some sandbank for weeks together; if, on the other hand, through delay it should be overtaken by the rains, it is 1000 to 1 but that the top-heavy vessel will be capsized in a squall, and the luckless freight, if not totally lost, will almost to a certainty be irremediably ruined. Nor is the sum of its mischances yet at an end, for the probability is that, even on the most favorable voyage, the inflammable cargo will be set on fire on an average every alternate day, from the boatmen cooking their meals, each man using his separate charcoal-pan.

THE LONG BRIDGE OVER THE POTOMAC.

We publish herewith, from a picture by our special artist, a view of the LONG BRIDGE AT WASHINGTON, over which the road to Alexandria passes. A writer for the *Herald* says:

"At the extremity of the bridge a company of soldiers is stationed, and, for form's sake, sentinels parade to and fro. The passage across the bridge is, however, unobstructed during day, and wagons are constantly passing and repassing. The bridge is one mile long, is not covered, and about a quarter of a mile of the central part is built of masonry, with low parapets, and resembles a country road. The rest of the bridge is wood. It is about the width of three carriages, and has two draws, one on the Washington and one on the Virginia side. These are almost constantly open for the passage of small armed propellers, with which the Potomac swarms.

"A company of flying artillery is stationed on the bridge every night, near the Virginia shore, with the draw raised in front of them. At the Virginia terminus is a small hotel, where Colonel Lee's picket-guard was recently quartered. It is now almost deserted."

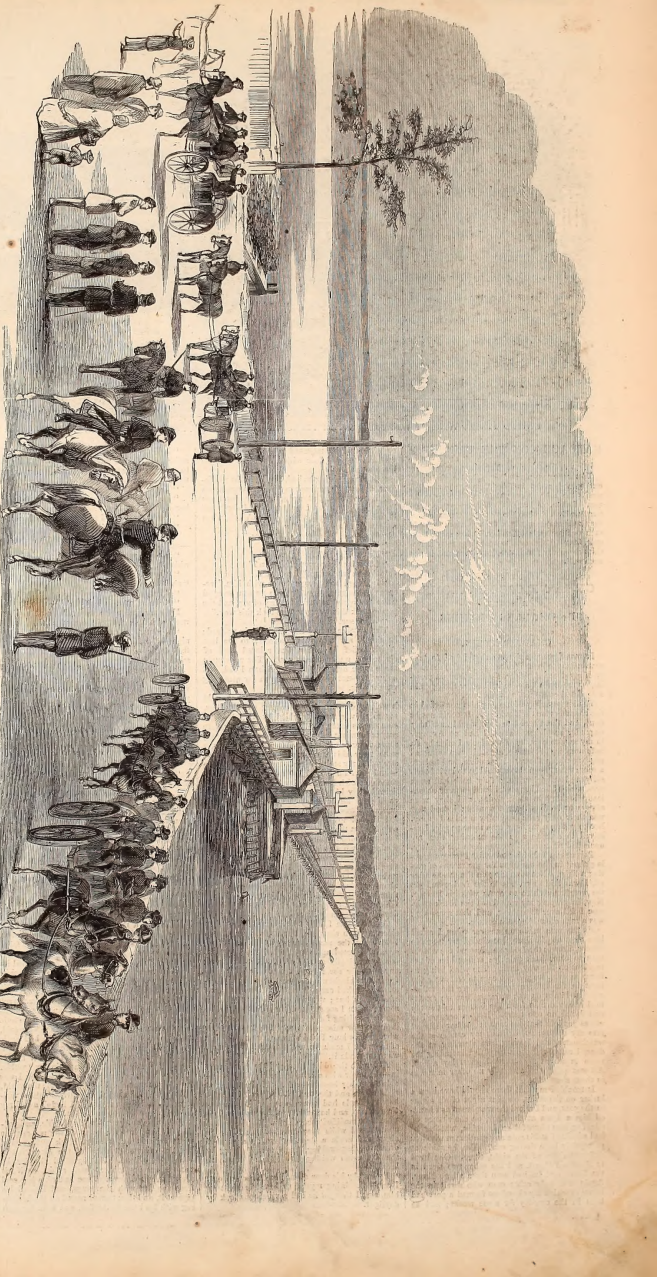
THE MARCH OF THE SEVENTH TO ANNAPOLIS.

ON page 315 we give a picture, from a sketch by our special artist, of the SEVENTH REGIMENT HALTING FOR A REST ON THE MARCH TO ANNAPOLIS JUNCTION. Our artist accompanied them on the march. Its fatigues and its perils are well described in the following extract from a letter from one of the members to the New York *Times*:

"General Scott has stated, as I have been informed, that the march that we performed from Annapolis to the Junction is one of the most remarkable on record. I know that I felt it the most fatiguing, and some of our officers have told me that it was the most perilous. We marched the first eight miles under a burning sun, in heavy marching order, in less than three hours; and it is well known that, placing all elementary considerations out of the way, marching on a railroad track is the most harassing. We started at about 8 o'clock A.M., and for the first time saw stated at Annapolis, which, without any disrespect to that place, I may say looked very much as if some celestial school-boy, with a box of toys under his arm, had dropped a few houses and men as he was going home from school, and that the accidental settlement was called Annapolis. Through the town we marched, the people unsympathizing, but afraid. They saw the Seventh for the first time, and for the first time they realized the men that they had threatened.

"The tracks had been torn up between Annapolis and the Junction, and here it was that the wonderful qualities of the Massachusetts Eighth Regiment came out. The locomotive had been taken to pieces by the inhabitants, in order to prevent our travel. In steps a Massachusetts volunteer, looks at the piecemeal engine, takes up a flange, and says, coolly, 'I made this engine, and I can put it together again.' Engineers were wanted when the engine was ready. Nineteen stepped out of the ranks. The rails were torn up. Practical railroad makers out of the Regiment laid them again, and all this, mind you, without care or food. These brave boys, I say, were starving while they were doing all this good work. What their Colonel was doing I can't say. As we marched along the track that they had laid they greeted us with ranks of smiling but hungry faces. One boy told me, with a laugh on his young lips, that he had not ate any thing for thirty hours. There was not, thank God, a haversack in our Regiment that was not emptied into the hands of those ill-treated heroes, nor a flask that was not at their disposal. I am glad to pay them tribute here, and mentally doff my cap.

"Our march lay through an arid, sandy, tobacco-growing country. The sun poured on our heads like hot lava. The Sixth and Second companies were sent on for skirmishing duty, under the command of Captains Clarke and Nevers, the latter commanding as senior officer. A cannon which was placed a howitzer loaded with grape and canister, headed the column, manned by the engineer and artillery corps, commanded by Lieutenant Dunning. This was the rallying point of the skirmishing party, on which, in case of difficulty, they could fall back. In the centre of the column came the cars laden with medical stores, and bearing our sick and wounded, while the extreme rear was brought up with a second howitzer, loaded also with grape and canister. The engineer corps, of course, had to do the forwarding work. New York dandies, Sir!—but they built bridges, laid rails, and headed the regiment through that terrible march. After marching about eight miles, during which time several men raved in from exhaustion, and one young gentleman was sun-struck and sent back to New York, we halted, and instantly, with the Divine instinct which characterizes the hungry soldier, proceeded to forage. The worst of it was, there was no foraging to be done. The only house within reach was inhabited by a lethargic person, who, like most Southern men, had no idea of gaining money by labor. We offered him extravagant prices to get us fresh water, and it was with the utmost reluctance we could get him to obtain us a few pailfuls. Over the mantle-piece of his miserable shanty I saw—a curious coincidence—the portrait of Colonel Duryea of our regiment."



THE LONG BRIDGE LEADING ACROSS THE POTOMAC FROM WASHINGTON TO VIRGINIA, GUARDED BY UNITED STATES ARTILLERY.—[SKETCHED BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST.]

UNITED STATES HORSE BARRACKS ON THE TREASURY BUILDING GROUNDS AT WASHINGTON, D. C.—[FROM A SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST.]

BARRACKS ON THE TREASURY GROUNDS.

THE accompanying picture, from a sketch by our special artist in Washington, shows what straits the soldiers are put to in Washington for want of room. A large body of dragoons are quartered under a shed on the Treasury Grounds—not very comfortable quarters, for a garrison town, in such weather as last Monday. They seem, however, from all accounts, to bear these petty privations cheerfully; at latest dates men and horses were well.

GREAT EXPECTATIONS.

A NOVEL.

BY CHARLES DICKENS.

CHAPTER XXXIX.

IT was fortunate for me that I had to take precautions to insure (so far as I could) the safety of my dreaded visitor, for this thought pressing on me when I awoke held other thoughts in a confused concourse at a distance.

The impossibility of keeping him concealed in the chambers was self-evident. It could not be done, and the attempt to do it would inevitably engender suspicion. True, I had no Avenger in my service now, but I was looked after by an inflammatory old female, assisted by an animated rag-bag whom she called her niece, and to keep a room secret from them would be to invite curiosity and exaggeration. They both had weak eyes, which I had long attributed to their chronically looking in at keyholes, and they were always at hand when not wanted; indeed that was their only reliable quality besides larceny. Not to get up a mystery with these people, I resolved to announce in the morning that my uncle had unexpectedly come from the country.

This course I decided on while I was yet groping about in the darkness for the means of getting a light. Not stumbling on the means after all, I was fain to go out to the Lodge and get the watchman there to come with his lantern. Now, in groping my way down the black staircase I fell over something, and that something was a man crouching in a corner.

As the man made no answer when I asked him what he did there, but cluded my touch in silence, I ran to the Lodge and urged the watchman to come back quickly: telling him of the incident on the way back. The wind being as fierce as ever, we did not care to endanger the light in the lantern by rekindling the extinguished lamps on the staircase, but we examined the staircase from the bottom to the top and found no one there. It then occurred to me as possible that the man might have slipped into my rooms; so, lighting my candle at the watchman's, and leaving him standing at the door, I examined them carefully, including the room in which my dreaded guest lay asleep. All was quiet, and assuredly no other man was in those chambers.

It troubled me that there should have been a lurker on the stairs, on that night of all nights in the year, and I asked the watchman as I handed him a dram at the door, on the chance of eliciting some hopeful explanation, whether he had admitted at his gate any gentlemen who had perceptibly been dining out? Yes, he said; at different times of the night, three. One lived in Fountain Court, and the other two lived in the Lane, and he had seen them all go home. Again, the only other man who dwelt in the house of which my chambers formed a part had been in the country for some weeks; and he certainly had not returned in the night, because we had seen his door with his seal on it as we came up stairs."

"The night being so bad, Sir," said the watchman, as he gave me back my glass, "I consumon few have come in at my gate. Besides them three gentlemen that I have named, I don't call to mind another since about eleven o'clock, when a stranger asked for you."

"My uncle," I muttered. "Yes."

"You saw him, Sir?"

"Yes. Oh yes."

"Likewise the person with him?"

"Person with him?" I repeated.

"I judged the person to be with him," returned the watchman. "The person stopped when he stooped to make inquiry of me, and the person took this way when he took this way."

"What sort of person?"

The watchman had not particularly noticed; he should say a working person; to the best of his belief he had a dust-colored kind of clothes on, under a dark coat. The watchman made more light of the matter than I did, and naturally—not having my reason for attaching weight to it.

When I had got rid of him, which I thought it well to do without prolonging explanations, my mind was much troubled by these two circumstances taken together. Whereas they were easy of innocent solution apart—as, for instance, some diner-out or diner-at-home, who had not gone near this watchman's gate, might have strayed to my staircase and dropped asleep there —and my nameless visitor might have brought some one with him to show him the way—still, joined, they had an ugly look to one as prone to distrust and fear as the changes of a few hours had made me.

I lighted my fire, which burned with a raw pale look at that dead time of the morning, and fell into a doze before it. I seemed to have been dozing a whole night when the clocks struck six. As there was full an hour and a half between me and daylight, I dozed again; now, waking up uneasily, with prolix conversations about nothing still in my ears; now, making thunder of the wind in the chimney; at length falling off into a profound sleep from which the daylight woke me with a start.

All this time I had never been able to consider my own situation, nor could I do so yet. I had not the power to attend to it. I was greatly dejected and distressed, but in an incoherent wholesale sort of way. As to forming any plan for the future, I could as soon have formed an elephant. When I opened the shutters and looked out at the wet wild morning, all of a leaden hue; when I walked from room to room; when I sat down again shivering, before the fire, waiting for my lunches to appear: I thoug t how miserable I was, but hardly knew why, or how long I had been so, or on what day of the week I made the reflection, or even who I was that made it.

At length the old woman and the niece came in—the latter with a head not easily distinguishable from her broom—and testified surprise at sight of me and the fire. To whom I imparted how my uncle had come in the night and was then asleep, and how the breakfast preparations were to be modified accordingly. Then I washed and dressed while they knocked the furniture about and made a dust, and so, in a sort of dream or sleep-waking, found myself sitting by the fire again waiting for—Him—to come to breakfast.

By-and-by his door opened and he came out. I could not bring myself to bear the sight of him, and I thought he had a villainous look by daylight.

"I do not even know," said I, speaking low as he took his seat at the table, "by what name to call you. I have given out that you are my uncle."

"That's it, dear boy! Call me uncle."

"You assumed some name, I suppose, on board ship?"

"Yes, dear boy. I took the name of Provis."

"Do you mean to keep that name?"

"Why, yes, dear boy, it's as good as another unless you'd like another."

"What is your own name?" I asked him in a whisper.

"Magwitch," he answered, in the same tone; "chris'n'd Abel."

"What were you brought up to be?"

"A warmint, dear boy."

He answered quite seriously, and used the word as if it denoted some profession.

"When you came into the Temple last night—" said I, pausing to wonder whether that could really have been last night which seemed so long ago.

"Yes, dear boy?"

"When you came in at the gate and asked the watchman the way here, had you any one with you?"

"With me? No, dear boy."

"But there was some one there?"

"I didn't take particular notice," he said, dubiously, "not knowing the ways of the place. But I think there *was* a person, too, come in alongst me."

"Are you known in London?"

"I hope not!" said he, giving his neck a jerk with his forefinger that made me turn hot and sick.

"Were you known in London, once?"

"Not over and above, dear boy. I was in the provinces mostly."

"Were you—tried—in London?"

"Which time?" said he, with a sharp look.

"The last time."

He nodded. "First knowed Mr. Jaggers that way. Jaggers was for me."

It was on my lips to ask him what he was tried for, but he took up a knife, gave it a flourish, and with the words, "And whatever I done is worked out and paid for!" fell to at his breakfast.

He ate in a ravenous way that was very disagreeable, and all his actions were uncouth, noisy, and greedy. Some of his teeth had failed him since I saw him eat on the marshes, and as he turned his food in his mouth, and turned his head sideways to bring his strongest fangs to bear upon it, he looked terribly like a hungry old dog. He had grown with my appetite he would have taken it away, and I should have sat much as I did—repelled from him by an insurmountable aversion, and gloomily looking at the cloth.

"I'm a heavy grubber, dear boy," he said, as a polite kind of apology when he had made an end of his meal, "but I always was. If it had been in my constitution to be a lighter grubber, I might ha' got into lighter trouble. Similarly, I must have my smoke. When I was first hired out as shepherd t'other side the world, it's my belief I should ha' turned into a mopping-and-mowing sheep myself, if I hadn't a had my smoke."

As he said so, he got up from table, and putting his hand into the breast of the pea-coat he wore, brought out a short black pipe, and a handful of loose tobacco of the kind that is called Negro-head. Having filled his pipe, he put the surplus tobacco back again, as if his pocket were a drawer. Then he took a live coal from the fire with the tongs, and lighted his pipe at it, and then turned round on the hearth-rug with his back to the fire, and went through his favorite action of holding out both his hands for mine.

"And this," said he, dandling my hands up and down in his, as he puffed at his pipe—"and this is the gentleman wot I made! The real genuine One! It does me good fur to look at you, Pip. All I stip'late is to stand by and look at you, dear boy!"

I released my hands as soon as I could, and found that I was beginning slowly to settle down to the contemplation of my condition. What I was chained to, and how heavily, became intelligible to me, as I heard his hoarse voice, and sat looking up at his furrowed bald head with its iron-gray hair at the sides.

"I mustn't see my gentleman a footing it in the mire of the streets; there mustn't be no mud on *his* boots. My gentleman must have horses, Pip! Horses to ride, and horses to drive, and horses for his servant to ride and drive as well. Shall colonists have their horses (and blood 'uns, if you please, good Lord!) and not my London gentleman? No, no. We'll show 'em another pair of shoes than that, Pip; won't us?"

He took out of his pocket a great thick pocket-book, bursting with papers, and tossed it on the table.

"There's something worth spending in that there book, dear boy. It's yourn. All I've got ain't mine; it's yourn. Don't you be afraid on it. There's more where that come from. I've come to the old country fur to see my gentleman spend his money *like* a gentleman. That'll be *my* pleasure. *My* pleasure 'ull be fur to see him do it. And blast you all!" he wound up, looking round the cornice of the room and snapping his fingers once with a loud crack, "blast you every one, from the judge in his wig to the colonist a stirring up the dust, I'll show a better gentleman than the whole kit on you put together!"

"Stop!" said I, almost in a frenzy of fear and dislike, "I want to speak to you. I want to know what is to be done. I want to know how you are to be kept out of danger, how long you are going to stay, what projects you have."

"Look'ee here, Pip," said he, laying his hand on my arm in a suddenly altered and subdued manner; "first of all, look'ee here. I forgot myself half a minute ago. What I said was low; that's wot it was; but look'ee here, Pip. Look over it. I ain't a going to be low."

"First," I resumed, half groaning, "what precautions can be taken against your being recognized and seized?"

"No, dear boy," he said, in the same tone as before, "that don't go first. Lowness goes first. When I took a upward year to make a gentleman out without knowing wot's due to him. Look'ee here, Pip. I was low; that's wot I was; low. Look over it, dear boy."

Some sense of the grimly-ludicrous moved me to a fretful laugh, as I replied, "I have looked over it. In Heaven's name, don't harp upon it!"

"Yes, but look'ee here," he persisted. "Dear boy, I ain't come so fur to be low. Now, go on, dear boy. You was a saying—"

"How are you to be guarded from the danger you have incurred?"

"Well, dear boy, the danger ain't so great. Without I was informed against, the danger ain't so much to signify. There's Jaggers, and there's Wemmick, and there's you. Who else is there to inform?"

"Is there no chance person who might identify you in the street?" said I, bitterly.

"Well," he returned, "there ain't many. Nor yet I don't intend to advertise myself in the papers by the name of A. M. come back from Botany Bay; and years have rolled away, and

who's to gain by it? Still, look'ee here, Pip. If the danger had been fifty times as great, I should ha' come to see you, mind you, just the same."

"And how long do you remain?"

"How long?" said he, taking his black pipe from his mouth, and dropping its jaw as he stared at me. "I'm not a going back. "I've come for good."

"Where are you to live?" said I. "What is to be done with you? Where will you be safe?"

"Dear boy," he returned, "there's disguising wigs can be bought for money, and there's hairpowder, and spectacles, and black clothes—shorts, and wot not. I shall drop into it safe afore, and wot others has done afore others and with less. As to the where and how of living, dear boy, give me your own opinions on it."

"You talk it smoothly now," said I, "but you were very serious last night when you swore it was Death."

"And so I swear it is Death," said he, putting his pipe back in his mouth, "and Death by the rope, in the open street not far from this, and it's serious that you should fully understand it to be so. Wot then, when that's once done? Here I am. To go back now 'ud be as bad as to stand gallows-dowse. Besides, I'm low here, because I've meant it by you, years and years. As to wot I dare, I'm a old bird now, as has dared all sorts of traps since first he was fledged, and I'm not afraid to perch up on a scarecrow. If there's Death hid inside of it, there is, and let him come, and I'll face him, and then I'll believe in him and not afore. And now let me have a look at my gentleman again."

Once more he saw by light of the candles and surveyed me with an air of admiring proprietorship: smoking with great complacency all the while.

It appeared to me that I could do no better than secure him some quiet lodging hard by, of which he might take possession when Herbert returned: remaining in it two or three days. That the secret must be confided to Herbert as a matter of unavoidable necessity, even if I could have the nonsense of leaving Newman shoved like a fiend in his own house, was plain to me. But it was by no means so plain to me, that I could do well in telling him that name), who reserved his consent to Herbert's participation until he should have seen him and formed a favorable judgment of his physiognomy. "And even then, dear boy," said he, pulling a greasy little clasped black Testament out of his pocket, "I will have him on his oath."

To state that my terrible patron carried this little black book about the world solely to swear people on in cases of emergency, would be to state what I am quite certain could not—but this I can say, that I never knew him put it to any other use. The book itself had the appearance of having been stolen from some court of justice, and perhaps his knowledge of its antecedents combined with his own experience in that wise, gave him a relish on its powers as a sort of legal spell or charm. On this first occasion of his producing it, I recalled how he had made me swear fidelity in the church-yard long ago, and how he had described himself last night as swearing to his resolutions in his solitude.

As he was at present dressed in a sea-faring slop suit, in which he looked as if he had a parrot or two and a few cigars to dispose of, I next discussed with him what dress he should wear. He cherished an extraordinary belief in the virtues of "shorts" as a disguise, and had in his own mind sketched a dress for himself that would have made him something between a dean and a dentist. It was with considerable difficulty that I was able to win the assumption of a dress more like a prosperous farmer's; and we arranged that he should cut his hair close and wear a little powder. Lastly, as I had not yet been seen by the laundress or her niece, he was to keep himself out of their view until his change of dress was made.

It would seem a simple matter to decide on these precautions; but in my dazed, not to say distracted, state, it took so long that I did not get out to farther them until two or three in the afternoon. He was to remain shut up in the chambers until I came back, and I had not yet been seen by the laundress or her niece, he was to keep himself out of their view until his change of dress was made.

There being to my knowledge a respectable lodging-house in Essex Street, the back of which looked into the Temple, and was almost within hail of my windows, I first of all repaired to that house, and was fortunate as to secure the second floor for Mr. Provis. I then went from shop to shop, making such purchases as were necessary to the change in his appearance. This business transacted, I hurried my face, on my own account, to Little Britain. Mr. Jaggers was at his desk, seeing me enter, got up immediately and stood before his fire.

"Now, Pip," said he, "be careful."

"I will, Sir," I returned. "For I had thought well of what I was going to say coming along."

"Don't commit yourself," said Mr. Jaggers, "and don't commit my one. You understand—any one. Don't tell me any thing: I don't want to know any thing; I am not curious."

Of course I saw that he knew the man was come.

"I merely want, Mr. Jaggers," said I, "to assure myself that what I have been told is true. I have no hope of its being untrue, but at least I may verify it."

Mr. Jaggers nodded. "But did you say," said he, or "informed?" he asked me, with his head on one side, and not looking at me, but looking in a listening way at the floor. "Told would seem to imply verbal communication. You can't have verbal communication with a man in New South Wales."

"I will say informed, Mr. Jaggers."

"Good."

"I have been informed by a person named Abel Magwitch that he is the benefactor so long unknown to me."

"That is the man," said Mr. Jaggers, "—in New South Wales."

"And only he?" said I.

"And only he," said Mr. Jaggers.

"I am not so unreasonable, Sir, as to think you at all responsible for my mistakes and wrong conclusions; but I always supposed it was Miss Havisham."

"As you say, Pip," returned Mr. Jaggers, turning his eyes upon me coolly, and taking a bite at his forefinger, "I am not at all responsible for that."

"And yet it looked so like it, Sir," I pleaded, with a miserable whine.

"Not a particle of evidence, Pip," said Mr. Jaggers, shaking his head and gathering up his skirts. "Only nothing looks like every thing on evidence. There's no better rule."

"I have no more to say," said I, with a sigh, after standing downcast for a little while, "as I have verified my information, and there an end."

"And Magwitch—in New South Wales—having at last disclosed himself," said Mr. Jaggers, "you will comprehend, Pip, how rigidly throughout my communication with you I have always adhered to the strict line of fact. There has never been the least departure from the straight line of fact. You are quite aware of that?"

"Quite, Sir."

"I communicated to Magwitch—in New South Wales—when he first wrote to me—from New South Wales—the caution that he must not expect me ever to go out of the strict line of fact. I also communicated to him another caution. He appeared to me to have obscurely hinted in his letter at some distant hope he had of seeing you in England here. I cautioned him that I must have no more of that; that he was not likely to obtain a pardon; that he was expatriated for the term of his natural life; and that his presenting himself in this country would be an act of felony, rendering him liable to the extreme penalty of the law. I gave Magwitch that caution," said Mr. Jaggers, looking hard at me; "I wrote it to him New South Wales. I delighted himself by it, no doubt."

"No doubt," said I.

"If I have been informed by Wemmick," pursued Mr. Jaggers, still looking hard at me, "that he has received a letter, under date Portsmouth, from a colonist of the name of Purvis, or—"

"Or Provis," I suggested.

"Or Provis—thank you, Pip. Perhaps it *is* Provis? Perhaps you know it's Provis?"

"Yes," said I.

"Just so. A letter, under date Portsmouth, from a colonist of the name of Provis, asking for the particulars of your address, on behalf of Magwitch. Wemmick sent him the particulars, I understand, by return of post. Probably it is through Provis that you have received the explanation of Magwitch—in New South Wales?"

"It came through Provis," I replied.

"Good. And Provis," said Mr. Jaggers, offering his hand; "glad to have seen you. In writing by post to Magwitch—in New South Wales—in communicating to him through Provis, have the goodness to mention that the particulars and vouchers of our long account shall be sent to you, begging to remind you that there is still a balance remaining in my charge. Good-day, Pip!"

We shook hands, and he looked hard at me as long as he could see me. I turned at the door, and he was still looking hard at me, while the two vile casts of faces stared at me by tipping to get their eyelids open, and to force out of their swollen throats, "Oh, what a man he is!"

Wemmick was washing the hands of his head at his desk he could have done nothing for me. I went straight back to the Temple, where I found the revolting Provis in safe hands and water and smoking negro-head in safety.

Next day the clothes I had ordered all came home, and he put them on. Whatever he put on became him less (it dismally seemed to me) than what he had worn before. To my thinking, there was no disguising him, but inside it hopeless to attempt to disguise him. The more I dressed him, and the better I dressed him, the more he looked like the sheddings' captive on the marshes. This effect on my anxious fancy was partly referable, no doubt, to his old face and manner growing more familiar to me; but I believe, too, that he dragged one of his legs as if there were still a weight of iron on it, and that from head to foot there was Convict in the very grain of the man.

The influences of his solitary hut-life were upon him besides, and gave him a savage air that no dress could tame; added to these were the influences of his subsequent branded life among men, and crowning all, his consciousness of the law's attention and hiding now. In all his ways of sitting and standing, and eating and drinking—of brooding about in a high-shouldered reticence, and taking out his great horn-handled jack-knife and wiping it on his legs and cutting his food—of lifting light glasses and cups to his lips as if they were great pannikins—of chopping a wedge off his bread, and soaking up with it the last fragments of gravy round and round his plate, as if to make the most of an allowance, and then drying his finger-ends on it, and then swallowing it—in these ways and a thousand small matters besides, instances arising every minute in the day, there was Prisoner, Felon, Bondsman, plain as plain could be.

It had been his own idea to wear that touch of powder, and I had conceded the powder after overcoming the shorts. But I can compare the effect of it, when on, to nothing but the probable effect of rouge upon the dead; so awful was the manner in which every thing in him that it was most desirable to repress started through that thin layer of pretense, and seemed to come blazing out at the crown of his head. It was abandoned as soon as tried, and he wore his grizzled hair cut short.

Words can not tell what a sense I had, at the same time, of the dreadful mystery that he was to me. When he fell asleep of an evening, with his knotted hands clenching the sides of the easy chair, and his bald head tattooed with deep wrinkles falling forward on his breast, I would sit and look at him, wondering what he had done, and loading him with all the crimes in the Calendar, until the impulse was powerful on me to start up and fly from him. Every hour so increased my abhorrence of him that I even think I might have yielded to this impulse in the first agonies of discovery, but, notwithstanding all he had done for me, and the risk he ran, but for the knowledge that Herbert must soon come back, I doubt if I could have left him, or left him in the night, and begin to dress myself in my worst clothes, hurriedly intending to leave him there with every thing else I possessed, and enlist for India as a private soldier.

I doubt if a ghost could have been more terrible to me, up in those lonely rooms in the long evenings and long nights, with the wind and the rain always rushing by. A ghost could not have been taken and hanged on my account, and the consideration had its influence; and the dread that he would be, were no small addition to my horrors. When he was not asleep or playing a complicated game of cribbage with a ragged pack of cards of his own—a game that I never saw before or since, and in which he recorded his winnings by notches made with his knife into the table —when he was not engaged in either of these pursuits he would ask me to read to him—Scott's Novels, I think, for I think I compliedd, he, not comprehending a single word, would stand before the fire surveying me with the air of an Eldorado Chief, and would set me, between the fingers of the hand with which I shaded my face, appealing in dumb show to the furniture to take yet more pains and polish. The imaginative student pursued by the misshapen creature he had impiously made was not more wretched than I. Imprisoned with the creature who had made me, and recoiling from him with a stronger repulsion the more he admired me and the fonder he was of me.

This is written of, I am sensible, as if it had lasted a year. It lasted about five days. Expecting Herbert all the time, I dared not go out, except when I took Provis for an airing after dark. At length, one evening when dinner was over and I, sitting opposite to the window, quite worn out—for my nights had been agitated and my rest broken by fearful dreams—I was roused from my drowsiness by the entrance into Provis, who had been asleep too, staggered up at the noise I made, and in an instant I saw his jack-knife shining in his hand.

"Steady!" said I. "Softly! I said; and Herbert came bursting in, with the airy freshness of six hundred miles of France upon him.

"Handel, my dear fellow, how are you, and again how are you, and again how are you? I seem to have been gone a twelvemonth!" Why, I must have been, for you have grown thin and pale! Handel, my—Hallon! I beg your pardon."

He was stopped in his rattling or and in his shaking hands with me by seeing Provis. Provis, regarding him with a fixed attention, was slowly putting his knife, knife, and groping in another pocket for something else.

"Herbert, my dear friend," said I, shutting the double doors while Herbert stood staring and wondering, "something very strange has happened. This is—a visitor of mine."

"It's all right, Herbert," said Provis, coming forward, with his little clasped black book, and then addressing himself to Herbert. "Take it in your right hand. Lord strike you dead on the spot if you ever split in any way sumever! Kiss it!"

"Do so, as he wishes it," I said to Herbert. So Herbert, looking with a friendly uneasiness at me, complied, and Provis immediately shaking hands with Herbert, said, "Now you're on your oath, you know. And never believe me on mine if Pip don't make a gentleman on you!"

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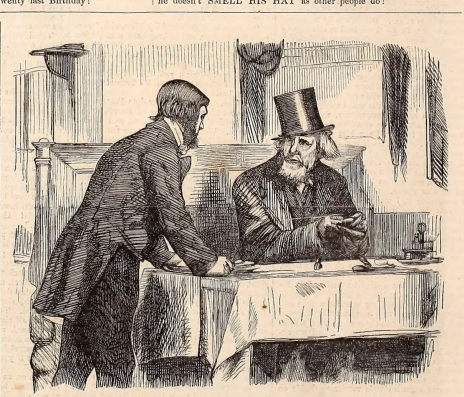

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And all earth's nations, leaning breathlessly,
Are witnesses around us, as we vow
To save our Union and our liberty.

She is not dead, but sleeping for a while.
Till this dark night of wickedness shall break;
When the sun's warm, bright beams once more shall shine
Upon us, she shall *joy* unto *wakes*.
Crossed with the Stars that fallen in her traitor-Banner by Virginia shift stands for her fate;
Proclaiming peace unto our land again—
Blessed by unnumbered hearts as on she goes!
Till then around her couch our watch we'll keep,
And guard her in her sleep.

She sleeps, Earth trembles, men recoil in doubt;
Murmurs of distant voices fill the air;
And from our city bursts a sterner shout—
"Up, brothers, to the ranks! *our flag is there!*"
Now swell your bosoms with a holy faith;
Our moment to Jehovah bend the knee;
Then up and onward, with undaunted will!
Go, shake your lives for truth and victory!
This is no time for us to wail and weep—
Our Union is asleep!

Nay! Rather go and wake her from her sleep!
Bring back each star by traitor hands disgraced—
Each soldier's stripe to grasp the starry loop.
Till every traitor's footing is effaced;
Then shall the Union rise in treason's wane,
And never sleep again!

S. J. A.

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

SATURDAY, MAY 25, 1861.

TO OUR SOUTHERN READERS.

WE have received a number of letters from Maryland, Kentucky, Tennessee, and other Southern States, complaining bitterly of the tone of an editorial article published in *Harper's Weekly* on May 4. Some of these letters are from friends, and appeal to the Christian feelings and kindly disposition of the publishers. Others are from strangers; and of these some are simply abusive, while others threaten the proprietors of this journal with assassination if *Harper's Weekly* perseveres in opposing the destruction of the American Union.

The point which excuses these several classes of correspondence is the statement in our editorial of March 4, to the effect that civil war between the Free States on one side and the Slave States on the other will inevitably sooner or later become a war of emancipation, and then the Free States, when Northern blood begins to flow, will not fail to turn to account the chief element of weakness in the enemy.

For saying this we are accused by old friends and valued correspondents of seeking to stir up slave insurrections, and thirsting for the slaughter of children and the violation of women!

We here, but ourselves, repel with no such charge. No United States army will abet such slave insurrections as may endanger the safety of the defenseless portion of the Southern people. Whatever women or children are assailed, United States troops will be the first to protect them. For ourselves, we scorn to defend ourselves against a charge so monstrously untrue, so basely unjust, and so malignantly false.

At the same time, we should fail in our duty to our Southern friends if we neglected to warn them that the first great battle in which Northern blood is shed can not but hasten the destruction of the slave institution in the States where United States troops are quartered. In saying this, we express no opinion and no hope. We merely record an obvious fact. We begin the war with solicitous tenderness for the peculiar institution. Colonel Dimick, at Fort Monroe, returns fugitive slaves to General Butler, at Annapolis, offers the services of the Massachusetts volunteers to suppress slave insurrections; a volunteer company in Indiana tenders its aid for a like service in Kentucky. But our Southern friends must be very blind indeed, and very ignorant of the impulses which sway human nature, if they suppose that we, in the pursuits of their attempt to destroy our Government, they begin to cut the throats of our brothers and our brave boys, we shall be so complaisant as this. We should be contemplating them in a poor service if we allowed them to harbor such a delusion without endeavoring to dispel it. It is better that they should understand the case clearly from the start. The United States, as a nation, have no concern with slavery. But from the hour that rebels shed the blood of citizens of the United States, war will be waged upon them by the most crushing and overwhelming methods; and among those methods the liberation of the slaves will naturally occur.

We say this, not in passion or from feeling, but simply as the calm statement of a fact as obvious as any in fixed science. Actual war between Slave and Free States ultimately involves bolition. 'Tis for the Border States to reject or accept the issue.

Some of our Southern friends accompany their above of this journal with a notice to the publishers to send it no more to their address. In Tennessee Vigilance Committees forbid its being sold. In Louisiana the Governor prohibits its distribution through the Post-office.

This is a matter which concerns our Southern subscribers exclusively. It is of very small consequence to us. If the people of the South don't think they get the worth of their money when they buy *Harper's Weekly*, they would exhibit great folly in purchasing it. If they do, to prescribe *Harper's Weekly* is their loss. We do not propose, in publishing this journal, to stand indebted to any man's good-will for its success. We calculate to produce such a paper that it shall be every man's interest to buy it. If we fulfill our aim, our Southern friends merely cut off their own noses when they stop our circulation among them. It is purely their affair. If they think they can do without an illustrated record of what we are with not object. We have work enough to supply the Northern demand for *Harper's Weekly*.

But we will take this opportunity of reminding those among our Southern friends who still retain capacity for calm reflection, that the outrich has never been deemed a sagacious bird because, on the approach of danger, it buries the head in a hole so as not to see its surroundings. The proscription of books and periodicals containing doctrines hostile to those of the Southern aristocracy has been carried to a fatal length at the South. The Southern people have been kept in a state of gross ignorance by their leaders. They have only been permitted to see one side of the parapamentous question of the day. And the consequence is, that they have been precipitated into a causeless, wanton rebellion which must inflict immeasurable injury upon them and their latest interests. The Southern people had adhered to the maxim of one of the greatest of Southern statesmen, THOMAS JEFFERSON, and had steadfastly acted upon the great truth that "ERROR is harmless if reason is free to combat it," we should not now have witnessed the most audacious and most monstrous rebellion of modern times, and the fairest portions of the American continent would not have been threatened with ruin and desolation.

As for *Harper's Weekly*, it will continue, as heretofore, to support the Government of the United States, the Laws, the Courts, and the indivisible union of thirty-four States. We know no other course consistent with the duty of citizens, Christians, and Freemen. If any subscriber to this journal expects us to give our aid or countenance to rebellion against the Government, he will be disappointed. If any man buys this journal expecting to find us apologize for treason, robbery, rebellion, piracy, or murder, he will be disappointed. That is not our line of business. The proprietors of *Harper's Weekly* would rather see their journal tomorrow than publish a line in it which would hereafter cause their children to blush for the patriotism or the manhood of their parents.

ARE THE MONTGOMERY PRIVATEERS PIRATES?

ON daily contemporaries, in discussing the principle of international law comprehended in the issue of letters of marque by the Southern pretenders to overthrow a very important Federal precedent. In 1818 Elias Glenn, United States District-Attorney at Baltimore, applied to the Hon. WM. WIRT, Attorney-General, for instructions respecting the *Fourth-of-July*—a privateer under that name from La Plata, and taken with a letter of marque from *Artigas*, an insurgent chief holding Buenos Ayres, recently released by Portugal. The Attorney-General thus curtly advised the Baltimore official: "*I would indict the captain and crew as pirates*, under the original Act of Congress for punishing piracy." The prisoners will defend themselves under the commission of *Artigas*. I would object to that commission going before the jury as evidence, on the ground that *it is not the commission of a sovereign recognised by our Government*."

The same principle and advice will undoubtedly be applied by every nation in whose ports the Davis pirates may be found or by whose cruisers they may be captured. We recommend to the perusal of Judah P. Benjamin, Esq., Attorney-General of the Southern Confederacy, the entire letter of Mr. Wirt, in the "Official Opinions," volume first, and pages 249–253.

THE LOUNGER.

HOW SECESSION WORKED IN SWITZERLAND.

THE following extraordinary historical parallel is furnished to the Lounger by a most competent hand:

"The history of the attempt at secession in Switzerland, which was terminated by what is known as the Sonderbund war in 1847, as detailed by Oldenbkig, is remarkable and instructive in itself, and is now rendered still more so by the wonderful resemblance of the action of the rulers of our own seven rebellious States with that of the leaders of the seven dissatisfied Cantons.

"That attempt had its origin in the desire of the Catholic Cantons to recover the supremacy they had lost in consequence of the increase of population and wealth in the other Cantons, and the general diffusion of education and intelligence consequent upon the spread of Protestantism. The struggle had the appearance of relating solely to the Catholic faith; but it was really political. The policy of the reactionists was dictated by Rome, while they were encouraged by promises of assistance from France and Austria.

"The organized factious opposition to the governments of some of the liberal Cantons had become so serious that the people of those Cantons, to prevent anarchy and bloodshed, determined to secularize the convents, which were the head-quarters of opposition and the centers of disturbance.

"This was done, with all due regard to the interests of those concerned, and at once an outcry was raised that the Constitution, which guaranteed the existence of those convents, had been infringed. The absolute necessity of the act, to prevent anarchy and civil war, was entirely disconstrated, but the Catholics would not be appeased.

"Insurrections took place in several Cantons: in some the reactionist party was triumphant, and party hate raged throughout the land. Zschokke says: 'The whole country was divided into two vast camps, on the one side floated the holy banner of religion, calling for a restoration of the institutions of the good old time; on the other, men stood in defense of acquired popular rights, and desired a new and stronger bond of confederation.'

"At last, as a measure of conciliation, some of the suppressed convents were restored by the Cantons to which they belonged at home; and the Diet—in which each Canton, without regard to population, has an equal vote—decreed, by a small majority, that there was sufficient pause-offering, and must be accepted as such.

"The Catholic Cantons demanded the restoration of all the convents, and refused to accept any compromise as a settlement. Their leaders prepared for armed resistance to the Federal Government without consulting the people. Their action was thus a violation of their own Cantonal Constitutions, as well as a rebellion against the Federal compact, though the pretext of wishing to preserve it from infringement. This was in September, 1843.

"Their plans remained secret for a long time. In the mean while they strengthened their forces; the Jesuits, who had been expelled from Switzerland, were invited to come to the Catholic Cantons to take charge of the schools; and rigorous measures were adopted to put down the liberals. The revolutionary events which took place in the Catholic Cantons the reactionists were generally successful; and the Federal Diet, in which the representatives of the refractory Cantons retained their seats, was divided, and powerless to quell the disturbances. In those Cantons, after a while, popular meetings were no longer free; liberal citizens were persecuted and driven away, their property was confiscated. The reign of terror, under the forms of government, prevailed within their boundaries.

"Exasperated by such tyrannical proceedings, the refugees organized their forces without the sanction of the governments of the liberal Cantons, organized free corps in order to remedy the evil by force of arms. Several parts of this nature were defeated with great loss of life, and those of the free corps who fell into the hands of the reactionists, were kept in loathsome prisons until reasoned by the authorities of the governments of their respective Cantons.

"The leaders of the seven Cantons, emboldened by these successes, and still further encouraged by promises of aid from abroad, now boldly proclaimed the formation of an offensive and defensive alliance in the shape of a treaty between the separate league, and no longer concealed their intentions. A committee of war was established, stores of arms and munitions were collected in large quantities, the work on their border and interior fortifications was pressed day and night, their active militia was exercised incessantly, and all capable of bearing arms were disciplined, and efficient officers appointed to command. They prepared for open rebellion. The liberal Cantons and the other Cantons were to be deposed by force, and the recently adopted constitutions annulled. A partition of the territory of some of those Cantons was agreed upon. Jesuitism, every where predominant, was to give laws to all Switzerland. The conspirators hardly entertained a doubt of success. They reckoned upon division and consequent impotency among the other Cantons, while they confidently relied on the valor and zeal of their own people, united by identical fanaticism.

"In July, 1847, the Diet assembled, and a bare majority, impressed with the imminence of the danger, rallied to the support of the Federal compact. In vain did the deputies of the Sonderbund Cantons attempt to take their seats as representatives of other Cantons, who professed to be neutral, propose mediation. Finally, a decree was passed for the dissolution of the Sonderbund; the seizure of all arms intended for the rebellious Cantons was ordered, and they were commanded to cease their warlike preparations. The names of all Federal staff officers who remained in the service of the Sonderbund were struck from the army list; the Jesuit Cantons were to dismiss all such members of their order, and its further admittance into Switzerland was prohibited. This was in September. The Diet then adjourned for six weeks to await the execution of their decrees, and to take the sense of the people.

"But the warlike preparations were still continued, and such citizens of the rebellious Cantons as yet remained faithful to the Federal compact were driven from their homes and subjected to persecutions. The question was put to the people of Switzerland in their primary assemblies, and by their votes a legal majority of the Cantons decided that the decrees of the Diet should be carried into effect, by force if necessary.

"On the 18th October, the Diet reassembled. Still desirous to conciliate, they sent some of their own members as messengers of peace to the rulers of the seven Cantons, and addressed a proclamation to the people of those Cantons, solemnly assuring them that the rights and liberties inherited from their fathers should remain unaltered—that their religion should not be interfered with—that no oppression was intended, no nullifying of Cantonal sovereignty, no forced change in the Confederate compact—but that the existence of a separate league, endangering the welfare of the whole, could never be allowed, and they appealed to them to disarm it while there was yet time.

"Their messages of peace were rejected with scorn, and the circulation of their proclamation was prohibited by the rulers of the Sonderbund.

"Then the Diet proceeded to active measures. There were no Federal troops. They called upon the Royal Cantons for 50,000 men, and appointed gradually Dufour, of Geneva, commander-in-chief. The deputies of the seven Cantons left the Diet, appealing to God, and casting upon their opponents all responsibility for future events. But the majority remained firm. On the 4th of November they decreed the dissolution of the Sonderbund by force of arms, and issued a proclamation to that effect. Two of the Cantons, not included in the Sonderbund, voted to remain neutral, and refused to furnish their contingent, but favored the rebels by permitting the transport of arms. Still, 90,000 men responded to the call of the Diet; for the people generally felt that their liberties were at stake, and though it was a bitter thing to march against their Confederate brothers, they determined to do their duty and fight for their fatherland.

"Before the Federal forces were arrayed the rebels took the initiative, and gained some advantages. Dufour adopted the most for a while. Disposed to act with extreme forbearance, he preferred to conquer by the display of an overwhelming force rather than by bloody violence. When fully prepared, he surrounded the principal Cantons of the Sonderbund with an immense chain of troops, closing every exit, and then marched upon Freiburg, one of the rebellious Cantons which was geographically separated from the others. On the 14th November Freiburg, disappointed in her expectations of assistance, capitulated, the rebel rulers and the Jesuits fled, a new government was instituted, and separation from the Sonderbund decreed. The Federal army then entered the territories of the other Sonderbund Cantons, and Zug, seeing herself threatened, withdrew from the league, giving a peaceful passage to the troops. On the 20th November a decisive battle took place in the territory of Lucerne, where the Sonderbundists had intrenched. The rebels were defeated, and the leaders of the Sonderbund fled by water, taking with them all the money they could collect. Then the authorities of the city of Lucerne tried to negotiate, but were compelled to surrender at discretion. The Federal troops entered as victors, and were welcomed as brothers; all the buildings were decorated with Federal flags, and acclamations of joy filled the air. Soon the smaller Cantons also capitulated, and by the 29th of November the contest was completely concluded by the submission of all the refractory Cantons. The Federal army took care to prompt that foreign powers had no time to interfere.

"Then came the reaction and the suffering. The Diet demanded from the Sonderbund Cantons the repayment of the expenses of the war, and the armed occupation of those Cantons by the Federal troops was continued until the first instalment had been paid and security given for the others. Those Cantons which had refused to perform their duty as confederates were saved from similar occupation only by the payment of a heavy fine into the Federal treasury. In all those Cantons a violent reaction took place; legal proceedings were instituted against those who had been members of the rebel governments, and others who had promoted the revolt. They were all deposed, confiscated largely—in some cases their estates were confiscated, and in some of the Catholic Cantons the convents were plundered by the vote of the people, and their property seized to defray the expenses incurred; but no blood flowed except in battle. The Diet, not by the poverty of its people, afterward remitted the last installments of the war-debt.

"Thus, in the course of surprisingly few days, the Sonderbund came to an end, but the rebellious Cantons long suffered the ruinous consequences of their folly.

"May our Southern brothers take warning, and dissolve their separate league while there is yet time!"

THE ARGUMENT FOR A STANDING ARMY.

THE latest and concluding volume of Macaulay's History, which has been published under the supervision of his sister from his revised manuscripts, opens with a chapter which is peculiarly interesting to us at this moment—the debate upon a standing army. Our own Constitution is nervously jealous of military power. It is so framed as to forbid the President's hands. The great fear of its makers evidently was, that the head of the state might become a military despot, and that must be avoided at any cost. They felt that the reliance of the Government to repress insurrection must be not upon a regular army, but upon the State militia; that is, in other words, upon the people themselves in their military capacity.

But unluckily the very name militia is partly ridiculous. Not justly so, for our own history has shown what militia can do. Indeed our Revolution was the triumph of militia over a regular army. Yet the value of strict discipline is so great that, unless the militia are truly military, it will be long before they can be of real service.

Macaulay relates with picturesque vigor the substance of the debate in the English Parliament of 1697, after the peaceful acknowledgment of William Third, drawing very effective portraits of the disputants, of whom Lord Somers was chief. And the historian evidently thinks that Somers had the best of the argument. The advocates of disbanding the army, he says, laid it down as a fundamental principle of political science that a standing army and a free constitution could not exist together

er. "History was ransacked for instances of adventurers who, by the help of mercenary troops, had subjugated free nations or deposed legitimate princes; and such instances were easily found." "What was the Lacedemonian phalanx in the best days of Lacedemon? What was the Roman legion in the best days of Rome? What were the armies which conquered at Cressy, at Poitiers, at Agincourt, at Halidon, at Flodden? What was that mighty army which Elizabeth reviewed at Tilbury? In the fourteenth, fifteenth, and even seventeenth centuries, Englishmen who did not make the trade of war had made war with success and glory. Were the English of the seventeenth century so degenerate that they could not be trusted to play the men for their own homesteads and parish churches?"

So has argument the reply of Sumers and the army party was very brief and cogent. If the spirit of the English people was such that, almost without training, they could successfully withstand the oldest soldiers, was it not absurd to suppose that such a people could be easily reduced to slavery by their own countrymen?

Somers himself wrote a little treatise upon the text that much was to be said on both sides, and showed the advantages and disadvantages of a standing army in the Balancing Letter.

The result of the discussion was that the peace establishment was reduced to about ten thousand men.

Macaulay was a Whig, but he was always favorable to what he called a strong government, which means simply a military government. But the true and final strength of a government lies at last in the people. Odd ideas are permanently strong. New mercenary soldiers are machines. They do not think. They are not to reason, but to obey. And for that very reason they may be turned against you. The mill grinds. It will grind the miller equally with the grist. A man thinks, and when he is willing to give his life for a cause he is more than mere man: he is a power. The true strength of a government *likes*, therefore, in men who seriously believe in the government and are willing to die for it. Such men are not soldiers who can be bought, and when they fall there are a hundred to stand in the place of each one of them.

A militia of such men is, if properly commanded, a hundred times more effective than mercenary troops. And one of the great and lasting lessons that we are likely to learn from this rebellion is that our militia must be military; that our population must be, as the people of Germany and France are, always prepared to use arms intelligently. If every man who marches now to the field were an accomplished soldier, how irresistible the army would be! Hereafter, let every citizen pay the homage at least to his country that he will understand how to handle a musket in her defense.

THE SCHUYLKILL BOYS.

In speaking recently of the heroes who first fell, the Lounger said that the Massachusetts men were "first in the field." His attention has been called to his forgetfulness of the Pennsylvania line, which was actually first upon the ground. It is a heroic emulation, and the Lounger most cheerfully corrects his statement by the following explanation from Schuylkill County. The name of the newspaper in which it appears was not sent to him:

"On Thursday, the 16th day of April, five hundred Pennsylvanians marched through Baltimore on their way to defend the National Capital, exactly twenty-four hours before the Massachusetts regiment so bravely celebrated the battle of Lexington in the streets of that delectable city. Over 250 of these volunteers started from the borough of Pottsville on Wednesday afternoon, April 17, and of these the National Light Infantry, commanded by Captain E. M'Donald, were the very first whose services were offered to and accepted by the Secretary of War. If the volunteers from Pennsylvania did not present the handsome appearance that their brethren from the land of steady habits presented upon their appearance in Washington, they at least should not be deprived of the credit of having arrived there first. It is Schuylkill County that asks that kind of justice at the hands of the newspapers of the country, and Schuylkill County has to-day more than two thousand men in the field. Will *Harper's Weekly* please make a note of that?"

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

VERY NATURAL.

A MAN and his wife were seated by the fire. He was intently occupied in reading—she in some domestic concern. At length he raised his eyes from his book, and said,

"It is here stated that Lot's wife looked back, and was converted into a pillar of salt, because she coveted something she had left behind;" and added, "I never thought it was for that reason."

He was very quietly asked,

"What do you suppose induced her to look back, if it was not covetousness?"

He replied,

"I always imagined it was curiosity." And after sitting a moment, he said, "It seems to me that I should have wanted to look back if I had been in her place, should not you?"

"Yes," she replied, "I think I should, especially if I had been told not to do it."

AN IRISH FEMALE TENANT.

"I'll trouble you for my month's rent, Madam," said a landlord last Monday to one of his tenants.

"Is it yer rint ye ax for now?"

"Yes, Ma'am, two months and two shillings per week each."

"Ah, now, can't ye wait a little time? Sure the likes of you must have plenty of money;" replied the woman, looking at the tiste, bent form of the landlord with great contempt.

"Now, my dear woman, the money is due, and—"

"Oh, mother! is it clearing me ye are? an honest, married woman, and a blessed mother of eleven boys, each big enough to lick the life out of ye. Out of my house, ye murtherin' baste, unable to give vent to her indignation in words, she seized his coat-collar, and fairly threw him into the street.

The owner intends to let his agent collect the rent of this house in future.

A DIALOGUE.—We overheard the following dialogue in the street the other day between an old lady and a little boy:

"Miss," said the lady, "how's your mother to-day?"

"A cold, hard battery, I guess," answered Miss. "She's being strong some soup sitting up on her elbow this morning."

Should think she was a good deal better. Eating soup, and so on, and sitting up on one's elbow, is a tolerably smart gymnastic feat for an invalid.

A young bachelor, who had been appointed deputy-sheriff, was called upon to serve an attachment against a bountiful young widow. He accordingly called upon her, and said,

"Madam, I have an attachment for you."

The widow blushed, and said she was happy to inform him that no attachment existed.

"You do not understand me: you must proceed to court."

"I know it is leap-year, Sir, but I prefer you would do the courting."

"Mrs. F——, this is no time for trifling: the justice is waiting."

"The justice! why, I should prefer a parson."

"Mr. Brown, you are the witness was honest and intelligent. Will you make your living?" Are you acquainted with him?"

"No, Sir, I have never seen him."

"Why, then, do you come to such a conclusion?"

"Cause he taken ten newspapers, and pays for them all in advance."

Gentlemen who smoke allege that it makes them calm and contemplative. They tell us that the more they fume the less they fret.

DONALD'S DEFINITION OF SLANDER.—"Donald," said a Scotch elder, looking up from the Catechism to her son, "what's a slander?"—"A slander, gude mither?" quoth young Donald, twisting the corner of his plaid. "Aweel, I hardly ken, unless it be an over true tale which one guide woman tells of another."

Nothing is one of our local papers speaks of a friend of his who has always been accustomed to the pen. Is the friend an author or a pig?

MISREADLE PROFILE.—Young ladies with new bonnets on rainy Sundays, and dresses playing dip, dip at every step. A witness in a bribery case. A smoking nephew on a visit to an anti-smoking aunt. A young doctor who has just cured his first patient and has no prospect of another. A star actress with her name in small type on the bill.

"I like to hear a child cry," jocosely said the Abbé Morelet. "Why?" "Because then there is some hope of his being sent away."

JEFF DAVIS SNUFFING OUT THE LIGHT.

Housekeeping.—An ancient art, said to have been fashionable among girls and wives; now out of use, or practiced only by the lower orders.

Wealth.—The most respectable quality of man.

Friend.—A person who will not accept you, because he knows your love will overuse him.

Wedded Bliss.—A term used by Milton.

Bargaining.—A business transaction, in which each party thinks he has cheated the other.

Doctor.—A man who kills you to-day, to save you from dying to-morrow.

Barber.—A fellow with a tin pot on his head, who stalks about the shops, and gets into a violent passion for a trifling cause.

Critic.—A large dog that goes unchained, and barks at everything that does not comprehend.

"Doctor," said a man to Abernethy, "my daughter had a fit, and continued for half an hour without sense or motion." "Oh!" replied the doctor, "never mind that; many people continue to live on in that way."

"What dogs are these?" inquired a gentleman of a lad who was drawing a couple of terriers along.

"I thank you, Sir," replied the boy; "they can't be of the railway, and they ate the direction, and know where to go."

There are good horses drawing in carts as in coaches; and as good men are engaged in humble employments as in the highest.

A Jew clothier merchant takes a white cur, and with stencil-plate and black ink fixes his business card upon each side of the dog, and sends him forth, a locomotive advertisement—a dog-critique of the first people of a fast country.

He who thinks he can do without others is mistaken; he who thinks others can not do without him is still more mistaken.

When you feel pity for the poor, you do not make the most important movement by putting your hand upon your heart, but into your pocket.

"I think I have seen you before, Sir; are you not Owen Smith?" "No, Sir, I am not Owen Smith, and owin' Owen, and owin' Brown, and owin' every body."

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

MILITARY OCCUPATION OF BALTIMORE.

A DISPATCH, dated Baltimore, May 13, says: "About eight o'clock this morning the 6th Mass. Regt., filled with troops, arrived at the outer depot from the Relay House, containing one thousand troops, taken from each of the regiments stationed at the Relay House.

"The Sixth Massachusetts and Eighth New York regiments, with a battery of artillery, marched through South Baltimore to Federal Hill, a high point of ground on the south side of the harbor, directly overlooking the city, and on one side of Fort Mc Henry.

"The sudden appearance of the troops took the citizens by surprise. They were all under arms with every demonstration of approbation, and immense crowds eagerly gathered, cheering every step, and waving their handkerchiefs, and many brought lunch baskets and canteens filled with liquors. Before reaching the top of the hill, and assisted the officers in taking the best route thither, the citizens volunteered to help the troops until teams could arrive.

"The troops seemed to be highly pleased with their reception, and all expressed surprise and delight at the commanding position which they occupied, with the whole city and country spread out before them."

REOPENING OF RAILWAY COMMUNICATION.

The road through Baltimore is open, the route clear, and the bridges all repaired and well guarded. The festivals from Perryville, consisting of three passenger cars well filled, arrived at Camden Station. The streets through which the train passed were thronged with people, men, women, and children, who greeted the troops as they in force with it, nor was there any disturbance on the road. When the train arrived at Maryland line drawbridge, Perryville, with the train of cars on deck, the American flag was hoisted above the centre span. The crowd lined the river at both sides and cheered vehemently. The same scene occurred at Havre de Grace and Gunpowder Bridge.

WAR IN MISSOURI.

A dispatch dated St. Louis, May 10, says: "General Frost's brigade of Missouri troops, encamped at Camp Jackson, on the western outskirts of the city, surrendered unconditionally, and disbanded this afternoon to Colonel Lyon, commander of the United States forces of this city. Between seven and eight thousand men, with some six thousand volunteers, surrounded it, and planted eight field-pieces on the surrounding heights.

THE SUMMONS TO SURRENDER.

The following letter was sent from Captain Lyon to General Frost:

"HEAD-QUARTERS UNITED STATES TROOPS,
"CAMP JACKSON, May 10, 1861.

"*To General D. M. Frost:*

"SIR,—The force assembled in regarded as evidently hostile toward the Government of the United States. It is, for the most part, made up of troops ostensibly who have openly avowed their hostility to the General Government, and have been plotting the seizure of his property and the overthrow of its authority. You are openly in communication with the so-called Southern Confederacy, which is now at war with the United States, and you are receiving at this time from the said Confederacy, under the flag, large supplies of material of war, most of which is known to be the property of the United States. These extraordinary preparations plainly indicate none other than the well-known purpose of the Governor of this State, under whose orders you are acting, and whose purpose, repeatedly communicated to the Legislature, has just been repeated to by that body in the most shameless defiance, having in direct view hostilities to the General Government, and co-operation with the enemy. In view of these considerations, and your failure to disperse in obedience to the proclamation of the President, and of the eminent necessity of State policy, and the welfare and obligations imposed upon me by instructions from Washington, I, in my duty to demand, and I do hereby demand of you, an immediate surrender of your command, with no other conditions than that all persons surrendering under this demand shall be humanely and kindly treated. Believing myself prepared to enforce the demand, one half hour's time before the assault is allowed for your compliance therewith.

N. LYON,
"Captain Second Infantry, Commanding Troops."

AN ATTACK ON THE TROOPS.

Just before the troops left for the city, and while the State forces were drawn up between the two lines of volunteers, several rocks were thrown at the volunteers, and a few pistol shots fired by excited parties in the surrounding crowd, which was composed of a large number of citizens, including many women and children. One shot took effect in the leg of Captain Blentzwski, and as he fell he gave word to fire, which was obeyed by some two or three companies, resulting in the death of upward of twenty persons, including two women and several children, and badly wounding several others.

The following are the only names of those killed that can be ascertained: Messrs. Walter M'Donald, Thomas A. Havens, Nicholas Kerbaich, Emily Summers.

The following are fatally wounded: Claiborne Wilson and Trueman Wright.

A SECOND TRAGEDY.

The City of St. Louis was the scene of another terrible tragedy on Saturday night. The Home Guard, while marching through the streets, was hooted at and reviled by a large crowd of excited citizens, and finally a pistol shot was fired into the ranks by, it is said, a boy. The troops wheeled and fired upon the crowd, discharging several volleys. Owing to a lack of discipline, they broke up their ranks and fired at random, killing and wounding some of their own men, as well as many citizens.

STATE OF AFFAIRS AT HARPER'S FERRY.

A special Government agent has recently visited Harper's Ferry, and ascertained the exact condition of affairs there. From the nature of his statements it is evident that the Government has not so much to fear from a sudden descent from that quarter as has been apprehended. The number of troops concentrated there he puts down at 8000, of whom 500 are Kentuckians and one company South Carolinians. Only about three-fourths of the 8000 have arms, but that number is well armed. There is no provision, however—only one day's supply being on hand at the time he spoke left. Their supplies from Western Virginia had been cut off by the Union men there, and they must soon exhaust all that could be procured from the surrounding country. In the face of the scarcity a retreat was ordered, but rations provisions could be sent to them. The reports relative to the number of troops concentrated at the Maryland Heights were found to have been exaggerated. Only 600 had crossed, and that number was all Secessionists, and it was considered doubtful whether they would do so. The guns destroyed from the ruins of the armory buildings do not number over 1000, and many of those are in bad condition.

ALEXANDRIA COOLING DOWN.

The rebel troops at Alexandria appear to be fluctuating from point to point. It is said that there are not now more than one hundred and fifty men there. The steamer *Pocomoke*, from there, was moored in front of the city on 19th, with her guns (rifle cannon) and muzzles so commanding. Both guns were bombard it did not fire, grape, and shell, as well as any camp that may be located in the Heights.

CAPTURE OF GOVERNMENT TROOPS IN TEXAS.

We have received details of late and interesting news from Texas, giving a correct account of the recent capture of about four hundred government troops, and one hundred and seventy men, who were *en route* for the North, by about eight hundred Confederates, who were on board three armed steamers, all lined with cotton bales to keep the men from being harmed.

SECESSION OF ARKANSAS.

The State of Arkansas seceded on Saturday by a nearly unanimous vote of her Convention. This makes the ninth State that has seceded.

UNION CONVENTION IN VIRGINIA.

The delegate to the Convention of Western and Northwestern Virginia, met to deliberate upon the best means of opposing the policy of Secession, adopted by the late Convention at Richmond, assembled on the 13th inst., and proceeded to business. A committee of one from each county was appointed, to whom was referred the subject of representation, and the duty of reporting officers for a permanent organization to be effected at a future time. The subsequent proceedings consisted mainly of discussions as to the proper course to be pursued. The greatest enthusiasm prevailed.

MILITARY PREPARATIONS AT MONTGOMERY.

From Montgomery we learn that the Confederate Congress, in secret session, are making preparations for a vigorous prosecution of the war, and for putting the South in a state of perfect defense. It is known that they have ordnance, small-arms, and ammunition to employ in the field 100,000 men for the next twelve months.

PANIC IN VIRGINIA.

The Richmond *Examiner* boots as follows: "The Northern Secessionists and writers are in a panic. They do not come at once to the front. All their available force should be thrown to the banks of the Potomac with the least loss of time. Especially should President Davis give Virginia his whole energy. Virginia is ready to fight and has an army of fifty thousand men. It would give confidence and authority to the State's movement. Why do the wheels of the chariot tarry?"

THE SOUTHERN BLOCKADE.

The blockade of the Southern ports on the Atlantic coast is now probably complete, including Charleston and the Savannah River, and those of the Gulf would soon be in the same condition, if they are not already so. The destination of the vessels which have been made to form the squadron is understood to be New Orleans. The Secretary of War and the Navy Department are engaged in their endeavors to perfect the blockade, and for this purpose, in addition to the national vessels, about twenty armed steamers from New York, Boston, and Philadelphia, will be added, and are being put in readiness. The Virginia waters are now completely blockaded by the vessels of the Navy. Throughout the officer in command of the fleet there, has given the necessary authority to use all vessels or boats or supports of that State, either with or without cargoes. An additional force of 5000 men is ordered to Fortress Monroe.

NORTHERN CONTRIBUTIONS FOR THE WAR.

The contributions for the war have now reached the enormous amount of twenty-seven millions of dollars, being the free gift offerings of the patriotic people of the North, who are determined that the flag of our country shall never be trailed down. These contributions, it must be borne in mind, are exclusive of sums that are less in amount than one hundred dollars, and also of private gifts to individuals in the shape of money, horses, swords, blankets, pistols, clothing, camp equipage, and other articles "contraband of war." A great many towns, too, have given the whole family record of those during their absence, without appropriating any specified sum for that object.

ARRIVAL OF THE "GREAT EASTERN."

The steamship *Great Eastern* arrived up at this port on Monday morning, and anchored in the stream opposite Hammond Street. It is understood that she is to be offered for sale to our Government, or will accept a charter as a transport.

PERSONAL.

The country will be glad to learn that Major Anderson has been promoted to a colonelcy, a reward justly due to his services and not less to his fidelity.

Colonel Mansfield, late Commandant at West Point, has been promoted to be a Brigadier-General, U. S. Army.

It seems that Wright announces that there are now hundred thousand Northerners on their way to Washington, that Mr. Lincoln and his Cabinet will be captured unless they retreat before the middle of June, and that as for Wigfall he intends to winter in Philadelphia.

There is a private in the Rhode Island regiment at Washington who is worth half a million of dollars. Our Washington correspondent states that he saw him mopping the floor of the barracks.

The formation of still another new Military Department has been rendered necessary by the exigencies of the times—that of Ohio; to consist of the States of Ohio, Indiana, and Illinois, an! to be subdivided into various smaller departments—the whole to be under the command of General M'Clellan, of the Ohio Volunteers, with the head-quarters at Cincinnati.

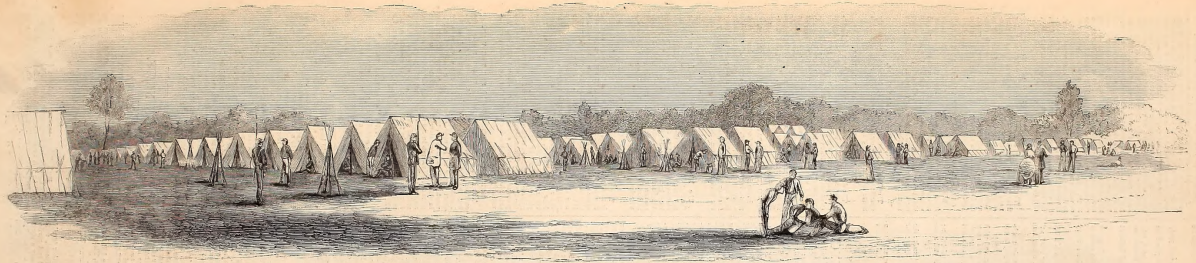
FOREIGN NEWS.

ITALY.

The quarrel between Garibaldi, Cavour, and Cialdini had been adjusted through the offices of the King. From Naples we have reports of further disturbances, and of the flight of large numbers of the people into the Papal territory to escape the conscription. The French troops at Rome were being relieved, and General Dumont, the successor of General Goyon, had been received cordially by his Holiness.

SYRIA.

The Paris *Temps* says: "We learn from a reliable source that Turkey has proposed that 1000 French soldiers should be left at Beyrout until the reforms which have been decided upon by the European Commission have been completely carried out.



CAMP CAMERON, GEORGETOWN, D. C., THE ENCAMPMENT OF THE SEVENTH REGIMENT NEW YORK STATE MILITIA.—[SEE PAGE 331.]

SERVICE BY REV. DR. WESTON, CHAPLAIN OF THE SEVENTH REGIMENT, AT CAMP CAMERON, ON SUNDAY, MAY 5, 1861.—SKETCHED BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST.—[SEE PAGE 331.]

THE SECOND REINFORCEMENT OF FORT PICKENS.

WE publish on page 328, from sketches sent us from Fort Pickens, a picture of the SECOND REINFORCEMENT of that work on 16th ult., and herewith a view of the INTERIOR OF THE FORT, showing the troops drawn up to hear the account of the evacuation of Fort Sumter by Major Anderson.

The second reinforcement was thus described by the purser of the *Atlantic:*

On Tuesday, the 16th, at 61 P.M., we anchored off Santa Rosa Island (Fort Pickens being on its western extremity), four miles from shore, close by the frigate *Sabine*, the flag-ship of the squadron, Com. Adams. After communicating with the commander and the naval captains present, we took in tow the boats of the fleet, some twenty in number, and after dark weighed anchor and stood in shore, all lights being extinguished, and came to anchor within a mile of Fort Pickens, and in direct range of the guns of Fort McRae and the water-batteries, and three-quarters of a mile from the beach, in four fathoms of water. At 9 the first boat pushed off for the beach, with Colonel Brown and Captain Meigs, who were the first to meet and surprise the intrepid Slemmer and his command. During the embarkation of the troops in the boats the signal from Fort Pickens for an apprehended attack was made by the sending up of rockets. This signal was repeated, and hastened the operations. Captain Vogdes and other officers in the fort were astonished at the rapidity of the reinforcement. Before midnight the majority of officers and soldiers were safely in the fort.

Early in the morning of the 17th the remaining troops were landed, excepting the artillery men (Captain Barry's Company, who remained to land with their horses. At 8 A.M. we again weighed anchor and stood to the eastward, and anchored about 3½ miles from Fort Pickens, and half a mile from the beach. This point was selected as the best place for landing the horses. This difficult work was commenced in the afternoon, continued during the night, and finished on the morning of the 18th.

The *Illinois*, with reinforcements, arrived at midnight on Friday the 19th, and her troops were landed the next morning.

Seven of the horses were lost—four died on the passage; one was drowned alongside; one had his neck broken in the surf, and one died from exhaustion on reaching the shore. The forage and light artillery were landed simultaneously with the horses. On the 18th the landing of the general cargo of heavy and light ordnance, ammunition, provisions, etc., etc., was fairly commenced, and continued, with but partial interruption, until the forenoon of Tuesday 23d, when she was finally discharged, to the great gratification of all concerned.

The position of the *Powhatan* and *Brooklyn* was such that their guns could sweep Santa Rosa Island and prevent a landing from the main land, and at the same time shielded the hull of the *Atlantic*.

Our regular correspondent in the Fort thus writes us concerning the second picture:

FORT PICKENS, FLORIDA, *May 2*, 1861

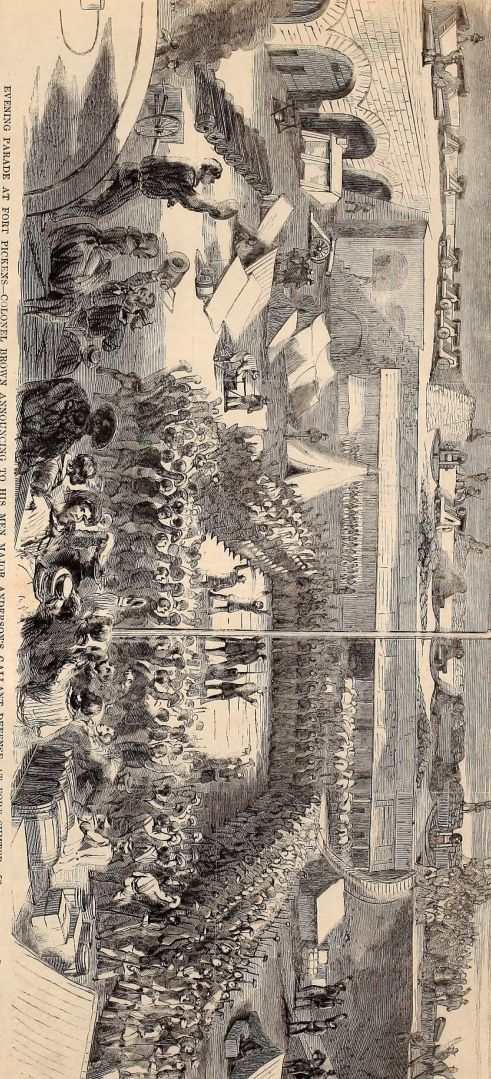
On the evening of April 30 the command was drawn up in the manner represented in the engraving, and the first authentic news of Major Anderson's defense was read out to them in the form of an order, which at the same time exhorted us to "emulate the example of our gallant comrades at Sumter." In publishing this order to his command, Colonel Brown instilled, if possible, a new enthusiasm—I mean the loud cheering that heralded it was the indication of a feeling that days and nights of toil could not obliterate. Events, since the landing on the 12th of April of the first reinforcement, have succeeded each other too rapidly to give now a connected and detailed account of them. The men have worked hard and cheerfully. No despondency, no feeling like that crops out over there; nothing that the Government is going to pieces; and nothing but a steady, firm reliance on the beautiful flag that for years they have fought under sustains them. Sometimes, it is true, the sad feeling creeps over one that there are dear ones at home whose heart-strings are strained at the V-shape-le-long separation; but then comes the thought that the harder we work the quicker will end this sad struggle between brothers.

The parade-ground is littered up with little shelter tents of sheets inclined against guns, blankets stretched on poles, sides of pork-boxes broken off and held up by stake. All of these little huts are so small that the men just creep into them, and have not room to sit up. It does look more like a miniature Babel, with the little huts, big guns and mortars, and prancing horses, officers, soldiers, marines, and sailors, citizen carpenters, negroes, camp-women and children, and when the clear bugle rings out at tattoo how suddenly this wild confusion all ceases!

We have been permitted to print the following graphic account of the first reinforcement of Pickens which we illustrated last week:

HOW IT WAS DONE.

The immediate cause of the reinforcement was this: You know of that obstinate fellow, Lieutenant Slemmer, who would not be persuaded that he had been posted in this part of Florida by the Government for any other purpose than to preserve to the nation the property committed to his honorable care. This gallant Slemmer, with a handful of men to garrison an extensive fortification, having for some time suspected that the enemy was tampering with his men, intercepted a couple of letters which had been smuggled into Pickens and addressed to a sergeant. The writer offered this man a sum of two thousand dollars a commission, which would make him the companion of the gentlemen of the South who are in arms; and, as an inducement to the faithful fellow who for so long have held those stone walls against thousands, five hundred dollars were promised for every private who at that price would become a traitor to the United States. The men, true soldiers as they are, remained steadfast to their colors—those glorious Stripes and Stars, that carry the hope of freedom to the oppressed of every land! The sergeant was forthwith sent a prisoner to the commander of the naval force lying off the harbor, and by him was transferred to a steam frigate, where he remains in durance. This foul play, bad enough in time of actual war, and unpardonable during a truce, would perhaps have stimulated the naval commander to reinforce the fortress; and had he decided to do so it would have been a happy idea, for that very day arrived a messenger from Washington, bringing a verbal order making the reinforcement imperative. This messenger had been captured, but had destroyed his dispatches, the contents of which luckily he knew. Well, the order was passed to those into Pickens all the artillery, soldiers, and marines in the squadron. Ninety artillerymen, and a hundred and ten marines, led by men who never—well, I won't say how many were left, ers, and some are, and what they will do when the time comes for them to act. Every preparation was made. We awaited night—I say we, for I was one of them. I had no notion of going until an hour or two before our party left the ship. I need not have gone; for the usage of the service required me, the only medical officer of the ship, to remain with the majority of our men, and none but our marines were to go. While I was sitting at the mess-table, bending on my elbows, and while I looked at the little lieutenant who was to lead our party, I unconsciously began repeating the lines, "How sleep the brave who sink to rest." Suddenly I thought of the marines! Poor fellows! if that surly Fort M'Crae opens on the boat, or on the men as they stand upon the beach, there will be lots of bloody noses and broken legs, and a cry of "Where's the doctor?" Well, I determined to go, if my Captain would let me. So I said to the young hero who was buckling on his revolver as pleasantly as if he were going to make an evening call on his sweet-heart, "George," said I, "how would you like me to keep you company?" "First rate," said he. "Well," said I, "ask the Captain, and if he consents I'll get ready; it won't take me long." George saw the Captain, and soon returned, saying, "The Captain says you may go if you want to." It did not occur to me at the time, but it struck me when I was in the boat, that if I got a shot intended for a combatant, Maud might have whittled for a pension, for I had



EVENING PARADE AT FORT PICKENS.—COLONEL BROWN ANNOUNCING TO HIS MEN MAJOR ANDERSON'S GALLANT DEFENSE AT FORT SUMTER.—[SKETCHED BY AN OFFICER OF THE GARRISON.]

GALLERIES UNDER THE SENATE CHAMBER CONVERTED INTO GRANARIES.
SKETCHED BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST.—[SEE PAGE 331.]

BREAD OVENS IN THE BASEMENT OF THE CAPITOL, WASHINGTON.
SKETCHED BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST.—[SEE PAGE 331.]

permission to accompany the men, but no orders to do so. Well, we were all ready. It was the night of the 12th of April. Gorgas, with cutlass and pistol—I, with haversacks, bandages, and lint, and all necessaries stowed in our pockets. At my side hung my tremendous sabre. "Best ready, Sir." "Very good." "Here, Purser, take this letter, and if I don't return give it to my wife. For a month's pay due, have not I?" "All right, Doctor." Every one was in the best. I could hear the hum of the men's voices as I stepped over the ship's side: but the night was too dark for me to see. "Look out, Doctor!" said Private Walsh's voice—"look out, Sir, as ye come down, for the last ladder's not there, Sir." "All right," said I, "I hope your bayonets are not fixed men, for I'm going to drop among you." "Niver a bagnet, Sir. Divvil an me, Doctor, I'm the freshest." "Who are you?" "Big Walsh, Sir." "Here, pass," said I, and fell, partly on Walsh, partly on Corporal Murphy, the full weight of my body being received by a pile of knapsacks and the barrel of a musket, which got between my legs. "Och! bad luck to your cruel shins, yer honor, Sir! They're nigh as sharp as is bagnets, Sir. It's the bones you sets on I misses, Sir," said Corporal Murphy. "By the powers!" said he—he had been feeling around my coat-tails—"I sees your garden, Sir; it's niver torn bones at all, Sir, but wan of them sharp dagger's them ye've in ye're pockets—bad 'cess to the same!" "Don't say that, my man," said I, "for who knows but it will save your life before morning?" "That now, Docthor," said he; "done for ye. Does it be hurtful much when it's an, Docthor?" I could not reply, for the muzzle of a musket was poked in my eye. "Kape your musket off the Docthor's face, will ye now, Bonaan?" said Carey. "Who knows but we'll go off, and we may be wastin' his brains before we're done wid him?" "Sure there's niver no cap on it," said Brennan. "Kape it all his face, I tell ye: I've known muskets to go off, an' niver no cap near 'em," said Carey. "Where shall I rub," said I, "in all this crowd?" for I was cheering the weed, as is my wont. "Spit my wheres, Docther dear: sure we'll not be mindin' it from you, ye're such an an here, Sir, spit down Jerry Brennan's musket. Sir," Jerry has showed it in yere face for that same, Sir." Well, I used Brennan's musket-barrel, though it was by no means convenient.

We had shoved off, and were struggling hard against the tide to reach the steam-frigate which was to tow us in. At length we reached her, and I seized the main-ropes to climb her steep sides: "Sure and that's a cruel climb, Dochter, and you wid yere stiff cold legs." "Watch 'till the time," said the coxswain: "now's your time, Sir." I blushed my rheumatic limbs painfully up, trusting to my hands, and reached the deck. Here artillery-men and marines were assembled; and on deck I left them to go below, where cognac, coffee, and cigars awaited me, and in which I indulged until the steamer came to anchor, and I was summoned to repair to another and smaller steamvessel which was to tow us in further. It was two o'clock in the morning as we got aboard the small steamer, and ran in toward the shore of Santa Rosa. The first detachment of boats must have landed its party under cover of the obscurity; for the young moon had long since gone down, leaving the sentinel stars to give us a faint light. On we steamed, and by-and-by came to and dropped anchor at least two miles from Fort Pickens. "Come, men, here's no time to lose" said my Captain; and from the steamer's side tumbled the men into the boats. A senior surgeon and I jumped into the Captain's gig, into which he followed, and away we went—two long miles to pull against a head-way. "Lively strokes, lads, give way!" The oars bent, and every blade-chum sat it flashed through the phosphorescent water. On, on, on! How long these miles seemed! We connected gravely, occasionally looking off to see whether the boats were keeping way with us. We conversed gravely, for I suppose we were all speculating on what might be the manner of our return. I take no shame to myself in confessing that I did not hold a very cheerful view of the expedition. The first detachment of boats was returning as we started. Night had favored them, while we—! "Rather bright to the eastward," said I. "Yes," said the Captain, "we'll have morning on us directly; strike out men!" Morning, thought I, and we not more than half way! The men pulled like good fellows, we keeping near the shore to avoid the strength of the current. Near, yet just without easy rifle range; for the chaparral afforded excellent cover for riflemen. It was so light now that I could see my hands, and morning was coming on more rapidly than I ever knew it to break before. "Give way, lads!—whose oar is that out of water?" "Smith's, Sir; he's lookin' of his pea-jacket, Sir." "Give way!" The Captain had been searching with his glass for the fort. As breath he said, "Ah, there it is!" An ogilne light by this time pervaded the eastern sky, revealing our boats to any watchful eye. I was gazing into the distance to catch a glimpse of the fort. I soon made out its dark outline, and almost at the same moment I, Bob Harding, saw another sight, which to me was of particular interest. It was the white mess of the hostile Fort M'Rae, on the side of the harbor opposite to Pickens, and, like Pickens, commanding the entrance. That white mass of masonry, dotted regularly with dark embrasures, seemed my attention exceedingly as our boats pulled right for it; for our Captain had, it seems, determined to land in front of Pickens, on a beach that M'Rae might have swept with a storm of shot and shell. It was quite light enough by this time for the enemy to distinguish every boat, nay, every man. "Give way!" As we rounded a sandy point right under the howitzer I kept my eyes fixed on four embrasures in M'Rae. By Jove! how big and black they seemed! I watched them; for I felt assured that before we should have pulled much further one or more sheets of red flame would burst forth, and then those who lived would be swimming for it. No one spoke. Bright, brighter, grew the east. The oars buckled and the waters hissed as we dashed toward the beach. Soon the boats found bottom. Out jumped the men and marines: and we officers, mounted on the shoulders of some of the boat's crew, landed, the surf overtaking and wetting us all. The men drew up on the beach. Surely, thought I, now M'Rae will open upon us. Now's their chance. We started to lead the men across the sand to the sally-port of the fortress. Bang! "Who fired that musket?" said the Captain, at whose side I stood. "It's the cold Doether, Sir," said Private Brennan; "he's filled my pocket wid tobecky ends, an' I'm afther emptyin' it, Sir. Och! bad he's a powerful man wid the tobecky, any way." "Keep silence there!" said the Captain. "Come on, men. Here you are! Tumble in! Sailor men, back to the boats!" Into the fort went the marines, led by my friend the Surgeon, while the Captain and I made for the boats, and started to return to our ships with the lieutenant, who had staid on the beach to guard our flotilla.

COOKING AND EATING ARRANGEMENTS, IN THE COURT-YARD OF THE TREASURY BUILDING, WASHINGTON, D. C.—SKETCHED BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST.—[SEE PAGE 331.]

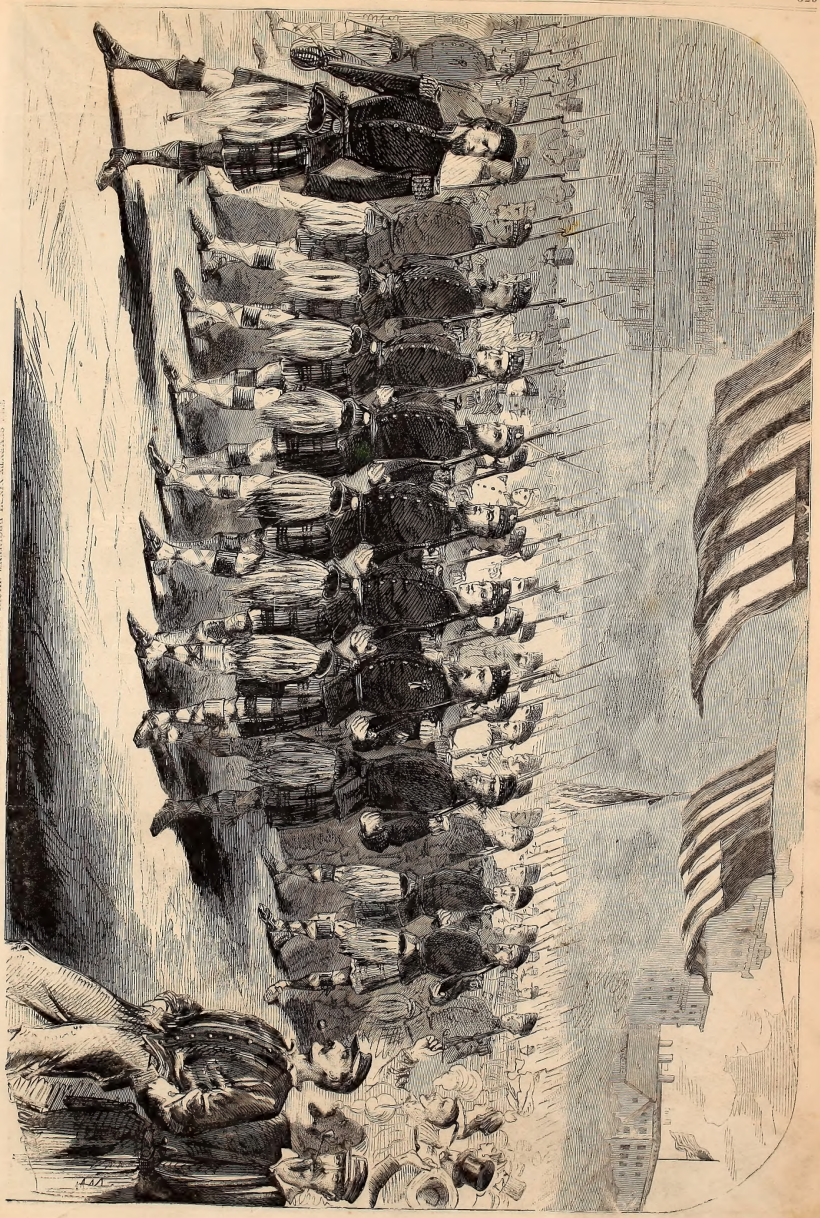
DEPARTURE OF VOLUNTEERS FROM DUBUQUE, IOWA, APRIL 22, 1861.—[SEE PAGE 331.]

As we passed M'Rae I said to myself, Now it's coming, Bob! I watched the embrasures. They looked twice as ugly as a ship's port-holes, and every gun seemed pointed at my devoted head. I knew that I would be the only one hit, for at me they aimed. The men pulled cheerily, and after a while I made up my mind that we were to get back to our floating homes with unbroken limbs. The east was glowing with a warm, rosy light; the morning was lovely. "Are you one of those who admire sunrise?" said the Captain. "No, Sir, I am not; and I must say that this morning it was especially unwelcome. A few minutes since I would have been glad of an hour more of darkness." The Captain laughed. "Did not you expect M'Rae to open on us?" asked I. "Most certainly," replied he.

That is the way that Fort Pickens was reinforced from our squadron on the morning of the thirteenth of April, by daylight, in face of a fully-armed fort and other batteries—reinforced while a large body of men held the opposite shore. "Well, I'm thankful I am back safe, and I don't care who knows it," said the gallant lieutenant who accompanied the expedition. Why we were not fired upon I can not say. Humanity, dislike to fire the first shot in such a war, want of orders from head-quarters—I know not. It is a mystery to me.

THE EIGHTH MASSACHUSETTS REGIMENT IN THE ROTUNDA OF THE CAPITOL, WASHINGTON.—[SEE PAGE 331.]

THE SECOND REINFORCEMENT OF FORT PICKENS, ON APRIL 16, 1861.—[SEE PAGE 325.]



THE SEVENTY-SIXTH REGIMENT (COLONEL VERPLANCK) NEW YORK STATE MILITIA.

SCOTT, YORK, PENNSYLVANIA, OCCUPIED BY PENNSYLVANIA AND OHIO VOLUNTEERS.—SKETCHED BY JASPER GREEN.—[SEE PAGE 331.]

WINANS STEAM GUN.

We herewith illustrate, from a photograph by Weaver, the celebrated STEAM GUN, patented by Mr. Dickinson, and made by Mr. Winans, of Baltimore. This gun was seized by Colonel Jones, of the Massachusetts Volunteers, when on its way from Baltimore to the Rebel Camp at Harper's Ferry, and is now used in protecting the VIADUCT AT THE WASHINGTON JUNCTION on the Baltimore Branch of the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad. We also publish herewith a view of the RELAY HOUSE, now occupied by the Federal Volunteers. This point commands the Baltimore and Ohio Road, being the point at which the road from Washington bears off on one side to Washington, on the other to Harper's Ferry and Wheeling.

The merits of the steam gun are a matter of some controversy. We shall probably know are long what it can do. The following is the statement of its principles by the inventor:

"As a triumph of inventive genius in the application and practical combination of centrifugal force (that power which governs and controls the universe and regulates and keeps in the motion of planetary bodies round the sun), this most effective engine stands without a parallel; commanding wonder and admiration at the simplicity of its construction and the destructiveness of its effects; and it is confidently declared to inaugurate a new era in the science of war.

"Rendered *bell-proof*, and protected by an iron case, and mounted on a four-wheeled carriage, it can be readily moved from place to place on our roads with an army. It can be constructed to discharge missiles of any capacity from an ounce ball to a twenty-four pound shot, with a force and range equal to the most approved gunpowder propelled, and can discharge from one hundred to five hundred balls per minute.

"For city or harbor defence it would prove more efficient than the largest battery. For use on the battle field (the greatest calibre ought never to exceed more than) opposing troops at the strike were standing guns; and in sea-fight, mounted on fire-locked steamers, it would be capable of flanking any ordinary war-vessel.

"In addition to the advantages of power, continuous action, and variety of discharge, may be added economy, in cost of construction, in space, labor, and transportation, all of which would be small in comparison to the cost and working of batteries of cannon, and the equipment and management of a proportionate force of infantry.

"The possession of this engine—ball-proof, and cased in iron—will give the powers using it such decided advantages as will strike terror to the hearts of opposing forces, and render its possessor insuperable to armies provided with ordinary offensive weapons.

"Its efficiency will soon be practically demonstrated, and the day is not far distant when, through its instrumentality, the new era in the science of war being inaugurated, it will be generally adopted by the Powers of the Old and New Worlds, and, from its very destructiveness, will prove the means and medium of *peace*.

"BALTIMORE, *May 1, 1861.*" "CHARLES S. DICKINSON.

WINANS STEAM GUN, CAPTURED BY COLONEL JONES ON THE WAY TO HARPER'S FERRY.—PHOTOGRAPHED BY WEAVER.

CAMP SCOTT, AT YORK, PENN.

ON Saturday evening, 20th ult., the First, Second, and Third Regiments of Pennsylvania Volunteers, then encamped at Camp Curtin, Harrisburg, Pennsylvania, were ordered to proceed, under the command of Brigadier-General Wynkoop, on the Northern Central Railway, to Washington. The brigade then reached Ashland Station, near Cockeysville, in Maryland, on the following morning. At this point the burning of the bridges by the Baltimore mob interrupted further railway travel, and the troops were marched to a position about one mile from the station, where they encamped. They remained here, surrounded and threatened by armed Marylanders, until Tuesday morning, their further advance having meanwhile been countermanded from Washington. On Tuesday the brigade was returned by rail to York, after suffering from two nights' bivouac in the open air, with insufficient clothing, and almost destitute of food. At York the men were quartered in the extensive and well-arranged Fair Grounds of the York County Agricultural Society, forming what is known as Camp Scott. The force has been further increased by the arrival of two regiments from the western counties, and is now composed of five full regiments.

The short experience of the first three regiments in active service gave them a discipline which shows itself in the contrast observable between the forces and order of Camp Scott and those of Camp Curtin. Here there is regular regimental in addition to the almost unceasing company and squad drill, and the men are fast attaining the bearing and appearance of regulars, in comparison with the raw levies of Camp Curtin. The First Regiment is mainly composed of organized volunteer companies; the others are made up of mixed material. The regulation uniform is fast being supplied, consisting of a loose blue sack, blue trowsers, gray shirt, and blue fatigue cap. The want of all preparation for a sudden call to arms has in no wise been more plainly evidenced than in the appearance of the Pennsylvania Volunteers; and their unarmed, ill-clad, undisciplined condition, when mustering by thousands at the State capital in answer to the call of the Governor, is sufficient proof of their patriotism and readiness to take up arms in the common defense. Their uncouth-like carriage is disappearing, and in a very brief time the twenty-six regiments asked of Pennsylvania will form an army formidable to the traitorous foes of the country, and creditable to the loyal commonwealth so promptly putting them in the field.

THE RELAY HOUSE, WASHINGTON JUNCTION, NOW OCCUPIED BY THE FEDERAL VOLUNTEERS.

OUR ARMY AT WASHINGTON.

WE continue this week to illustrate the movements and features of OUR ARMY AT WASHINGTON, from sketches supplied us by our attentive correspondent.

On page 321 will be found a fine picture of the FIRE AT WILLARD'S HOTEL, which was happily extinguished by the Zouaves of Colonel Ellsworth's Regiment in time to save the hotel. The correspondent of the *Times* wrote:

"This morning (May 9) a fire broke out in the small hotel adjoining Willard's, and threatened the destruction of Willard's. Colonel Ellsworth ordered one hundred Zouaves to assist in extinguishing it. The order was followed by nearly the whole regiment jumping from the windows of the Capitol and scaling the fences. They could not enter the engine-house, and broke down the doors, taking out the machines, and reached the spot before the city firemen were awake. They worked like heroes, performing wonderful feats of agility and bravery. They formed pyramids on each other's shoulders, climbing into windows, scaling lightning-rods, and succeeded in two hours in saving the whole structure. Willard treated them handsomely, and says he could not have got on without them. Every thing would have been lost. This has made the regiment very popular among the citizens. They destroyed nothing unnecessarily, and nothing is missing of all the great mass of property moved into the streets, which they guarded. For want of a ladder, two Zouaves held another down from the eaves, while he, with his head down, played water into the burning building."

On page 326 we illustrate some of the COMMISSARIAT ARRANGEMENTS, which show how carefully General Scott has provided against a famine. The enormous vaults in the Capitol building are crammed with food; the galleries under the Senate Chamber have been converted into granaries, and filled with barrels of flour, beef, pork, hams, etc. Another part of the vaults has been fitted with ovens built by Lieutenant T. J. Cate, of Company F, 6th Massachusetts Regiment, who, when he is not a soldier and a sergeant, is a brick-mason at Lawrence, Massachusetts. There ovens are capable of turning out 16,000 loaves daily. The picture beneath shows us the troops cooking and consuming their food in the open air in the Treasury court-yard. Very different, this, from Delmonico's and the Astor House! But no one complains.

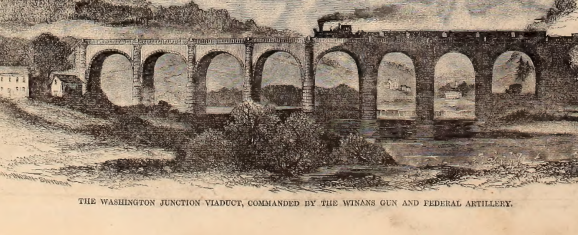
On page 324 we illustrate CAMP CAMERON, the encampment of the Seventh Regiment, N. Y. S. M., on Georgetown Heights. The Regiment are making themselves pretty comfortable. Most of the tents are floored, and the officers' tents and officers have sent them so much food and so many presents of every kind that the Quarter-master has been compelled to direct the Express Company to forward nothing more. The picture of the PERFORMANCE OF DIVINE SERVICE by the Rev. Dr. Weston shows that our men have not forgotten their Christian habits.

On page 333 we illustrate Colonel Ellsworth's command at Washington. Every one who has been time quartered in the Hall of Representatives, and to those who have seen that splendid hall devoted to the purpose for which it was built the scene was very striking and novel. The Colonel himself and his staff were quartered in one of the committee rooms adjacent.

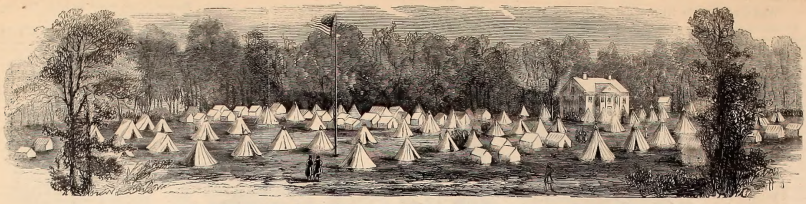
On page 327 we illustrate the EIGHTH MASSACHUSETTS REGIMENT IN THE ROTUNDA AT THE CAPITOL, Washington. Every one who has been to Washington will recognize the picture, though the crowd of soldiers, the mattresses, knapsacks, and arms piled around are an unusual feature in the scene. The 8th Massachusetts Volunteers are one of the finest regiments in the service; the officers and men are provincial, and when the day of battle comes they will, we are sure, give a good account of themselves.

DEPARTURE OF VOLUNTEERS FROM DUBUQUE, IOWA.

WE are indebted to a correspondent, Mr. Simplot, for the sketch from which our illustration of the DEPARTURE OF THE VOLUNTEERS FROM DUBUQUE, on page 327, was taken. The occasion was that of the departure of the two first volunteer companies from Iowa for Cairo, Ill., per steamer *Alhambra*. Quite an imposing force of Western troops is now gathered at Cairo, and we may be sure that they will hold their own. The Rebels are said to be gathered at Memphis, Tennessee, under the command of General Pillow, who is said to intend an attack upon Cairo. We rather think he will reconsider this intention.



THE WASHINGTON JUNCTION VIADUCT, COMMANDED BY THE WINANS GUN AND FEDERAL ARTILLERY.



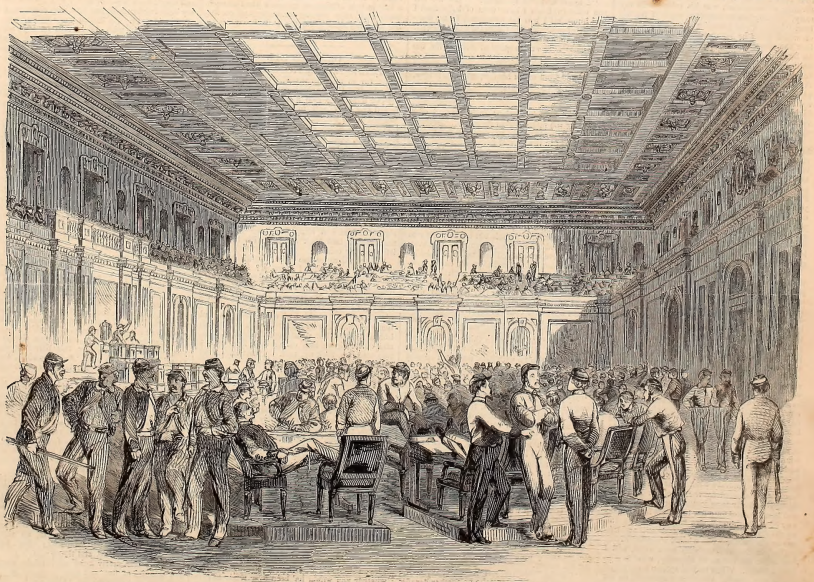
CAMP OF UNITED STATES VOLUNTEERS AT THE RELAY HOUSE.—[PHOTOGRAPHED BY WEAVER.]

ANOTHER WAR MAP.

BELOW we publish another of the series of WAR MAPS which have constituted so prominent a feature in *Harper's Weekly* during the past few months. This one will be found especially valuable for reference. It shows the whole coast-line of the United States from Cape Henry to the Rio Grande, and the ports to be blockaded by our vessels of war; also the strategic points round Washington and Baltimore; Cairo, its strategic relations, and the course of the Mississippi; Fortress Monroe, at the mouth of the Chesapeake, Forts Taylor and Jefferson, at the Tortugas, and Fort Pickens, Pensacola, all held by the United States; the great lines of railway by which troops will be transported, etc.

MAP SHOWING THE LINE OF THE BLOCKADE, AND THE STRATEGIC ROUTES IN THE INTERIOR.

LATE HEAD-QUARTERS OF COLONEL ELLSWORTH, OF THE N. Y. FIRE ZOUAVES, AT THE CAPITOL AT WASHINGTON.—SKETCHED BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST.—[SEE PAGE 331.]



THE NEW YORK FIRE ZOUAVES QUARTERED IN THE HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES AT WASHINGTON, D. C.—SKETCHED BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST.—[SEE PAGE 331.]

THE COMING OF THE SPRING.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "JOHN HALIFAX, GENTLEMAN."

THE coming of the Spring—
Oh, the coming of the Spring!
Now the Winter wears away,
And we thirst, and yearn, and pray,
As a sick man prays for day,
For the coming of the Spring.

How we dream 'twill surely bring
Some new delightsome thing;
Some wondrous bliss that nears
Concealed, from unknown spheres,
Crowning *this* year of all years
With the promise of the Spring.

But it comes not, or does wear
A strange horror in its hair;
Or goes on its meteor way
Still in flashes in other grey,
And its glories all decay,
Like the glories of the Spring.

Then our May-buds drop o'erhead,
And our primroses lie dead;
And our violets on the moor
Bloom unplucked, in nooks obscure,
And the dull heart shuts its door
On the beauty of the Spring.

Oh, vain and selfish spirit!
Oh, stillen unbelief!
When each bird on each hedge-side
Where snow lay all winter-tide,
Sings aloud, "God will provide,
He has sent us back the Spring!"

When each flower the children hold
Smiles—"This life-germ I infold,
See how safely I can keep!
How I die not—only sleep;
But, through all the Winter deep,
Wait the coming of the Spring."

GREAT EXPECTATIONS.

A NOVEL.

BY CHARLES DICKENS.

CHAPTER XLI.

IN vain should I attempt to describe the astonishment and disquiet of Herbert when he and I and Provis sat down before the fire, and I recounted the whole of the secret. Enough that I saw my own feelings reflected in Herbert's face, and, not least among them, my repugnance toward the man who had done so much for me.

What could alone have set a division between that man and us, if there had been no other dividing circumstance, was his triumph in my story. Saving his troublesome sense of having been "low" on one occasion since his return—on which point he began to hold forth to Herbert the moment my revelation was finished—he had no perception of the possibility of my finding any fault with my good fortune. His boast that he had made me a gentleman, and that he had come to see me support the character on his ample resources, was made for me quite as much as for himself; and that it was highly agreeable to me, to both of us, and that we must both be very proud of it, was a conclusion quite established in his own mind.

"Though, look'ee here, Pip's comrade," he said to Herbert, after having discoursed for some time, "I know very well that once since I come back—for half a minute—I've been low. I said to Pip, I avowed as I had been low. But don't you free yourself on that score, for it ain't been Pip a gentleman, and Pip ain't agoing to make you a gentleman, not for me not to know what's due to ye both. Dear boy, and Pip's comrade, you two may count upon me always having a gen-teel muzzle on. Muzzled I have been since I've been low, muzzled I am, and muzzled I'll ever be, while I'm low."

Herbert said, "Certainly," but looked as if there were no specific consolation in this, and remained perplexed and dismayed. We were anxious for the night before I took him round to Essex Street, and saw him safely in at his own dark door. When it closed upon him I experienced the first moment of relief I had known since the night of his arrival.

Never quite free from an uneasy remembrance of the man on the stairs, I had always kept about me in taking my guest out after dark, and in bringing him back; and I looked about me now. Difficult as it is in a large city to avoid the suspicion of being watched, when the mind is conscious of danger in that regard, I could not persuade myself that any of the people within sight cared about my movements. The few who were passing passed on their several ways, and the house in which I lived remained back into the Temple. Nobody had come out at the gate with us, nobody went in at the gate with us. As I crossed by the fountain, I saw his lighted back windows looking bright and quiet, and when I stood for a few moments in the doorway of the building where I lived, before going up the stairs, Garden Court was as still and lifeless as the staircase was when I ascended it.

Herbert received me with open arms, and I had never felt before, so blessedly, what it is to have a friend. When he had spoken some sound words of sympathy and encouragement, we sat down to consider the question, What was to be done?

The chair that Provis had occupied still remaining where it had stood—for he had a haircrack way with him of hanging about one spot, in one unsettled manner, and going through one round of observations with his pipe and his tumgro-head and his jack-knife and his pack of cards, and what not, as if it were all put down for him on a slate—I say, his chair remaining where it had stood, Herbert unconsciously took it, but next moment started out of it, pushed it away, and took another. He had no occasion to say after that that he had conceived an aversion for my patron, neither had I occasion to confess my own. We interchanged that confidence without shaping a syllable.

"What," said I to Herbert, when he was safe in another chair, "what is to be done?"

"My poor dear Handel," he replied, holding his head, "I am too stunned to think."

"So was I, Herbert, when he first told me. Still, something must be done. He is intent upon various new expenses—horses, and carriages, and various appearances of all kinds. He must be stopped, somehow."

"You mean that you can't accept—?"

"How can I?" interrupted I, with energy. I am heavily in debt—very heavily for me, who have now no expectations at all—and I have been bred to no calling, and I am fit for nothing."

"Well, well, well!" Herbert remonstrated. "Don't say fit for nothing."

"What am I fit for? I know only one thing that I am fit for, and that is, to go for a soldier. And I might have gone, my dear Herbert, but for the prospect of being counsel with your friendship and affection."

Of course I broke down there; and of course Herbert, beyond seeing a warm grip of my hand, pretended not to know it.

"Any how, my dear Handel," said he, presently, "soldiering won't do. If you were to renounce this patronage and turn your back, I suppose you would do so with some faint hope of one day repaying what you have already had. Not very strong hope if you were soldiering! Besides, it's absurd. You would be infinitely better in Clarriker's house, small as it is. I am working up toward a partnership, you know."

Poor fellow! He little suspected with whose money.

"But there is another question," said Herbert. "This is an ignorant, determined man, who has long single-handedly worked out that idea, that he seems to me (I may misjudge him) to be a man of a desperate and fierce character."

"I know he is. I have known it. I have told you what evidence I have seen of it." And I told him what I had not mentioned in my narrative; of that encounter in the churchyard.

"See, then!" said Herbert; "think of this. He comes here at the peril of his life for the realization of his idea. At the supreme moment of realization, after all he toil and waiting, you cut the ground from under his feet, destroy his idea, and make his gains worthless to him. Do you see nothing in that, Handel, but the display of disinterested generosity?"

"I have seen it, Herbert, and dreamed of it ever since the fatal night of his arrival. Nothing has been in my thoughts so distinctly as his putting himself in the way of being taken."

"Then you see the danger, my dear Herbert,

"that there would be great danger of his doing it. That is his power over you as long as he remains in England, and that would be his recklessness if you forsook him."

I was so struck by the horror of this idea, which had weighed on me so far from me then, and the working out of which would make me regard myself, in some sort, as his murderer, that I could not even say I would not begin pacing to and fro. I said to Herbert, meanwhile, that even if Provis were recognized and taken in spite of himself, I should not think it right to keep, however innocently. Yes; even though I was so wretched in having him at-large and near me, and even though I would far, far rather have worked at the forge all the days of my life than I would have ever come to this!

But there was no shaving off the question. What was to be done?

"The first and the main thing to be done," said Herbert, "is to get him out of England. You will have to go with him, and then he may be induced to go."

"But I don't know where I will, could I prevent his coming back?"

"My good Handel, is it not obvious that, with Newgate in the second volume, there must be greater hazard in your breaking your mind to him and making him reckless here than elsewhere? In a prospect of his being taken, he be made out of that other convict, or out of any thing else in his life now."

"Then, again!" said I, stopping before Herbert, with my open hands held out as if they contained the desperation of the case. "I know nothing of his life. It has almost made me mad to sit here of a night and see him before me, so bound up with my fortunes and misfortunes, and yet so unknown to me, except as the miserable wretch who terrified me two days in my childhood!"

Herbert got up, and linked his arm in mine, and we slowly walked to and fro together, studying the carpet.

"Handel," said Herbert, stopping, "you feel convinced that you can take no further Benefits from him; do you?"

"Fully. Surely you would, too, if you were in my place?"

"And you feel convinced that you must break with him?"

"Herbert, can you ask me?"

"And you have, and are bound to have, that tenderness for the life he has risked on your account, that you must save him, if possible, from throwing it away. Then you must get him out of England before you stir a finger to extricate yourself. Pip, dear old fellow, and yourself, in Heaven's name, and we'll see it out together, dear old boy."

It was a comfort to shake hands upon it, and walk up and down again, with only that done.

"Now, Herbert," said I, "with reference to getting him out, and providing for his safety. There is but one way that I know of. I must ask him point-blank."

"Yes. Ask him," said Herbert, "when we sit at breakfast in the morning." For he had said, on taking leave of Herbert, that he would breakfast with him next day.

With this project formed, we went to bed. I had the wildest dreams concerning him, and woke frequently. I woke, too, to recover the fear which I had lost in the night, of his being found out as a returned transport. Waking, I never lost that fear.

He came round at the appointed time, took out his jack-knife, and sat down to his meal. He was full of lively talk on his gentleman's coming out strong, and like a gentleman, "and urged me to begin speedily upon the pocket-book, which he had left with Herbert overnight. He considered the chambers and his own lodging as temporary residences, and advised me to look out at once for "a fashionable crib." Above all, he could have "a shake-down," near Hyde Park. When he had made an end of his breakfast, and was wiping his knife on his leg, I said to him, without a word of preface:

"After you were gone last night I told my friend of the struggle that the soldiers found you engaged in, on the marshes when we came up. You remember?"

"Remember!" said he. "I think so!"

"We want to know something about that man—and about you. It is strange to know no more about either, and particularly you, than we do. Are you fond of the sea, sir? Is not this as good a time as another for our knowing more?"

"Well!" he said, after consideration. "You're on your oath, both, mind, and to conceal?"

"Assuredly," replied Herbert.

"As to any thing I say, you mean, he insisted. "Speak pooty plain to all."

"I understand it to do so."

"And look'ee here! Whatever I done, is worked out and paid for," he insisted again.

"So be it."

He took out his black pipe and was going to fill it with negligence, looking at the tangle of tobacco in his hand, he seemed to think it might perplex the thread of his narrative. But, on my offering him his own pipe in a button-hole of his coat, spread a hand on each knee, and, after turning an angry eye on the fire for a few silent moments, looked round at us and said what follows.

CHAPTER XLII.

"DEAR boy, and Pip's comrade. I am not a going to tell you my life, like a song or a story-book. But to give it you short and handy, I'll put it at once into a mouthful of English. I'm a-living now, and I've been a-living, all in jail and out of jail. There, you've got it. That's *my* life pretty much, down to such times as I got shipped off, arter Pip paid off my friend.

"Then you've done every thing to, pretty well—except hanged. I've been carted here and carted there, and put out of this town and put out of that town, and stuck in the stocks, and whipped and worried and drove. I've no mind to say where I was born than you have, nor so much. I first become aware of myself, down in Essex, a thieving turnips for my living. Summun had run away from me—a man—a tinker—and he'd took the fire with him, and left me very cold.

"I know'd my name to be Magwitch, christen'd Abel. How did I know it? Much as I know'd the bibs' names in the hedges to be chaffinches, sparrers, tomtits, and what not. Nobody told me as all lies together, only as the birds' names come out true, I supposed mine did.

"So far as I could see, there warn't a soul that see young Abel Magwitch, with as little on him as in him, but what caught fright at him, and either drove him off or took him up. I was took up, took up, took up, to that extent that I regg'larly grow'd up took up.

"This is the way of the world, that when I was a ragged little creetur as much to be pitied as ever I see (not that I looked in the glass, for there warn't many insides of houses known to me), I got the name of being hardened. 'This is a terrible hardened one,' they says to prison wisitors. And they come and look at me, as I live in jails, this boy.' Then they looked at me, and I looked at them, and they measured my head, some on 'em—they had the phrenology mania at that time—and others on 'em giv me tracts what I couldn't read, and made me speeches what I couldn't understand. They always went on agen me about the Devil. But what the Devil was I to do? I must put something into my stomach, mustn't I?—Howsomever, I'm a getting low, and I know what's due. Dear boy, and Pip's comrade, don't you be a-feerd of me being low.

"Tramping, begging, thieving, working sometimes when I could—though that warn't as often as you may think, till you put the question whether you would lief been over ready to give me work yourselves—a bit of a poncher, a bit of a laborer, a bit of a waggoner, a bit of a hay maker, a bit of a hawker, a bit of most things that don't pay and lead to trouble, I got to be a man. A deserting soldier in a Travelers' Rest, what's run away with a pig to the chin under a lot of tators, learnt me to read; and a traveling Dwarf what signed his name at a penny a time learnt me to write. I warn't locked up as often now as formerly, but I wore out my share of key-metal still.

"At Epsom races, a matter of twenty year ago, I got acquainted wi' a man whose skull I'd crack wi' this poker, like the claw of a lobster, if I'd got it on this hob. His right name was Compey; and that's the man, dear boy, what you see me pounding in the ditch, according to wot you truly told your comrade arter I was gone last night.

"He set up fur a gentleman, this Compey, and he'd been to a public boarding-school and had learning. He was a smooth one to talk, and was a dab at the ways of gentlefolks. He was good-looking too. It was the night afore the great race that I first had him on the heath, in a booth that I know'd on. Him and some more were sitting among the tables when I went in, and the landlord (which had a knowledge of me, and was a sporting one) called him out, and said, 'I think this is a man that might suit you'—meaning I was.

"Compey, he looks at me very noticing, and I look at him. He has a watch and a chain and a ring and a breast-pin and a handsome suit of clothes.

"'To judge from appearances, you're out of luck,' says Compey to me.

"'Yes, sir,' says I, 'I've never been in it much.' (I come out of Kingston Jail last on a vagrancy committal. Not but what it might have been for something else; but it warn't.)

"'Luck changes,' says Compey; 'perhaps yours is going to change.'

"'I says, 'I hope it may be so. There's room.'

"'What can you do?' says Compey.

"'Eat and drink,' I says; 'if you'll find the materials.'

"Compey he took a fancy to me again very noticing, giv me five shillings, and appointed me for next night. Same place.

"I went to Compey, next night, same place, and Compey he took me on to be his man and pardner. And what was Compey's business in which we was to go pardners? Compey's business was the swindling advertising fortune-telling touch-note passing, and such like. All sorts of traps as Compey could set with his head, and keep his own legs out of and get the profits from and let another man in for, was Compey's business. He'd no more learnt than a iron file, he was as cold as death, and had the head of the Devil afore mentioned.

"There was another in with Compey, as was called Arthur—had as being or went for Art as a surname. He was in a Decline, and was a shadow to look at. Him and Compey had been in a bad thing down in the north country over one, and they'd made a pot of money by it; but Compey betted and gamed, and he'd have run through the kingdom of Heaven, so Arthur was dying, and a dying poor and with the horrors on him, and Compey's wife (which Compey kicked mostly) was a having pity on him, as she could, and Compey was a having pity on nothing and nobody.

"I might a took warning by Arthur, but I didn't; and I won't pretend I was particler—for where 'ud be the good on it, dear boy and comrade? I began wi' Compey, and a poor lost I was in his hands. Arthur lived a little top of Compey's house (over nigh Brentford it was), and Compey kept a careful account agen him for board and lodging, in case he should ever get better to work it out. But Arthur soon settled the account. The second or third time as ever I see him, he was a-screeching out of Compey's parlor late at night, in only a flannel gown, with his hair all in a sweat, and he says to Compey's wife, 'Lucy, for the love of the Lord stairs another me now, and I can't get rid of her. She's all in white, he says, 'wi' white flowers in her hair, and she's a-coming down the stairs in white shroud hanging over her arm, and she says she'll put it on me at five in the morning.'

"Says Compey, says he, 'Why, you fool, don't you know she's got a living body? And how should she be up there, without coming through the door, or in the winder like a person in a play?'

"'I don't know how she's there,' says Arthur, shivering dreadful with the horrors, 'but she's standing at the foot of the bed, and at the bed, awful mad. And over where her heart's broke —you broke it—there's drops of blood.'

"Compey spoke hearty, for he was always a coward. 'Go up alonger this driveling sick man,' he says to his wife, 'and Magwitch, lend her a hand, will you?' But he never come nigh himself.

"Compey's wife and me took him up to bed again, and he was most dreadful. 'Why look at her!' he cries out. 'She's a shaking the shroud at me! Don't you see her? Look at her eyes! Ain't it awful to see her a head! Next he cries, 'She'll put it on me, and then I'm done for! Take it away from her, take it away!' And then he catched hold of me, and kep on a talking to her, and answering of her, till I half believed I see her myself.

"Compey's wife, being used to him, giv him some liquor to get the horrors off, and by-and-by he quieted. 'Oh, she's gone! Has her keeper been for her?' he says. 'Yes,' says Compey's wife. 'Did you tell him to lock her and bar her in?' 'Yes.' 'And to take that ugly thing away from her?' 'Yes, yes, all right.' 'You're a good creetur,' he says; 'don't leave me, whatever you do, and thank you!'

"He rested pretty quiet till it might want a few minutes of five, and then he starts up with a scream, and screams out, 'Here she is! She's

got the shrowd again. She's unfolding it. She's coming out of the corner. She's coming to the bed. Hold me both on you—one of each side —don't let her touch me with it. Huh! she missed me that time. Don't let her throw it over my shoulders. Don't let her lift me up to get it round me. She's lifting me up. Keep me down!' Then he lifted himself up hard, and was dead.

"Compey took it easy enough as a good ridance for both sides. Him and me was soon busy, and first he swore me (being ever artful) on my own book—this here little black book, dear boy, what I swore your comrade on.

"Not to go into the things that Compey planned and I done—which 'ud take a week—I'll simply say you, dear boy, and Pip's comerade, that that man got me into such nets as made me his black slave. I was always in debt to him, always under his thumb, always a working, always a getting into danger. He was younger than me, but he'd got craft, and he'd got learning, and he overmatched me five hundred times told and no mercy. My Missis as I had the hard time wi'— Stop though! I ain't brought her in.

He looked about him in a confused way, as if he had lost his place in the book of his remembrance; and he turned his face to the fire, and spread his hands broader on his knees, and lifted them off and put them on again.

"There was a need to go into it," he said, when he looked round once more. "The time wi' Compey was almost as hard a time as ever I had; that said, with a said. Did I tell-you as I was tried, alone, for misdemeanor, while with Compey?"

I answered, No.

"Well!" he said, "I was, and got convicted. As to took up on suspicion, that was twice or three times in the four or five year that it lasted; but evidence was wanting. At last me and Compey was both committed for felony—on a charge of putting stolen notes in circulation—and there was other charges behind. Compey says to me, 'Separate defenses, no communication,' and that was all. And I was so miserable poor that I sold all the clothes I had, except what hung on my back, afore I could get Jaggers.

"When we was put in the dock, I noticed first of all what a gentleman Compey looked, wi' his curly hair and his black clothes and his white pocket-handkercher, and what a common sort of wretch I looked. When the prosecution opened and the evidence was put short, aforehand, I mentioned how heavy it all bore on me, and how light on him. When the evidence was giv in the box, I noticed how it was always me that had come forard, and could be sworn to, how it was always me that the money had been paid to, how it was always me that had seemed to work the thing and get the profit. But, when the defense come on, then I see the plan plainer; for, says the counselor for Compey, 'My lord and gentlemen, here you have afore you, side by side, two persons as your eyes can separate wide; one, the younger, well brought up, who will be seen to as near to the elder, ill brought up, who will be spoke to as a hardened offender; one, the younger, seldom if ever seen in these here precincts, and but only suspected; t'other, the elder, always seen in 'em and always wi' his guilt brought home. Can you doubt, if there is two sich in a row in it, which is the one, and, if there is two in it, which is much the worst one?' And such like. And when it come to character, wasn't it Compey as had been to the school, and wasn't it his school-fellows as was in this position and in that, and wasn't it him as had been known'd by witnesses in such clubs and societies, and wasn't to his disadvantage? And wasn't it me as had been tried afore, and as had been know'd up hill and down dale in Bridewells and Lords-Ups? And when it come to speech-making, warn't it Compey as could speak to 'em wi' his face dropping every now and then into his white pocket-handkercher—ah! and wi' verses in his speech, too—and warn't it me as could only say, 'Gentlemen, this man at my side is a damnable rascal?' And when the verdict come, warn't it Compey as was recommended to mercy on account of good character and bad company, and giving up all the information he could agen me, and warn't it me as got never a word but Guilty? And when I says to Compey, 'Once out of this court, I'll smash that face of yourn?' ain't it Compey as prays the Judge to be protected, and gets two turnkeys stood behind us? And when we're sent—and, ain't it him as gets seven years and me fourteen, and ain't it him as the Judge is sorry for, because he might a done so well, and ain't it me as the Judge perceives to be a man of wicked passion, likely to come'to worse?"

He had worked himself into a state of great excitement, but he checked it, took two or three short breaths, swallowed as often, and stretching out his hand to remind me that I was losing manner, "I ain't a going to be low, dear boy."

He had so heated himself that he took out his handkerchief and wiped his face and head and neck and hands, before he could go on.

"I had said to Compey that I'd smash that face of his, and I swore Lord smash mine! to do it. We was in the same prison-ship, but I couldn't get at him for long, though I tried. At last I come behind him and hit him on the cheek to turn him round and get a smashing one at him, when I was seen and seized. The black-hole of that ship warn't a strong one, to a judge of black-holes that could swim and dive. I escaped to the shore, and I was a hiding among the graves there, envying them as was in 'em and all over, when first I see my boy!"

He regarded me with a look of affection that made him almost abhorrent to me again, though I had felt great pity for him.

"By my boy I was giv to understand as Compey was out on them sentences too. Upon my soul, I half believe he escaped in his terror to get quit of me, not knowing it was me as had got ashore. I hunted him down. I smashed his face. 'And now,' says I, 'as the worst thing I can do, caring nothing for myself, I'll drag you back.' And I'd have swum off, towing him by the hair, if it had come to that, and I'd a got him aboard without the soldiers.

"Of course he'd much the best of it to the last—his character was so good. He had escaped when he was made half wild by me and my murderous intentions; and his punishment was light. I was put in irons, brought to trial again, and sent for life. I didn't stop for life, dear boy and Pip's comrade, being here."

He wiped himself again, as he had done before, and then slowly took his tangle of tobacco from the pouch, spread it thin, put his pipe from his button-hole, and slowly filled it, and began to smoke.

"Is he dead?" I asked, after a silence.

"Is who dead, dear boy?"

"Compey."

"He hopes I am, if he's alive, you may be sure," with a fierce look. "I never heerd no more of him."

Herbert had been writing with his pencil in the cover of a book. He softly pushed the book over to me, as Provis stood smoking with his eyes on the fire, and I read in it:

"Young Havisham's name was Arthur. Compey is the man who professed to be Miss Havisham's friend."

I shut the book and nodded slightly to Herbert, and put the book by: but we neither of us said any thing, and both looked at Provis as he stood smoking by the fire.

GUESTS AT THE GREAT INN.

BEAT the gong, and ring the bell!
Gaily open the palace gate—
Comes a Lady, young, alone,
Torn by stock, and bruised by stone,
Hunted here by jealous hate.
"*Give me shelter, silence, rest—*
If, by coarse purveyor pressed,
You are questioned, nothing tell."
Ah! poor heart, in anguish lost!—
Welcome from your foes to rest!

Hath the host not grieved as well?

Ring the bell, and beat the gong!
Comes an Earl with gold to waste,
"*Old wine in thy cellar is,*
And the oldest I will kiss,
As my mistress I would taste."
Riot in my chamber best,
Some one to his bosom pressed
Who departs and wails no wrong;
Ducats on my staircase shed—
(I have followed there, the dead)—
'Tis a jolly even-song!

Beat the gong, and ring the bell!
Here is Feet, come to see
What our city hath to show—
Minster windows, all a-glow
With the rainbow's pageantry.
Elders saints the whom to carve,
Sculptor of his flesh would starve
Strong in worship of the spell.
Cheer his heart with yellow wine.
Boy! thy dream long since was mine,
How it vanished, who can tell?

Ring the bell, and beat the gong!
Last him by—Merchant next,
Hard in voice and hold in face,
Only by a damaged place
In his market to be vexed.
Hear him talk, a pair of trade,
Of the bargains he has made
Here and there, his walk along:
"*Arm sees spiritual, sword*
Trimidle, my wight-black beard!"—
Cheap hath grown the price of wrong.

Beat the gong, and ring the bell!
What? for Priest with nought to spend!—
Creeping in, who maketh gloom
Even in my lighted room!
By his feigning to be friend
Of dumb things, that understand
And evade his satin hand—
Of my child, who shrinks as well—
Of the Peddler, who is here—
Dusty, for his flask of beer—
Let him out—and no farewell!

Ring the bell, and beat the gong!
Loud!—The Prince!—on humble knees
Light him upward to his bed,
Proud that on God's earth do tread
Still 'such royal prodigies!
What has mighty Prince to do,
With a vassal small as you,
Save to pay for feast and song?
"*Ah! your Highness, pardon, pray,*
If my wife decorated
She was loving, fair, and young!"

Some must keep an open door—
Corpses need no revel-din;
Who inquires if in the cup
Funeral wine be offered up?
Death goes out, and Life comes in!
Call for joyaunce, revel, toast—
Who respects convenient Host,
When his nimbleness is o'er?
Who hath dreamed that to his part,
He, too, brought a human heart?—
Close the Inn for evermore!

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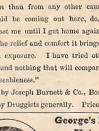

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NORTHERN SOLDIERS
As Depicted in General Butler's Proclamation at Baltimore.

"DEPARTMENT OF ANNAPOLIS, FEDERAL HILL, BALTIMORE, *May* 14.

"A detachment of the forces of the Federal Government under my command HAVE OCCUPIED THE CITY OF BALTIMORE for the purpose, among other things, of enforcing respect and obedience to the laws, as well of the State, if requested thereto by the Civil Authorities, as of the United States, which are being violated within its limits by some malignant and traitorous men. To the end, therefore, that all misunderstanding of the purposes of the Government may be prevented, and to set at rest all unfounded, false, and seditious rumors, to relieve all apprehensions, if any are felt by the well-disposed portion of the community, and to make it thoroughly understood by all traitors, their aiders or abettors, that their rebellious acts must cease," &c. &c.

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A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION

VOL. V.—No. 231.] NEW YORK, SATURDAY, JUNE 1, 1861. [SINGLE COPIES SIX CENTS. $2 50 PER YEAR IN ADVANCE.

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the Year 1861, by Harper & Brothers, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Southern District of New York.

MAJOR-GENERAL BUTLER.

MAJOR-GENERAL BENJAMIN F. BUTLER, whose likeness we offer our readers from the only known photograph in existence, has thus far been the most prominent volunteer officer since the President's proclamation of April 15. His energy, activity, and perseverance in opening a way of communication with Washington, at a time when the capital seemed cut off by events at Baltimore, have been well known to the public, and have won from the Administration the highest encomiums.

Mr. Butler was born at Deerfield, Rockingham County, New Hampshire, in 1818, and is consequently forty-three years old. One of his ancestors was a Cilley—one of the truest Revolutionary stock in New England—and the subject of this biography was related to the lamented Jonathan Cilley, who was killed in the duel with Graves of Kentucky. Mr. Butler received his collegiate education at Waterville, Maine, where the Baptist denomination have a flourishing literary institution. He studied law, and took up his residence at Lowell, Massachusetts, where he soon distinguished himself as an advocate in the courts of Middlesex County. His reputation was soon extended to Boston, and he has long held a prominent position in the Massachusetts bar, whether in the courts of the State or of the General Government. As an advocate he is distinguished by the energy with which he devotes himself to his client, and by the strong, playful, and sometimes vehement language hurled against opposing counsel. Many anecdotes are told of him in Massachusetts illustrating what we have said. His forte is in the *trod* of cases. It is said that he has tried more jury cases for the last ten years than any other lawyer in the United States.

But aside from the law, he has on more than one occasion manifested coolness and intrepidity under trying circumstances. As an instance of this we may mention the memorable incident which took place in Lowell, Massachusetts, in 1836. It was during the Presidential contest, and Hon. Rufus Choate had been invited to address the Conservative citizens. The largest hall of the city was crowded to excess. The audience was wild with enthusiasm, as the brilliant orator swayed them by his eloquence; but, in the midst of the applause, a jar was felt, a crash was heard, and every face save one turned pale as the cry went forth, "The floor is sinking!" The man whose cheek knew no pallor was General Butler. He sprung up and calmed the fears of the multitude by telling them that he did not apprehend the least danger; that the architect was present; but to allay any misgiving he would go with the architect and examine the building.—An immediate investigation showed that the edifice was in the greatest possible danger, and a sudden movement, a rush on the part of the assembly, would result in the slaughter of thousands. Forgetful of himself, he bravely pushed through the dense crowd. He did not shriek—he showed no marks of trepidation—but with a bland countenance whispered a few apparently pleasant and assuring words to Mr. Choate. Mr. Butler then turned to the audience, and, in a calm, clear voice, remarked: "My friends, there is no present danger; but as the house is overcrowded, it will be better to quietly adjourn to the open air; and I therefore invite you to the front of the Merrimack House." The whole thing was accomplished in a few moments. It was only by Mr. Butler's self-possession that the catastrophe was avoided. On this occasion he showed more cool courage than any battle will ever call into requisition. In the life of Mr. Choate we find what the words were that bluntly fell, *sotto voce*, from Mr. Butler, viz., "Mr. Choate, I must clear this house, or we shall all be in it—I in five minutes!"

He has always been a prominent politician of the extreme wing of the Democracy, and has been in a number of political positions in his adopted State. He was member of the Massachusetts House of Representatives for the first time in 1853, was a member of the Constitutional Convention the same year, and was Senator for Middlesex in 1859–'60. In May, 1860, he was senatorial delegate to the Democratic Convention in Charleston, and afterward at Baltimore. He sided with the Breckinridge faction, and upon his return home was nominated by that portion the Democratic party candidate for Governor. He was one of the first to respond to the proclamation of President Lincoln calling for volunteers, and his subsequent services have made him, as a patriotic and as an energetic officer, dear to the loyal people of the United States.

We have heard it stated that Mr. Butler was a single man; but this is a mistake, for a number of years ago he married a daughter of Dr. Hildreth, of Lowell, and has a family of children.

The correspondent of the *Herald*, under date of May 15, thus described the performance of General Butler in the war now begun:

"General Butler, with a single Massachusetts regiment, the Eighth, marched from his own State, through six other States, and into Maryland, embarked on board a steamer, and landed in what was then considered the enemy's country, and took possession of Annapolis and held it.

"The War Department, appreciating this bold movement, immediately created the new Department of Annapolis, which extended to within seven miles of the Federal capital, and also on the east included Baltimore city, and made Gen. Butler commander of the same. He proceeded to reconstruct locomotives, build bridges, and make railroads. He pushes on toward Baltimore, fortifies himself at the Relay House with the Sixth Massachusetts and Eighth New York regiments and Cook's Boston Battery, controlling the great channel of communication between the rebels at Harper's Ferry and those in Baltimore. He sends out his scouts, seizes the famous steam-gun and turns it upon the enemy; and, with the same Massachusetts regiment that the rebels of Baltimore stoned three weeks previous, accompanied by Cook's Boston Battery and the New York Eighth, he marches into Baltimore, fortifies himself upon the highest point of land overlooking the whole city, issues his proclamation giving protection to all loyalists, and announcing his ultimatum to all traitors, seizes arms, arrests traitors, and marches through the streets escorted by the single company of the gallant Massachusetts Sixth, which received the severest treatment from the mob three weeks before. He does all this before the Pennsylvania troops that were at Cockeysville, within 15 miles of Baltimore three weeks ago, reach the city or afford him any support. This is history; and truly Gen. Butler has made a brilliant campaign.

"The President, the Secretary of War, General Scott, all recognize the man, and acknowledge the services which he and the officers and men under him have rendered, and this very day

MAJOR-GENERAL BENJAMIN F. BUTLER, U.S.A.—[PHOTOGRAPHED BY G. H. LOOMIS, BOSTON, MASSACHUSETTS.]

THE MIDNIGHT MARCH.

All along the weary miles,
Down through the dark defiles,
Through the woods of pine and larch,
Under midnight's solemn arch,
Came the heavy, sounding march
Of the Seventh!

Scouts out on either flank,
Searching close through dyke and bank,
Sweeping with their restless eyes
Every hollow, cut, and rise,
Guarding from the foe's surprise
All the Seventh!

Plod! plod! plod! and plod!
Over gravel, over sod,
Over up-torn railroad tracks,
With their bending, belted backs,
Waiting—hoping rash attacks,
Marched the Seventh!

Every pine-tree's jagged limb
In the black night looked grim;
And each dense thicket's shade
Seemed to hold an ambuscade;
Yet no soldier was afraid
In the Seventh!

Plod! plod! plod! and plod!
Over gravel, over sod,
Over up-torn railroad tracks,
With their bending, belted backs,
Waiting—hoping rash attacks,
Marched the Seventh!

"Halt! Rest!" along the line;
Down every man supine
In the wet gravel lay,
Hugging with delight the clay,
Longing for the light of day
On the Seventh!

Though the dark night was serene,
Never foeman's form was seen;
Though like flies they buzzed around,
Haunting every shady ground,
Fleeing at the slightest sound
From the Seventh!

So we marched till night was gone
And the heavens were blessed with dawn;
But History, with immortal hand,
Must yet record how firm and grand
Was that march through Maryland
Of the Seventh!

CAMP CAMERON, *May 9*, 1861.

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

SATURDAY, JUNE 1, 1861.

THE CHARACTER OF THE WAR.

WE have received the following letter from EAST TENNESSEE, *May 16*, 1861.

ALLOW us a few observations, intended to contribute to set right the public mind upon the subject of the impending war.

First, A war must be waged. It is inevitable. The unity of the Government must be maintained at every hazard. Its dignity must be upheld. Men must be taught—the whole American people must learn—that it is a fearful thing to rebel against the Government—that the laws must absolutely be obeyed. They must learn that the Federal Constitution claims in a sovereign, but also a *subject*. He is a sovereign to make laws, and his prerogative is great; but he is a subject to obey those laws, and his subjection must be absolute. And it is strange now to see that the recognition of power is to be obedient subjects to their own laws, they cease also to be sovereigns. A subject of sovereign is he whose laws are not respected! But still *above these constitutions*, and it is possible to rise above them, the Government must wage this war to restore the lost liberties of its citizens within the limits they Government must have been subverted by the revolutionists. The loyal men of the revolted State are called on to defend the Government of their Government. I believe these loyal citizens constitute a majority of the whole people; but whatever a majority or minority, it is the duty of their Government to protect them from unlawful usurpation and tyranny. A sovereign rests upon the Government to wage this war—else it too will be subverted. Revolution is aggressive, insidious, and overbearing in the extreme. Its Secretary of War even proclaims the purpose to plant its banner of "the stars and bars" on the dome of the national Capitol; and coolly threatens that it may yet float over the city of Boston. This was before the promulgation of Lincoln's first proclamation, on the day on which Fort Sumter fell. That revolutionary Government sinks, by means of privateers, to destroy the commerce of the nation upon the high seas; and in fact it has been at war with that Government almost from the day of Lincoln's election—seizing upon the forts, the arsenals, the navy, its treasure, and its public property generally. With an insolent, pretentious air it has been practicing upon us for many long months continually.

Secondly, Government must take the *aggressive* (so to speak); that is, it can not stand on the defensive, and permit the insurrection on a grand scale to recede to the shameful force of Fort Sumter—refraining from firing a gun while the rebels are organizing around it for its own reduction. By the weak policy loyal citizens of the States which first "seceded" were left without protection and encouragement in their loyalty; and this cut off and neglected, they naturally succumbed to the existing state of things, and came to regard the usurpation as their Government, and their only Government as a foreign Power. And to wash away the stain of "perjury," many Union men enlisted in the armies which were being raised to war upon the Government of their fathers. And without an active war of *protection* loyal citizens were held in all the revolting States. They have no arms, and no standard to rally around. But,

Thirdly, This war is no war of the North against the South—no war of sections. It is a war of the whole Government against an insurrection and usurpation in certain States. It is a war not to "subjugate the South" or the Southern States, but to *liberate the citizens* of those States from the military subjugation under which they are placed by usurpation and intimidation. In my nature rebels that it should be a war of rapine and confiscation. It is the war of the law for the own enforcement against revolution; and if those who wage such war shall themselves violate the law, they too have plunged into revolution, and the law is destroyed. We loyal men of the South warn you in heaven how you let slip the bolt-hooks of revolution—from the very depths of despair we warn you that you come not into this place of torment. Therefore,

Fourthly, Let it be distinctly proclaimed by the Government, and by all loyal public journalists, that the nature of this war is to be such as I have set forth above; that the South is not to be subjugated, but delivered—not the black but the white men. That the old order of things is to be restored as it was; that the people are to be protected from the unlawful violence of their usurping rulers, and to suffer no unlawful violence at the hands of their deliverers. Let this announcement be made throughout every where proclaim those things to the people; that they are called upon to submit, not to slavery to the North, but to the laws they themselves have made—to the government established by their fathers and perpetuated by themselves. And it will be found, as these things begin to be understood by a misguided and misled people, that they will rally in thousands to the standard of the Government, and assist in restoring order. They will not only succeed, but will actively assist in putting down the rebellion.

In this section of country a large majority of the people are still true to the Union, and many part for the opportunity to take up arms against their oppressors. But they have no standard to rally around—no Government to throw its powerful shield around them. They have no arms, no *sinews of war*, no ammunition, no organization. In other parts of the Southern States they have been misled by false representations, sustained by quotations from violent Northern papers, and are now in arms against their own liberties. We have been all betrayed by traitorous Governors (except Governor Houston, of Texas), and by perfidious, terrorized Legislatures, who, grasping the sword and purse, have put the people under a military despotism.

Respectfully, KNOX.

These are brave and excellent words. We trust they do not come too late. There was a time when good Southern men might have stayed this rebellion and crushed treason, by proclaiming boldly and loudly that "the unity of the Government must be maintained at every hazard," that "the laws must absolutely be obeyed," and that "the Government must take the aggressive" against rebels. Unhappily, in those days, conservative Southerners were spending their strength in denouncing what they called "coercion" and "the Lincoln idea." Now the revolutionary wave has swept past them, and has left them on the bank, idly protesting against the laws of nature.

What this war is not to be does not depend on what rebels want, or what Government wants, or what neutrals want. It must take its course and shape from influences and events beyond individual control. To attempt, at the present time, to fix its metes, bounds, and results, is as futile as it would be to try to stake out the ground which would be overflowed if a levee on the Mississippi were suddenly broken. On one side the Government, on the other side the rebels, have their plans and their policy by which they propose to abide. But the first battle-field strewn with stark corpses will change the most deliberate of their preconceived purposes. Let us be rational beings, and remember the lessons of history. The women are not that some brave soldiers are killed, but that when it begins no one can tell where it will end, what direction it may take, and who may not fall victims to it.

It was to the air of "God save the King" that the New York tea ship, in 1774, was sent to sea without breaking bulk, by a people unconvincingly protesting that the water of London was a poor substitute for the water of Boston. But a few months before the execution of Louis XVI., M. Roland, the head of the revolutionists, addressed him in a famous letter: "You are deceived, Sire, when you attribute to ourselves to you as hostile to the throne and to yourself. The people love the Revolution in you." Nay, without traveling so far back, where can we find a more opportune illustration of our position than the speech delivered to the Georgia Legislature, in December last, by Alexander H. Stephens, now Vice-President of the Southern Confederacy? Has history been written in vain, that people fancy this revolution of ours is going to pursue a straight, even, smooth course, and to end under the terms, programme, and the same principles as it begins?

We most sincerely hope our correspondent is right when he speaks of the Union strength in the Southern States. We have no reason to suppose that the North has suffered many disappointments on this head. A month before Georgia seceded she was reported to be sound for the Union. Early in January, 1861, Mr. Buchanan's own sent out she was stated to have given over 20,000 votes majority against secession; now, Knoxville, the loyal city *par excellence*, feeds and houses secession troops on their way to Richmond. Virginia was relied on as safe till the very hour she seceded. When such men as John Bell, W. C. Rives, and Henry W. Hilliard are in the Confederate army, on whose can the North place their trust? If the Union men at the South had made one single fight—if in some single county, village, or plantation, there was a score of men, brave as Southerners are, had drawn trigger or unsheathed sword in defense of the old flag, it would have been easier then it is at present to have rallied around it the organization of Southern Unionists in the suppression of this most lamentable rebellion.

Still, for all this, we are convinced—and we rejoice in the conviction—that the Government commences its work with the intention of protecting property of all kinds, and of liberating from a military despotism those Union-loving citizens of the South who have been so easily overpowered by the rebels. To what extent, or in what way, events may modify this policy, our correspondent is as well able to speculate as we are.

A CARD FROM MR. RUSSELL.

MR. W. H. RUSSELL, Correspondent of the London *Times*, publishes the following card in the Mobile *Register*:

MOBILE, *May 15*, 1861.

To the Editor of the Mobile Register:

SIR,—My attention has been called to a statement in *Harper's Weekly*, couched in the following words:

"The proprietors have dispatched an artist to the South in company with Mr. Russell, correspondent of the London *Times*."

In reference to that statement, I have to observe that my companions are two, viz.: Mr. WARD, a personal friend, who left London to act as my secretary and valet traveling courade, and who has no connection whatever with any journal in the United or Confederate States, and Mr. DAVIS, a young artist, who is taking sketches for the *Illustrated London News*, and who can have no fear that he is not engaged by or connected with *Harper's Weekly*, although he knows very well that he is not to that periodical.

My position is that of a neutral, and I am employed on occasions that require the exercise of impartiality on my part, although I shall claim for myself the utmost freedom in the expression of my convictions and of my observations to the journal which I have the honor to serve. The expression of their convictions and observations, however, is almost only for England, and I shall not permit the publication of my letters under any circumstances whatever by those who accompany me, although I have every reason to believe that their good faith would render such a guarantee or assurance on my part unnecessary.

I have up to now in no instance failed by this post I have forwarded to the paper in question a request that they inclose their formal denial of the statement which has occasioned this communication. I have the honor to be, Sir,

Your faithful servant,

W. H. RUSSELL, LL.D.,
Barrister at Law.

We have not received the "formal denial" to which Mr. RUSSELL alludes. But we owe it to ourselves to say that the Mr. DAVIS he mentions is the special artist of *Harper's Weekly*, employed at our cost, and is not to our knowledge drawing for the *Illustrated London News*. We are sorry to add that we are informed Mr. RUSSELL was aware of these facts before he wrote the above letter.

THE LOUNGER.

ENGLAND AN ALLY.

THERE need be no fear of the attitude of England in this rebellion. She is in much more danger from its success than from its failure. She sees cotton enough, but she wants sound constitutional liberty more. If we could imagine this rebellion successful, the inevitable consequent encroachment upon liberty in England would presently force the English to arms. The encroachment would proceed from precisely that Tory party which sympathizes with the insurrection in this country—not that it cares for one part of the country more than another, but because all aristocracies are at bottom hostile to feudalism in England sympathizes with feudalism in America; and because the triumph of the rebellion would be a desperate and fatal blow at the great cause of popular constitutional government forever.

The people of England, however, see that the only conservative policy of their government is a popularly progressive policy, and they will insist upon that. They can not afford, for the sake of any particular commercial or manufacturing advantage, to risk the demoralization that would follow a recognition of so wanton and causeless a rebellion as ours. They see that if the Slave States should throw off the existing government, the cotton crop would be at the mercy of a servile race, without any force adequate to its control. That race would in the end be emancipated by the rebellion, and by the neighborhood of the Canada line, suddenly brought southward. Any year the cotton crop might be destroyed, and England would have lost both her cotton and the moral support of her sympathy with a free popular system. Enough statesmen in power well weather-wise, in the present situation of European affairs, their country could sustain a stroke so deadly.

Nor need the people fear of a great national principle be forgotten. Great Britain has pronounced for individual liberty. Whoever touches her soil, if not a felon by crime, raises his head to heaven as free as the Queen. A ministry which should propose to Parliament to recognize a rebellion which involved necessarily an abandonment of agreement as ours for the purpose of extending and strengthening human slavery, would raise a storm in the South-west that would blow them from power and hiss them to eternal infamy.

Let us have no fear of England. She has been always the ally of Christian civilization, and her heart is the hold of constitutional liberty. What Madison said of the United States may be said of England and of the universal Saxon race, "Their cause is the cause of human nature."

A NATIONAL HYMN.

NATIONAL hymns are not made to order. They spring from the deep inspiration of great emotions. But there can be no harm in asking every lordly who is now singing in obedience to those emotions to lend his voice to the committees and be paid for their trouble if the song chances to suit. The committee, probably, know about writing hymns to order as much as any other gentlemen. They do not assume that they will receive the hymn that shall be adopted by the nation, and therefore they reserve the right of rejecting every thing, if nothing seems to be quite excellent enough.

The *Tribune* makes two objections to the invitation of the committee. One, that a national hymn must be a war song, while the committee do not ask for a war song. The reply to this is that the committee evidently mean that they don't want a mere slogan. But they intend, of course, a hymn which may be sung whether in peace or war by every loyal citizen. "God save the King" is not a war song in any exclusive sense, although it calls upon the Lord to scatter the King's enemies. It may with equal fitness be sung either going into Waterloo or at a coronation. It is of the essence of a national hymn that it shall express fidelity to the flag at every cost. But it is to be a song for peace and war, not for a special campaign nor a single battle. Fidelity to the flag at every cost is necessarily, to use the objector's phrase, "battle to the innermost fire."

The other objection of the *Tribune* is that the word in the call "patriotic" is not definite. "Two-thirds of the country," it says, "will spit at any national hymn which raises its lyrical crosses to the God of the oppressed and broken-hearted in bonds." What then? The same people spit now at the Declaration of Independence. Is it any the less our great National manifest to the world? What is a patriotic hymn? It is a hymn which reaches, in inspired and majestic rhythm, the patriotic idea —the idea of the *Patria*, the country. And what is the American idea? Popular sovereignty—the liberty of the people. No American hymn can be, in any just sense, patriotic, which does not express that sentiment. The Declaration and the Star-Spangled Banner "splendid." So it is, in idea. But what makes splendor? Certainly it is not its jawbreaking lines, but the chorus which expresses the aspiration of every loyal American heart.

"The Star-Spangled Banner—O long may it wave,
O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave."

Any truly patriotic national hymn is, of necessity, the great peace song and the great war song of the nation. It fits every emotion of the national heart. It is the national heartbeat set to music. Don't be afraid, *Tribune*. The heart of America beats with the love of liberty. Its national hymn must needs be the love song of liberty. The Continental Congress, in resigning its functions, dedicated this nation to "liberty" and "the rights of human nature:" and the people of the country cry Amen!

SITTING ON GUNPOWDER.

THERE is great and natural horror expressed by many of the treasonable papers of those who would excite servile insurrections.

Who is it, then, that is exciting servile insurrection?

The rebellious citizens of the United States. In what way?

By taking up arms against the Government, and plunging the whole land into civil war. The slaves can not be kept ignorant of the war. And they will ask the question. They will learn that their masters are fighting against those whom they untruly and persistently call "abolitionists." It is not evident, then, that unless the slaves love slavery, they will fight against their masters in any way they can? And what an inciter of servile insurrection who points out to the masters a palpable fact! It is a man sees a neighbor sitting upon a barrel of gunpowder and intently trying to strike a light by scraping a match upon the sole of the leather of his shoe. Is an diabolical fellow if he warns his neighbor that he runs great risk of blowing himself up?

ET TU!

THERE were some of us who did not expect ever to hear Mr. Edward Everett mentioned with hatred by the Southern papers. But Mr. Everett, like Washington and John Quincy Adams, stands under the sacred flag of his country, and welcomes battle rather than anarchy and dishonor. And the rebels hate him for it. "*Tu!*" they shriek. "*Tu*, who have eaten such quantities of Southern dinner! *Tu*, who have basked in the sunshine of such a host of Southern eyes of the softest sex—*tu* who stand by the flag and the honor of your country? Smirch-ach-hyperoxy, thy name is Edward Everett!"

It is the ludicrous old story. The dinner argument is strong if you are hungry, but not otherwise. Mr. Everett has dined, and he has supped, and he has been eaten by gentlemen from the North are not better, it is generally thought, than Northern dinners given by gentlemen in the Southern States. And if it be good logic that Mr. Everett must be a traitor to his country because he has eaten the dinners of men in the South, then we are not sure that Mr. Jefferson Davis should be the most loyal of citizens by reason of the excellent dinners he ate when he visited Washington as faithful Envoy. There are probably degrees in this matter. If a Northern man has merely lunched or eaten pot-luck, he is not under the same obligation only to hold his tongue and not profess loyalty to his country. But if he has been the victim of a full-dress dinner, he must declare himself a full-blown traitor.

From the incessant twaddle in treasonable papers about the enormity of any man who has enjoyed Southern hospitality" ventured to express his own opinions, it might be inferred that there had never been any "Northern hospitality;" and that when a loyal citizen has invited the rebel to dine on the sunny clime of treason, it was expected that he would eat his own manhood, conscious patriotism, and common sense.

CASUS BELLI.

IF a Senator of the United States had said in his place, two years ago, that States ought to be some lamentable misunderstanding, even involving civil war, between the Sepoys of India and the people of Great Britain, he would have shown precisely the kind and extent of intelligence which Lord Malmesbury exhibited in the English House of Peers when he alluded to the rebellion in this country.

And if the United States Government had gravely deliberated whether it would or would not treat the Sepoys as belligerents, it would have done what the rebels in this country supposed the British Government would do.

There is no such flagrant cause of war between two Powers conceivable, as the recognition by one of a rebellious party among the citizens of the other as an independent state. When that rebellious party has maintained itself for a reasonable period, and has exhibited the capacity of fulfilling the functions of a national power, it will, of course, be

a simple consideration of consequences for other nations to determine whether they will acknowledge the new Government. But if any nation does so before the acknowledgment of the Government from which the new one is trying to separate, it undertakes a war with that Government. If the steamer which arrives on Saturday should bring the news that England had recognized the rebellion in this country, the steamer which leaves on Wednesday would carry instructions to Mr. Adams instantly to withdraw from the English Court; and Great Britain would have to try her hand at thrashing us again.

"OUR OWN."

"W. H. RUSSELL, LL.D., Barrister at Law," writes a letter to the Mobile *Register*, in which he says that he shall claim for himself "the utmost freedom in the expression of my convictions and of my observations in the journal which I have the honor to serve." Mr. Russell may claim what he chooses. But if his "convictions and observations" should lead him to the conclusion that a rebellion so wanton and wicked as this was never known, he should take good care that his amiable friends the rebels do not hear of it while he is still among them. Nothing but the imposing fact of an English fleet, and its unquestionable willingness to defend him as an English subject, would save him from the fate provided for all who do not treat a rebellion for the meanest of purposes as if it were a revolution for the highest.

A GENTLEMAN OF ENTIRE RELIABILITY.

It is to be hoped that the gentleman of entire reliability, who arrives every day from Virginia in Washington, will soon remain permanently in the capital, or make up his mind definitely as to the exact number of Southern troops he has seen or heard of.

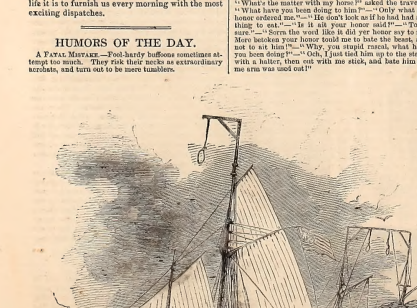
On Monday this entirely reliable gentleman arrives, having traveled through the whole length of Virginia, and reports that thirteen men assembled at various points, and General Beauregard at Richmond. On Tuesday this indefatigable traveler, who is perfectly reliable, has heard of the concentration of immense bodies of men at Culpepper Court House, and he has authentic intelligence that Gen. Beauregard is in Montgomery. On Wednesday the gentleman of entire reliability comes in at full speed, and perfectly fresh from Virginia, and has seen vast numbers of troops moving about, and has heard of the assembling of many thousands at Harper's Ferry. On Thursday the inevitable gentleman of the highest character and credibility—in short, an entirely reliable person—estimates that there are about six thousand troops at Richmond, and two or three Southwestern and as many Southern regiments very hungry and furious somewhere in the State. And on Friday this invaluable gentleman arrives by the latest conveyance, and informs us that the whole information that there is an army of a hundred thousand men perfectly appointed marching rapidly upon Washington.

Now we submit that the gentleman of entire reliability, who has just arrived from Virginia, has fairly done his duty for the present campaign.

There is one moral to be drawn from his entirely reliable but utterly conflicting reports, and that is, that the enemy manage their movements with masterly secrecy, and that there is a large number of them in motion. Meanwhile, it is consoling to reflect that the Commander-in-chief of the American army probably knows quite as much of the enemy's force and operations as the gentleman of entire reliability who communicates his startling intelligence to our amiable fellow-men, whose function in life it is to furnish us every morning with the most exciting dispatches.

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

A FATAL MISTAKE.—Foot-lardy buffoons sometimes attempt too much. They risk their necks as extraordinary acrobats, and turn out to be mere tumblers.



SORT OF RIG ADVISABLE FOR VESSELS EMPLOYED IN THE CHASE OF SOUTHERN PRIVATEERS.

SCENE—A QUIET STREET. TIME, 9 P.M.

MCFLIMSEY (*who has just succeeded in collecting his thoughts for an hour or two's quiet work*). "Oh, dear, dear, there's that dreadfully powerful Volunteer Band coming by again! Do oblige me, Maria, by keeping that child quiet!"

VOICES OF OUR NIGHTS.

SUBMITTED TO THE AMERICAN POET, BY MR. WRONGFELLOW.

I heard the feline footsteps in the night
Pad through the court and hall!
I saw the sable wretch in the moon's light
Climb Mrs. Cook's wall!

I felt her thief I did!—I'm sure I'm right!)
Step o'er me just above;
With skrill pathetic warnings through the night,
As of a cat in love.

I heard the sounds of passion and of fight,
The entwining chimes;
That fill each attic chamber in the night,
Where sons starved past prayers.

My night-capped head in the cool midnight air
Sought vainly some repose;
The cries of love filled all the place—there—
From the new cistern rose.

Peace! peace! Orestes-like I breathe this prayer!
Inconsid, you promos-eyed Night!
I hate, while thus you screech, and spit, and swear,
The calculated night!

NOT SO FAR OUT, AFTER ALL.

"Asked lately a young lady, "Pray, dear *Mr. Punch*, as people say that you know every thing, can you tell me what is modern society?" "Certainly, my child," replied the gentleman, "Well, really, I scarce know if I can say; unless it is that, as a rule, the music plays in one time and the men dance in another."

THE WISCONSIN'S LADY.—When the Wisconsin heard the gratifying intelligence that no person had been killed or wounded at the destruction of Fort Sumter, he exclaimed, with a tremendous gallop, "Why, it was quite a *pasty forte* affair!" What on earth this means nobody knows.

SCENE IN BROADWAY ON SUNDAY MORNING.

SUNDAY-SCHOOL SCHOLAR. "Oh, Johnny, I'm shocked to see you playing with your top. You should leave your toys in home on a Sunday!"

JOHNNY (*quick, but ingodient*). "Then why do you come out with your hoop?"

THE GREATEST COQUETTE IN THE NATION.

Of all the coquettes that are found in our nation,
There is none that more cheats us than AN-nicipation;
She coaxes and flatters with graces so fine
That blasting our prospects, she flis us with pain;
She wheedles all sexes, conditions, and ages,
The grave and the gay, and the politic sages;
The young and the old, the rich and the poor,
All live on her smiles till she turns them out-door.

In a recent trial in London George Cooper, the superintendent of a fire station in Tooley Street, was asked by Mr. James, "How long was it before the engines began to play?"

WITNESS. "I should say we were at work, Sir, within five minutes of being called. We don't call it play." [A laugh.]

MR. BARON BRAMWELL. "I thought the playing of an engine was an expression well understood."

MR. E. JAMES. "I thought so, too. I thought the engines played when they began to wash at work." [Laughter.]

TABLE TACTICS.—Old Francis was a wag; and once, when early pease were on the table, he emptied the contents of his mouth on to his plate. "Francis, Francis," they exclaimed, "what are you about?"—"I like them cold," says the answer. Whereupon he took his horse to the stable and bolt him.—"Sure an I will, your honor," answered the Milesian, briskly, and away he went. In what bait an hour the gentleman, having refreshed himself sufficiently, naturally concluded that his food-bred servant was in equally good case, and accordingly ordered his trap to the door. The horse was panting and trembling.—"What's the matter with my horse?" asked the traveler. "What have you been doing to him?"—"Only what yer honor ordered me."—"He don't look as if he had had anything to eat."—"Is it nit your honor said?"—"To be sure."—"Sorra the word like it did yer honor say to me. More luncheon your honor could me to bate the beast, and not to sit him?"—"Why, you stupid rascal, what have you been doing?"—"Och, I just tied him up to the stable with a halter, and then went me sick, and bate him till me arm was outo out!"

RAILROAD WAGGERY.—Waggy went to the station of one of our railroads the other evening, and finding the boat carriage full, said, in a loud tone, "Why, this carriage isn't going!" Of course these words caused a general stampede, and Waggy took the best seat. The train soon moved off. In the midst of the indignation, the wag was questioned, "You said this carriage wasn't going?"—"Well, it wasn't then," replied Waggy; "but it is now."

A captain of a rifle company was guilty of an unheardof barbarity on one very cold day recently. He actually marched his men up and down the side of the canal, and then coolly commanded them to "fall in."

A cooper, finding considerable difficulty in keeping one of the heads of a cask in its place, applied to its place, but his son inside to hold the head up. After completing the work much to his satisfaction, he was astonished to find his son inside the cask, and without a possibility of getting out, except through the bung-hole.

A reporter of experience gives the following instructions for making one's way in a crowd: "Elevate your elbow high, and bring it down with force upon the digestive apparatus of your neighbor. He will double up and puff, making a clear space in front of it to double up and puff, making a clear space in front of it to turn half same way, and give him the first, pass him, and continue the application until you have reached the desired point. It never fails."

"Job printing!—Job printing!" exclaimed Mr. Partington, the other day, as he was examining her spectacles at the advertising page of a country paper. "Poor Job! they've had him printing for them ever since I've been able to read; and if he wasn't the patientest man that ever was, he never could have stood such printing, no how."

"Colonel W. is a fine-looking man, ain't he?" said a friend of ours, the other day. "Yes," replied another; "I was under the impression, at first, that, when you're ugly as sin!" "I don't care for that; I was taken for a beauty. I indorsed his note, and was taken for him—by the sheriff."

The loveliest faces are to be seen by moonlight, when they are lighted up by the pale reflection of their lover's beaming intelligence.—"Be jabers," said he, "does your chaze in this country have no windies?"

A cat caught a sparrow, and was about to devour it, but the sparrow said—"No gentleman eats till he washes his face."—The cat, thinking it a reasonable rule, set the sparrow down, and began to wash his face with his paw, but the sparrow flew away.—The cat very angrily said, and with reason, "As long as I live I will eat first and wash my face afterward"—which all cats do even to this day.

STRICT INTERPRETATION.—"John, I am going to church, and if it should rain, I wish you to come with the umbrella for me; there will be no occasion for mine unless it should rain shortly." The gentleman went. It did rain, and John had gone to get the pot of the house to use Mary. His master came back with drenched garments and a look of indignation. "John, John," said he, "why didn't you bring the umbrella?"—"Because, Sir," replied John, "it rained *standing*?"

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

THE FIRST FIGHT AT NORFOLK.

THE first fight in that quarter came off on Saturday afternoon, between the Pawnee and Yorktown and the rebel battery at Sewall's Point, in Hampton Roads, ten miles from Old Point Comfort. A very thorough and unfinished, and is the eighth and last of the works now in the hands of the rebels, which defend the approaches to Norfolk, and is regarded as the most important of the series against the blockade of James River, where there are now lying twenty-five vessels of the blockading fleet. The Confederate steamer *Star* (formerly the *Monticello*), commenced commanding the fort at noon, and kept up a very heavy fire with rifled mortars, which seemed to have good effect. The flotilla from the New York, steamers, the Captain Ward, arrived during the action, and the steamer *Freeborn* immediately joined in opening a heavy fire with her 32-pounders. Driving out the rebels, who were commanded by a mounted officer, the boats' crews then landed, proceeded to Washington with dispatches by orders of Commodore Stringham.

CAPTURE OF LIGHT-SHIPS.

The brilliant and successful feat by detachments of the Eighth and Seventh regiments, under cover at the mast of war, in their expedition to the Yeamico River, and the recovery of the light-ships which had been taken possession of by the Chesapeake Bay, has been warmly applauded. The Yeamico is a small river which runs in Somerset County, Maryland, and flows southwestward through Somerset County, Maryland, and empties into Pinching Bay, an arm of the Chesapeake.

PRIZES OF WAR.

Three prizes have been taken into Philadelphia by the steam-tug *Yankee*. They were all schooners, laden with tobacco. Other prizes are said to be coming to New York.

STATE OF AFFAIRS AT HARPER'S FERRY.

Two thousand troops from Pittsburgh arrived at Harper's Ferry on Sunday, described as a "hard"-looking set —poorly fed and thirsty. Two regiments had arrived from Alabama on the day previous, to whom the same description would apply. The place, situated as it is, and where there still more agreeable, the small-pox has broken out among them. A company of cavalry had left the Ferry and proceeded to Martinsburgh, with the intention of keeping watch over the Baltimore men there, and preventing their voting at the election which takes place on the 23d.

FURTHER SEIZURES AT ST. LOUIS.

Further seizures were made last week at St. Louis, of two pieces of cannon, several hundred muskets and rifles, a number of pistols, and a quantity of ammunition. The State tobacco warehouse has also been visited by United States authorities, and a considerable quantity of arms and munitions were found there. St. Louis is now convicted by a line of military posts, extending from the river above to the mouth of the Arkansas, against which the entry of any secession troops into the city, and to secure the public property.

A detachment of Union volunteers was sent to Potosi, Missouri, from St. Louis, on Tuesday night, under the command of Captain Cole, who placed sentinels cautiously round the town, and in the morning captured the entire population. Those among them who were known to be Union men were of course immediately released, and every article of the secessionists were subsequently set at liberty on parole—those being carried to St. Louis as prisoners of war and confined in the arsenal. A lead manufactory was also taken possession of at Potosi, and about five hundred pigs of lead were seized.

A PROCLAMATION FROM GENERAL HARNEY.

General Harney has issued an address to the people of Missouri, in which he denounces the military bill recently passed by the Legislature of that State as an indirect declaration of war against the General Government. He alludes to the affair at Camp Jackson, and states that it was notorious that troops in the secession interest, openly wearing the dress and badges of the Army of the Confederate Southern Confederacy, were received there, and that the main avenues in the camp were named after Davis and Beauregard. He closes with the announcement that he shall consider it his duty to enforce the laws of the United States under all circumstances. There is but little doubt, from the nature of the seizures made at Camp Jackson, that an effort was soon to be made to precipitate the State into secession. Large quantities of cannon, small-arms, and munitions of war were also confiscated, which could have been intended for no other purpose.

CHARLESTON BLOCKADED.

The port of Charleston is now under blockade, and no inward-bound vessels are allowed to pass the barriers of steam and iron which the Government have erected at the mouth of the harbor. We find in the Charleston papers of the 13th and 14th accounts of the operations of the steam-frigate *Niagara*, the first of the blockading fleet which had arrived there. On the 12th the British bark *Helga* was released entrance, and the British ship *Prince Albert* and Gem, *Portsville* were also ordered off. Another British ship, the *A and A*, was pursued, but she managed to get into safety. The vessels which the *Niagara* could not follow her, and the latter, under the supposition that she was disabled, left the close, and a steam-tug from the city came out and towed her up. The vessels in port, however, either remained where they were allowed to pass freely, or else were not always allowed by the terms of the blockade to have exit.

The *Niagara* is now reported to have left Charleston for parts unknown.

A CURIOUS LIGHT FOR FORT MONROE.

Information has been received that Professor Grant is about to have the city in the steamer *Contzacoolex* for Fortress Monroe. The object of the visit is to try the largest calcium light upon that work. The reflector of the lamp will be composed of thousand of mirrors.

ANOTHER SOUTHERN OUTRAGE.

A telegram from Boston announces the arrival there, on board the steam gun-boat *Powhatan*, from Fortress Monroe, of Captain Charles Gale, of the bark *D. C. Pryer*, belonging to Cleaveland, Ohio, and Captain Jameson, of the bark *Ida*, belonging in Boston. The former reports that his vessel was fired by the rebels at Norfolk on the 8th inst., and besides losing his vessel, her cargo, and \$1,000 in specie, in all about \$75,000, he was thrown into prison and kept there several days. He finally made his escape with nine other persons, including his daughter, in a small boat, and reached the steam-frigate *Minnesota*. Captain Jameson reports that his bark, the *Ida*, was wrecked near Cape Henry, and his having saved the sails and rigging and shipped it to Norfolk, he was then robbed of every thing he possessed and imprisoned several days.

MORE MONEY WANTED AT MONTGOMERY.

Among the bills passed by the Confederates at Montgomery, on Friday, was one authorizing the issue of \$20,000,000 in new bonds, payable in twenty years, at an interest not exceeding eight per cent. per annum. In lieu of \$20,000,000 of the new issue, they also authorize the issue of Treasury notes for that amount, of small denominations, to bear no interest.

RICHMOND TO BE THE REBEL CAPITAL.

The Montgomery *Advertiser*, which is recognized as the "organ" of the Confederate Government, announces that the Confederates have decided to remove their Capital to Richmond on the 20th inst. They, however, when the removal is to take place.

TWO GREAT CAMPS.

The Government has decided to establish two large camps on the French system, partly for instruction and for the purpose of a reserve force. The camps will consist of from fifteen to twenty thousand men each. One will be formed at Annapolis, Pennsylvania, and the Maryland border, and the other in the vicinity of New York, on Staten Island, or Staten Island. The force of artillery now designed for action on the Southern border when necessary, and those to be added, will be fully acquired for coast service, to be used at any moment and at any point that the President may direct. For this purpose orders have been issued for a fleet of transports to be kept in readiness in the harbor.

AID AND COMFORT.

An important letter from Secretary Seward to J. G. Blaisdell has been published. It was written in answer to a letter from Mr. Blaisdell, asking for the Secretary's reasons in writing for considering an acceptance of Governor Hicks's proclamation, calling for the enrollment of freemen and *Annuitants*, recently seized by his order, as an act of "aid and comfort." Secretary Seward has the right of money for the steamships, after they have been seized, would be to give aid and comfort to the rebels, and that to sell vessels to an enemy is to give aid and comfort, and therefore knowingly any person so offending would be brought to punishment by the Government.

PERSONAL.

General Cadwallader, of Philadelphia, who is about to take command of the Baltimore and Annapolis departments, in place of General Butler, who has been appointed to Western property in Maryland, and is well known and much esteemed in the vicinity of Baltimore.

The four regiments of Missouri Volunteers, of one of which Colonel Blair is Colonel, have been formed into a brigade, and Captain Lyon, who commanded the troops that captured the Secession forces, has been elected Brigadier-General.

The wife of Lieutenant Stenmer is at Washington, where she awaits the arrival of her husband's remains.

Senator Douglas is very ill of typhoid fever; his condition is still critical.

Mr. Lincoln occupied himself one day last week in making a pilgrimage to Mount Vernon on the back of the Potomac. He visited Great Falls, sixteen miles above Washington, passed the old Capital, and returned to the city, the expeditionists being without being recognized.

Leroy P. Whitfield, Secretary of Legation and Judah P. Benjamin, Attorney-General, in Jeff Davis Cabinet are to change places.

United States Senator James A. Bayard, of Delaware, has written an address to the people of his State, in which he announces his intention to resign.

Colonel Vosburgh, commandant of the New York Seventyfirst Regiment, now at Washington, whose illness from bronchitis has been reported, has been appointed, died of the Navy-yard in Washington on Monday morning.

Mr. Ferdinand Wood, ex-Mayor, arrested on suspicion of treason, by order of General Butler, was yesterday discharged by order of the authorities at Washington.

FOREIGN NEWS.

ENGLAND.

BRITISH OPINIONS ON OUR WAR.

THE affairs of America have again been discussed in the British House of Commons, with reference to the effect of the contemplated blockade of the Southern ports upon foreign interests. Lord John Russell, on the 4th, stated that all legal questions connected with the subject had been submitted to the Attorney-General, who had not yet rendered his opinion. A fleet had been dispatched to watch the mouth of the Mississippi. On the 5th, the opinion of the Crown law officers was given upon several of the points, substantially to the effect that every thing depended upon the efficiency and completeness of the blockade, and that circumstances would soon determine the practicability of collecting revenue from vessels before they had broken bulk. He also said, in regard to privateering, that the Government considered they were to be regarded as belligerents.

A meeting of the Privy Council and law officers of the Crown was held at Whitehall on 12th for the purpose of preparing a proclamation from the Queen; to be issued on the Tuesday following, warning British subjects against conduct of every kind in the civil war now raging in America. Lord Derby had expressed the hope in the House of Lords that British subjects interfering in our contest would get no redress from their Government, but Until their blood should be on their own heads. Lord Granville replied that such would be the natural result, of course.

BRITISH PRIVATEERS.

It was confidently believed, when the *Persia* left Liverpool on the 11th inst., that letters of marque from the Montgomery government had reached Liverpool and London, and that vessels had actually left Liverpool with these letters.

THE CABINET OF THE CONFEDERATE STATES AT MONTGOMERY.—[FROM PHOTOGRAPHS BY WHITEHURST, OF WASHINGTON, AND HISTON, OF MONTGOMERY, ALABAMA.—SEE NEXT PAGE.]

LUTHER C. LADD, A MASSACHUSETTS VOLUNTEER, KILLED AT BALTIMORE, APRIL 19, 1861.

THE FIRST VICTIM OF THE WAR.

We publish herewith, from a photograph kindly sent us from Lowell, a PORTRAIT OF THE LATE MR. LADD, who was murdered by the rowdies of Baltimore, on his passage through that city, on 19th April. Our correspondent writes us:

LOWELL, *May 16*, 1861.

Luther Crawford Ladd was born in Arundale, New Hampshire, and on the 22d of last December was seventeen years of age. When the order came to Lowell for troops to be in readiness to march, he enlisted with the City Guards, giving as a reason for choosing this company that he thought it the most likely to be called out; and when the officers asked for reasons, his fresh answer was not to go, but his reply was, "I shall go for my stars and stripes when I say," and with a brave heart he left his parochial's tools and shouldered his musket. Although young, the lad was a boy of unusual intellectual reading, and was well posted in our national affairs.

Hoping that the inclosed will be of some use to you, I remain, your humble servant,

CHARLES A. KIMBALL.

OUR SOUTHERN PICTURES.

We publish this week, from sketches by our artist who is traveling with W. H. RUSSELL, Esq., LL.D., Barrister at Law, Correspondent of the London *Times*, three pictures of Montgomery, Alabama, and a couple of Fort Pulaski, Georgia, which possess remarkable interest at the present time. Our artist writes us as follows respecting them:

MONTGOMERY, ALABAMA, *May 8*, 1861.

It was about noon on May-day when we embarked in the charming Florida steamer *Talmadi*, under the guidance of her veteran commander, the gallant "Commodore Talmadi," whom a sense of duty to his native State has severed from the flag to which his bravery and valor added more than a blaze of glory.

He was attended by a suite of officers and an escort of city notables, many of the former almost boarderless youths from Acadia, or Middlepoint of a years' cruise. We passed down between banks clad in reeds, the fringe of the parapets within which the coy and spreading rice now woos and now repels the embraces of the river gods. We had hardly cleared three leagues when the word was passed for "refreshment without labor," and a charming collation, enlivened by merry chat, absorbed our attention until the anchor dropped within a short pull of Fort Pulaski, when we were posted ashore, landed at the wharf, and made our way to this admirable defense of the "Queen of Georgia Waters," of which the accompanying sketch will no doubt be of interest.

The interior of the fort was even a more striking contrast to the dilapidated and dismantled glories of Sumter than a wedding is to a wake. Several hundred newlygathered recruits, under the guidance of officers recently of the United States Army, were learning the noble art of war and fortification. The fort, being tenanted by but a corporal's guard, was not prepared to accommodate these unwonted guests, whose tents were ranged around two sides of the ramparts, and here a picturesque and holiday costume to the scene, at variance with the martial preparations progressing on the sea-wall and in the casemates beneath.

When the Georgian troops took possession of Pulaski not a gun was mounted, and there were few pieces of artillery. Since, they have received a barbette battery of heavy guns from Savannah, and Sumter-like, have mounted them not in numbers all around the parapet, upon carriages of yellow pine—which are large and strong as one could wish—I am told that this wood, to plumbird beta, has never before been adapted to this use. The embrasures are of the usual size, each of which contained a thirty-two pounder and two or three Columbiads.

The guns are *barbette*, being eight and ten inch Columbiads, are all named. The appointment of a few of which I give you: "Beauregard," "Bonham," "Pettus," "Lee," "Jackson," "Yancey," "Wigfall," and others. I send a sketch of the Columbiad called after the gallant Commodore Tatnall, at the moment Mr. Russell (London *Times*) was taking with his practiced eye the range of the piece. "The ball pointed," said he (it being directed toward the outer channel). The Commodore expressed his determination, in event of an attack, to print the monster degrease of iron favors with his own hand. Mr. Samuel Ward, of New York, and Major South, C.S.A., are the other guns about the gun. Many of my old friends, who have served twenty their term at West Point—some with marked distinction for ability—are here upon duty. A son of General Lane has command of General Columbian Twiggs, and a son of General Twiggs does the honors for General Lane. I hope that no one will be rude enough to say any thing—a son of a gun, for instance.

After an inspection of the fort we were summoned to collation No. 2, in the officers' mess, which was any thing but "short commons," and far inferior than the mosque fare that Major Anderson and his gallant few had to fight upon. The first sharp engagement finished, the ominous pop and crack of "thank-you-kaow" was a signal to fill up. Then the stories, ben mot, etc., finished a most delightful visit to one of the finest forts in the country. It is much larger than Sumter, and in a most perfect state of defense.

We returned to Savannah in the cool of the evening, enjoying en route the glories of a Southern sunset; and as the boat came to her anchorage—within a couple of cables' length of the yacht *Camilla* (*Andrew*), of which Captain Dezi le now lies fortified in command—we could not but regret that so picturesque a vessel as the *Camilla* had come to a close.

A word or two respecting the *Camilla*. The Captain is a gentleman of independent fortune, with a most charming wife and family, who with him sail from country to country in the yacht in as comfortable and homelike a manner as one can well conceive. On the recent run from the Cape de Verdes the Captain missed the distance of seven hundred miles in two days, that more than retrieving the hours lost while in the hands of Commodore Stevens's successor. She won a race at the Plymouth last fall, which emboldened her present proprietor to challenge all England for a sail, without finding a competitor. The pride of our yacht marine had him neglected for years, and him neglected to go to decay. But ships, unlike mortals, are born to their skeletons clothed in the new beauty of form and strength of skin; and the *Camilla*, having undergone this "Frankenstein" process, "now walks the water like a thing of life," Spiker.

Leaving Savannah, we journeyed by the Georgia Railway, which place just now is the quiet and forcible capital of the Confederate States of America.

The meetings of Congress are held with closed doors at present, so many spies and importators have been detected without fear of what may be said being sent all over the country during the recess. Mr. Toombs, Secretary, also Governor Manning, and many others are in the city. The lady of the President, Mrs. Davis, held a reception on yesterday (the 7th), which was largely attended by the literary and political elite. Among the strangers Mr. Russell, Mr. Samuel Ward, of New York, and Captain Dezi were received with much attention.

A number of guns were fired as a salute of honor to Tennessee and Arkansas when their secession became known.

I send a sketch of the city (Montgomery), from the opposite bank of the Alabama River, which from this place is perhaps an eighth of a mile in width, with a current of between four and five knots per hour. The Capitol, which you will see, is the crowning object of the landscape, and commands a grand view of the environs of the place, and wooded scene beneath. I have had a number of pleasant rambles into the country, and notwithstanding the unusually rich and well cultivated. I am told that more than a third of the land has been withdrawn from the staple to that of the cultivation of corn, which is already grown to the height of between two and three feet. This will cause much of it to ready for harvest in a fortnight. Strawberries are nearly gone, and the blackberries are to be had in great abundance. The President is busily engaged, and I am told works eighteen of the twenty-four hours of the day, as usual, in good health. The hotels, when we arrived, were crowded to excess, and the accommodations of the Exchange found room for us. At present we have no hotels worthy the name, but a new one being fitted up! The Exchange is the hotel of the city—the others are "no-horse, and in some cases not that.

Tomorrow we shall be on route for New Orleans. I must not omit to mention the recruiting with fife and drum. One day of my sojourn in the city was made happy by the stern entreaties of the drum and the persuasive whistle of the fife (and the next day the same), and wary at length with these appeals, to which I could not respond, I arranged myself in the line of march, and was happy to prefer the instruments of torture sans substance.

The truculent drum was the sable punisher of the huge base-drum, I fear will some day become so exasperated with and being of the constant assault upon its quivering the head of the drum in, of course, that he will rest the object by the side of a house, and with a few well-put butt, disappear. When this is to be done I am to be forewarned, when I will forward skeleton instructions.

THEO. R. DAVIS.

THE MILITARY OCCUPATION OF BALTIMORE.

We mentioned in our last number that Baltimore had been occupied by the United States forces under General Butler, of the Massachusetts Volunteers. We now publish on pages 344 and 345, from a photograph by Mr. WEAVER, of Baltimore, a picture of the Sixth Regiment's CAMP BELGER'S CONFINE OF D'ARMIER ON FEDERAL HILL, which the troops occupied on 13th inst., having marched through part of the city of Baltimore at that point without molestation. Our artist writes us as follows concerning his picture:

BALTIMORE, *May 15*, 1861.

Inclosed find photograph of Encampment of United States troops under command of General Butler on Federal Hill, opposite Baltimore City, or just across the Basin. General Butler left the Relay House with 1500 men, and reached here on evening of 13th, and the picture gives them as on the 14th inst. This place of encampment is much higher than the city, and overlooks the same. There is also from the same point a fine view down the river on the city side. The hill is almost perpendicular, and rises 75 to 100 feet in height. You will perceive the hill is a peninsula, which runs down to FORT M'HENRY, which is about one mile below.

PARSON BROWNLOW, OF TENNESSEE.

We publish herewith a portrait of the famous Parson Brownlow of Tennessee, who is now, with Senator Andrew Johnson, the leading champion of the Union in that State. The following sketch of Mr. Brownlow's life has been prepared for us by a friend of his.

WILLIAM G. BROWNLOW was born in Wythe County, Virginia, August 5, 1805. His parents were poor, and died when he was about ten years old. They were both Virginians, and his father was a school-master of Greene's Mountain, in Rockbridge County. After the death of his parents he lived with his brother-in-law, and was raised to hard labor until he was some eighteen years old, when he served a regular apprenticeship to the trade of a house-carpenter.

His education was imperfect and irregular, even in those branches taught in the common-schools of the country. He entered the Methodist Ministry in 1826, at the regular session of the Holston Conference of the Methodist Episcopal Church, and traveled ten years without intermission, and was a member of the General Conference held in Philadelphia. He was outstrung in his energy, and swelled himself of his circumscribed sphere of Methodist Itinerancy to study and improve his education, which he did in all the English branches.

Mr. Brownlow is about six feet high, and weighs about 175 pounds; has had as fine a constitution as any man ever had. He has no gray hairs in his head, and will pass for a man of thirty years. He has had the strongest voice of any man in East Tennessee, where he is well known for the last thirty years, and raised an interesting family. He has been speaking all that time, taking a part in all the controversies of the day. About eighteen months ago his voice failed from an attack of bronchitis, and he went himself under the care of Professor Horace Green, of New York, who performed an operation on his throat, which has almost entirely restored his voice. He now speaks very well for the space of one hour.

He is the author of several books; but the one which has had the largest run is one of over four hundred pages, being a vindication of the Methodist Church against the attacks of Rev. J. R. GRAVES, of Nashville, Brownlow's book was published by the Southern Methodist Publishing House, and something like 100,000 copies have been circulated in the South and West. It is a work of great severity, but of marked ability.

In 1858 he was engaged in a debate upon the Slavery question, in Philadelphia, with the Rev. Mr. PETER, of New York, in which he defended the institution of Slavery with marked ability; exhibiting a familiar acquaintance with the vexed question in all its bearings. The debate, a volume of some four hundred pages, is for sale by J. B. LIPPINCOTT & CO.

He is known throughout the length and breadth of this land as the "Fighting Parson;" but he was in more peaceable, or more highly esteemed by his neighbors. Few men are more charitable to the poor of his immediate—for he is not rich—price savvy as much in the course of a year.

He is quite a politician, though he has never been an office-seeker or an office-holder. He commenced his political career in Tennessee in 1826, by opposing the cause of John Quincy Adams as against Andrew Jackson. He has been all his life, as he still is, an ardent Whig, and Clay and Webster were his standards of political orthodoxy. His paper, the Knoxville *Whig*, which he has edited for twenty-two years, has the largest circulation of any political paper in Tennessee, and exerts a controlling influence in the politics of the State. He is a decided Union man, and battles with great zeal and ability against the abolitionism of the North and the disunion heresy of the Cotton States. He is now the independent candidate for Governor of Tennessee, which election comes off the first Thursday in August. His friends are numerous and devoted to him, and his enemies are not a few in number, and very bitter.

THE CABINET AT MONTGOMERY.

We publish on page 340, from photographs made at Washington and at Montgomery, and forwarded to us by our correspondent Mr. DAVIS, now traveling with W. H. RUSSELL, Esq., LL.D., Barrister at Law, Correspondent of the London *Times*, a group portrait of the Cabinet at Montgomery.

The President and Vice-President, Messrs. Davis and Stephens, we have heretofore given; their portraits in Cabinet uniform will be found at length in No. 217 of the *Weekly*. The following sketches will introduce the members of the Southern Cabinet to our readers:

ROBERT TOOMBS, SECRETARY OF STATE.

HON. ROBERT TOOMBS was born in Wilkes county, Georgia, July 5, 1810. Commencing his collegiate life at the University of Georgia, he subsequently went North, and graduated at Union College, Schenectady, New York. In 1836 he served as a captain of volunteers in the Creek war. In the next year he was elected to the Legislature, and since that time has been constantly in public life as representative and United States Senator. In the late movement of Georgia he has been active and potential in the cause of secession. He has been called to a post of great importance—one which will serve to display all his merits as a statesman.

WILLIAM G. BROWNLOW, OF TENNESSEE.—[PHOTOGRAPHED BY SMILEY, OF KNOXVILLE, TENN.]

C. S. MEMMINGER, SECRETARY OF THE TREASURY.

There are few men in the South who are more competent, in point of ability and business capacity, to administer the Department of the Treasury under the Government of the Confederate States than Mr. Memminger. Possessed of a high order of intellect, a student, learned and full of resources as an accomplished advocate, he is eminently a man of facts and details.

LEROY POPE WALKER, SECRETARY OF WAR.

HON. LEROY POPE WALKER is a lawyer of Huntsville, Alabama, a native of that county (Madison), and about forty-five years of age. He is the eldest son of the late Major Walker, and one of a family distinguished for talent and influence. Two of his brothers are Hon. Percy Walker, who recently represented the Mobile District in Congress, and Hon. Judge Richard W. Walker, of Florence, chairman of the Alabama delegation in the Montgomery Convention. Hon. L. P. Walker at one time practiced law in South Alabama, and was for several years Speaker of the House of Representatives of the State. He has been a consistent Democrat of the Richie school. For the last ten years he has been located in Huntsville, and has the reputation of being the leading lawyer, and, next to Clay, the leading Democrat of North Alabama. Careful in the preparation of his cases, and clear, concise, logical, and eloquent in presenting them before court, he is said to be an eminently successful practitioner. For the last three years he has been conspicuous in his denunciation of separate secession. In the Alabama Democratic Convention, which took ground against it, and sent a delegation to Charleston to carry out her instructed opposition, Mr. Walker's influence was marked. He was one of the delegation sent to Charleston, and exerted himself in rendering the compromises offered.

JUDAH P. BENJAMIN, ATTORNEY-GENERAL.

The Hon. J. P. Benjamin, of Louisiana, Attorney-General, is distinguished as one of the profoundest jurists and most accomplished advocates in the country. He is of the old line of Whig clan of Henry Clay, and during his recent speeches in the United States Senate won for him universal admiration. No selection could have been made for Attorney-General of the Confederate States which would be so generally approved as this.

STEPHEN R. MALLORY, SECRETARY OF THE NAVY.

Mr. Mallory, the Secretary of the Navy of the Confederate States, was for many years a Senator of the United States from Florida, and occupied the important post of Chairman of the Committee on Naval Affairs. He took a very active interest in the construction of the new ships of war, and was largely instrumental in fortifying and improving the harbor of Pensacola—the best in the Gulf. Mr. Mallory's experience will be of service to the Confederates should they ever have a navy.

JOHN H. REAGAN, POSTMASTER-GENERAL.

Mr. Reagan has never been prominent in national politics, though he served some years in Congress. His functions as Postmaster-General in the Seceded States have thus far been a sinecure, as the mails are still carried by the United States.

CORRESPONDENCE,

BIG GUNS.

To the Editor of Harper's Weekly:

NEW YORK, *April* 11, 1861.

In a recent issue you have an article on "Big Guns," in which you stated the one described was the largest in the world.

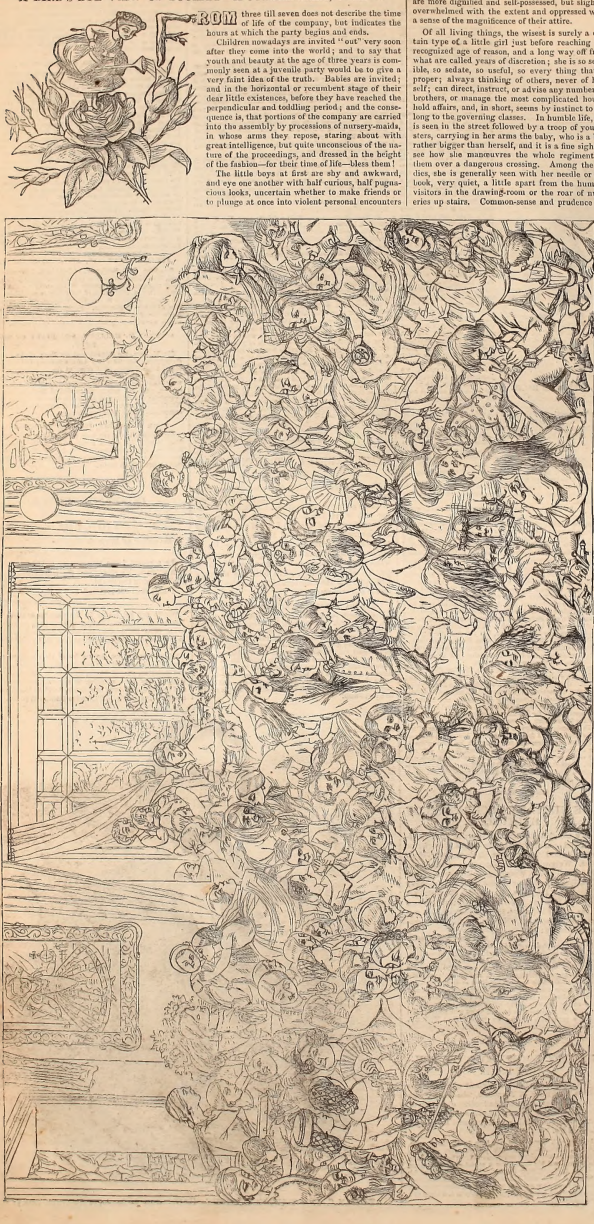
Please read the inclosed, and oblige

PRAIRIE HOWITZER.

"India was not behind in the weapons of war. The Damask sword-blader of Googeret, *Wootz steel*, are superior to any thing Europe can boast of, and *dormed so excelled in England* that they are used entirely for surgical instruments.

"Their cannon are the wonder of all who have seen them. The celebrated ones at Dacca, Moorshadabad, Agra, and Bejapore, were of fifteen, eighteen, twenty-three, and thirty inches' bore, weighing from eleven to forty tons, and throwing shot from four hundred-weight to a ton and a half."—IRELAND'S *Wall Street to Cashmere*, p. 623.

A BIRD'S-EYE VIEW OF SOCIETY—A JUVENILE PARTY, 3 TILL 7.



FROM three till seven does not describe the time limit of life of the company, but indicates the hours at which the party begins and ends.

Children nowadays are invited "out" very soon after they come into the world; and to say that youth and beauty at the age of three years is commonly seen at a juvenile party would be to give a very faint idea of the truth. Babies are invited; and in the horizontal or recumbent stage of their dear little existences, before they have reached the perpendicular and toddling period; and the consequence is, that portions of the company are carried into the assembly by processions of nursery-maids, in whose arms they repose, staring about with great intelligence, but quite unconscious of the nature of the proceedings, and dressed in the height of the fashion—for their time of life—bless them!

The little boys at first are shy and awkward, and eye one another with half curious, half pugnacious looks, uncertain whether to make friends or to plunge at once into violent personal encounters and desperate trials of strength. The little girls are more dignified and self-possessed, but slightly overwhelmed with the extent and oppressed with a sense of the magnificence of their attire.

Of all living things, the wisest is surely a certain type of a little girl just before reaching the recognized age of reason, and a long way off from what are called years of discretion; she is so sensible, so sedate, so useful, so every thing that is proper; always thinking of others, never of herself; can direct, instruct, or advise any number of brothers, or manage the most complicated household affairs, and, in short, seems by instinct to belong to the governing classes. In humble life, she is seen in the street followed by a troop of youngsters, carrying in her arms the baby, who is a boy rather bigger than herself, and it is a fine sight to see how she manœuvres the whole regiment of them over a dangerous crossing. Among the ladies, she is generally seen with her needle or her book, very quiet, a little apart from the hum of visitors in the drawing-room or the roar of nurseries up stairs. Common-sense and prudence are her most prominent characteristics; and in all affairs of life, my belief is she is qualified to give the very best advice. At the juvenile party she is seen enjoying herself in her steady way—dancing or playing, with a kind of sober merriment; an enemy to every thing rough or boisterous, and always keeping an eye on her younger brothers and sisters. What would mothers do without her, I wonder?

The accompanying drawing is designed to show a children's party at that advanced period of the entertainment when the stiffness and the coyness, and the prigs and the bores of the earlier part of the afternoon has given way, in most cases, to the high spirits and demonstrative behavior of the animal we call boy. The young rascal pastimes are raging, so to speak, and may be said to include dancing, and eating and drinking, blindman's-buff, (cocking), exercise, and music on the penny trumpet; besides playing at soldiers and Noah's ark (with all the latest improvements), fighting, flirtation, Jack-in-the-box, and an end of other games, sentimental conversation, and sleep! And, oh! to think of the improvement in the manufacture of toys since the days when I played at Noah's ark! In what other direction has civilization progressed at such a rate as in that art which once upon a time represented the inhabitants of the ark with a uniform and artless simplicity—all the quadrupeds supported by four perfectly straight pieces of wood by way of legs, the body being a shapeless block, and every bird and beast, without exception, decorated on its outside with round spots of vermilion color of about the size of a sixpence. While now what a change! The most lovely lions, tigers, and giraffes; with coats of such a delightful fluffy texture; their forms modelled with a pre-Raphaelite attention to detail; outsides that might challenge the criticism of a Landseer; the inside constructed, I have no doubt, on principles that would be approved by Prof. Owen.

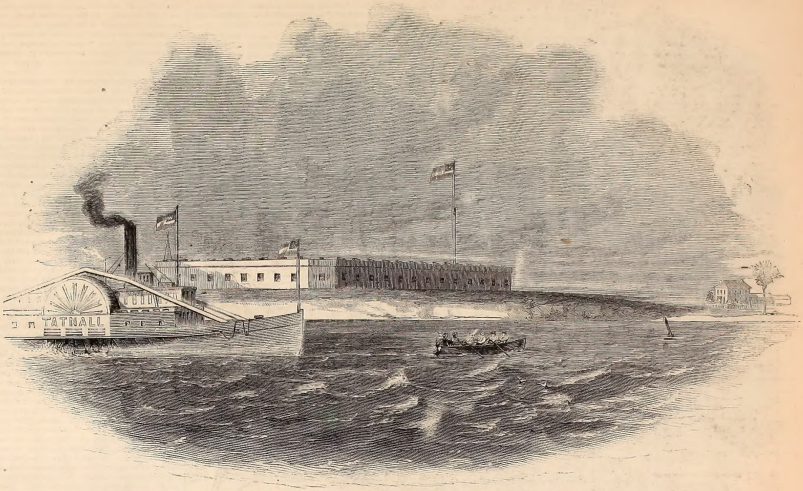
As I have endeavored with my pencil to show a few of the varieties to be seen on these occasions, to attempt here any thing like a list or elaborate description of the company would be as a twice-told tale, and perhaps tedious. A very few "representative" juveniles may, however, be pointed out as certain to be found at every party, and among them the young lady who considers herself no longer a juvenile, is not yet "out," so just condescends to come, and conducts herself with great dignity, unbends so far as to dance with the little people, and is kind to "the children." There is the good-natured boy, whose great delight is dancing with all the smallest of the little ones, helping them through the intricate figures of a quadrille or country dance, or saving them from being swamped by impetuous waltzers of larger growths. It is pleasant to see him lent double in the endeavor to reach his partner, while that little fairy with an effort stretches forth her two hands to his, and dances away by means of a series of jumps, regardless of time, or space, or collisions with other couples, or bumpings up against the spectators. And the performance must be attended with dangers, the young idea being prone to shoot out its legs every way, for well do I remember how once on asking a little fellow, after a general engagement of this kind, how he liked it, his saying, "I enjoyed myself very much, but I am full of kicks." Then there is the proud papa who does not consider that either the family or years of the little boy who humbly asks if "he may have the pleasure," entitle him to that distinction, so is engaged, or not going to dance this time—a boy in a jacket, indeed! Somewhat similar things have happened at parties not juvenile; only in after-life it is not often want of years that is objected to in a partner. Then there is that good-for-nothing boy, who is so careless and slovenly in his dress, and so odd in his ways, and not like other boys, and does not care for play, and won't dance, can't learn easily, yet is fond of reading, and pores over books or a curious mechanical contrivance, in the most absurd way possible, for hours. He is like a fish out of water at a party, is considered rather a failure by his family and friends—and perhaps will some day turn out a great genius, and discover or invent something that will astonish or delight the world.

And there is the clever rude boy who makes faces, and is very funny, and plays practical jokes, and is the terror of the timid ones. And there is the mischievous young gentleman with the large organ of destructiveness, who has great natural gifts, of a kind that display themselves in the breaking of windows, taking toys to pieces, tearing his own and every body else's clothes, and upsetting every article sufficiently handy for the purpose that comes within his reach. For about three seconds after some great act of destruction he looks very penitent, but he instantly begins again, and fortunate is the party in which only one specimen of this genus is found.

But if some are troublesome and riotous, and others begin to display precocious symptoms of vanity, many others are charming in their looks and little ways, and perhaps the society and conversation of babies the most delightful of all. When I get over the first feeling of shyness in the presence of a strange infant, and when presuming so far as to venture to offer my hand find that it is not only taken but shaken, it is more gratifying than the notice of the finest lady in the land—of fashion. The process is this: you hold out a finger, the first, and it is instantly clutched by the whole four beautiful little chubby fingers and a thumb of the other party, which close tightly round your one finger with an intensity of friendliness and confidence rare in after-life, and which is accompanied by a look of such happiness, and so straightforward and honest, and unselfish, that the recollection of it is a joy forever afterward.

Emboldened by the feeling of intimacy thus established, one may sometimes go so far as to thrust a finger gently into the centre of its cheek (a very young baby may be called "it"); and if it is not offended by this familiarity, the whole face becomes dimpled over with the most beautiful smiles, the mouth, the eyes, the cheeks, the chin—the whole

THE CRYSTAL PALACE AT SYDENHAM.



FORT PULASKI, SAVANNAH RIVER, GEORGIA.—SKETCHED BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, TRAVELING WITH MR. RUSSELL.—[SEE PAGE 341.]

face becomes radiant with the brightest and most sunshiny laughter. At the same moment a sudden kick out of a little foot, in the direction of one's waistcoat, the baby being in the arms of a nurse of course, shows a natural jollity and disposition at that early age to poke people in the ribs. Then the mouth struggles into the position usually employed in whistling, but the result is more in the nature of crowing. I don't think it possible to express the sound by any combination of letters at my command, so won't attempt it. The conversation does not go much beyond this, and there may be some who would object to it on the ground of want of point; others I can fancy saying they prefer more variety, but to me it appears very expressive—as far as it goes; and if it is not very witty, or very learned, or particularly wise; on the other hand, there is no effort at display: it is not ill-natured, or self-sufficient, or pretentious, or vulgar, or silly; and I prefer it to much of the talk that is heard in "society."

☞ In reference to an article in our issue of May 11, we are reminded by many correspondents in Kentucky that the Banks of that State have not suspended. The Act authorizing their suspension has passed, but they have not yet availed themselves of it. Heretofore the Kentucky Banks have stood very well.

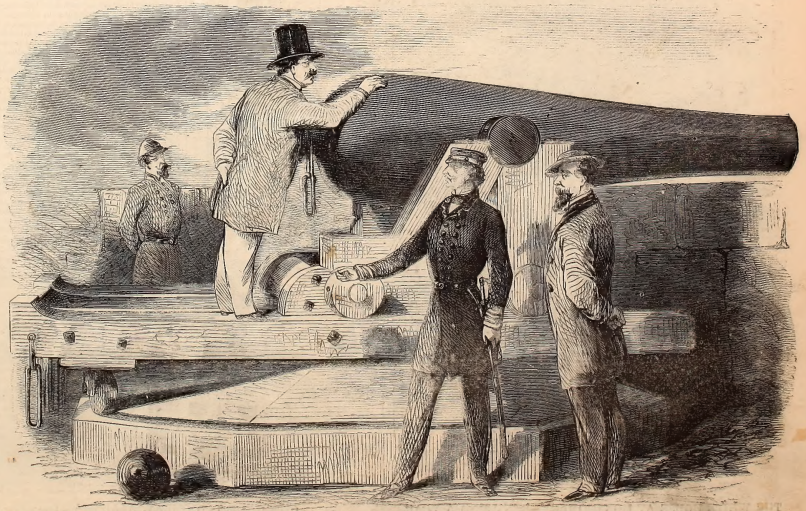
THE FIGHT AT BALTIMORE.

To the Editor of Harper's Weekly:

WASHINGTON, D. C. *April* 20, 1861.

In a late issue of your valuable sheet you are laboring under a mistake in making the statement that the Acton Company was engaged in the fight at Baltimore on the 19th inst. The whole of the Sixth regiment of the Massachusetts volunteer militia was not engaged in the fight. The only companies that participated in the fight were Company C, Mechanic Phalanx of Lowell, Company J, Light Infantry of Lawrence, Company D, City Guards of Lowell, and Company I, Light Infantry from Stoneham. There are eleven companies comprising the regiment; but seven of them, together with all the regimental officers, had passed through and were on the opposite side of the city—a mile and a half from the fight; and in fact knew no thing of it until the four companies in question fought their way through the mob and rejoined them. This you may rely on as being a correct statement of the case.

Yours, etc. C. P. I.



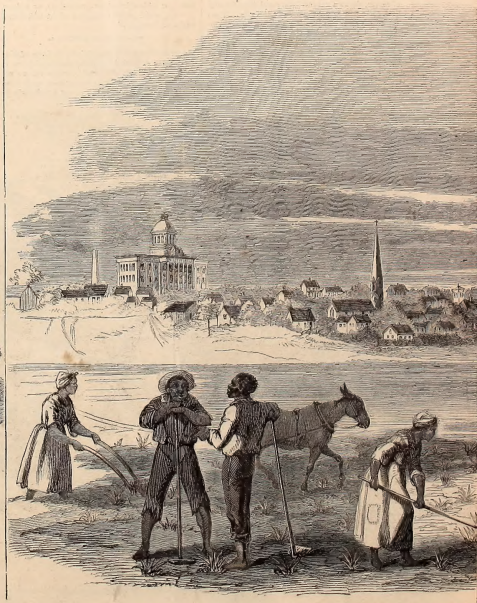
W. H. RUSSELL, ESQ., LL.D.

MR. RUSSELL, CORRESPONDENT OF THE LONDON "TIMES," COM. TATNALL, MAJOR SMITH, AND MR. WARD INSPECTING THE 10-INCH COLUMBIAD AT FORT PULASKI.

SKETCHED BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, TRAVELING WITH MR. RUSSELL.—[SEE PAGE 341.]

THE MILITARY OCCUPATION OF BALTIMORE—MAJOR-GENERAL BUTLER'S

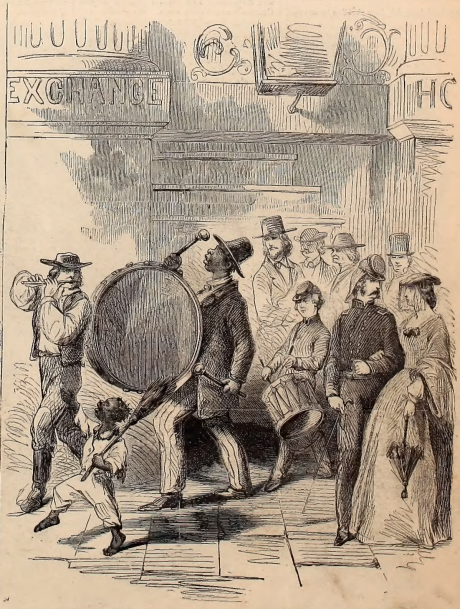
THE WHITE HOUSE AT MONTGOMERY—RENT $5000 A YEAR.



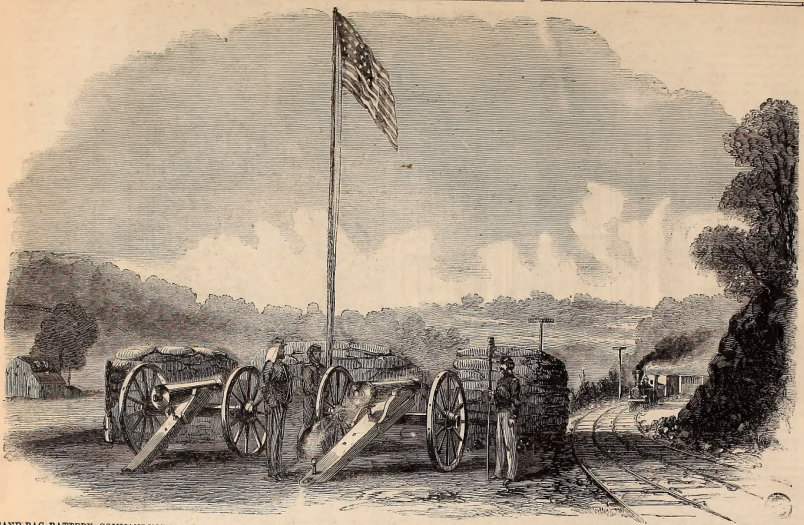
CITY OF MONTGOMERY, ALABAMA.—Drawn by our Special A

ENCAMPMENT ON FEDERAL HILL.—Photographed by Weaver.—[See Page 341.]

ET TRAVELING WITH W. H. Russell, LL.D.—[See Page 341.]



DRUMMING UP RECRUITS FOR THE CONFEDERATE ARMY.

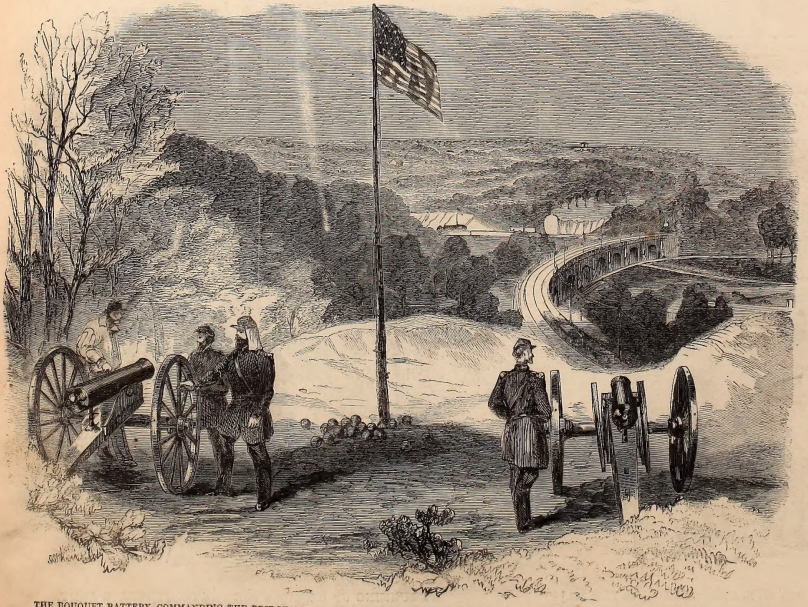


SAND-BAG BATTERY, COMMANDING THE ROAD TO HARPER'S FERRY, NEAR THE RELAY-HOUSE—BUILT BY LIEUTENANT W. H. M'CARTNEY, BOSTON LIGHT ARTILLERY.
[SKETCHED BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST.]

RELAY-HOUSE BATTERIES.

WE publish herewith, from sketches by our special artist, pictures of the BATTERIES ERECTED ON THE BALTIMORE AND OHIO RAILROAD BY THE UNITED STATES VOLUNTEERS. The occupation of the Relay House, on the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad, was the condition precedent to the occupation of Baltimore.

These fortifications were erected, and are manned by the Massachusetts volunteer artillery—a gallant and useful body of men.



THE BOUQUET BATTERY, COMMANDING THE BRIDGE AT THE RELAY HOUSE, LIEUTENANT JOSIAH PORTER, BOSTON LIGHT ARTILLERY, COMMANDING.
[SKETCHED BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST.]

OUR ARMY AT WASHINGTON.

We publish on this page two more illustrations of our army at Washington—one representing the gallant RHODE ISLANDERS "BUNKING" IN THE PATENT OFFICE, the other the QUARTERS OF THE SIXTY-NINTH (IRISH) REGIMENT in the Georgetown College. Neversince American inventive genius was first aroused did the Patent Office contain such remarkable models of American manufacture as those which now sleep three deep in "bunks" spread along the edge of the cabinets; and to those students of mechanism who have been wont to resort to the Patent Office to work out unfinished problems and botch great inventions, the presence of the sturdy Rhode Islanders, and the stacks of eloquent muskets present a novel and a startling scene.

With regard to the Sixty-ninth the Washington *Republican* says: "We paid a visit to this regiment, who are quartered in Georgetown College, yesterday, and found the men all busy in the various duties pertaining to military life. They are all in fine spirits, and seem to enjoy the soldier's life amazingly, although many of them are getting impatient, and wish to be off to some fighting region. The grounds exhibit quite a busy scene, the men in companies and squads learning the use of their arms. Several companies were also in the distant portion of the grounds engaged in target firing, and exercising in loading and firing. The targets were generally brought in completely riddled, and the firing by company was executed with the greatest precision. Several officers of the army, lately graduated from West Point, are constantly employed in instructing the men in the use of their arms, which they are beginning to handle like regulars. The hours of drill are 9½ A.M. and 2½ P.M. for company, and at 4 o'clock the regimental review takes place. The officers of the Catholic Church near the college have placed it at the disposal of the regiment, and the chaplain, the Rev. Father Mooney, officiates before the regiment every Sabbath morning at 9 o'clock. The citizens of the neighborhood speak in the highest terms of the conduct of the men, and Colonel Corcoran may well be proud of the good name the regiment has earned.

The New York *Times* correspondent writes of the 69th: "The parade of the 69th to-day was very fine. The regiment was very full, over one thousand men being in the ranks. Colonel Corcoran exercised his men in battalion drill, bayonet charges in double quick time, in hollow square, etc. Toward the close the music of a band was heard, and the gates being opened, the 5th Massachusetts Regiment marched in and saluted the 69th. After the usual courtesies the Massachusetts and New York regiments were brought in line on opposite sides of the square, and they cheered each other most lustily. It was an exciting scene to see the Puritan New Englanders and Catholic Irishmen thus fraternizing. After the drill the officers of the two regiments had a friendly glass of wine and a most cordial réunion.

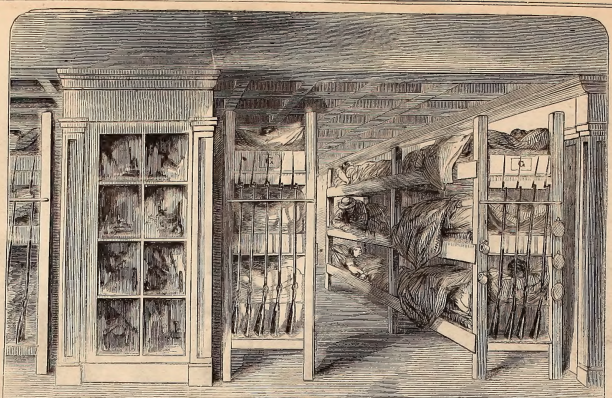
"General Runyon and staff, of the New Jersey Brigade, also visited the 69th, and partook of the hospitalities of Colonel Corcoran and Father Mooney. General Runyon, in response to a sentiment offered by Father Mooney, made an eloquent and patriotic address.

"It is a noticeable fact that the first interchange of military courtesies was between Colonel Vosburgh, of the American 71st, and Colonel Corcoran, of the Irish 69th. The common danger appears to have made natives and foreigners common friends."

The same writer speaks of the Rhode Islanders:

"The Rhode Island Regiment is quartered at the Patent Office. They had service in the large hall of the Patent-Office building yesterday at 10½ o'clock.

The drums beat to muster the men, and while the magnificent band which accompanies this regiment made the lofty halls ring with its enchanting music, the men, silently and with measured tread, formed on each side of the wide marble columns, near a temporary desk which was to serve as a pulpit. The officers stood near, uncovered, among them Governor Sprague, a young man about 28 or 30 years, with a pale, delicate, but firm face. It was a solemn scene, as I closed my eyes for a moment and listened to the grand music that resounded through the large building, and the even tread of that large body of silent men on the marble floors of the wide hall. The sermon, by the Rev. Mr. Woodbury, of Rhode Island, was appropriate and very fine."



SLEEPING-BUNKS OF THE FIRST RHODE ISLAND REGIMENT, AT THE PATENT OFFICE, WASHINGTON.
[SKETCHED BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST.]

QUARTERS OF THE SIXTY-NINTH (IRISH) REGIMENT NEW YORK STATE MILITIA, AT GEORGETOWN COLLEGE, D. C.—[SKETCHED BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST.]

THE ARMORY AT ALBANY, NEW YORK.

OUR ARMY AT ALBANY.

THE accompanying illustrations will introduce the reader to the ALBANY ARMORY, the head-quarters of our State army in that section of the State. Here, since the President's proclamation, large bodies of men have been constantly engaged in close drill, and here the Military Board concentrates its efforts in endeavoring to fit them out.

Our second picture represents the drumming out of two soldiers who refused to take the oath. They were stripped of their arms, a white feather stuck over each ear, and they were marched out of the Armory grounds with the drums playing the Rogue's March. Crowds of people assembled to see them undergo the degrading penance.

TOWN AND COUNTRY.

I.

'Tis five years ago, I was playing
At pool, as he doubled me in,
I remember Fred Lexington saying,
"Yes, nice little girl, but no tin."

"Oh! such a sweet net was she spreading
To catch me." He stroked his mustache.
"I'd have ask'd you to dance at my wedding,
But I beat a retreat in quick march."

"I'd no thought at her feelings of hurting,
But the thing began awkward to grow;
If I did pass the limits of flirting,
It was down in the country, you know."

"So," said Frederick, "fearing extinction
Of what this all meant by papa,
I fled, leaving no ground for an action."
And laughed, as he lit his cigar.

II.

Poor innocent fool! she is reading
What he wrote in her album that day,
The verse of a false-hearted pleading,
Inscribed "To the bright eyes of May."

She rises; the light low is burning;
She walks to the window; no moon;
All starless the dark night is turning,
In silence, the point of its noon.

Hark! listen! in sobs of wild passion,
Goes forth on the blackness her cry;
Like rain drops, they heavily flash on
The stream of the hour flowing by.

Her dark hair all flowing around her,
Her face hidden in her white hands,
In a trance of dull sorrow, thus found her
Dawn, winterly lighting the lands.

III.

Did she die? Not all; she has married
Since then Sir Acteon de Vere,
And the thrust of that sorrow has parried
With a fool and ten thousand a year.

I met her, as lovely as ever,
'Tis what bring all this back, yesterday,
Fred was there, looking out for the Trevor,
He bowed, as he pass'd on his bay.

And though in the flow that's called Rotten,
Such feelings, of course, have no place,
I thought she had not quite forgotten,
By the flush, as she mov'd, on her face.

Long Syne and the sketchings together,
Beneath the cool rustle of leaves,
Whence oft, in the rich autumn weather,
They wander'd away to the sheaves.

DRUMMING OUT ALBANY VOLUNTEERS WHO REFUSED TO TAKE THE OATH.—[FROM A SKETCH MADE ON THE SPOT.]

THE FIGHT AT SAINT LOUIS.

We mentioned in the last number of *Harper's Weekly* that a second encounter had taken place between the troops and the mob at St. Louis. We now publish two illustrations of the event, from sketches by Mr. M. Hastings, of St. Louis. The tragedy was thus described by a spectator:

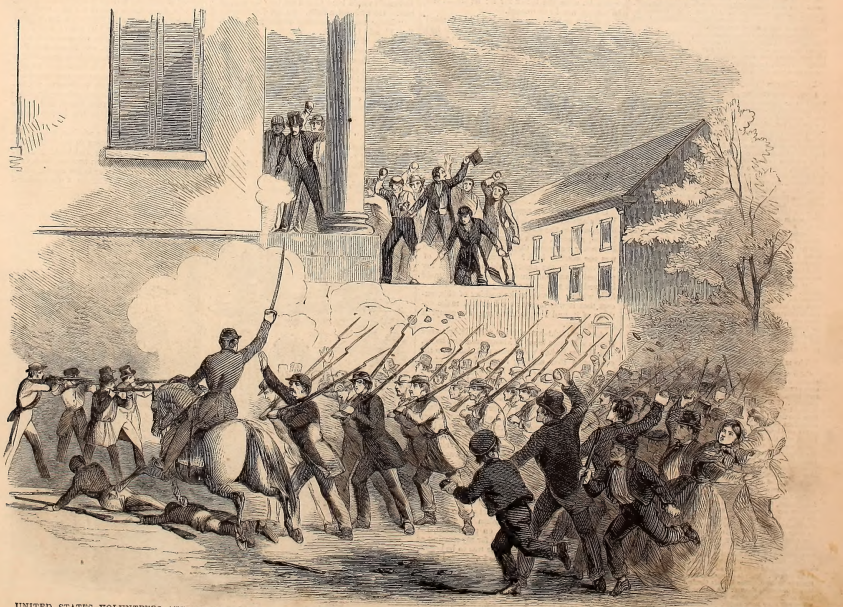
"About six o'clock (on 11th) a large body of Home Guards entered the city through Fifth Street from the Arsenal, where they had been enlisted during the day, and furnished with arms. On reaching Walnut Street the troops turned westward, a large crowd lining the pavement to witness their progress. At the corner of Fifth Street parties among the spectators began hooting, hissing, and otherwise abusing the companies as they passed, and a boy about fourteen years old discharged a pistol into their ranks. Part of the rear company immediately turned and fired upon the crowd, and the whole column was instantly in confusion, breaking their ranks and discharging their muskets down their own line and among the people on the sidewalks. The shower of balls for a few minutes was terrible, and bullets flying in every direction, entering the doors and windows of private residences, breaking shutters, and smashing bricks in the third story.

"The utmost confusion and consternation prevailed, spectators fleeing in all directions, and but for the random firing of the troops scores of people must have been killed. As most of the firing was directed down their own ranks the troops suffered most severely, four of their number being instantly killed and several wounded.

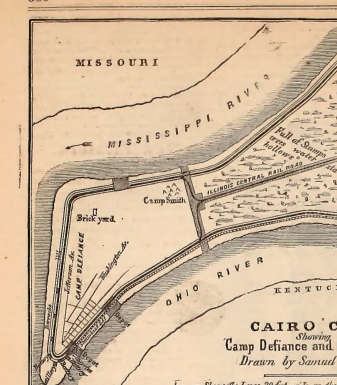
"Immense crowds of people filled the streets after the occurrence. The most intense indignation was expressed against the Germans. Mayor Taylor addressed the excited crowd and induced them to disperse under the promise that no further violence should be done. The city was comparatively quiet during the evening and night, a heavy rain preventing the assembling of large crowds."

The following account of the affair is from the St. Louis *Republican* of May 12: "Another act in the terrible drama of blood that opened so fearfully on Friday, was enacted last evening, and six more victims were added to the already sad list of dead. Two scenes of blood so close together, and so frightful in their results, have seldom before plunged a city into mourning. At about half past five o'clock in the evening a large body of the German Home Guards entered the city through Fifth Street, from the arsenal, where they had been enlisted during the day and furnished with arms. Large crowds collected to witness their march, and they passed unmolested along until they reached Walnut, when they turned up that street and proceeded westward. Large crowds were collected on these corners, who hooted and hissed as the companies passed, and one man standing on the steps of the church fired a revolver into the ranks. A soldier fell dead, when two more shots were fired from the windows of a house near by. At this time the head of the column, which reached as far as Seventh, suddenly turned, and, leveling their rifles, fired down the street, and promiscuously among the spectators who lined the pavement. Shooting as they did directly toward their own rear ranks, they killed some of their men as well as those composing the crowd. The shower of bullets was for a moment terrible, and the only wonder is that more lives were not lost. The missiles of lead entered the windows and perforated the doors of private residences, tearing the ceilings and throwing splinters in every direction. The house of Mr. Mathews was entered by three bullets, and Mr. Mathews's daughter was struck slightly by a spent ball. On the street the scene presented as the soldiers moved off was sad indeed. Six men lay dead at different points, and several were wounded and shrieking with pain upon the pavements. The dead carts—which have become familiar vehicles since the scenes of the last two days—were soon engaged in removing the corpses from the ground. The wounded were carried to the Health Office. Four of the men killed were members of the regiment, and two were citizens. Last night the former had not been recognized. Jerry Switzler, an engineer on the river, was passing by the door of Mr. H. Glover's residence, on Seventh Street, next to Walnut, when a ball struck him in the head, and scattered his brains over the door and walls. A pool of blood marked the spot where he fell, after his body had been removed. Jeremiah Godfrey, a hired man of Mr. Cozzens, County Surveyor, was working in the yard of Mr. Cozzens at the time of the occurrence. While stooping over, in the act of fastening some flowers to a frame, three soldiers entered the gate, and approaching within the yard, fired three shots into his body. Fortunately, none of them were fatal, being all flesh wounds. The family witnessed the affair, and says that the man had not been out of the yard, and was unaware of the approach of his assailants until stricken down by their bullets. Charles H. Woodward, a clerk in Pomeroy & Benton's store, was shot in the shoulder, and will have to have his entire arm amputated. He was carried into the residence of Mr. Mathews and kindly cared for. James F. Welsh, living at No. 189 Wash Street, between Fourteenth and Fifteenth streets, was shot through the foot. Michael Davy, residing between O'Fallen and Cass Avenue and Sixth and Seventh, received a ball through the ankle, and amputation will be necessary. John Nelus was wounded in the cheek. Several others were injured slightly. The houses on the right side of Walnut, from Fifth to Seventh, were considerably injured by bullets, and the inmates in several cases had very narrow escapes. At a late hour in the night the bodies of John Gabrin, whose brother keeps a livery-stable on Market Street, William Cody, a book-peddler, from New Orleans, and John Dick, a German soldier, were recognized among the dead. Immense crowds of people filled the streets after the occurrence, and the whole city presented a scene of excitement seldom witnessed. Mayor Taylor made an address to the people from the steps of the church on Fifth and Walnut streets."

CORNER SCENE DURING THE EXCITEMENT AT ST. LOUIS, MISSOURI.—[SKETCHED BY M. HASTINGS, ESQ.]



UNITED STATES VOLUNTEERS ATTACKED BY THE MOB, CORNER OF FIFTH AND WALNUT STREETS, ST. LOUIS, MISSOURI.—[SKETCHED BY M. HASTINGS, ESQ.]



CAIRO CITY
Showing
Camp Defiance and its environs
Drawn by Samuel Caldwell

THE CAMP AT CAIRO, ILLINOIS.

THE accompanying plan of the CAMP OF THE UNITED STATES VOLUNTEERS AT CAIRO, ILLINOIS, at the Junction of the Ohio and the Mississippi Rivers, will enable our readers to realize the change which has lately taken place in that well-known spot. Two camps have been established near the junction of the rivers—Camp Defiance, near the river bank; and Camp Smith; a short distance further north.

A correspondent writes us concerning Camp Defiance:

The Camp is now in an unfinished condition. Improvements are, however, rapidly going on; and in the course of a week or so it will present a good and comfortable appearance. A line of sentries are posted along the Levee, on the Mississippi side, some twenty miles up the Levee. All boats are stopped, and a strict search made, and all articles destined for the Confederacy are overhauled and "folded." There are four regiments stationed here now, with about thirty or forty pieces of artillery. Six forty-pounders arrived this A.M. Colonel D. M. Prentiss was yesterday elected Brigadier-General, and is already in command of the camp.

We think that, with the present force, this point can be held against all that can be brought against it. A reconnoisance has been arrested, and is now in the guard-house. He was acting the part of spy, and will probably be hung. In haste, yours truly, C. D. INVIS.

CAMP DEFIANCE, CAIRO, Ill., May 10, 1861.

The Chicago *Tribune* says:

"At the present time fully five thousand men are concentrated in and about Cairo. They are constantly drilled and instructed in the duties of a soldier's life, and have already attained an efficiency which is truly astonishing. On Friday last, General Prentiss had the different regiments drawn up in line for review, and required them to be put through a long series of military evolutions. The manner in which the whole force acquitted itself would have reflected no discredit upon veterans.

In addition to the large body of infantry stationed at this point, there is also a strong and efficient corps posted along the banks of the Ohio and Mississippi, and having, in addition, the mouth of the Ohio under the fire of their guns. Several pieces of very heavy ordnance were lately sent from Pittsburgh, and by this time have been placed in position. The artillery, in point of efficiency, are quite up to the infantry. They are hourly practiced with their guns, and many of them have already become expert marksmen.

General Prentiss, who is in command of the forces, is an officer of much experience, and well qualified for the position he fills. He is a cool, prudent, unostentatious gentleman: not likely to undertake any thing rash, nor to fail in any thing that he does undertake. He commands the full confidence of the troops, and we doubt very much if a better choice could have been made.

The troops are all in good health, and in the best of spirits. The most thorough discipline is discreetly submitted to. Comfortable quarters are being provided, and each day brings large supplies to minister to their wants and happiness. Out of so large a force, but twenty-three men are reported upon the sick list. Suitable buildings for hospital accommodations have been erected under the superintendence of Dr. Sim, Brigade Surgeon, who, with his assistant, Dr. Haven, also of Chicago, is unremitting in his attention upon the invalids.

The military editor of the Chicago *Post* tells us:

Cairo can only be attacked in three ways. First, by steam-vessels approaching on the river, which could be sent to the bottom in thirty seconds spoken by the guns now here. This mode of attack, therefore, is the least probable. Second, by batteries from the Kentucky and Missouri shores. The Kentucky shore for some distance from the river is very low and swampy, rendering battery operations difficult. The Missouri shore is different. Batteries could be advanced to the water's edge at Bird's Point, and the camp could be shelled, and rifled cannon would soon run away the present levee sufficiently to flood the camp and the town. This latter danger is to be provided against by rendering the outer face of the levee proof against shot of all kinds. And it is altogether probable that the rebels would find the erection of batteries under the fire of that and shells from this point no very agreeable occupation.

The third and only other mode of attack would be to land troops, from the rivers above this point, out of the railway communication in the rear and besiege the place by land. But all such troops would have to come down the Mississippi or the Ohio, as they could never pass here in their way up, and it is exceedingly improbable that any force, unless aided by traitorous citizens, could succeed in such a movement. Prudential motives, nevertheless, suggest that the means of communication in the rear of Cairo should be guarded with great vigilance, and strict watch should be kept upon all who are known or suspected to be traitors. This is at present and doubtless will continue to be done. The Illinois Central Railway, the only means of transit through the utmost impenetrable swamp that environs this place, will be protected from traitors wherever they may reside. With this open, fifty thousand men, if needed, may be thrown into Cairo within twenty-four hours after the place is menaced.

GREAT EXPECTATIONS.

A NOVEL.

By CHARLES DICKENS.

Splendidly illustrated by John McLenan.

CHAPTER XLII.

WHY should I pause to ask how much of my shrinking from Provis might be traced to Estella? Why should I loiter on my road, to compare the state of mind in which I had tried to rid myself of the image of the prison before meeting her at the coach-office, with the state of mind in which I now reflected on the abyss between Estella in her pride and beauty, and the returned transport with the crushed head? The road would be none the smoother for it; the end would be none the better for it: he would not be helped, nor I extenuated.

A new fear had been engendered in my mind by his narrative; or, rather, his narrative had given form and purpose to the fear that was already there. If Compey were alive and should discover his return, I could hardly doubt the consequence. That Compey stood in mortal fear of him, neither of the two could know much better than I; and that any such man as this man had been described to be would hesitate to release himself for good from a dreaded enemy, by the safe means of becoming an informer, was scarcely to be imagined.

Never had I breathed, and never would I breathe—or so I resolved—a word of Estella to Provis. But I said to Herbert that, before I could go abroad, I must see both Estella and Miss Havisham. His was when we were left alone on the night of the day when Provis told us his story. I resolved to go out to Richmond next day, and I went.

On my presenting myself at Mrs. Brandley's, Estella's maid was called to tell me that Estella had gone into the country. Where? To Satis House, as usual. Not as usual, I said, for she had never yet gone there without me; when was she coming back? There was an air of reservation in the answer which increased my perplexity, and the anger was that her maid believed she was only coming back at all for a little while. I could make nothing of this, except that it was meant that I should make nothing of it, and I went home again in complete discomfiture.

Another night-consultation with Herbert after Provis was gone home (I always took him home, and always looked well about me), led us to the conclusion that nothing should be said about going abroad until I came back from Miss Havisham's. In the mean time, Herbert and I were to consider ourselves equally shut up to be true to say—whether we should devise any pretense of being afraid that he was under suspicious observation (as we thought I, who had never yet been abroad, should propose an expedition. We both knew that I had but to propose any thing, and he would consent. We agreed that this remaining many days in his present hazard was not to be thought of.

Next day I had the meanness to feign that I was under a binding promise to go down to Joe; but I was capable of almost any meanness toward Joe or his home. Provis was to be strictly careful while I was gone, and Herbert was to take the charge of him that I had taken. I was to be absent only one night, and, on my return, the gratification of his impatience for my starting as a gentleman on a greater scale was to be begun. It occurred to me then, and as I afterward found to Herbert also, that he might be best got away across the water on that pretense—as, to make purchases, or the like.

Having thus cleared the way for my expedition to Miss Havisham's, I set off by the early morning coach before it was yet light, and was out on the open country-road when the day came creeping on, halting and whimpering and shivering, and wrapped in patches of cloud and rags of mist, like a beggar. When we drove up to the Blue Boar after a drizzly ride, whom should I see come out under the gate-way, toothpick in hand, to look at the coach, but Bentley Drummle!

As he pretended not to see me, I pretended not to see him. It was a very hare pretense on both sides; the lamer, because we both went into the coffee-room, where he had just finished his breakfast and where I ordered mine. It was poisonous to me to see him in the town, for I very well knew why he had come there.

Pretending to read a smeary newspaper long out of date, which had nothing half so legible in its local news as the foreign matter of coffee, pickles, fish sauces, gravy, melted butter, and wine, with which it was sprinkled all over, as if it had taken the measles in a highly irregular form, I sat at my table while he stood before the fire. By degrees it became an enormous injury to me that he stood before the fire, and I got up, determined to have my share of it. I had to put my hand behind his legs for the poker when I went up to the fire-place to stir the fire, but still pretended not to know him.

"Is this a cut?" said Mr. Drummle.

"Oh!" said I, poker in hand; "it's you, is it? How do you do? I was wondering who it was who kept the fire off."

With that I poked tremendously, and having done so, planted myself side by side with Mr. Drummle, my shoulders squared and my back to the fire.

"You have just come down?" said Mr. Drummle, edging me a little away with his shoulder.

"Yes," said I, edging *him* a little away with *my* shoulder.

"Beastly place," said Drummle. "Your part of the country, I think?"

"Yes," I assented. "I am told it's very like Shropshire."

"Not in the least like it," said Drummle.

Here Mr. Drummle looked at his boots, and I looked at mine; and then Mr. Drummle looked at my boots, and I looked at his.

"Have you been here long?" I asked, determined not to yield an inch of the fire.

"Long enough to be tired of it," returned Drummle, pretending to yawn, but equally determined.

"Do you stay here long?"

"Can't say," answered Mr. Drummle. "Do you?"

"Can't say," said I.

I felt here, through the tingling in my blood, that Mr. Drummle's shoulder had claimed another hair's-breadth of room, I should have jerked him into the window; equally, that if my own shoulder had urged a similar claim, Mr. Drummle would have jerked me into the nearest box. He whistled a little. So did I.

"Large tract of marshes about here, I believe?" said Drummle.

"Yes. What of that?" said I.

Mr. Drummle looked at me, and then at my boots, and then said, "Oh!" and laughed.

"Are you amused, Mr. Drummle?"

"I say," said he, "and particularly. I am going out for a ride in the saddle. I mean to explore those marshes for amusement. Out-of-the-way villages there, they tell me. Curious little public houses—and smithies—and that. Waiter!"

"Yes, Sir."

"Is that horse of mine ready?"

"Brought round to the door, Sir."

"I say. Look here, you Sir. The lady won't ride to-day: the weather won't do."

"Very good, Sir."

"ALL DONE, ALL GONE!"

"And I don't dine, because I'm going to dine at the lady's."

"Very good, Sir."

Then Drummle glanced at me, with an insolent triumph on his great-jowled face that cut me to the heart, dull as he was, and so exasperated me that I felt inclined to take him in my arms as the robber in the story-book is said to have taken the old lady, and scat him on the fire.

One thing was manifest to both of us, and that was, that until relief came neither of us could relinquish the fire. There we stood, well squared up before it, shoulder to shoulder, and foot to foot, with our hands behind us, not bridging an inch. The horse was visible outside in the drizzle at the door, my breakfast was put on table, Drummle's was cleared away, the waiter invited me to begin, I nodded, we both stood our ground.

"Have you been to the Grove since?" said Drummle.

"No," said I, "I had quite enough of the Finches the last time I was there."

"Was that when we had a difference of opinion?"

"Yes," I replied, very shortly.

"Come, come! They let you off easily enough," sneered Drummle. "You shouldn't have lost your temper."

"Mr. Drummle," said I, "you are not competent to give advice on that subject. When I lose my temper (not that I admit having done so on that occasion), I don't throw glasses."

"I do," said Drummle.

After glancing at him once or twice in an increased state of smouldering ferocity, I said:

"Mr. Drummle, I did not seek this conversation, and I don't think it an agreeable one."

"I am sure it's not," said he, superciliously, over his shoulder; "I don't think any thing about it."

"And therefore," I went on, "with your leave, I will suggest that we hold no kind of conversation in future."

"Quite my opinion," said Drummle, "and what I should have suggested myself, or done—more likely—without suggesting. But don't lose your temper. Haven't you lost enough without that?"

"What do you mean, Sir?"

"Wai-ter!" said Drummle, by way of answering me.

The waiter reappeared.

"Look here, you Sir. You quite understand that the young lady don't ride to-day, and that I dine at the young lady's?"

"Quite so, Sir."

When the waiter had felt my fast-cooling teapot with the palm of his hand, and had looked imploringly at me, and had gone out, Drummle, careful not to move the shoulder next me, took a cigar from his pocket and bit the end off, but showed no sign of stirring. Choking and boiling as I was, I felt that we could not go a word further without introducing Estella's name, which I could not endure to hear him utter; and therefore I looked stonily at the opposite wall, as if there were no one present, and forced myself to silence. How long we might have remained in this ridiculous position it is impossible to say, but for the incursion of three driving farmers—laid on by the waiter, I am inclined to think, who came into the coffee-room unbuttoning their great-coats and rubbing their hands, and before whom, as they charged at the fire, we were obliged to give way.

I saw him through the window, seizing his horse's mane, and mounting in his blundering brutal manner, and sidling and backing away. I thought he was gone when he came back, calling for a light for the cigar in his mouth, which he had forgotten. A man in a dust-colored

dress appeared with what was wanted—I could not have said from where: whether from the inn yard, or the street, or where not—and as Drummle leaned down from the saddle and lighted his cigar and laughed, with a jerk of his head toward the coffee-room windows, the slouching shoulders and ragged hair of this man, whose back was toward me, reminded me of Orlick.

Too heavily out of sorts to care much at the time whether it were he or not, or after all to touch the breakfast, I washed the weather and the journey from my face and hands, and went out to the memorable old house that it would have been so much the better for me never to have entered, never to have seen.

CHAPTER XLIII.

IN the room where the dressing-table stood and where the wax-candles burned on the wall, I found Miss Havisham and Estella: Miss Havisham seated on a settee near the fire, and Estella on a cushion at her feet. Estella was knitting, and Miss Havisham was looking on. They both raised their eyes as I went in, and both saw an alteration in me. I derived that from the look they interchanged.

"And what, proud," said Miss Havisham, "blows you here, Pip?"

Though she looked steadily at me I saw that she was rather confused. Estella pausing for a moment in her knitting with her eyes upon me, and then going on, I fancied that I read in the action of her fingers, as plainly as if she had told me in the dumb alphabet, that she perceived I had discovered my real benefactor.

"Miss Havisham," said I, "I went to Richmond yesterday to speak to Estella, and finding that some wind had blown her here, I followed."

Miss Havisham motioning to me for the third or fourth time to sit down, I took the chair by the dressing-table which I had often seen her occupy. With all that ruin at my feet and about me, it seemed a natural place for me that day.

"What I had to say to Estella, Miss Havisham, I will say before you presently—in a few moments. You will not suppose that you can displease you. I am as unhappy as you can ever have meant me to be."

Miss Havisham continued to look steadily at me. I could see in the action of Estella's fingers as they worked that she attended to what I said, but she did not look up.

"I have found out who my patron is. It is not a fortunate discovery, and is not likely ever to enrich me in reputation, station, fortune, anything. There are reasons why I must say no more of that. It is not my secret, but another's."

As I was silent for a while, looking at Estella and considering how to go on, Miss Havisham repeated, "It is not your secret, but another's. Well?"

"When you first caused me to be brought here, Miss Havisham, when I belonged to the village over yonder that I wish I had never left, I suppose I did really come here as any other chance boy might have come—as a kind of servant, to gratify a want or a whim, and to be paid for it?"

"Ay, Pip," replied Miss Havisham, steadily nodding her head; "you did."

"And that Mr. Jaggers—"

"Mr. Jaggers," said Miss Havisham, taking me up in a firm tone, "had nothing to do with it, and knew nothing of it. His being my lawyer, and his being the lawyer of your patron, is a coincidence, that holds the same relation toward numbers of people, and it might easily arise. Be that as it may, it did arise, and was not brought about by any one of us."

Any one might have seen in her haggard face that there was no suppression or evasion so far.

"But when I fell into the mistake I have so long remained in, at least you led me on?" said I.

"Yes," she returned, again nodding steadily, "I let you go on."

"Was that kind?"

"Who am I?" cried Miss Havisham, striking her stick upon the floor and flashing into wrath so suddenly that Estella glanced up at her in surprise, "who am I, for God's sake, that I should be kind?"

It was a weak complaint to have made, and I had not meant to make it. I told her so, as she sat brooding over the fire again.

"Well, well, well!" she said, "What else?"

"I saw literally pale for my old attendance here," said I, to soothe her, "in being superannuated, and I have asked these questions only for my own information. What follows has nothing more (and I hope more disinterested) purpose. In humoring my mistake, Miss Havisham, you punished—practiced on—perhaps you will supply whatever other expression your intention, without offense—your self-seeking relations?"

"I did," said she. "Why, they would have it so! Did you not know that before?"

"Not in my story, that I should be at the pains of entreating either them or you not to have it so? You made your own use, no doubt, of never-made them."

Waiting until she was quiet again—for this, too, flashed out of her in a wild and sudden way—I went on:

"I have been thrown among one family of your relations, Miss Havisham, and have been constantly among them since I went to London. I know them to have been as honestly unsure my delusion as I myself. And I should so false and base if I did not tell you, whether it is acceptable to you or no, and whether you are inclined to give credence to it or no, that you deeply wrong both Mr. Matthew Pocket and his son Herbert if you suppose them to be otherwise than generous, upright, open, and incapable of any thing designing or mean."

"They are your friends,' said Miss Havisham.

"They made themselves my friends," said I, "when they supposed me to be superseded them; and when Sarah Pocket, Miss Georgiana, and Mistress Camilla were my friends, I think."

This contrasting of them with the rest seemed, as I was glad to see, to do them good with her. She looked at me kindly for a little while, and then said, quietly:

"What do you want for them?"

"Only," said I, "that you would not confound them with the others. They may be of the same blood, but, believe me, they are not of the same nature."

Still looking at me keenly, Miss Havisham repeated:

"What do you want for them?"

"I am not so cunning, you see," I said, in answer, conscious that I reddened a little, "as that I could hide from you the fact I desired, that I do want something. Miss Havisham, if you would spare the money to do my friend Herbert a lasting service in life, but which from the nature of the case must be done without his knowledge, I could show you how."

"Why must it be done without his knowledge?" she asked, settling her hands upon her stick, and her chin upon them, that she might regard me the more steadfastly.

"Because," said I, "I began the service myself more than two years ago, without his knowledge, and I want to finish it in the same way. I could fail in my ability to finish it I can do it alone. It is a part of the secret which is another person's as well as mine."

She gradually withdrew her eyes from me, and turned them on the fire. After watching for what appeared in the silence and by the light of the window to be a long time, she was roused by the collapse of some of the red coals, and looked toward me again—at first vacantly, but with gradually more concentrating attention. All this time Estella knitted on. When Miss Havisham had fixed her attention on me, she asked, speaking as if there had been no lapse in our dialogue:

"What else?"

"Estella," said I, turning to her now, and trying to command my trembling voice, "you know I love you. You know that I have loved you long and dearly."

She raised her eyes to my face on being thus addressed, and her fingers plied their work, and she looked coldly at me in cold remembrance. I saw that Miss Havisham glanced from me to her, and from her to me.

"I should have told you this sooner, but for my long mistake. It induced me to hope that Miss Havisham meant us for one another. While I thought you were destined by yourself, as it were, I refrained from saying it. I must say it now."

Preserving her unmoved consideration of me, with her fingers still going, Estella shook her head.

"I know," said I, in answer to that action; "I know. I have no hope that I shall ever win you mine, Estella. I am ignorant what may become of me very soon, how poor I may be, or where I may go. Still, I love you. I have loved you ever since I first saw you in this house."

Looking at me perfectly unmoved and with her fingers busy, she shook her head again.

"It would have been cruel in Miss Havisham, very cruel, to practice on the affections of a poor boy, and she cannot be too severely punished with a vain hope and an idle pursuit, if she had reflected on the gravity of what she did. But I think she did not. I think she meant the tenderness of her own suffering she forgot mine, Estella."

I saw Miss Havisham put her hand to her heart and hold it there, as she sat looking by turns at Estella and at me.

"It seems," said Estella, very calmly, "that there are sentiments, fancies—I don't know how to call them—which I am not able to comprehend. When you say you love me, I know what you mean, as a form of words; but nothing more. You address nothing in my breast, you touch nothing there. What you say to me, you say at all. I have tried to warn you of this; now, have I not?"

I said in a miserable manner, "Yes."

"Yes. But you would not be warned, for you thought I didn't mean it. Now, did you not?"

"I thought and hoped you could not mean it. You, so young, untried, and beautiful, Estella! Surely it is not in Nature."

"It is in my nature," she returned. And then she added, with a stress upon the words, "It is in the nature formed within me. I make a great difference between you and the other people when I say so much. I can do no more."

"Is it not true," said I, "that Destiny Drummle is a person for whom you have no care?"

"It is quite true," she replied, referring to him with the indifference of utter contempt.

"That you detest him, and ride out with him, and that he dines with you this very day?"

She seemed a little surprised that I should know it, but replied, "Quite true."

"You can not love him, Estella!"

Her fingers stopped for the first time, as she retorted rather sharply, "What am I told you? Do you still think, in spite of it, that I do not mean what I say?"

"You would never marry him, Estella?"

She looked toward Miss Havisham, and considered for a moment with her work in her hands. Then she said, "Why not tell you the truth? I am going to be married to him."

I dropped my face into my hands, but was able to control myself better than I could have expected, considering what agony it gave me to hear her say those words. When I raised my face again there was such a ghastly look upon Miss Havisham's that it impressed me, even in my passionate hurry and grief.

"Estella, dearest, dearest Estella, do not let Miss Havisham lead you into this fatal step. Put me aside forever—you have done so, I well know—but bestow yourself on some worthier object than Drummle. Miss Havisham gives you to him, as the greatest slight and injury that could be done to the many far better men who admire you, and to the many who truly love you. Among those few there may be one who loves you even as deeply as I, though he has not loved you as long, as I. Take him, and I can bear it better, for your sake!"

My earnestness awoke a wonder in her that seemed as if it would have been touched with compassion, if she could have rendered me at all intelligible to her mind.

"I am going," she said again, in a gentler voice, "to be married to him. The preparations for my marriage are making, and I shall be married soon. Why do you obstinately introduce the name of my mother by adoption? It is my own act."

"Your own act, Estella, to fling yourself away upon a brute?"

"On whom should I fling myself away?" she returned, with a smile. "Should I fling myself away upon the man who would the soonest feel (if people do feel such things) that I took nothing to him? Come! It is done. I shall do well enough, and so will he. As to leading me into what you call this fatal step, Miss Havisham would have prevented it, and not many years; but I am tired of the life I have led, which has very few charms for me, and I am willing enough to change it. Say no more. We shall never understand each other."

"Such a mean brute, such a stupid brute!" I urged in despair.

"Don't be afraid of my being a blessing to him," said Estella; "I shall not be that. Come! Here is Miss Havisham. Do we part on this, you visionary boy—or man?"

"Oh, Estella!" I answered, as my bitter tears fell fast on her hand, "I would to God you could receive from me the gift of a better heart than mine; even if I remained in England and could hold my head up with the rest, how could I bear you Drummle's wife!"

"Nonsense," she returned; "nonsense. This will pass in no time."

"Never, Estella!"

"You will get me out of your thoughts in a week."

"Out of my thoughts! You are part of my existence, part of myself. You have been in every line I have ever read since I first came here, the rough common boy whose poor heart you wounded cruelly the day you came. You are in every prospect I have ever seen since—on the river, on the sails of the ships, on the marshes, in the mists, in the clouds, in the darkness, in the wind, in the woods, in the sea, in the streets. You have been the embodiment of every graceful fancy that my mind has ever become acquainted with. The stones of which the strongest London buildings are made are not more real, or more impossible to be displaced by your hands, than your presence and influence have been to me, there and everywhere, and will be. Estella, to the last hour of my life you can not choose but remain part of my character, part of the life to be good in me, part of the evil. But in this separation I will not leave only with the good, and I will faithfully hold you to that always, for you must have done me far more good than harm, let me think and distress I may. God bless you, God forgive you!"

In what ecstasy of unhappiness I got these broken words out of myself I don't know. The rhapsody welled up within me, like blood from an inward wound, and gushed out. I held her hand to my lips some lingering moments, and so left her. But once after I had repassed the door, and soon afterward with stronger reason—that I might distinctly look—I looked at her merely with incredulous wonder, for there she stood, as if Miss Havisham, her hand still covering her heart, seemed all resolved into a ghastly stare of pity and remorse.

All done, all gone! So much was done and gone that when I went out at the gate the light of the day seemed of a darker color than when I went in. For a while I hid myself among some lanes and by-paths, and then struck off to walk all the way to London. For I had by that time come to myself so far as to consider that I could not go back to the inn and see Drummle there; and I had a mind that I could walk off my hurt. I soon found that this was a mistake, and that I could do nothing half so good for myself as tire myself out.

It was late in the evening when I crossed London Bridge. Pursuing the narrow intricacies of the streets, which at that time tended westward near the Temple, I came into Fleet-street and my readiest access to the Temple was close by the river-side through Whitefriars. I was not expected till to-morrow, and as I had no key, and as Herbert never gone to bed I could get to bed myself without disturbing him.

As it happened that I came in at that Whitefriars gate after the Temple was closed, and as I was very muddy and weary, I did not take the ill-favor of the night-porter examined me with much attention as he held the gate a little way open for me to pass in. To help his memory I mentioned my name.

"I was not quite sure, Sir, but I thought so. Here's a note, Sir. The messenger that brought it said would you be so good as read it by my lantern."

Much surprised by the request, I took the note. It was directed to Philip Pip, Esquire, and on the top of the superscription were the words, "PLEASE READ THIS, HERE." I opened it, the watchman holding up his light, and read inside, in Wemmick's writing:

"DON'T GO HOME."

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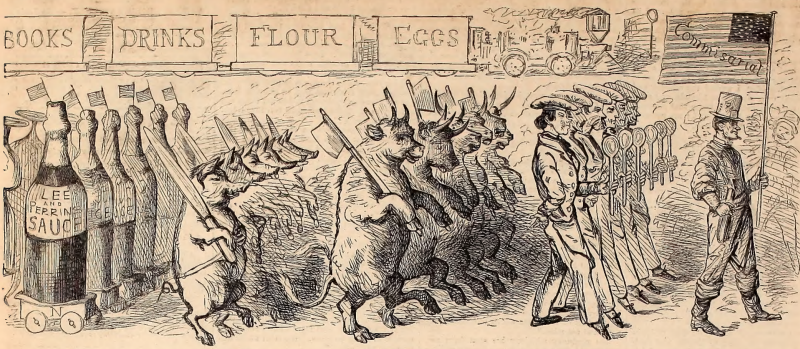

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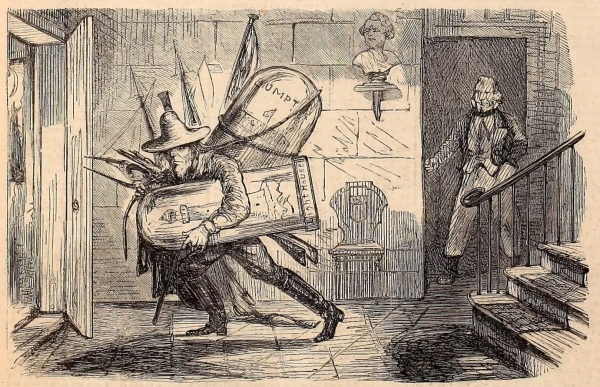
REINFORCEMENTS FOR OUR VOLUNTEERS ON THE MARCH SOUTHWARD.



UNCLE SAM. "Hallo there, you Rascal! where are you going with my Property, eh?"
JEFF. DAVIS. "Oh, dear Uncle! ALL I WANT IS TO BE LET ALONE."

A PAINFUL SUBJECT.

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HARPER'S WEEKLY

A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION

VOL. V.—No. 232.] NEW YORK, SATURDAY, JUNE 8, 1861. [SINGLE COPIES SIX CENTS. $2 50 PER YEAR IN ADVANCE.

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the Year 1861, by Harper & Brothers, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Southern District of New York.

GENERAL SCOTT.

OLD VETERAN of threescore years and ten,
Hero of battles fought on Southern plains—
Like a tried charger fretting in the reins,
Thou comest to thy noble work again!
Gray-haired and scarred—inured to hardy toil,
With eye and brain clear as the eagle's are,
Now, once again, on thine own country's soil,
Thou lend'st thy country's legions to the war—
The war for God! for Right! for Liberty!
Then art the idol of the people's heart:
We love thee—trust thee—hero as thou art,
And to the very end we'll follow thee.
We shall be Conquerors! and triumphant name shall rise,
In one full ringing shout of triumph to the skies.

COLONEL DURYEE'S ZOUAVES.

WE publish herewith a fine picture of COLONEL DURYEE'S ZOUAVES, one of the new Volunteer Regiments raised in this city, and without doubt one of the most brilliant and best drilled regiments in the service. They embarked for Fortress Monroe last week, after spending a month in severe drill at Fort Schuyler, on the East River. We herewith supply a list of the officers of the Advance Guard:

Field Officers—Colonel, Abram Duryee; Lieutenant-Colonel, G. K. Warren; Major, I. M. Davies. *Staff Officers*—Quarter-master, J. H. Wells; Adjutant, J. E. Hamblin; Surgeon, R. G. Gilbert; Surgeon's Mate, B. E. Martin; Chaplain, Rev. G. Winslow. *Non-commissioned Staff*—Sergeant-Major, John Collins; Quarter-master-Sergeant, C. L. Isaacs. *Company A*—Captain, H. D. Hull; Lieutenant, W. F. Partridge; Ensign, ——. *Company B*—Captain, R. S. Dumont; Lieutenant, G. Carr; Ensign, T. S. Dumont. *Company C*—Captain, H. E. Davis, Jun.; Lieutenant, J. F. Evans; Ensign, C. H. Seaman. *Company D*—Captain, James P. Waugh; Lieutenant, W. F. Lewis; Ensign, J. A. Cochrane. *Company E*—Captain, H. Duryee; Lieutenant, George Duryee; Ensign, H. H. Burnett. *Company F*—Captain, H. A. Swartout; Lieutenant, O. Wetmore, Jun.; Ensign, C. Boyd. *Company G*—Captain, A. Denike; Lieutenant, J. Duryee; Ensign, J. Bradley. *Company H*—Captain, J. Kilpatrick; Lieutenant, C. Campbelling; Ensign, Jas. Miller. *Company I*—Captain, Chas. G. Bartlett; Lieutenant, J. S. York; Ensign, J. H. Whitney. *Company K*—Captain, C. Winslow; Lieutenant, W. H. Hoyt; Ensign, Wm. Ferguson.

A letter from Fort Monroe thus describes their arrival at that point:

"At an early hour the steamer *Adelaide*, with the New York Zouaves, Colonel Duryee, came to an anchor in the Roads, and was received by passing cheers from the crew of the *Minnesota*, who had manned the yards to greet the new arrival. The *Minnesota* and the other ships in the harbor dipped their flags, which was acknowledged by a like possession on the *Adelaide*, with loud cheers and tigers from the New York boys, and music by the band.

"After the officers had come ashore to report their arrival and receive instructions as to their camp-ground, they returned, and in a short time the steaming Yankee run alongside of the steamer and transferred the regiment to the shore, landing them near the camp of the Second New York Volunteers, which is on the main land, a mile and a half from the fort. Colonel Duryee's Zouaves were under arms twice within an hour after their landing."

UNIFORMS OF THE FIFTH REGIMENT NEW YORK VOLUNTEERS, COLONEL DURYEE, NOW AT FORTRESS MONROE.

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

SATURDAY, JUNE 8, 1861.

ENGLAND AND THE REBELLION.

SINCE speaking, last week, of England as an ally, the news of the proclamation has arrived. The English Government warns all subjects not to take side in the war at their peril, and not to try to break a blockade actually established. It also forbids the selling of arms to either party. How a friendly power can justify this conduct it is not easy to say. If the United States Government had ordered the citizens not to sell arms to Englishmen, nor carry them in American vessels, in fact, denied them the absolute neutrality between England and the Sepoys in their late rebellion, the English Government might have justly called it an unfriendly act.

The rebellion in this country has not half the excuse that the Sepoys had. The Indian soldiers were at least standing upon their own soil, and opposing a foreign race which had vanquished them by arms. It was a blind stroke for the independence of their nationality. But the Davis rebellion is the resistance of a faction of citizens against the government of all; and the liberty for which they claim that they are fighting means baldly and only the liberty of holding other people in slavery.

That England should recognize such a rebellion for such a cause is, as we said last week, incredible. And she has not done it. Acting upon imperfect knowledge she has told her subjects to keep hands off. She is not positively friendly, and she is obviously unwise; but she is not hostile. The dearest dream of Jefferson Davis has been that she would raise the blockade. The whole rebellion has rested upon two points: first, that the North was cowardly and divided, and then that England, which must have cotton, would open the Southern ports. But the traitors forgot how much the one depended upon the other. If England had seen the Union States united in the movement, and the Free States hesitating and divided, she would doubtless have taken some more decided action. But she has seen just in time, in the Free States, a patriotism unanimity unparalleled in history—all the vast resources of a great, intelligent, skilful, industrious, and wealthy people, she has seen heaped and heaping in the measures of defense against this conspiracy. The full influence of this spectacle upon her action we have not yet seen. But the result of the suspicion of it is shown in her declaration that she will not break the blockade. When she understands, as she will from Mr. Adams and the history of recent events, exactly what the character and influence of the rebellion are, she will hardly be so nervous about taking sides.

Her hesitation, we ought to remember, is not altogether unreasonable. Our late minister in England probably neither understood the difficulty at home nor sympathized with the Government. England saw a great conspiracy—an empty treasury—an army and navy unbuilding—Congress paralyzed and foolishly alienating sympathy by the Morrill tariff—the Border States longing to go—the States that had elected the President hesitating and divided. The moneyed interest of New York city was represented to her in private letters and by the public performances of "W. M. Russell, LL.D., Barrister at Law," as secretly favoring the insurrection. She knew that the capital of the nation was sorely threatened, and that the President and Cabinet were in positive danger of capture. England thought she saw—and ought we to be surprised that she so thought?—all the signs of speedy national dissolution. Lord Palmerston, the head of the ministry, frankly said so. She felt obliged to take some action, and she did precisely what might have been expected, acting, as she did, upon the conviction which Lord Palmerston expressed, tempered as they must have been by the magnificent spectacle of a national Samson awaking, in full strength, from slumber, which Lord Palmerston could not have failed to see, but without yet comprehending.

Had a great statesman been in power we should have seen another sight. The British empire, whose great tradition and strength is constitutional liberty, and which is pledged irretrievably against human slavery, would have waited until she was fully informed by our Government of the nature of the rebellion and its own purposes. Then admitting the rebellious agents, as individuals, she would have said to them: "England is the fast friend of the United States Government, and in obedience to her instincts, her national principle, and the interest of her subjects most intimately concerned in the American trade, she will support that Government, founded upon the constitutional will of the people, against every effort to substitute for it a military despotism for the protection of slavery. Go, gentlemen. The conscience, the heart, the common sense and interest of civilization and humanity are against you. You hope to lead us by cotton—but cotton is more certainly secured to us by our cordial alliance with the Government we have so long known, and whose flag in this contest is the flag of popular liberty regulated by law—the flag of the principles which England has always defended."

She has not yet done that—but she will do it. Meanwhile, although the rebellion will be comforted that she has not entirely turned her back, yet by her respecting the blockade the second and last great hope of treason disappears.

OUR SOUTHERN PICTURES.

THERE is now no communication, either by mail or by express, with the rebel States, and our friends in that section are not yet *Harper's Weekly* if they would. But for this, our respectful sympathies would have been at the service of those old readers who have lately been deprived of their share by zealous Vigilance Committees and State Governors.

In the last number of this journal we published the only portraits ever printed of the Confederate Cabinet; the only good view ever drawn of Montgomery and of the White House there; besides a number of other Southern scenes. In this number we give a splendid birds-eye view of the city of Charleston States. Even assuming that our Southern friends don't care about seeing pictures of the Northern people and their military doings, it must surely be a privation to be debarred from enjoying illustrations of their own side in the war.

CONTRABAND OF WAR.

MAJOR-GENERAL BUTLER'S refusal to surrender fugitive slaves to their masters, on the ground that they are "contraband of war," appears to be equally sound in law and sensible in practice. He has established a precedent which will probably be faithfully followed throughout the war.

It can not be complained of by the South, for it rests upon the cardinal principle of the Breckinridge party at the last election, that slaves are property under United States law. If they are property, the fact that they can be of service to the enemy—like horses or cotton—should exist at once in the list of articles which are "contraband of war."

The practical effect of this decision will verify the prediction uttered in this journal when the war first broke out, namely, that, in one way or another, actual hostilities would prove fatal to the slave institution. The effort will be sought in this result. The officer who establishes the precedent was the Breckinridge candidate for Governor in Massachusetts. It is the secessionist politicians who rendered its adoption unavoidable: if it is hard to bear, the South must look to them for compensation.

THE LOUNGER.

ELLSWORTH.

No man dies too soon whose name his country remembers with love and honor. Early days ago a young man went from Boston to Bunker Hill, and through the sharp battle of that summer day he cheered and consoled his fellow-soldiers fighting for liberty. As the troops slowly retired Joseph Warren fell, "the last in the trenches," Senior thinks that he is our history is more beloved and inspiring. He seems to smile upon us brightly with the hope of liberty, and the words he often quoted are his motto: "It is sweet to die for your country."

As Warren died in the beginning of the struggle to obtain constitutional liberty, so dies Ellsworth at the opening of the war to maintain and perpetuate it. They both belong to those heroes whose death serves instead of victory in their lives. The shade of Warren led Massachusetts through the war: the memory of Ellsworth marshals New York to victory.

Those who knew the young Colonel of Zouaves feel how much the country has lost in his death. His unquestionable military genius and his personal worth make as conspicuous for good service as it was already for heroic energy and skill and sagacity. But his death also has its good cause. For in his private feuds are buried. By his blood all patriot hearts are more closely sealed together. Remembering him, brave vows will be heavy, and strong arm strike more strongly. War has many terrible aspects; but it also develops grand and noble qualities. It is a season when the private griefs are hushed and lost in the common weal. While the mother's heart breaks for her dead boy, it is with gratitude that his death gives life to his country.

AN AMIABLE FRIEND.

An amiable friend in Kentucky writes to the Lounger to say that he has become so sanguinary. He invites him to discuss the drama, and the fine arts, and the fashions, and the new novels, and finally is swelling off into a tirade of abuse to any thing in which the public is interested.

The nerves of the amiable Kentucky friend are doubtless delicate. But he must remember that it is not every man who can see a desperate and causeless rebellion strike at the foundations of society without being swept away by the wild enthusiasm of loyalty to liberty and social order which kindles all the hearts around him. While every family is sending off its sons and brothers to fight for their country against a murderous and ignoble enemy—while all business is suspended because time, money, and industry must be devoted to the same holy cause—while there is but one supreme and universal interest, and that the deepest and most sacred possible—nobody hereabouts has time to discuss the new fashions and the new novels.

Perhaps the amiable friend in Kentucky is not aware that there is a conspiracy against the peace of the country. Perhaps he has not heard that the flag of his country has been shot at and shot down by traitors. Perhaps he has yet to learn that the President of the United States has summoned an army of the people to see that the laws of the people are maintained. Perhaps he is ignorant that loyal citizens everywhere and their Government have been murdered. Perhaps he does not even know that there are States which are debating whether to be patriots or traitors. Perhaps he has not been informed that there are State Governors who think it marvelously inhuman that the beneficent and constitutional laws of the land shall be enforced at every cost, but a most proper and praiseworthy thing that those laws should be repealed and their enforcers driven out. Perhaps he does not yet understand that the industrious, intelligent, law and liberty loving mass of the inhabitants of this country have taken up arms to cut down the crop of treason, and to destroy its seeds, and to settle once and forever the point that the United States is a nation and not a club—that they have a Government which is supreme, being ordained and constantly renewed by the people according to the forms which they have adopted; and that this Government shall be implicitly obeyed every where in the land.

When the amiable friend in Kentucky shall have learned some of these facts, he may perhaps vaguely surmise why the Lounger does not devote himself exclusively to the discussion of the opera.

COVERT TREASON.

THE Constitution, in its third section, says that "Treason against the United States shall consist only in levying war against them, or in adhering to their enemies, giving them aid and comfort." The first article of the Amendments declares, that "Congress shall make no law . . . abridging the freedom of speech or of the press." The Constitution of the State of New York says, in the eighth section of the first article, that "Every citizen may freely speak, write, and publish his sentiments on all subjects, being responsible for the abuse of that right; and no law shall be passed to restrain or abridge the liberty of speech or of the press."

Any man may therefore say, in a newspaper or in speech, that he thinks the Government of the United States ought to permit itself to be outraged and destroyed; he may say that he thinks the vast loyal mass of the people ought to surrender its liberty to a band of slave States for the Constitution of the United States; he may say that the present Government of the people of this country is "accidentally in power;" he may say that he hopes the traitors may subdue the faithful citizens of the land; he may call maintaining the laws of the country "coercion;" he may call the necessary measures for ferreting out traitors and suppressing rebellion "invasion of a State;" he may seek by every kind of falsehood and calumny and appeal to the baser passions to sow dissension among the friends of the Government to the end that its enemies may overcome it; he has not forfeited his claim to the protection of the very government and laws he seeks to destroy.

But it is always well to make due allowance for human nature. The Constitution has from the beginning guaranteed this absolute right of free speech to every citizen of the United States, any State law to the contrary notwithstanding. But for all that Mr. Wendell Phillips has always been permitted to indulge in a vein of exercise that right south of the city of Philadelphia, because although he had precisely the same constitutional right to say what he always has said, every one felt that Mr. Jeff Davis had to say what he thought of it, yet he knew that his legal rights would be disdained both by the constituted authorities and the public sentiment. .

When, therefore, some of the brave sons of the loyal States of this Union has flowed freely in defense of their Government, their national flag, and civil society itself; when the full horror of the war which has been forced upon the country by rebellious citizens bursts over the land, it will be the part of wisdom for those who have adhered to the rebels in their hearts, which did not bring their own necks into immediate peril, who have given all the aid of sympathy, all the comfort which falsehood and incessant efforts to sow dissension could impart, to make due allowance for human nature.

MOBS.

WHILE every allowance is to be made for human nature, it is the duty of every loyal citizen to protect every other citizen in the expression of his opinion. That it differs radically from the general opinion, that it is unpopularly expressed, not from any conviction, but from the most venomous party rancor that would willingly see the Government ruined, does not affect the right of protection and the duty of protecting free speech.

Heretofore, when there has been complaint that it was dangerous in some parts of the country to quote the Declaration of Independence, the reply has been made with a fine air of indignation, "I would you alone were my fellow-exiles!" To which the answer is plain enough: if the mere free discussion of any question any where in the country is so dangerous to something or other, why, as that free discussion is one of the express privileges guaranteed by the Constitution, if something or other undertakes to deny or abridge that right it does so at its peril.

It is an interesting and instructive fact that the papers which now most loudly deprecate mob law are those which have most freely justified it hitherto, when somebody else was to be gored. A paper in the city of New York which encourages treason would feel sadly injured if it were served as it would heartily approve the serving of the *Liberator*, if that paper were published in Charleston. "Served it right," it would say; "what business has a man to put the peace of a neighborhood in peril?" Let it remember that that is precisely what would be said in its own case here and now.

The whipping of Time is a very droll machine. When you excite a mob to attack a man who is merely exercising a lawful right, it opens upon ask yourself, "How should I like to have a mob set upon me for doing what I have a right to do?"

Meanwhile it is one of the pleasantest evidences of the spirit of society in the loyal States that every symptom of riot, for any purpose, would be now more sternly and effectually repressed than ever. For the faithful citizens of this country are armed in defense of law and orderly government, and their lives will illustrate their loyalty; and when the people, by their blood and money, have re-established the National Government every where in the land, they will take good care that every right of every human shall be every where and forever respected. And the most sacred of those rights is that of free speech upon every question of public interest.

MORALS IN MACHINERY.

MANUAL machinery is valuable according to the intelligence of the operator, and nothing is more striking than the fact that immorality paralyzes machinery. The telegraph, for instance, trembles all day long with forgery and lies; but if your weighty news proves to be utterly false? The telegraph is a delicate ear-trumpet that coils all over the land, but if the person who takes one end of it in California to whisper to Maine, breathes a lie into the tube, it may travel very quickly, but that is all. No, it is not all. That lie has entered the tube. After that even truth exudes from it suspected.

This has become so true during the last few months that the old proverb is entirely reversed and reports are disbelieved, not believed, because they are printed in the newspapers. It is enough that a sensible man reads a telegram from Washington. He doubts it for that reason. It wants confirmation. And a man who had been acting or hoping for an office should have trembled to read his name as that of the lucky aspirant. The chances are against him.

Of course nothing could feed the fire of public fever more than this uncertainty. And when on the morning succeeding that of the battle of April this year the fatal news flashed into the city that hostilities had begun before Charleston, the instinct of the moment was first to express his opinion of the fact; and then to doubt seriously whether it were a fact or not; and finally to wonder, if it were true at all, how much and in what way it was true. Then it flashed that the hands which held the wires might manipulate the news as they chose. And thus the country was at the mercy of one man's impulses.

Well, we can not have any thing without paying the price for it. If we have telegraphs we must take the risk of not believing them, and of the abuse to which they may so readily be subjected. The moral of the matter is that we must correct our judgments and our actions. If it be a salacious thing to believe a newspaper, how much more so is it to believe the telegraph from which the newspaper is so largely made!

PATRIOTISM AND PARTY.

THE present condition of the country enables us to make some observations upon party spirit as the management of public affairs, for which times of peace would never have seemed to offer the fitting opportunity. Among the ideal virtues is the practical refutation of the fatal doctrine that *to the victors belong the spoils*. It was a doctrine unknown in the earlier days of our national history, and its expression showed how entirely the person who first said it was blinded to the character and peculiar dangers of our system.

In this stirring crisis it is well understood that there are but two parties—that of the country and of the government, and that of the traitors. One marshals its hosts under the stars and stripes; the other "widens only to be let alone" under the rattlesnake. The general Administration has announced that its policy in appointments to offices is not one of vengeance. It adds but one question to Jefferson's famous two: "Is he honest? Is he capable? *Is he loyal?*"

Of course, at a time when the number of officeseekers is so very great, there will be no terrible swearing at such a policy as this. The man who has worked hard for the incoming of the Administration by power, and against the old army of office-holders who worked hard for another party, grumbles bitterly that his opponent is retained in his office by the very power against which he devoted his time and efforts and money.

The reply to this is obvious enough. To our first plaint, that something is more dangerous to our permanent peace than this incessant shifting of office at every election, a stop to it must begin at some time. And what time or place, indeed, could be so fitting as one in which party issues and discipline were forgotten in the necessity of maintaining the Government itself under which the parties are possible.

In the ordinary course of events the new Administration could not have made this wide departure from the usual custom, without imperiling the great principles upon which it was elected by the people. But Providence has now given us a chance of escaping the consequences of political folly hitherto. It is, indeed, easy enough for an office-holder who is treasonable at heart to profess loudly his loyalty. But if he be actively disloyal it will soon enough appear; and if not, he may be counted as one of those who will be very loudly loyal when treason is suppressed. The case is simply one of those risks which no general policy can

possibly avoid. It would be almost worth the war if such a change could be established. Who would not breathe more freely, and with a deeper sense of security, if he knew that it was understood that, upon the close of an Administration which had not filled the myriad minor offices of the Government from purely partisan considerations, the officers would be removed only for cause? But this change in political habit is so essential that it ought to be prescribed by an amendment to the Constitution.

Let it not be counted among the least of the services which the present Administration may render to the country, that its policy has made this great change possible.

"ELIZABETTA SIRANI.—1665."

Two correspondents ask for some explanation of Gwen John's criticism from poem in the *Weekly* of April 13. Elizabetta Sirani was the daughter of Andrea Sirani the Bolognese painter. Before she had reached the age of twenty she had won a high reputation as a painter. She was equally celebrated for her beauty and her virtue. She died in November, 1665, in her 25th year. According to general belief she, like Domenichino, was poisoned by artists jealous of her rising fame. She was buried in the Chapel of Our Lady of the Rosary, close by the tomb of her great master, Guido Reni. A volume of tributes to her memory was published, one line of which reads: "I was a woman, but I never not love." Among her numerous pupils were her two sisters, Anna and Barbara. She left behind about 150 paintings, many of them large works. All this, and much more, is clearly told in the poem, as our correspondents will see upon reperusal.

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

GLADSTONE THE HUSBAND'S BEST FRIEND.

[*A Fond Couple are walking down Regent Street.*]

WIFE (*spell-bound outside a bullfinch's shop*). Do stop, Henry, dear, a few! I won't keep you a moment. I only just want to look at this beautiful bonnet.

HUSBAND (*impatiently*). No, Lilla, I will not listen to it. Besides, I certainly agree with the Chancellor of the Exchequer that it is high time a stop was put to this "profligate expenditure."

(*Worries her impetuously away.*

SONG BY MR. MERRIMAN.

AIR.—"*Hop-tu-Naiony Pah.*"

As I was sailing geese,
And fancied no one near,
Up came the unbelieved police,
And caught me by the ear.

I held my artless tale,
Entirely was in vain;
And so they took me off to jail:
But there we are again!

THE WRONG WORD IN THE WRONG PLACE.—An evening contemporary informs us that there is "great excitement visible already for the Championship that is on the tapis." From this hint we, one would imagine that a prize-fight was pending. A detachment is sent out in an open field. Perhaps the *tapis* above mentioned means the *ring*. But the difficulty to the gambling fast-goers upon it, to say nothing of the stakes that are necessary for the formation of the *ring* before the little game can be opened; or does the *tapis* not refer to the Turf, and the mention of the blade that on such blackguard occasions are always to be found collected on it?

AN ENDLESS SERIES.—We see that a French book has been brought out called, "*La Lettre Hermétique.*" It is a complete book, we suppose. This affords us a very narrow field for all the series of the human race to gambol about in. Nothing remains for us but "*La Retraite Française*" is reserved for future volumes. If so, we are afraid that few of us will ever live to see the completion of the work.

ANIMAL ENJOYMENT.—An epicure recommends cucumber to be eaten with salmon, for the reason that it enlarges the pleasures of the palate, by enabling man to enjoy the delight of rumination.

"A SORDID ENTERPRISE."—That led by King Demodes with the view of materially augmented over his head.

DISAPPOINTMENT AND SUCCESS.—When poor Edmund Kean was seeing in barns to amuse boxgluten, having finding bread for his wife and child, he was just as great a genius as when he was crowding Drury Lane. When Brougham presided in the House of Lords he was not a bit better or greater than he had been long about in the Parliament House at Edinburgh, a briefless and suspected junior barrister. When all London crowded to see his chippendanes, he was just the animal that he was a couple of years later, when no one took the trouble of looking at him. And when George Stephenson died, amidst the applause and gratitude of all the intelligent men in the nation, he was the same man, maintaining the same principle, as when none of a dozen of his friends could get a subscription list against the individual who declared that some day the railroad would be the king's highway, and mail-coaches would be drawn by steam.

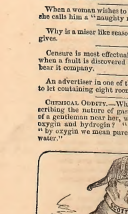
When a woman wishes to be very affectionate to her lover, she calls him a "naughty man."

Why is a miser like reasoned timber?—Because he never gives.

Censure is most effectual when mixed with praise. So when a fault is discovered it is well to look up a virtue to bear it company.

An advertiser in one of the papers says he has a cottage to let containing eight rooms and an *acre of land*.

CHEMICAL OBJECT.—While an interesting lecture was describing the nature of gas, a blue-stocking lady inquired of a gentleman near her, what the difference between oxygen and hydrogen? "Very little, madam," said he, "by oxygen we mean pure gin, and by hydrogen, gin and water."



HOW TO ENJOY A VENISON FEAST.—At a venison feast, Sir Joshua Reynolds addressed his conversation to one of the company who sat next to him, but, to his great surprise, could not get a single word in answer, until at length his silent neighbour, turning to him, said, "Sir Joshua, whenever you are at a venison feast, I advise you not to speak during dinner-time, as in endeavoring to answer your questions I have just swallowed a fine piece of fat without tasting its flavor."

"You envy your head rather high," as the owl said to the giraffe when he poked his nose into the belfry.

A NOBBY BEE.—Captain Wilbraham, when at a village in America, was crowded into a stable for the night which resembled Noah's ark. Children were squalling the whole night through, and two young fellows whiled away the cuptain ...e bu:dr! We had such a night of disquiet, a few years since, upon a visit to Pennsylvania. The village inn was "full," and we were compelled to seek rest in a cabin, where our hospitable partition was only two-thirds of the entire height of the apartment. We were annoyed most hastily, a child in the house had the whooping-cough, and the father rose at day-break, and killed a pig just under our window!

"Will you please to permit a lady to empty this seat?" said a gentleman to a fellow-passenger in a railway carriage. "I do see an advocate of woman's rights!" asked the astonished gentleman, and moved to the other side. He replied he who was standing. "Well, then, let her take the benefit of her discovery!" was the reply.

Curious answers often come out in examination for the Civil Service. The word "inheritance" occurring in a paper of reading, the examiner asked the youngster, "What is inheritance?"—"Patrimony."—"What is patrimony?"—"Something left by one's father."—"What would you call it, if left by a mother?"—"Matrimony."

We find in a provincial paper an account of two culprits who escaped from the custody of the sheriff, and hid themselves in a gun. They should, when found, have been discharged at once.

When Mr. White looks black, does he change color?

INK, BLOOD, AND TEARS.
(THE TAKING OF FORT SUMTER.)

A Forty hours' bombardment! Great guns throwing Their iron hail: shells their mad selves exploding: Furnaces lighted: shot in red heaps glowing: Batteries fired: and fort-armament, firing, loading— War's visible fiend, in all his terrors, raging! And all her devils free to use their powers— And yet not one life lost! Not one life for our lovers.

"Oh, here's a theme!" quoth *Punch*, of brag abhorrest, "Twixt promise and performance rare proportion!" This shoe-cloth, of five lines giving account!

Mocking some mangy, stunted, stuffed abortion: Then, groping, covers hiding, nought to see: These white-like nutes among little fishes— Here is the sum of all: no more my verses wishes.

"What ringing of each change on brag and bluster! These figure hogs of speech, summed in a note! This war-march, subsiding to "Yankee Doodle!" Thus entry of *Tom Thumb*, armed like a hero, Of all great deeds o'er great words the type! Of all big bubbles by fools' breath filled full, Sure seed the greatest, yet, and emptiest, for John Bull!

"John always thought Jonathan, his young brother, A little of a bully; and he swaggered, But in all cases of fight with one another, Nor John nor Jonathan were ever known to "Lagyard." This now, if any smart Jonathan style 'coward,' Or from that bright word shrunk, will now, their flag-staff towered."

Punch nibbed his pen, all jubilant, for gulling— "When suddenly a weight weighed down the feather, And a tear from his eye fell on the paper. Came from the nib; and the drops rolled together. And seemed and smelled and looked like ink, but blood; Drops now, but soon to swell into a flood, Because our Summer's leaf has borne Spring's guarding bud.

"Blood by a brother's hand drawn from a brother— Blood by the hand of Cain! Blood by Cain's legend! Are both the children of an English mother? Were both that mother's darlings? Why, they've striven! Wasn't not enough, that parricidal jar, But they must now put on Fratricidal war? If such strife drew no blood shall England scuff therefore?

"If she will laugh, through then, her shattered wit, Yet then the sick whisper of her heart will visit! Will find a figure for thy pen more fit. We blood-drops, blood-tears, blood-words round off Point, pun, and paragraph in this new way: Till rom shall read and hear with laughing, say, 'Well thrust! *Punch* is in vain: 'tis his old sober cry.'"

The weight sat on my quill: I could not write; The fit had passed: the fancy my pen—in vain! I had my theme—Brothers in war—Civil strife! Yet found no humor. Every jesting mood turned pain. I thought of all that civil war had been— Had cost and caused, up and roads and seas, And lo! the blood-drops of the pen were changed to tears!

And for the horse tongues that those bloody goals Had found, or seemed to find, upon my ears Like up a pigeon's throat— Of long-drawn sweetness—pity breathed through tears

And thus they sang:—"Twas not by chance, Still less by Fate, that this befell: That Sumter's battle came and closed, Nor could it stay— 'Twas not that Northern hearts were weak, Or flesh and blood failed, Or faith with silver fail, Freedom and Fatherland, Alien, Gaius, And gallant Wayne were there.

"With those who rose at Boston, At Philadelphia met, Whose graves give over the Union's seat By their dark charter set. Adams and Jay, and Henry, Rutledge and Randolph, too— And names as great as Liberty's fame Hath sealed brave, wise, and true.

"An awful host—above the coast, About the fort, they hung: And fierce pale, too proud to wail, But with sore anguish wrung. And Faith and Truth, and Love and Ruth, Hovered the battle o'er, Hindering the shot, that freight of death Should reach the fated shore.

"And thus it happed, by God's good grace, And those good spirits' hand, That Death forbore the lugged place, The battery guarded stand. Thanks unto Heaven on bended knee, Not scuff from mocking scorn, Rose as the smoke of sacrifice And a strife like this is borne!"

THE CAUTIOUS HUSBAND.

As through the town the mourners went
To bury Noah's wife,
The coffin struck a corner-stone
And brought her back to life—
And then poor Noah's days again
Were filled with ceaseless strife.

But years flew by—again she died—
They came to lay her low:
"My friends," the weeping husband cried,
"We face the type, we know—
We very nearly had you turn
The corners as you go!"

DOMESTIC INTELIGENCE.

THE OCCUPATION OF VIRGINIA.

ELSEWHERE will be found an illustration of the armed march of Arlington Heights and Alexandria by the Federal forces. The troops have been lining the heights of the Potomac, on the Virginia side, are actively engaged in throwing up earth-work and fortifying their position. A reconnoissance made on Monday from Alexandria in the direction of Fairfax Court House, resulted in the discovery of a body of secessionist cavalry drawn up in line. Two of their pickets were captured and sent to Washington. They confirm the report that a force of 700 rebel infantry had arrived within a few miles of Alexandria on Saturday.

AFFAIRS AT NORFOLK AND PORTSMEN MONROE.

General Butler is at Fortress Monroe, and will probably move on Norfolk as soon as he has the requisite force. Three regiments of secessionists, under Colonel Mallory, commander of the rebel forces near Hampton, were brought to the Fort by the Union troops, and are now occupying the escape to avoid being sent further South. A flag of truce was sent from the rebels for the surrender of the forces *under the Putative State Law*, but General Butler informed the messenger that he could not recognize the validity of any ordinance passed by the seven secession States which had already seceded. Twenty-one rebels arrived there on Saturday. Intelligence received on Saturday. Intelligence received confirms the report that there are 3000 rebel troops at Richmond, under Generals Lee and Johnston, and 12,000 at Fredericksburg, under General Ruggles. Gen. Davis and General Beauregard are expected at Richmond.

POSITION OF AFFAIRS ON THE MISSISSIPPI.

Our dates from Cairo are to the 23d. The building of fortifications was still progressing. Several heavy thirty-two pound cannon had just arrived, and a number of rifled cannon. Captain Prime, the Engineer-in-Chief of the camp had visited Bird's Point, across the river. The point was considered by Government forces when it was necessary; but as present occupied by rebels, who are using their guns to command the river below. There are 4500 rebel troops at Columbus, under Major-Gen. Polk. Troops are still arriving at Fort Jackson, Mississippi, 1500. They are poorly fed, poorly clad, and badly armed. Provisions are scarce.

The position of rebel troops left New Orleans on the 20th, according to reports, was:

THE REBEL FORCES IN TENNESSEE.

An order, issued by General Pillow, commanding the forces in Tennessee, directs that all the volunteers from the counties of Shelby, Fayette, Madison County, in that State, for immediate service. Jackson is a great railroad centre, and one of the roads leads direct from that place to Columbus, on the Mississippi, only twenty miles below Cairo.

AFFAIRS IN MISSOURI.

By a compact entered into between General Harney, of the United States forces, and Governor Jackson, commanding the State militia, the latter forces, comprising 4000 men, are to disband and disperse to their homes. The St. Louis *Democrat* of the 24th says: "Reports from Jefferson City that Gen. Harney has ordered troops organized under the requisition of Governor Jackson to disband, and that Governor Jackson has refused to accept of agreement between General Harney and General Price, for the disbandment of the State troops, and has ordered by the secessionists at the arrangements minded to." The same paper states that considerable excitement prevails at Jefferson City in consequence of the discovery of a secret league of rebel State troops, by pulling arsenic in the flour from which their bread is made. The discovery is Union man is taken up the troops, and a secessionist, in order to effect his design, had mixed the poisonous ingredient with the flour to poison the bread. She informed against him, and spoke very highly of the kind and motherly conversation between him and the woman, who he was arrested and placed in jail. He protested his innocence of being him, but it was overruled.

CONDITION OF AFFAIRS AT FORT PICKENS.

By the arrival of the transport steamer *Philadelphia* we have advices from Pensacola to the 19th and Key West to the 22nd inst. All was tranquil at Pensacola officers. All vessels with fuel and supplies for the Confederate forces are detained at Key West, and are all to be sent. They were constructing a railroad so as to evade the blockade, which they were also constructing a railroad to the 19th. It is stated by one of the passengers on the *Philadelphia* that one of the Confederate officers at Pensacola had declared that General Bragg would not be ready to attack Fort Pickens before the 1st of May. It was also generally believed that he would abandon the attack and march North with his forces, believing that Fort Pickens could be properly equipped, and with only a portion of their batteries mounted. The Confederate forces had arrived before the blockade, they can not get them until the railroad is completed.

SOUTHERN PRIVATEERS AT WORK.

Jeff Davis's privateers are reported as already at work on the Atlantic coast and also in the Gulf of Mexico. The brig *Etelka Isaacs*, which arrived at Boston yesterday from Savannah, Georgia, reports having been captured by a privateer schooner and taken to Brunswick. She was, however, released by order of General Pillow, for some reason not stated. The Captain of the *Isaacs* reports that the schooner had been seized and confiscated as a prize.

SOUTHERN VESSELS SEIZED.

The *Niagara* and *Huntsville* have taken several prizes and rent them North, and the United States fleet at Key West have taken other prizes. A Northern vessel has been taken by the rebels at Apalachicola, Florida, and it is reported also by the Confederates at Pensacola. The navy appointed Admiralty Judge and District Attorney of the Confederate States at Key West for the purpose of organizing their Court, but finding the place so thoroughly loyal to the United States, they did not attempt it, but made a precipitate retreat from the city.

STOPPAGE OF THE MAILS.

The Postmaster-General has changed the location of the sending States by forbidding the transmission of all mail matter, except letters, by river, or by land route, to each and every one of the rebellious States. Maryland, Delaware, Kentucky, Missouri, and Tennessee are exempt from this proscription.

THE NEW GOVERNMENT LOAN.

The Treasury Department, immediately after the opening of the proposals on 25th, commenced informing the successful bidders of the result. The Secretary accepted all for the bonds placed at 85 and upward, and awarded the remainder to those who offered the Treasury notes at or above par. There were awarded of the bonds $6,753,000, and of the Treasury notes $8,241,000.

ARMS FROM BALTIMORE.

The War Department was on 27th offered a battalion and battery of four 12-pounders by a gentleman from Baltimore. They will probably be accepted.

NEGRO INSURRECTION IN ARKANSAS.

A negro insurrection was recently discovered in Des Arc, Arkansas. The punishment of the offenders was summary and severe. One white man and three negroes were hung, three negroes were banished, and a number of others were severely whipped.

SUSPENSION OF SPECIE PAYMENTS IN KENTUCKY.

The Legislature of Kentucky adjourned on the 24th. By laws just enacted the courts of the State are suspended until the 1st of January next, and the banks are allowed to suspend specie payments.

WHY THE KENTUCKY LEGISLATURE PASSED NO ORDINANCE OF SECESSION.

The Cleveland *Plaindealer* tells the following incident, which reveals the secret of the Kentucky Legislature:

A venerable old farmer from a neighboring county, one of that kind for which Kentucky has an instinctive veneration, appeared in the Legislature. The rage for secession was then at its highest. He crept in the first day, and for half an hour he sat in one of the benches, apparently dazed and bewildered. Finally, he arose slowly and said he had a word to say, but was aware he was out of order for him to speak before the Legislature while in session. He was gently dissuaded, and the venerable appearance retreated attention, and "Go on!" "Go on!" from several voices, seemed to keep him on his feet. Again expressing his diffidence at speaking out of propriety, "Hear! hear!" resounded gratifyingly from all sides. The member of curiosity as well as respect for the appearance and manner of the man rose to a dead silence followed the "Hear! hear!" when the old hero delivered the following eloquent but simple speech:

"Gentlemen,—I am delegated by my county to inform you that if you take a fool-hardy secret course, and threaten to do, not one stone of this Capitol will rest upon another twenty-four hours after you secede." And he left.

AN IMMENSE GUN FOR FORTRESS MONROE.

An enormous rifle cannon is just being finished at Pittsburg for Fortress Monroe. The gun is to be 16 feet 6 inches long, of bore 14 inches, diameter of the gun at the breech 48 inches, diameter at the muzzle 25 inches. The ball will be 12 inches in diameter, and the weight of the projectile 1000 pounds. The charge of the gun weighs 75,000 pounds; finished, it will weigh 60 pounds. The chamber has 1 pound.

MEAN THEFT OF A SECESSIONIST.

An officer who recently resigned from the *Mississippi* steam-frigate, while he was stationed at the Navy-Yard, purchased some repairs made to her machinery, and when he left the vessel he took away with him the old delivery-pipe, and replaced it with guns and cowans. The pipe was found in his bed-room last week, but escaped for a short distance when the pipe gave way, and a large quantity of water poured down into the room. The engines were immediately stopped, the break was temporarily repaired, and the ship towed to the Navy-yard.

PERSONAL.

Colonel John C. Fremont has been appointed a Major-General.

The friends of Mr. Douglas in Washington are in receipt of letters from him, justifying his course in the past, and especially he restored to his usual good health.

Mr. Joseph Jefferson, the well-known actor of his name, is residing, as a man living in his possession a secession flag-staff, which he has converted into a clothes-prop. Rumor says, where Colonel Ellsworth was so barely assassinated, and where Joseph lives still.

Lieutenant Slemmer and his late command, of Fort Pickens, arrived at New York last week on board of the steam-transport *Philadelphia*, which brought also the rebel prisoners between seamen and children.

George N. Sanders has become a prominent character in Montgomery, Alabama. The Montgomery *Advertiser* thinks that if it were not for the pretentious and boastful manner which by high officials he would receive an invitation to leave.

Governor Sprague has temporarily left the Rhode Island Regiment, which he accompanied to Annapolis, and visited at home.

Colonel J. Circo, Sub-Treasurer in this city, has been requested by the President to withdraw his letter of resignation, and to resume the duties of the office, the duties of which he has so ably discharged during the last eight years.

Henry T. Blow is appointed Minister to Venezuela. He was the only Republican voter in Jacquair County but a full, consistent, and thorough Union man. He is a Whig, and is a thoroughly true-worthy Union man.

The Virginia officers of the regular army will be commanded as follows: Richmond, Jeff Davis' Norfolk, Lee; Harper's Ferry, Johnston; Alexandria, Beauregard; Johnston.

Captain Wilcox, of the Michigan Regiment, in command at Alexandria, graduated at West Point in 1817; served in the Mexican war, and was engaged in active service until two or three years since, and re-entered when the country called.

Governor Banks will be tendered a Brigadier-Generalship, and the command of the forces at the Capital of the master-General. This is regarded by the President and his Cabinet as the best means to preserve the efficient position connected with the service. Governor Banks's great character and great ability will command this selection to the country as one most happily and eminently made.

FOREIGN NEWS.

ENGLAND.

THE QUEEN'S PROCLAMATION.

The proclamation of the Queen has been issued by the Privy Council, warning all British subjects from interfering, at their peril, with the affairs of the American colonies, or giving aid and comfort in any way, by personal service or by supplying munitions of war, to either party. The proclamation announces it as the intention of the British Government to observe the strictest neutrality in the contest between the Government of the United States and the Government of States attempting themselves the Confederate States of America.

ENGLAND AND FRANCE AS PROPHESYERS.

The London correspondent of the New York *Evening Post* states most positively that many of Jeff Davis's private letters of marque have been taken in London and Liverpool, by Spanish hoxers, and that from steamers have been fitted out for the purpose of preying on the commerce of the North. This correspondent asserts that the master of a vessel just arrived from Liverpool had large numbers of American ships have changed hands at ruinous prices, and other ships have been fitted out with guns in such vessels.

NEW SUBMARINE LINES TO SOUTHERN PORTS.

The British and American Southern Steamship Company advertise that their first vessel for New Orleans direct will be the *Melbourne*—to leave Liverpool on 7th August, to be followed on the 4th September by the *Rangoon*, and thereafter every alternate Wednesday by screw steamers now being built.

FRANCE.

SECESSION FLAGS NOT RECOGNIZED.

Secession flags do not find favor in French ports. The ship *Matilda*, from Savannah, bound to Palermo, attempted to enter the harbor of Havre on the 29th of April, but was not allowed to do so, until she hauled down the rebel abortion, and hoisted in its place the "Stars and Stripes."

SPAIN.

THE ANNEXATION OF ST. DOMINGO.

In the British House of Lords, on the 14th ult., Lord Wodehouse, in reply to Lord Brougham, stated that Spain, at the request of the inhabitants, had accepted the annexation of the eastern portion of St. Domingo; but the Spanish Government had informed Her Majesty's Government that slavery should not be re-established in that portion of the island.

THE ADVANCE GUARD OF THE GRAND ARMY OF THE UNITED STATES CROSSING THE LONG BRIDGE OVER THE POTOMAC, AT 2 A.M. ON MAY 24, 1861.—[See Page 339.]

THE LATE COLONEL ELLSWORTH.—[PHOTOGRAPHED BY BRADY.]

ELLSWORTH.

A BATTLE HYMN FOR ELLSWORTH'S ZOUAVES.

AIR—"Bruce's Address to his Army."

Who is this ye say is slain?
Whose voice answers not again?
Ellsworth, shall we call in vain
On thy name to-day?
No! from every vale and hill
One response all hearts shall thrill:
"Ellsworth's fame is with us still,
Ne'er to pass away!"

Bring that rebel banner low,
Hoisted by a treacherous foe:
'Twas for that they dealt the blow,
Laid him in the dust.
Raise aloft, that all may see,
His loved flag of liberty.
Forward, then, to victory,
Or perish if we must!

Hark to what Columbia saith:
"Mourn not for his early death;
With each patriot dying breath
Strength renewed is given
To the cause of truth and right,
To the land for which they fight.
After darkness cometh light,
Such the law of Heaven."

So we name him not in vain,
Though he comes not back again:
For his country he was slain;
Ellsworth's blood shall rise
To our gracious Saviour-King—
'Tis a holy gift we bring;
Such a sacred offering
God will not despise.

THE MURDER OF COLONEL ELLSWORTH.

WE publish herewith a Portrait of THE LATE COLONEL ELLSWORTH, and another of PRIVATE BROWNELL, who avenged his murder; and on page Illustrations of the CAMP OF THE ELLSWORTH ZOUAVES at Washington.

The following sketch of Colonel Ellsworth's life is by his friend, Mr. Duncan:

"Colonel Elmer E. Ellsworth was born at Mechanicville, New York State, and was, at his death, between twenty-three and twenty-four years old. He received at Mechanicville a common school education, and came to this city about nine years since. He was engaged in business here for about four years, and then went to Chicago. While here, all his time, when not in business, was spent in studying, preparing himself to enter West Point. He made many endeavors to secure a cadetship at West Point, but, being without influential friends, was unable to do so. After being compelled to relinquish his pet project of going to West Point, he went to Chicago, and there formed his celebrated company of Chicago Zouaves. His parents are now both living at Mechanicville, in this State. His younger brother, a young man of great promise, died at Chicago at the time when his ZOUAVES first started for this city, and his remains were brought on and interred at Mechanicville by Colonel Ellsworth. Colonel Ellsworth was the only remaining son of his parents. Mechanicville is a small town on the Hudson River, twelve miles above Troy, in Saratoga county."

The following "last words" of Colonel Ellsworth were read in one of the churches on Sunday. It was written on the eve of the battle in Virginia:

"HEAD-QUARTERS FIRST ZOUAVES,
CAMP LINCOLN, WASHINGTON, May 23, 1861.

"MY DEAR PARENTS AND BROTHERS,—The regiment is ordered to move across the river to-night. We have no means of knowing what reception we are to meet with. I am inclined to the opinion that our entrance to the city of Alexandria will be hotly contested, as I am just informed a large force has arrived there to-day. Should this happen, my dear parents, it may be my lot to be injured in some manner. Whatever may happen, cherish the consolation that I was engaged in the performance of a sacred duty; and to-night, thinking over the probabilities of the morrow and the occurrences of the past, I am perfectly content to accept whatever my fortune may be, confident that He who noteth even the fall of a sparrow will have some purpose even in the fate of one like me. My darling and ever-loved parents, good-by. God bless, protect, and care for you.

ELMER."

The following account of Colonel Ellsworth's murder is from the pen of MR. HOUSE, the *Tribune* correspondent, who actually had his hand on Colonel Ellsworth's shoulder when Jackson shot him:

"On entering the open door, the Colonel met a man in his shirt and trowsers, of whom he demanded what sort of a flag it was that hung above the roof. The stranger, who seemed greatly alarmed, declared he knew nothing of it, and that he was only a boarder there. Without question, ing him further the Colonel sprang up stairs, and we all followed to the topmost story, whence, by means of a ladder, he clambered to the roof, cut down the flag with Winner's knife, and brought it from its staff. These were two men in bed in the garret whom we had not observed at all when we entered, their position being somewhat concealed, but who now rose in great apparent amazement, although I observed that they were more than half dressed. We at once turned to descend. Private Brownell leading the way, and Colonel Ellsworth immediately following him with the flag. As Brownell reached the first landing-place, or entry, after a descent of some dozen steps, a man jumped from a dark passage, and hastily noticing the private, leveled a double-barreled gun muzzle at the Colonel's breast. Brownell made a quick pass to turn the weapon aside, but the fellow's hand was firm, and he discharged one barrel straight to its aim, the slugs or buckshot with which it was loaded entering the Colonel's heart, and killing him at the instant. I think my hand was just resting on poor Ellsworth's shoulder at the moment. At any rate, he seemed to fall almost from my own grasp. He was on the second or third step from the landing, and he dropped forward with that heavy, horrible, headlong weight which always comes of sudden death inflicted in this manner. His assailant had turned like a flash to give the contents of the other barrel to Brownell, but either he could not command his aim or the Zouave was too quick with him, for the slugs went over his head, and pierced through the panels and wainscot of a door which sheltered some sleeping lodgers. Simultaneously with this second shot, and sounding like the echo of the first, Brownell's rifle was heard, and the assassin staggered backward. He was hit exactly in the middle of the face, and the wound, as I afterward saw it, was the most frightful I ever witnessed. Of course Brownell did not know how fatal his shot had been, and as, before the man dropped, he thrust his rifle barrel through and through the body, the force of the blow sending the dead man violently down the upper section of the second flight of stairs, at the foot of which he lay with his face to the floor. Winner ran from above, crying: 'Who is hit?' but as he glanced downward by our feet, he needed no answer.

"Bewildered for an instant by the suddenness of this attack, and not knowing what more might be in store, we for bore to proceed, and gathered together defensively. There were but seven of us altogether, and one was without a weapon of any kind. Brownell instantly reloaded, and while doing so perceived the door through which the assailant's shot had passed beginning to open. He brought his rifle to the shoulder, and menaced the occupants, two travelers, with immediate death if they stirred. The three other privates guarded the passages, of which there were quite a number converging to the point where we stood, while the chaplain and Winner looked to the staircase by which we had descended, and the adjoining chambers. I ran down stairs to see if anything was threatened from the story below, but it soon appeared there was no cause for fear that quarter. However, we were not at all disposed to move from our position. From the opening doors and through the passages we descried a sufficient number of forms to assure us that we were decidedly in the minority. I think now that there was no danger, and that the single assailant acted without concert with any body; but it is impossible to know accurately, and it was certainly a doubtful question then. The first thing to be done was to look to our dead friend and leader. He had fallen on his face, and the streams of blood that flowed from his wound had literally flooded the way. The chaplain turned him gently over, and I stooped and called his name aloud, at which I thought then he murmured inarticulately. I presume I was mistaken, and I am not sure that he spoke a word after being struck, although in my dispatch I repeated a single exclamation which I had believed he uttered. It might have been Brownell, or the chaplain, who was close behind me. Winner and I lifted the body with all the care we could apply, and laid it upon a bed in a room near by. The rebel flag, stained with his blood and purified by this contact from the baseness of its former meaning, we laid about his feet. It was at first difficult to discover the precise locality of his wound, for all parts of his coat were equally saturated with blood. By cautiously loosening his belt and unbuttoning his coat, we found where the shot had penetrated. None of us had any medical knowledge, but we saw that all hope must be resigned. Nevertheless it seemed proper to summon the surgeon as speedily as possible. This could not easily be done, for, secluded as we were in that part of the town, and uncertain whether an unfriendly sight or be awaiting us also, no man could volunteer to venture forth alone, and to go together, and leave the Colonel's body behind, was out of the question. We wondered at the long delay of the first company, for the advance of which the Colonel had sent back before approaching the hotel, but we subsequently learned that they had mistaken a street, and gone a little out of their way. Before they arrived we had resigned some of the unsightly stains from the Colonel's features, and composed his limbs. His expression in death was beautifully natural. The Colonel was a singularly handsome man, and, excepting the pallor, there was nothing different in his countenance now from what all his friends had so lately been accustomed to ghastly recognize."

SOLEMAN'S RUSE, POINT OF ROCKS, HARPER'S FERRY, THROWN DOWN BY THE REBELS TO OBSTRUCT THE BALTIMORE TRAIN.

Private BROWNELL, who shot Jackson, is a native of Troy. The Troy *Times* says:

"He is a son of Charles Brownell, County Superintendent of the Poor, and is as modest as he has proved himself to be brave and cool. He is a member of Engine Company No. 1 of this city, and gave up a lucrative situation to enter the ranks of Colonel Ellsworth's regiment as a private soldier. All honor to him and to the cause in which he is engaged. He telegraphed to his father, immediately after the death of the lamented Ellsworth, in the following laconic dispatch:

"FATHER,—Colonel Ellsworth was shot dead this morning. I killed his murderer. FRANK."

CORPORAL FRANCIS B. BROWNELL, ELLSWORTH ZOUAVES.—[PHOTOGRAPHED BY S. T. THOMPSON, OF ALBANY.]

GETTING RATIONS.
US
PATENTED
JULY 1861
ELLSWORTH'S ZOUAVES
COOKING DINNER.
CAMP OF ELLSWORTH'S N.Y. FIRE ZOUAVES

OUR MAP OF THE SEAT OF WAR.

ON pages 360 and 361 we publish a large BIRDS-EYE VIEW OF THE SEAT OF WAR IN VIRGINIA and the neighborhood, which will enable our readers to follow the march of the armies intelligently. We subjoin a few memoranda of some of the principal points in Virginia:

The city of Norfolk is on the right bank of Elizabeth River, just below the confluence of its two branches, eight miles from Hamp'on Roads, and thirty-two miles from the ocean. It contains a United States Navy-yard, in which is a dry-dock, constructed of hewn granite, which cost $274,476. The Dismal Swamp Canal connects Norfolk Bay with Albemarle Sound, and opens an extensive water communication with Norfolk to the South. The population of the city is about 20,000.

Lynchburg is situated 116 miles west of Richmond and 191 from Washington, on the south bank of James River, at the junction of the Petersburg and Lynchburg Railroad with the Virginia and Tennessee Railroad. It has a variety of manufacturing establishments, such as cotton and tobacco factories, and an iron foundery. The city enjoys many natural advantages for military defence, and the climate is quite healthy. At present a military column of rebels is concentrated at this point, awaiting orders from head-quarters. Some accounts say there are fully 25,000 men at that point.

Fredericksburg is situated on the right bank of the Rappahannock River, at the head of tide water, one hundred and ten miles above the Chesapeake, and on the Richmond, Fredericksburg, and Potomac Railroad, sixty miles from the former place, and seventy miles from Washington. The population of the city is between six and eight thousand. Fredericksburg enjoys good natural facilities for military defence, from its contiguity to the Potomac, and is now being used as the concentrating point for a large body of rebel troops. It is on a line of railroad leading to Washington. Fredericksburg, Richmond, Lynchburg, and Petersburg compose a quadrilateral of no mean military significance; its importance has already been appreciated by the rebel chiefs.

Petersburg is a port of entry, on the south bank of the Appomattox River, twelve miles above its entrance into James River, at City Point. The city contains about 18,000 inhabitants. It has good railroad facilities to Washington, which is 140 miles distant.

Yorktown is a port of entry, 185 miles from Richmond. It is a small village, and memorable as the place where Lord Cornwallis surrendered the British army to General Washington, October 19, 1781, which event terminated the Revolutionary War. It derives importance at the present time from the fact that the Southern rebel forces are establishing a camp there, apparently to counter any land movement of United States troops from Fortress Monroe, which is seventeen and a half miles distant. It is not unlikely that, from present appearances, a second battle of Yorktown may be fought.

Winchester is the capital of Frederick County, Virginia. It is 120 miles north-northwest of Richmond, and 71 miles west by north of Washington. It is the terminus of the Winchester and Potomac Railroad, thirty miles long, connecting with the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad at Harper's Ferry, and it has a number of turnpike roads radiating in all directions, which attract a large amount of trade and travel. Population in 1850, 4500.

GEN. CADWALLADER'S CAMP AT BALTIMORE.

We publish herewith a picture, from a photograph by Weaver, of GENERAL CADWALLADER'S Camp of Federal troops at Locust Point, opposite Baltimore city. A correspondent of the *Tribune* thus described it when it was first established:

"This encampment, which may very appropriately be called Camp Cadwallader, is only temporary. It does well in dry weather, but is too low when it rains. Thousands of people visited the spot to-day, and the rickety old ferry-boat from the foot of Broadway on Fell's Point to Locust Point groaned beneath its astonished load of visitors. There are sixty rows of tents in the encampment, numbering some 500 in all. The men all bathed this morning by companies in the basin, at a proper distance from the crowds. Last night they went through regimental drill, to the great delight of the by-standers. The officers of the regiments have their quarters in a fine brick house called the Vineyard, in close proximity to the camp. General Cadwallader's head-quarters are in an outhouse within the fort grounds, but will be removed to-morrow to the Hospital, just within the outer gate."

THE ADVANCE INTO VIRGINIA.

SHORTLY after midnight, on the morning of March 24, the "Advance Guard of the great Army of the United States" entered the State of Virginia opposite Washington, crossing by the Long Bridge at Alexandria, and the Iron Bridge at Georgetown. We publish on page 356, from a drawing by our special artist, an engraving of the ARMY CROSSING THE LONG BRIDGE. The following description of the scene is from the *Herald:*

"The order to march for Virginia at two o'clock this morning was communicated to the officers of the different regiments at the evening parades, but it was kept from the men until shortly before midnight, when it was generally promulgated. It was received by the various corps with true martial enthusiasm. The men having been kept in readiness since the night before last, the final parading up did not require much time. At midnight all were ready to move. The Fifth and Twenty-eighth New York regiments, having the longest distance to march to the rendezvous from the Capitol to Georgetown, commenced moving at half-past twelve. They came down the avenue with, as barrelstore, rush-driving, fire-assaulting martial strains, but with quiet tread, more like that of hundreds than thousands of men. Soon after they had passed, the New Jersey brigade, the Michigan regiment, and the Twelfth and Seventh of New York, crossed the avenue with equal quietness. So little noise did they cause that barely any of the denizens of Washington were awakened from their peaceful slumbers.

"The scene at the bridges was grand and impressive beyond description, and one that the writer will ever remember. The night was cool and clear, thousands of men were drawn up in line and defiling past, but hardly a whisper was heard from among them. They all preserved a solemn silence, as though sensible of the momentousness of the occasion; but the rumbling of artillery, the clatter of cavalry, the muskets and ordnance glittering in the moonlight, the supposed commands of the officers, imparted, nevertheless, a liveliness to the imposing spectacle.

"The troops took rations for only two days along, but large quantities of provisions will be conveyed across the river to-day. All the troops carried their knapsacks, blankets, canteens, etc., with the exception of the Seventh, which went without knapsacks. From this it was inferred that the latter corps would make but a short stay on the right bank of the Potomac.

"The main body of the troops were all across the two bridges in two hours after they commenced entering upon them. Three or four companies marched over at a time, in broken rigs."

THE GARIBALDI GUARD.

We publish on page 362 a picture of the GARIBALDI GUARD in the street, marching in double-quick time, and another of the presentation of colors to them, which took place last week. They are a very gallant regiment, consisting chiefly of Italians, Hungarians, and Germans. The following description of the presentation of colors appeared in the *Herald:*

"The first flag presented was from Mrs. A. H. Stephens. It is a beautiful silken American standard. The borders are delicately ornamented with gold tassels and fringe, elaborately worked. A golden eagle site proudly on the top of the staff. The centre of the flag is inscribed 'Garibaldi Guard,' in plain gilt letters; and beneath this are the words, 'Presented by Mrs. A. H. Stephens, May 23, 1861.'

"A speech was made, to which Colonel Lomeyer responded in appropriate terms, and the flag was passed into the custody of the standard-bearer.

"The next flag presented was a rich Hungarian standard—green, red, and white stripes. On one side was the motto, within a wreath, 'Vivecore aut morire;' and on the opposite side, in English, the same motto, 'Conquer or die.' The regimental name appeared on each side, over and underneath the motto, in English. The elegant presentation was from Miss Grinnell. It had four beautiful silk pendants of colors and inscription, the latter embroidered, as follows: White, 'Sylvia Grinnell;' red, 'Presented to the Garibaldi Guard;' blue, 'New York, 23d May, 1861;' red, white, and blue, 'Brethren before, brethren again.'

"The next flag attracted much attention from the fact that it is surrounded by Revolutionary and sanguinary memories. This was the tricolor standard which the patriot Garibaldi bore in triumph through the campaign of 1848 and 1849, and with his own hand planted on the battlements of one of the castles of the Eternal City—a triumphant emblem of liberty and power. The flag is composed of the Italian colors—green, red, and white—and is inscribed in Italian in the centre, 'Dio E Popolo'—God and the People.

"In presenting the flag to the regiment, Lieutenant-Colonel Bogelli came to the front, leading by the hand a very beautiful young lady, the daughter of General Avezzana, and addressed the regiment in Italian language. He, in substance, said:

"'OFFICERS AND SOLDIERS OF THE GARIBALDI GUARD,—It is with very great pleasure that I accept the duty of presenting to you the memorable flag—a flag which Garibaldi himself has consecrated to the cause of liberty. It is the gift to the regiment of his young lady, the daughter of one of the most intimate friends of our beloved General. Let her gift be dear to every one of you, and as, wherever danger is thickest, this flag shall wave, there shall be your place to defend it. Soldiers of the Garibaldi Guard—Italians, Germans, Hungarians, Italians, Frenchmen, Spaniards, and men of every other nationality—take this standard, and swear to defend it through every peril. Swear!' [Loud cries of 'We swear!']

"Loud applause followed, the band playing the 'Marseillaise' as the flag was given over to the regiment."

THE GUTHRIE GRAYS.

We publish on page 363, from a sketch kindly sent by Mr. Bierstadt, a picture of the Guthrie Gray Regiment, Colonel Bosley commanding, passing through Cincinnati on the morning of May 17, 1861. They left Camp Harrison that morning, and took the cars, after passing through the city, for Camp Dennison. The Cincinnati *Times* said of them:

"Every house had a welcome for them, and large numbers of friends, in carriages and on horseback, escorted them. The regiment was followed by a crowd, which kept constantly increasing. At Ninth Street Master's band, which marched at the head of the regiment, struck up a lively air, and the spectators were soon multiplied by thousands. Some fifteen or twenty of the companies were in the new uniform. The remainder loose gray overshirts, and while they did not look either so soldierly as the rest, were in better trim to stand the fatigue, and indeed made the better appearance. Company D, under Captain Bell, highly commended by the spectators. The buildings on either side of Fourth Street and the sidewalks were crowded with people, including a great many ladies, who greeted the Grays with the waving of handkerchiefs, hats, and flags, clapping of hands, and cheers. The Post-office corner sent up a rousing cheer. The brave fellows seemed to forget in a moment the fatigues of their march, amidst this splendid demonstration of the people."

THE EXCELSIOR BRIGADE.

We publish on page 363 a picture of the BRIGADE OF THE EXCELSIOR BRIGADE at the Red House, Harlem. This is General Sickles's brigade, which has been recruited at 444 Broadway, and is said to be destined for active service at the South. They are a fine body of men, and will doubtless give a good account of themselves.

THE FUNERAL OF COLONEL VOSBURGH.

ON page 364 we publish a picture of the FUNERAL CEREMONIES OF COLONEL VOSBURGH, late Commander of the 71st Regiment, N. Y. S. M. Colonel Vosburgh died of hemorrhage of the lungs at Washington last week, and was buried here on 23d instant. The military programme was observed throughout as nearly as possible, Colonel having the matter in charge, in the following order:

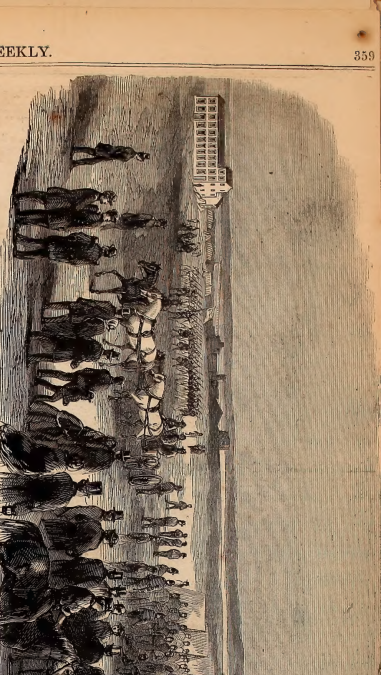
First Regiment of Cavalry, Lieut.-Col. T. C. Devin.
Third Regiment of Cavalry, Lieut.-Col. Mench.
Seventy-ninth Regiment, Lieut.-Col. Elliott commanding.
Eleventh Regiment of Rifles, Col. J. Maidhof.
Detachment of the Sixth Regiment, Major E. L. Ross.
Fifty-fifth Regiment, Guard of Honor, Col. Eugene Le Gal.
First Regiment N. Y. S. Col. Wm. H. Allen.
Officers of the First Division not on duty.
Officers of the Volunteer Regiments in the city and vicinity.
Clergy and Physicians.

Pall-bearers. Military Escort.	THE HEARSE.	Pall-bearers. Military Escort.

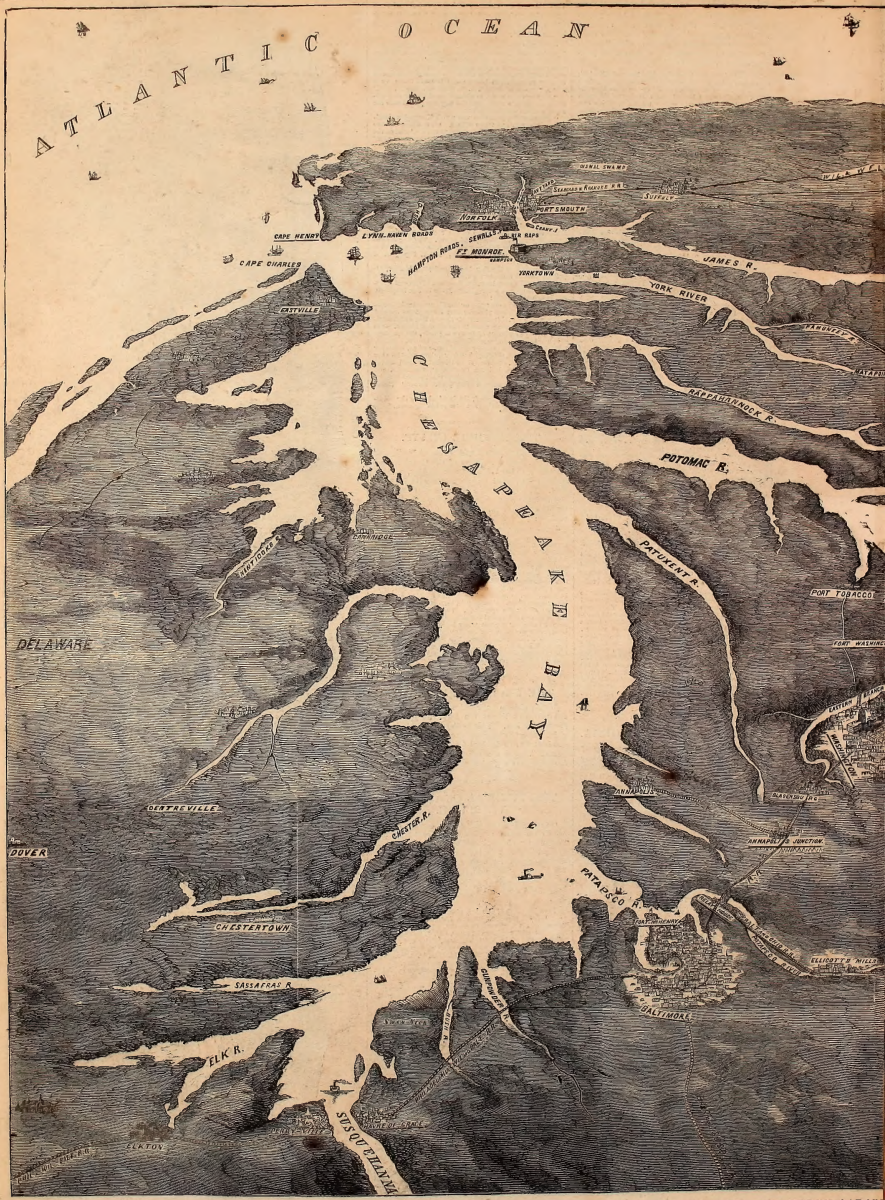
Horse of the deceased.
Immediate relatives of the deceased.
Members and ex-members of the Seventy-first in citizens' dress, as mourners.
Sergeant-at-arms of the Common Council.
Joint Committee of the Common Council.
Mayors of New York, Brooklyn, and Jersey City.
Heads of Departments, and Common Council of New York, with their staffs of office.
Union Defence Committee.
Tammany Society, of which the deceased was a member.
Metropolitan Home Guard.
Civic Societies.
Citizens generally.

The following gentlemen, from military and civil life, acted as pall-bearers, according to the programme:

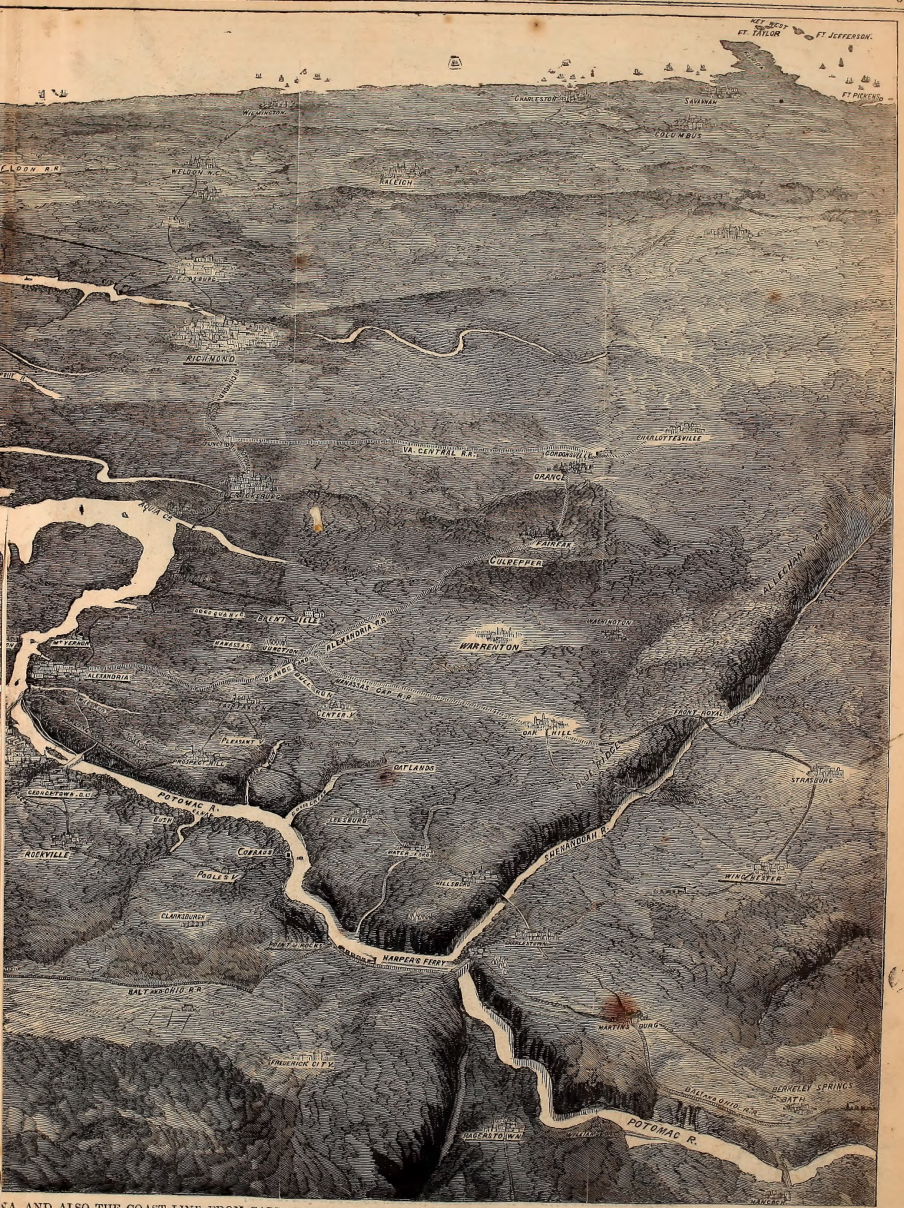
Military—Gen. Hall, Gen. Storms, Gen. Spicer, Gen. Yates, Gen. C. H. Arthur, Col. Pomery, Col. Hitchie, Col. Styles, Col. Van Buren, Col. Pierson, Lieut.-Col. Cregook, Lieut.-Col. Hallock. Civil—Emanuel B. Hart, George W. M'Lean, Simeon Draper, Isaac Bell, Jun., John Van Buren, John P. Cushman, David H. Turnure, Edward Vincent, Richard Winne, John S. Lawrence, Hulsey Mitchell, John F. Briggs.



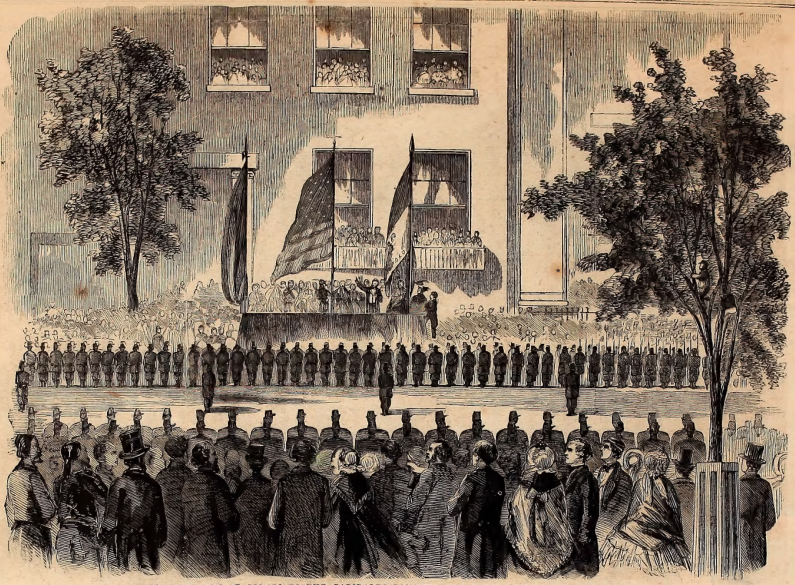
GENERAL CADWALLADER'S CAMP OF UNITED STATES VOLUNTEERS AT LOCUST POINT, OPPOSITE BALTIMORE, MARYLAND.—[PHOTOGRAPHED BY WEAVER.]



PICTORIAL MAP OF THE SEAT OF WAR, SHOWING PARTS OF THE STATES OF MARYLAND, DELAWARE, VIRGINIA, AND NORTH CAROLI



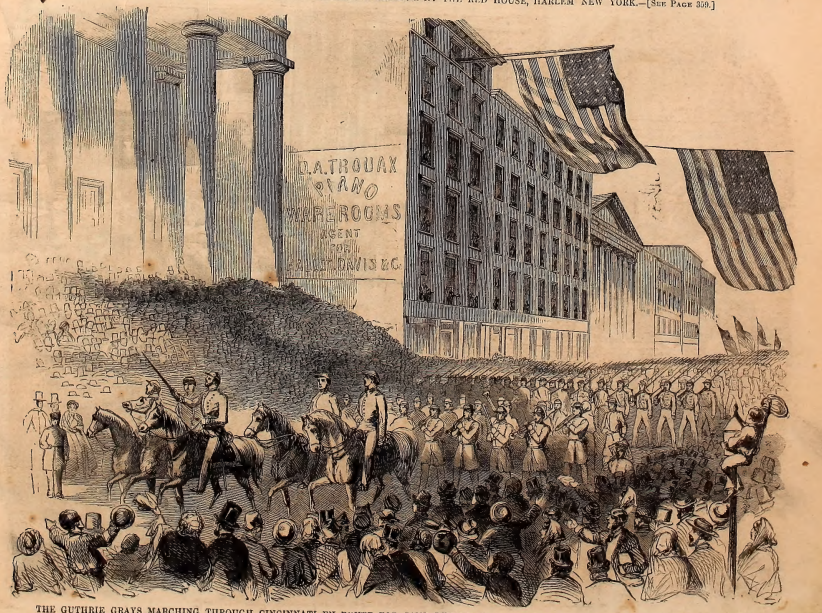
NA, AND ALSO THE COAST LINE FROM CAPE HENRY TO FORT PICKENS, WITH THE UNITED STATES BLOCKADING FLEET.—[See Page 350.]



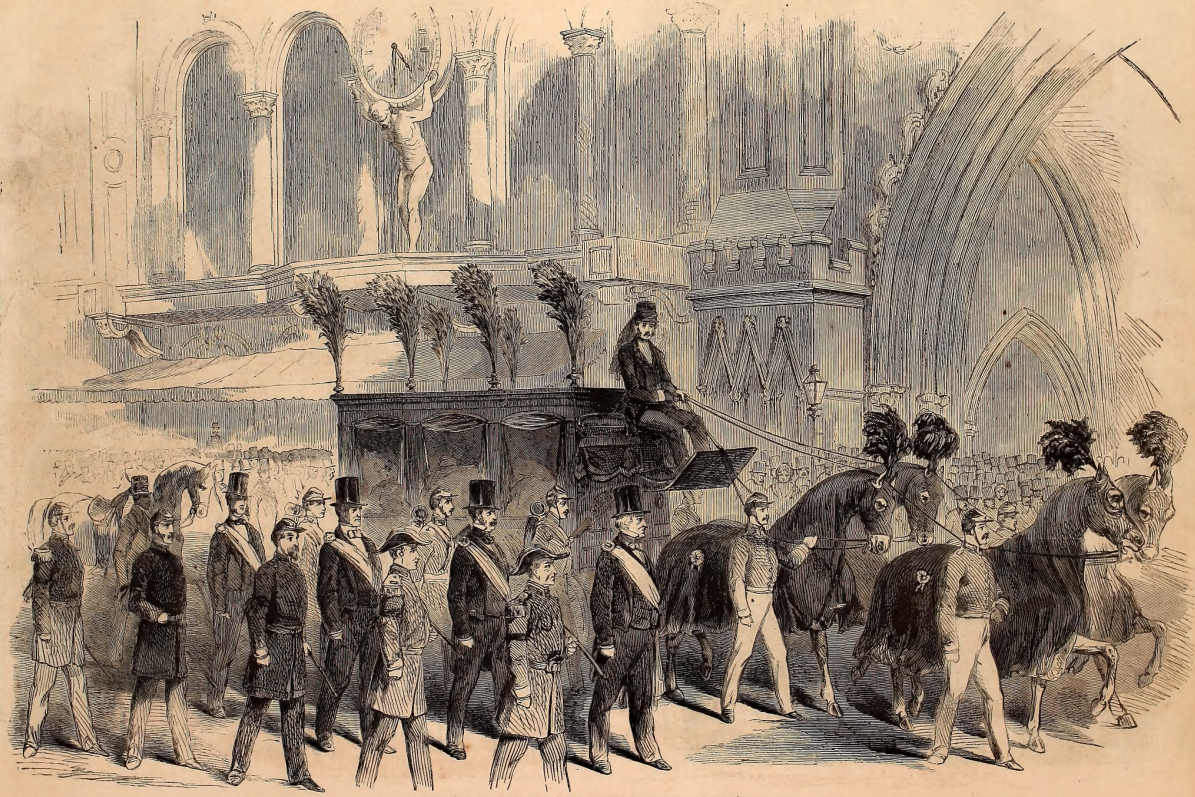
PRESENTATION OF COLORS TO THE GARIBALDI ZOUAVES, NEW YORK, MAY, 1861.—[SEE PAGE 359.]

THE GARIBALDI ZOUAVES ON THE DOUBLE-QUICK IN BROADWAY.—[SEE PAGE 359.]

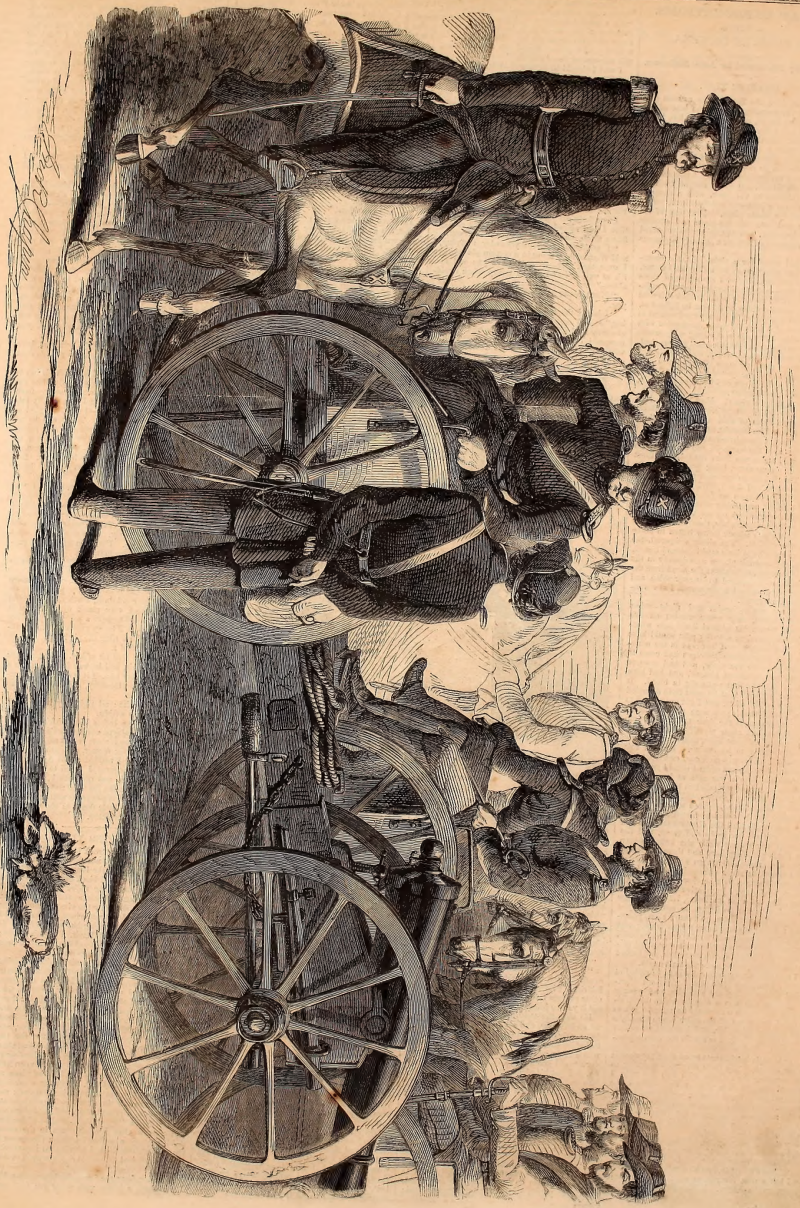
BIVOUAC OF PART OF GENERAL SICKLES'S EXCELSIOR BRIGADE AT THE RED HOUSE, HARLEM NEW YORK.—[SEE PAGE 359.]



THE GUTHRIE GRAYS MARCHING THROUGH CINCINNATI EN ROUTE FOR CAMP DENNISON.—SKETCHED BY MR. NOBLE, OF CINCINNATI.—[SEE PAGE 359.]



FUNERAL OF THE LATE COLONEL VOSBURGH OF THE SEVENTY-FIRST REGIMENT, NEW YORK STATE MILITIA, PASSING THROUGH BROADWAY.—[SEE PAGE 359.]



SHERMAN'S BATTERY OF LIGHT ARTILLERY, NOW IN VIRGINIA.

GREAT EXPECTATIONS.

A NOVEL.

By CHARLES DICKENS.

Splendidly Illustrated by John McLenan.

CHAPTER XLIV.

TURNING from the Temple gate as soon as I had read the warning, I made the best of my way to Fleet Street, and there got a late hackney chariot and drove to the Hummums in Covent Garden. In those times a bed was always to be got there at any hour of the night, and the chamberlain, letting me in at his ready wicket, lighted the candle next in order on his shelf, and showed me straight into the bedroom next in order on his list. It was a sort of vault on the ground-floor at the back, with a despotic old monster of a four-post bedstead in it, straddling over the whole place, putting one of his arbitrary legs into the fire-place and another into the door-way, and squeezing the wretched little washing-stand in quite a Divinely Righteous manner.

As I had asked for a night-light, the chamberlain had brought me in, before he left me, the good old constitutional rush-light of those virtuous days—an object like the ghost of a walking-cane, which instantly broke its back if it were touched, which nothing could ever be lighted at, and which was placed in solitary confinement at the bottom of a high tin tower, perforated with round holes that made a stunningly wide-awake pattern on the walls. When I had got into bed, and lay there footsore, weary, and wretched, I found that I could no more close my own eyes than I could close the eyes of this foolish Argus. And thus, in the gloom and death of the night, we stared at one another.

What a dismal night! How anxious, how dismal, how long! There was an inhospitable smell in the room of cold soot and hot dust, and as I looked up into the corners of the tester over my head, I thought what a number of blue-bottle flies from the butchers, and cat-wigs from the market, and grubs from the country must be holding on up there, lying by for next summer. This led me to speculate whether any of them ever tumbled down, and then I fancied that I felt light falls on my face—a disagreeable turn of thought, suggesting other and more objectionable approaches up my back. When I had lain awake a little while, those extraordinary voices with which silence seems to begin to make themselves audible. The closet whispered, the fire-place sighed, the little washing-stand ticked, and one guitar-string played occasionally in the chest of drawers. At about the same time the eyes on the wall acquired a new expression, and in every one of those staring rounds I saw written, Don't go NOW.

Whatever night-fancies and night-noises crowded on me, they never warded off this Don't go NOW. It plaited itself into whatever I thought of, as a bodily pain would have done. Not long before I had read in the newspapers how a gentleman unknown had come to the Hummums in the night, and had gone to bed, and had destroyed himself, and had been found in the morning weltering in blood. It came into my head that he must have occupied this very vault of mine, and I got out of bed to assure myself that there were no red marks about; then opened the door to look out into the passages, and cheer myself with the companionship of a distant light, near which I knew the chamberlain to be dozing. But all this time, why I was not to go home, and what had happened at home, and when I should go home, and whether Provis was safe at home, were questions occupying my mind so busily that one might have supposed there could be no room in it for any other theme. Even when I thought of Estella, and how we had parted that day for ever, and recalled all the circumstances of our parting, and all her looks and tones, and the action of her fingers while she knitted—even then I was pursuing, here and there and every where, the question, Don't go home. When at last I dozed, in sheer exhaustion of mind and body, it became a vast shadowy verb which I had to conjugate. Imperative mood, present tense: Do not thou go home, let him not go home. Let us not go home, do not ye or you go home. Let them go home; then, potentially: I may not and I can not go home; and I might not, could not, would not, and should not go home; until I felt that I was going distracted, and rolled over on the pillow, and looked at the staring rounds upon the wall again.

I had left directions that I was to be called at seven; for it was plain that I must see Wemmick before seeing any one else, and equally plain that this was a case in which his Walworth sentiments only could be taken. It was a relief to get out of the room where the night had been so miserable, and I rejoiced in no second knocking at the door to startle me from my uneasy bed.

The Castle battlements arose upon my view at eight o'clock. The little servant happening to be entering the fortress with two hot rolls, I passed through the postern and crossed the drawbridge in her company, and so came without announcement into the presence of Wemmick as he was making tea for himself and the Aged. An open door afforded a perspective view of the Aged in bed.

"Hallos, Mr. Pip!" said Wemmick. "You did come home, then?"

"Yes," I returned; "but I didn't go home."

"That's all right," said he, rubbing his hands. "I left a note for you at each of the Temple gates, on the chance. Which gate did you come to?"

I told him.

"I'll go round to the others in the course of the day and destroy the notes," said Wemmick; "it's a good rule never to leave documentary evidence if you can help it, because you don't know when it may be put in. I'm going to take a liberty with you,—World you mind toasting this sausage for the Aged P. P.?"

I said I should be delighted to do it.

"Then you can go about your work, Mary Anne," said Wemmick to the little servant; "which leaves us to ourselves, don't you see, Mr. Pip?" he added, winking, as she disappeared.

I thanked him for his friendship and caution, and our discourse proceeded in a low tone, while I toasted the Aged's sausage and he buttered the crumb of the Aged's roll.

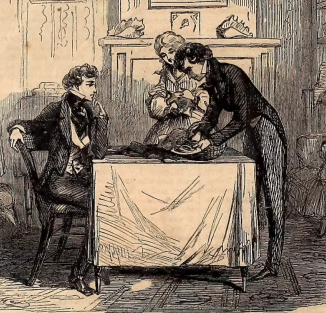
"Now, Mr. Pip, you know," said Wemmick, "you and I understand one another. We are in our private and personal capacities, and we have been engaged in a confidential transaction before to-day. Official sentiments are one thing. We are extra official."

I cordially assented. I was so very nervous that I had nearly lighted the Aged's sausage like a torch, and been obliged to blow it out.

"I accidentally heard yesterday morning," said Wemmick, "being in a certain place where I once took you—even between you and me, it's as well not to mention names when avoidable—"

"Much better not," said I. "I understand you."

"I heard there, by chance, yesterday morning," said Wemmick, "that a certain person not altogether of uncolonial pursuits, and not unpossessed of portable property—I don't know who it may really be—we won't name this person—"



"LOOK HERE," SAID HERBERT.

Wemmick looked very grave. "I couldn't undertake to say that of my own knowledge, mean, I couldn't undertake to say it was at first. But it either is, or it will be, or it's in great danger of being."

As I saw that he was restrained by fealty to Little Britain from saying as much as he could, and as I knew with thankfulness to him how fast of his way he went to say what he did, I could not press him. But I told him, after a little meditation over the fire, that I would like to ask him a question subject to his answering or not answering, as he deemed right, and sure that his course would be right. He paused in his breakfast, and crossing his arms, and pinching his shirt-sleeves (his notion of in-door comfort was to sit without any coat), he nodded to me once, to put my question.

"You have heard of a man of bad character, whose true name is Compeyson?"

He answered with one other nod.

"Is he living?"

One other nod.

"Is he in London?"

He gave me one other nod, compressed the post-office exceedingly, gave me one last nod, and went on with his breakfast.

"Now," said Wemmick, "questioning being over"—which he emphasized and repented for my guidance—"I come to what I did after hearing what I heard. I went to Garden Court to find you; not finding you, I went to Clarriker's to find Mr. Herbert."

"And him you found?" said I, with great anxiety.

And him I found. Without mentioning any names or going into any details, I gave him to understand that if he was aware of any body—Tom, Jack, or Richard—being about the chambers, or about the immediate neighborhood, he had better get Tom, Jack, or Richard out of the way while you were out of the way."

"He would be greatly puzzled what to do?"

"He *was* puzzled what to do; not the less because I gave him my opinion that it was not safe to try to get Tom, Jack, or Richard too far out of the way at present. Mr. Pip, I'll tell you something. Under existing circumstances there is no place like a great city when you are once in it. Don't break cover too soon. Lie close. Wait till things slacken before you try the open, even for foreign air."

I thanked him for his valuable advice, and asked him what Herbert had done.

"Mr. Herbert," said Wemmick, "after being all of a heap for half an hour, struck out a plan. He mentioned to me as a secret, that he is counting a young lady who has, as no doubt you are aware, a bedridden Pa. Which Pa having been in the Forest line of life, lies shed in a bow-window where he can see the ships sail up and down the river. You are acquainted with the young lady, most probably?"

"Not personally," said I.

The truth was, that she had objected to me as an expensive companion, so my old Harbero as an expensive companion, so my old Herbert and I had himself obliged to confide the state of the case to me, with a view to the passage of a little time before I made her acquaintance. When I had begun to advance Herbert's prospects by stealth, I had been able to bear this with cheerful philosophy; he and his affianced, with cheerful philosophy; he and his affianced, for their part, had naturally not been very anxious to introduce a third person into their interviews; and thus, although I was assured that I had risen in Clara's esteem, and although the young lady and I had long regularly interchanged messages and remembrances by Herbert, I had never seen her. However, I did not trouble Wemmick with these particulars.

"Not necessary," said I.

"—had made some little stir in a certain part of the world where a good many people go, not always in gratification of their own inclinations, and note the particular irrespective of the government expense—"

In watching his face I made quite a fire-work of the Aged's sausage, and greatly discomposed both my own attention and Wemmick's; for which I apologized.

"—by disappearing from such place, and being no more heard of thereabouts. From which," said Wemmick, "conjectures had been raised and theories formed. I put these things to you at your chambers in Garden Court, Temple, had been watched, and might be watched again."

"By whom?" said I.

"I wouldn't go into that," said Wemmick, evasively, "it might clash with official responsibilities. I heard it, as I have in my time heard other curious things in the same place. I don't tell it you on information received. I heard it."

He took the toasting-fork and sausage from me as he spoke, and set forth the Aged's breakfast neatly on a little tray. Previous to placing it before him he went into the Aged's room with a clean white cloth, and laid the same under the old gentleman's chin, and propped him up, and put his night-cap on one side, and gave him quite a rakish air. Then he placed his breakfast before him with great care, and said, "All right, sir! you. Aged P. ?" To which the cheerful Aged replied, "All right, John, my boy, all right!" As there seemed to be a tacit understanding that the Aged was not in a presentable state, and was therefore to be considered invisible, I made a pretense of being in complete ignorance of these proceedings.

"This watching of me at my chambers (which I have once had reason to suspect)," I said to Wemmick when he came back, "is inseparable from the person to whom you have adverted; is it?"

"The house with the bow-window," said Wemmick, "being by the river-side, down the East there between Limehouse and Greenwich, and being kept, it seems, by a very hospitable widow who has a furnished upper floor to let, Mr. Herbert put it to me, what did I think of it as a temporary tenement for Tom, Jack, or Richard? Now I thought very well of it, for three reasons I'll give you. That is to say: *Firstly*, It's altogether out of all your beats, and is well away from the usual heap of streets great and small. *Secondly*, Without going near it yourself, you could always hear of the safety of Tom, Jack, or Richard, through Mr. Herbert. *Thirdly*, After a while, and when it might be prudent, Mr. Herbert would wash up Tom, Jack, or Richard on board a foreign packet-boat, there he is—ready."

Much comforted by these considerations, I thanked Wemmick again and again, and begged him to proceed.

"Well, Sir: Mr. Herbert threw himself into the business with a will, and by nine o'clock last night he hooked Tom, Jack, or Richard—whichever it may be now you and I don't want to know—quite successfully. At the old lodgings it was understood that he was summoned to Dover, and, in fact, he was taken down to the Dover mail and cornered out of it. Now, another great advantage of all this is, that it was done without you, and when, if any one was concerned to himself about your movements, you must be known to be over so many miles off and quite otherwise engaged. This diverts suspicion and confuses it; and for the same reason I recommended that even if you came back last night you should not go home. It brings in more confusion, and you want confusion."

Wemmick, having finished his breakfast, here looked at his watch, and began to get his coat on.

"And now, Mr. Pip," said he, with his hands still in the sleeves, "I have probably done the most a can do; but if I can ever do more—from a Walworth point of view, and in a strictly private and personal capacity—I shall be glad to do it. Here's the address. There can be no harm in your going here to-night and seeing for yourself that all is well with Tom, Jack, or Richard, before you go home—which is another reason for your not going home last night. But after you have gone home, don't go back here. You are very welcome, I am sure, Mr. Pip;" his hands were now out of his sleeves, and I was shaking them; "and let me finally impress one important point upon you." He laid his hands upon my shoulders, and added in a solemn whisper: "Avail yourself of this excellent time to hold of his portable property. You don't know what may happen to him. Don't let any thing happen so the portable property."

Quite despairing of making my mind clear to Wemmick on this point, I forbore to try.

"Time's up," said Wemmick, "and I must be off. If you had nothing more pressing to do than to keep here till dark, that's what I should advise. You look very much worried, and it would do you good to have a perfectly quiet day with the Aged—he'll be up presently—and a little bit of—you remember the pig?"

"Of course," said I.

"Well; and a little bit of *him*. That sausage you toasted was his, and he was in all respects a first-rater. Do try him, if it is only for old acquaintance sake. Good-by, Aged Parent!" in a cheery shout.

"All right, John; all right, my boy!" piped the old man from within.

I soon fell asleep before Wemmick's fire, and the Aged and I enjoyed one another's society by falling asleep before it more or less all day. We had loin of pork for dinner, and greens grown on the estate, and I toasted the Aged with a good intention whenever I failed to do it accidentally. When it was quite dark, I left the Aged preparing the tea for toast; and I differed from the number of tea-cups, as well as from his glances at the two little doors in the wall, that Miss Skiffins was expected.

CHAPTER XLV.

EIGHT o'clock had struck before I got into the air that was scented, not disagreeably by the chips and shavings of the long-shore boat-builders, and mast, oar, and block makers. All that water-side region of the upper and lower Pool below bridge was unknown ground to me, and when I struck down by the river, I found that the chief thing I was not where I had supposed it to be, and was any thing but easy to find. It was called Mill Pond Bank, Chinks's Basin; and I had no other guide to Chinks's Basin than the Old Green Copper Rope-Walk.

It matters not what stranded ships repairing in dry docks I lost myself among, what tall hulk of ships in course of being knocked to pieces, what ooze and slime and other dregs of tide, what yards of ship-builders' timber-baskets, what rusty anchors blindly biting into the ground though for years off duty, what mountainous accumulations of sanitated casks and timber, and how many rope-walks that were not the Old Green Copper. After several times falling short of my destination and as often overshooting it, I came unexpectedly round a corner upon Mill Pond Bank. It was a fresh kind of place, all circumstances considered, where the wind from the river had room to turn itself round; and there were two or three trees in it, and there was the stump of a ruined wind-mill, and there was the Old Green Copper Rope-Walk—whose long and narrow vista I could trace in the moonlight, through a series of wooden frames set in the ground, that looked like infirm hay-making rakes which had grown old and lost most of their teeth.

Selecting from the few queer houses upon Mill Pond Bank a house with a wooden front and

three stories of bow-windows (not bay-windows, which is another thing), I looked at the plate upon the door, and read there, Mrs. Whimple. That being the name I wanted, I knocked, and an elderly woman of a pleasant and thriving appearance responded. She was immediately deposed, however, by Herbert, with his finger on his lip, who led me into the parlor and shut the door. It was an odd sensation to see his very familiar face established quite at home in that very unfamiliar room and region; and I found myself looking at him, much as I looked at the corner cupboard with the blue and white china, the shells upon the chimney-piece, and the colored engravings on the wall, representing the death of Captain Cook, and the visit of his Majesty King George Third in a coachman's wig, leather-breeches, top-boots, and profile, on the terrace at Windsor.

"All is well, Handel," said Herbert, "and he is quite satisfied, though eager to see you. My dear girl is with her father; if you'll wait till she comes down I'll make you known to her, and then we'll go up stairs. *That's* her father!"

I had become aware of a warning growl rolling overhead, and had probably expressed the fact in my countenance.

"I am afraid he is a sad old rascal," said Herbert, smiling, "but I have never seen him. Don't you smell rum? He is always at it."

"At rum?" said I.

"Yes," returned Herbert, "and you may suppose how mild it makes his gust. He persists, too, in keeping all the tobacco he incurs in his room, and serving them out. He keeps them on shelves over his head, and *will* weigh them all. His room must be like a chandler's shop."

While he thus spoke, the growling noise became a prolonged roar, and then died away.

"What else can be the consequence," said Herbert, in explanation, "if he *will* eat the cheese? A man with the gout in his right hand as well as every other—and I expect to get through a Double Gloucester without hurting myself."

He seemed to have hurt himself very much, for he gave another furious roar.

"To have Provis for an upper lodger is quite a godsend to Mrs. Whimple," said Herbert, "for of course gout is generally a stand that noise. A curious place, Handel; isn't it?"

It was a curious place, indeed; but remarkably well kept and quiet.

"Mrs. Whimple," said Herbert, when I told him so, "is the best of housewives, and I really do not know what poor Clara would do without her motherly help. For Clara has no mother of her own, Handel, and no relation in the world but old Gruffanduff, Junior."

"Surely that's not his name, Herbert?"

"No, no," said Herbert, "that's my name for him. His name is Bailey. But what a blessing it is for the son of my father and mother to love a girl who has no relations, and who can never bother herself, or any body else, about her family!"

Herbert had told me on former occasions, and now reminded me, that he first knew Miss Clara Barley when she was completing her education at an establishment at Hammersmith, and that an her being confined home to nurse her father, he and she had confided their affection to the motherly Mrs. Whimple, by whom it had been fostered and regulated with equal kindness and discretion, ever since. It was understood that nothing of a tender nature could possibly be confided to Clara, by reason of his having unequal to the consideration of any subject more psychological than Gout, Rum, and Purser's stores.

As we were thus conversing in a low tone while Old Barley's sustained growl vibrated in the beam from above, the door was softly opened, and a very pretty slight dark-eyed girl of twenty or so came in with a basket in her hand: whereupon Herbert was relieved of the basket, and presented blushing, as "Clara." She really was a most charming girl, and might have passed for captive Iris in the new tricolored Ogre, Old Barley, had pressed into his service.

"Look here," said Herbert, showing me the basket with a smile after we had talked a little; "here's poor Clara's supper, served out every night. Her father allowances her to cook and broil her slice of cheese, and here's her rum—which I drink. This is Mr. Barley's breakfast for tomorrow, and not to be touched. Two mutton-chops, three potatoes, some split pease, a little flour, two ounces of butter, a pinch of salt, and all this black pepper. It's stewed up together and taken hot, and it's a nice thing for the gout, I should think!"

There was something so natural and winning in Clara's resigned way of looking at these stores in detail, as Herbert pointed them out, and something so ewedoing, so young, and innocent in her modest manner of yielding herself to Herbert's embracing arm—and something so gentle in her, so much needing protection—all Pond Bank, by Chinks's Basin and the Old Green Copper Rope-Walk, with Old Barley growling in the beam—that I would not have undone the engagement between her and Herbert for all the money in the pocket-book I had never opened.

I was looking at her with pleasure and admiration when suddenly the growl swelled into a roar again, and a frightful bumping noise was heard above, as if a giant with a wooden leg were trying to bore it through the ceiling to come at us. Upon this Clara said to Herbert, "Papa wants me, darling!" and ran away.

"There's an unconscionable old shark for you!" said Herbert. "What do you suppose he wants now, Handel?"

"I don't know," said I. "Something to drink?"

"That's it!" cried Herbert, as if I had made a guess of extraordinary merit. "He keeps his grog ready-mixed in a little tub on the table. Wait a moment, and you'll hear Clara lift him up to take some. There he goes!" Another roar, with a prolonged shake at the end. "Now," said Herbert, as it was succeeded by silence, "he's drinking. Now," said Herbert, as the growl resounded in the beam once more, "he's down again on his back!"

Clara returning soon afterward, Herbert accompanied me up one pair more for our charge. As we passed Mr. Barley's door, he was heard hoarsely muttering within, in a strain that rose and fell like wind, "Bill Barley, Bill Barley," which I substitute good wishes for something quite the reverse.

"Ahoy! Bless your eyes, here's old Bill Barley! Here's old Bill Barley, bless your eyes! Here's old Bill Barley on the flat of his back, by the Lord! Here's old Bill Barley on the flat of his back, like a drifting old dead flounder, here's your old Bill Barley, bless your eyes! Ahoy! Bless you!"

In this strain of considering Herbert informed me the invisible Barley would commune with himself by the day and night together; often, while it was light, having at the same time one eye at a telescope which was fitted on his bed for the convenience of sweeping the river.

In his two cabin rooms at the top of the house, which were fresh and airy, and in which Mr. Barley was less audible than below, I found Provis exceedingly well. He expressed no alarm, and seemed to feel none that was worth mentioning; but it struck me that he was softened—somehow. What not have been I was sad how, and could never afterward recall how, when I tried; but certainly.

The opportunity of this day's rest had given me for reflection had resulted in my fully determining to say nothing to him respecting Compeyson. But when I saw him in his animosity toward the man might otherwise lead to his seeking him out and rushing on his own destruction, this unreserved manner, and I was pressed with him by his fire, I asked him first of all whether he relied on Wemmick's judgment and sources of information.

"Ay, ay, dear boy!" he answered, with a grave nod, "Jaggers's knows."

"Then, if you trust him, Wemmick," said I, "and have come to tell you what caution he gave me, and what advice."

This I did accordingly, with the reservation just mentioned; and I told him how Wemmick had heard, in Newgate prison (whether from officers or prisoners I could not say), that I was under some suspicion, and that my chambers had been watched; how Wemmick had recommended that keeping close for a time, and not keeping away from him; and what Wemmick had said about getting him abroad. I added, that of course, when the time came, I should go with him; and would follow close upon him, as might be safest in Wemmick's judgment. What was to follow that I did not touch upon; neither indeed was at all clear or comfortable about it in my own mind, now that I saw him in that softer condition, and in declared peril for my sake. As to money, and the way of living, by enlarging my expenses, I put it to him whether, in our present unsettled and difficult circumstances it would not be simply ridiculous, if it were no worse?

He could not deny this, and indeed was very reasonable throughout. His coming back was a venture, he said, and he had always known it to be a venture. He would do nothing to make it a desperate venture, and had very little fear of his safety with such good help.

Herbert, who had been looking at the fire and pondering, here said that something had come into his thoughts arising out of Wemmick's suggestion, which it might be worth while to pursue. "If we are both getting away, Handel, and could take him down the river ourselves when the right time comes, No boat would then be hired to be put under suspicion, and that would save at least a chance of suspicion, and any chance is worth saving. Never mind the seeming risk I may think it might be a good thing if you began at once to keep a boat at the Temple stairs, and were in the habit of rowing up and down the river? You'll fall into habit, and then who notices or minds? Do it twenty times or fifty times, and there is nothing special in your doing it the twenty-first or fifty-first."

I liked this scheme, and Provis was quite elated by it. We agreed that it should be carried into execution next day, and Herbert should recognize us if we came below-bridge and rowed past Mill Pond Bank. But we further agreed that he should pull down the hill in that part of his window which gave upon the east, whenever he saw us and all was right.

Our conference being now ended, and every thing arranged, I rose to go; remarking to Herbert that he and I had better not go home together, and that I would leave him the first start of him. "I don't like to leave you here," I said to Provis, "though I can not doubt your being safer than myself. Good-by!"

"Dear boy," he answered, clasping my hands, "I don't know when we may meet again, and I don't like Good-by."

"Good-night! Herbert will go regularly between us, and when the time comes you may be certain I shall be ready. Good-night, Good-night!"

We thought it best that he should stay in his own room, and that I, with the landlord at my side his door, holding a light over the stair-rail to light us down stairs. Looking back at him, I thought of that first night of his return when our positions were reversed, and when I little supposed my heart could ever be as heavy and anxious at parting from him as it was now.

Old Barley was growling and swearing when we repassed his door, with no appearance of having ceased, or of meaning to cease. When we got to the foot of the stairs, I asked Herbert whether he had preserved the name of Provis? He replied, certainly not, and that the lodger was Mr. Campbell. He also explained that the utmost known of Mr. Campbell there was, that he (Herbert) had Mr. Campbell consigned to him, and felt a strong personal interest in his being well cared for and living a secluded life. So when we went into the parlor, where Mrs. Whimple and Clara were seated at work, I said nothing of my own interest in Mr. Campbell, but kept it to myself.

When I had taken leave of the pretty, gentle, dark-eyed girl, and the motherly woman who had not outlived her honest sympathy with a little affair of true love, I felt as if the Old Green Copper Rope-Walk had grown quite a different place. Old Barley might be as old as the hills, and might swear like a whole field of reapers, but there was a delicious feeling of trust and hope enough in Chinks's Basin to fill it to overflowing. And then I thought of Estella, and of our parting, and went home very sadly.

All things were as quiet in the Temple as ever I had seen them. The windows of the rooms on that side, lately occupied by Provis, were dark and still, and there was no lounger in Garden Court. I walked past the fountain twice or thrice before I descended the steps that were between me and my rooms, but I was quite alone. Herbert coming up to me outside when he came in—for I went straight to bed, dispirited and fatigued—made the same report. Opening one of the windows after that, he looked out into the moonlight, and told me that the pavement was as solemnly empty as the pavement of any cathedral at that same hour.

Next day I set myself to get the boat. It was soon done, and the boat was brought round to the Temple stairs, and by me, where I could reach her within a minute or two. Then I began to go out, as for training and practice; sometimes alone, sometimes accompanied by Herbert. I was often out in cold, rain, and sleet, but nobody took much note of me after I had been out a few times. At first I kept above Blackfriars Bridge; but as the hours of the tides changed I took toward London Bridge. It was Old London Bridge in those days, and at certain states of the tide there was a race and fall of water there which gave it a bad reputation. But I knew well enough how to "shoot" the bridge after seeing it done, and so began to row about among the shipping in the Pool, and down to Erith. The first time I passed Mill Pond Bank, Herbert and I were pulling a pair of oars; and, both in going and returning, we saw the blind toward the east come down. Herbert was ready then to keep time with me toward Mason's head that any black mark on its surface might be his pursuers, going swiftly, silently, and surely to take him.

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HARPER'S WEEKLY.

A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION.

VOL. V.—No. 233.] NEW YORK, SATURDAY, JUNE 15, 1861. [SINGLE COPIES SIX CENTS. $2 50 PER YEAR IN ADVANCE.

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the Year 1861, by Harper & Brothers, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Southern District of New York.

Publisher's Notice.

Of the last number of *Harper's Weekly* we published ONE HUNDRED AND FIFTEEN THOUSAND COPIES.

This extraordinary circulation, and the character of *Harper's Weekly*, render it superior as an Advertising medium to any other journal published in the United States. It is probable that each number of *Harper's Weekly* is read by at least ten adults. It circulates among the classes which advertisers desire to reach. A very large proportion of its circulation is preserved for future reference and bound. The space allotted to advertisements is very limited: the price, 75 cents a line on the last page; 50 cents a line on the page preceding.

THE MURDER OF ELLSWORTH.

We publish herewith a picture showing the manner in which Colonel Ellsworth was murdered. It is from a rough sketch by Brownell, the gallant young Zouave who avenged his Colonel's death. The circumstances of the murder were fully detailed in our last number.

We also give a view of the MARSHALL HOUSE AT ALEXANDRIA, where the murder took place. It is, as our picture shows, a second-rate tavern: its keeper Jackson, who murdered Ellsworth, and was so instantly punished for the deed, was notorious as a secessionist leader, and a man of violent habits. He had been engaged in several street frays growing out of the secession question, and like too many Southerners, was prompt with the knife and pistol. We notice that he is becoming a martyr among the Southerners; at Mobile alone, $1100 have been collected for his widow.

Accompanying these pictures we publish a portrait of a secessionist prisoner caught at Alexandria with a rifle of preposterous length and make.

All these pictures are from sketches by our special artist accompanying the troops into Virginia.

SECESSIONIST PRISONER CAPTURED AT ALEXANDRIA.—THE MARSHALL HOUSE AT ALEXANDRIA.—THE MURDER OF COLONEL ELLSWORTH.—[SEE ARTICLE ABOVE.]

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

SATURDAY, JUNE 15, 1861.

THE UNION—IN THE FUTURE.

A FAVORITE argument of the enemies of the American people, at the present crisis, is to say that civil war and bloodshed render the reconstruction of the Union impossible.

The argument, such as it is, has done service. While the Gulf States were declaring in the most binding form of words they could frame that they never, never would reconstruct the Union, Virginia still protested against "coercion," because it would render separation final. While a new Government was being deliberately established at Montgomery, and every trace of the Government of the United States was being obliterated by its pseudo-successor, New York politicians still denounced force, because bloodshed would alienate us forever. And even now, foreign observers as well as domestic traitors whine at the outbreak of a war which, they say, must render a reunion of the States utterly hopeless.

These gentlemen should read history, and take heart. Civil war, we beg to assure them, is not an invention of the nineteenth century. It has occurred before, once or twice, in most countries, and, surprising as it may seem to the critics we address, it has hardly ever ended in a final suppression of the belligerents, but has almost invariably terminated in the victory of one side and the submission of the other. Nay, more, after the lapse of a few years, the sometime enemies have been better friends than ever.

The history of England has been an endless succession of civil wars. Over one quarter of the fifteenth century was consumed in the war of the Roses; yet the people quietly acquiesced in the Government of Henry VII. At least half the kingdom supported Charles the First against the Commonwealth, and fought for him bravely; but when he was fairly overthrown and executed, they submitted, and were loyal to Cromwell. Half a dozen times, after the abdication of James the Second, the people of various parts of the kingdom rose in arms to restore "the Pretender;" at many times during the reign of William the people of Great Britain must have been equally divided between the rival kings; yet Anne's reign was unusually peaceful and happy. Since then Ireland has been in arms ever so often, and her leaders have proclaimed as loudly as our Southrons do, that they would never submit; yet there is now no part of the British dominions more contented or more loyal than Ireland.

It would be tedious to recount the endless civil wars which preceded the establishment of the great French monarchy, or those which had the effect of consolidating it afterward. But there probably never was a war prosecuted with more bitterness or more fury on both sides than the religious war which began with the massacre of Saint Bartholomew and only ended with the coronation of Louis XIV., a sovereign, however, was singularly free from domestic troubles. It may be remarked also that even the reservation of the *Edict de Nantes*, which probed the old sores to the bottom, did not revive the war; so false it is to suppose that time will not tame the warlike spirit of minorities. Nothing could be fiercer than the spirit with which the republicans of France denounced the encroachments of Bonaparte; yet they became his willing soldiers long before the Expedition to Russia. So in our time: ten years ago in France was secretly execrating the author of the *coup d'etat* of the 2d December, and the subsequent massacres; now the difficulty is to find a Bonapartist who is not a Napoleonist.

Spain, like France and England, was, in the first centuries of modern history, a congeries of small kingdoms. Of these, in the thirteenth century, there remained, Aragon, Castile, and Granada. How Castile conquered and absorbed the other two the history of Spain relates; but Mr. Prescott says nothing in his history of Philip the Second about any remains of the old hostile feeling at that time. It had in fact died out long before. During Wellington's campaign in Spain the Spanish people were divided, and fought with bitterness on both sides; yet they all submitted to Ferdinand VII. Again, almost in our own day, the Carlist war divided half the households of Spain; yet no monarch is more universally popular among her people than Queen Isabella.

We might go on to show that the history of Germany, Italy, Russia, Sweden, and all the other nations akin to ourselves, has been similar to that of Great Britain, France, and Spain. We might especially refer to the affair of the Sonderbund in Switzerland, which was so graphically related in the columns of the *Lounger* a couple of weeks since. But we have probably said enough to prove that civil wars have been common in all countries, that they have hardly ever led to permanent divisions between the hostile sections, but that, after a fair fight, one side has generally been beaten and has succumbed to the other.

It will be so in our case. It is impossible that this Union can be divided. Peaceable separation would be organized anarchy. And now that both sections are armed for the fight, the war will take its course, and in the nature of things one will be beaten and will succumb to the other.

We hear many boasts from the South of their willingness to fight to the last man before they yield. This is what every people says *at the beginning* of a war. Nobody—no nation—ever contemplates surrender at the beginning of a fight. We must let time and the discomforts of war do their work. If we are true to ourselves, defeats in the field, isolation from the civilized world, blockaded ports, want of money, food, clothing, and all the comforts and luxuries of life, will do their work in the most wonderfully beneficial effect upon the temper of our enemy, now so obdurate. It is hard to yield, no doubt. But it is a good deal harder to starve or be killed. This reflection will by-and-by occur to the "unconditional enemies of reconstruction."

☞ The *Albion* censures us because, in reply to a direct charge of falsehood brought against us by W. H. RUSSELL, Esq., LL.D., correspondent of the London *Times*, we ventured to assure our readers that he had spoken the truth. Apparently, if Mr. RUSSELL had accused the *Albion* of falsehood, that journal would have remained silent under the imputation.

Of the taste of the *Albion*'s interference in the matter, in ignorance of the facts, it is not fitting to speak. When Dr. RUSSELL himself comes North, he may lament that his volunteer champion had not shown less zeal and more discretion in his cause.

THE LOUNGER.

A REASONABLE WORD.

JUDGE BOYER Postmaster Blair closed the postal communication between the rebellious States and the North, the Lounger received a long and courteous letter from Mississippi, partly criticising some things which had been said in these columns, and partly endeavoring to justify the treason of Jefferson Davis and his fellow-conspirators.

M. thinks the Lounger is a "desperate bad politician," because he admits the right of revolution, and denies that the discontented themselves must be the judges of the right. He says, also, that the complaints that the rebellious citizens did not exhaust all peaceful means before they invoked war. The logic here does not seem to be very clear. But as M. holds views that are elsewhere held, and openly put forth by a few papers in the loyal part of the country, it is well for us while to again precisely what we understand by the right of revolution.

It is the natural right of self-defense, belonging to society as to the individual. It is the right of any community which suffers intolerable oppression from its government, and is without hope of remedy in the peaceful order of law, to appeal to arms to change the government and secure the redress. But as the right of self-defense is inherent in every individual, so every member of society has an equal claim to the remedy; and, consequently, the right of revolution belongs to the whole people.

When, therefore, any nation, intolerably oppressed by its government, has exhausted every peaceful means of settlement, has appealed to God and to the world for the justice of its cause and the necessity of a struggle, succeeds in overthrowing that government and establishing another, it has willsorted to revolutionary redress, and the world admits its claim. But since there will never be absolute unanimity in any such struggle—for, in instance, the officers of the government and their friends—will oppose the revolution, the word "people" must be construed to mean the majority number of them. The "people" can not mean a minority of them. The "people" of the people of the city of New York, in the struggle, are the people of the people of the United States is the will of the majority. Until, therefore, a majority of the people of the country, whether by force of arms or indirectly by their acquiescence having vainly appealed to every lawful method and failed to rid themselves of intolerable oppression, take up arms to right themselves, there is no revolution. If a few people try it, it is a riot. If enough to make the effort formidable, it is a rebellion. And as the greatest good of the greatest and not of the smallest number is the true aim of government, such a movement has always had the dignity of a revolution wants also its justification.

Now does M., or any body else, pretend that the general mass of the people of the United States suffer any intolerable oppression which they wish to remove by force of arms?

"ANOTHER LOUNGER."

Now comes "Another Lounger," and asks the present one—"Who ought to be the judges of the cause for revolution?" The reply to this question is very simple. When people reasonably risk their necks they do not do it without what seems to them adequate occasion. But meanwhile other people retain their conscience and common sense; and if they see a revolution begun, as in the present instance, for a base and inhuman purpose, they do not therefore justify it. Revolutions are justified, not by their success, but by their results.

"Another Lounger" asserts that the theory of our system is that the majority shall rule: that the minority are therefore the governed, and that the "legitimate deduction" from this is that the majority section is the governing and the minority section the governed section: but that governments derive their just powers from the consent of the governed. He adds that our fathers so regarded the question between them and Great Britain.

How can a shrewd man be guilty of so much sophism and error in one sentence? Our fathers did not complain that they were in a minority or outvoted, but that they were not allowed to vote at all; that they were taxed without asking their consent, just as at this moment the Southern people are taxed by Jeff Davis's Government, which has never said to them "lay your leave." And the word "consent" in this discussion has no relevance. In a Government where the citizens have all equal political power either the majority or minority must govern—which shall it be? That the minority happen to live in one part of the country can not affect the question. That the minority think the majority worse to their interests is inevitable; otherwise they would be with the majority. But they are one people; the question, therefore, upon which their fate is decided is numerical, and the greater number of the people think it should be settled in one way rather than in another. To fever are entitled to the arm? If they resist, they can only justify their resistance by the plea that the wrong consequent upon the majority's decision will be so immediate and disastrous that it is better to take the chance of anarchy than to wait for legal redress. And of this history and mankind will be the judges.

"Another Lounger" speaks of "our late Southern brothers" as resolved to fight rather than be ruled against their consent. But it is not the opposition in every popular government ruled, in this sense, against its consent? And is that a justification for rebellion and war? Is the citizen of the city of New York whom Fernando Wood rules against their consent—and there are several of them—justified in levying war on the city government by force because they did not vote for Mr. Wood, and had no faith in him? These citizens have much reason to complain, for they call themselves the oppressed minority wards because they can not coerce the greater number of people who live in other wards? May they ask to retire and form another city government?

No fellow-Lounger; when our fathers said that governments derive their just powers from the consent of the governed, they did not mean the consent of every individual citizen, but the great mass of the people. Nor did they mean the consent of the governed in any particular mile or miles. They meant the consent of the people, in a common-sense use of the word. Now there are more than thirty millions in this country. Does "Another Lounger" suppose that there are four millions of them who seriously wish this revolution?

Your next question we can take in another paragraph.

ANOTHER QUESTION.

IT is another, but it belongs to the same general topic we have been considering. "Does," asks *Another Lounger*, "in your opinion, the fact that no far as the Federal political action is concerned, the South States have heretofore approved and consented to a constitutional and supreme rule to those States themselves, and to the people of North States, the ruling States, shall also give their consent that the former no longer obey? If this is claimed, what right has the Pope to have claimed it for them] have the people of Rome, who for centuries have consented that the Pope shall be supreme temporal ruler in Rome, and who have asked him to assume that power, to attempt to free themselves from their self-assumed yoke?"

The "consent" of the United States" are not parties to this Government. The Constitution of the United States was made by "the people," and the people of the several States by accepting the Constitution renounced the separate sovereignty of their States so far as was necessary to form a nation. No method was provided for the restoration to the States of those sovereign powers; but the Constitution can be amended in a prescribed manner. If an amendment so introduced should provide for that restoration, the State may become a sovereign power again, but not otherwise. If the people of any State desire that sovereignty again, but the people of the United States decline to give it to them, there is an end of the matter, unless they choose to try to get it by force, in which case it is either a civil war, rebellion, or, in any case it is the armed action of a few against many.

Of course, each generation of American citizens must decide for itself what it wishes to maintain the present system of government or not. No generation can bind another. Politically the word "forever" gets its force from common consent. Whenever, therefore, the people of this country wish to be bound no longer by the Constitution of the United States, they have a right to do it; and if force is necessary to form a new and independent Government, it will be a revolution. But the people of any State desire that sovereignty again, but the people of the United States decline to give it to them, there is an end of the matter, unless they choose to try to get it by force, in which case it is either a civil war, rebellion, or, in any case it is the armed action of a few against many.

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As for Rome, the Pope was not chosen by the people as their temporal ruler, as *Another Lounger* seems to suppose. And even if they had chosen him, and were wearing "a self-assumed yoke"—that is, had provided no means for shaking that yoke, and were intolerably and irremediably oppressed by it, they would, when they felt themselves strong enough, throw it off. The Pope has always had the yoke fast, not by popular consent but by foreign bayonets.

THE COMEDIAN COBB.

A YEAR ago the Treasury of the United States was at the mercy of Howell Cobb, of happy memory. An officer of the Government, sworn to be faithful to it, and paid by it, he was using every method he could command to impoverish the Treasury, destroy the Government, and ruin the country. Of Cobb it may be said that, on the one hand, he was a fit associate of Floyd, and on the other, a proper pendent to Thompson. Does it not seem as if Divine Providence meant to inspire an unfailing faith in the perpetuity of our Government by showing us that it might be for months and years in the hands of such men, and then emerge unharmed and with eyes lifted heavenward, as Daniel came out of the lions' den?

Every body knew Cobb's incapacity: every body knew his treason; but nobody ever suspected him of humor. Yet Cobb has been making it of late. He addressed his fellow-traitors at Atlanta on the 20th May. The object of the speech was the raising of money to support the rebellion. The meeting was worthy of Cobb. The financial devising was also worthy of Cobb. He said: "We not only need soldiers, we must have treasure to carry on the war." True enough, was the natural response of every listening rebel; and how on earth are we to get it?

The sly Cobb, knowing perfectly well what was in the hearts of his hearers, suggestively continued, in a "will-you-walk-into-my-parlor" vein: "Private contributions have been offered to a vast amount. I will mention an instance," etc. "Offers of this sort," he added, "come pouring in upon the Government from all parts of the country."

It is easy to fancy the relief afforded by this last sentence to those who were mortally alarmed by the opening allusion to private contributions. Ah, well! we may have them saying with a sigh of relief, these offers are pouring in, or are not. To deepen this feeling the cunning Cobb says, as it were, "Exactly; you're safe enough; you needn't contribute;" for, he continues in his speech, "The Government does not require contributions from individuals; she has the means within herself of sustaining the war." Good! was the audience in their souls. "No donations are necessary except for the equipment of your own volunteers, and those you can and will provide for," quoth Cobb. Of course, the cheerful crowd answer in their hearts. "*But*," continues the comical Cobb —and this is the joke which betrays the artist—"but humor he has so long concealed—"*but* I tell you what you may do. Those of you who raise large crops of cotton, turn some of your land by for market, *give it to your Government at its market value, receive its bonds, and let it sell your produce to pay for the specie to be sunken in the ocean*." So said Virginia. This was agreed on at Montgomery, and we promised to throw out the suggestion that the people might think about it.

In other words: "Gentlemen, Jeff must have money; but he doesn't require contributions from you. Jeff thinks he can sustain himself as long as he goes. He distinctly does not ask you to give any thing whatsoever. But, look here, giving is one thing and lending is another thing. Couldn't it be lovely in you to give Jeff your cotton, which he can sell for specie in Europe, and let him give you his bonds—Jefferson Davis's bonds, and Mississippi might indorse them—which you can sell for specie—whenever you can find a buyer. Above all things, don't ask for dividends to the contribution. Yet contributions are pouring in, and he only asks of you to give him your cotton and take his bonds."

If this is not clear enough for nothing, what is? Cobb is not only a traitor, forsworn before God and man, but he is also a wag.

JEFF TOPPS.

THAT best use of red tape is to hang people who perplex public affairs by it. Regiment after regiment of ardent, brave, patriotic citizens is gathering in this State, and are literally starving in the nightmare. They can not move hand or foot. They wonder, and every body wonders, why they can not go. They cannot march every man as fast as he can be had, and still they do not go. Men throw up their business at the call of the country and State; they leave their families to look out for them, and still they stay. Not a regiment leaves without a prolonged and disgraceful squabble among the civil officers and committees and contractors. If any disgusted and impatient citizen tries to find the cause of the delay, it turns out that nothing is ready because of the cowardly inattention of nobody quite because half of a committee owns railway stock, and wants to send the troops by rail; and the other half owns steamboats, and wants to send them by water. Somebody declines to give answers; somebody else clogs the movement because his son or cousin is not made captain or major. There is no end of petty annoyances and delays; and the one great characteristic of the military movement of the Empire State so far as the authorities are concerned, is inefficiency.

Why could not New York have been as prompt as Massachusetts? Why were there no proper equipments for our soldiers? Men from Massachusetts and Pennsylvania were fully armed before a New York soldier had marched. Did they march as soon as they received orders? Orders from where?

It is war. The first condition of war is a single head. What is the great State of New York doing at such a time as this with a military head? She does not even member resign, and leave the Governor to deal directly with the Department of War? The Governor of the United States requires a certain number of regiments. They are to go either into service or into camp. The requisition is made upon the Governor. If more men offer than are had the larger the army the sooner the peace; and the money will have been economically spent. Washington was told that five thousand men would put down Shay's rebellion. "Very well," said he, "then I will send fifteen thousand." If you would beat, said Napoleon, have just twice as many men as your enemy at each point.

It is high time that the Government of the State of New York and the Union Defense Committee

had done wrangling. The difficulty lies with somebody or somebodies. Let their manner and the facts of the controversy be held up to public reprobation.

ENGLAND UPON PRIVATEERS.

PEOPLE are still talking of England, and wondering what she will finally do. For the present it is very clear that she will repose upon the proclamation of neutrality, and await events. Meanwhile she discusses the nature of privateers and blockades.

As for the Southern privateers, they are ships commissioned by a man in open rebellion against his Government to prey upon the ships of loyal citizens. In the consequent struggle loyal citizens may be murdered while engaged in defending their own property. There can be no question that such a privateer is as much a pirate as a ship of Lafitte's. Any ship-master who sails the sea has the same right to commission himself to seize prizes that Mr. Jefferson Davis has to commission him. Mr. Davis, indeed, claims to represent a government. But the Government against which he is in rebellion refuses to see in him any thing but a rebel. No other power in the world has recognized him and Jefferson Davis and William Kidd are equally pirates.

Now comes England, and says, "Mr. Davis may, for the purpose of privateering, be considered a belligerent. But every Englishman sailing under his commission does so at his peril." This so far helps Mr. Davis that he can carry his prizes into English ports and sell them.

If England had recognized the authority which sends the privateers as a Government, that authority might plead a national character. But England has not done that, for she is not ready for a war with the United States. She therefore winks at piracy. The case would have been less flagrant if the English had maintained their cause so long and so successfully that the issue were doubtful. The letters of marque granted by our Revolutionary Congress were recognized soon thus before our independence was conceded by any other power. But we had held our own, and it was fair to presume that we should at last triumph. England assumes the success of this rebellion before it has struck a single significant blow. Nevertheless, any English subject found upon a Davis-privateer which had killed American citizens defending their property would be incontinently hung as a pirate, nor could England remonstrate. Any subject who serves upon either side has given over, by absence, to his fate. She will not call privateering piracy, but she allows her privateering subjects to be hung as pirates.

Lord Derby, the Tory leader in the Lords, proposes that the Government shall not abide by the proclamation in this respect. His suggestion is not likely to be adopted.

As for the blockade, it is one of those international questions upon which governments will always differ. The treaty of Paris requires that a blockade must be effective. But what is an effective blockade? If a few ships pass in or out is the blockade raised? and, if so, must the blockading Government issue a new proclamation, and give the usual three days? This is undoubtedly the view Great Britain would prefer to take, but it is precisely the one that the United States will not allow.

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

HARDNESS OF THE TIMES.

SWELL OUT OF LUCK. "What do you charge for blacking a gentleman's boots?"

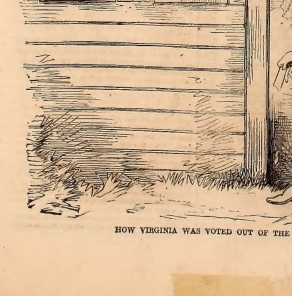
ONE OF THE POLICE BRIGADE. "Never more than a penny, sir."

SWELL. "A penny, eh? Well, youngster, since there are two heels, that's a half-penny a heel, I suppose—isn't it?"

SHOEBLACK *(proud of displaying his arithmetic)*. "In course it is, Sir."

SWELL. "Well, then, black my right boot—I've only got a half-penny."

"My party, sir, will not be in idleness," said a politician. "Very true, Sir," replied his supporter, "your party never chargeable either with lying in idleness or with idleness in lying."



HOW VIRGINIA WAS VOTED OUT OF THE UNION.

THE WEATHER LAST WEEK.

What is that faint and melancholy note,
Borne feebly on the sharp East wind,
Whose pauper blast bites through our overcoat,
With doom of ester thickly lined?
It sounded forth at early closing of oak,
Darkling beneath the leaden sky:
Through the bare twigs some plaintive creature spoke,
'Twas the Cuckoo's cry!

That timid trill outpoured from yonder brake!
Ah! can it be the Nightingale?
That broken jug! That interrupted shake!
The breeze cuts short the poor bird's tale,
The throttle, too, as though for cold in pain,
It's perched upon the leafless tree,
Attempts a fitful and a dreary strain,
Song in a minor key.

There's one, an only Swallow to be seen;
With feeble wing the straggler flies.
What can be the use to this as to him,
Unless he flies for exercise?
Or, what's a day or June to wild air for him!
All insects fast if much too cool:
He would not have one midge, were he to skim
The nearly frozen pool.

The redbreast shivers over her callow brood;
The whole kingdom of birds is in distress;
Cockparrows can not find their children food;
No refrigitor for a nest!
The badger, dormouse, hedgehog, squirrel, creep
All into their respective holes:
The merry May seeks all such things to sleep,
A May as at the Poles!

Ah, boy! I pity him and hasten their room
Unbuttered save by fern and brier!
I know what I shall do, shall go home,
Draw down the blinds; make up a roaring fire;
Command a basin of hot egg, and dine
On Christmas beef; and, having fed,
Have for supper a roasted pullet of spiced wine;
Have that, and go to bed.

THE SUMNER'S LOSS.—"Can I be of any use?" asked a young Ossawan of a distressed female at the Alewick station, on the occasion of the passage of Col. Wright and the Ossawan. "That I give my bucket to a man!" Courageous. "Mighty sensible!" "He said so." "He's off with it. He's a thief, a robber; he's an impostor, another in a military uniform or one. He's off with my greatest treasure!" "Compose yourself, madam." "Me compose myself, indeed! Me? Why, you're unreasonable, sending his way through the crowd: 'If what you have lost can be found, and you have paid a dollar to one of our policemen, perhaps some compensation.'" "Compensation!" she exclaimed. "Brute, mercenary brute! There is no compensation for a lost bucket." "Of what nature is that loss?" said another relying officer. "A very serious nature, Sir—be one of a irregular nature," she replied. "That bucket contained much, very much, my self remained my father." He said so.

COMPANY OF SECESSION CAVALRY SURRENDERING TO COLONEL WILCOX, OF THE FIRST MICHIGAN REGIMENT, IN FRONT OF THE SLAVE-PEN AT ALEXANDRIA, VIRGINIA.—[DRAWN BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST.]

MY LITTLE SWEET-HEART.

Ah! sad are they of whom no poet writes,
Nor ever any story-teller hears—
The childless mothers who on lonesome nights
Sit by their fires and weep, having the chores
Done for the day, and time enough to see
All the wide floors
Swept clean of playthings, they, as needs must be,
Have time enough for tears.

But there are griefs more sad
Than ever any childless mother had—
You know them, who do smother nature's cries
Under poor masks
Of smiling, slow despair—
Who put your white and unadorning hair
Out of your way, and keep at homely tasks
Unblest with any praises of men's eyes,
Till death comes to you with his piteous care
And to unmarriageable belts you go,
Saying, "It is not much—'tis well, if so
We only be made fair,
And looks of love awake us when we rise."

My cross is not as hard as theirs to bear,
And yet alike to me are storms or calms:
My life's young joy,
The brown-cheeked farmer boy,
Who led the daisies with him like his lambs—
Carved his sweet picture on my milking-pail,
And cut my name upon his thrashing-flail,
One day stopped singing at his plowing—alas!
Before that summer-time was gone, the grass
Had choked the path which to the sheep-field led,
Where I had watched him tread
So oft on evening's trail—
A shining oat-sheaf balanced on his head,
And nodding to the gale.

Rough wintry weather came, and when it sped,
The emerald wave
Swelling above my little sweet-heart's grave,
With such bright, bubbly flowers was set about,
I thought he blew them out,
And so took comfort that he was not dead.

For I was of a rude and ignorant crew,
And hence believed whatever things I saw
Were the expression of a hidden law;
And with a wisdom wiser than I knew
Evoked the simple meanings out of things
By childlike questionings.

And he they named with shudderings of fear
Had never, in his life, been half so near
As when I sat all day with cheeks unkissed,
And listened to the whisper, very low,
That said our love, above death's wave of woe,
Was joined together like the seamless mist.

God's yea and nay
Are not so far away,
I said, but I can hear them when I please;
Nor could I understand,
Their doubting faith, who only touch his hand
Across the blind, bewildering centuries.

And often yet, upon the shining track
Of the old faith, come back
My childish fancies, never quite subdued,
And when the sunset shuts up in the wood
The whispery sweetness of uncertainty,
And night, with misty locks that loosely drop
About his ears, brings rest, a welcome boon,
Playing his pipe with many a starry stop
That makes a golden snarling in his tune;

I see my little lad
Under the leafy shelter of the boughs,
Driving his noiseless, visionary cows,
Clad in a beauty I alone can see:
Laugh, you, who never had
Your dead come back, but do not take from me
The harmless comfort of my foolish dream,
That these, our mortal eyes,
Which outwardly reflect the earth and skies
Do introvert upon eternity:

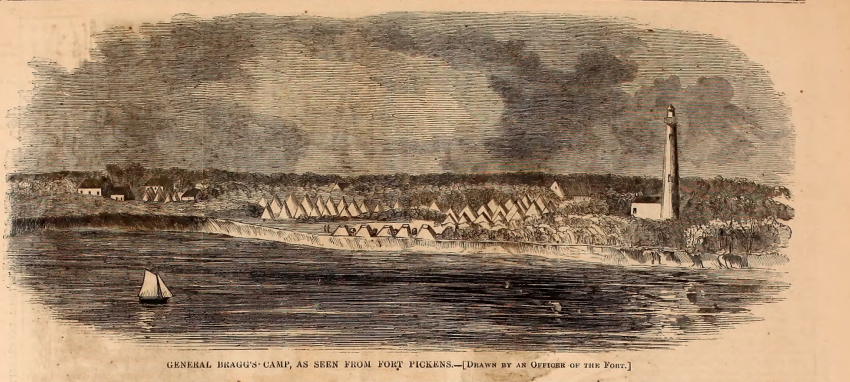
And that the shapes you deem
Imaginations, just as clearly fall;
Each from its own divine original,
And through some subtle element of light,
Upon the inward, spiritual eye,
As do the things which round about them lie,
Gross and maternal on the external sight.

CAPTURE OF SECESSION CAVALRY AT ALEXANDRIA.

WE publish herewith, from a drawing by our special artist, an engraving of the CAPTURE OF FORTY SECESSION CAVALRY AT ALEXANDRIA, VIRGINIA, on the morning of 24th ult., when the advance into Virginia was made. His correspondent of the *Herald* thus described the affair:

One of the most unexpected features of this morning's military adventures into Virginia was the capture of a company of four officers and thirty-six men, composed of the "Black Horse Cavalry," of Fairfax County, Virginia, who had been enrolled into a brilliant and dashing cavalry corps. This secession company were early alarmed by the arrival of the Government forces in Alexandria; and, mounting their horses, began a precipitate retreat, riding till they believed themselves far beyond the reach of pursuit. They were rejoiced to see troops advancing from the west, whom they supposed to be reinforcements to their aid. Pushing hastily forward, they found themselves surrounded by the Michigan volunteers, and surrendered without a blow.

They were taken on board the steamer *Baltimore*, Captain West, and conveyed as prisoners of war to the Navy-yard. We found them gayly attired, with feathered chapeaus, apparently unconscious of the fate to which their treason naturally consigns them. Some of them were anxious to convince those with whom they conversed that their friends and relations, as well as their own unbiased sympathies, were on the side of the flag of our Union. They were a crest-fallen troop indeed, for some had already doffed their feathered chapeau for the simple felt. The captain was a man of fine physique and carriage. His plume was still aloft, and spurs in place, and haversack marked "U. W. Ball." Doubtless his admirers and friends are still in a maze at his sudden trip across the Potomac.



GENERAL BRAGG'S CAMP, AS SEEN FROM FORT PICKENS.—[DRAWN BY AN OFFICER OF THE FORT.]

OUR ILLUSTRATIONS OF FORT PICKENS.

WE publish on page 374, from a sketch by an officer in Fort Pickens, a view of a MORTAR BATTERY LATELY ERECTED ON SANTA ROSA ISLAND by the Federal troops, and on this page a VIEW OF GENERAL BRAGG'S CAMP, from a drawing by the same officer, and a drawing of the interior of one of the SAND-BAG BATTERIES BEARING ON FORT PICKENS, from a sketch by our artist who has been traveling with W. H. Russell, Esq., LL.D., Correspondent of the London *Times*.

The officer to whom we are indebted for the two first-mentioned pictures thus writes us concerning them:

FORT PICKENS, *May* 11, 1861.

With this you will receive a sketch of part of one of the Federal Mortar Batteries on Santa Rosa Island, near Fort Pickens.

This battery, a portion of which is seen in the sketch, was recently built by Lieutenant Tidball, of the 2d Artillery. The central object in the view is a bomb-proof shelter, used as a retreat from a heavy fire, the mass of sand on its roof forming a perfect security against shells of the largest calibre. The powder and loaded shells are kept in similar shelters, according to the usage of war. The ruin of brick-work on the left, and but a few feet in its rear, is all that remains of a large redoubt once held by the English. Whether they built it or no I can not tell, as in those days there was a proverb that the "Spanish built forts, the English held them, and the French took them." When General Jackson came down to Pensacola in 1814, to look after Federal interests in his unauthorized but energetic way, he found the Spanish occupying several points about the place, all protected by a net-work of friendly relations with the Home Secretary in England, who was well represented on the occasion by a fine body of English troops fresh from the Peninsula. A portion of these occupied the redoubt whose ruins are seen in the sketch. Jackson cut the net-work by opening fire without orders—an example that might be followed with advantage by some Federalists of the present day. The Spanish and English withdrew after blowing up the forts and redoubt. In 1819 they returned again, but again the Federalists ousted them. It is a curious coincidence that our Government should occupy these points immortalized in history—that it should be here building up new works to teach its rebellious children a lesson that they might have learned on the site of the old. I looked with curious feeling upon some old nine-pound shot that the workmen turned up the other day while building the battery. These shot were fired by Jackson, in all probability, and conveyed by some long "thirty-two," which now lie on some old logs at the left of the battery. Many years have rolled by since their hoarse voices were heard by Jackson as he threw off the dead weight of official ignorance and drove the intruders from Florida. You can still see the big "G. R." on the reinforce of the guns, but time has strewn huge vases from their muzzles amidst the grass where they have lain neglected so long.

This battery is only a part of the defenses outside of the fort. This side of it the ground rolls off in a series of sand hills, which form excellent natural traverses, and would well conceal from the enemy as many as ten or fifteen regiments.

In sending us the view of General Bragg's camp, he says:

FORT PICKENS, *May* 13, 1861.

Inclosed I send you a sketch of the encampment west of the light-house and nearly opposite Fort Pickens. In front of the tents, near the shore, is seen one of their sand batteries, in which they have mounted several Columbiads. It is reported that they have now 10,000 men here; but I imagine 6000 is much nearer the exact number. This battery commands the entrance to the harbor, but is too far off to do much injury to the fort, the distance being nearly 1¼ miles. The light-house seen on the right is a very fine one, but has not been lighted since the night of April 12, when it was suddenly extinguished during a great snow of the secessionists, caused by the firing of a few guns from the *Wyandotte*, which led them to suspect the fleet was coming in. They immediately extinguished the light and lighted up their batteries. In the mean time, Captain Vodges's company landed, captured one of their guard-boats, which, as soon as the troops were in the fort, was allowed to go back, and convey to General Bragg the gratifying intelligence that the fort was reinforced.

COLONEL MOREHEAD'S CAMP AT BALTIMORE.

WE publish on page 374 a VIEW OF THE ENCAMPMENT OF UNITED STATES VOLUNTEERS, UNDER COLONEL MOREHEAD, on the land adjoining Patterson's Park, Baltimore. Patterson's Park will be seen on the left of the tents in the picture. If the late accounts from Baltimore be correct, this encampment will possess remarkable interest before long.

INTERIOR OF A SAND-BAG BATTERY AT PENSACOLA BEARING ON FORT PICKENS.—[SKETCHED BY OUR ARTIST, WHO HAS BEEN TRAVELING WITH W. H. RUSSELL, LL.D., BARRISTER AT LAW.]

COLONEL MOREHEAD'S CAMP, NEAR PATTERSON'S PARK, BALTIMORE, MARYLAND.—[PHOTOGRAPHED BY WEAVER.]

ONE OF THE MORTAR BATTERIES JUST ERECTED ON SANTA ROSA ISLAND TO SUPPORT FORT PICKENS, BUILT BY LIEUTENANT TIDBALL.

BIVOUAC OF CONFEDERATE TROOPS ON THE LAS MOJAS, TEXAS, WITH STOLEN U. S. WAGONS, ETC.—SKETCHED BY A MEMBER OF THE CORPS.—[SEE PAGE 381.]

UNITED STATES VOLUNTEERS THROWING UP INTRENCHMENTS ON ARLINGTON HEIGHTS.

THE CITY OF CAIRO, ILLINOIS, AS SEEN FROM T

BRILLIANT CHARGE OF UNITED STATES CAVALRY THROUGH THE VILLAGE OF FAIRFAX COURT HOUSE, ON MAY 31, 1861.—[See Page 381.]

E CAMP.—Sketched by Mr. Simplot.—[See Page 381.]

ADVANCE OF THE FEDERAL TROOPS (MICHIGAN REGIMENT AND SHERMAN'S BATTERY) INTO ALEXANDRIA, MAY 24.—[SKETCHED BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST.]

CAMP ANDERSON.

A CORRESPONDENT has sent us a sketch of CAMP ANDERSON, the original encampment of the Twelfth Regiment N. Y. S. M., at Washington, and we herewith reproduce it, in order that our friends who have relatives in the Regiment may see how they are situated.

OCCUPATION OF ALEXANDRIA.

WE publish on this page an engraving of the OCCUPATION OF ALEXANDRIA by the Michigan Regiment, and Sherman's Battery of Artillery. The latter is the splendid battery which was the first to turn out on the occasion of the recent alarm at Washington. Mr. George Wilkes saw them pass up the Avenue, and thus described the scene in a letter to the *Tribune:*

Cheers rose from the crowds as the dragoons went by; but before those cheers were done a vast rumbling was heard in the same direction which the dragoons had come from, and in the next instant Sherman's famous battery, with six horses to each gun, were seen tearing around into the Avenue at fearful speed, the troopers and cannoneers screaming wildly, like so many madmen, as they went. Their rate of progress was so swift that in turning the Fourteenth Street corner the whirl of the gun-carriage spun off a left-hand wheel, and dashed the vehicle against an iron post, flinging the men off the caissons, and knocking down two of the horses. But the remaining horses were whipped on, dragging the fallen animals on their sides along the road, and the naked axle doing duty for the missing wheel. They passed shouting out of sight, and the accelerating hurrahs of the equally crazy multitude went after them as long as their wheels and voices could be heard.

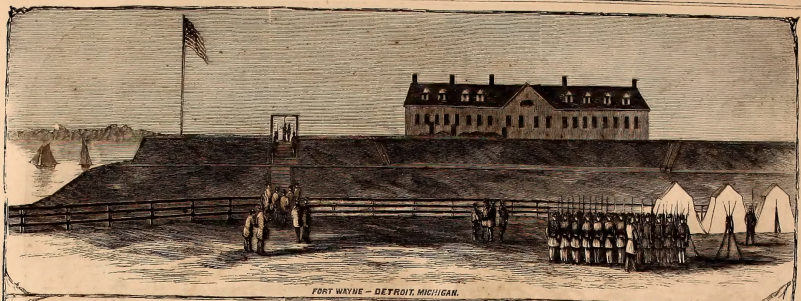
FORT WAYNE, MICHIGAN.

WE publish on next page a view of FORT WAYNE, ON THE DETROIT RIVER, MICHIGAN, now in possession of the Michigan Volunteers. The following description is from the Detroit *Advertiser:*

Fort Wayne was commenced under the supervision of Captain Meigs about 1840, and brought to its present state in 1850. Thus far it has cost the Government $170,000, and the finishing it will probably involve an expense of at least $50,000 more. The timber used in its construction is red cedar and hyraized oak. It is an earth-work, and square shaped, with bastion corners, surrounded by a ditch. On the water side is an out-work separated from the main by a trench; this out-work will contain fifteen guns. The main work is reached from the out-work by an underground passage, which is guarded at each end by heavy iron doors. The entire work will mount forty-seven heavy guns and sixteen light pieces for sweeping the ditch; of these latter there are four on each bastion. On the east side is the main entrance to the fort, which is another tunnel also guarded with iron doors.

One Michigan regiment is now in Alexandria.

CAMP ANDERSON, HEAD-QUARTERS OF THE NEW YORK TWELFTH REGIMENT, WASHINGTON, D. C.



FORT WAYNE — DETROIT, MICHIGAN.

CAMP SCOTT—FREEPORT, ILLINOIS.

CAPTAIN SALER'S ENCAMPMENT, WEST OF ST. LOUIS, MISSOURI.—[Sketched from Rock Spring Road.]

UNITED STATES PICKETS CHASING AND SHOOTING REBEL PROWLERS NEAR ALEXANDRIA.—[SKETCHED BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST.]

SHOOTING REBEL PROWLERS.

We publish above a picture of SHOOTING REBEL PROWLERS near Alexandria. Our special artist writes:

On Monday night, May 27, a picket guard of United States cavalry were stationed some two or three miles from Alexandria on a country road. They were fired upon, and seeing some one moving behind the fence, one of the guards fired his carbine and killed one of the rebels. A few minutes afterward they were again fired upon, the party firing taking to his heels immediately afterward. Two of the pickets pursued and shot him, while the third remained on guard by the body of the man previously shot. On examination papers were found on both, which they had obtained the day before on some plausible pretext from Captain Whittlesey, Provost-Marshal at Alexandria, and had used for the purpose of getting outside the town with intent to murder some of our soldiers, and commit other dastardly acts.

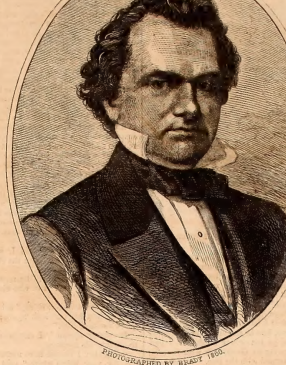
Powhatan. Brooklyn.

REBEL STEAMBOATS OVERHAULED BY UNITED STATES MEN-OF-WAR IN THE GULF.—[SKETCHED BY A UNITED STATES OFFICER.]

CAPTURE OF REBEL STEAMERS.

WE publish on the preceding page a picture representing the capture of two high-pressure steamboats by the United States steamers *Pocahontas* and *Brooklyn* on 7th ult., from a sketch by an officer of the *Brooklyn*. The author of the sketch writes us as follows concerning them:

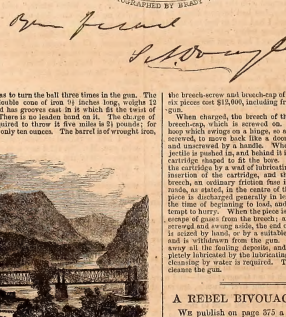
> UNITED STATES STEAMER "BROOKLYN," OFF PENSACOLA, May 11, 1861.
>
> This sketch represents the capture of two high-pressure steamboats by the United States steamers *Brooklyn* and *Pocahontas*, on the afternoon of the 7th. A rigid blockade is now enforced at this point, and no vessels except those in ballast are allowed to enter or leave the harbor. On the afternoon above mentioned the smoke of two steamers was seen in the distance, and thinking they might be armed, or perhaps contain reinforcements or provisions, the *Pocahontas* and *Brooklyn* immediately went to intercept them. The *Pocahontas* having received orders first, succeeded in getting under way before us, and had captured them before we came up. They proved to be the steamers *Dick Keys* and *Henry Lewis*. The *Keys* tried to give us the slip. She started in toward the harbor under a very high pressure of steam. The gunner *Grinnell* fired a shot at her, but she kept on. One of our guns was then brought to bear and a shot fired forward of her bows. This was unheeded; another followed, and this time nearly grazing her stern, she stopped immediately and returned alongside. The *Lewis* then attempted to do the same thing. She started off, but a shell from a small howitzer on board checked her course. An armed boat's crew and an officer was sent on board of each to take charge. They were then brought near the flag-ship. After having been overhauled, and no arms or ammunition being found on board, their cargoes consisting only of hay, oats, and flour, consigned to a private house in Pensacola, they were permitted to return to Mobile whence they came.



DOUGLAS.

BORN APRIL 23, 1813. DIED JUNE 3, 1861.

At twenty feeble, friendless, and almost pennyless, seeking bread and a career in the Great West; at twenty-one admitted to the bar; at twenty-two placed at the head of the profession in his district; at twenty-three a member of the Legislature; at twenty-six unfairly defeated for nomination for Congress—his only political defeat in his adopted State; at twenty-seven Secretary of State; at twenty-eight Judge of the Supreme Court; at thirty a member of Congress; at thirty-two chosen to the Senate of the United States—thence forward the recognized leader of the great Democratic party; at forty-three a leading candidate for the Presidential nomination; at forty-six fairly nominated, and losing his election only through that treachery to party which was a portion of the greater treason against the nation; at forty-seven the one to whom all eyes were turning as the head of the regenerated nation; at forty-eight dead, with so much done, and so much more that must have been done had life been prolonged. No statesman at such an early age has left so broad a mark



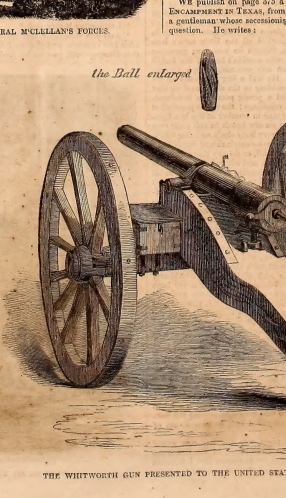
GRAFTON, VIRGINIA, NOW OCCUPIED BY GENERAL MCLELLAN'S FORCES.

upon our history. He was a born leader. His untiring energy, unfailing dexterity, and indomitable courage would have given him pre-eminence in any sphere. The youth of sixteen, looking like a boy of twelve, was in his native Green Mountain village the companion and associate of men. The stalwart men of Illinois recognized at first sight their leader and champion in the slight youth, effeminate in look, save for the massive head which crowned the feeble body, who came a stranger among them; and they never lost an opportunity of heaping upon him every honor in their gift. He grew to the greatness of every occasion. The keen Lawyer became at once the able Judge; the acute Politician developed with marvelous rapidity into the far-seeing Statesman; the dexterous Partisan became the bold and uncompromising Patriot. When the occasion demanded he sprang to the support of the President whose election was gained by his own defeat. It is too early for us fully to appreciate the loss which the nation has sustained by his untimely death at a moment when a nobler career was opening before him than has been presented to any American since the time of the Father of our Country. Of all these glorious possibilities we can now only say, "They might have been." The portrait which we give—the latest authentic one ever taken—is that by which he himself wished to be remembered by posterity. It presents the man, in his best mood, at the culminating point of his life, before the cares and illness of the last weary months had left their traces upon his noble face.

THE WHITWORTH GUN SENT FROM ENGLAND.

WE publish herewith an engraving of one of the Whitworth guns which have been presented to our Government by loyal Americans in England. Two of the guns have already arrived. The following description will enable our readers to understand this beautiful piece:

> The guns are made by the Whitworth Ordnance Company of Manchester, are nine feet long, bore as the bench, and weigh 1100 pounds. The bore is 3 inches, and the twist such as to turn the ball three times in the gun. The ball is a double cone of iron 9½ inches long, weighs 12 pounds, and has grooves cast in it which fit the twist of the gun. There is no leaden band on it. The charge of powder required to throw it five miles is 2½ pounds; for three miles only ten ounces. The barrel is of wrought iron, the breech-screw and breech-cap of steel. The battery of six pieces cost $12,000, including freight, or $2000 for each gun.
>
> When charged, the breech of the gun is closed by the breech-cap, which is screwed on. This cap works in a loop which swings on a hinge, so as to allow it, when unscrewed, to move back like a door. The cap is screwed and unscrewed by a handle. When uncovered, the projectile is pushed in, and behind it is inserted a canister or cartridge shaped to fit the bore. The powder is kept in the cartridge by a wad of lubricating material. After the insertion of the cartridge, and the screwing on of the breech, an ordinary friction fuse is inserted in the vent, made, as stated, in the centre of the breech-cap, and the piece is discharged generally in less than a minute from the time of beginning to load, and that without any attempt to hurry. When the piece is discharged, there is no escape of gases from the breech; and when the cap is unscrewed and swung aside, the end of the tin cartridge case is seized by hand, or by a suitable gripping instrument, and is withdrawn from the gun. The case then brings away all the fouling deposite, and as the barrel is completely lubricated by the lubricating wad, no sponging nor cleaning by water is required. The shots as they issue cleanse the gun.



THE WHITWORTH GUN PRESENTED TO THE UNITED STATES GOVERNMENT BY LOYAL AMERICANS IN ENGLAND.

A REBEL BIVOUAC IN TEXAS.

WE publish on page 375 a picture of a REBEL ENCAMPMENT IN TEXAS, from a sketch sent us by a gentleman whose secessionist views are beyond question. He writes:

> After the surrender of San Antonio by General Twiggs, State troops were organized in order to take possession of the forts occupied by the U. S. Army. The above is a true picture of a portion of said State troops encamping on the Las Moras, near Fort Clark, on their way to the upper posts (Hudson, Lancaster, and Davis). The picture ought to speak for itself. We need not remind that the "U. S.'s" and the "Q. M. D.'s" imply their former owners; and only, furthermore, that no white man in these diggins will be astonished to see the poor Mexicans do all the "hauling of wood and drawing of water," the Dons being engaged in smoking cigarettes, eating melons, drinking Pulu "Senorita," superintending the killing of a stray pig, etc., etc. A lively detachment of Montezuma streets scouring, by order No. 1: "Put none but true Southerners on guard to-night!"

CAIRO FROM THE CAMP.

WE publish on pages 376 and 377 a VIEW OF CAIRO FROM THE CAMP, which will enable our friends throughout the country who have relatives there to realize the spot. The St. Charles Hotel, the large building on the right of the picture, is the head-quarters of General Prentiss. The latest rumor respecting Cairo is that it is to be attacked by Southern troops under the command of General Beauregard. Our picture is from a drawing by Mr. Sinclair. In the last number but one of *Harper's Weekly* we gave a plan and description of the Camp at Cairo.

GALLANT CHARGE OF UNITED STATES CAVALRY.

WE illustrate on pages 376 and 377 the GALLANT CHARGE OF LIEUTENANT TOMPKINS OF the Second Cavalry at Fairfax Court House, on the morning of June 1. The Washington *Star* gives the following account of the affair:

> Last night company B of the Second Cavalry, forty-seven privates, under Lieutenant Tompkins and Second Lieutenant Gordon, and three members of the New York Fifth Regiment—Quarter-master Fearing, Assistant Quarter-master Carey, and Adjutant Frank, reconnoitering within 300 yards of Fairfax Court House, by the Winchester road, were fired on by two of a picket of the Virginia troops. They took one of the two a prisoner, and the other escaped though fired at. The cavalry company then charged into the village from the north side, and were fired on from the Union Hotel, formerly kept by James Jackson who killed Colonel Ellsworth. The man firing on them was instantly shot down. The cavalry then charged down through the principal street of the village, and were fired on from many windows and from platoons behind fences. Having passed thus to the end of the village, they wheeled about and immediately charged back, and were met by a very considerable detachment with a field-piece. Turning, they cut through a third detachment in the rear, and left the village, bringing with them five prisoners, and killing throughout the engagement twenty-one men.
>
> Two of the United States cavalry are missing, two are killed, and Assistant Quarter-master Carey of the New York Fifth Regiment is wounded in the foot. Lieutenant Tompkins had two horses shot under him—the last one falling on his leg, injuring it slightly.

A *Herald* correspondent thus describes the return of the cavalry:

> I was at the head-quarters of General M'Dowell, on Arlington Heights, when a portion of the Federal cavalry that had the skirmish at Fairfax Court House, eighteen miles west of Alexandria, at two o'clock this morning, rode up with their five prisoners and other trophies. The cavalry company that made the attack consisted of dragoons lately returned from Texas. They have seen years of hard Indian fighting on the frontier, and are reckless, dare-devil fellows, headed by Lieutenants Tompkins and Gordon. They rushed upon the rebels, who had hastily gathered in the only street of the village, upon hearing the report of the guns of the pickets, with terrific yells. The reconnoissance scattered in all directions before the dragoons could get a fair chance at them. The Federal loss was caused by the firing from the windows of a tavern and the Court House. The bold troopers rode right up to the windows, and discharged their sabre's rifles and revolvers at their assailants. The Federal cavalry being hailed by a guard, just before entering the village, Lieutenant Tompkins rode up to the rebels and replied, "Cavalry," to the challenge. The sentinel then asking, "What cavalry?" the Lieutenant sang out, "United States cavalry," simultaneously bringing the rebel to the ground by a shot from his revolver.

NEWPORT NEWS, NEAR FORTRESS MONROE, NOW OCCUPIED BY GENERAL BUTLER.

NEWPORT NEWS.

WE publish herewith a view of NEWPORT NEWS, near Fortress Monroe, Virginia, which General Butler has just occupied, and is now fortifying. A Virginian writer, speaking of the spot, says: "Newport News, so named after Captain Christopher Newport, the commodore of the little fleet of three vessels, of the aggregate burden of one hundred and sixty tons, which brought over the adventurers, and who returned for England with news' the 15. of June 1607,' is the sister promontory to Jamestown. Its pine-clad spit divides James River from Hampton Roads. The waterview at this point, east, south, and northwest, is superb. When 'Master Gookin, out of Ireland, with fifty men of his owne, and thirty Passengers' baptized the shamrock in its blue and teeming waters, it was deemed a small paradise. 'The cotten-trees in a years grow so thicke as one's arme, and so high as a man; here any thing that is planted doth prosper as well as in no place better.' The soil is deathless as good as it ever was, since the moisture from the neighboring ocean prevents land in this region from being permanently exhausted, even on the most reckless system of tillage; but we hear of no such growth now. Cotton-planting has given place to oyster-planting, as the leading staple. Master Gookin must have shared the hydrophobic propensities of his countrymen, or he would have delved in the waves for fishes and comfort."

GREAT EXPECTATIONS.

A NOVEL.

By CHARLES DICKENS.

Splendidly Illustrated by John McLenan.

CHAPTER XLVI.

SOME weeks passed without bringing any change. We waited for Wemmick, and he made no sign. If I had never known him out of Little Britain, and had never enjoyed the privilege of being on a familiar footing at the Castle, I might have doubted him; not so for a moment, knowing him as I did.

My worldly affairs began to wear a gloomy appearance, and I was pressed for money by more than one creditor. Even I myself began to know the want of money (I mean of ready money in my own pocket), and to relieve it by converting some easily spared articles of jewelry into cash. But I had quite determined that it would be a heartless fraud to take more money from my patron in the existing state of my uncertain thoughts and plans. Therefore, I had sent him the unopened pocket-book by Herbert, to hold in his own keeping, and I felt a kind of satisfaction—whether it was a false kind or a true, I hardly know—in not having profited by his generosity since his revelation of himself.

As the time wore on, an impression settled heavily upon me that Estella was married. Fearful of having it confirmed, though it was all but a conviction, I avoided the newspapers, and begged Herbert (to whom I had confided the circumstances of our last interview) not to speak of her to me. Why I hoarded up this last wretched little rag of the robe of hope that was rent and given to the winds, how do I know? Why did you read this, commit that not dissimilar inconsistency of your own last year, last month, last week?

It was an unhappy life that I lived, and its one dominant anxiety, towering over all its other anxieties like a high mountain above a range of mountains, never disappeared from my view. Still, no new cause for fear arose. Let me start from my bed as I would, with the terror fresh upon me that he was discovered; let me sit listening as I would, with dread, for Herbert's returning step at night, lest it should be fleeter than ordinary, and winged with evil news; for all that, and much more to like purpose, the round of things went on. Condemned to inaction and a state of constant restlessness and suspense, I rowed about in my boat, and waited, waited, waited, as I best could.

There were states of the tide when, having been down the river, I could not get back through the eddy-chafed arches and starlings of old London Bridge; then, I left my boat at a wharf near the Custom-house, to be brought up afterward to the Temple stairs. I was not averse to doing this, as it served to make me and my boat a commoner incident among the water-side people there. From this slight accession sprang two meetings that I have more to tell of.

One afternoon, late in the month of February, I came ashore at the wharf at dusk. I had pulled down as far as Greenwich with the ebb tide, and had turned with the tide. It had been a fine bright day, but had become foggy as the sun dropped, and I had had to feel my way back among the shipping pretty carefully. Both in going and returning I had seen the signal in his window, All well.

As it was a raw evening and I was cold, I thought I would comfort myself with dinner at once; and as I had hours of dejection and solitude before me if I went home to the Temple, I thought I would afterward go to the play. The theatre where Mr. Wopsle had achieved his questionable triumph was in that water-side neighborhood (it is nowhere now), and to that theatre I resolved to go. I was aware that Mr. Wopsle had not acted since the memorable night of his noble birth, and a monkey. And Herbert had seen him as a predatory Tartar, of comic propensities, with a face like a red brick, and an outrageous hat all over bells.

I dined at what Herbert and I used to call a Geographical chop-house—where the walls were maps of the world in porter-pot rims on every half-yard of the table-cloths, and charts of gravy on every one of the knives—to this day there is scarcely a single chop-house in the Lord Mayor's dominions which is not Geographical—and wore out the time in dozing over crumbs, staring at gas, and baking in a hot blast of dinners. Bymand-by I roused myself and went to the play.

There I found a virtuous boatswain in his Majesty's service—a most excellent man, though I could have wished his trowsers not quite so tight in some places and not quite so loose in others—who knocked all the little men's hats over their eyes, though he was very generous and brave, and who wouldn't hear of any body's paying taxes on any account, though he was very patriotic. He had a bag of money in his pocket, like a pudding in the cloth, and on that property married a young person in bed-furniture with great rejoicings; the whole population of Portsmouth (nine in number at the last Census) turning out on the beach to rub their own hands and shake every body else's, and sing "Fill, fill!" A certain flat-complexioned fellow, however, who wouldn't fill, or do any thing else that was proposed to him, and whose heart was openly stated (per the boatswain) to be as black as his figure-head, proposed to two other Swabs to get all mankind into difficulties; which was so effectually done (involving considerable political influence) that it took half the evening to set things right, and then it was only brought about through an honest fellow (once with a white hat, black gaiters, and red nose, getting into a clock with a gridiron, and listening, and coming out, and knocking every body down from behind with the gridiron whom he couldn't confuse with what he had overheard. This led to Mr. Wopsle's being the only (real head of before) coming in with a star and garter on, as a plenipotentiary of great power direct from the Admiralty, to say that the Swabs were all to go to prison on the spot, and that he had brought the boatswain down like Union Jack, as a right acknowledgment of his public services. The boatswain, unmanned for the first time, respectfully dried his eyes on the Jack, and then cheering up and addressing Mr. Wopsle as Your Honor, solicited permission to take him by the fin. Mr. Wopsle conceding his fin with a gracious dignity, was immediately shoved into a dusty corner while every body danced a hornpipe; and, from that corner, surveying the public with a discontented eye, became aware of me.

The second piece was the last new grand comic Christmas pantomime, in the first scene of which it pained me to suspect that I detected Mr. Wopsle, with red worsted legs under a highly magnified phosphoric countenance and a shock of red fringe for his hair, engaged in the manufacture of thunder-bolts in a mine, and displaying great cowardice when his gigantic master came home, very hoarse, to dinner. But he presently presented himself under worthier circumstances; for, the Genius of Youthful Love being in want of assistance—on account of the parental brutality of the Ogre—that former was opposed the choice of his daughter's heart, by purposely falling upon the object in a flour sack, out of the first-floor window—summoned a sententious Enchanter; and he, coming up from the antipodes rather unteasily, after an apparently violent struggle, presented to Mr. Wopsle in a high-crowned hat, with a necromantic work in one volume under his arm. The business of this enchanter consisting principally of to be talked at, sung at, butted at, danced at, and flashed at with fires of various colors, he had a good deal of time on his hands. And I observed with great surprise that he devoted it to staring in my direction as if he were lost in amazement.

There was something so remarkable in the increasing glare of Mr. Wopsle's eye, and he seemed to be turning so many things over in his mind and to grow so confused, that I could not make it out. I sat thinking of it long after he had ascended to the clouds in a large watchcase, and still I could not make it out. I was still thinking of it when I came out of the theatre an hour afterward, and found him waiting for me near the door.

"How do you do?" said I, shaking hands with him as we turned down the street together. "I saw that you saw me."

"Saw you, Mr. Pip?" he returned. "Yes, of course I saw you. But who else was there?"

"Who else?"

"It is the strangest thing," said Mr. Wopsle, drifting into his lost look again; "and yet I could swear to him."

Becoming alarmed, I entreated Mr. Wopsle to explain his meaning.

"Whether I should have noticed him at first but for your being there," said Mr. Wopsle, going on in the same lost way, "I can't be positive; yet I think I should."

Involuntarily I looked round me, as I was accustomed to look round me when I went home; for these mysterious words gave me a chill.

"Oh! He can't be in sight," said Mr. Wopsle. "He went out before I went off. I saw him go."

Having the reason that I had for being suspicious, I even suspected this poor actor. I mistrusted a design to entrap me into some admission. Therefore I kept quiet at him as we walked on together, but said nothing.

"I had a ridiculous fancy that he must be with you. As I say, till I saw that you were quite unconscious of him sitting behind you there, like a ghost."

My former chill crept over me again, but I was resolved not to speak yet, for it was quite consistent with his words that he might be set on to tempt me to counter-these references with Provis. Of course I was perfectly sure and safe that Provis had not been there.

"I dare say you wonder at me, Mr. Pip; indeed I see you do. But the fact is so very strange! You'll hardly believe what I am going to tell you. I could hardly believe it myself if you told me."

"Indeed?" said I.

"No, indeed. Mr. Pip, you remember in old times a certain Christmas-day, when you were quite a child, and I dined at Gargery's, and some soldiers came to the door to get a pair of handcuffs mended?"

"I remember it very well."

"And you remember that there was a chase after two convicts, and they were joined in it, and that Gargery took you on his back, and that I took the lead, and you kept up with me as well as you could?"

"I remember it all very well." Better than he thought—except the last clause.

"And you remember that we came up with the two in a ditch, and that there was a scuffle between them, and that one of them fell being severely handled and much mauled about the face by the other?"

"I see it all before me."

"And that the soldiers lighted torches, and put the two in the centre, and that we went on to see the last of them, over the black marshes, with the torch-light shining on their faces—I am particular about that; with the torch-light shining on their faces, when there was an outer ring of dark night all about us?"

"Yes," said I. "I remember all that."

"Then, Mr. Pip, one of those two prisoners sat behind you to-night. I saw him over your shoulder."

"Steady!" I thought. I asked him then, "Which of the two do you suppose you saw?"

"The one who had been mauled," he answered readily, "and I'll swear I saw him! The more I think of him the more certain I am of him."

"This is very curious!" said I, with the best assumption I could put on, of its being nothing more to me. "Very curious indeed!"

I can not exaggerate the enhanced disquiet into which this conversation threw me, or the special and peculiar terror I felt at Compeyson's having been behind me like a ghost. For, if he had ever been out of my thoughts for a few moments together since the hiding had begun, it was in those very moments when he was closest to me; and to think that I should be so unconscious and off my guard after all my care, was as if I had taken an avenue of a hundred doors to keep him out, and then had found him at my elbow. I could not doubt either that he was there, because I was there, and I had discover slight an appearance of danger there might be about us, danger was always near and active.

I put such questions to Mr. Wopsle as, When did the man come in? He could not tell me that; he saw me, and over my shoulder he saw the man. It was not until he had spoken him for some time that he began to identify him; but he had from the first vaguely associated him with me, and known him as somehow belonging to me in the old village time. How was he dressed? Prosperously, but not noticeably otherwise; he thought in black. Was his face at all disfigured? No, he believed not. I believed not too, for, although in my brooding state I had taken no especial notice of the people behind me, I thought it likely that a face at all disfigured would have attracted my attention.

When Mr. Wopsle had imparted to me all that he could recall or I extract, and when I had treated him to a little appropriate refreshment after the fatigues of the evening, we parted. It was between twelve and one o'clock when I reached the Temple, and the gates were shut. No one was near me when I went in and went home.

Herbert had come in, and we held a very serious council by the fire. But there was nothing to be done, saving to communicate to Wemmick what I had that night found out, and to remind him that we waited for his hint. As I thought that I might compromise him if I went too often to the Castle, I made this communication by letter. I wrote it before I went to bed, and went out and posted it; and again no one was near me. Herbert and I agreed that we could do nothing else but be very cautious. And we were very cautious indeed—more cautious than before, if that were possible—and I, for my part, never went near the Basin, except when I rowed by, and then I only

"LET ME SIT LISTENING AS I WOULD, WITH DREAD," ETC.

looked at Mill Pond Bank as I looked at any thing else.

CHAPTER XLVII.

THE second of the two meetings referred to in the last chapter occurred about a week after the first. I had again left my boat at the wharf below Bridge; the time was an hour earlier in the afternoon; and, undecided where to dine, I had strolled up into Chesapside, and was strolling along it, surely the most unsettled person in all the busy concourse, when a large hand was laid upon by shoulder by some one overtaking me. It was Mr. Jaggers's hand, and he passed it through my arm.

"As we are going in the same direction, Pip, we may walk together. Where are you bound for?"

"For the Temple, I think," said I.

"Don't you know?" said Mr. Jaggers.

"Well," I returned, glad for once to get the better of him in cross-examination, "I do not know, for I have not made up my mind."

"You are going to dine?" said Mr. Jaggers. "You don't mind admitting that, I suppose?"

"No," I returned, "I don't mind admitting that."

"And are not engaged?"

"I don't mind admitting, also, that I am not engaged."

"Then," said Mr. Jaggers, "come and dine with me."

I was going to excuse myself, when he added,

"Wemmick's coming." So I changed my excuse into an acceptance—for few words I had uttered serving for the beginning of either—and we went along Cheapside and shunted off to Little Britain, while the lights were springing up brilliantly in the shop-windows, and the street lamps-lighters, scarcely finding ground enough to paint their ladders on in the confusion of the afternoon's bustle, were skipping up and down and running in and out, opening more red eyes in the gathering fog than all the link-boys together at the Hummums had opened white eyes in the ghastly wall.

At the office in Little Britain there was the usual letter-writing, hand-washing, candle-snuffing, and safe-locking, that closed the business of the day. As I stood idly by the fire, Jaggers's fire, its rising and falling flame made the two casts on the shelf look as if they were playing a diabolical game at bo-peep with me; while the pair of coarse fat office-candles that dimly lighted Mr. Jaggers as he wrote in a corner, were decorated with dirty winding-sheets, as if in remembrance of a host of hanged clients.

We went to Gerrard Street, all those together, in a hackney-coach; and as soon as we got there dinner was served. Although I should not have thought of making, in that place, the most distant reference to my situation, I felt it was not to be done. He turned his eyes on Mr. Jaggers when ever he raised them from the table, and was as shy and distant to me as if there were twin Wemmicks, and this was the wrong one.

"Did you send that note of Miss Haviham's to Mr. Pip, Wemmick?" Mr. Jaggers asked, soon after we began dinner.

"No, Sir," returned Wemmick; "it was going by post when you brought Mr. Pip into the office. Here it is." He handed it to his principal instead of to me.

"It's a note of two lines, Pip," said Mr. Jaggers, handing it to me, "sent up to me by Miss Haviham on account of her not being sure of your address. She tells me that she wants to see you on a little matter of business you mentioned to her. You'll go down?"

"Yes," said I, casting my eyes over the note, which was exactly in those terms.

"When do you think of going down?"

"I have an impending engagement," said I, glancing at Wemmick, who was putting fish on the post-office, "that renders me rather uncertain of my time. At once, I think."

"If Mr. Pip has the intention of going at once," said Wemmick to Mr. Jaggers, "he needn't write an answer, you know."

Receiving this as an intimation that it was best not to delay, I settled that I would go tomorrow, and said so. Wemmick drank a glass of wine and looked with a pensively satisfied air at Mr. Jaggers, but not at me.

"So, Pip!" our friend the Spider," said Mr. Jaggers, "has played his cards. He has won the pool."

It was as much as I could do to assent.

"Hah! he's a promising fellow—in his way —but he may not have it all his own way. The stronger will win in the end, but the stronger has to be found out first. If he should turn to, and beat his—"

"Surely," I interrupted, with a burning face and heart, "we do not seriously think that even he is scoundrel enough for that, Mr. Jaggers?"

"I didn't say so, Pip. I am putting a case. If he should turn to and beat her, he may possibly get the strength on his side; if it should be a question of intellect, he certainly will not. It would be a clear case of evidence and opinion how a fellow of that sort will turn out in such circumstances, because it's a toss-up between two results."

"May I ask what they are?"

"A fellow like our friend the Spider," answered Mr. Jaggers, "either beats or cringes. He may cringe and growl, or cringe and not growl; but he either beats or cringes. Ask Wemmick his opinion."

"Either beats or cringes," said Wemmick, not at all addressing himself to me.

"So here's to Mrs. Bentley Drummle," said Mr. Jaggers, taking a decanter of choicer wine from his dumb-waiter, and filling for each of us and for himself, "and may the question of supremacy be settled to the lady's satisfaction! To the satisfaction of the lady *and* the gentleman it never will be. Now, Molly, Molly, Molly, Molly, how slow you are to-day!"

The action of her fingers was like the action of knitting. She stood looking at her master, not understanding whether she was free to go, or whether he had more to say to her and would call her back if she did go. Her look was very intent. Surely, I had seen exactly such eyes and such hands on a memorable occasion very lately!

He dismissed her, and she glided out of the room. But she remained before me, as plainly as if she were still there. I looked at those hands, I looked at those eyes, I looked at that flowing hair; and I thought of them with the hands, other eyes, other hair, that I knew of, and with what those might be after twenty years of a brutal husband and a degraded life. I looked again at those hands and eyes of the housekeeper, and thought of the inexplicable feeling that had come over me when I last walked alone—in disturbed garden and through the deserted brewery. I thought how the same feeling had come back when I left her sharpening at the mill, and a hand waving to me, from a stage-coach window; and how it had come back again and had flashed about me like a mystery when I had passed in a carriage—not alone—through a sudden glare of light in a dark street. I thought how one link of association with her had been identification in the theatre, and how such a link, arising in a foe, had been riveted for me now, when I had passed by a common door with Estella's name to the fingers with their knitting action, at the attentive eyes. I felt absolutely certain that this woman was Estella's mother.

Mr. Jaggers's hand was out with Estella, and was not likely to have missed the sentiment I had been at no pains to conceal. He nodded when I said this to him, clapped me on the back, put round the wine again, and went on with his dinner.

Only twice more did the housekeeper reappear, and then her stay in the room was very short, and Mr. Jaggers was sharp with her. But her hands were Estella's hands, and her eyes were Estella's eyes, and if she had reappeared a hundred times I could have been neither more sure nor less sure that my conviction was the truth.

It was a dull evening, for Wemmick drew his wine when it was handed round, as a matter of business—just as he might have drawn his salary when that came round—and with his eye on his client, as if mentally casting up his readiness for cross-examination. As to the quantity of wine, his post-office was as indifferent and enough as the famous Hunderby one. A quantity of letters. From my point of view he was a wrong twin all the time, and only exceptionally like Wemmick of Walworth.

We took our leave early, and left together. Even when we were groping among Mr. Jaggers's stock of boots in search of our hats, I felt that the tight twin was on his way back; and we had not gone half a dozen yards down Gerrard Street in the Walworth direction, before I found that I was walking arm in arm with the right twin, and that the wrong twin had evaporated into the evening air.

"Well!" said Wemmick, "that's over. He's a wonderful man, without his living likeness; but I feel that I am more myself up when I dine with him—and I dine more comfortably unscrewed."

I felt that this was a good statement of the case, and told him so.

"Wouldn't say it to any body but yourself," he answered, "for it might be what is said between you and me goes no further."

I asked him if he had ever seen Miss Haviham's adopted daughter Mrs. Bentley Drummle? He said no. To avoid being too abrupt, I then spoke of the Aged, and of Miss Skiffins, looked rather sly when I mentioned Miss Skiffins, and repeated in the street of how his nose with a roll of the head and a flourish, not quite free from latent boastfulness.

"Wemmick," said I, "do you remember telling me before I first went to Mr. Jaggers's private house, to notice that housekeeper?"

"Did I?" he replied. "Ah, I dare say I did. Deuce take me," he added, suddenly, "I know I did. I find I am not quite unscrewed yet."

"And the last time you called on me," said I, "you asked me if I had her?"

"The same. How did Mr. Jaggers tame her, Wemmick?"

"That's his secret. She has been with him many a long year."

"I wish you would tell me her story. I feel a particular interest in being acquainted with it. You know that what is said between you and me goes no further."

"Well!" Wemmick replied, "I don't know her story—that is, I don't know all of it. But what I do know, I'll tell you. We are in our private and personal capacities, of course."

"Of course."

"A score of years ago that woman was tried at the Old Bailey for murder, and was acquitted. She was a very handsome young woman, and I believe had some gipsy blood in her. Anyhow, it was hot enough when it was up, as you may suppose."

"But she was acquitted."

"Mr. Jaggers was for her," pursued Wemmick, with a look full of meaning, "and worked the case in a way quite astonishing. It was a desperate case, and it was comparatively early days with him then, and he worked it to general admiration; in fact, it may almost be said to have made him. He worked it himself at the police-office, day after day for many days, contending against even a committal; and at the trial, where he couldn't work it himself, sat under Counsel, and—not any one knew—put in all the salt and pepper. The murdered person was a woman—a woman a good ten years older, very much larger, and very much stronger. It was a case of jealousy. They both led trampling lives, and this woman in Gerrard Street here had been married very young, over the broomstick (as we say), to a tramping man, and was a perfect fury in point of jealousy. The murdered woman—more a match for the man, certainly, in point of years—was found dead in a barn near Hounslow Heath. There had been a violent struggle, perhaps a fight. She was bruised and scratched and torn all over, and had been held by the throat at last and choked. Now there was no reasonable evidence to implicate any person but this woman, and on the improbabilities of her having been able to do it, Mr. Jaggers principally based his case. You may be sure," said Wemmick, touching me on the sleeve, "that he never dwelt upon the strength of her hands then, though he sometimes does now."

I had told Wemmick of his showing us her wrists that day of the dinner party.

"Well, Sir!" Wemmick went on; "it happened—happened, don't you see?—that this woman who had been carefully dressed from the time of her apprehension, that she looked much slighter than she really was; in particular, her sleeves are always understood to have been so skilfully contrived that her arms had quite a delicate look. She had only a bruise or two about her face, and those, it was thought, the backs of her hands were lacerated, and the question was, was it with finger-nails? Now, Mr. Jaggers showed in Court that struggled through a great lot of bramble which were not as high as her face; but which she could not have got through and kept her hands out of; and bits of those brambles were actually found in her skin and put in evidence, as well as the fact that the brambles in question were found on examination to have been broken through, and to have little shreds of her dress and little spots of blood upon them here and there. But the boldest point he made was this. It was attempted to be set up in proof of her jealousy, that she was under strong suspicion of having, at about the time of the murder, frantically destroyed her child by this man—some three years old—to revenge herself upon him. Mr. Jaggers worked that in this way. 'We say these are not marks of finger-nails but marks of brambles, and we have you there, with the brambles. You say they are marks of finger-nails, and you set up the hypothesis that she destroyed her child. You must accept all consequences of that hypothesis. For any thing we know she may have destroyed her child, and the child in clinging to her may have scratched her hands. What then? You are not trying for the murder of her child; why do you? As to this case, if you *will* have scratches, we say that, for any thing we know, you may have accounted for them, assuming for the sake of argument that you have not invented them?' To sum up, Sir," said Wemmick, "Mr. Jaggers put it together too many for the Jury, and they gave in."

"Has she been in his service ever since?"

"Yes; how she got out of that," said Wemmick, "She went into his service immediately after her acquittal, tamed as she is now. She has since been tamed more and more, and another in the way of her duties, but she was tamed from the beginning."

"Do you remember the sex of the child?"

"Said to have been a girl."

"You have nothing more to say to me tonight?"

"Nothing. I got your letter and destroyed it. Nothing."

We exchanged a cordial Good-night, and I went home, with new matter for my thoughts, yet with no relief from the old.

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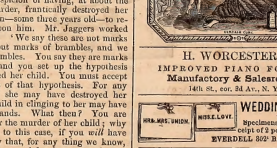

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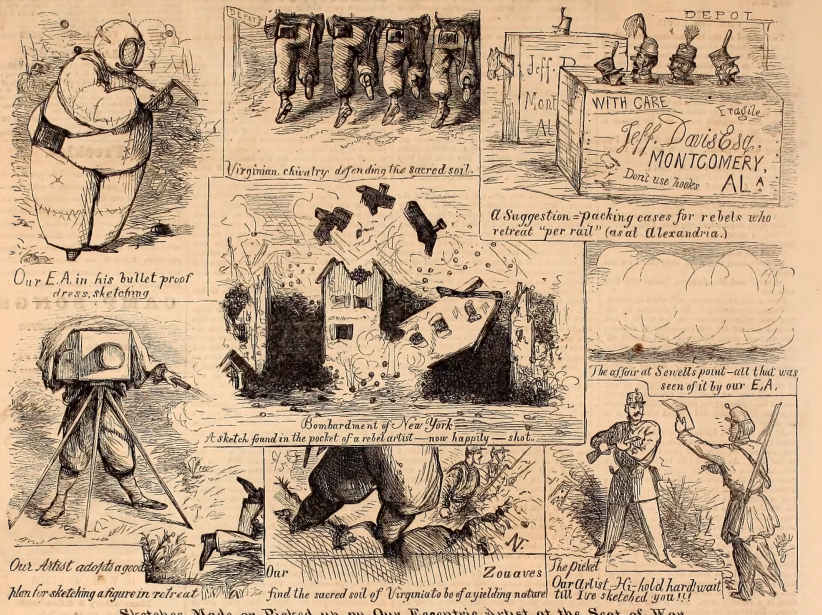

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HARPER'S WEEKLY.

A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION

VOL. V.—No. 234.] NEW YORK, SATURDAY, JUNE 22, 1861. [SINGLE COPIES SIX CENTS. $2 50 PER YEAR IN ADVANCE.

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the Year 1861, by Harper & Brothers, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Southern District of New York.

WILLIAM H. RUSSELL, LL.D.

THE "TIMES" CORRESPONDENT.

WHILE vouching for the fidelity of the annexed likeness, we regret to be unable to furnish our readers with more than a rough outline of this distinguished gentleman's career. And yet, while it is always instructive to trace the origin of an author, and his path from the school-house to distinction, we think it may be said of Dr. Russell that, as the motions of the satellite are regulated and computed by the orbit of the planet, so may his track be said to have been marked by the campaigns of which his pen has so graphically, and almost epically, chronicled the victories and the reverses.

Dr. Russell was born, we believe, in 1822, and now lacks a year of being forty. From Trinity College, Dublin, he was transferred before graduation to Cambridge University, where he obtained his degree, and whence he betook himself to the "Inns of Court," where in due time he exchanged the *toga virilis* for the wig and gown of a barrister-at-law. Human experience, or human prejudice, is apt to measure legal qualifications by the silver hair and the wrinkles of age rather than by the freshness and enthusiasm of youth: and we may presume that to prevent "the horse from starving while the grass was growing," the briefless barrister formed his first connection with Printing-house Square, where he seems to have won his first laurels as "Our Special Correspondent" in a mission to Ireland, for the purpose of verifying some of the Thunderer's strictures upon Mr. O'Connell's statements of the condition of things in his neighborhood. We next find him reporter of the proceedings before the Parliamentary Railway Committees in the apogee of King Hudson's reign—a delicate and ungrateful office for truth and impartiality, which constrained him to perform it without any of those lateral benefits which, not improperly, perhaps, enriched the pockets of many of his confrères. The following year he abandoned the arena of contending railroad routes for the more congenial one of the Court of Queen's Bench, always with a view to his ultimate absorption by the profession he had embraced with zeal and entered not without sacrifices.

After acquitting himself admirably of the duties of law reporter the toga was sacrificed to arms, and he was dispatched to the scene of the Schleswig - Holstein hostilities, where, in his description of the battle of Idstedt, he evinced for the first time his photographic power of picturing the movements of armies and the phases of battle. On his return from Holstein we believe that he went on to the *Times* as one of its regular staff of leader writers, and remained there until detailed to the Crimea, whither he accompanied, ex Malta and Gallipoli, Major-General Brown's division, the foremost of the Allied forces in the march to Sebastopol.

Dr. Russell remained in the Crimea until the end of the war, sharing all the hardships and many of the perils of the soldiery. It was not required of the "*Times* Correspondent" that he should volunteer for the trenches or the rifle-pits, but his glowing descriptions of the battles of Alma and Inkermann, and the evidence of contemporaries, show him to have been in the midst of these engagements. We have heard it said that his letter describing the battle of Alma, which made his first "mark" in England, was written in the field, with ink improvised out of gunpowder, and upon an empty powder-keg.

After the peace Dr. Russell scoured the interior of Russia, and on the following year was dispatched as "Special Correspondent" to recount the majestic ceremonies of the Emperor Alexander's coronation at Moscow. Our readers will remember his glowing description of that semi-Oriental pageant.

Dr. Russell's "Diary in India"—a production entirely distinct from his masterly narrations to the *Times* of Sir Colin Campbell's reconquest of that vast and menaced appendage to the British Crown—has been extensively read in this country.

On his return from the East he engaged in the publication of the *Army and Navy Gazette*, a successful hebdomadal devoted to the contemporaneous history and progress of the English Volunteer movement, and to every new discovery or improvement in the art of war by sea or by land. From his editorial duties and a variety of concurrent literary pursuits, Dr. Russell was detailed by "the Thunderer," to whose service he has never ceased to be attached, to inspect the melancholy political condition of our distracted country, whose shores he reached on the 16th March, and where we find him, at the New York St. Patrick's dinner of the day following, expressing his regret that his presence had too often been like that of the Stormy Petrel, the harbinger of trouble; and his hope that, in the present case, the experience of the past might be falsified, and his pen employed to record the circumstances of a reconciliation so precious, rather than those of a fratricidal war so deplorable, to the feelings and interests of humanity.

In his personal intercourse Dr. Russell unites the charms of experience, genius, and sincerity. A willing conversationalist, he rushes into a discussion with the fearlessness of conviction and the generosity of one who feels that he has ideas and knowledge to spare. As an observer, while endowed with a keen relish for enjoyment, nothing seems to escape him.

Mr. Russell arrived in this country about three months since, and after spending a short time in New York and Washington, proceeded to the South. He has by this time made the tour of the Gulf States, and is on his way back to Washington. From Charleston he sends the following curious intelligence, under date of April 20:

"Nothing I could say can be worth one fact which has forced itself upon my mind in reference to the sentiments which prevail among the gentlemen of this State. I have been among them for several days. I have visited their plantations; I have conversed with them freely and fully; and I have enjoyed that frank, courteous, and graceful intercourse which constitutes an irresistible charm of their society. From all quarters have come to my ears the echoes of the same voice; it may be feigned, but there is no discord in the note, and it sounds in wonderful strength and monotony all over the country. Shades of George III., of North, of Johnson, of all who contended against the great rebellion which tore these colonies from England, can you hear the chorus which rings through the State of Marion, Sumter, and Pinckney, and not clap your ghostly hands in triumph? That voice says, 'If we could only get one of the royal race of England to rule over us, we should be content.' Let there be no misconception on this point. That sentiment, varied in a hundred ways, has been repeated to me over and over again. There is a general admission that the means to such an end are wanting, and that the desire can not be gratified. But the admiration for monarchical institutions on the English model, for privileged classes, and for a landed aristocracy and gentry, is undisguised and apparently genuine. With the pride of having achieved their independence is mingled in the South Carolinians' hearts a strange regret at the result and consequences, and many are they who 'would go back to-morrow if we could.'"

In Georgia, it seems, Mr. Russell found less warlike ardor than in little Carolina. He writes, on May 2:

"There is much said concerning 'Our President's' Message; and there is a suddenness of admiration for pacific tendencies which can with difficulty be accounted for, unless the news from the North these last few days has something to do with it. Not a word now about an instant march on Washington! no more threats to seize on Faneuil Hall! The Georgians are by no means so keen as the Carolinians on their border—nay, they are not so belligerent to-day as they were a week ago. Mr. Jefferson Davis's Message is praised for its 'moderation,' and for other qualities which were by no means in such favor while the Sumter fever was at its height. Men look grave, and talk about the interference of England and France, which 'can not allow this thing to go on.' But the change which has come over them is unmistakable, and the best men begin to look grave. As for me, I must prepare to open my lines of retreat—my communications are in danger."

People here generally seem to think that Mr. Russell's letters are more favorable to the South than to the North. His later letters certainly read as though there was a spice of irony in his compliments to the rebels.

WILLIAM H. RUSSELL, LL.D., CORRESPONDENT OF THE LONDON "TIMES."—[FROM A DRAWING BY THEODORE R. DAVIS, ESQ.]

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

SATURDAY, JUNE 22, 1861.

HOW TO KEEP ENGLAND STRAIGHT.

WE still cling to the hope, that the people of Great Britain will not stultify their own record and alienate our good-will by active sympathy with the Southern rebels. We are bound to say that, just at present, the press and the speakers of England decidedly lean to the Southern side. Leading journals, from the London *Times* to the *Saturday Review* and *Punch*, either sneer at the North or urge the claims of the rebels to the independence which they pretend to seek; great anti-slavery apostles like Lord Brougham choose this moment for denouncing abolition; the Government adopts a policy which will enable Southern privateers to take prizes into Liverpool and sell them there. Look which way we will, we find no encouragement for a friendly Government struggling to maintain itself against traitors, and not even a word of censure of slavery—so long the object of England's fiercest rebuke.

We shall not undertake to account for the phenomenon. There must be reasons, of course, for such unfriendly conduct toward our Government, and for such gross inconsistency on the slavery question. But it is not worth while for us to seek them. Whether it be the Morrill tariff or the cotton question, or the desire of English politicians to see this country divided, which stirs up Englishmen to sympathize with slaveholding traitors, and to aid in the establishment of a nation "based on the corner-stone of human slavery," it is fast becoming idle to inquire. It is high time to deal with the facts as they are, and to see what we can do if as now seems possible, England's sympathies are actively engaged on the side of our insurgents.

One-fifth of England's foreign trade is carried on with the United States. No nation in the world has so much of England's trade as so much to her as we do. And our trade with England is more profitable to her than her foreign trade with any other nation; for we send her food and raw material, and we buy her manufactures in return. One year with another we take annually from Great Britain $140,000,000 worth of manufactured goods: or, in other words, assuming the profit in sale to be correct, the United States spend every year $70,000,000 in encouraging the industry of Great Britain. Of these manufactured goods over one-half comes to this country in British vessels, thus giving employment to an enormous fleet of steamers and sailing craft. We sell to Great Britain, on the average, $175,000,000 worth of domestic produce every year, a large proportion of which is destined for consumption on the continent of Europe. Of this, again, over one-third goes to Europe in British vessels. Our exports to Great Britain consist almost exclusively of articles of prime necessity—cotton, tobacco, flour, corn, provisions, and the like—without which British industry must languish, and the cost of living —to the working classes—would be gravely enhanced.

These simple statements of fact suggest a method of reprisal upon Great Britain which would prove quite as effective and much less inconvenient than a war. An embargo upon trade with England would very quickly bring John Bull to his senses. It would speedily teach the manufacturers of the $140,000,000 of British goods, which we have been in the habit of consuming every year, that sympathy with traitors is an expensive luxury. It would give the Tories—who are gloating over the supposed failure of republican institutions — something more practical for the shop-girls and bread riots, to occupy their minds with at home. It would warn the free-traders that, bad as the Morrill tariff is, it is a mere trifle to what this country can do if we be driven to the wall.

Such an embargo would either lead to war with England or it would not. If it did not, we should go on exporting food, etc., to France, and buying our manufactured goods from the French; so that, in the course of a year or two, we should build up Havre, Bordeaux, Lyons, and Rouen, as we have built up Liverpool, London, Birmingham, and Manchester. Instead of the French importing from the United States through Liverpool, as they now do, England would then import through Havre. *

If the embargo led to war it could not injure us much more than active British sympathy with, the rebels would. England has not men enough to effect a landing on our coast. In the Crimean war she could not raise an army of 50,000 men. New York could take care of any army she might send out. She would of course blockade many, if not all of our ports. But the same result will practically be reached if privateers are fitted out in England; already our insurance companies have raised the war risk to a point which absorbs the profit of shippers; the amount of shipping laid up has reached a formidable figure, and increases daily. On the other hand, a war with England would this time insure the annexation of Canada—no mean gain to us in view of the future. We might inflict more severe injuries on our antagonist if we secured the alliance of France, or aroused an insurrectionary movement among the Irish or the Chartists. But these are considerations of small moment. The really important point is, that a war with England would not injure us more than such British sympathy with the rebels as is foreshadowed in the Queen's proclamation, the declarations of the Ministry, and the tone of the London press.

It may be said, of course, that we have no control of the cotton crop, and that if Great Britain declared war upon us she would raise her blockade of the Southern ports. In order to need much discernment to perceive that this would be the last cotton crop England would get, or the South would have to export.

The world will bear witness to the tenderness and delicacy with which the Federal Generals are dealing with the peculiar institution. General Butler, deviating from the precedents established by Generals Taylor and Gaines, who set free negroes seized as prisoners of war, offers to restore fugitive slaves to any owner who takes the oath of allegiance; General McClellan declares that he will put down servile insurrections "with an iron hand;" General Patterson warns his troops to respect all kinds of "property;" the kind of proclamation which generals would issue to their troops the day after England raised our blockade of the Southern ports and made common cause with the Confederacy based on the corner-stone of human slavery, will suggest itself to every one who understands human nature.

OUR FOREIGN MINISTERS.

WHY is it that the Government of the United States so often contrives to send the wrong men to represent it abroad? What fatality is it which renders our diplomatic corps so frequently a failure? There are always plenty of good men in the country who are willing to represent the United States abroad; what evil genius is it which contrives to set these systematically aside, and to send abroad men who are either unfit, or distasteful, or positively disgraceful?

One might have supposed that the shame and disgrace brought upon the country by the Ostend Manifesto, and by the conduct of Soulé, Saunders, Daniels, etc., would have served as a warning to future Administrations, and that hereafter our Foreign Ministers would have been selected with care. But how does the case stand?

Our minister to France, Mr. Dayton, a high, Fy respectable man, does not speak a word of French. Our minister to Russia, a brave and chivalrous gentleman, and excellently fitted to fight the present battle of the Union in Kentucky, has so little discretion that he can not pass through London without following the time-honored example of vain Americans, and writing a silly letter to the *Times*, which does us infinite mischief. To Austria we send a very good man indeed, but one who has not a claim to distinction in foreign politics rests upon the efforts he made to give aid and comfort to a rebellious Austrian province. To Spain—still a leading state—we have just sent a man of the Soulé—we send a European exile, a fierce revolutionist, who would have been the very man to send as a spokesman in the Hungarian Diet who can hardly expect a civil reception at the court of Queen Isabella. To the refined and polished court of the Hague we send a sound republican, rough as the side of a rhinoceros. By way of making a balance, we suppose, a strong democrat, great on matters of taste and dress, good to represent the republican Administration in commercial circles. In Belgium we send a man who turns out to be a rank traitor—at least, so his friends here confess.

It is hardly the part of patriotism to try to embarrass the Government at this juncture, and we will only add that we hope the military offices in the gift of the Administration will be filled with more discernment than the Foreign Missions we have mentioned.

The mischief which an indiscreet or unfit minister may do will counterbalance all the benefit the country may receive from the judicious diplomacy of such men as Adams, Corwin, Marsh, and Webb.

MORE SOUTHERN PICTURES.

WE continue in this number our illustrations of Scenes at the South, though there is no communication either by mail or express with that section of the country. On another page the reader will find an engraving of a BIVOUAC OF CONFEDERATE TROOPS at Warrington, Pensacola, from a photograph taken a few days ago. We venture to promise our readers that the interruption of mail and other intercourse with the Southern States will not prevent our receiving a regular supply of illustrations from thence. Notwithstanding the abuse of Southern journals, we seem to have friends left at the South, who promise to keep us supplied with sketches by smuggling them across the lines. Our late subscribers in that section may not know what they miss in being deprived of *Harper's Weekly*.

THE LOUNGER.

WHY WE TALK ABOUT ENGLAND.

We all naturally think and say a great deal about the position of England toward us, because she is, of all the great nations in the world, our natural ally. America is the child of England. The child left the ancestral house with indignation and violence, but she is none the less of the same blood, the same sympathy, of the same hope. The colonies were settled from many countries, but the dominant race and the controlling spirit were the Anglo-Saxon. The shock with the mother country was long in healing. There were jealousies, rivalries, sneers, haughty indifference. But all the glory of one was that—the glory. Carlyle and Macaulay, Wordsworth and Tennyson, Dickens and Thackeray, they were ours as they were England's; they were ours as the men of no other nation are. Speaking in the aggregate, England may have feared and hated us as a commercial rival—as a power likely to dispute with her the supremacy of the seas; but the best Englishmen and the best Americans met and stood upon a higher ground than that—the ground of common blood, civilization, and destiny.

That the English Government seems so coldly unfriendly to us does not sting and surprise. Yet as we say elsewhere, while the mass and the conscience of the two nations have been, upon the whole, in earnest, our own Government has doubtless hitherto misrepresented the truest sentiment of our people, and we ought to wait to hear whether the English Government is the official action of their Government. If there be no correcting public sentiment developed—if it shall finally appear that the Government represented by Lord John Russell and Lord Palmerston, England will have disdained—and lost her most natural and valuable ally.

OUR NATIONAL REPUTATION.

NATIONS, like kings, it seems, have no friends. France owes us little for our old revolution, not because she loved the colonies, but because she hated the parent country. And we are now learning, not without bitterness, that, in a threatening moment, the "friendship" of a nation means suspicious neutrality.

Where is that capital story told about "presence of mind?" A Bishop and some friends were sailing in a small boat which was struck by a squall and the Bishop's mitre was thrown into the water. He grasped the gunwale to help himself back into the boat. "By Jove!" said the Bishop with great coolness, "I have lost my capsize au sil. But I had, providentially, presence of mind enough to recollect my umbrella, and seizing that, I rapped poor Tom Noddy on the head and so had the luck to be obliged to lie go, and sank; and we all got very comfortably to shore."

Yes! if we can save ourselves closely what right we had to expect friendship from other nations, we shall be obliged to confess that we had none at all. We have, on other occasions, as we have boasted, and swaggered, and sworn, in the great society of nations, very much as the representatives of our Yazoo Southern powers, and we have behaved in Congress. Metaphorically speaking, we have squirted tobacco juice over all the powers of Christendom. Think of the Mexican Manifesto. Remember that the chief signer was our accredited representative in England, and returned to us, after that performance, only to be made President. Think of our Cuba performances; of our conduct in the Peruvian guano difficulty; of our general tone in dealing with foreign powers, and of our haughtiness with which we have treated large ones. Our very existence was a pang to the monarchical system; and our late short "war of liberation." We were regarded as a phenomenon among nations, and the interest of the world in our fate was limited to a languid curiosity as to how much we should fall into the anarchy prepared for all republics.

The work we have in hand, therefore, is not merely the suppression of a rebellion, but it is to show the world that the characteristic spirit of the American people has been most grossly misrepresented before Europe. The great body of intelligent men in every nation are to learn that the same spirit which has every where belied the country—which through the mouths of our ambassadors has placed us in the ridiculous and wicked position of being the only government which professed to be based upon the rights of man, and yet the only one which denied them to many—is the spirit which, having been plainly exposed to the people of the country, has been expelled from power, and, feeling its expulsion to be intolerable, now seeks to destroy the government since it can no longer control it.

By-and-by enlightened men every where will perceive that it was because we were conscious of the disgraceful position we have been made to hold in the world by the misrepresentation of the anomalous feudal and aristocratic faction which has hitherto adroitly spoken and acted for the United States, that we have not sought help from the government. And they will see, also, that the faction maintained itself so long only by ingenious appeals to the prejudices and forbearance and love of peace of the great party by means of which it reached and retained power. And they will see further, that the mass of that party in concert with the other great party of the country, has now buried the Hatchet beneath the flag, and that both stand shoulder to shoulder and heart to heart to prove that a popular government can cope triumphantly with the most desperate rebellion, and conquer not only an unprecedented peace at home, but the intelligent and admiring sympathy of all who wish well to mankind.

THE QUESTION OF REBELLION.

REBELLIONS are not necessarily just or unjust. But hitherto, as they have generally been risings of the people against tyranny, they have inspired sympathy in all generous minds. The great rebellion in England was the rising of the English people against the despotic, irresponsible prerogative of the crown. The French Revolution was the despairing struggle of utterly oppressed and outraged human beings. The late risings in Italy, Garibaldi's landing in Sicily, the expulsion of the small Dukes from Tuscany, Modena, and Parma, were all rebellions, because they were movements against established governments; but they are justified by the heart of mankind, because they were struggles against intolerable oppressions, whose consequences were worse than the woes of war.

The insurrection of the slaveholding faction in this country is not criminal because it is a rebellion, but because it is the effort of a faction to overthrow the government of the whole people. It is precisely what a rebellion of the monarchists in Italy would be, after Italy had established a popular government with a constitution providing for its own amendment. Our fathers who undertook the Revolution were rebels; but they rebelled only when lawful redress of grievance was clearly impossible. They took up arms, at first, in defense of the rights of British subjects under the British constitution. James Otis constantly appealed to that constitution. The colonies petitioned the crown under the privileges of its constitution: and only when the positive wrongs they suffered were felt to be irremediable, did they appeal to God and man for the justice of their cause, draw the sword, and boldly take their stand as rebels.

It was not the success of their rebellion that justified it. That the English government had succeeded in quelling it, and Washington, Adams, and Franklin had hung separately, as Franklin jocosely remarked, the rebellion would still have been as noble in its aim as it was complete in its success—the great leaders would have been censured for want of wisdom in exposing people to the consequences of defeat; but those consequences would have been cheerfully accepted by the people. So if Garibaldi had miscalculated the unanimity of the Sicilians or the power of the Neapolitan government, and had failed a year ago when he touched Sicily with the torch of liberty and it flamed from end to end, he would still have been esteemed in history unfortunate, but not criminal.

Suppose that a powerful monarchical reaction in Italy by which the Italians should be again relegated to the despotic rule of their petty princes. Would success be converted justice? Does History, does the heart of mankind, honor only the successful? If Aaron Burr had divided the country and founded a Mexican empire in dispute with us the continent; if John André had returned safely within the British lines and Benedict Arnold had been promoted to command to overthrow, would our traditions despise them less? Would not History and mankind condemn them all the more?

Concede success to the Davis rebellion, still you can not save it from historical ignominy. The detection of a great nation upon which hang the hopes of the world, of whose government is just and firm, but flexible and mild, whose Constitution provides for the peaceful and equitable remedy of every grievance, and even, indirectly, for its own abrogation, the overthrow of a government ordained by the people of the United States to form a more perfect union, to establish justice, to insure domestic tranquility, to provide for the common defense, to promote the general welfare, and secure the blessings of liberty, by a rebellion of some of those people aiming to establish a government which shall secure the perpetuity of slavery, and who can not truly plead a single injury or a solitary effort at peaceful remedy of their alleged wrongs, would be a misfortune without a parallel in history.

AN OBVIOUS QUESTION.

A POWERFUL party in England is engaged in suppressing a rebellion. England says to her: "I don't care in the least whether you put down the rebellion or the rebellion puts you down. The only thing I care about is cotton, and that I am going to have, anyhow."

Such we believe to be the strongest moral support of the revolt. What is likely to come of it?

In the first place, the rebellion will be prolonged until the time for the growing cotton of the entire England may openly and actively support it. If Jeff Davis is compelled to fall back from Virginia through the line from Montgomery again, he will not hesitate. He will hold out at any cost, to give England the opportunity to interfere.

That, in the second place, before the time arrives the Government of the United States will undoubtedly say to England:

"You call yourself a friendly ally of ours. We are crushing a rebellion. It survives still, and survives solely upon your sympathy. If you are a friendly power you will no longer encourage treason among our citizens. If you continue to encourage it you are not a friendly power, and we shall not consider you in the future negotiation, with a proper regard to their duty and dignity, the United States can not consent to the so-called neutrality of England."

Such a tone might be taken in no truculent spirit, but as a simple and obvious and justifiable necessity. If Ireland were in open rebellion against the British Government, for whatever cause, and the United States recognized Ireland as a belligerent, it is clear that the rebellion would receive its chief importance and danger from that sympathy. How long before Great Britain would ask the United States to explain its position?

THE WAY TO WAR.

IF is asked how the action of England, in merely recognizing the belligerent rights of the rebellion, can occasion war. The question is very easily answered.

Great Britain has not recognized the independence of the rebellious States. Victoria is not yet

an acknowledged ally of Jefferson Davis. But her Government declares itself neutral, and concedes to him belligerent rights. By the decisions of her courts it is a right of belligerents to take prizes into neutral ports. Great Britain and the United States are at peace. But if a trading or passenger ship sails from Liverpool to New York—two open ports of two friendly nations—she may be seized when twenty miles out by one of Mr. Jeff Davis's privateers, taken back into Liverpool, and held until a prize court sitting in Charleston or Savannah has declared her forfeited to the captors. In the same way a ship sailing from New York or Philadelphia for any English port, may be seized and carried to any British colony, Nassau, for instance, and kept until condemned.

How long can such proceedings possible without war? How long while such things happen will the nation that consents to them call herself an ally of the nation whose commerce she thus helps destroy?

That a great nation should declare herself neutral in a war between two other Powers is to say merely that she is the friend of both. But to recognize the belligerent rights of a party in rebellion against an ally, within its own territory, is to declare against the ally. Can it be that for so desperate a chance as the success of this rebellion Great Britain has deliberately thrown away the friendship of the United States?

A BIT OF HISTORY.

FOUR of the Pennsylvania militia are now garrisoning Fort Washington upon the Potomac, opposite Mount Vernon, write to the Lounger describing Assembly the first of the first movement of Northern Volunteers. The four are members of the first companies accepted by Governor Curtin. They say:

"Our company, from Lewistown, Mifflin County, called the Logan Guards; the Washington Artillerists from Pottsville; Logan Infantry, Lewistown; Reading Artillerists, and Allentown Rifles, were the first companies of volunteers that left the Northern States and marched through Baltimore. We arrived at Harrisburg on Wednesday evening, the 17th of April, and at 7 o'clock on the following morning were mustered in. At 9 we started for Washington. We reached our destination the same day about 6 o'clock P.M., where we remained until the 30th of April, when we were removed to Fort Washington as a reinforcement. The commandant, Major Joseph A. Haskins, whom we had not however seen until the following day, where he lost an arm, has thoroughly strengthened his position. The 32-pounders are all ready; the furnaces for heating shot are in applique order; the magazine are full; the hand-grenades are ready for use at a moment's notice; the barracks are "ping around loose;" and the artillerists sleep nightly beneath their guns. It is the intention of the Government to erect a battery on the hill immediately behind the fort. The impression is that we can hold the fort against 30,000 rebels. Fort Washington is sixteen miles from the city, on the Maryland side. Three miles below us, on the Virginia side, we have a splendid view of Mount Vernon, the resting-place of the Father of our Country. We have been kept very busy since we have been here, cutting down trees and hauling brush, digging trenches, mounting cannon, etc. We are now prepared to meet any number of the rebels."

BLOWING HOT AND COLD.

CERTAIN worthy gentlemen in Kentucky and elsewhere are resolved to eat their cake and have it, if the thing can be done. When rebels take up arms to destroy the Government these gentlemen are of opinion that there is a great deal to be said upon both sides, and that the Government and the rebellion are about equally right and wrong. And we are very much distressed by the prospect of fighting. Fighting is to be avoided at all hazards. If bears and lions and sighs and platitudes will be of any service in this emergency, they will furnish any required quantity. If people could only be kept from fighting by surrenderings; every single man makes a man truly manly and a Government truly powerful, in the name of quiet and tears let it be surrendered. The sense sobbing and sighing patriots are not especially anxious that the Government of their country should be maintained; but the one thing that is generally desired is that, if any body is in danger of being hurt in maintaining it, the defense shall be abandoned.

These gentlemen announce that their States intend to take no part in the war. Suppose that every other State in the Union should do the same thing? The Government of the United States, threatened by a desperate rebellion, calls upon the citizens, in the constitutional and legal method, to defend the Government, and the citizens in each State reply, "No, thank you; we're going to stand off." It would be doing precisely what the people in the Confederate States have done—the national Government would disappear. The action of these gentry of the Border States is only less noble and less insidious than that of the Cotton States. The latter say, "We are going to overthrow the Government." The former reply, "Very well; we shall not hinder."

In the address to the people of Kentucky, these gentlemen say, "Hold fast to that sheet-anchor of republican liberty, that the will of the majority, constitutionally and legally expressed, must govern." In the address to the people of the United States they say, in effect, "But the majority will not submit—why then, 'tis very unfortunate, but you must let them have their way."

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RUMORS OF THE DAY.

A C SONG.

Inscribed to SIGNOR TAMBERLIK *after a hearing of his famous "ut de poitrine."*

THE C! the C! the open C!
That cometh from the chest as free;
I'm charming as long as that high clear sound,
How it filleth the house, shows around,
It rings through the stalls, to joy it flies,
And e'en to the back of the gallery lies.
I love the C, the high-bred C,
Tis a tone above Sims Reeves his By;
It is pitched exactly as high to go,
And it taketh the shine out of Maria.
Through a storm in the storm and hand there be,
What matter their clothes? they ne'er can drown the C!

I love, O how I love to dwell
In thought on the stories of *William Tell*:
Where the shining lake and the silver moon
Seen in harmonies will with each oar's note tune:
When Tell's voice is heard in that grand trio,
And his chorus comes trooping from lonely and low.
I no find of Hery Fornes' deep bass roar,
But I love the high C more than before.
As upward it soareth so clear from the chest
As a skylarkingle's singing in the nest.
And a wonder it always hath been to me,
How a tenor can touch that high chest C.

The virgin sigh I have heard, so sweet,
In nervousness or weak lungs 'twas been:
And I hate the falsetto, though you do tell
That by it Robin made perks of gold.
Many queens and queens he must sound still,
But the high chest C just suits this child;
It stirreth the soul and it stirreth the air,
All the pulses that vibrate to love or strife.
I love wealth to spend, I love power to cause,
But from fame I love most to hear the big clause;
And if Arnold ever should call on me,
I'll get him to sing me the high chest C!

"HARD LUCK."—A sympathetic soul says that the poor shareholders who have invested their money in the Atlantic and Red Sea Telegraphs must think them both "extremely hard lines."

A YOUNG LADY ARCHITECTURALLY SURVEYED.

"Well, my boy, how is your courtship in the country getting on? Have you popped the question?" was the greeting over the rails in the Row at Hyde Park. "Charming, my boy, charming, as you say; but I'm afraid the governor boy's quick answer, "though strange to say, my success is not quite to his liking. He objects to the ruggedness of the hill; the hand-grenades are ready for use at a moment's notice; the barracks are "ping around loose;" and the artillerists sleep nightly beneath their guns. It is the intention of the Government to erect a battery on the hill immediately behind the fort. The impression is that we can hold the fort against 30,000 rebels. Fort Washington is sixteen miles from the city, on the Maryland side. Three miles below us, on the Virginia side, we have a splendid view of Mount Vernon, the resting-place of the Father of our Country. We have been kept very busy since we have been here, cutting down trees and hauling brush, digging trenches, mounting cannon, etc. We are now prepared to meet any number of the rebels."

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These gentlemen announce that their States intend to take no part in the war. Suppose that every other State in the Union should do the same thing? The Government of the United States, threatened by a desperate rebellion, calls upon the citizens, in the constitutional and legal method, to defend the Government, and the citizens in each State reply, "No, thank you; we're going to stand off." It would be doing precisely what the people in the Confederate States have done—the national Government would disappear. The action of these gentry of the Border States is only less noble and less insidious than that of the Cotton States. The latter say, "We are going to overthrow the Government." The former reply, "Very well; we shall not hinder."

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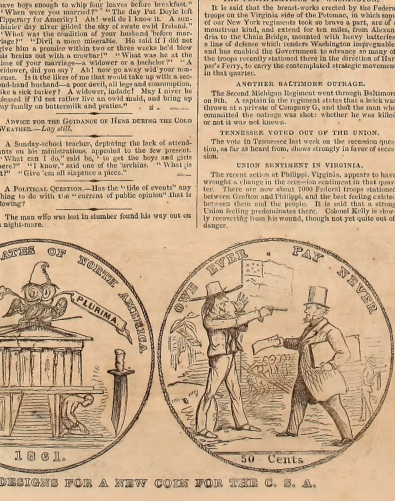

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DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

FIGHT AT BETHEL, VIRGINIA.

On the 9th General Butler dispatched a strong force to dislodge the rebels who had gathered at Bethel, on the Yorktown road, about twelve miles from Fortress Monroe. In the defence a New York Regiment and one from Alabama encountered, attacked each other for enemies, and fired upon each other, inflicting some loss. The error having been discovered, the Alabama regiment, with a large rebel force, made a sharp engagement ensued; the United States troops finally retreating, but not before they had succeeded, to carry the batteries, retained, carrying with them many prisoners—six of the latter, and one of the former. Our entire loss is about 75 killed and wounded, among whom is Lieutenant Greble, of the Regulars.

THE BATTERIES TAKEN.

A dispatch to the *Herald*, dated Washington, June 12, 3 P.M., says: "A special messenger arrived an hour since from Fortress Monroe, bringing the intelligence that General Butler successfully attacked with a large reinforcement to Great Bethel, and after a severe fight captured their batteries. The rebels fled, leaving masked battery of fourteen guns, and also took one thousand rebel prisoners."

THE ADVANCE ON HARPER'S FERRY.

The movement upon Harper's Ferry has fairly begun, and will soon be heard of through its results. It includes an advance from Cumberland down upon the Ferry, and is accepted by the clashing presence of Generals Butler and Patterson. The latter has a special mission to arrest the enemy from uniting its scattered forces. General Patterson is advancing from Chambersburg and Hagerstown with 10,000 men. General McClellan is advancing from Grafton with 7000 or 8000 men. And with these latitudes of the District of Columbia militia, together with two Connecticut regiments, the New Hampshire regiment, and the New York Ninth, left Washington, and united at a point three miles above Georgetown, and are advancing to a point between Point of Rocks and the Potomac, that way between Harper's Ferry and Washington.

GENERAL PATTERSON'S PROCLAMATION.

General Patterson has prepared an address for distribution among the troops at Chambersburg. After alluding to the aggressive acts of the rebels, he says: "You must bear in mind you are going for the good of the whole country, and that, while you do duty for a peaceful solution, you must protect the loyal, and, should the occasion offer, at once suppress armed opposition."

A MOVEMENT AT CAIRO.

From Cairo, we learn that General Prentiss sent on Thursday, to Camp Jackson, in Ballard's Mills, Kentucky, six miles from the former place, where the rebels had established a camp. When the troops reached the spot, however, the enemy had fled—as usual. Colonel Wickliffe rallied on General Prentiss, and pursued, on the part of Kentucky, against the occupation of her soil by Federal troops. The General assured him that he should arrest, by whatever direction, and on whatever soil the Government ordered him to march, and with this reply the rebel emissary was forced to be content.

ANOTHER BRUSH IN THE CHESAPEAKE.

The Harriet Lane has had another brush with one of the rebel batteries at Pig Point, nearly opposite Newport News, the headquarters of General Butler. She fired fifty shots and some shells at the battery, and was struck by two shots, wounding five of the crew—one rather seriously in the leg, and the others slightly.

THE FORTIFICATIONS OF WASHINGTON.

It is said that the defences created by the Federal troops on the Virginia side of the Potomac, in which space, out of our New York regiments are now a part, are of a mountain kind, and extend for ten miles, from Alexandria to the Chain Bridge, surmounted with heavy batteries, a line of defense which renders Washington impregnable, and has enabled the Government to strengthen so many of the troops recently stationed there in the direction of Harper's Ferry, to carry the contemplated strategic movement in that quarter.

ANOTHER BALTIMORE OUTRAGE.

The Second Massachusetts Regiment went through Baltimore on 9th. A captain in the regiment states that a brick was thrown at a private of Company G, and that the man who struck him drew his revolver, whether he was killed or not it was not known.

TENNESSEE VOTED OUT OF THE UNION.

The vote in Tennessee last week on the secession question, so far as heard from, shows strongly in favor of secession.

UNION SENTIMENT IN VIRGINIA.

The recent action of Northwestern Virginia, appears to have wrought a change in the secession sentiment in that quarter. There are now about 7000 Federal troops stationed between Grafton and Philippi, and the best feeling existed between their and the people. It is said that a strong Union feeling predominates there. Colonel Kelly is slowly recovering from his wound, though not yet quite out of danger.

DEPLORABLE CONDITION OF THE SOUTH.

A gentleman just arrived at Washington from New Orleans reports that the trade of the South is in a most deplorable condition. He states that Louisiana, Mississippi, and Texas are suffering the most of any of the Southern States. In the latter provinces are becoming so scarce that the people will be in a starving condition when the blockade of New Orleans is complete.

RISING OF THE NEGROES AT RICHMOND.

The vote in Richmond city on the ordinance of secession, if it throws any thing conclusive, exhibits a complete reign of terror. There were cast in favor of the ordinance 300 votes and twenty-four against it, and among the greater number must be counted those which the soldiers who were encamped there from all parts of the State. At the Presidential election Richmond cast 2,000 votes without the aid of troops.

COTTON NOT TO COME NORTH BY RAIL.

Gideon J. Pillow, who commands the "secessers" of Tennessee, has issued general orders forbidding the transportation of cotton North by railroad, or by railroad, or by the Mississippi, Tennessee, or Cumberland River.

THE WHEELING CONVENTION.

The Wheeling Convention met on 11th. It is said to be decided that it will not attempt to organize the western from the eastern portion of the State, but will attack a Provisional Government. The first act will be to depose Governor Letcher and his kindred officers, in the place another Governor will be named, probably General Jackson, of Parkersburg; the Convention will then declare that Eastern Virginia is in rebellion against the General Government, and will call on loyal citizens to aid in restoring the Union; the Legislature chosen on the 23d of May will be declared to be illegally elected, and hence will be chosen by this Legislature. It is thought that the Convention will be the last of the most important peaceable demonstrations ever made in this country.

CAPTURE OF ARMS.

Colonel Abel Smith, of the 13th New York Regiment, on 10th, captured at Easton, Maryland, one thousand stand of arms. The rebels, however, one sloop, with a quantity of ammunition—the property of the secessionists. A private was accidentally killed by the accidental discharge of a musket.

LAST WORDS OF SENATOR DOUGLAS.

The last words of Senator Douglas's death he was waited on by the Catholic bishop, whose ministrations the dying man politely but firmly declined by the dying man, who said to him: "Sir, I respect it deeply, I will communicate with you freely." And on a subsequent occasion, when the bishop visited him in the last moments of life, the unfortunate victim to be administered, the reply was: "No; I have no fear of death. I have three things to do—to make a message to his two sons: "Tell them to obey the laws and support the Constitution of the United States."

PERSONAL.

It is related of Lord Lyons that, promenading with a beautiful American woman on the occasion of the reception of one of the Cabinet Ministers, he remarked upon the splendor of the dress, which was chaste blue silk, brilliantly spangled. "But I observe," he said, "that you have only thirty-four stars upon your dress, and there are many." "Oh no, my Lord," said the fair patriot, "the additional star is Cleaned."

The Hon. John Cochrane has been authorized to have authorized to raise a regiment of infantry, to be commanded by himself as Colonel.

Colonel Corcoran has arrived at Fort M'Henry on 19th, which he will make the head-quarters of his military district. General Schaffer has been promoted to Frederick to take command there.

FOREIGN NEWS.

ENGLAND.

LORD JOHN RUSSELL ON OUR CIVIL WAR.

In the House of Commons, on the 30th of May, Lord John Russell declared that the Government had not yet forced into the militia service at New Orleans, but that they had the power. He had obtained information, that similar circumstances of impressment, he said, had occurred in the West Indies, but that they opposed it as unauthorized, and assurance had been received from the Governors of those islands that they would not sanction such acts.

Touching his speech he also deprecated the exultation with which Sir John Ramsden had alluded to the hurrying of bodies of troops to the American shores, and he hoped the great bulk of his countrymen, America, with unprejudiced eyes, would see that the Government are deeply sensible of the friendship which has broken out in the United States, and which arose from the sentiments of the people of this country *by England*, and which had clung around them like a poisoned garment, in spite of the threat of their independence.

PRIVATEERS IN EUROPE.

The English Government has determined to forbid privateers of any nation to bring prizes into the ports of British ports, and France was to take a similar position.

ARMS AND MEN-OF-WAR COMING FROM ENGLAND.

Letters have been received from Major-General John C. Frémont, in London, stating that he has purchased 10,000 Enfield rifles and several batteries of rifled cannon for and will bring with him. At present he is delayed until a portion of his effects are finished. He states, further, that the Commissioners of the United States had instructions to purchase several steamers in England for the Government, but that they were delayed in getting the money; in fact, the needful had not arrived from Washington. However, he proceeded, in purchasing two steamers, for which they paid £70,000 sterling. The vessels, it appears, are to sail for a Southern port, under the British flag, and registered at Nassau, and will be used in carrying nothing contraband of war, but probably in ballast merely.

FRANCE.

GREAT UNION SENTIMENT OF AMERICANS.

The American citizens in Paris favorable to the Union breakfasted together in the Hotel du Louvre on the 20th of May. About one hundred and fifty attended, one third being ladies, including the wife of General Scott.

Mr. Cowles presided. A resolution was adopted, pledging the meeting to maintain the Union under any circumstances.

Mr. Dayton said since his arrival in Paris he could detect no sufficiently feeling for the cause of France to the United States, and certainly no French citizen would be found among the privateers.

He expressed the conviction that the rebellion would be put down.

Carolus M. Clay spoke at some length. He was energetic on the results of England, and the recognition of Southern belligerent rights. He declared if ever the flag of England became associated with the black flag of the South, the Star Spangled Banner of the United States and the tricolor of France would be seen floating over her, for France had not forgotten St. Helena.

Aaron Bretlingham spoke on the same subject.

Colonel Freemont was next called on, and was received with enthusiasm. He said he spoke with reluctance. He regretted the fanatical war, and could but feel confident that it would end in the triumph of right and justice. He had been called back to America, and lost no time in responding, and he was ready to give his best services to his country.

Rev. Dr. M'Clintock followed.

He said he did not attach any importance to the sentiments of the English press or of the Secretary of War. The people of England had not yet spoken, and when they did their voice would not be found on the side of piracy and slavery.

Captain Simmons, of the United States Army, on his way home at the commission of General Scott, Mr. Tucker, Mayor, Minister to Sweden, and Rev. Mr. Thayer also spoke.

All the speakers entertained not the slightest doubt of the final triumph of the North.

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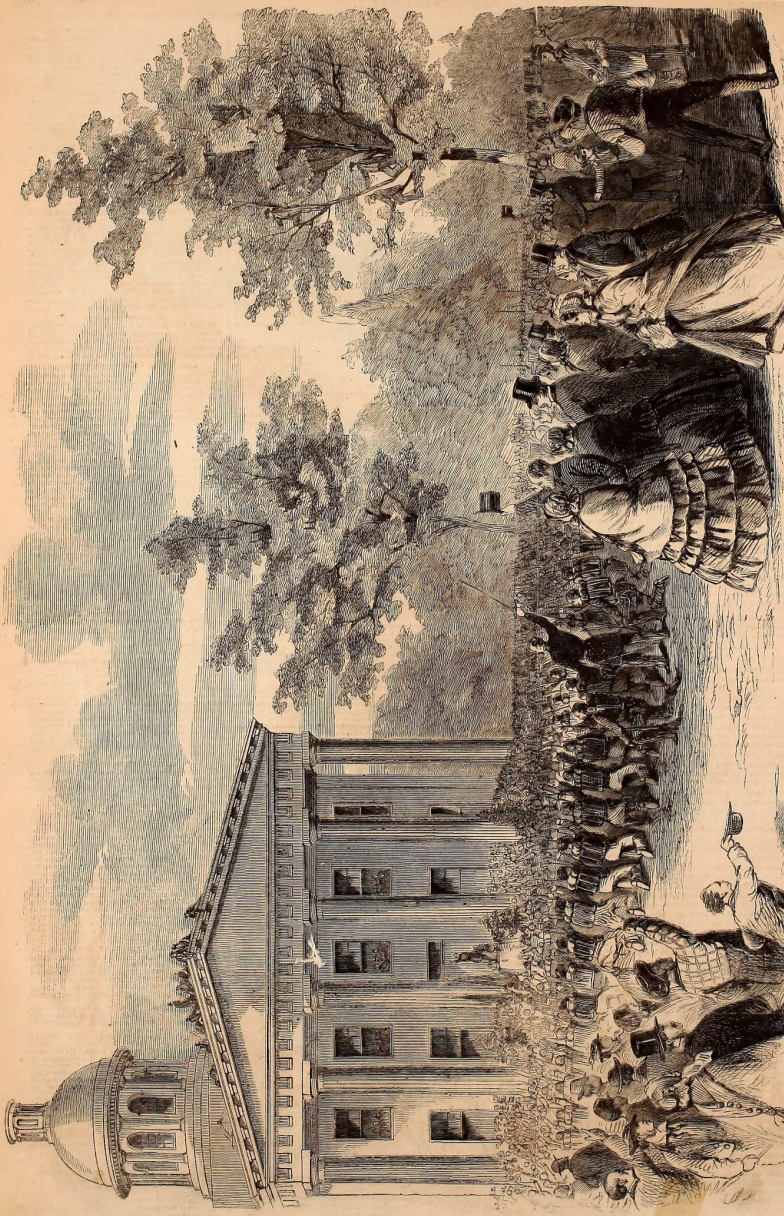


THE ELEVENTH INDIANA VOLUNTEERS SWEARING TO REMEMBER BUENA VISTA, AT INDIANAPOLIS, MAY, 1861.—SKETCHED BY MR. JAMES F. GOODRIDGE.—[SEE PAGE 389.]

REMEMBER BUENA VISTA.

ON page 388 we publish a picture of a most striking scene, which occurred at Indianapolis, in the inclosure surrounding the State Capitol, a few days since. The artist from whose sketch our picture was made, Mr. James F. Gookins, of Company I; 11th Regiment Indiana Volunteers (Zouaves), writes us as follows concerning it:

The Regiment was presented by the ladies of Indiana with a splendid stand of colors, after receiving which the whole Regiment, kneeling, with uplifted right hands, took an oath before God that, with His help, they would not only sweep themselves of the insults cast at the flag of the nation, but furthermore of the contumely and wrong received by the Indiana troops at the hands of Jeff Davis during the war with Mexico. To keep this oath more continually before them they have adopted the motto "Remember Buena Vista!" as their war-cry.

ROSS WINANS.

WE publish herewith a portrait of Mr. ROSS WINANS, of Baltimore, who was lately arrested on a charge of treason by the Federal troops. Mr. Winans is the head of the great Winans foundery and steamboat-building establishment, and is one of the leading citizens of Baltimore. He has been conspicuous in Europe as the contractor for many of the Russian railways; and made himself prominent in this country during the Crimean war by his expression of Russian sympathies. He is the inventor of the famous cigar-boat, which was illustrated in *Harper's Weekly* in 1858. Mr. Winans is charged with active sympathy with the rebels, though no distinct charge of treason was made against him when he was arrested, and he was consequently released.

"MAID OF THE MIST" SHOOTING THE NIAGARA RAPIDS.

WE illustrate herewith, from a sketch kindly sent us from Niagara, the perilous adventure of the far-famed *Maid of the Mist*. The following letter accompanied the sketch:

SUSPENSION BRIDGE, NEW YORK, *June* 8, 1861.

I inclose a sketch of an exciting occurrence which took place here this afternoon. It had been rumored about for some days that the well-known little steamer the *Maid of the Mist* had been sold to a party in Montreal, and would proceed thither via the rapids and whirlpool. This was at first looked upon as a good joke, and many were ready to stake their fortunes—firstly, that she would never start; and, secondly, that if she did, she would go to pieces before reaching the whirlpool.

However it leaked out that the attempt was to be made this afternoon, and a good number of the knowing ones were assembled on the bridge and in the vicinity.

Smoke and steam were seen rising, and this looked like earnest, although many still maintained that it was a hoax, and that it was only her first trial trip for the season. However about three o'clock the gallant little vessel shot off from her wharf, up the stream, and as suddenly headed round toward the rapids with a full head of steam on. As she neared them the excitement became intense, especially with those knowing their terrific speed and height. She met them bravely, and the first shock leveled her smoke-stack and shook every timber; but she soon righted, and spat on her way toward the whirlpool amidst the cheers of the crowd; this danger she safely passed, shooting round the head of the river out of sight.

In a wonderfully short space of time a telegraph was received saying that her brave crew had safely moored her at QUEENSTON. YOURS, R.

SENATOR DOUGLAS LYING IN STATE.

WE publish herewith a picture of THE LATE SENATOR DOUGLAS LYING IN STATE AT BRYAN HALL, CHICAGO, from a sketch kindly sent us by A. L. RAWSON, of Chicago. The following description of the scene is from the Chicago *Tribune*:

The appearance of the hall did great credit to the Committee. The principal feature was the erection of a large canopy heavily draped with black, relieved with a gilt border and surmounted on the centre peak, and at the four corners by gilt eagles. From the talons of the centre eagle the flag of the Union falls gracefully to the four columns supporting the canopy. At the foot of the coffin stands a broken column, emblematical of life cut off at the midst of promise and greatness; at its head stands a vase of beautifully variegated flowers.

Upon the front of the gallery the portraits of the Presidents, Mr. Healy, are festooned with black and white crape. The gallery itself is decorated with American flags. Around the middle of the stage are four large American flags looped in festoons with crape, in the centre of which hangs a portrait of Judge Douglas, painted by Healy, some fifteen years since. The front of the stage is beautifully ornamented with pots of living flowers from the Cemetery Nursery. The canopy occupies the centre of the hall. The pedestal for the reception of the coffin is dressed in black, ornamented with thirty-four stars, and placed under a canopy of black crape, trimmed with white and relieved with a gilt border, the whole surmounted by an eagle.

Beneath the canopy lay the honored remains, dressed in a full black suit. The entire lid of the burial case being removed, the whole figure was exposed. The hands were crossed upon the breast. The long and pale arms even a little taller than in life, but their expression was perfectly natural.

The body was embalmed shortly after death by the injection into the arterial system of a strong solution of arsenic, arresting the changes of nature. It will remain unaltered during its exposure at Bryan Hall.

Of the late Senator Douglas's last moments a letter says:

Soon after this, about five o'clock, he desired to have his position in bed changed, the blinds opened, and the windows raised. Mr. Rhodes lifted him to an easier posture, where he could look out upon the street, and drink in the fresh morning air. For a few moments he seemed to gain new life. Then he began to sink away; his eyes partially closed, and in slow and measured cadences, with considerable pauses between each accent, he uttered,

"Death!—Death!—Death!"

After this he seemed to revive slightly, and Mr. Rhodes asked him whether he had any message to send to his mother, or sister Sarah, or his boys, Robby and Stevie, to which he made no reply, evidently not understanding the question. Mrs. Douglas then placed her arm around his neck and said:

"My dear, do you know Cousin Dan?"

"Yes," he replied.

Mrs. Douglas continued:

"Your boys, Robby and Stevie, and your mother and sister Sarah—have you any message for them?"

The dying man replied:

"Tell them to obey the laws and support the Constitution of the United States."

At about five o'clock Dr. Miller came into the room, and, noticing the open shutters and windows, inquired,

"Why have you all these windows raised and so much light?"

Mr. Douglas replied:

"So that we can have fresh air."

At Mr. Douglas's request, Mr. Rhodes changed the dying man's position again in the bed for the last time. He now lay rather more in the middle of the bed, upon his left side, his head slightly bent forward and off the pillow. His wife sat beside him, holding his right hand in both of hers, and leaning tenderly over him, sobbing. Mr. Rhodes remarked to Mrs. Douglas:

"I am afraid he does not lie comfortable;" in reply to which Mr. Douglas said,

"He is—very comfortable."

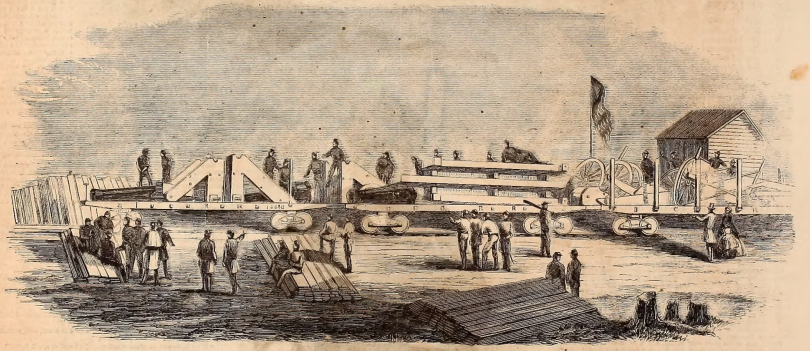
These were his last intelligible words. From five o'clock he was speechless, but evidently retained his consciousness. When, a few moments before his death, his wife leaned lovingly over him and solemnly asked, "Husband, do you know me? will you kiss me?" he raised his eyes and smiled, and though too weak to speak, the movement of the muscles of his mouth evidenced that he was making an almost dying struggle to comply with her request.

THE "MAID OF THE MIST" SHOOTING THE RAPIDS BELOW NIAGARA FALLS.

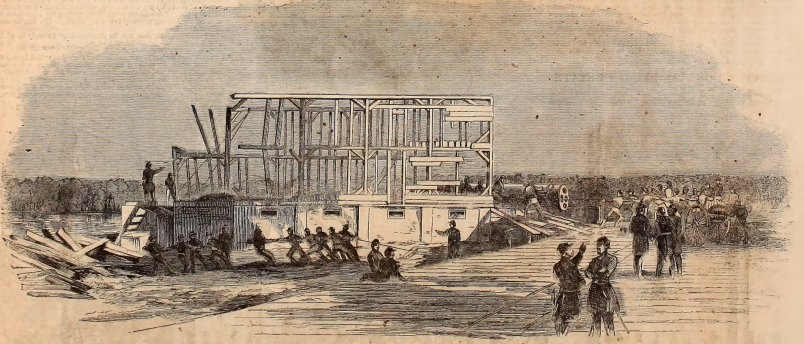
HON. ROSS WINANS, OF BALTIMORE.

THE LATE SENATOR DOUGLAS LYING IN STATE AT BRYAN HALL, CHICAGO.—[FROM A SKETCH BY A. L. RAWSON, OF CHICAGO.]

BIRD'S POINT, MISSOURI, OPPOSITE CAIRO, NOW OCCUPIED BY MISSOURI TROOPS.—SKETCHED BY ALEXANDER SIMPLOT.



PLACING THE HEAVY ORDNANCE IN POSITION AT CAIRO, ILLINOIS.—SKETCHED BY ALEXANDER SIMPLOT.



DEMOLITION OF THE OLD DISTILLERY AT CAIRO, TO MAKE ROOM FOR FORT DEFIANCE.—SKETCHED BY ALEXANDER SIMPLOT.

OUR CAIRO SKETCHES.

On this page we publish a view of BIRD'S POINT, opposite Cairo, on the Mississippi, which has just been occupied, and is being fortified by the Missouri Volunteers; a picture of the ARRIVAL OF HEAVY ORDNANCE AT CAIRO; and another of the DESTRUCTION OF THE OLD DISTILLERY ON THE POINT, to make room for the new Fort Defiance. All three are from sketches of our correspondent, Mr. Alexander Simplot.

In sending us the last two he says:

CAIRO, ILLINOIS, *May 31, 1861.*

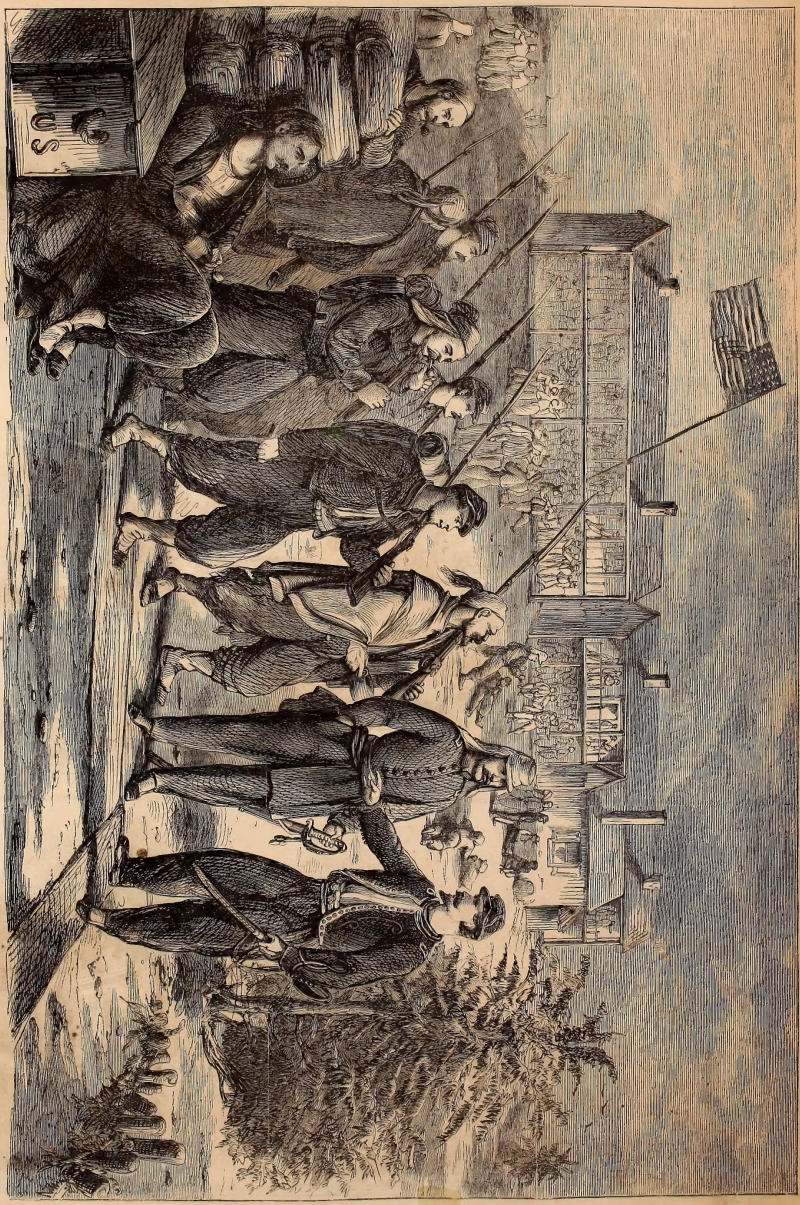
Inclosed please find a sketch of the heavy ordnance received at Cairo May 28, 1861. The army here have lately received three 42-pounders, three 24-pounders, a howitzer, and an 8-inch mortar, and were yesterday mounting and putting them in position. They are formidable-looking instruments, and have proved a great source of amusement among the soldiers as to their relative qualification of doing mischief. The general opinion, however, on the subject seems to be that they are "some." Naturally their arrival caused quite an excitement among the military, and a shout went up as they rolled into the place, doubtless as noisy as that they are destined to emit from their iron throats.

In connection with this, I send you another representing the demolition of the Distillery on the Point, directly at the confluence of the two rivers. This Point commands the rivers in all directions, and is to be and is now being strongly fortified. The building represented in the sketch interfering with the proposed fortifications, had to be taken down. The soldiers apparently enjoyed the fun amazingly, and working at it with a will, soon razed it with the ground.

We shall continue to keep our readers fully posted on the movements of our army at Cairo.

SERVICE AT CAMP DENNISON.

ON page 394 we publish a picture of DIVINE SERVICE AT CAMP DENNISON, OHIO, from a sketch sent us from Cincinnati. Camp Dennison is pleasantly situated among the hills skirting the Miami, on the Cincinnati and Columbus Railroad, about 18 miles from Cincinnati. There are now about 12,000 men there. Our correspondent assures us that the men seemed much subdued by the solemnity of the scene.

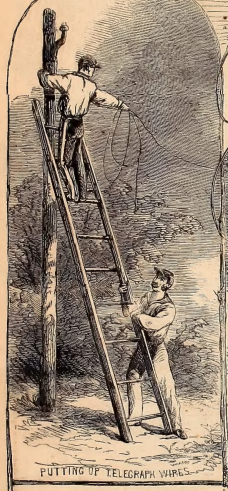


TENTH REGIMENT NEW YORK VOLUNTEERS (NATIONAL ZOUAVES), COLONEL M'CHESNEY COMMANDING, AT THEIR LATE QUARTERS AT SANDY HOOK.—[SEE PAGE 387.]

On the Road between

The Lager Bier Wagons

DRIVING B

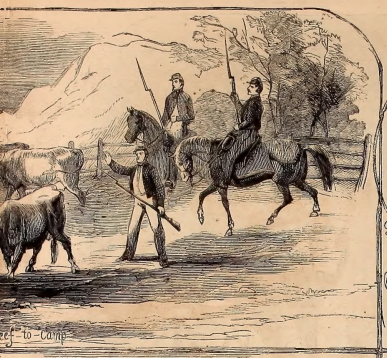


PUTTING UP TELEGRAPH WIRES

EXAMINING PASSES

CARRYING MILITARY STORES TO CAMP

Arlington House

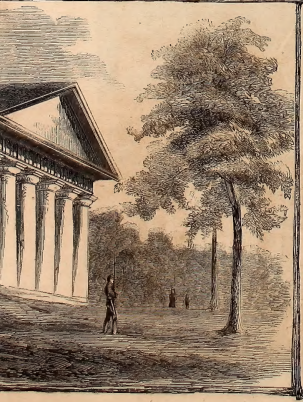


Returning from the trenches

Washington & Alexandria.

Cavalry escort returning to camp

Clearing range for the Artillery



THROWING UP EARTHWORKS

THE VIGILANCE COMMITTEE AT MEMPHIS, TENNESSEE, ROBBING OUR SPECIAL ARTIST OF HIS SKETCHES.—[SEE PAGE 397.]

DIVINE SERVICE AT CAMP DENNISON, OHIO.—SKETCHED BY HENRY MOSLER, ESQ.—[SEE PAGE 390.]

BIVOUAC OF REBEL TROOPS AT GENERAL BRAGG'S CAMP AT WARRINGTON, PENSACOLA.—[FROM A PHOTOGRAPH.]

GENERAL BRAGG'S ENCAMPMENT.

WE continue our series of Fort Pickens pictures with the accompanying view of A BIVOUAC OF CONFEDERATE TROOPS OPPOSITE PICKENS, from a photograph; and a view of the NAVY-YARD AT PENSACOLA, from a sketch by an officer in the Fort. The steamship *Vanderbilt*, which has just been chartered, is now taking in guns and supplies for Fort Pickens. At latest dates there appeared to be very little prospect of a battle at Fort Pickens; our troops were too strong and too well provided to fear any enterprises by General Bragg.

OUR FORTRESS MONROE PICTURES.

WE dispatched a special artist to Fortress Monroe in company with Colonel Allen's Zouaves, and from his sketches we now give, on page 396, a view of THE FORTRESS FROM A VESSEL IN THE BAY, and a view of THE HARBOR FROM FORTRESS MONROE.

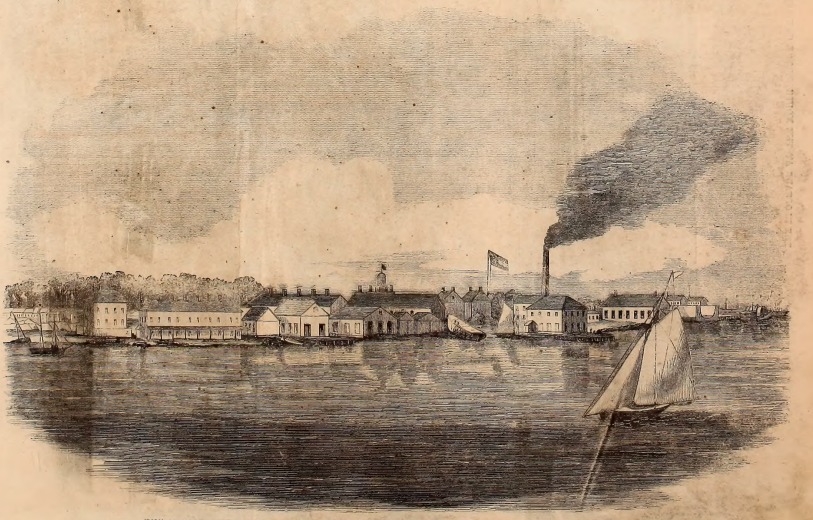
Fortress Monroe, the largest fortress, indeed the only work properly entitled to that name in the United States, is now garrisoned by United States Volunteers, and Colonel Dimmick's Regulars. There must be something like 10,000 men in the Fort and encamped in the neighborhood, under Major-General Butler. To the right of the Fortress in our picture will be seen the white tents of Colonel Dupree's and Colonel Carr's Regiments, which have been under canvas since they first landed. The small steamer in the centre of the picture is towing in a prize; the flotilla of oyster boats and other craft in the left of the picture are prizes, as also is the British vessel which has struck her top-gallant masts.

The view of the Bay shows Sewell's Point and the Rip Raps, the former held by some 5000 rebels and strongly fortified; the latter occupied by General Butler.

A FAITHFUL WIFE.

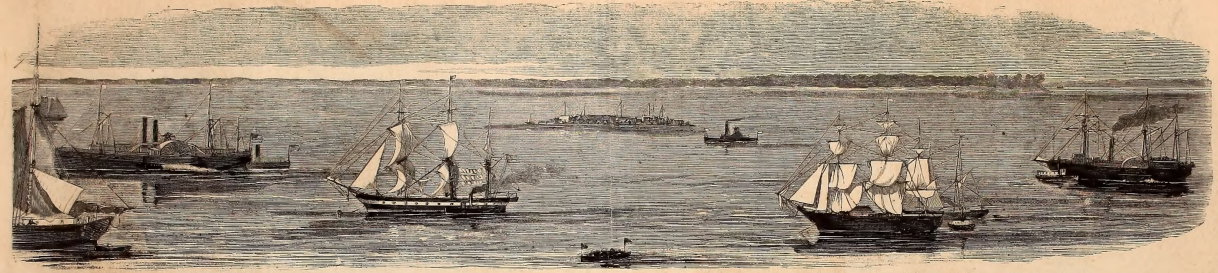
OUR special artist whom we dispatched to Fortress Monroe to sketch the movements of our army in that section, has sent us a sketch which we reproduce on page 397. The subject is best described in our artist's words:

On Wednesday morning I discovered a woman on the upper deck of the steamer in the attitude represented in the sketch. She had been but a short time married, and not willing to part with her husband—a member of Colonel Allen's Zouaves—she had followed him on board. I took the chaplain (Rev. Mr. Jones) to her. He provided her with more comfortable quarters, and reported the case to Col. Allen, who has treated her, as is his way with every one, with great kindness. She now sadists about the camp.

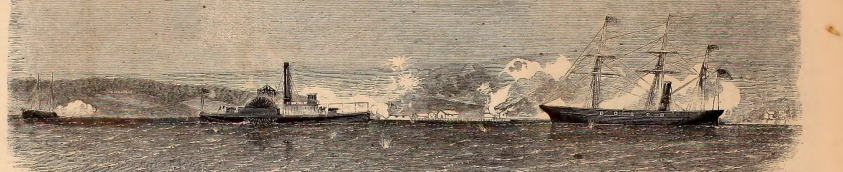


THE NAVY-YARD AT PENSACOLA, AS SEEN FROM FORT PICKENS.—[SKETCHED BY AN OFFICER OF THE FORT.]

THE BLOCKADE AT THE MOUTH OF THE CHESAPEAKE.—SKETCHED FROM FORTRESS MONROE BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST.—[SEE PAGE 395.]



VIEW OF FORTRESS MONROE FROM THE BAY.—SKETCHED BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST.—[SEE PAGE 395.]



ACTION AT ACQUIA CREEK BETWEEN UNITED STATES VESSELS AND REBEL BATTERIES.—[SKETCHED BY LIEUTENANT CASH DURING THE ACTION.]

BOMBARDMENT OF ACQUIA CREEK.

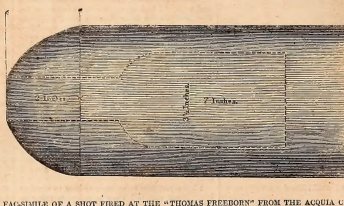
We publish herewith, from a sketch by Mr. THOMAS M. CASH, of the *Freeborn*, a picture of the recent engagement between the *Pawnee*, *Freeborn*, and the *Anacosta* on one side, and the Acquia Creek batteries on the other. Mr. CASH was engaged in the battle, and his sketch may be relied on. The following account of the battle may serve to explain it:

On Saturday the fight, which was temporarily abandoned for want of ammunition on board the United States vessels on Friday, was resumed at half past eleven o'clock in the morning, and continued until half past four that afternoon without intermission. The guns in the rebel batteries mounted on the heights had been removed to the beach during the previous night, and upon that point the fire of Saturday was directed by the *Freeborn*, *Anacosta*, and *Pawnee*, which hauled inshore, and kept up an incessant fire for five hours, until the men were worn out from fatigue. Captain Ward reports that upward of a thousand shots were fired by the rebel batteries, and that a hundred at least struck on or close around the *Freeborn*, some of them damaging her hull so that she leaked considerably, and some hitting her wheel-house and shaft. The *Pawnee*, too, was struck frequently aloft and below, hurting both hull and rigging. On board the *Anacosta* was a party of twenty-two men of the New York Seventy-first Regiment, under Lieutenant Prendergast, who worked the guns gallantly. Before the firing ceased the battery on shore was silenced, and the rebels were observed flying from the spot. Fearing a landing of the men from the ships, they set fire to the freight depôt on the pier, which was entirely consumed. Several of the rebels were hurt, but whether fatally or not could not be ascertained. No one was killed on board the vessels, but the firing from the batteries shows that the guns were ably handled.

We publish likewise a fac-simile of a shot which struck the *Thomas Freeborn* in her action with the Acquia Creek batteries on Saturday, June 1. The shot entered the port side about 20 feet from the stern, cut off a deck beam 5 by 7, passed through a heavy knee, tearing it all to pieces, cutting off two 4-inch iron bolts, and doing various other damage. The cup at the bottom of the shot, which takes the form of the grooves of the cannon, is of soft wrought iron. The shot is exactly twice the size of our picture.

With regard to the performance of the *Pawnee*, a letter says:

The Pawnee was fought with admirable skill, the perfect coolness of the men and officers, even as they always are on shipboard, the rapidity of her fire, stamped her, as far as her personnel is concerned, as a first-class fighting ship, unfit for any thing. Her exposed machinery and vulnerable points are well known to the enemy, and particularly Lieutenant Simms, who was frequently on board of her in Washington, two months since, and is now at Acquia. This was evident from their fire being directed to her stack, around which are the steam chests, all above deck, and at the forward ends, where there are other points not necessary to mention. The First Lieutenant of the *Pawnee*, Lieut. Lowry, had not forgotten his experience in the old *Saratoga* at Sept. 29 last, but was constantly on the move.



FAC-SIMILE OF A SHOT FIRED AT THE "THOMAS FREEBORN" FROM THE ACQUIA CREEK BATTERIES—HALF THE ACTUAL SIZE.

OUR ARTIST OVERHAULED AT MEMPHIS.

OUR artist, Mr. DAVIS, whose name has been brought prominently before the public by Wm. H. RUSSELL, LL.D., of the London *Times*, met with an unpleasant adventure on his return from New Orleans. On his arrival at Memphis, Tennessee, he was waited upon by the Vigilance Committee, who inquired, after the fashion of those bodies, who he was, where he came from, what he was doing, where he was going, and whether he didn't need any hanging. Having obtained answers to these various queries, the Committee then proceeded to inspect Mr. Davis's trunk, which they overhauled with commendable thoroughness. Finding at the bottom of the trunk a number of sketches made for us, they examined them minutely, and each member, by way of remembering Mr. Davis, pocketed two or three of the most striking. As the only revenge Mr. Davis could take on these polite highway robbers, he sketched them in the act of despoiling him, and we reproduce the picture on page 394.

A FAITHFUL WIFE—SCENE ON THE DECK OF A TRANSPORT BOUND FOR FORTRESS MONROE.—SKETCHED BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST.—[SEE PAGE 396.]

THE NATIONAL ZOUAVES.

ON page 391 we publish a picture of the NATIONAL ZOUAVES (Tenth New York Volunteers), Colonel M'Cheney commanding, at their late quarters on Sandy Hook. This fine body of men, after many vexatious delays, finally left this city, in the *State of Georgia*, for Fortress Monroe, on June 6. The following is a full list of the officers:

Line Officers—Colonel, W. W. M'Cheney; Lieutenant-Colonel, Alexander B. Elder; Major, John W. Marshall; Adjutant, T. M. Patrick; Quarter-master, James Biddle; Assistant-Quarter-master, J. B. Chapman; Surgeon, Dr. J. Lovejoy; Paymaster, Aaron Seeley; Commissary, Marshall B. Shaw; Chaplain, Rev. W. B. Matchett.

Company A—Captain, Frank White; First Lieutenant, Alfred Chamberlain; Ensign, James C. Jones.

Company B—Captain, James Fairman; First Lieutenant, Robert A. Dimick; Ensign, Thomas Cuilhene.

Company C—Captain, Thomas J. Lauther; First Lieutenant, Wm. Lee Monaghan; Ensign, vacant.

Company D—Captain, Thomas Chesbley; First Lieutenant, John Minor; Ensign, Volney Wright.

Company E—Captain, John Minding; First lieutenant, Edgar A. Brown; Ensign, Daniel Finley.

Company F—Captain, S. Winchester; First Lieutenant, Rufus Farnsworth; Ensign, Thomas D. Mosscroft.

Company G—Captain, Joseph Newbright; First Lieutenant, Frank G. Stott; Ensign, vacant.

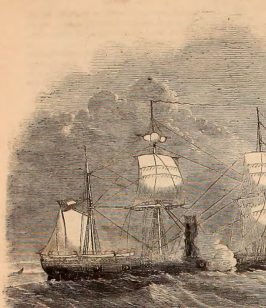
Company H—Captain, George F. Hopper; First Lieutenant, Eugene F. Roberts; Ensign, Theodore H. Rogers.

Company I—Captain, James H. Briggs; First Lieutenant, Thomas Wilder; Ensign, George M. Dewey.

Company J is an engineer corps, in command of Sergeant Wm. H. Johnson, and is, according to regulations, the right flank company of the regiment. This company numbers 80 men.

The encampment on Sandy Hook was thus described by a visitor:

The regiment has been encamped on a small island at the mouth of Shrewsbury River, about thirty miles below the city. The island is a mass of white sand, wholly destitute of vegetation, except a few stunted trees which grow near its centre. A large lighthouse and three or four frame buildings are erected upon it, and these are now used as barracks for the troops. The air is very pure, coming directly from the sea, and its bracing effects have added much to the health and vigor of the men. The bath facilities are most excellent, and are daily appreciated—both officers and men availing themselves of the opportunity afforded for delightful sea-bathing. As an accompaniment to the drilling of recruits the place can scarcely be excelled, the only drawback being the sand, which in some places permits them to sink too deep for quick movements. The troops have, however, made great proficiency in marching, manœuvring, combinations, and evolutions. They have not yet been fully supplied with rifles, but by drilling in squads this imperfection in their progress in that branch of their exercises has been overcome. The uniforms are the ordinary Zouave costume, the jacket and pants being of blue pilot-cloth, trimmed with red, with vest of the linen cloth.



THE "SUMTER," A REBEL SHIP OF WAR.—(SKETCHED BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST.)

THE "SUMTER."

ABOVE we give a picture of the *Sumter*, a vessel of war belonging to the Southern Confederacy. She is the old *Marquez de la Habana* which was captured by our fleet off Vera Cruz in April, 1860, and taken as a prize to New Orleans. We published a picture of her in the *Weekly* at that time. The secessionists have fitted her out, and are using her as a vessel of war. She will probably be caught ere long by one of our cruisers. Our picture is from a sketch by Mr. Davis, who has just returned from the South.

GREAT EXPECTATIONS.

A NOVEL.

By CHARLES DICKENS.

Splendidly Illustrated by John McLenan.

CHAPTER XLVIII.

PUTTING Miss Havisham's note in my pocket, that it might serve as my credentials for so soon reappearing at Satis House, in case her waywardness should lead her to express any surprise at seeing me, I went down again by the coach next day. But I alighted at the Halfway House, and breakfasted there, and walked the rest of the distance; for I sought to get into the town quietly, by that unfrequented ways, and to leave it in the same manner.

The best light of the day was gone when I passed along the quiet echoing courts behind the High Street. The nooks of ruin where the old monks had once had their refectories and gardens, and where the strong walls were now pressed into the service of humble sheds and stables, were almost as silent as the old monks in their graves. The cathedral chimes had at once a sadder and a more remote sound to me, as I hurried on avoiding observation, than they had ever had before; so, the swell of the old organ was borne to my ears like funeral music; and the rooks, as they hovered about the grey tower and swung in the bare high trees of the priory-garden, seemed to call to me that the place was changed, and that Estella was gone out of it forever.

An elderly woman whom I had seen before as one of the servants who lived in the supplementary house across the back court-yard opened the gate. The lighted candle stood in the dark passage within, as of old, and I took it up and ascended the staircase alone. Miss Havisham was not in her own room, but was in the larger room across the landing. Looking in at the door, after knocking in vain, I saw her sitting on the hearth in a ragged chair, close before, and lost in the contemplation of, the ashy fire.

Dying as I had often done, I went in, and stood, touching the old chimney-piece where she could see me when she raised her eyes. There was an air of utter loneliness upon her that would have moved me to pity though she had willfully done me a deeper injury than I could charge her with. As I stood compassionating her, and thinking how in the progress of time I too had come to be a part of the wrecked fortunes of that house, her eyes rested on me. She stared, and said in a low voice, "Is it real?"

"It is I, Pip. Mr. Jaggers gave me your note yesterday, and I have lost no time."

"Thank you. Thank you."

As I brought another of the ragged chairs to the hearth and sat down I remarked a new expression on her face, as if she were afraid of me.

"I want," she said, "to pursue that subject you mentioned to me when you were last here; and to show you that I am not all stone. But perhaps you can never believe, now, that there is any thing human in my heart?"

When I said some reassuring words, she stretched out her tremulous right hand, as though she were going to touch me; but she recalled it again before I understood the action, or knew how to receive it.

"You said, speaking for your friend, that you could tell me how to do something useful and good. Something that you would like done, is it not?"

"Something that I would like done, very, very much."

"What is it?"

I began explaining to her that secret history of the partnership. I had not got far into it when I judged from her look that she was thinking in a discursive way of me rather than of what I said. It seemed to be so, for when I stopped speaking many moments passed before she showed that she was conscious of the fact.

"Do you break off," she asked then, with her former air of being afraid of me, "because you hate me too much to bear to speak to me?"

"No, no," I answered, "how can you think so, Miss Havisham! I stopped because I thought you were not following what I said."

"Perhaps I was not," she answered, putting a hand to her head. "Begin again, and let me look at something else. Stay! Now tell me."

She set her hands upon her stick in the resolute way that sometimes was habitual to her, and looked at the fire with a strong expression of forcing herself to attend. I went on with my explanation, and told her how I had hoped to complete the transaction out of my means, but how in this I was disappointed. That part of the subject (I reminded her) involved matters which could form no part of my explanation, for they were the weighty secrets of another.

"So!" said she, assenting with her head, but not looking at me. "And how much money is wanting to complete the purchase?"

I was rather afraid of stating it, for it sounded a large sum. "Nine hundred pounds."

"If I give you the money for this purpose, will you keep my secret as you have kept your own?"

"Quite as faithfully."

"And your mind will be more at rest?"

"Much more at rest."

"Are you very unhappy now?"

She asked this question, still without looking at me, but in an unwonted tone of sympathy. It could not escape the moment for my voice failed me. She put her left arm across the crutched head of her stick, and softly laid her forehead on it.

"I am far from happy, Miss Havisham; but I have other causes of disquiet than any you know of. They are the secrets I have mentioned."

After a little while she raised her head and looked at the fire again.

"It is noble in you to tell me that you have other causes of unhappiness. Is it true?"

"Too true."

"Can I only serve you, Pip, by serving your friend? Regarding that as done, is there nothing I can do for you yourself?"

"Nothing. I thank you for the question. I thank you even more for the tone of the question." But there is nothing."

She presently rose from her seat, and looked about the blighted room for the means of writing. There were none there, and she took from her pocket a yellow set of ivory tablets mounted in tarnished gold, and wrote upon them with a pencil in a case of tarnished gold that hung from her neck.

"You are still on friendly terms with Mr. Jaggers?"

"Quite. I dined with him yesterday."

"This is an authority to him to pay you that money to lay out at your irresponsible discretion for your friend. I keep no money here, but if you would rather Mr. Jaggers knew nothing of the matter, I will send it to you."

"Thank you, Miss Havisham; I have not the least objection to receiving it from him."

She read me what she had written, and it was direct and clear, and evidently intended to absolve me from any suspicion of profiting by the receipt of the money. I took the tablets from her hand, and it trembled again, and it trembled more as she took off the chain to which the pencil was attached and put it in mine. All this she did without looking at me.

"My name is on the first leaf. If you can ever write under my name, 'I forgive her,' though ever so long after my broken heart is dust—pray do it!"

"Oh, Miss Havisham," said I, "I can do it now. There have been ever mistakes, and my life has been a blind and thankless one, and I want forgiveness and direction far too much to be bitter with you."

She turned her face to me for the first time since she had averted it, and, to my amazement, I may even add to my terror, dropped on her knees at my feet, with her folded hands raised to me in the manner in which, when her poor heart was young and fresh and whole, they must often have been raised to Heaven from her mother's side.

To see her with her white hair and her worn face kneeling at my feet, gave me a shock through all my frame. I entreated her to rise, and got my arms about her to help her up; but she only pressed that hand of mine which was nearest to her grasp, and hung her head over it and wept. I had never seen her shed a tear before, and, in the hope that the relief might do her good, I bent over her without speaking. She was not kneeling now, but was down upon the ground.

"Oh!" she cried, despairingly. "What have I done! What have I done!"

"If you mean, Miss Havisham, what have you done to injure me, let me answer. Very little. I should have loved her under any circumstances.—Is she married?"

"Yes."

It was a needless question, for a new desolation in the desolate house had told me so.

"What have I done! What have I done!" She wrung her hands, and crushed her white hair, and returned to this cry, over and over again. "What have I done! What have I done!"

I knew not how to answer, or how to comfort her. That she had done grievous thing in taking an impressionable child to mould into the form that her wild resentment, spurned affection, and wounded pride found vengeance in, I knew full well. But that, in shutting out the light of day, she had shut out infinitely more than that, in seclusion, she had secluded herself from a thousand natural and healing influences; that her mind, brooding solitary, had grown diseased, as all minds do and must and will that reverse the appointed order of their Maker, I knew equally well. And could I look upon her without compassion, seeing her punishment in the ruin she was, in her profound unfitness for this earth on which she was placed, in the vanity of sorrow which had become a master mania, like the vanity of penitence, the vanity of remorse, the vanity of unworthiness, and other monstrous vanities that have been curses in this world?

"Until you spoke to her the other day, and until I saw in you a looking-glass that showed me what I once felt myself, I did not know what I had done. What have I done! what have I done!" And so again, twenty, fifty times over, "What have I done!"

"Miss Havisham," I said, when her cry died away, "you may dismiss me from your mind and conscience. But Estella is a different case, and if you can ever undo any scrap of what you have done amiss in keeping a part of her right nature away from her, it will be better to do that than to bemoan the past through a hundred years."

"Yes, yes, I know it. But, Pip—my dear!" There was an earnest womanly compassion for me in her new affection. "My dear! Believe this: when she first came to me, I meant to save her from misery like my own. At first I meant no more."

"Well, well?" said I. "I hope so."

"But as she grew, and promised to be very beautiful, I gradually did worse, and with my praises, and with my jewels, and with my teachings, and with this figure of myself always before her a warning to back and point my lessons, I stole her heart away and put ice in its place."

"Better," I could not help saying, "to have left her a natural heart, even to be bruised or broken."

With that Miss Havisham looked distractedly at me for a while and then burst out again, What had she done!

"If you know all my story," she pleaded, "you would have some compassion for me and a better understanding of me."

"Miss Havisham," I answered, as delicately as I could, "I believe I may say that I do know your story, and have known it ever since I first left this neighborhood. It has inspired me with great commiseration; and I hope I understand it and its influences. Does what has passed between us give me any excuse for asking you a question relative to Estella? Not as she is, but as she was when she first came here?"

She was seated on the ground, with her arms on the ragged chair, and her head leaning on them. She looked full at me when I said this, and replied, "Go on."

"Whose child was Estella?"

She shook her head.

"You don't know?"

She shook her head again.

"But Mr. Jaggers brought her here, or sent her here?"

"Brought her here."

"Will you tell me how that came about?"

She answered in a low whisper and with great caution: "I had been shut up in these rooms a long time (I don't know how long; you know what time the clocks keep here), when I told him that I wanted a little girl to rear and save from my fate. I had first seen him when I sent for him to buy this place which was mine; having read of him in the newspapers, before I and the world parted. He told me that he would look about him for such an orphan child. One night he brought her here asleep, and I called her Estella."

"Might I ask her age then?"

"About three. She herself knows nothing, but that she was left an orphan and I adopted her."

So convinced I was of that woman's being her mother, that I wanted no evidence to establish the fact in my own mind. But to any mind, I thought, the conclusion here was clear and straight.

What more could I hope to do by prolonging the interview? If I had succeeded on behalf of Herbert, Miss Havisham had told me all she knew of Estella, I had said and done what I could to ease her mind. No matter with what other words we parted; we parted.

Twilight was closing in when I went down stairs into the natural air. I crossed the yard by the woman who had opened the gate when I entered that I would not trouble her just yet, but would walk round the place before leaving. For I had a presentiment that I should never be there

"I SAW HER RUNNING AT ME, SHRIEKING, WITH A WHIRL OF FIRE BLAZING ALL ABOUT HER," ETC.

again, and I felt that the dying light was suited to my last view of it.

By the wilderness of casks that I had walked an long ago, and on which the rain of years had fallen since, rotting them in many places, and leaving miniature swamps and pools of water upon those that stood on end, I made my way to the ruined garden. I went all round it; round by the corner where Herbert and I had fought our battle; round by the paths where Estella and I had walked. So cold, so lonely, so dreary all!

Taking the brewery on my way back, I raised the rusty latch of a little door at the garden end of it, and walked through. I was going out at the opposite door—for there is one to open now, for the damp wood had started and swelled, and the hinges were yielding, and the threshold was cumbered with a growth of fungus—when I turned my head to look back. A childish association revived with wonderful force in the moment of the slight motion, and I fancied that I saw Miss Havisham hanging to the beam. So strong was the impression that I stood under the beam shuddering from head to foot before I knew it was a fancy—though to be sure I was there in an instant.

The remarkable stillness of the place and time, and the great terror of this illusion, though it was but momentary, caused me to feel an indescribable awe as I came out between the open wooden gates where I had once wrung my hair after Estella had wrung my heart. Passing on into the front courtyard, I was drawn sideways to call the woman to let me out at the locked gate of which she had the key, or first to go up stairs and assure myself that Miss Havisham was as safe and well as I had left her. I took the latter course and went up.

I looked into the room where I had left her, and I saw her seated in the ragged chair upon the hearth close to the fire, with her back towards me. In the moment when I was withdrawing my head to go quietly away I saw a great flaming light spring up. In the same moment I saw her running at me, shrieking, with a whirl of fire blazing all about her, and soaring at least as many feet above her head as she was high.

I had a double-caped great-coat on, and over my arm another thick coat. That I got them off, closed her, threw her down, and put them over her; that I dragged the great cloth from the table for the same purpose, and with it dragged down a heap of rottenness in the midst, and all the ugly things that sheltered there; that we were on the ground struggling madly like desperate enemies, and that the closer I covered her the more wildly she shrieked and tried to free herself; that this occurred I knew through the result, but not though any thing I felt, or thought, or knew I did. I knew nothing until I knew that we were on the floor by the great table, and that patches of tinder yet slight were floating in the smoky air, which, a moment ago, had been her faded bridal dress.

Then I looked round and saw the disturbed beetles and spiders running away over the floor, and the servants coming in with breathless cries at the door. I still held her forcibly down with all my strength, like a prisoner who might escape; and I doubt if I even knew who she was, or why we had struggled, or that she had been in flames, or that the flames were out, until I saw the patches of tinder that had been her garments no longer alight but falling in a black shower round us.

She was insensible, and I was afraid to have her moved or even touched. Assistance was sent for, and I held her until it came, as if I unreasonably fancied (I think I did) that if I let her go the fire would break out again and consume her. When I got up, on the surgeon's coming to her with other aid, I was astonished to see that both my hands were burned; for I had no knowledge of it through the sense of feeling.

On examination it was pronounced that she had received serious burns, but that they of themselves were far from hopeless; the danger lay, however, mainly in the nervous shock. By the surgeon's directions her bed was carried into that room and laid upon the great table, which happened to be well suited to the dressing of her injuries. When I saw her again, an hour afterward, she lay indeed where I had seen her strike her stick, and heard her say that she would lie one day.

Though every vestige of her dress was burned, as they told me, she still had something of her old ghastly bridal appearance; for they had covered her to the throat with white cotton-wool, and as she lay with a white sheet loosely overlying that, the phantom air of something that had been and was changed was still upon her.

I found, on questioning the servants, that Estella was in Paris, and I got a promise from the surgeon that he would write to her by the next post. Miss Havisham's family I took upon myself, intending to communicate with Mr. Matthew Pocket only, and leave him to do as he liked about informing the rest. This I did next day, through Herbert, as soon as I returned to town.

There was a stage that evening when she spoke collectedly, and was sensible of having caused a certain terrible vivacity. Toward midnight she began to wander in her speech, and after that it gradually set in that she said unintelligible things in a low, solemn voice. "What have I done? What have I done?" And then, "When she first came, I meant to save her from misery like mine." And then, "Take the pencil and write under my name, 'I forgive her!'" She never changed the order of these three sentences, but she sometimes left out a word in one or other of them; never putting in another word, but allowing a blank, and going on to the next.

As I could do no service there, and as I had, nearer home, that pressing reason for anxiety and fear which even her wanderings could not drive out of my mind, I decided in the course of the night that I would return by the early morning coach; walking as a mile or so, and being taken up clear of the town. At about six o'clock in the morning, therefore, I leaned over her and touched her lips with mine, just as they said, not stopping for being touched, "Take the pencil and write under my name, 'I forgive her.'"

It was the first and the last time that I ever touched her in that way. And I never saw her more.

CHAPTER XLIX.

My hands had been dressed twice or thrice in the night, and again in the morning. My left arm was a good deal burned to the elbow, and less severely as high as the shoulder; it was very painful, but the flames had set in that direction, and I felt thankful it was no worse. My right hand was not so badly burned than that I could move the fingers. It was bandaged, of course, but much less inconveniently than my left hand and arm; those I carried in a sling; and I could only get my coat like a cloak, loose over my shoulders and fastened at the neck. My hair had been caught by the fire, but not my head or face.

When Herbert had been down to Hammersmith and seen his father, he came back to me at our chambers and remained all day to attending on me. He was the kindest of nurses, and at stated times took off the bandages, and steeped them in the cooling liquid that was kept ready, and put them on again with a patient tenderness that I was deeply grateful for.

At first, as I lay quiet on the sofa, I found it painfully difficult, I might say impossible, to get rid of the impression of the glare of the flames, and the hurry and noise, and the fierce burning smell. If I dosed for a minute, I was awakened by Miss Havisham's cries, and by her running at me with her dress on fire. But this abated soon. This pain of the mind was much harder to strive against than my bodily pain I suffered, and Herbert, seeing that, did his utmost to hold my attention engaged.

Neither of us spoke of the boat, but we both thought of it. It was made apparent by our avoidance of the subject, and by our agreeing—without agreement—to make my recovery of the use of my hands the question of so many hours, not of so many weeks.

My first question when I saw Herbert had been, of course, what was well down the river? As he replied in the affirmative, with perfect confidence and cheerfulness, we did not resume the subject until the day was wearing away. But then, as Herbert changed the bandages, more by the light of the fire than by the outer light, he went back to it spontaneously.

"I sat with Provis last night, Handel, two good hours."

"Where was Clara?"

"Dear little thing!" said Herbert. "She was up and down with Gruffandgrim all the evening. He was perpetually pegging at the floor the moment she left his room, and I doubt if he can hold out long, though. What with rum and pepper—and pepper and rum—I should think his pegging must be nearly over."

"And then you will be married, Herbert?"

"How can I take care of the dear child otherwise?" And he put my arm out upon the back of the sofa, my dear boy, and I'll sit down here, and get the bandage off so gradually that you shall not know when it comes off. I was speaking of Provis. Do you know, Handel, he improves?"

"I said to you I thought he was softened, when I last saw him."

"So you did. And so he is. He was very communicative last night, and told me more of his life. You remember his breaking of it here about some woman that he had had great trouble with—Did I hurt you?"

I had started, for I had not under his touch. His words had given me a start.

"I had forgotten that, Herbert, but I remember now you were telling me."

"Well! He went into that part of his life, and a dark, wild part it is. Small I tell you? As he would it never be told. I was speaking of Provis. Do you know, Handel, he improves?"

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"No-no, my dear boy. I was quaking—I mean my dear Herbert."

"Murder,—Does it strike too cold on that sensitive place?"

"I don't feel it. How did she murder? Whom did she murder?"

"Why, the dead may not have merited quite so terrible a murder," said Herbert, "but she was tried for it, and Jaggers defended her, and the reputation of that defense first made his name known to Provis. It was another and a stronger woman who was the victim, and there had been a struggle—in a barn. Who began it, or how fair it was, or how unfair, may be doubtful; but how it ended is certainly not doubtful, for the victim was found throttled."

"Was the woman brought in guilty?"

"No; she was acquitted.—My poor Handel, I hurt you!"

"It impossible to be gentler, Herbert. What else?"

"This acquitted young woman and Provis," said Herbert, "had a little child: a little child of whom Provis was exceedingly fond. On the evening of the very night when the object of her jealousy was strangled, as I tell you, the young woman presented herself before Provis for one moment, and swore that she would destroy the child (which was in her possession) and he should never see it again; then she vanished.—There's the worst arm comfortably in the sling once more, and now there remains but the right hand, which is a far easier job. I can do it better by this light than by a stronger, for my hand is steadiest when I don't see the poor blistered patches too distinctly. Don't move, for your breathing is affected, my dear boy? You seem to breathe quickly."

"Perhaps I do, Herbert. Did the woman keep her oath?"

"There comes the darkest part of Provis's life. She did."

"That is, he says she did."

"Why, of course, my dear boy," returned Herbert, in a tone of surprise, and again bending forward to get a nearer look at me. "He says it all. I have no other information."

"No, to be sure."

"Now, whether," pursued Herbert, "he had used the child's mother ill, or whether he had used the child ill, as Provis doesn't say, but she had shared some four or five years of the wretched life he described to us at this breside, and had become fond of the girl for her, and forbearance toward her. Therefore, fearing he should be called upon to depose about this desperate woman, and so be the cause of her death, he hid himself (much as he grieved for the child), kept himself dark, as he says, out of the way at the end of the trial, and was only vaguely talked of as a certain man called Abel, out of whom the jealousy arose. After the acquittal he disappeared, and thus he lost the child and the child's mother."

"I want to ask—"

"A moment, my dear boy," said Herbert, "and I have done. That evil Compeyson, the worst of scoundrels among many scoundrels, knowing of his keeping out of the way at that time, and of his reasons for doing so, of course afterward held the knowledge over his head as a means of keeping him poorer, and working him harder. It was clear last night that this barbed the point of Provis's hatred."

"I want to know," said I, "and particularly, Herbert, whether he told you what this happened?"

"Particularly? Let me remember, then, what he said as to that. His expression was, 'a round score o' year ago, and almost directly after I took up wi' Compeyson.' How old were you when you came upon him in the little churchyard?"

"I think in my seventh year."

"Ay. And you happened about four years then, he said, and you brought into his mind the little girl so tragically lost, who would have been your age."

"Herbert," said I, after a short silence, in a hurried way, "can you see me best by the light of the window, or the light of the fire?"

"By the fire-light," answered Herbert, coming close again.

"Look at me."

"I do look at you, my dear boy."

"Touch me."

"I do touch you, my dear boy."

"You are not afraid that I am in any fever, or that my head is much disordered by the accidents of last night?"

"No-no, my dear boy," said Herbert, after taking time to examine me. "You are rather excited, but you are quite yourself."

"I know I am quite myself. And the man we have in hiding down the river is Estella's Father."

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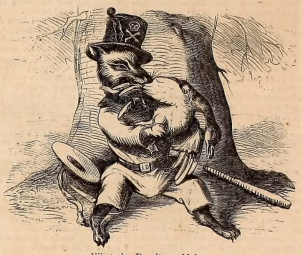

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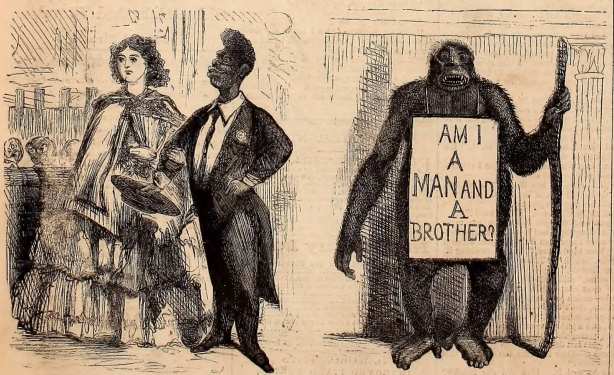

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HARPER'S WEEKLY.

A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION.

VOL. V.—NO. 235.] NEW YORK, SATURDAY, JUNE 29, 1861. [SINGLE COPIES SIX CENTS. $2 50 PER YEAR IN ADVANCE.

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the Year 1861, by Harper & Brothers, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Southern District of New York.

THE WAR—MAKING HAVELOCKS FOR THE VOLUNTEERS.

THIRTEEN AND THIRTY-FOUR.

COURAGE, Sons of Freedom! brightly
Still our Flag floats o'er the brave;
Courant hearts hold honor lightly;
Hold the fruit, the fame to save!
Strike for the 34! Country and Home restore!
Strike for the old 13! Unite their hearts once more!
Hurrah for the old 13!
Tiger for the 34!

Soldiers, up and at their legions
Who our Union seek to mar,
Father foes or foreign minions—
Long must perish—Right prevail!
Sound the 34! Bear all your fathers do,
Stand by the old 13! Justify midst clamors' roar,
Charge for the old 13!
Rebels flee!

Patriots, sure to guard the ramparts
Of our proud inheritance!
Equal hearts—fellowsoldiers—true hearts,
Still our rock and sure defence!
Equal the 34! from lake to ocean's shore;
Equal the old 13! as thrilled in days of yore!
One cause the old 13;
One heart the 34!

Speed the day when pride, ambition,
Party feeling, passion—strife—
All shall yield to the fruition
Of a purer, civil life!
Glorious the 34! glorious as ne'er before!
Honored the old 13! as in the days of yore
Glorious the old 13!
Honored the 34!

God of Truth! in gloomiest hour,
When all other bulwarks fail,
Thou wilt be our Strength and Tower,
Vindicate our cause by prevail:
Spare us the 34! humbly we Thee implore;
Spare us the old 13! chopped forever more!
God bless the old 13!
God bless the 34!

NAZARETH, PENNSYLVANIA, June 8, 1861.

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

SATURDAY, JUNE 29, 1861.

A TEST QUESTION FOR MR. LINCOLN.

THE capture of the privateer *Savannah* will test Mr. Lincoln's nerve. Will he have the courage to hang the pirate captain?

In law the case is clear. The privateer was a pirate craft, and every man on board of her was guilty of piracy. It is impossible to conceive a more deliberately piratical act than the seizure of the brig *Joseph*, which was taken into Georgetown, South Carolina, by part of the crew of the *Savannah* shortly before her capture. The law declares that the penalty of piracy is death. Will the President suffer the law to take its course, or will he interfere to protect the pirates?

People are asking each other this question with no little anxiety. Merchants and shipowners, who have come forward nobly in support of the Government, are trembling in apprehension lest Mr. Lincoln should not have the nerve to carry out his policy, and crush piracy in the bud. Foreigners will decide, from Mr. Lincoln's action in this case, whether the President's proclamations are in earnest or mere brag-a-boos.

It is a question of nerve merely. The rebels threaten to retaliate upon Northern men if we hang their pirates. But they are already hanging every Northern man they can find—while we are actually liberating the scoundrels who fire upon our pickets, on condition that they swear allegiance to the United States. What worse can they do?

We incline to the belief that as the United States army advances into Virginia, the rebels will be chary of using the halter in a public way. The more sagacious among them must begin to see by-and-by that the fate of all or a few of the secessionist leaders will be in the hands of the United States Government. What that fate would be, if the threatened "retaliation" were attempted, they can readily infer.

☞ We are indebted to the Captain of the *State of Georgia*, transport, for favors.

☞ We have received TROW'S *City Directory*, as full as usual; an indispensable work for every counting-house and store.

☞ BACHMAN'S *Birds-eye View of the Seat of the War in the West* is an excellent sheet, and gives a very good idea of the relative positions of the rebel and United States forces.

THE LOUNGER.

THEODORE WINTHROP.

THE blood of the heroes who fall in this war for liberty and humanity consecrates to the work every man who remains. Our brothers who have marched before us are encamped upon the field; and we, whose turn has not yet come, are but encamped upon our hearthstones. Yet the rot hand that strikes one camp wounds the other. The soldiers fall, but the homes suffer. They suffer, but they do not shrink. They are the nurseries of that patriotism in which this wild conspiracy had no faith. They cheer their children, and send them forth with smiles in their eyes and victory in their hearts. They have counted the cost.

"We will beneath the furnace blast
The pangs of transformation;
Not painlessly doth God roast
And mould sane the nation."

Such homes, such soldiers, make the terrible armies; for they know what they fight for, and they fight through death to victory. They know how fearful war is; but they know also how holy, and wise, and imperative it may be. And whether after many years and long service they return old men, wounded and weary, or whether they fall in the very opening of the struggle and in the bright flush of their own youth, the same love, and glory, and honor follow them, and their names are sweet and blessed forever.

Such a soldier fell in the action at Great Bethel when Theodore Winthrop, an aid and military secretary of General Butler, sank mortally wounded. What quiet heroism, clear intelligence, steadfast faith, generous hope, thoughtful enthusiasm, tempered by singular coolness, skill, wide experience, and personal bravery, which would as surely have made his name shine in this war as they had already advanced him, are lost with him to his country; only the friends who knew him very intimately can know. And even then will remain the knowledge and the hallowed memory of the stainless candor, ready humor, shrewd sympathy, heroic reticence, and manifoldness of powers, with his various cultivation and sagacious observation in much travel, make him so charming and beloved a companion. He had the Yankee tact which is never at fault in practical life; and, with a romantic courage, a deep poetic refinement of nature which inspired him into literary ambition, and made him a lover of art and the friend of artists.

Those who knew him truly counted among their friends few men so esteemed as he. But, partly from ill health, partly from temperament, a dreamy sadness overhung his life and dispirited his efforts. Glad of his friend's success, and conscious of the kindred impulse, he still wistfully delayed. Of great industry and restless endeavor, he saw across him as it seemed to be waiting in melancholy patience the rising of a happier star. It has risen at last, and shines upon his grave.

On the Tuesday afternoon the fatal day of Sumter he was walking with a friend in the woods upon Staten Island, near his home. No man could have a clearer conception of the momentous issue of the event. An American in the noblest sense, he felt that the time had come in which our liberties could be maintained only by the sword in the hand of every man. "To-morrow," said his friend, "we shall have a proclamation from the President." "Then to-morrow," he answered, "I shall enlist." And he did so. If he had hesitated before there could be no hesitation now. Mother, sisters, brother, farewell! It is God who calls in the voice of my country.

With his brother he marched among the first soldiers from New York, and was one of the first to be engaged in battle. The passionate enthusiasm of that departure is best told in his own story of it; and of all those thousands who went to be murdered in Baltimore's unrest with steady step, amidst a tumult of shouts and sobs and prayers and blessings, to an expected ambuscade of bullets, he the first was the first to meet the death which each one of them heroically awaited.

Writing from Camp Cameron early in May to the same friend, he says: "I wish to enroll myself at once in the police of the nation, and for life, if the nation will take me. It is not for me to say I can put myself—experience and character—to any more useful use." In this spirit he acted, and such was his evident ability that in a month he was aid and military secretary to General Butler, and held at his disposal a first lieutenancy in the army. The success of his paper in the *Atlantic*, and the kind and friendly notices of my life, induced to his friends that his public career was opening just as he would have it. To him the cause to which he gave his life was that of mankind, and was worth all it might cost.

"Fellow-soldier," he writes again, "what do you think now of the quality of our trade? It seems that the world can not do without us. It is shabby that mankind will not keep the peace by decree. But I suppose, as it is, the peace gone by, that your beloved country was civilized? Did you fancy that *vi et armis* was obsolete? And are all our fellows idle fences? Are we not assisting at the dying agonies of Bellona."

Again he says: "As to the threatened guerrilla warfare, have no fear of it. The Virginians are not Spaniards or Swiss. They are not united, and they have their slaves always in the rear to be guarded. Did I suppose, as is possible in a country like this. There are no Pyrenees or Alps to defend. Our flankers and skirmishers will take care of all the fellows in the fences. As for burned villages, a dozen guerrillas hung, one scouring skirmish or battle will pacify a whole State. Under all discipline and degree of zeal, every regiment in an army the South may fight; but they will not have moral conviction enough to risk their separate lives except in assassination, and those a few sharp examples will terminate. We heard their threats at Annapolis. We heard also the pitiful plaints of the timid who believed the threats. *No, if we are patient and well led*, we shall do our work without much massacre."

In the same letter he adds, in the most characteristic strain: "I have fun. I get experience. I see much. It pays. As $? But in three fair days of May I miss my States Island. My sire stirs the pulse; but it wounds a little all the time."

A few hours before the expedition left Fort Monroe he wrote: "If I do not come back, give my dearest love to all." So, also, by a sad and curious coincidence, the last words of his paper in the sympathetic number of the *Atlantic* whose significance no one more fully apprehended than he—are "Good-by, every body!"

The expedition left Fort Monroe and the camps at midnight on Sunday, June 9. Adjutant Schaffner of the Seventh (volunteers) says:

"I made a reconnoissance with Major Winthrop about 12 o'clock in the day, and can testify to his bravery and daring. He was very much exhausted, having wanted for sleep, food, and water, and the day had turned out very hot. We stuck our heads out of some underbrush, and instantly there was a perfect shower of balls rained upon us, which compelled us to withdraw a few paces. Major Winthrop laid himself behind a tree, saying if he could only sleep for five minutes he would be all right. He remarked, as he did this, that he was going to see the inside of that intrenchment before he went back to the fortress—his manner being that of cool, ordinary conversation. He continued self-possessed and cool throughout the whole engagement, up to the time when he received his death-wound, which happened at the time of Lieutenant Hetherington, Company E, who remained with him, and cared for him until life had fled. He was shot in the side."

Another account

says:

"The gallantry of Major Winthrop is the subject of universal admiration with both the Federal and the rebel forces. The rebel troops, on the pits before the Bethel battery state that they several times took deliberate aim at him, as he was all the time conspicuous at the head of the advancing Federal troops, but they could not hit the scoundrel."

Eighty-six years ago, on the day on which these words are written, Joseph Warren fell, "last in the trenches," upon Bunker Hill. He gave gladly his heart's-blood to gain the peace of liberty for his country. Not less gladly fell Theodore Winthrop to secure that holy peace; nor with less honor be his name remembered. Farewell, brave heart! Farewell, manly soul! By such sharp pange is the nation born again. In blood so costly are her sins washed away!

WHAT WILL CONGRESS DO?

THE next question is, What will Congress do? It is very clear what it should do. The amplest authority should be given to the Administration to carry on a vigorous and overwhelming campaign. Either that, or the Slave-conspiracy should be acknowledged.

There has been some feeble talk of what is called compromise. Compromise with what? An incendiary in tryin to set the house in which your family is sleeping, and you have him within range of your rifle. He proposes compromise. If you will let him stand there with his weapon and matches, he will agree for the moment not to kindle your house. No, no. For that reckless and cruel assassin there is but one compromise. You will shoot him as he crouches, or hand him over to justice. In either case his doom is sure.

For this reason the only position, which began in perjury and robbery and is continued in desperation, there can be, and there will be, no other compromise than absolute surrender, and then the course of justice.

A great nation is peacefully pursuing its career. Under a Government of singular wisdom and adaptability to every event, its flag is every where respected; its name is the synonym of power; its people enjoy a general well-being unprecedented in history; its position secludes it from the contagion of other national troubles; by the quiet operation of its laws every year is eliminating the defects of its own system; so that, in the lapse of a few years, every man should be secured in the enjoyment of every right that any law or society can protect; when, suddenly, without the pretense that any law or right has been violated, that any injury has been done to the person or the property of the citizens, a large body of people, led by men who, sitting in the seats of lawful authority, have conspired to overthrow the system by which they hold the personal control, appear in arms against the Government. They steal its property, its ships, its arsenals, munitions of war, mints, and forts; they fire upon its flag; they murder its loyal citizens; they send emissaries to corrupt the opinion of other nations; they destroy the national prosperity; they impoverish the individual citizen; they cover the name of the country with doubt and disgrace; they threaten the existence of the Government, to subvert the foundations of all peaceful society; they cruelly destroy private happiness and public peace, and they overshadow the land into the bitter, bloody horrors of war, and then, when the nation, springing from its paralysis of consternation and astonishment, gathers its strength to the tremendous impulse which thrills from its Atlantic to its Pacific nerves, startling the whole frame into a majesty of power which none its hand to cleave the barbarous, wanton, wicked conspiracy asunder, the leaders, both outside and inside its camps, begin to talk of compromise.

If any word justly stinks in the nostrils of this nation, it is the word Compromise. Because it is a principle which has been founded in common sense, that we must do what we can, not what we would, it seems to be assumed that we must do something of the kind in this case. Because it is impossible to conquer, and thing we can do is to compromise? Is the obedience of the citizens of the United States to the Government a question of compromise? The moment the Government treats with traitors it surrenders to treason and subverts itself.

And with what and whom will you compromise? With the faction that carried the Missouri bargain under the pressure of force? Do you say the bargain would have kept the peace if it had not been broken? But why was it broken? Because there was not power in the bond which derived all its advantage from it. And it is precisely that side—which holds, in regard to the Free States of this Union, the position which the Second toward the Netherlands, *No faith with heretics*—which now begins to whisper compromise.

The Administration which contends for the control of this Government against the mass of the free citizens, and which takes up arms to recapture that control when it lawfully loses it, has always carried its point under the mask of compromise. When the Missouri bill was passed, John Quincy Adams, then Secretary of State, sadly conceded that the oligarchy had conquered. William Pinkney wrote exultingly home in the same strain. The oligarchy politely bowed, and called victory compromise.

And they have always done it. Compromise, in the history of the United States, means in the Slave States victory, and in the Free States surrender. What has been the object of this kind of compromising? To prevent the slave oligarchy from taking up arms to dissolve the Union. But they have done it. They are armed now, and moving. They have spit upon the flag. They have murdered our loyal brothers. They have torn the sore spot and canker ever since we were a nation. They have humiliated us abroad. They have disgraced us at home. They now ask us to set the question at once and forever. Let us prove the scope of the threat. Let us understand whether the Government of this nation exists by the sufferance of any faction in the country, or whether it is able to crush treason and punish traitors.

ADAMS AND CALHOUN.

IN Josiah Quincy's "Memoir of John Quincy Adams" there is a great deal of most interesting detail of conversations between Calhoun and Adams which throw a very singular portraiture.

One day, during the debate upon the Missouri bill, Mr. Calhoun remarked to Mr. Adams that he did not see how the slave question, then pending in Congress, would produce a dissolution of the Union; but if it should, the South would, from necessity, form alliances, offensive alliances and defensive, with Great Britain. Mr. Adams asked if that would not be returning to the old colonial state. Calhoun said, "Yes, pretty much; but it would be forced upon them."

Mr. Adams inquired whether he thought if, by the effects of the slave question, the people of the North should be cut off from its natural outlet upon the ocean, it would fall back upon its rocks, bound hand and foot, to the mercy of the South or would retain its power of locomotion to move Southward by land.

Mr. Calhoun replied that in the latter event it would be necessary for the South to make their communities all military.

Mr. Adams pursued the conversation no further, but remarked, "If the dissolution of the Union should result from the slave question, it is as obvious as any thing that can be foreseen of futurity that it must shortly afterward be followed by a universal emancipation of the slaves. A more remote, but perhaps not less certain consequence would be the extirpation of the African race on this continent by the gradually bleaching process of intermixture, where the white is always predominant, and the destructive process of emancipation, which, like all great religious and political reformations, is terrible in its means, though happy and glorious in its end."

ANOTHER VOICE.

IN a time like this every man who has the opportunity of speaking to the public is recreant if he does not swell the universal and indignant chorus which demands that the costly lives of American citizens shall not be sacrificed to the criminal blunders of imbecile commanders. The Government is no more justified in appointing city politicians and country lawyers to high military commands than it would be in sending lieutenants and captains of the regular army to argue abstruse legal cases before the courts. War is a science. It is not a question of personal bravery, but of strategic skill. It is a science which, like every other, has to be studied only by devoted study; and lawyers and politicians are no more likely to be adepts in it than chemists or tailors.

Look at the case. Here is a formidable rebellion organized against the Government. It is in the hands of men who have controlled that Government for many years. It establishes, first of all, a military despotism. It silences the press. It seals every opposing mouth. It is encamped upon a vast area, and has stolen the most valuable military property and advantages from the United States. It appoints to important commands only experienced officers. Brigadier-General Floyd may call for arms in obscure quarters; but Beauregard and able officers direct the essential movements in critical points. The conspiracy works silently and secretly and swiftly. Its sole hope of temporary success lies in the bold dash it may make; and instead of confronting it upon the Florida Keys or the remote Gulf shore, the Government of the United States is instead before its front, quietly, digesting its very seat upon the Potomac with the rebels.

That Government, to insure speedily the victory which it must finally achieve, requires only three conditions—and it has them all at command—

First, it wants plenty of money;

Second, Plenty of men;

Third, Plenty of skilled leaders.

It has all of these, if it chooses. If three hundred thousand men are wanted, they are ready and anxious to march. If more money is wanted, people will be pinched, but it shall be had. And for leaders, there is not a second lieutenant in the army who would not have gone out and hung himself had he commanded at Great Bethel.

It is true that our Government depends upon volunteers. But then volunteers are our army; the army with which we must carry on war; and war is still a science. If, therefore, the volunteer officers are unacquainted with it, skilled officers must be substituted before the men are allowed to go into action. Otherwise the army is demoralized, and defeated before the battle begins. What man hereafter could do his best under the unfortunate General Pierce? But hereafter every inexperienced civilian is a General Pierce to his soldiers. A man may be intelligent, energetic,

prompt, courageous, and of great executive skill. These are excellent gifts, but they can not take the place of scientific knowledge. They must be combined with military science before they can fit a man to be a general or a colonel. Just as the finest voice must be united with legal knowledge before a man can be a lawyer.

Of course in such an emergency as this many a civilian will prove to be an able officer. Thank God for it. But don't assume it. A man may have grown gray as Brigadier-General of State militia. The chance is that he can sit safely on his horse at a parade, if the horse has been trained to it. But don't send him into the field with the flower of the men and heroism of the army at his command until he has shown his ability. Send any regularly trained lieutenant, if the general be not proved. Who does not know that if Grolle had been in command our history would not have been darkened by the deplorable day at Great Bethel?

THE VERACITY OF TRAITORS.

How many faithful citizens of the United States, intelligent, industrious, honorable, who gladly give their fortunes and lives to the defense of the Government, must be butchered in this war before the Government stops palavering with traitors and hugs them? They are caught in the act, as at Fairfax Court House. Loyal citizens are shot by them, as at Great Bethel. The progress of the country is paralyzed, and its position among nations put in doubt, and after swearing to be loyal the traitors are allowed to return to their treason, and carry information to make that treason more fatally effective. In the Public Departments it is openly asserted that officers are retained who serve the country which pays them, and which they have sworn to uphold, by giving information to the enemy. In Baltimore and Missouri men are arrested as traitors and allowed to go upon bail, although its treason is capital crime. A privateer is taken and brought into port, and every body knows that the officers and crew will escape. Every infernal art of treason is employed by the rebels. The citizens among them who are faithful to their country are at the mercy of a barbarous mob. The flower of the youth, and heroism, and patriotism of the country, in the persons of Ellsworth, of Greble, of Winthrop, of the Massachusetts martyrs at Baltimore and elsewhere, and all the heroes from all the States, fall under the murderous hand of the traitors, and still it is only necessary that a rebel should die, and his life is safe.

Has it occurred to the authorities at Washington who perform this melancholy farce of administering an oath to traitors taken in arms, that a man who would gladly cut down his neighbor because he is a patriot would cheerfully tell a lie to save himself? If Jefferson Davis should ride into Washington one bright morning, and say that he had always been sorry, and would like to forget and forgive, would he be arrested, tried, and hung, or politely invited to dinner?

The correspondent of the *Commercial Advertiser*, one of the ablest and most loyal of journals, writes from Washington on the 16th of June: "An agent of Governor Wise, who came to the city two days ago from Richmond, and left for there yesterday by way of Manassas Junction, informs me," etc.

Will this correspondent explain how he justifies himself in not causing the arrest of this agent?

The correspondent says to the Secretary of War: Wise employs men to visit the city, and report to him and Davis. "After making themselves fully acquainted with what is going on here, *they obtain a pass from the authorities which enables them to pass beyond our pickets and to the Confederate camp.*"

The story is particularly fatal, and yet is there any thing in the treatment of traitors taken in the act which makes it very improbable? Since Washington is a camp, why is not martial law practiced?

INVOLUNTARY SPIES.

If there were several enterprising newspapers in Richmond, and every morning they contained detailed accounts of all that had been done the day before and was to be done on the morrow, and the papers were sent to us publicly, as long as the mails would carry them, and privately afterward, we should all feel that we had most valuable allies in Richmond, and that the newspapers, at least, were loyal to the Union, proving it by revealing the movements and plan of the enemy.

It is just as true the other way; up to the first of June, when the mail stopped, the Northern papers paid agents for collecting news for the rebels, and the Government carefully transmitted it to them. At the present time Jefferson Davis has his spies and agents in all the Northern cities, and all the facts in regard to the intentions of the Government which any reporter of any paper can discover, is promptly sent to him.

The Government is very properly annoyed by all this, and will doubtless take measures to keep its own secrets. The reporters, on the other hand, are indignant, and mean at the feeling of the Government. The *Tribune* says that any gentlemanly reporter who was asked not to convey important intelligence would obey the request. Probably; but the Government can not stop to ask Tom, Dick, and Harry not to telegraph this or that thing, and, moreover, the reporter is a young person as an ungentlemanly reporter. Does the *Tribune* suppose, for instance, that his excellency the minister of the United States to Portugal would hesitate to tell what he had discovered whether asked to hold his tongue or not?

Every great invention has its disadvantages. It is the law of compensation. It is a fine thing to have all the news and more. It is undoubtedly the business of newspapers to furnish the news. But it is also the business of newspapers not to help the enemy; and if one of the sacrifices we must make at this time is giving up the knowledge of what is going to be done for the knowledge of what is done, it is not the severest sacrifice that can be made.

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

LINES BY A COCKNEY.

ADDRESSED TO A YOUNG LADY.

Sweet hangel, whom I met last here
Has likes to me
I hope that you will give me leave
A question now to pop.

I mind her now when in the 'all
Your curlings was bamounced,
You looked so like a mayden fair indeed,
Hon which with 'ante I pounced.

Then hanger to your Ma you ran,
She anxious to be gone,
I hasn't or call you Mary-Hann,
Or hadies 'ere Mari-Ann.

Now, Mary-Hann's a name I 'ate
Has much as Betsy-Jane,
I could not bear to link my fate
With such a name as hit is hame;

But Mari-hon I like as well
As hany name I know;
Then, hangel, I implore you tell,
Post spell it with a He?

THE ADVANTAGE OF STUTTERING.—A young author (we will not mention names) has the lining of his hat completely blackened with ink. He is wonder was the depots could have got there, because authors do not generally carry their inkstands under their hats, when a wag present, who stuttered (and if he hadn't stuttered, he could not have made the remark) suggested that "probably it might be the result of th-th-inking?"

IT'S JUST LIKE THEM CONCEIT!—"Women," says a literary Herald, "might have some reason to be proud of being the more beautiful half of the human race, if the other half were not undoubtedly ugly."

THE RICHEST DISH IN THE WORLD.—The "Weal" of Fortune.

FASHIONABLE OBSTRUCTION.—The enormous amplitude which female dresses have attained to is productive of peculiar inconvenience to pedestrians, especially ladies, walking through fields and lanes. Owing to the present width of styles, it takes a little woman five minutes to get through a great gate.

THREE DEGREES OF COMPARISON.—Bet, Better, Best left alone.

HOT weather frequently has the effect of making many good-tempered persons extremely choleric, for which due allowance should be made. It is not natural that a person who has been for hours exposed to a broiling hot sun should exhibit the strongest desire at the first opportunity to take umbrage?

THE JUST AND HOLY CAUSE OF SLAVERY.

[*From Punch.*]

"We feel," says President Jefferson Davis, in his Message to the Secessional Congress, "that our cause is just and holy." Could any one be more frank? Sure, probably, if they rose against their masters, say just as much, with at least equal justice, for their own insurrection? The less Mr. Davis says about justice and holiness the better, if he does not want to make dangerous disclosures, before being comforted a humbug. "Dash holiness, and justice be blanked!" is the consolatory language for Mr. Jefferson Davis. "Might is right; we expect to thrash the Northerners; and the Institution of Slavery forever!"

A woman may speak as many tongues as she will, but she'll not be a Queen Bess for one of her own.

MRS. ROBINSON (the widow of the eminent professor of natural philosophy) invited a gentleman to dinner, who accepted, with the following note: "I am expected—but if, week, if you're dead, I'll no expect yo," replied the widow.

GOVERNOR MAGOFFIN'S-NEUTRALITY BIRDS holding the COCK OF THE WALK (*Uncle Sam*) while THE CONFEDERATE CAT (*Jeff Davis*) kills off his Chickens.

The following anecdote is going the rounds of the French papers. The actors are a lady and a physician, the celebrated Professor Pierry, well known to medical men all over the world. The doctor was recently summoned to the mansion of a duchess, and hastened to obey the call, which was of an imperative nature. He was forthwith introduced into the boudoir of the lady, who, with tears in her eyes, pointed to a hideous little monkey, decked with costly finery, and writhing in great apparent pain, upon an elegant velvet cushion. The doctor, at first hurt and humiliated by the lamb-like appearance of his patient, but unquestionably, and gravely proceeded to fulfill his professional duty. After a minute examination, the doctor divined the cause of the animal's distress; then, noticing a child of the duchess crawling upon the floor, he took it up, felt its pulse, and coolly said to the lady, "Madame, your two sons are suffering from indigestion. Give them tea to drink, and restrict them for a few days to a simple diet. No other prescription is necessary." And, making a polite bow to the duchess, Pierry departed, leaving the duchess in a state of wonder, astonishment, and rage, easy to imagine, but utterly impossible to describe.

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

EVACUATION OF HARPER'S FERRY.

THE REBELS DESTROY THE ARMORY.—They burned down the bridge across the Potomac, about a mile above the Ferry, on the bridge connecting at Martinsburg and Shepardstown were also set on fire. The Government buildings were all destroyed, except the arsenal, its machinery having been removed into the interior a few days ago. All the barracks and troops have been withdrawn from the Maryland side. Fearing a sudden attack the rebels threw a large force of provisions into the river. The garrison, to the number of between ten and twelve thousand, marched to Leesburg and Winchester, thus indicating that they intended to meet our forces, should action, where, no doubt, a grand stand will be made. The Ferry is now entirely in the United States troops. General Patterson's division and Colonel Stone's command are both at or near it.

STATE OF AFFAIRS AT FORTRESS MONROE.

Latest advices from Fort Monroe state that the rebels are landing in considerable force at a point some seven miles above Newport News, on the same side of the river, and an action of a serious character is looked for daily. A skirmish is reported as having taken place on Sunday morning, Brown's regiment of Zouaves sent out Lieutenant Neva to capture some cattle belonging to the rebels. The latter were driven in by a company of Virginia light horse, and three of them were wounded, two fatally, the others, nevertheless, kept on charging, and succeeded in getting the cattle to camp. The most important item of intelligence, however, is in reference to the experiment with Sawyer's American rifled cannon, mounted at the Rip Rage. The trial of this weapon was productive of destruction as exceeded with the most complete success, and must have slightly astonished the rebels. Sawyer's Point, which was found to be clearly within range. Several shells were thrown within which a number of rebels were seen to scatter, and of them exploded immediately over their intrenchments. There has been no further movement by or near Great Bethel.

REINFORCEMENTS FOR GENERAL BUTLER.

Fortress Monroe and its vicinity continue to be strengthened by the arrival of additional troops. Fifteen additional companies are expected to arrive which are an effective force corps of artillery from Fort M'Henry, and a regiment of mounted riflemen from Washington City. The latter will be valuable to act against the Virginia light cavalry. When these regiments reach their destination the force will be extended several miles further from that point.

A PROCLAMATION BY GOVERNOR JACKSON.

Governor Jackson, of Missouri, has at last issued a proclamation which fully exhibits his desire to precipitate that State into revolution. We have given the fact but not previously existed. After reciting various acts of the Federal authorities relative to the military occupation of the State, attaking State troops prisoners, and putting an embargo on Southern commerce, which, under the agreement between General Harney and ex-Governor Sterling Price, with the subsequent removal of Harney from the command, in accordance with General Lyon, etc., Governor Jackson calls for 50,000 men, "for the purpose, if necessary, to repel the invasion of their soil by the United States troops, and drive them out of the State." He declares that Missouri is still a member of the United States, and that it is not for him to withdraw that connection, but the convention would, at the proper time, express the sovereign will of the people in relation to it; that he has no power to call an election of the people to obey the constitutional requirements of the United States Government; but he advises them that their first allegiance is due to their State.

FLIGHT OF THE GOVERNOR.

After assuming the proclamation Governor Jackson and staff, together with the Legislature, left Jefferson City, which City, it is supposed for Somerville or some point in that locality, leaving Lieutenant Governor Reynolds behind them.

At last accounts the Governor was still on the run, with no certainty where he was going to. Gasconade and Osage Federal troops were close at his heels. When the Governor left Jefferson City the last word of honor to the President of the Pacific Railroad that the property of the road should not be destroyed, and that it had been twelve hours gone he ordered the Gasconade and Osage bridges burned, thus destroying the connection of the road and giving a severe blow to the trade of St. Louis.

PURSUIT BY FEDERAL TROOPS.

The Federal troops under General Lyon, in Missouri, meanwhile, moved toward the western part of that State. Several companies of Home Guards, under the charge of the Pacific Railroad, General Lyon and staff, with 1500 men, pursued the rebels with the greatest energy and enthusiasm, apparently intended for a long march, left St. Louis in a steamboat and proceeded up the river.

ANOTHER AFFRAY AT ST. LOUIS.

A strange and unfortunate affair occurred at St. Louis on the 17th. A number of Germans were parading the city, when one company suddenly fired at the windows of a cotton-factory, which they had been ordered to guard. The cause of the firing is not clear. One account says that a shot was fired from the court-room upon the troops, but the truth is not known.

BRILLIANT AFFRAY AT ROMNEY.

Another of those brilliant affairs which have marked the progress of the war so far has just taken place at Romney, 25 miles or thirty miles from Chambersburg. Colonel Lewis Wallace, with a portion of the Eleventh Indiana Regiment, numbering about 500 men, on Sunday, where some portion of the rebel forces were known to be posted. He surprised a body of 800 men, and after a hot fight routed them, killing two, wounding one, and taking several prisoners, together with a quantity of excellent camp equipage and some medical stores.

THE MARYLAND ELECTION.

The unconditional Union majority in Maryland over the peace party was nearly 30,000. Among the State rights supporters, the secessionists, the rebels, rowdies, and ristocrats, all combined, not a single member, or county, gave for one.

THE WHEELING CONVENTION.

Important action was taken on 17th in the Wheeling Convention. The declaration recently presented by Mr. Dorsey, providing for the establishment of a Provisional Government, and, of course, deposing the traitors at Richmond, and their abettors, filling the offices throughout the State, was passed to a third reading, and adopted by a unanimous vote. An ordinance was also reported by Mr. Carlisle, from the Committee on Business, which provides for a reorganization of the Financial Bureau of the State.

THE KENTUCKY ELECTION.

On 20th the special election for ten members of Congress will be held in Kentucky. The anti-secessionists are confident that at least nine good and true Union men will be chosen, and are hopeful that the entire delegation will be supporters of the stars and stripes.

BANK CONVENTION IN THE SOUTHERN STATES.

A convention of delegates from the different banks of the seceded States met at Atlanta, Georgia, on the 3d inst. Resolutions were adopted recommending the banks to receive and pay out the bogus confederacy treasury notes; recommending all the railroad companies to do the same; advising the Legislatures of the different States to enact laws making it penal for collectors to receive said notes, and recommending "all States, cities, and corporations, having coupons payable in the city of New York or elsewhere in the enemy's country" to appoint some place of payment in the Confederate States. The Convention will meet again in Richmond, on the 24th of July.

PERSONAL.

Col. Kelly, who led the brilliant attack at Philippi, in Western Virginia, a few days ago, is improving rapidly, and has a few weeks hence to be able to take command of his troops again.

Col. Andrews is to be appointed a Brigadier-General.

A great Union meeting was held in Boston last week, over which Chancellor Harrington presided. A resolution was unanimously adopted calling on Senator Sayward to resign.

Andrew J. M'Reynolds is to command Carl Schurz's regiment. He served with honor in the Mexican War, being a captain in the 1st Dragoons, the body-guard of Scott.

Gen. Beauregard has issued a characteristic proclamation to the people of Manassas. Like all he writes it has a strong point in lying. He lies about the National troops, lies about their actions, lies about their strength, and crowns the whole by charging the monstrous falsehood that the Federal army is a mercenary one.

O. H. Browning has been appointed to fill the vacancy in the Illinois Secessional Delegation caused by the death of Mr. Douglas.

Captain Tyler of the Second Dragoons, Lieutenants Fendall, Andrew Jackson, Patterson, Rice, and Campbell have resigned their commissions. Any rule for counting?

It is said that Mr. Burlingame will be sent as Minister to China, and Mr. Wm. Baker Lewis, Consul to Canton.

Captain Ball and his secession cavalry, captured at Alexandria three weeks ago, were for some time confined on the Washington Navy-yard, and then released on their taking the oath of allegiance. They have returned to Virginia they were at once ordered to leave the State.

It is said that Governor Sprague, of Rhode Island, is to be offered a Major-Generalship.

It is stated that Governor Seward did entirely destitute, and an appeal has been made by some benevolent citizens of Boston to raise sufficient funds to secure a suitable home for the widow and children.

FOREIGN NEWS.

ENGLAND.

THE PRIVATEERING QUESTION.

In the House of Commons, on the 3d of June, Mr. W. E. Forster asked the Secretary for Foreign Affairs whether Her Majesty's Government had received a notice from which by the law of nations they possess, to prevent privateers sailing under the flag as yet unrecognized by the so-called Southern Confederacy from bringing their prizes into any port of Her Majesty's dominions. He added that he did not ask this question with regard to privateers sailing under the flag of the United States, simply because he had no expectation that any letters of marque would be issued by the Government of Washington.

LORD JOHN RUSSELL: My answer must be rather wide in its terms, because the question which has been put is so. The whole matter has been considered by Her Majesty's Government, and they have, after consulting the authorities of the law officers of the Crown, that orders should be given to interdict to the ships of war and privateers of both parties from entering the ports and harbors of the United Kingdom, with the exception of the ordinary exercise of Her Majesty's hospitality, under circumstances of extreme distress. Hence will be no objection to read an extract from the dispatch which has been sent to the India Office and to the governors of the colonies:

"Her Majesty's Government are, as you are aware, desirous of observing the strictest neutrality in the contest between the United States and the so-called Confederate States of North America. With the view more thoroughly to carry out that intention, we propose to interdict the armed ships, and also the privateers, of both parties from entering the ports of the United Kingdom, or those of the colonies, except for the purpose of Her Majesty's hospitality, or under circumstances of extreme distress."

[Hear, hear.] The orders went out to the colonies on Saturday last, and will be sent out to India by the mail. I may also state that we have during the past week been in communication with the French Government on this subject. I stated to the French Ambassador the view taken by her Majesty's Government, and that the whole country the Government of France intended to pursue with regard to this question. The French Ambassador has informed me that the French Government propose to act in conformity with the existing law of France. That existing law is founded upon an ordinance passed in the year 1681; and the rule is that in case of a war in which France is neutral no privateers are allowed to bring their prizes into the ports of France, but they are allowed to remain for a longer period than twenty-four hours. They are not allowed to sell the prize, but they are by way to dispose of the prizes which they have taken; and after the twenty-four hours have expired they are ordered to leave the ports. Therefore the course pursued by France is not very different from that which we intend to adopt.

THE DECLARATION OF PARIS.

In the House of Commons, on the 3d of June,

Sir J. Hanmer asked if it was true that it is stated in the newspapers of to-day that the Government of the United States have expressed their intention to recognize the declaration of Paris of 1856; and, if so, what effect that will have upon the blockade of the Southern ports.

LORD JOHN RUSSELL.—The only answer which I can give to the right honorable gentleman is that propositions have been sent to America founded upon the declaration of Paris. Those propositions were made in concert with the French Government, and are restricted in concert with that Government. We have not as yet received any answer to those propositions. They have been gone. I should think, by this time, that we should receive some answer to them. Until that answer is received, I can not pledge the Government as to the course which they will pursue.

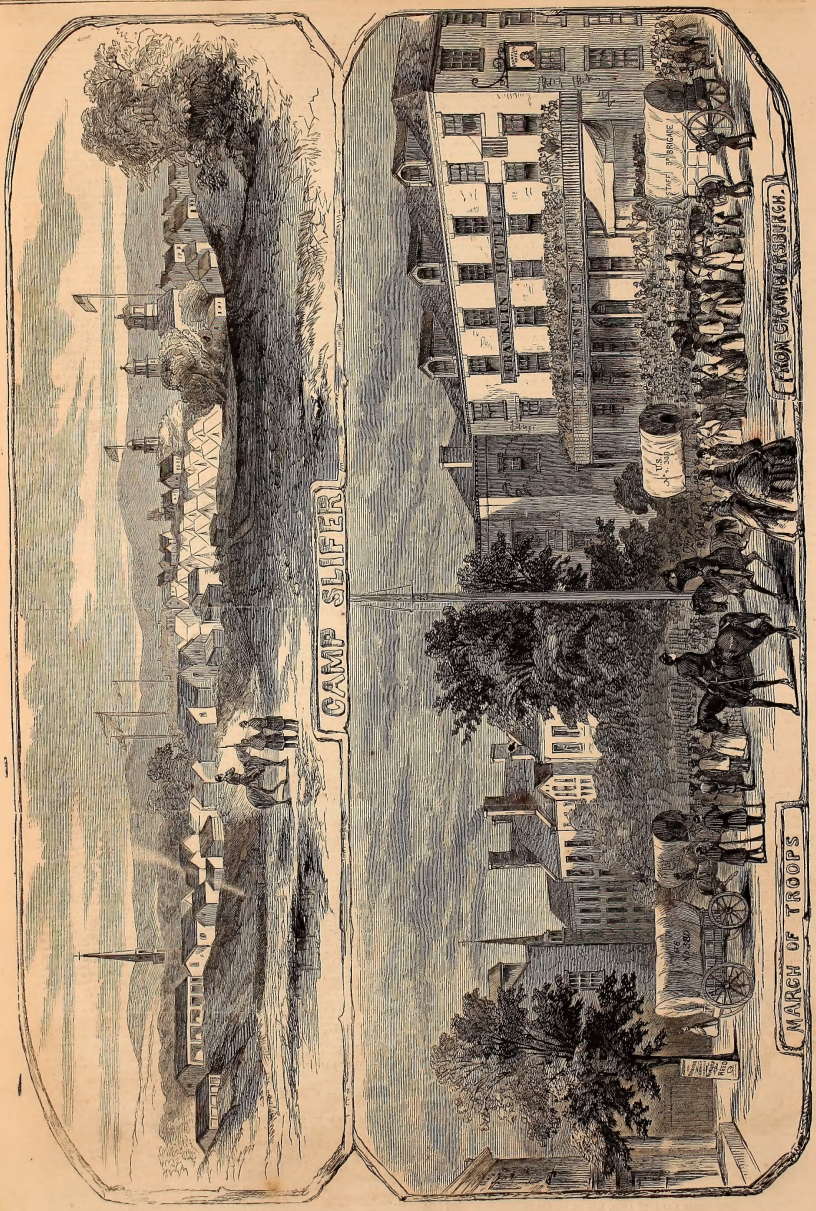
LOSS OF THE STEAMSHIP "CANADIAN."

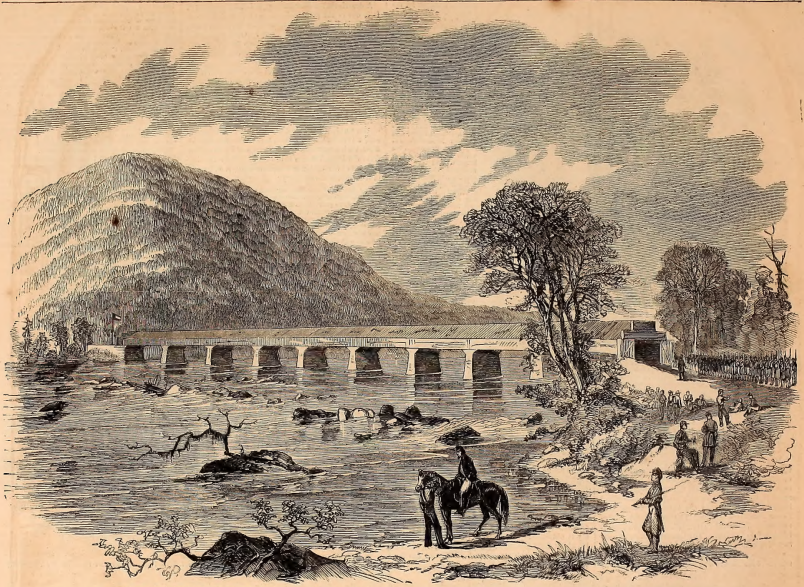
The screw steamship *Canadian*, belonging to the Montreal Steamship Company, running between Liverpool and Quebec, on the 4th inst., while outward-bound, run upon a bank of sunken ice, eight miles south of Belle Isle, and sank in about half an hour, causing the loss of from twenty to thirty lives. There were about two hundred people on board, including the crew, and one hundred and eighty were saved in boats, and were arrived at St. John, Newfoundland. Although the vessel was divided into three compartments, she struck the ice in such a manner as to open them all. She was a fine new steamer, 2000 tons register, built at Greenock, Scotland, in 1860, of iron.

ITALY.

DEATH OF COUNT CAVOUR.

The death of the minister who, in the space of nine years, has carried the prostrate monarchy of Piedmont to the rank of a first-class European power, is one of those events which, even in the presence of our own critical circumstances, commands us to pause and pay our tribute of respect. Count Cavour died at Turin on the 6th instant, of congestion of the brain, arising from intense occupation, and the fatigue of long exercise, and sinker for strong an appetite or else excessive indulgence in the pleasures of his well-appointed table. He had been dead six times before his death.


CAMP SLIFER
MARCH OF TROOPS
FROM CHAMBERSBURGH.



LEESBURG BRIDGE, ON THE POTOMAC, BELOW HARPER'S FERRY, LATELY HELD BY THE VIRGINIANS.—[SEE PAGE 406.]

REBEL TROOPS ARRIVING AT AND DEPARTING FROM MARTINSBURG, VIRGINIA.—[SEE PAGE 406.]

WHIPPING-POST ON THE PREMISES OF MR. WEST, AT NEWPORT NEWS, VA.
SKETCHED BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST.—[SEE PAGE 413.]

OUR ARMY LEAVING CHAMBERSBURG.

We have received from our Special Artist attached to the staff of General Williams the sketches which are published on page 404. They represent CAMP SUTTER, near Chambersburg, where most of General Patterson's army was assembled before the march; and the DEPARTURE OF THE FIRST BRIGADE (Colonel Thomas, U.S.A., Commanding) of General Patterson's army from Chambersburg on 7th inst. The Chambersburg *Repository* of 8th thus describes their departure:

"Yesterday morning about eight o'clock a considerable number of the soldiers who were quartered here took up the line of march for the South. The following, as well as we could ascertain, were those who left:

"Four companies of Cavalry, regulars, well mounted, and the first City Troop of Horse, of Philadelphia; two companies of artillery, acting as infantry, and two companies of regular infantry—the four last named under Captain Doubleday, of Fort Sumter; the 6th Regiment, Colonel Nagle; the 21st Regiment, Col. Baillie; the 23d Regiment, Colonel Dare; and Captain M'Mullin's Independent Rangers)—the whole forming the first brigade, and are commanded by Colonel Thomas, of the regular army.

"Their appearance was excellent; their marching of the best order; and their carriage such as to assure all who witnessed their movements—and they were thousands, for every available spot was occupied by our people—that they were perfectly able to endure the fatigues of a long march. This brigade, being the first, will lead off in the contest that is shortly to take place, and their movements are watched by an eager community with deep interest.

REBEL ARMY AT HARPER'S FERRY.

AN enterprising correspondent has sent us sketches from which we have prepared the illustrations on page 405, representing the LEESBURG BRIDGE ACROSS THE POTOMAC, and the ARRIVAL OF TROOPS AT MARTINSBURG, VIRGINIA.

Leesburg Bridge crosses the Potomac River 13 miles below Harper's Ferry, connecting Maryland with Loudon County, Virginia, and is distant about 20 miles from the town of Leesburg. The river at this point is a quarter of a mile wide, and flows over a very rocky bed. The high land seen on the Virginia side is Bull Run Mountain, from the top of which a splendid view of the surrounding country is obtained. This position is at present held by about 2000 Secession troops, encamped on the Virginia side, with strong pickets thrown out for some distance along the Maryland shore.

A description of Martinsburg is hardly necessary. It is one of the principal stations on the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad, 100 miles from Baltimore and 19 miles beyond Harper's Ferry. Our correspondent says he doesn't know how many troops are stationed there now; the greater portion of them were sent down to Harper's Ferry some days ago. This view was taken from opposite the Railroad Hotel, where the cars stop, looking east toward Baltimore.

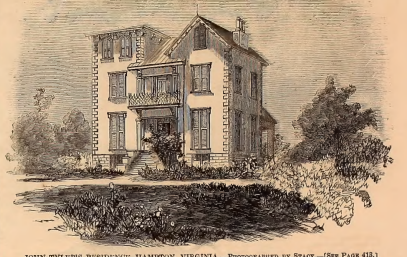
THE PRIVATEER "SAVANNAH."

WE publish on page 413 a picture of the *Savannah*, a Charleston privateer, taken into the port of New York last week, under charge of a prize crew from the United States brig *Perry*. The following account of her cruise and capture was given by one of the officers of the *Perry:*

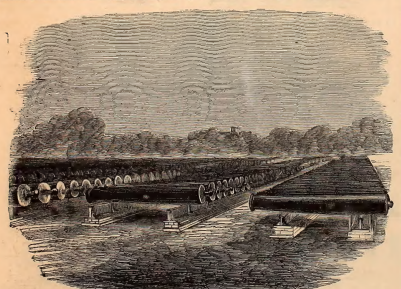
The *Savannah* was fitted out as a privateer in Charleston. She was provided with a crew of twenty men. Two or three days previous to their falling into the hands of the Federal Government, the *Joseph*, of Rockland, loaded with sugar from Cardenas, Cuba, was fallen in with and captured. The captain of the *Joseph* was taken on board the privateer, and received the worst treatment. He was refused any of his property, and then stripped almost naked of the apparel which he had on. The privateer put eight men of her crew on board the prize, and transferred the crew of the *Joseph* to her own deck. The *Savannah* then left the prize vessel, giving orders to those on board to put into the nearest port belonging to the Confederate States. The *Joseph* soon after succeeded in reaching Georgetown, South Carolina. The *Savannah* accompanied them almost to Georgetown.

After the privateer saw her prize safely ensconced in Georgetown, she put out in quest of some further material to practice upon in the way of merchant vessels, and happened to perceive the brig *Perry* in the distance, which she mistook for a merchantman, as she had her ports closed in order to deceive the advancing enemy. The *Savannah* pushed boldly forward to the attack, thinking that she had an easy prey, but when almost within shot distance she discovered that she had got into the clutches of one of Uncle Sam's emissaries, and immediately the order was given "boat ship," and the "bold privateer" showed the white feather, and tried to run. The *Perry* clapped on all sail, and gave hot pursuit. The chase was quite exciting. When the vessels came within range of each other's guns, a simultaneous fire was opened by both crafts, but no person was injured on either side. The shots of the *Savannah* had no effect whatever, they flying far athwart the bows of the ship, and taking every imaginable course but the right one, while on the contrary the attack of the United States vessel produced some havoc in the rigging of the enemy, two shots passing completely through her foresail and cutting away some of her ropes.

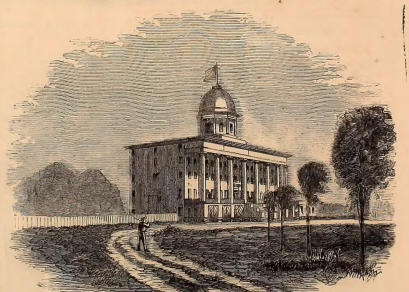
The *Savannah* at last hove to, seeing no possible chance of escape, and was immediately boarded by the crew of the *Perry*. The naval officers at once rushed down into the cabin, and secured the papers, etc. No resistance was



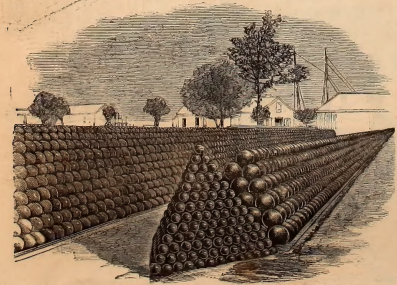
JOHN TYLER'S RESIDENCE, HAMPTON, VIRGINIA.—PHOTOGRAPHED BY STACY.—[SEE PAGE 413.]



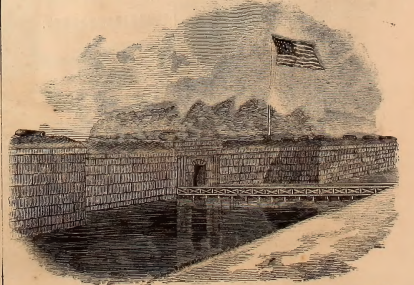
GUN-YARD UNDER THE WALLS OF FORTRESS MONROE.—PHOTOGRAPHED BY STACY.—[SEE PAGE 413.]



CHESAPEAKE FEMALE COLLEGE—HEAD-QUARTERS OF GEN. PIERCE.—PHOT. BY STACY.—[SEE PAGE 413.]



SHOT AND SHELL PILED UNDER THE WALLS OF FORTRESS MONROE.—PHOT. BY STACY.—[SEE P. 413.]



THE ONLY ENTRANCE TO FORTRESS MONROE.—[SKETCHED BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST.—SEE PAGE 413.]

CAMP OF THE VERMONT REGIMENT, NEWPORT NEWS, WITH STOCKADE AND EMBANKMENT.—SKETCHED BY SURGEON SANFORD.—[SEE PAGE 413.]

made by the pirates, as they believed "discretion to be the better part of valor". The crew were then all taken prisoners and brought on board, from whence they were transferred to the war vessel *Wisconsin*, lying off Charleston bar. A prize crew of seven was then detailed for the privateer, and she was sent on to this city under charge of the Master's Mate, M'Cook.

RIFLE PIT FOR SENTINELS.

ONE of our artists sends us the sketch on page 413, with the following by way of explanation:

The practice of shooting down sentries has been denounced by all civilized nations as ultra barbarism even strong outposts remain undisturbed by enemies in war, on the humane and soldierly principle that such insignificant atoms of armies, tied, as it were, to their posts by the necessities of their position, serve no other end but useless murder by their destruction: hence the sentry is nearly as safe as the ambassador. But an organized band of murderers, we hear, well acquainted with every cow-path and covert approach between Fairfax Court House and Alexandria, propose to shoot our men, Indian fashion, in detail. And under our present system of placing sentries, I confess, a crawling coward has the advantage of his upright foe. No cover can screen him from the assassin's bullet, no random fire avenge him, under existing practice in our service, especially at night. But I wish to draw your attention to a very simple plan to circumvent the provisos, which the writer has seen practiced with complete success, and which I endeavor to illustrate in this night picture. If you place a sentry on an open plain he is a fair mark from the nearest rock or coppice; if near such rascals, or in a wood, he is sure to perish; but place him in a pit (the work of a few spades for half an hour) deep enough to involve him to the chin, and I will answer for his safety and efficiency!

I do not mean a common rifle pit, for there the earth taken out is thrown up toward your foe, and your eye is consequently some distance above the level of the earth. Nor do I mean a *trou-de-loup* to entrap an incautious foe. But a simple pit, in shape like the letter T, of any size as to space, but about five feet in depth, and the removed earth either taken away or carefully distributed so as not to interfere with the surrounding level.

The effect of position, indeed the science of seeing, is very little understood; and this is one result. A kind of haze appears to ascend from the earth, spreading around every object on its surface an indescribable glow, and the darker the foreground the more perfect the luminousness. But the eye must be on a level with the earth, and some time accustomed to the natural darkness, as in the case of sentries.

I should be glad if our soldiers, who have to civilize the chivalry, would give this fact a fair chance; it would save some valuable lives to the patriots, and be a mysterious stronghold against any number of assassins.

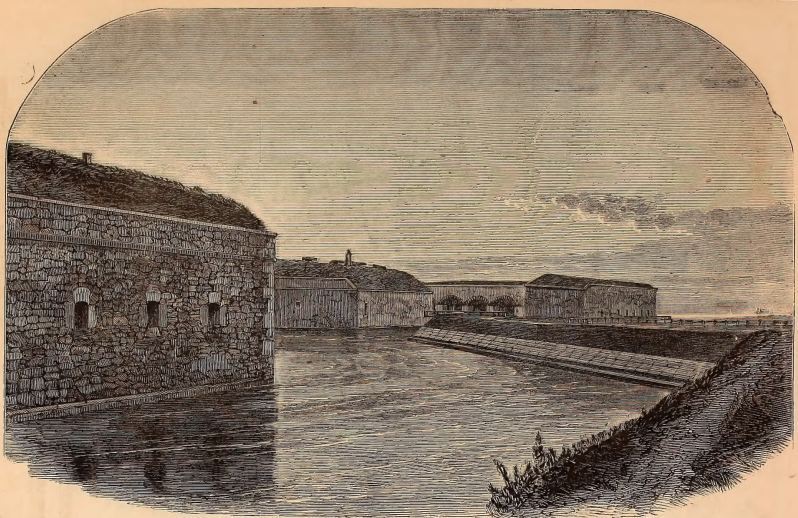
The best riflemen in Europe, the Sardinian *Bersagliori*, have adopted this plan, and actually "go to earth" even on a reconnoissance, as at Kamarg and Bistdar.

I have tried to give you a night view of the pit and its occupant, the ground in front, and a dark forest in the distance, with the luminous effect surrounding the crawling figure near the tree on the left of the sentry, without any attempt at making an effective picture, and with only enough of exaggerations to define my recollection. I know you will give the suggestion a place in your valuable newspaper.

CAMP OF FIRST REGIMENT NEW YORK VOLUNTEERS, COLONEL ALLEN, NEAR FORTRESS MONROE.—SKETCHED BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST.—[SEE PAGE 413.]

THE BATTLE OF GREAT BETHEL.—SKETCHED BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, WHO WAS PRESENT THROUGHOUT THE FIGHT.—[SEE PAGE 413.]

CHARGE OF DURYEE'S ZOUAVES (FIFTH REGIMENT NEW YORK VOLUNTEERS) AT THE BATTLE OF GREAT BETHEL.—[See Page 413.]



MOAT AND SEAWARD FACE OF FORTRESS MONROE.—PHOTOGRAPHED BY STACY.—[SEE PAGE 413.]

OUR ARMY AT CAIRO.

We continue our series of engravings of our army at Cairo with three illustrations on page 411; to wit, two of the BATTERIES ON THE OHIO LEVEE, and a third representing the LANDING OF THE FOURTH AND TWELFTH REGIMENTS ILLINOIS VOLUNTEERS AT CAIRO. All three are from sketches by our correspondent, MR. ALEXANDER SIMPLOT.

The batteries speak for themselves, and need no explanation. The Fourth, Colonel Cook, and the Twelfth, Colonel M'Arthur, were conveyed to Cairo in the *City of Alton* and *Louisiana* steamers, and made a very fine appearance. Our correspondent writes us as follows about the camp at Cairo, under date of June 9:

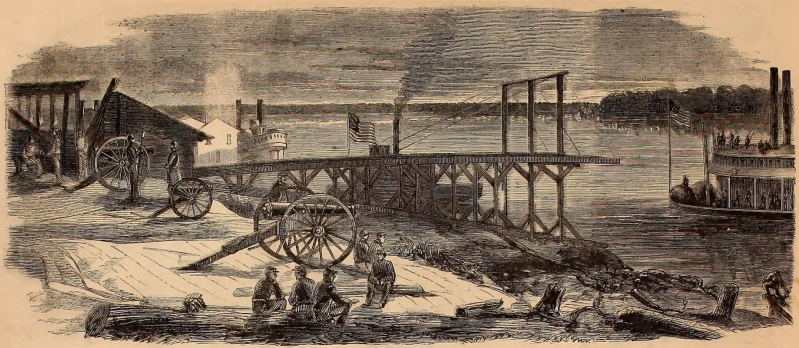
There are now about 8000 men in and about Cairo and Bird's Point. Some 3000 are in barracks at the Point, which has been named Camp Defiance, and latterly have been busily employed in removing obstructions and erecting substantial fortifications. All their heavy cannons are now mounted and apparently ready for mischief. Directly above them, near the Mississippi levee, the Seventh and Twelfth regiments are encamped, and still above them is Camp Barker, an encampment of cavalry, Camp Houghling, and Camp Smith, light artillery. The last three have romantic locations, being fairly embowered in trees, rendered musical by the deliciously-toned voices of birds and myriads of mosquitoes. Above the city, on the Ohio levee, is an encampment of light artillery under Captain M'Allister. A company of light artillery from Chicago, under command of Captain Taylor, are quartered at the Illinois Central Railroad Freight Depot. They brought down with them quite a number of cannon, which are now displaying their teeth from the river front of the building. At various points on the Illinois Central Railroad there are several regiments encamped, and so easy of access that, should circumstances require, the furthest could be brought to this point in a day. The programme set forth a few days since, that an army of 50,000 would be concentrated here, seems apparently about to be realized. Within the last week between 3000 and 4000 men have arrived here, and several thousand, I understand, are expected this coming week.

How General Prentiss manages traitors the following anecdote will tell:

A company belonging to General Prentice's command captured part of an organized band of rebels, and brought them into camp. General Prentiss asked them if they would take the oath, when three consented to do so, and seventeen refused. The General then rose in the presence of the whole party, and addressed them as follows:

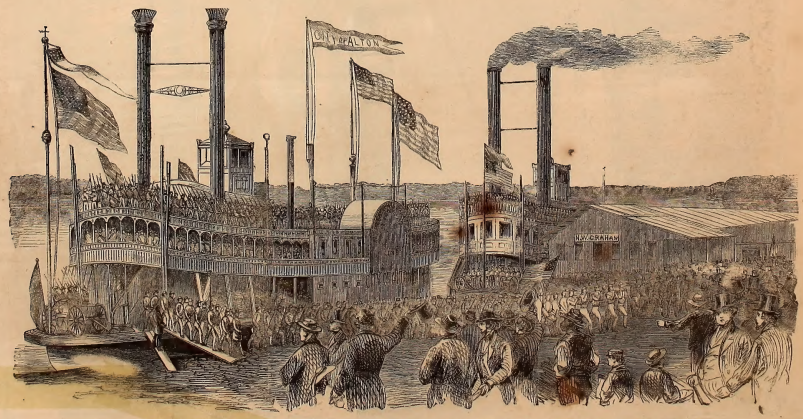
"Go home," said he to the three loyal ones, "raise tomorrow morning the flag of the Union, of your country; load up your weapons and shoot the first man that tries to pull it down. As for those traitors they will be set to-morrow to work wheeling dirt, and shall be kept at it until I get the balance of the witnesses: then I shall send them to St. Louis to be tried for treason."

LANDING OF THE SCOTT LIFE-GUARD AT NEWPORT NEWS, AT 7 A.M. ON JUNE 7.—SKETCHED BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST.—[SEE PAGE 413.]



BATTERIES ON THE OHIO LEVEE AT CAIRO.—SKETCHED BY MR. A. SIMPLOT.—[SEE PAGE 410.]

BATTERY ON THE OHIO LEVEE, USED FOR ORDERING STEAMERS TO.—SKETCHED BY MR. A. SIMPLOT.—[SEE PAGE 410.]



LANDING OF THE SEVENTH AND TWELFTH REGIMENTS AT CAIRO, JUNE 4, 1861.—SKETCHED BY MR. A. SIMPLOT.—[SEE PAGE 410.]

OUR ARMY ON THE POTOMAC

THE LATE LIEUTENANT GREBLE, U.S.A.—[PHOTOGRAPHED BY WILLARD.]

THE LATE LIEUT. GREBLE, U.S.A.

WE publish herewith a portrait of this gallant young hero, from a photograph kindly furnished by his family. The Philadelphia *Inquirer* gives the following sketch of his life:

Lieutenant John T. Greble was a native of Philadelphia, and was the son of Edwin Greble, Esq. He passed examination in the Ringgold Grammar School at the age of twelve, as a candidate for the High School, at which latter institution he graduated at the age of sixteen. From the High School Mr. Greble went, under the nomination of the Hon. Lewis C. Levin, to the Military Academy of West Point, where he graduated high in his class on the 1st of July, 1854, taking his place in the army as a brevet Second Lieutenant. In September of the same year he was commissioned a Second Lieutenant in the Second Artillery, and was promoted to a First Lieutenancy on the 31 of March, 1857.

After receiving his first commission, Lieutenant Greble was stationed for a few months at Newport Barracks, but was soon called to active service in Florida, to aid in protecting the inhabitants of that State from the depredations and murders of the much dreaded band of Seminole under Billy Bowlegs. He served several years in this way, remaining until his regiment came home. His next service was upon the Academical Staff at West Point, as one of the Professors. In October, 1859, he was ordered to Fortress Monroe, where he was stationed until the 26th of May, 1861, at which time he went with his artillery command to the advanced post at Newport News.

The sad termination of his brief but promising military career is told in the newspaper intelligence made public yesterday. He was born in January, 1834, and was killed while gallantly leading his command in battle, on the morning of June 10, 1861, aged twenty-seven years. The particulars of this encounter show that the United States troops while advancing on Great Bethel were attacked by a masked rebel battery of forty rifled cannon, and that Lieutenant Greble was consequently ordered to bring up his guns. This movement was effected with great promptitude, and fired a number of shots, but without effect, in consequence of the commanding position of the enemy. A retreat was therefore ordered necessary. In making arrangements for the withdrawal of the guns, Lieutenant Greble was struck on the forehead and killed instantly. As an officer he bore the highest character. He was every inch a thorough-bred American soldier—skilled, brave, active, and efficient. In private life he was a gifted and accomplished gentleman, and every where he was beloved and esteemed.

OUR ARMY AT FORTRESS MONROE.

We devote several pages this week to illustrations of the BATTLE OF GREAT BETHEL, and the movements of our army at and near Fortress Monroe. On page 408 we publish, from a sketch by our Special Artist, who was present throughout the fight, a general view of the BATTLE OF GREAT BETHEL; and on page 409 a fine picture of the CHARGE OF DURYEE'S ZOUAVES upon the rebel battery. On page 406 we give pictures of the SUTLER-YARD AT FORTRESS MONROE, the ROWS OF SHOT AND SHELL piled up ready for use at that work; JOHN TYLER'S HOUSE, now occupied by Federal troops; THE FEMALE COLLEGE, also occupied by our troops—all from photographs by Mr. Stacy; the ENTRANCE TO THE FORT, and a WHIPPING-POST on an estate near the Fort, from sketches by our Special Artist. On page 407 we give a view of the CAMP OF THE VERMONT REGIMENT AT NEWPORT NEWS, from a sketch by Surgeon Jackson of that Regiment; and a picture of COLONEL ALLEN'S CAMP, the same place, from a sketch by our Special Artist. On page 410 we present a view of one of the faces of Fortress Monroe, showing the GRACES AND EMBRASURES, by Mr. Stacy; and a picture of the LANDING OF THE SCOTT LIFE-GUARD at Newport News on the 7th inst., from a sketch by our Special Artist. On page 411 we give a picture of a GUN BENT DOUBLE by a cannon-ball in the hands of a United States soldier at the Battle of Great Bethel, from a photograph by W. H. Weaver. The next shot from the same gun took off the man's head.

Of the BATTLE OF GREAT BETHEL the following brief account must suffice at present:

About midnight Colonel Duryee's ZOUAVES and Colonel Townsend's (Albany) regiment crossed the river at Hampton by means of six large batteaux, and marched toward Great Bethel, took up the line of march, the former some two miles in advance of the latter. At the same time Colonel Bendix's regiment, and detachments of the Vermont and Massachusetts regiments, moved toward Howard to form a junction with the regulars from Fortress Monroe at Little Bethel, about half-way between Hampton and Great Bethel. The ZOUAVES passed Little Bethel about 4 A.M. Colonel Bendix's regiment moved next, and took a position at the intersection of the roads. Not understanding the signal, the German regiment, in the darkness of the morning, fired upon Colonel Townsend's column, marching in close order, and led by Lieutenant Butler, son and aid of General Butler, with two pieces of artillery. Other accounts say that Colonel Townsend's regiment fired first. At all events the fire of the Albany regiment was harmless, while that of the Germans was fatal, killing one man and wounding seriously two others, with several other slight casualties. The Albany regiment, being back of the Germans, discovered from the encampments left on the field that the opposed enemy was a friend. They had in the mean time fired nine rounds with small-arms and a field-piece.

At daybreak Colonel Allen's and Colonel Carr's regiments moved from the rear of the forces to support the main body. The mistake at Little Bethel having been ascertained, the buildings were burned, and a Major, with two mounted scouts-guards, named Avery and Whiting, were made prisoners. The troops then advanced upon Great Bethel, in the following order: three companies Zouaves, Colonel Bendix, Lieutenant-Colonel Washburne, Colonel Allen, and Colonel Carr. At this point our reinforcements formed, and successively endeavored to take a large wanted accession battery. The effort was futile, our three small pieces of artillery not being able to cope with the heavy rifled cannon of the enemy, according to some accounts being thirty in number. The rebel battery was completely masked, so that we could be true, but only the flashes of the guns. There were probably less than a thousand men behind the battalion of the rebels.

A well-concerted movement might have secured the position; but Brigadier-General Pierce, who commanded the expedition, appears to have lost his presence of mind, and the two regiment sent for not exposed to a galling fire, when an order to retreat was at last given; but at that moment Lieutenant Greble, of the United States Army, and in command of the artillery, was struck by a cannon-ball and instantly killed. He had spiked his gun, and was gallantly endeavoring to withdraw his command.

Our artist writes us as follows:

CAMP DUR, June 13, 1861.

I send you sketches and a diagram of the battle. On Sunday evening I went about three miles on foot on a scouting party. On our return we found our regiment forming into line to attack a rebel battery. I immediately started off again with them. After marching out to Hampton without supper we were halted, and received orders to return to camp, where we arrived at four o'clock A.M. At six o'clock we were again called to take up the line of march. No time for breakfast. We marched through the broiling sun twelve miles to Great Bethel, where we had the fight. I went into the thickest of it. Men were cut down at my side. We lost the battle, through the mismanagement of General Pierce. We were obliged to retreat: many of our men fell off with fatigue and sunstroke. We arrived home in the evening. We had hardly got to sleep when we were again called to arms, as the enemy were moving toward our camp. I have had no sleep since Saturday night.

The rebel battery was manned by about 1500 men, with about thirty pieces of cannon, mostly rifled, and two mortars. The arms these men have are the best quality; the muskets are the rifled musket. I cannot think the rebels suffered much; none, however, think they did. The correspondent of the *World* has collected all the particulars; his statements will be correct. There were several correspondents here at the time. I was the *only* artist who went into the action, the others not crossing the Creek at Hampton.

A correspondent of the *Tribune* visited John Tyler's house, and describes it thus:

I visited the country-seat of John Tyler, which I found a common-sort of half-Gothic affair, standing on Hampton Creek or River, distinguished for nothing particularly living or noteworthy except the American flag, which adorned the highest pole. It is tenantless, except when a Zouave takes lodging on one of the ex-President's comfortable lounges. There are several fine residences in the immediate neighborhood, all of which are either deserted or tenanted after the manner aforesaid.

Of the work at Newport News, shown in the picture of the Vermont Regiment's camp, he says:

The redoubt is a formidable work: stretching across the point of land which makes out and enters the head in the river, it will afford protection to a large body of men, and would seem to contemplate an increase of the forces now here. The Vermonters, who occupy the centre, appear to have progressed rapidly in their drilling.

The following private letter from Camp. K, dated last week, will doubtless be read with interest:

CAMP BUTLER, NEWPORT NEWS, *June 10, 1861.*

I went out with a scouting party the other day from Camp Dix, about five miles out on Virginia Bergh. We had forty men. We entered and searched a number of houses belonging to secessionists, expecting a lot of rifles, etc. The houses are all deserted, and in most cases they have left their furniture and provisions. We got all the information we desire from the niggers. As we approached the house of Mr. J. Watson we both stopped in Virginia to take observation, but observing our approach he made off and left every thing. We got two, but he succeeded in making his escape by swimming Back River. We posted a guard at his house, and left the two niggers, and proceeded to a two-horse wagon and went farther on to the house of Mr. Lopan. Coming as we did in such a way, and without the guard, he did not observe our approach, so we took the gentleman prisoner. Here we found several horses, cattle, etc. As we were engaged in guarding the different houses, we thought it best to send for a reinforcement. I volunteered to go after them, and had a nice little trotting horse hitched up. This is a beautiful country *in time of peace*, and I wish we, as it is now, had no such woods: our road lay pretty much through the woods. This was a very dangerous errand for me. I did not seem to realize it at first; but after thinking it over a little, I saw my chances very pretty good to fall into the hands of some of the enemy's scouts, as there are a number of them hid in the woods even within a mile of our camp. It was too late to give up, so I took a nigger with me to show me the road back—*for which little piece of service I gave him his Freedom.* After travelling about a mile I met two secessionists on the road, both armed—one with a rifle, and the other had an old-fashioned piece on his shoulder, the stock ornamented with brass. I did not so much fear them, as I took my pistol in hand, and would have shot the first one that attempted to raise his piece. When within about two miles of camp I thought I was gone—in fact, I made up my mind to it. Two armed men, without uniforms, came out of the bushes, followed by fifteen or twenty, and ranged themselves across the road. I turned to my nigger. Says I, "It's all over with me!" The darkey, who was behind me, put his gun for a while down, said, "Massa, give me the reins: let me turn him, and dey can't catch us." It was too late. The men were now fifteen yards from them. I drew my pistol, and rode up to them and challenged them. They belonged to the Naval Brigade, and had strayed out from camp, which they should not have done, and I was allowed to pass the picket-guard. I returned with forty more men, and learned from the party we had left that they had been a party of rebels drilling on the other side of Back River, about three quarters of a mile off—close enough to count their muskets and uniforms. They all—close enough to count their muskets and uniforms. They all—close enough to count their muskets and uniforms. They all

GREAT EXPECTATIONS.

A NOVEL.

By CHARLES DICKENS.

Splendidly Illustrated by John McLenan.

CHAPTER I.

WHAT purpose I had in view when I was hot on tracing out and proving Estella's parentage I can not say. It will presently be seen that the question was not before me in a distinct shape until it was put before me by a wiser head than my own.

But when Herbert and I had held our momentous conversation, I was seized with a feverish conviction that I ought to hunt the matter down—that I ought not to let it rest, but that I ought to see Mr. Jaggers, and come at the bare truth. I really do not know whether I felt that I did this for Estella's sake, or whether I was glad to transfer to the man in whose preservation I was so much concerned some rays of the romantic interest that had so long surrounded her. Perhaps the latter possibility may be the nearer to the truth.

Any way, I could scarcely be withheld from going out to Gerrard Street that night. Herbert's representations that, if I did, I should probably be lying sullen and stricken useless when our fugitive's safety would depend upon me, alone restrained my impatience. On the understanding that I was to go early next morning, that come what would, I was to go to Mr. Jaggers's-to-morrow, I at length submitted to keep quiet, and to have my hurts looked after, and to stay at home. Early next morning we went out together, and at the corner of Giltspur Street by Smithfield, I left Herbert to go his way into the City, and took my way to Little Britain.

There were periodical occasions when Mr. Jaggers and Wemmick went over the office accounts, and checked off the vouchers, and put all things straight. On those occasions Wemmick took home books and papers into Mr. Jaggers's room, and one of the up-stairs clerks came down into the outer office. Finding such clerk on Wemmick's post that morning, I knew what was going on; but I was not sorry to have Mr. Jaggers and Wemmick together, as Wemmick would then hear for himself that I said nothing to compromise him.

My appearance with my arm bandaged and my coat sleeve over my shoulders favored my object. Although I had sent Mr. Jaggers a brief account of the accident as soon as I had arrived in town, yet I had to give him all the details now; and the specialty of the occasion caused our talk to be less dry and hard, and less strictly regulated by the rules of evidence, than it had been before. While I described the disaster Mr. Jaggers stood, according to his wont, before the fire. Wemmick leaned back in his chair sitting at me, with his hands in the pockets of his trowsers, and his pen put horizontally into the post. The two brutal casts, always memorable in my mind from the official proceedings, seemed to be congestively considering whether they didn't smell fire at the present moment.

My narrative finished, and their questions exhausted, I then produced Miss Havisham's authority to receive the nine hundred pounds for Herbert. Mr. Jaggers's eyes retired a little deeper into his head when I handed him the tablets, but he presently handed them over to Wemmick, with instructions to draw the check for his signature. While that was in course of being done, I looked on at Wemmick as he wrote, and Mr. Jaggers, poising and swaying himself on his well-polished boots, looked on at me. "I am sorry," said he, as I put the check in my pocket, when he had signed it, "that we do nothing for you."

"Miss Havisham was good enough to ask me," I returned, "whether she could do nothing for me, and I told her No."

"Every one should know his own business," said Mr. Jaggers. And I saw Wemmick's lips form the words "portable property."

"Therefore I have told her No, if I had been you," said Mr. Jaggers; "but every man ought to know his own business best."

"Every man's business," said Wemmick, rather reproachfully toward me, "is portable property."

As I thought the time was now come for pursuing the theme I had at heart, I said, turning on Mr. Jaggers:

"I did ask something of Miss Havisham, however, Sir. I asked her to give me some information relative to her adopted daughter, and she gave me all she possessed."

"Did she?" said Mr. Jaggers, bending forward to look at his boots and then straightening himself. "Yes! I don't think I should have done so, if I had been Miss Havisham. But she ought to know her own business best."

"I know of the history of Miss Havisham's adopted child than Miss Havisham herself does, Sir. I know her mother."

Mr. Jaggers looked at me inquiringly, and repeated "Mother?"

"I have seen her mother within these three days."

"Yes?" said Mr. Jaggers.

"And so have you, Sir. And you have seen her still more recently."

"Yes?" said Mr. Jaggers.

"Perhaps I know more of Estella's history than even you do," said I. "I know her father, too."

A certain stop that Mr. Jaggers came to in his manner—he was too self-possessed to change his manner, but he could not help its being brought to an indefinitely attentive stop—assured me that he did not know who her father was. This I had strongly suspected from Provis's account (as Herbert had delivered it) of his having kept himself dark; which I pieced on to the fact that he himself was not Mr. Jaggers's client until some four years later, and when he could have no reason for claiming his identity. But I could not be sure of this unconsciousness on Mr. Jaggers's part before, though I was quite sure of it now.

"So!" You know the young lady's father, Pip?" said Mr. Jaggers.

"Yes," I replied. "And his name is Provis —from New South Wales."

Even Mr. Jaggers started when I said those words. It was the slightest start that could escape a man, the most carefully repressed and the soonest checked, but he did start, though he made it a part of the action of taking out his pocket-handkerchief. How Wemmick received the announcement I am unable to say, for I was afraid to look at him just then, lest Mr. Jaggers's sharpness should detect that there had been some communication unknown to him between us.

"And on what evidence, Pip," asked Mr. Jaggers, very coolly, as he passed with his handkerchief half-way to his nose, "does Provis make this claim?"

"He does not make it," said I, "and has never made it, and has no knowledge or belief that his daughter is in existence."

For once the powerful pocket-handkerchief failed. My reply was so unexpected that Mr. Jaggers put the handkerchief back into his pocket without completing the usual performance, folded his arms, and looked with stern attention at me, though with an immovable face.

Then I told him all I knew, and how I knew it; with the one reservation that I left him to infer that I knew from Miss Havisham what I in fact knew from Wemmick. I was very careful indeed as to that. Nor did I look toward Wemmick until I had finished all I had to tell, and had been for some time silently meeting Mr. Jaggers's look. When I did at last turn my eyes in Wemmick's direction, I found that he had unposted his pen, and was intent upon the table before him.

"Pish!" said Mr. Jaggers at last, as he moved toward the papers on the table. "—What item was it you were at, Wemmick, when Mr. Pip came in?"

But I could not submit to be thrown off in that way, and I made a passionate, almost an indignant, appeal to him to be more frank and manly with me. I reminded him of the false hopes into which I had lapsed, the length of time they had lasted, and the discovery I had made; and I hinted at the danger that weighed upon my spirits. I represented myself as being surely worthy of some little confidence from him, in return for the confidence I had just now imparted. I said that I did not blame him, or suspect him, or mistrust him, but I wanted assurance of the truth from him. And if he asked me why I wanted it and why I thought I had any right to it, I would tell him, little or no cared for such poor dreams, that I had loved Estella dearly and long, and that, although I had lost her and was parted quite still and hopelessly, and apparently quite obdurate, under this appeal, I turned to Wemmick, and said, "Wemmick, I know you to be a man with a gentle heart. I have seen your pleasant home, and your old father, and all the innocent, cheerful, playful ways with which you refresh your business life. And I entreat you to say a word for me to Mr. Jaggers, and to represent to him that, all circumstances considered, he ought to be more open with me!"

I have never seen two men look more oddly at one another than Mr. Jaggers and Wemmick did after this apostrophe. At first, a misgiving crossed me that Wemmick would be instantly dismissed from his employment; but it melted as I saw Mr. Jaggers relax into something like a smile, and Wemmick become bolder.

"What's all this?" said Mr. Jaggers. "You with an old father, and you with pleasant and playful ways?"

"Well!" returned Wemmick. "If I don't bring 'em here, what does it matter?"

"Pip," said Mr. Jaggers, laying his hand upon my arm, and smiling openly, "this man must be the most cunning impostor in all London."

"Not a bit of it," returned Wemmick, growing bolder and bolder. "I think you're another."

Again they exchanged their former odd looks, each apparently still distrustful that the other was taking him in.

"You with a pleasant home?" said Mr. Jaggers.

"Since it don't interfere with business," returned Wemmick, "let it be so. Now I look out you, Sir, I shouldn't wonder if you might be planning and contriving to have a pleasant home of your own one of these days, when you're tired of this work."

Mr. Jaggers nodded his head retrospectively two or three times, and actually drew a sigh. "Pip," said he, "we won't talk about 'poor dreams;' you know more about such things than I, having much fresher experience of that kind. But about this other matter. I'll put a case to you. Mind! I admit nothing."

He waited for me to declare that I quite understood that he expressly said that he admitted nothing.

"Now, Pip," said Mr. Jaggers, "put this case. Put the case that a woman, under such circumstances as you have mentioned, held her child concealed, and was obliged to communicate the fact to her legal adviser, on his representing to her that he must know, with an eye to the latitude of his defense, how the fact stood about that child. Put the case that at the same time he held a trust to find a child for an eccentric rich lady to adopt and bring up.

"I follow you, Sir."

"Put the case that he lived in an atmosphere of evil, and that all he saw of children was their being generated in great numbers for certain destruction. Put the case that he often saw children solemnly tried at a criminal bar, where they were held up to be seen; put the case that he habitually knew of their being imprisoned, whipped, transported, neglected, cast out, qualified in all ways for the hangman, and growing up to be hanged. Put the case that pretty nigh all the children he saw in his daily business life he had reason to look upon as so much spawn, to develop into the fish that were to come to his net—to be prosecuted, defended, forsaken, made orphans, be-devilled somehow."

"I follow you, Sir."

"Put the case, Pip, that here was one pretty little child out of the heap who could be saved; whom the father loved dearly, and dare make no stir about; as to whom, over the mother, the legal adviser had this power: 'I know what you did, and how you did it. You came so and so, this was your manner of attack and this the manner of resistance, you went so and so, you did such and such things to divert suspicion. I have tracked you through it all, and I tell it you all. Part with the child, unless it should be necessary to produce it to clear you, and then it shall be produced. Give the child into my hands, and I will do my best to bring you off. If you are saved, your child is saved too; if you are lost, your child is still saved.' Put the case that this was done, and that the woman was cleared."

"I understand you perfectly."

"But that I make no admissions?"

"That you make no admissions." And Wemmick repeated, "No admissions."

"Put the case, Pip, that passion and the terror of death had a little shaken the woman's intellects, and that when she was set at liberty she was scared out of the ways of the world, and went at him to be sheltered. Put the case that he took her in, and that he kept down the old wild violent nature whenever he saw an inkling of it breaking out, by exercising his power over her in the old way. Do you comprehend the imaginary case?"

"Quite."

"Put the case that the child grew up, and was married for money. That the mother was still living. That the father was still living. That the mother and father were known to one another, were dwelling within so many miles, furlongs, yards if you like, of one another. That the secret was still a secret, except that you had got wind of it. Put that last case to yourself very carefully."

"I do."

"I ask Wemmick to put it to *himself* very carefully."

And Wemmick said, "I do."

"For whose sake would you reveal the secret, Pip? For the father's? I think he would not be much the better for the mother. For the mother's? I think if she had done such a deed she would be safer where she was. For the daughter's? I think it would hardly serve her, to establish her parentage for the information of her husband, and to drag her back to disgrace after an escape of twenty years, pretty secure to last for life. But add the case that you had loved her, Pip, that you had made her the object of those 'poor dreams' which have, at one time or another, been in the heads of more men than you think likely, that I tell you that you had better—and would much sooner when you had thought well of it—chop off that bandaged left hand of yours with your bandaged right hand, and then pass the chopper on to Wemmick there, and cut *that* off, too."

I looked at Wemmick, whose face was very grave, and who gravely touched his lips with his forefinger. I did the same, and Mr. Jaggers did the same. "Now, Wemmick," said the latter then, resuming his usual manner, "what item was it you were at when Mr. Pip came in?"

Standing by for a little, while they were at work, I observed that the odd looks they had cast at one another were repeated several times: with this difference now, that each of them seemed suspicious, not to say conscious, of having shown himself in a weak and unprofessional light to the other. For this reason, I suppose, they were now inflexible with one another; Mr. Jaggers being highly dictatorial, and Wemmick obstinately justifying himself wherever there was the smallest point in abeyance for a moment. I had never seen them on such ill terms: for generally they got on very well indeed together.

But they were both happily relieved by the opportune appearance of Mike, the client with the fur cap and the habit of wiping his nose on his sleeve, whom I had seen on the very first day of my appearance within those walls. This individual, who, either in his own person or in that of some member of his family, seemed to be always in trouble (which in that place meant Newgate), called to announce that his eldest daughter was taken up on suspicion of shoplifting. As he imparted this melancholy circumstance to Wemmick, Mr. Jaggers proceeding magisterially before the fire and taking no share in the proceedings, Mike's eye happened to twinkle with a tear.

"What are you about?" demanded Wemmick, with the utmost indignation. "What do you mean by coming here for?"

"I didn't go to do it, Mr. Wemmick."

"You did," said Wemmick. "How dare you? You're not in a fit state to come here, if you can't come here without spluttering like a bad pen. What do you mean by it?"

"Mr. Wemmick, help his feelings, Mr. Wemmick," pleaded Mike.

"His what?" demanded Wemmick, quite savagely. "Say that again!"

"Now, look here my man," said Mr. Jaggers, advancing a step, and pointing to the door. "Get out of this office. I'll have no feelings here. Get out."

"It serves you right," said Wemmick. "Get out."

So the unfortunate Mike very humbly withdrew, and Mr. Jaggers and Wemmick appeared to have re-established their good understanding, and went to work again with a visible refreshment upon them, as if they had just had lunch.

CHAPTER II.

FROM Little Britain I went, with my check in my pocket, to Miss Skiffins's brother, the accountant; and Miss Skiffins's brother, the accountant, going straight to Clarriker's and bringing Clarriker back, I had the great satisfaction of completing that arrangement. It was the only good thing I had done, and the only completed thing I had done, since I was first surprised of my great expectations.

Clarriker informing me on that occasion that the affairs of the House were steadily progressing, that he would now be able to establish a small branch-house in the East, which was much wanted for the extension of the business, and that Herbert in his new partnership capacity would go out and take charge of it, I found that I must have prepared for a separation from my friend, even though my own affairs had been more settled. And now indeed I felt as if my

"KNOW HIM!" REPEATED THE BANDLORD. "EVER SINCE HE WAS NO HEIGHT AT ALL."

last anchor were loosening its hold, and I should soon be driving with the winds and waves.

But there was recompense in the joy with which Herbert came home of a night and told me of these changes, little imagining that he told me no news, and sketched airy pictures of himself conducting Clara Barley to the land of the Arabian Nights, and of me going out to join them (with a caravan of camels, I believe), and of our all going up the Nile and seeing wonders. Without being suspected as to my own part in these bright plans, I felt that Herbert's way was clearing fast, and that old Bill Barley had but to stick to his pepper and rum, and his daughter would soon be happily provided for.

We had now got into the month of March. My left arm, though it presented no bad symptoms, took in the natural course so long to heal that I was still unable to get a coat on. My right hand had tolerably restored—disfigured, but fairly serviceable.

On a Monday morning, when Herbert and I were at breakfast, I received the following letter from Wemmick by the post:

"Walworth. Burn this as soon as read. Early in the week, or say Wednesday, you might do what you know of if you felt disposed to try it. Now burn."

When I had shown this to Herbert, and had put it in the fire—but not before we had both got it by heart—we considered what to do. For, of course, my being disabled could now be no longer kept out of view.

"I have thought it over, again and again," said Herbert, "and I think I know a better course than taking a new counterman. Take Startop. A good fellow, a skilled hand, fond of us, and enthusiastic and honorable."

I had thought of him three times.

"But how much would you tell him, Herbert?"

"It is necessary to tell him very little. Let him suppose it a mere freak, but a secret one, until the morning comes; then let him know that there he will find a fellow for your getting Provis aboard and away. You go with him?"

"No doubt."

"Where?"

It had seemed to me, in the many anxious considerations I had given the point, almost indifferent what place we chose for—Hamburg, Rotterdam, or Antwerp. The place signified little, so that he was got out of England. Any foreign steamer would do that one way, and we could take us up, would do. I had always proposed to myself to get him well down the river in the boat, eventually well beyond Gravesend, which was a critical place for search or inquiry if suspicion were afoot. As foreign steamers would leave London at about the time of high-water, our plan would be to get down the river by a previous ebb-tide, and lie by in some quiet spot until we could get off to one of the ships when one would be due where we lay, wherever that might be, could be calculated pretty nearly, if we made inquiries beforehand.

Herbert assented to all this, and we went out immediately after breakfast to pursue our investigations. We found that a steamer for Hamburg was likely to sail our purpose best, and we directed our thoughts chiefly to that vessel. But we noted down what other foreign steamers would leave London with the same tide, and we satisfied ourselves that we knew the build and color of each. We then separated for a few hours: I to get at once such passports as were necessary, Herbert to see Startop at his lodgings. When this did what we had to do without any hindrance, and we met again at one o'clock reported it done. I, for my part, was prepared with passports; Herbert had seen Startop, and he was more than ready to join.

Those two should pull a pair of oars, we settled, and I should steer; our charge would be sitter, and keep quiet in the boat: as was not my object, we should make way enough. We arranged that Herbert should not come home to dinner before seven by Mill Pond Bank that evening; that he should not go there at all tomorrow evening, Tuesday; that he should prepare Provis for our visit to some Stairs hard by the house, on Wednesday, when he saw us approach, and not sooner; and that all the arrangements with him should be concluded that Monday night; and that he should be communicated with no more in any way until we took him on board.

These precautions well understood by both of us, I went home.

On opening the outer door of my chambers with my key, I found a letter in the box, directed to me—a very dirty letter, although not illwritten. It was not delivered by hand (of course since I left home), and its contents were these:

"If you are not afraid to come to the old marshes tonight or to-morrow night at Nine, and to come to the little shed-house by the Churchside, you had better come. If you want information regarding your uncle Provis, you had much better come and tell no one and lose no time. You must come alone. Bring this with you."

I had had loud enough upon my mind before the receipt of this strange letter. What to do now I could not tell. And the worst was, that I must decide quickly, or I should miss the afternoon coach, which would take me down in time for to-night. To-morrow night I could not think of going, for it would be too close upon the time of the flight. Then again, for any thing I knew, the proffered information might have some important bearing on the flight itself.

If I had had ample time for consideration I believe I should still have gone. Having hardly any time for consideration—my watch showing me that the coach started within half an hour—I resolved to go. I should certainly not have gone but for the reference to my Uncle Provis; that, coming on Wemmick's letter and the morning's busy preparation, turned the scale.

It is so difficult to become clearly possessed of the contents of almost any letter, in a violent hurry, that I had to read this mysterious epistle again, twice, before its injunction to me to be secret got mechanically into my mind. Yielding to it in the same mechanical kind of way, I left a note in pencil for Herbert, telling him that as I should be so soon going away, I knew not for how long, I had decided to hurry down and back, to ascertain for myself how Miss Havisham was faring. I had then barely time to get my great-coat, lock up the chambers, and make for the coach-office by the short by-ways. If I had taken a hackney-chariot and gone by the streets, I should have missed my aim; going as I did, I caught the coach just as it came out of the yard. It was the only inside passenger, picking away knee-deep in straw, when I came to it.

For I really had not been myself since the receipt of the letter; it had so bewildered me ensuing on the hurry of the morning. The morning hurry and flutter had been great, for, long and anxiously as I had waited for Wemmick, his hint had come like a surprise at last. And now I began to wonder at myself for being in the coach, and to doubt whether I had sufficient reason for going down, and to consider whether I should get out presently and go back, and to argue against ever heeding an anonymous communication, and, in short, to pass through all those phases of contradiction and indecision to which I suppose very few hurried people are strangers. Still, the inducement to Provis by name mastered every thing. I reasoned as I had reasoned already without knowing it—for that be reasoning—that no real harm should befall him through my not going, how could I ever forgive myself?

It was dark before we got down, and the journey seemed long and dreary to me who could see little of it inside, and who could not go outside in my disabled state. Avoiding the Blue Boar, I put up at an inn of minor reputation down the town, and ordered some dinner. While it was preparing, I went to Satis House and inquired for Miss Havisham; she was still very ill, though considered something better.

My inn had once been a farm-house, an ancient ecclesiastical house, and I dined in a little octagonal common-room, like a font. As I was not able to use my disabled arm, a pair of pincers with a shining bald head did it for me. This bringing us into conversation, he was so good as to entertain me with my own case, of which he was with the popular feature that Pumblechook was my earliest benefactor and the founder of my fortunes.

"Do you know the young man?" said I.

"Know him!" repeated the landlord. "Ever since he was in knee-breeches!"

"Does he ever come back to this neighborhood?"

"Ay, he comes back," said the landlord, "to his great friends now and again, and gives the cold shoulder to the man that made him."

"What man is that?"

"Him that I speak of," said the landlord. "Mr. Pumblechook."

"Is he acquainted to no one else?"

"No doubt he would be if he could," returned the landlord; "but he can't. And why? Because Pumblechook done every thing for him."

"Does Pumblechook say so?"

"Say so! He's always a-telling of it. "He han't no call to say so."

"But does he say so?"

The landlord's own man's blood to white wine winegar to hear him tell of it, Sir," said the landlord.

I thought, "Yet Joe, dear Joe, you never tell of it! Long-suffering and loving Joe, you never complain! Nor you, sweet-tempered Biddy!"

"Your appetite is hearty enough like by your accident," said the landlord, glancing at the bandaged arm under my coat. "Try a tenderer bit."

"No, thank you," I replied, turning from the table to brood over the fire. "I can eat no more. I think my coach starts early."

I had never been struck at so keenly for my thanklessness to Joe as through the brazen impostor Pumblechook. Joe, Joe, Joe, ha the truer Joe; the meaner he, the nobler Joe.

My heart was deeply and most deservedly humbled as I mused over the fire in that hour or more. The striking of the clock aroused me, but not from my dejection or remorse, and I got up and had my great-coat round my neck.

CONTRABAND OF WAR.

FIRST CONTRABAND ARTICLE. "Why, Julius, what's goin' to become ob de cullud population in dis War? Heah's dis chile been mon'n sebenty yeahs one ob de cullud race, an' been called a *nigger*, a *chattels*, an *institution*, an' now he's a *contraban'*. I'spose de cut-cum will be dis nigger will lose his position on de face ob de airth altogeder—dat's so!"

HORRID GIRL.

MILD YOUTH. "What a very shocking thing this WAR is!"

HORRID GIRL, *with extreme velocity.* "Shocking! I don't think so, at all. Quite the contrary. I think it's splendid. I adore Soldiers. Brother GEORGE is in the Seventh, and WILLIE in the Ninth, and Cousin EDWARD in the Zouaves, and Cousin JOE in Col. DENVER'S Regiment, and Cousin DON'S going into the Regular Army, and we've all been making Havelocks for ever so many days, and I'apa promises, if I'm good, to take me to see the First Battle. Oh! won't it be delightful?"

(Mild Youth is shot up.)

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VOL. V.—No. 236.] NEW YORK, SATURDAY, JULY 6, 1861. [SINGLE COPIES SIX CENTS. $2 50 PER YEAR IN ADVANCE.

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CONSTITUENT CONVENTION OF VIRGINIA, ASSEMBLED IN THE CUSTOM-HOUSE AT WHEELING, OHIO CO., JUNE, 1861.—SKETCHED BY JASPER GREEN, ESQ.—[SEE NEXT PAGE.]

THE WHEELING CONVENTION.

On the preceding page we illustrate the WHEELING CONVENTION, which has very properly assumed control of the destinies of Virginia, and deposed the present rebel State Government. The following memorandum will show the importance of its proceedings:

The Wheeling Convention, after occupying nearly an entire day in debating the question of reorganizing the State Government, finally adopted it—73 to 2. The principal discussion was upon a proposed amendment, providing that no one who voted for secession should be allowed to hold office in the State during the war. It was rejected—53 to 19. The ordinance as passed provides for the entire reorganization of the Government—every officer to be obliged to swear allegiance anew to the United States, and to repudiate the acts of the Richmond Convention. The next business before the Convention was the choice of a new Governor and Council; and for the former FRANK PIERPONT, of Marion, was selected.

THE WAR.

FORT SUMTER taken! and its siege will fill
No bloody chronicles in after-time.
It was a tame bombardment, if you will,
But in its consequences how sublime!
The first born of the common sons a thrill
Not through the North alone, for every clime
Where liberty is prized, struck with deep sorrow,
Mourned for to-day, and fears the day to-morrow.

The reckless man who for revenge sets fire
Unto his neighbor's house shames a town;
And they who watch the ascending spire admire
Their brilliant glare, but dread their coming down.
So now all anxious Europe shows desire
That War should banish away his angry frown;
For burning Sumter spreads wide consternation—
Who knows how long the sad reverse may be contagious!

The call to arms is answered; ne'er before,
In the world's history, answered with such will.
From the Pacific to the Atlantic shore,
From Oregon to Maine, the cry is, "Still
They come!" Faneuil, the hurried paintings o'er,
They listen to bells, listen—it is drill
And discipline; but theirs is the just cause,
And stern resolve to vindicate their laws.

Their country's goat incites to deeds of glory,
Its proud name inspires nerve the arm nerveless,
Of Southern treachery the shameful story,
With scorn and shame stirs the great North filling,
Forebodes a coming conflict, dire and gory—
Ev'n now his weeping country feels a thrilling
Horror at Sherman's death, which bids the fire
Of passion burn to a relentless ire.

When war is kindled, every blow adds fuel
Unto the flames of vengeance, as the sight
Of blood drawn from a party in a duel
Enrages him that suffers 'tis but right
A cruel blood should find the cruel;
And they who show no mercy in their might
Can not expect it in their hour of need—
Swift on her course does Retribution speed.

MONTREAL, 23d June, 1861.

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

SATURDAY, JULY 6, 1861.

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See TERMS *to Subscribers on page* 431.

THE EXTRA SESSION.

ON 4th of July—within a week—Congress meets at Washington in extra session. The States will be unrepresented, to wit: North Carolina, Tennessee, South Carolina, Georgia, Florida, Alabama, Mississippi, Louisiana, Texas, and Arkansas. But as there is no provision in the Constitution requiring every State to send delegations to Congress—all that is required being a bare majority of members entitled to seats—the measures adopted by that body will have the same force and effect in the seceded States as if their people had availed themselves of their constitutional privilege of being represented. The first Congress passed many important laws, whose validity has never been questioned, in the absence of the delegations from several States, and with a bare quorum of members.

Virginia will be represented in both Houses. The Convention now in session at Wheeling will elect senators, and provide for the election of representatives; and the two Houses, which are the sole judges of the "elections, returns, and qualifications of their members," will doubtless admit them without debate.

No Congress that ever met will have so grave a task to perform as this one. Under the imbecile, corrupt, and traitorous Administration of Mr. Buchanan, the last Congress adjourned without legislating for the crisis; even the Force Bill, introduced by Mr. Stanton from the Committee on Military Affairs, was defeated, mainly through the influence of Secretary Cobb and Mr. John Cochrane, who, we notice, has since repented, and now tenders a regiment to Mr. Lincoln.

The measures which will engage the attention of Congress naturally class themselves under four heads:

1. THE ARMY.—An Act must be passed authorizing a permanent increase of the regular army to at least the figure indicated by the President—45,000 men; and also authorizing the acceptance of Volunteers for three years or the war. This act will probably elicit no very strong opposition, as it will only offer two suggestions in regard to it. In the first place, Congress should place it out of the power of the War Department to confer important commands on civilians or politicians, and should insist on every regiment and brigade being commanded by men of huge military experience, let out the feat at Great Bethel teach us this much at least. And, secondly, there should be no stint to the number of volunteers whom the President may accept. It is cheaper, as well as more humane, advantageous in every way to settle this question this year with an army of 300,000 men, than it would be to wage war for three or four years with an army of 100,000 or 200,000.

2. THE NAVY.—A bill will be introduced adding at least 18,000 men to the Navy, and authorizing the construction of vessels of war. This subject, again, will probably elicit no very warm discussion. It may be worth while to observe that between the capes of the Chesapeake and the Mexican frontier there is but one harbor—Pensacola—on which our fifty-odd sloops of war can find admittance. There is not water enough on the bar at Charleston, Savannah, Mobile, or Galveston for any of them to pass it. If, therefore, our blockade is to be thorough and effective, and if we are to chase and capture privateers, we want steam gunboats, drawing from eight to twelve feet of water, and armed with two or three rifled guns. Of these we should have not less than fifty. England has some two hundred of such craft, and finds them useful and economical.

3. WAYS AND MEANS.—This is a subject which is likely to provoke a good deal of discussion. Government will require this year, over and above the ordinary revenue from $100,000,000 to $150,000,000. How is this money to be raised? Various financial schemes are suggested. One is that government stock bearing 6 or 7 per cent. interest, for the money can be raised in this way, but it will cost a heavy sum. At the present time Federal States are worth about 85 cents on the dollar; it is believed that a fresh issue of $50,000,000 would depreciate them fully 20 per cent. Perhaps, however, if the ultimate success of the Government were made palpably certain, public credit would improve. Another scheme is to issue 6 per cent. Treasury Notes for small sums—say $20 and $25. We doubt very much whether any large amount of such notes could be put in circulation without fatally injuring the public credit. To pay troops and purveyors in such Treasury Notes would amount practically to a suspension of specie payments—which would injure our credit irreparably. And it is evidently preposterous to expect the public at large to take Treasury Notes at par, when they can get government bonds bearing the same rate of interest at a heavy discount. Another scheme is to issue Treasury Notes bearing 8 or 10 per cent. interest. This, again, is a ruinously high for money. And the mere mention of such exorbitant rates of interest as 8 and 10 per cent. is suggestive of bankruptcy, and would have a very injurious effect upon the advice is to charter a great bank, and to borrow $50,000,000 or $100,000,000 from it, paying for the loan in 6 per cent. government stock at par. Such a bank would be authorized to issue notes for all the Government stock it held. The question with regard to this scheme is, where would such a bank find stockholders, and where would its profits come from? These and other similar projects will doubtless be fully ventilated by Congress, and one of them will be adopted. Probably the very best method of raising money would be for the General Government to authorize the issue of Federal bonds, to be redeemed either in specie or currency of Northern States. New York, Ohio, Pennsylvania, Massachusetts, and Illinois could afford at once to indorse each $10,000,000 of bonds, and the other loyal States smaller amounts; and on these terms money could probably be borrowed at a very small discount indeed. In passing a "money bill" Congress must not neglect to alter the absurd Morrill tariff, which has already as was foretold at the time of its passage—reduced the Customs revenue to a nominal figure, and disgusted our friends in Europe. We must now have a revenue tariff; one that will not exclude imports, but one which will bring a round sum monthly into the Treasury, and will leave the makers of wood-screws, carpets, and steel to rely on their own merits. Tea, coffee, and sugar should pay their share of taxes; and foreign manufactures should be allowed to swell the national income.

4. THE SLAVERY QUESTION.—This, without doubt, will be the most difficult problem with which Congress will have to grapple. And yet it can not be neglected. As was clearly foreseen at the outset, the Slave States have put their armies march slavery disappears before them. Not that our troops are necessarily abolitionists. But the slaves run away or are abandoned as the troops advance. An old negro found at Hampton by one of our regiments, the other day, being asked if he had run away from his master, replied, "No; massa run away from me!" It must be so throughout the revolted section of the country. As our armies advance the masters will run away from the slaves, or the slaves will run away from the masters. In either event the slave will be the same. Now so long as we are on the border of Virginia, and the runaways and derelicts amount to a few hundred in each week, it is easy to provide for them, and to keep books of account with their reputed owners. But when the refugees are counted by thousands and tens of thousands what is to be done with them? This is a question which should not be left to the discretion of the Federal commanders. Men's opinions will differ: Government should have a uniform policy. The Border States, the North, moreover, who will be sorely taxed to provide means to put down this rebellion, have a right to know whether any part of their money will be used for the support of thousands of fugitive slaves who, after the war, are to be returned to their conquered owners. The question, we admit, is very embarrassing. Every possible solution presents great difficulties. But it is the duty of Congress to decide it one way or another, and we trust members will go to Washington prepared to assume the responsibility.

THE LOUNGER.

THE HEALTH OF THE VOLUNTEERS

Is a regular army of soldiers die of disease for one that falls in battle. If there are forty-five thousand volunteers in and near Washington on the first of July, it is probable that there might not be more than twenty thousand on the first of October, even if no battle were fought. Of a Southern regiment recruited in Mexico some eight hundred strong, only about one hundred and fifty returned, yet not a hundred were lost in the field. The horror of war is not the carnage that death opens the gate of glory to the soldier, but the fever and wasting disease that slowly eats his life away. At this moment it is not Beauregard, or Johnston, nor Polmore, nor Bragg, who is the most dangerous foe thy threaten our soldiers; but it is dysentery, cholera, typhus, and all forms of acute and fatal disease. These are the terrible warriors who fight against each side, and be is the masterly General who defeats them in his own camp, and leaves them to deal with the enemy in theirs.

But they are defeated not with arms, but by science and good sense; and the purpose of the *Sanitary Commission* is to *help the volunteer regiments* in to fight them with these weapons. The Sanitary department which cared for our little regular army is not prepared to act adequately when that army swells in a month to hundreds of thousands. The acting Surgeon-General of the United States Army, Dr. Wood, addressed a letter to the Secretary of War, a month since, requesting the appointment of a Sanitary Board of Consultation with regard to the sanitary measures for the continued health of the whole force of the United States. It was to be auxiliary to the present department.

The good sense and absolute necessity of such a Commission are too apparent to be argued. The liberal expenditure of the English army in the Crimea is enough to show what the regiments which daily leave us are marching to, if the proper care is not taken.

The Commission was at once named by the Secretary of War, and approved by the President. It is composed of five eminent persons, seven of whom are of the medical profession; three of whom, including the acting surgeon, belong to the army. These gentlemen have no axes to grind of any kind. They are not politicians. They are all men of known ability in various vocations in different parts of the country. They thoroughly comprehend their work; they are anxious to do it; and they do it entirely without salary, and purely for the love of the country, the citizens, and the cause. But they want money, of course, to pay permanent agents at Washington and other subsidiary centres, as well as men, not only of proper scientific duration, but of practical executive efficiency in details. Traveling expenses, printing, &c., must be paid for.

For many very evident reasons the Commission prefers to appeal directly to the public and not to Congress. The Government has given it rooms in the Treasury building. The Surgeon-General of the Army has given it full authority to inspect and examine all posts, camps, and hospitals; and the Secretary of War has ordered that all persons in Government service shall assist the Commission in the interests. And one of the most efficient administrative men in the country, Mr. Frederick Law Olmsted, the Architect-in-chief of the Central Park, will serve as Resident Secretary and General Agent in Washington.

Here is no department of service in the war that will be more beneficial than this, if it be furnished the means to work. If it is entailed to do what it can do, it will save twenty thousand out of every hundred thousand lives that are offered for the war, which would otherwise be lost from exposure and disease.

It is not a charity; it is a duty, as all great humane efforts are. Whoever wishes to do his or her duty may send subscriptions or donations to the treasurer, George J. Strong, 68 Wall Street, New York.

KEEPING COOL.

We can not too constantly remember, in this mid-summer heat of excitement, that the reports which so often discourage and chill us are only the surmises and speculations of persons who are not likely to be Intrusted with state and military secrets. Doubtless the authorities at Washington are as incessantly engaged in defending themselves from the telegraph reporters to the newspapers as in guarding the capital from rebellious assault. But the amiable reporters must say something. The paper with which they correspond must have something, if a serious question is possible; and if a rumor be racy enough it flies forward at once.

Then we should remember that the comments of the people themselves are colored by many influences. Personal and private jealousies, not utterly unknown even to editors, play their full parts. To this point, for instance, nothing has been done by this Secretary will ever seem wise, patriotic, or noble. It will be done from some mean motive. Some contract will be helped; some friend is to be served; until at length you are forced to believe that the paper would rather see the country ruined than saved by any particular Secretary. To that paper, again, the entire military movement seems slow and ineffective. It publishes leading articles containing details of the weakness of this or that position upon our side. Every thing which should be as carefully concealed from the enemy as it is promptly communicated to our military authorities, is paraded in the paper, while rebels chuckle and patriots look grave.

The position of the Government is very disagreeable, because this constant fret of captious and ill-informed criticism begets doubt and discontent in the public mind. A truly patriotic journal, appreciating the inevitable difficulties of the Government, understanding that no paper knows the actual intentions of the Administration, will help rather than hinder, and will prevent any private quarrels until the public welfare is secured.

THE FOURTH.

THE Fourth of July will this year have a significance it has never had since the year of the Declaration. For the country is now engaged in proving that the Government founded upon the principles of that instrument is more vitally strong than any other.

The Declaration of Independence contains a new philosophy of government. It asserts that government is justly based upon the will and exists for the welfare of the people; and therefore that when it ceases to promote that welfare it may be properly changed. The will of the people is the great doctrine of the Declaration; and the will of the people is the battle-cry of this war. Neither one man nor a few men shall successfully pervert the government. It is the very essence of all revolt that one man shall submit to the law or suffer the penalty.

Some foreign critics profess that they can not understand why, under the Declaration, a hundred or people in this country may not refuse to obey the laws. Simply for the same reason that they may not do it in England. The Declaration says that when the people finds the government destructive of their rights, they may change the government. It does not say that government shall obey the whim of the citizens. And the people means all the people.

The English and foreign critics of the Declaration have probably no knowledge of its actual character. Even Mr. Choate, in a burst of fiery rhetoric, called it "the passionate manifesto of a revolutionary war." There could not be a more curiously untrue statement. Of all important state papers upon record, there is none more carefully considered than this. Every word is weighed. Every principle is proved. Every assertion is verified. There is nothing rash in it or in the style of it. It begins by declaring that all men are created equal, and it means precisely that. Otherwise the whole system of government it founds is futile. It declares no absurdity. It does not say that all men are of equal capacity any more than of equal stature. The quality of the Declaration is the equality of rights. And our struggle now is to maintain those rights, and to vindicate the will of the people.

On the Fourth of July let every man in the land read and ponder the Declaration of Independence, and let it will form in his heart and hand stronger in the good old cause of the people.

THE NEXT QUESTION.

CAN the duty of every citizen to obey the laws of the land, or pay the penalty of disobedience, be a matter of compromise? He may choose between obedience and the penalty, but shall he be allowed to set the laws aside by force?

This is the question which it is supposed Mr. Crittenden will ask the country at the extra session. And it is further supposed that he relies upon "property" to sustain him.

Every property-holder has then a very simple question to ask himself. What makes property most secure? The answer is equally simple; a strong government. Would he rather have property in England or in Mexico? And why?

Under the present circumstances, then, how is

our Government to be made strongest? by putting down rebellion unconditionally, or by treating with armed rebels? Grant that civil war is frightful: which is preferable, civil war or anarchy? Did England act unwisely or inhumanly when she expelled James Second by the strong hand and established William Third. The knife is a sharp remedy, but mortification of the limb is a worse evil.

Is it for the interest of "property" as well as all other elements of national vigor and permanence that the disease of treason shall be cut off the body of this country, or plastered and oiled over? Men of wealth hope to leave it to those who follow them. Do they wish to leave their children, also, a worse war than this?

The leaders of the rebellion, the chief public men of the Slave States, have long openly avowed loyalty to their States first, and then to the Confederation, as they have generally preferred to call the Union. In the speech of Mr. A. H. Stephens, the "Vice-President" of the Confederate Slave States, delivered at Augusta upon his retirement from Congress, and as he thought from public life, in June, 1859, he says: "As matters now stand, so far as the sectional questions are concerned, I see no cause of danger either to the Union or Southern security in it. *The former has always been with me, and ought to be with you, subordinate to the latter.*"

Mr. Stephens is now in armed rebellion against the Government of the United States. His position now and his principles then are by plain enough. He frankly says that he acknowledges a political allegiance paramount to that he owes the Government of his country. To assert that allegiance he takes up arms against his country. Will Mr. Crittenden, or any body else, explain what *compromise* Stephens seeks in Mr. Crittenden, supported by the "property" interest, succeeds in compromising with Mr. Stephens. Will they insist as a preliminary that he shall unconditionally recognize the Government, or will they allow that his allegiance to the nation may be "subordinate" to his loyalty to Georgia? Where does the compromise come in?

It will not suffice that the Government promises Mr. Stephens that there shall be no more discussion of slavery. Whether agreement to be faithful to the Government so long as nothing is said or done about slavery? And do capitalists think that such a compromise would secure their property?

In a word, is the Government of the United States to buy the allegiance of citizens by promising not to discuss certain public questions?

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

THE BONES OF WASHINGTON.

[From Punch.]

A YEAR ago, and by the maples brown,
Overlooking *Wild Potomac's* broadened way,
Barebacked stood the heir of England's crown,
By the pet stone that shuts in Hickory grave,
Giving meet reverence to the dead that lay
Beneath the sod, and by the stone o'er that stone,
Which nothing of inscription doth display
To mar the majesty that broods upon
The ten plain letters spelling WASHINGTON.

England's crown-prince at this arch-rebel's tomb,
First Magistrate's, co-flower of the States
That rose impatient for more elbow-room,
And flung the English crown out of their gates.
The contrast of those times and these so shows
In this rapscot of *Prima* for Presidents,
That e'en the trite prize-poem-maker flows,
Into some lines of grave and deep lament,
Describing that young head in solemn reverence bent.

Passed there a stir from wasting bone to bone,
Ran there a thrill through the great chief's gray dust,
That the old king's great grandson 'neath his stone
Should owe the bend, owning him great and just?
Hovered his plaied spirit near and bent
That latest victory of truth o'er time,

When discords, slow but sure resolved, attest
The high and holy harmonies which chime
Their broader mode through the spheres sublime?

He was there foresight of the woe to be
Before the lapse of twelve months and a day?
Was that great spirit present to see
The stripes and stars torn from that flag away?
To know the work that he had lived to do,
And now and then, was good, before he died,
Undone—his glorious Union cleft in two,
And its starving, wrath and more an angry side,
Till none can say how far the fragments may divide.

So far be the day that we can with smaze,
When those to whom his life from youth he gave,
His own Virginians, his own dear land
Borthers from brothers bearing, as from foes,
His home that still their home to leave he fled,
Who now draw impious swords, near his dishonored bed?

To ACTORS WHO ARE NOT WORTH A THOUGHT.—We notice that there is a play called "Acting and Thinking." This is to distinguish it, we imagine, from the generality of Acting, in which thinking has no part whatever.

RURAL INSANITY.—A country correspondent, who seems anxious to be kicked, writes that diving for an egg in a cool stream this sweltering weather is a process he has found to be egg-streamly pleasant.

THE MOST IMPORTANT ORDER OF THE DAY.—What to order for dinner.

MEDICAL REFORM.—We take the liberty of asking Apothecaries' Hall—or, more properly speaking, we 'pr'ythee the reverend Society of Apothecaries—the following question, which, we hope, they will not absurdly consider in the light of "throwing physic to the dogs:" Since Quinine is made from bark, would it not taste much better, and the meaning of it be more sound altogether, to call it "Cinchonine?" As answer, in the shape of an amended label, will oblige.

SMOKING KNOWLEDGE.—Personal acquaintance with a galvanic battery.

While thousands fall by clashing swords, ten thousands fall by covert-hordes; yet giddy females (thoughtless train!) for the sake of bustling yield to pads.

"Shall you be at the May meeting?" said a pious rector to his subordinate. "Oh! dear, no, Sir," replied the confidant coxsin, speaking up to pray: "I never go to parse-ons."

Such was the spirit of opposition between the proprietors of two rival coaches, that one was lately advertised to carry passengers to Liverpool at the following rates: "Inside, vitat you please; outside, ditto!" This seemed to carry the matter as far as it would go; but the other party were not to be discouraged, and in a few days they issued placards, stating that their coach would take passengers at the following rates: "Inside, nothing at all, and a bottle of wine included; outside, ditto, ditto!"

If you and your sweet-heart vote upon the marriage question, you for it and she against it, don't flatter yourself as to its being a tie.

A lady making inquiries of a boy about his father, an intemperate man, who had been dead some time, asked whether he had regained his appetite. "No, ma'am," said the boy, "as exactly his appetite is very poor, but his *drinkatite* is as good as ever."

A schoolmaster asked one of his boys, on a cold winter morning, what was the reason of the cold. The boy hesitated a little, when the master said—"Why, don't you know?" "Yes, Sir," said the boy, "I have it at my *finger ends*."

James Smith used to tell, with great glee, a story showing the general conviction of dislike to rumblties. He was sitting in the library at a country house, when a gentleman proposed a quiet stroll in the pleasure-grounds. "Stroll with you on the gravel walk, indeed!" "Yes, I was that plain enough, and I wish I'd brought one too; but they are all out now." "Well, well, then?" "What then? Why, my dear fellow, you don't mean to say that you really have got the gout?" "Indeed I have, and only put on that shoe to get off being shown over the improvements."

Dr. Madden, when in the West Indies, one day undertook to read the burial service over a negro, which was listened to with great attention. But when the doctor came to the part of "Dust to dust, ashes to ashes," the negro who followed in the long gang stopped short with a spade of earth for the usual ceremony, interrupted him with an intimation that he had neglected to order the coffin to be put down first: "Put him in de hole first, massa, always put him in de hole first."

The Moon, like certain politicians, changes every thirty days, when she looks at things in general with quite a new face. If a fact were wanting to determine the sex of the moon, it would be found in her obstinacy about her age. Like most ladies, she is never more than a day older than thirty.

A RETIRED PARSON.—There is a story of an old abbé who had invited a friend to partake of a dish of ortolans. He preferred them done in batter, but friend in oil, and diverticus had been given. The friend came early, and while the abbé was down in a fit and shortly died. As not a moment was to be lost, the abbé ran to the head of the stairs, and called out, "Do them all in batter!" He then took measures for the proper disposal of his guest.

ONE MAN SOWS AND ANOTHER REAPS.

It is understood that much land hitherto devoted to Cotton is now sown with Grain. By about August our Zouaves will be along there, *and will Reap it!*

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

THE BATTLE OF BOONVILLE.

A DISPATCH to the St. Louis *Republican*, dated Jefferson City, June 19, gives the following version of the battle at Boonville:

The United States troops landed at a wood-yard, about five miles this side of Boonville, and one mile below the encampment of the State troops; the latter had a battery near Boonville, planted toward the river, but it was unconvented by the United States troops, and proved perfectly useless. Immediately after landing, the United States troops advanced upon the State troops, who met them in a lane, and kept up a rapid fire for some time; a short skirmish the United States troops retreated into a wood-field, whither they were followed in hot pursuit by the State troops, who undoubtedly thought they had the advantage—some prisoners have reported that this movement on the part of the United States troops was a mere stratagem. They had no sooner taken a stand in the wheat-field than they opened upon a most destructive fire upon the State troops, routing and nearly confusing and disconcerting the remainder. After the lapse of a very short time the State troops were totally routed, and fled in every direction. Governor Jackson was about a mile off, surrounded by Captain Kelly's company as a body guard. It is reported that he was severely reprimanded during the engagement by men of his own party for lack of discretion and coward-ice. Governor Jackson was the result he and Captain Kelly's company, and Monroe Parsons, according to some reports, were killed while trying to cross the river. General Price's absence is accounted for in the following way: On Sunday morning he repet ved the message to the Governor by none of his picked-guards that seven hacks were coming to surrender, loaded with United States troops. A convulsion was at once had between the Governor and General Price, the result of which was that Governor Jackson sent orders to the troops to disband, as they could not successfully contend once against such a force. General Price then left for home. The troops, however, were exceedingly displeased with the Governor's order, and said they were determined to have a fight. Colonel Richardson, Price's adjutant, who commanded them, became disaffected and resigned. A few hours afterward the report about the seven steamboats proved to be untrue. The Governor then agreed to revoke his order, and recommended his troops to muster their polities, and prepare for resistance to the United States troops. He also issued a proclamation stating that the command had been given to me Mr. Little. What the sequel was is related above.

No one has any certain data as to the number of killed and wounded, and those taken prisoners. It is certain, however, that on one side the State troops in a position where he could have mowed them down with terrible effect, but instead of firing they fled to stop just at that time, and proceeded to make prisoners.

A PROCLAMATION FROM GENERAL LYON.

After the battle Lyon issued a very sensible and firm proclamation to the people of Missouri. He states that the prisoners whom he captured are mostly immatured youths misled by designing persons duped and misled by their leaders, and that he liberated them upon promising that they will not again take up arms against the Government. He reminds the people, however, that the clemency of the Government can not be relied upon in the case of persons taken in arms against its authority. He assures them that his mission is not to invade their private rights as citizens, or to interfere with their business occupations, and he implores all loyal citizens to return to their ordinary avocations, in which they shall be protected.

REAPPEARANCE OF GOVERNOR JACKSON.

General Lyon's proclamation seems to have done much. With 500 men he arrived at St. Louis on Tuesday, stole a march properly, and rallied round him all the State leaders, but the chances of catching him were slight.

A NEW GOVERNMENT FOR MISSOURI.

There is a proposition on foot to hold a State Convention for the purpose of deposing Governor Jackson, who is a rebellion against the United Government and has fled to parts unknown, and electing new State officers.

OCCUPATION OF HARPER'S FERRY.

Harper's Ferry has once more in possession of the Government, and this without striking a blow. On Saturday, at noon, the advance of General Patterson's column, which has been operating on the Potomac, at Edward's Ferry and Berlin, crossed the Blue Ridge, on the way to the Ferry, and one of General Patterson's columns is reported to have passed through Greencastle, in the same direction. We have also a corroborative dispatch from Hagerstown, which states that the Sixth, the Fifteenth, and the Twenty-fourth Pennsylvania Regiments had marched to take possession of the Maryland Heights, looking down upon the Ferry. This position of General Cadwalader's command appears to be unchanged. Four regiments are in camp about a mile and a half from Williamsport, and Butler's is on the Williamsport Bluffs; Perkin's Eight Regiment Battery is between the Antietam and Williamsport; four regiments are two miles from Williamsport, on the Greencastle road; five companies of cavalry are a mile below Hagerstown, on the Frederick road; three regiments are two miles further on; a battery and also two miles below Hagerstown, on the Sharpsburg turnpike.

THE AFFAIR AT VIENNA.

Brigadier-General Schenck, in pursuance of orders received from the chief officer in command on the south side of the Potomac, left the camp at Alexandria on Monday, 17th, with the First regiment of Ohio volunteers, Colonel M'Cook, and regiments under Colonels Wheaton, Lee, and Hampshire Ballford, placing guards at the various important points. The object of the trip was one of reconnoissance, and for the protection of the railroad track, which had been injured by the rebels; and also to look after guerrillas, as the train in which the Connecticut regiment had gone down on Saturday had been fired into by some person and one man killed. When nearing Vienna, as the few remaining companies in the train were turning the curve, a masked battery suddenly opened fire upon the troops with fatal effect. The guns were well placed, commanding a deep cut of the railway, and the fire could not be returned by our troops, nor could the batteries be outflanked or turned, because of the nature of the ground. In consequence of the engineer backing a hasty retreat with the locomotive, our troops were deprived of a rallying point, and of all means of transportation for the wounded, except by means of litters and blankets. Notwithstanding these disadvantages our troops were soon got order to a point where they intended to await the arrival of reinforcements. About twelve of our men were killed.

THE NEUTRALITY OF KENTUCKY.

The Louisville papers contain the particulars of an agreement made between General Buckner, commanding the Kentucky State forces, and General M'Clellan, commanding the Ingalls regiment of the West, which is a full declaration that Kentucky shall be neutral ground in the contest between the Government and the rebels. The Kentucky authorities agree to protect the United States property in the State, to enforce the laws of the United States according to the interpretation of the United States Courts, and to exercise all obligations of neutrality as against the Southern States, while General M'Clellan agrees not to cross the Kentucky border, even though Southern armies occupy her soil; but the Kentucky authorities must not allow Southern troops to march through the State for that purpose. General M'Clellan will claim the same right of occupation. The State, however, can call upon General M'Clellan for aid to expel the rebel troops. A different policy on the part of either party renders the necessity for a previous notice to the other. It is understood that General M'Clellan, of Tennessee, has given in his adhesion to the arrangement.

THE STATE ELECTION THERE.

The special election for Members of Congress (Clouse) in Kentucky, has resulted as follows:

I.—HENRY C. BURNETT (*State Rights*), re-elected.
II.—JOHN J. CRITTENDEN, (*Union*) Thomas O. Peyton.
III.—HENRY GRIDER, vice FRANCIS M. BRISTOW.
IV.—LAWRENCE S. TRIMBLE, (*Union*) vice COMMODORE SHANNON.
V.—CHARLES A. WICKLIFFE, vice JOHN YOUNG BROWN.
VI.—ROBERT MALLORY, re-elected.
VII.—ROBERT MALLORY, re-elected.
VIII.—LUCIEN ANDERSON, vice WILLIAM E. SIMMS.
IX.—WILLIAM H. WADSWORTH, vice LABAN T. MOORE.
X.—JOHN S. MENZIES, vice JOHN W. STEVENSON.

All "Union" but Burnett, and all new Members but Burnett and Mallory. Burnett's majority is reduced from over 3000 in 1859 to 1,200 now, while the "Union" men have generally overwhelming majorities—often three or four to one.

THE SLAUGHTER AT GREAT BETHEL.

The official returns of the killed and wounded at the battle of Big Bethel show a total of seventy-four—which, however, included, fourteen dangerously wounded, five missing, and thirty-three only slightly injured. Two of these casualties occurred in the mistaken engagement between the Massachusetts and New York Volunteer regiments.

THE STRENGTH OF OUR ARMY.

The Secretary of War has informed the President that there are 225,000 men enrolled in the service of the United States.

OFFERS TO DESTROY THE "BROOKLYN."

A French engineer has made offers to destroy the blockading steamer *Brooklyn* for twenty thousand dollars, and a Yankee mechanical genius is willing to undertake the job for sixty thousand dollars; and a third proposes to do the work nearly for one hundred thousand dollars—payment to be made when the job is finished.

RIOT AT MILWAUKIE.

A very serious riot occurred last week at Milwaukie. The mob attacked several banking-houses, maltreated the persons employed there, and destroyed property to a considerable amount. The military were called out, the first company of which fired, and several charged with having fired that were not, and one shot dead. It was under martial law, and troops were sent for from neighboring towns.

PERSONAL.

Hon. John S. Phelps, member of Congress from the sixth district of Missouri, has been chosen Colonel of a regiment of Union volunteers at Springfield, Missouri.

George M. Dallas will decline to be a candidate for Congress in the second district of Pennsylvania.

Colonel Converse, the brother of the Secretary of War, has been elected to the command of the Seventy-ninth Regiment of New York, known as the Highland Regiment.

Tennessee is to be included in the military district under command of Major-General Robert Patterson.

Among the Second-Lieutenants recently appointed in the Regular Army, the avenger of Colonel Ellsworth's death.

FOREIGN NEWS.

ENGLAND.

GREGORY WITHDRAWS HIS MOTION.

In the House of Commons, on the 13th, Mr. Gregory agreed to postpone his motion, in the form of the resolution of the rebel confederacy in England, indefinitely. It was remarked that a discussion on the constitutional question of the war would be premature at present.

In a letter to the *Times* Mr. Gregory declares that he has in his mind no hostility to the Government of the Confederacy: "I advocate the recognition of the Southern Confederacy because I believe the success of the Southern North from the South as more dead as national Here at last several Baltic, the slave-trade. Hitherto we have received objections rather than encouragement, that the United States in our endeavors to put down that traffic. Free Northerners have always complained that Southern prejudices have been a bar to their hearty co-operation with us. They have now got rid of those prejudices; perhaps the Cuban slave-trade is mainly carried on by ships sailing from Northern ports and fitted out by Northern capital. I look forward with confidence to the future action of the United States Government to restrain their citizens at least from this odious enterprise. As for the South, the slave-trade has been fitfully and effectively forbidden by the constitution; that constitution has been ratified by the several Confederate States, and I should, had I a casting-vote, be seen in a position to prove from various reasons to the House of Commons the sincerity of the Southern President and Congress on this point.

"I advocate the recognition of the Southern States, because I am of opinion that by this separation the area of slave-specific industry will be circumscribed, instead of increased."

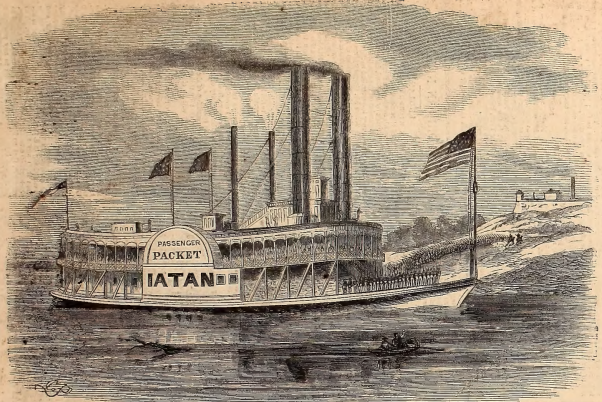
BRITISH TROOPS FOR CANADA.

The British army reinforcements for Canada, to be shipped by the *Great Eastern* and *Golden Fleece*, exceed three thousand and five hundred men, including a battery of the royal artillery.

FRANCE

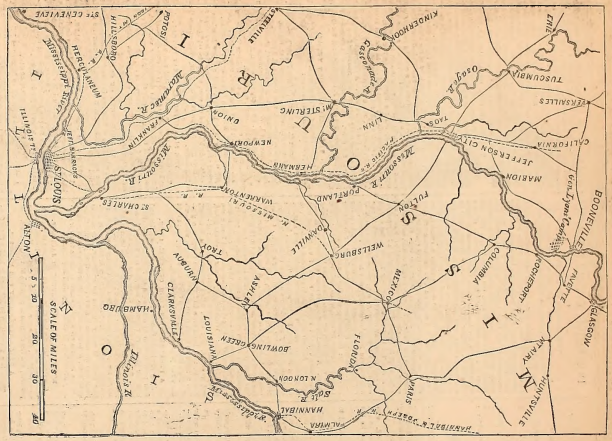
FRANCE TO BE NEUTRAL.

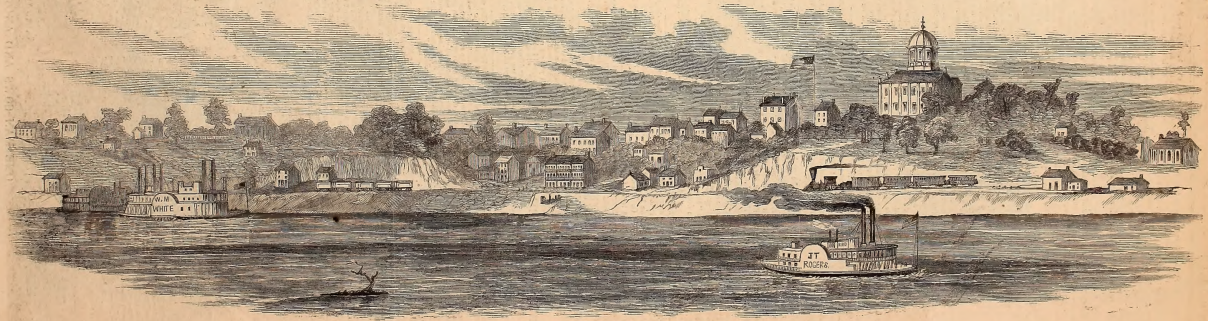
The Paris *Moniteur* of the 11th June publishes an official declaration of neutrality from the Emperor. In which he says that he "has resolved to maintain a strict neutrality in the conflict which is now going on between the Government of the Union and the States which claim to form a separate confederation." The Moniteur also publishes several articles specifying the measures of neutrality which French subjects are to observe, such as accepting no commission from either side to arm vessels of war, and not enrolling in the military service of either. Frenchmen residing in France or abroad are alike required to abstain from any hostile act contrary to neutrality. The proclamation concludes as follows: "His Majesty declares, moreover, that the permission who has confirmed in the present injunctions can lay claim to any protection from his Government against the acts or measures, whatever they may be, which the belligerents may exercise or decree."



LANDING OF UNITED STATES VOLUNTEERS, UNDER GENERAL LYON, AT JEFFERSON CITY, MISSOURI.
SKETCHED BY ORLANDO C. RICHARDSON.—[SEE PAGE 431.]

MAP OF THE INTERIOR OF THE STATE OF MISSOURI.





JEFFERSON CITY, MISSOURI.—SKETCHED BY ORLANDO C. RICHARDSON.—[SEE PAGE 431.]

BIRDS-EYE VIEW OF THE MISSISSIPPI RIVER AND THE ADJACENT COUNTRY, FROM ST. LOUIS TO THE GULF OF MEXICO.

SCENES OF CAMP AND ARMY LIFE IN GENERAL WILLIAMS'S BRIGADE.—SKETCHED BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST ON THE GENERAL'S STAFF.—[SEE PAGE 427.]

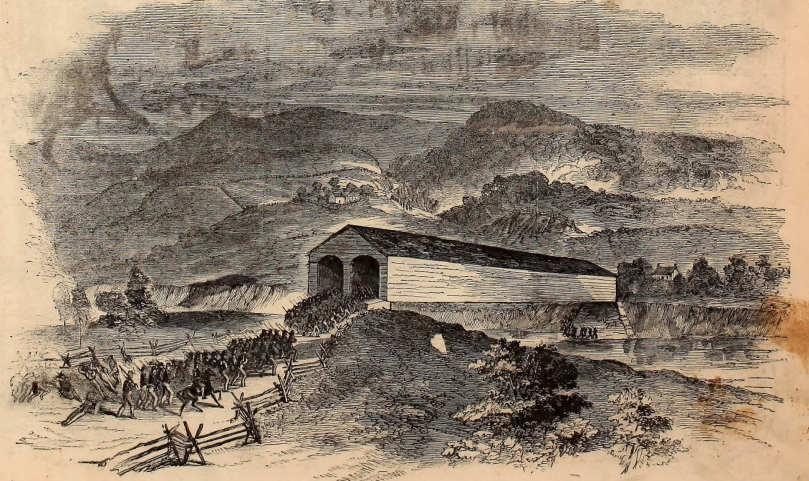
THE ENCAMPMENT OF THE FIRST CONNECTICUT VOLUNTEERS AT ROACH'S SPRINGS, VIRGINIA.—[SEE PAGE 427.]

THE BATTLE OF ROMNEY.

We publish on this page a picture of THE BATTLE OF ROMNEY, where the Eleventh Indiana Regiment defeated a much larger force of Secessionists on 11th June. An attentive correspondent, Mr. Gookins, of the Eleventh Indiana, has sent us the sketch, which we reproduce, as also the following letter:

CAMP MCCLUNG (CUMBERLAND, MD.), June 14, 1861.

On the evening of the 12th of June Colonel Lewis Wallace, commanding the Eleventh (ZOUAVE) Indiana Regiment, stationed at this place, having received intelligence of a camp of secessionists at Romney, Virginia, where they were said to be assembled in considerable numbers, well armed and equipped, also having erected a battery of two pieces of cannon, headed a detachment of four hundred men, of whom your correspondent was one, and leaving this place at nine P.M., proceeded by rail to Piedmont, twenty-one miles distant from here; there debarking, marched over a rugged mountain road twenty-three miles to Romney, arriving there at 9 A.M. June 13. On coming within a mile of Romney we were fired on by the picket-guard of the rebels, while passing through a defile walled in by tremendous cliffs. At the sound of the first gun, however, we deployed as skirmishers, and being scattered thus no one was hurt on our side. We returned their fire and killed one of the pickets. He was seen to fall and slide down the side of the mountain about twenty feet, when his body lodged against a tree. We then rushed forward, and passing out of the defile came to a long covered bridge. On the other side of the river the rebels had planted their cannon and trained them upon the bridge; our men, however, dashed forward through the bridge with a yell, when the cowards of whom there was quite a large body posted on the hills fled without firing a shot from their cannon. This is the subject of my illustration. On reaching the farther end of the bridge our advance was again fired on by a body of rebels who were posted in a brick house about seventy-five yards away from the bridge. Here the orderly-sergeant of Company A of our regiment was slightly wounded—not at all dangerously. The men run forward, firing as they run, riddling the house with Minié balls. The rebels, however, escaped by the back entrance into the hills back of the house. One more was killed here, and another very badly wounded in the thigh. While this was going on we were again fired on from the mountains back of us. No one hurt. We then moved forward to the town, where we learned for the first time the number of the secession soldiery; there were five companies of them in the aggregate—over four hundred men—well armed with Derringer rifles and United States rifles. In their retreat they were so pushed that they left behind their baggage, some rifles, tents, swords, pistols, etc., etc. We took seven officers' marquees, a quantity of uniforms, and large quantities of clothing, a secession flag, four horses (one of which was the rebel colonel's riding-horse), four large chests of ammunition, camp equipage, and a great variety of other articles. Three wagons were laden with the best part of things taken, and the rest were destroyed. We learned that the rebels had received information of our approach an hour before we arrived from a horseman. This enabled them to prepare for a retreat, and, much to our chagrin, they thus succeeded in saving their cannon.



THE BATTLE OF ROMNEY—SKIRMISH AT THE BRIDGE.—[SKETCHED BY MR. GOOKINS.]

GRAND REVIEW OF GENERAL M'DOWELL'S CORPS D'ARMÉE, BY SECRETARY CAMERON, O

HE SOUTH SIDE OF THE POTOMAC, JUNE 17, 1861.—SKETCHED BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST.—[SEE PAGE 481.]

TENNESSEE RIFLEMEN ENTERING WINCHESTER FROM STRASBURG, ON THEIR WAY TO JOIN THE VIRGINIA ARMY.—[SEE PAGE 427.]

THE BATTLE AT PHILIPPI.

We illustrate on this page THE BATTLE OF PHILIPPI, which took place on 3d June. We published an account of this brilliant little affair in a recent number; and here we will only add, that a few companies of Indians, Ohio, and Virginia volunteers entirely demolished a large force of secessionists assembled at Philippi, under the command of Colonel Porterfield, driving them out of the place, with the loss of all their baggage and most of their arms. Our artist writes:

The scene shown in the picture is the principal street in Philippi. The large building on the left is the Court-house of Barbour County, Virginia, now occupied as the head-quarters of the Federal troops. The roof of the hotel just beyond the Court-house shows plainly the effects of a cannon-ball. I was told that it carried away a secession flag. The Union flag is now floating in its place. The road between the Court-house and hotel is the one by which Colonel Kelly entered the town. The intention was for him to have come in by the road which you see turning to the right at the extreme end of the picture. About a mile's-throw beyond this turn is where Colonel Kelly fell.

EVACUATION OF HARPER'S FERRY.

We publish on page 428 a view of HARPER'S FERRY AFTER THE EVACUATION by the rebel troops, and on page 429 an illustration of the BURNING OF THE RAILROAD BRIDGE at that point, as seen from the trestle-work platform. Both are from sketches by a regular correspondent. A special agent of the press visited Harper's Ferry on 15th, and reported as follows:

The Confederate army has left the place. The route of the main body was by turnpikes leading to Charlestown and Shepardstown. At five o'clock this morning the great bridge of the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad over the Potomac was fired, and soon after a tremendous report was heard, caused by an explosion of a mine under the centre span. In one hour the entire structure was in ruins and fell into the water. This was a noble piece of work, it being one thousand feet long, and was built by Engineer Latrobe but ten years since in the most scientific manner. It has six spans, and cost considerable. The damage to property is not confined here, but the Railroad Company and the United States have suffered further losses of valuable works. The body of the trestling on which the road was supported from the bridge to the end of the Government property, about half a mile in extent, is nearly all destroyed, as well as the upper bridge, of one hundred and twenty feet in length, over the Government canal. The telegraph station buildings and the other railroad works are also demolished. The long range of substantial buildings formerly occupied as the Government armory is burned to the ground, with the exception of two at the west end, near the Shenandoah. Fire has been raging all day, and we can see left it was just breaking out in the rear muskets. The rifle-works on the Shenandoah were fired in the afternoon.

TENNESSEE RIFLEMEN MARCHING TO THE WAR.

We publish on page 426 a picture representing a regiment of TENNESSEAN RIFLEMEN PASSING THROUGH WINCHESTER *en route* for HARPER'S FERRY. The Tennesseans are soldierly looking fellows enough; it is sad to think they are engaged in so bad a cause. The artist says:

My picture represents the Tennessee and Southwestern Virginia Riflemen entering Winchester, on their way to Harper's Ferry. This regiment came up from Richmond to Strasburg by way of the Manassas Gap Railroad, and marched from thence to Winchester, a distance of 22 miles, in one day. They are mostly hunters and men used to outdoor life, and are all, besides their rifles, armed with tomahawk, bowie-knife, and revolver.

FORDING THE POTOMAC AT WILLIAMSPORT.

On page 429 we illustrate, from a sketch by our special correspondent, on General Williams's staff, THE CROSSING OF THE POTOMAC BY UNITED STATES VOLUNTEERS, on 10th instant. A correspondent of the *Herald* writes under date of 16th from Hagerstown, Maryland:

Well, the everlasting delay in the movement of this *corps d'armée* is somewhat broken in upon. A real genuine forward movement has begun, notwithstanding the monstrous red-tape circumlocution of the commanding General. Two brigades, the First and Fourth, have actually passed the Potomac, General Cadwallader leading the advance, consisting of five companies of cavalry—four of the Second cavalry, and the First Philadelphia troop; battalion of artillery and infantry, Captain Doubleday's Rhode Island regiment and battery; Sixth, Twenty-first, and Twenty-third Pennsylvania volunteers; Fourth brigade, Colonel D. S. Miles; United States infantry, two companies of Second infantry, five companies of the Third infantry; Ninth, Thirteenth, and Sixteenth Pennsylvania volunteers.

Precisely at twelve o'clock to-day, the United States infantry leading, the Fourth brigade to the water, and took it as if it was their native element. The Volunteers followed. Both marched four abreast as they started, but the ranks were somewhat broken by the depth and stiffness of the current. But right bravely they went wading in water, some places full four feet deep, over a river of remarkable volume and force three hundred and fifty yards wide. It was a stirring sight to see the young volunteers marching with the steadiness and precision of veterans, singing, with the happiest indifference, in one company, "I'll be gay and happy still;" another, "Let the wild world say as it will;" a third, "Red, white, and blue;" a fourth, shouting with wild refrain the chorus of the "star-spangled Banner," until whole regiments would catch and join in its round swelling cadences. The effect was strikingly grand.

The other side of the picture, the bulletins, was also vividly presented. Volunteer after volunteer, while waiting to enter, would doff his nether integuments and enter the water with that portion of his person in puris naturalibus, declaring that Uncle Sam's dry goods were too precious stance to have them wetted.

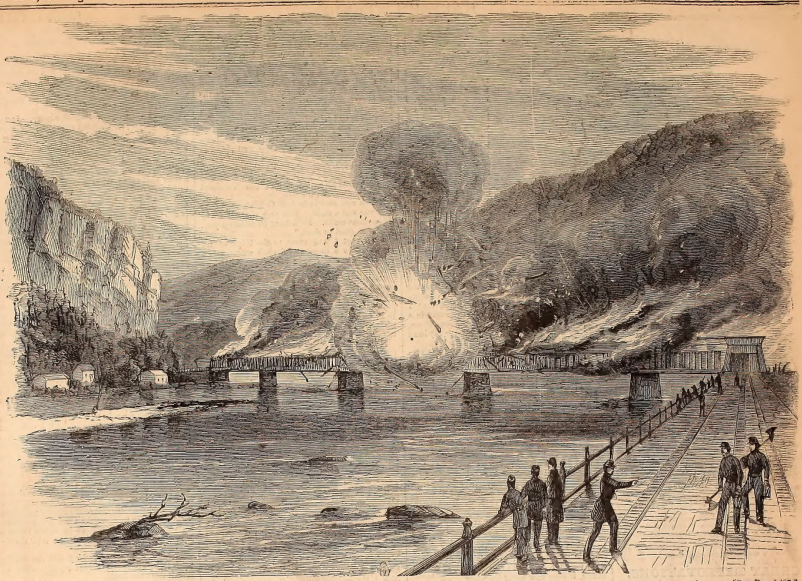
OUR TROOPS AT ROACH'S SPRINGS, VIRGINIA.

We publish on page 423, from a drawing by a member of our 12th Regiment, a view of the ENCAMPMENT AT ROACH'S SPRINGS, VIRGINIA. The artist writes:

Roach's Springs, Virginia, is situated about two miles north of Alexandria, on the west side of the Potomac, and was the farthest point of advance in that direction by the Federal forces on the 25th of last May. It is reported that their approach drove two hundred secessionists from the old mills where they were quartered. The 12th Regiment, N. Y. S. M., took possession of the buildings and encamped there, being kept in constant readiness for an attack. The 12th was relieved on the 2d inst. by the 1st Regiment Connecticut Volunteers, which still holds the position.

THE BATTLE OF PHILIPPI.—[FROM A SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST.]

HARPER'S FERRY, AS EVACUATED BY THE CONFEDERATE TROOPS.—SKETCHED BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST.—[SEE PAGE 427.]



DESTRUCTION OF THE RAILROAD BRIDGE OVER THE POTOMAC, AT HARPER'S FERRY, BY THE REBELS, JUNE 15, 1861.—SKETCHED BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST.—[SEE PAGE 487.]

COLONEL THOMAS'S BRIGADE CROSSING THE POTOMAC AT WILLIAMSPORT, MARYLAND.—SKETCHED BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST.—[SEE PAGE 487.]

A TEXAN RANGER.

We publish above a sketch, by one of our most reliable artists, of a TEXAN RANGER. A gentleman, just from Richmond, gave the following account of these redoubtable warriors:

Ben M'Cullough's Texan Rangers are described as a desperate set of fellows. They number one thousand hard voyages, each of them mounted upon a mustang horse. Each is armed with a pair of Colt's navy revolvers, a rifle, a tomahawk, a Texan bowie-knife, and a horse. They are described as being very dexterous in the use of the latter. These men are to be pitted against Wilson's Zouaves and M'Mullin's Rangers.

GREAT EXPECTATIONS.

A NOVEL.

By CHARLES DICKENS.

Splendidly Illustrated by John McLenan.

CHAPTER LII.

It was a dark night, though the full moon rose as I left the inclosed lands, and passed out upon the marshes. Beyond their dark line there was a ribbon of clear sky, hardly broad enough to hold the red large moon. In a few minutes she had ascended out of that clear field, in among the piled mountains of cloud.

There was a melancholy wind, and the marshes were very dismal. A stranger would have found them insupportable, and even to me they were so oppressive that I hesitated, half inclined to go back. But I knew them well, and could have found my way on a far darker night, and had no excuse for returning, being there. So, having come there against my inclination, I went on against it.

The direction that I took was not that in which my old home lay, nor that in which we had pursued the convicts. My back was turned toward the distant Hulks as I walked on, and though I could see the old lights away on the spits of sand, I saw them over my shoulder. I knew the lime-kiln as well as I knew the old Battery, but they were miles apart; so that if a light had been burning at each point that night there would have been a long strip of the blank horizon between the two bright specks.

At first I had to shut some gates after me, and now and then to stand still while the cattle that were lying in the banked-up pathway arose and blundered down among the grass and reeds. But after a little while I seemed to have the whole flats to myself.

It was another half hour before I drew near to the kiln. The lime was burning with a sluggish, stifling smell, but the fires were made up and left, and no workmen were visible. Hard by was a small stone quarry. It lay directly in my way, and had been worked that day, as I saw by the tools and barrows that were lying about.

Coming up again to the marsh level out of this excavation—for the rude path lay through it—I saw a light in the old sluice-house. I quickened my pace, and knocked at the door with my hand. Waiting for some reply, I looked about me, noticing how the sluice was abandoned and broken, and how the house—of wood with a tiled roof—would not be proof against the weather much longer, if it were so even now, and how the mud and ooze were coated with lime, and how the shedding vapor of the kiln crept in a ghostly way toward me. Still there was no answer, and I knocked again. No answer still, and I tried the latch.

It rose under my hand, and the door yielded. Looking in, I saw a lighted candle on a table, a bench, and a mattress on a truckle bedstead. As there was a loft above, I called, "Is there any one here?" but no voice answered. Then I looked at my watch, and finding that it was past nine, called again, "Is there any one here?" There being still no answer, I went out at the door, resolute what to do.

It was beginning to rain fast. Seeing nothing save what I had seen already, I turned back into the house and stood just within the shelter of the door, looking out into the night. While I was considering that some one must have been there lately and must soon be coming back, or the candle would not be burning, it came into my head to look if the wick were long. I turned round to do so, and had taken up the candle in one hand, when it was extinguished by some violent shock, and the next thing I comprehended was, that I had been caught round a strong running noose, thrown over my head from behind.

"Now," said a suppressed voice with an oath, "I've got you!"

"What is this?" I cried, struggling. "Who is it? Help, help, help!"

Not only were my arms pulled close to my sides, but the pressure on my bad arm caused me exquisite pain. Sometimes a strong man's hand, sometimes a strong arm, was set sternly against my mouth to deaden my cries, and with a hot breath always close to me, I struggled ineffectually in the dark, with my head pressed tight to the wall. "And now," said the suppressed voice, with another oath, "I call out again, and I'll make short work of finishing you."

Faint and sick with the pain of my injured arm, bewildered by the surprise, and yet conscious how easily this threat could be put in execution, I desisted, and tried to ease my arm were it ever so little. But it was bound too tight for that. I felt as if, having been

mind saw it—and thus, as I recovered consciousness, I knew that I was in the place where I had lost it.

Too indifferent at first even to look round and ascertain who supported me, I was lying looking at the ladder, when there came between me and it a face. The face of Trabb's boy!

"I think he's all right!" said Trabb's boy, in a sober voice; "but ain't he just pale though!"

At these words the face of him who supported me looked over into mine, and I saw my supporter to be—

"Herbert! Good Heaven!"

"Softly," said Herbert. "Gently, Handel. Don't be too sure."

"And our old comrade, Startop," I cried, as he too bent over me.

"Remember what he is going to assist us in," said Herbert, "and be calm."

The allusion made me spring up, though I dropped again when the pain in my arm. "The time has not gone by, Herbert, has it? What night is to-night? How long have I been here?" For I had a strange and strong misgiving that I had been lying there a long time—a day and night—two days and nights—more.

"The time has not gone by. It is still Monday night."

"Thank God!"

"And you have all to-morrow, Tuesday, to rest in," said Herbert. "But you can't help groaning, my dear Handel. What hurt have you got? Can you stand?"

"Yes, yes," said I, "I can walk. I have no hurt but in the throbbing arm."

They laid it bare, and did what they could. It was violently swollen and inflamed, and I could scarcely endure to have it touched. But they tore up their handkerchiefs to say fresh bandages, and carefully replaced it in the sling, until we could get to the town and obtain some better help for it put upon it. In a little while we had shut the door of the dark and empty sluice-house, and were passing through the quagmire over the sea-bank. Trabb's boy—Trabb's overgrown young man now—went before us with a lantern, which was the light I had seen come in at the door. But the moon was a good two hours higher than when I had last seen the sky, and the night, though rainy, was much lighter. The wind was on the kite who passing from me as we went by, and, as I had thought a prayer before, I thought a thanksgiving now.

Entrusting Herbert to tell me how he had come to my rescue—which at first he had flatly refused to do, but had insisted on my remaining quiet—I learned that I had in my hurry dropped the letter, open, in our chambers, where he, coming home to bring with him Startop, whom he had met in the street on his way to us, found it very soon after I was gone. Its tone made him uneasy; and the more so because of the inconsistency between it and the hasty letter I had left for him. His uneasiness increasing instead of subsiding after a quarter of an hour's consideration, he set off for the coach-office with Startop, who volunteered his company, to make inquiry when the next coach went down. Finding that the afternoon's coach was gone, and finding that his uneasiness grew into positive alarm as obstacles came in his way, he resolved to follow in a post-chaise. So he and Startop arrived at the Blue Boar, fully expecting there to find me, or tidings of me; but finding neither, went on to Miss Havisham's, where they lost me. Herbert then went back to the hotel (doubtless at about the time when I was hearing the popular local version of my own story) to refresh themselves, and to get some one to guide them out upon the marshes. Among the loungers under the Boar's archway happened to be Trabb's boy—true to his ancient habit of happening to be every where where he had no business—and Trabb's boy had seen me passing from Miss Havisham's in the direction of my dining-place. Thus Trabb's boy became their guide, and with him they went out to the sluice-house: though by the town way to the marshes, which I had avoided. Now as they went along Herbert reflected that I might, after all, have been brought there on some genuine and serviceable errand tending to Provis's safety, and bethinking himself that in that case interruption might be mischievous, left his guide and Startop on the edge of the quarry, and went on by himself, and stole round the house two or three times, endeavoring to ascertain whether all was right within. As he could hear nothing but indistinct sounds of one deep rough voice (this was while my mind was so busy), he was on at last logan to doubt whether I was there, when suddenly I cried out loudly, and he answered the cries, and rushed in, closely followed by the other two.

When I told Herbert what had passed within the house, he was for our immediately going before a magistrate in the town, late at night as it was, and getting out a warrant. But I had already considered that such a course, by detaining us there, and making us to come back, might be fatal to Provis. There was no gainsaying this difficulty, and we relinquished all thoughts of pursuing Orlick at that time. For the present, under the circumstances, we deemed it prudent to make rather light of the matter to Trabb's boy—who I am convinced would have been much affected by disappointment if he had known that his intervention saved me from the hinds-lick—but that Trabb's boy was of a malignant nature, but that he had too much vivacity to spare, and that it was in his constitution to want variety and excitement at any body's expense. When we parted I presented him with two guineas (which seemed to meet his views), and told him that I was sorry ever to have had an ill opinion of him (which made no impression on him at all).

Wednesday being so close upon us, we determined to go back to London that night, there in the post-chaise; the rather as we should then be clear away before the night's adventure began to be talked of. Herbert got a large bottle of stuff for my arm, and by dint of having this stuff dropped over it all the night through, I was just able to bear its pain on the journey. It was daylight when we reached the Temple, and I went at once to bed, and lay in bed all day.

My terror, as I lay there, of falling ill and being unfitted for to-morrow was so besetting, that I wonder it did not disable me of itself. It would have done so, pretty surely, in connection with the mental wear and tear I had suffered, but for the unnatural strain upon me that to-morrow was. So anxious was I to get forward to, charged with such consequences, its results so impenetrably hidden though so near!

No precaution could have been more obvious than our refraining from communication with him that day; yet this again increased my restlessness. I started at every footstep and every sound, believing that he was discovered and taken, and this was the messenger to tell me so. I pretended that I had a headache, and kept my room, that there was something more upon my mind than a fear or a presentiment; that the fact had occurred, and I had a mysterious knowledge of it. As the day wore on and no ill news came, as the day closed in and darkness fell, my overburdened dread of evil to him became by illness before to-morrow morning altogether mastered me. My burning arm throbbed, and my burning head throbbed, and I raved that I was beginning to wander. I counted up my fingers, to make sure that I was steady, and repeated passages that I knew by rote, aloud verse. It happened sometimes that, in the mere escape of a fatigued mind, I dozed for some moments, or thought; but I verily believe that I was with a start.

"Now it has come, and I am turning delirious!"

They kept me very quiet all day, and kept my arm constantly dressed. They gave me cooling drinks. Whenever I felt asleep I awoke with the notion I had had in the sluice-house, that a long time had elapsed and that the opportunity to save him was gone. About midnight I got out of bed and went to Herbert with the conviction that I had imagined the fact of last-twenty hours and that Wednesday was past. It was the last self-exhausting effort of my fretfulness, for after that I slept more.

And the Wednesday morning was dawning when I looked out of window. The winking lights upon the bridges were growing pale; the coming sun was like a marsh of fire in the horizon. The river, still dark and mysterious, was spanning the bridges that were turning misty gray, with here and there, at top, a warm touch from the burning in the sky. As I looked along the clustered confusion of roofs, with church towers and spires shooting above them steadily clear air, the sun rose up, and a veil seemed to be drawn from the river, and millions of sparkles burst upon its waters. From me, too, a veil seemed to be drawn, and I felt strong and well.

Herbert lay asleep in his bed, and our old fellow-student lay asleep on the floor. I could not dress myself without help, but I made up the fire, which was still burning, and got some coffee ready for them when they should rise. I started up strong and well, and we admitted the sharp morning air at the windows, and looked at the tide that was still flowing toward us.

"When it turns, at nine o'clock," said Herbert, cheerfully, "look out for us, and stand ready, you over there at Mill Pond Bank!"

THE GRAND REVIEW OF 17TH JUNE.

WE publish on pages 424 and 425 a fine picture drawn expressly by our special artist in Washington—of the GRAND REVIEW OF GENERAL M'DOWELL'S DIVISION, which took place on the south side of the POTOMAC on 17th June. It was the greatest military display ever witnessed in this country. About eight thousand troops were on the ground. The reviewing officer was the Secretary of War. The regiments reviewed were three regiments from New Jersey, the New York Twenty-fifth, Sixty-ninth, and Eighth, the Fifth Pennsylvania, and Fifth Massachusetts.

THE WAR IN MISSOURI.

ON page 430 we illustrate the outbreak of the war in Missouri. We first give a VIEW OF SPRINGFIELD CITY, MISSOURI, and the LANDING OF UNITED STATES VOLUNTEERS there, from sketches by Mr. [illegible] of Springfield Lodge; and on the same page an instructive Map of the Seat of War in Missouri. In our last number we mentioned the capture of Governor Jackson and Gen. St. Louis, his traitorous proclamation, and the departure of General Lyon in pursuit of him on the steamer *Iatan*. The correspondent thus describes the landing at Jefferson City:

On the morning of the 15th, ten miles below Jefferson City, General Lyon learned his regular line of march, and proceeded with that best, leaving the town to follow in his wake. As we approached the city we were hailed on the levee and saluted us with prolonged and oft-repeated cheering. Colonel Boernstein, who went to the front during Frick, a prominent Unionist of Jefferson City, was the first to get a General Order to the troops on the levee, and to read it to the regular landing and we were obliged to run out our guns and fire a salute. Below the city, at a point where the railroad company has placed a large quantity of loose stone, preparatory to forming a landing at the town. The steep, rough bank prevented the debarkation of our artillery, but the infantry scrambled up in fine style. First was the company of regulars formerly commanded by General Lyon, but now led by Lieutenant Hare. There were sent to occupy a high hill or bluff near the railroad depot and commanding the town. They went forward in fine style, scrambling the steep acclivity at the double-quick step. In one minute from the time of reaching the summit the armed flag was in a hollow square, ready to repel all attacks from foes, whether real or imaginary. Meanwhile the second wing of the First Volunteer regiment, under Lieutenant-Colonel Andrews, five hundred strong. These soldiers were formed by sections and marches to the music of "Yankee Doodle," with the Stars and Stripes conspicuous, through the principal streets to the State House, at which they took possession amidst the cheers of the people of the town. After some delay in finding the keys, which had not been very carefully hid, Lieutenant-Colonel Andrews with a band, color bearer, and guard, ascended to the cupola and displayed the American flag, while the band played the "Star Spangled Banner," and the populace and troops below gave round after round of enthusiastic applause. Thus was the "second star" of Missouri's capital invaded by Federal troops, and the boom of "the pride of the Big Muddy" deserated by the footprints of the volunteer soldiers of St. Louis. She rather seemed to like it.

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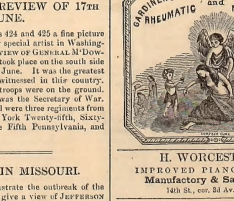

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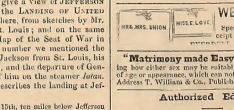

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HARPER'S
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CONTENTS.

A SUMMER IN NEW ENGLAND.—V. THE WHITE MOUNTAINS. Illustrated by FOSTER CRAVEN. (Concluded.)

ILLUSTRATIONS.—The Crystal Cascade.—Dixie.—The Iconoclast.—The Old Farm Gate.—Mount Lafayette, as Seen from the Profile House.—Entering the Mountains.—Glen Ellis.—Ellis.—The Bear and the Deer.—The Fever Blister.—Squire Hardy.—Ascent of Mount Washington.—The Monument.—Summit of Mount Washington.—Lake of the Clouds.—Sleeping Apartment at Crawford's.—The Giant's Grave.—Residence of Mr. [illegible].

LOVE'S MESSENGERS.

NOW YOU SEE CIRCUMNAVIGATED. By T. ADDISON RICHARDS.

ILLUSTRATIONS.—Bay of New York.—At the Wharf.—Map of Vicinity.—The Battery.—The First Level.—Brooklyn Heights.—Blackwell's Island.—Astor's Wood.—Hell Gate.—View from Astoria.—Randall's Island.—Bare Hill.—Long Island.—View of Queens.—The High Bridge.—Residence of Moulton Jumel.—Up the Harlem River.—Macomb's Dam Bridge.—Morris's Dock.—The Lunatic Asylum.—The Undine.—From the Century House.—Ringe's Bridge.—Spuyten Duyvel Creek.—Kings Bridge.—Mouth of the Spuyten Duyvel Creek.—Indian Rock.—Residence of Dan. and Donn Asylum.—Orphan Asylum.—Greenwood.—From the highest Hills.—From Weehawken Heights.—Dueling Ground, Weehawken.

THROWN TOGETHER.

PRODIGIOUS TALKERS.

GELEY FAIRE. By ANTHONY TROLLOPE.—Illustrated by J. E. MILLAIS.

CHAPTER IX. A Convivial Meeting.

CHAPTER X. Mr. and Mrs. Peter Purnival.

CHAPTER XI. Mrs. Peter Purnival at Home.

CHAPTER XII. Mr. Purnival's Chambers.

FASCINATIONS. By Dickeyard Solar.—De Purnivals.

MARGARET FULLER OSSOLI.

ENA.

THE ADVENTURES OF PHILIP. By W. M. THACKERAY.

CHAPTER XIII. Love me Love my Dog.

CHAPTER XIV. Curtain Lectures of Bishops.

ILLUSTRATIONS.—To Arms.—Hand and Glove.—The Demon.

POOR CHIPS.

MY NAME O.

LITTLE MATTIE. By ELIZABETH BARRETT BROWNING.

MONTHLY RECORD OF CURRENT EVENTS.

LITERARY NOTICES.

EDITOR'S TABLE.

EDITOR'S EASY CHAIR.

OUR FOREIGN BUREAU.

EDITOR'S DRAWER.—*With Eleven Illustrations.*

FASHIONS FOR JULY.

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[CORRESPONDENCE.]

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Begging a thousand pardons for the liberty taken, I am, very respectfully,

MRS. H. M. BRADFORD.

To His Excellency GOV. LETCHER.

EXECUTIVE DEPARTMENT, RICHMOND, May, 21, 1861.

I am instructed by the Governor to say, in answer to your favor of the 19th instant, that * * * * his Excellency is disposed to retain for his benefit the property to which you refer as being detained in Norfolk. I am, &c.,

S. BASSETT FRENCH,
A. D. C. to the Governor of Virginia.

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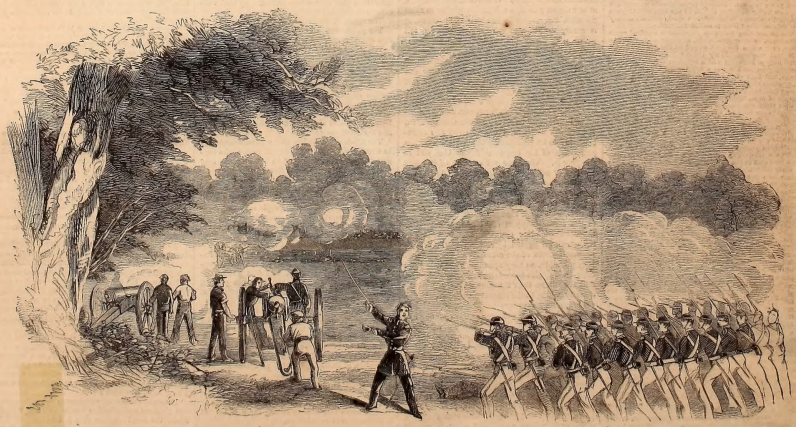
BRIGADIER-GENERAL LYON, U.S.A.—PHOTOGRAPHED BY HOLMES.

[SEE NEXT PAGE.]

THE LATE CAPTAIN WARD.—FROM A SKETCH BY MR. LOCK.

[SEE NEXT PAGE.]



THE BATTLE OF BOONVILLE, MISSOURI.—SKETCHED BY ORLANDO C. RICHARDSON.

[SEE NEXT PAGE.]

BRIG.-GENERAL LYON, U.S.A.

On page 433 the reader will find a portrait of BRIGADIER-GENERAL LYON, commanding the United States forces in Missouri. The following brief sketch of General Lyon's career will show that he stands right upon the record:

General Nathaniel Lyon is the son of a substantial farmer of Ashford, Connecticut, and is the descendant, on both paternal and maternal, of families who were distinguished for intellect and integrity of character. His mother was of the Knowlton family, which produced two of the distinguished officers of the Revolution—also, the famous Colonel Knowlton, who, as Major, commanded the Connecticut boys at Bunker Hill, and, on the left wing of the American army, at Bunker's Hill, and was afterward killed at the battle of Harlem Heights, New York.

General Lyon was educated at the United States Military Academy at West Point, where he graduated with distinction in 1841, and has remained in the army ever since, having risen to the rank of captain in the second Infantry; and by the recent choice of the Missouri volunteers has become their Brigadier-General. He is now in the prime of life as a military commander, being forty-two years of age. He has had great experience in his profession, especially in the rougher duties, which fit him so especially for his present position. His service has been principally upon the frontiers—in the Florida, Texas, California, Oregon, Kansas, and Indian Territory borders. He was with General Scott's division during the Mexican campaign, and was brevetted, on August 20, 1847, "for gallant and meritorious conduct in the battles of Contreras and Churubusco;" and was wounded at the Belen Gate of the city of Mexico, September 13, 1847.

General Lyon is a bright man in the right place. He has a strong and vital constitution, a high order of intellect, and an energy which knows no bounds.

THE LATE CAPT. WARD, U.S.N.

WE publish on page 433 a portrait of the late CAPTAIN WARD, who was unfortunately killed in a reconnoissance at Matthias Point on 27th. Captain Ward's career is as follows:

He was born in the year 1806, in the city of Hartford, Connecticut, on the 4th of March, 1823, he first entered the United States service, sailing in the midshipman, under Commodore M'Donough, in the frigate *Constitution*. After serving faithfully for four years, under the above commodore, he was promoted to the position of a lieutenant, and was for some time attached to the Mediterranean squadron. Many years of his life were spent on the coast of Africa, in the years also in the Gulf of commanding the United States steamer *Vixen*; indeed, nearly all of his naval life was spent on the ocean: he has served seventeen years at sea and only nine years on shore. He held for a long time the responsible position of the Naval School at Annapolis, and still later was placed in command of the steamship ship *South Carolina*, flag of the Navy Yard. This position he held for nearly four years, and while in the Mediterranean. At last the trouble in the south of the country demanded the services and experience of such officers as Captain Ward, and he placed himself at the command of the Government. Appreciating his abilities, they placed him in command of the steam fleet at that time fitting out. It was placed in commission on the 16th of May. He soon arrived at Annapolis Roads. Here he made an attack on a rebel battery, silencing it and driving the soldiers away. Since that time he has proved himself to be one of the most able and energetic officers that we have. He is a Virginian, and having three others in his sons that he would not gladly lead them through.

He was married in the year 1838 to Miss Elizabeth Ann Shiffler, daughter of Samuel Whittemore, Esq. From this union has sprung four children, three of whom, a daughter and two sons, are with their mother in Germany.

BATTLE OF BOONVILLE.

On page 438 we publish a picture of the BATTLE OF BOONVILLE, from a sketch by an attentive artist-correspondent. The following account of the fight is from the *Herald* correspondence:

At just three minutes before seven a. m., on June 17, the order was given to advance. The morning was cloudy, with occasionally a few drops of rain, but before the battle was over the sun poured out clear and sultry as ever. As the column ascended the bluff the pickets of the enemy were seen and driven in. During the advance of the three-fourths of a mile one of the advanced guard rode hastily back to the head of the column and informed General Lyon that the whole body of the State troops was drawn up a few hundred yards in front. General Lyon at once ordered the regulars under Sergeant Griffin to the left, and Captain Schofield's battery to the right. Captain Totten's battery was ordered to the front to occupy the road.

The enemy were drawn up about three hundred yards in advance, on the crest of a hill, or rather a long swell or ridge, over which the road passed at the highest point. The road was occupied by Colonel Macmadoke, with a small body of cavalry and a battalion of infantry, immediately on his left was a brick house filled with rebel troops, and to the left, and toward the river, was a corn-field, where his left wing was posted. To their rear was a wheat field, and the whole simultaneously scattered small crowds of men, apparently without order or regularity. To his right and somewhat behind him, separated by an adjacent corn field by a "worm fence," and behind this fence his right wing was posted. Soon as our men were in position Captain Totten unlimbered a twelve-pounder and a six-pounder, and sent a shell from his former into the midst of the men occupying the road. A puff of smoke rising from the enemy showed that the gunners aim had been true. The next shell was directed upon the brick house, and a puff of white smoke and crash of timber a hasty retreat. The fire now became general along the whole line, and was followed by the cry, and the savage troops on the left, advancing in good order. Our line was formed on a line parallel to that occupied by the enemy and parallel to it, separated from the latter by a valley with a gentle ascent on either side. To our left was a corn field and further right a copse or grove of scattered oaks. The regulars advanced in the corn field, to the crest of the hill on the left of the line of rebel firing where apparently contented, taking for their motto that of an Irishman at Donnybrook fair, "Whatever you see to hit, hit it." The hollow between the ridges was full of scattered oaks, and these afforded a cover to our men.

Captains Stone, Cole, and Cavender were sent to support the right of the regulars, and the fight was by way also advanced to the fence where the enemy were at first posted. The battalion from Jefferson Barracks, reported by Captain Maurice's, Burke's, and Yates's companies, were at the same time driving work on the right; and in about twenty minutes from the time Captain Totten fired the first shell the rebels were in full retreat, and the mass occupying the line first held by the enemy. The house on the right had been completely riddled by the shot from Totten's battery, and one shell burst in the very centre of the building, as it was filled, it was full of rebels. Several dead bodies of the rebels were found in the wheat field near the house, showing that the fire had been effective. In fact, the first volley from the right wing several saddles were emptied of their riders, and two horses galloped over to our lines. The correspondents of the New York *Herald* and St. Louis *Democrat* entered the battle on foot, by the side of the battery, but were very soon mounted, having succeeded in capturing those runaway steeds.

The number of killed and wounded on the part of the rebels has not yet probably will not be accurately ascertained. Out of one company Captain M'Culloch's Cooper Cheering Rifles, sixty-two are known to be killed and mortal wounded. The number of dead already brought into Boonville or taken by the rebels in the country can not fall much short of $\frac{1}{250}$, and the wounded now heard of are as many more. On the side of the Union troops there were three killed, ten wounded, and one missing.

We took eighty prisoners, nineteen of whom have been released, and the remaining sixty-one put on board the *Lexington*.

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

SATURDAY, JULY 13, 1861.

THE LEADERS OF THE NATION.

WE devote an unusual proportion of our space this week to PORTRAITS OF THE MEN on whom the eyes of the people are at present fixed.

On page 440 will be found an admirable portrait of LIEUTENANT-GENERAL SCOTT, from a recent photograph by Brady; and on the page following an accurate view of an exceedingly well executed portrait of the same General Scott, made thirty-four years ago, when he was forty-one years of age. The present crisis was essential to the full perfection of General Scott's fame. Had he died a twelvemonth since, history might have classed him as a mere successful soldier. But he has now got down to posterity with no name between his and WASHINGTON'S is certain. His early career was an unexampled success. Though he was bred a lawyer and not a soldier, his first campaign as a captain of volunteer artillery developed the mettle that was in him; he rose, without patronage, without friends, without money, or favor, from grade to grade, winning each step with his sword on the battle-field, until he was a Major-General in the United States Army at the age of twenty-eight. This was forty-seven years ago—when few who read these lines were born. How honorably and usefully this long stage of forty-seven years has been spent by him in the service of his country is history that is recount. And now his long career of greatness is being fitly closed by the noblest and most splendid of his achievements. It must keep his footprints in the sands of the very pile of the nation were sleeping, in October last, WINFIELD SCOTT foresaw the present war, foretold it to the Buchanan Cabinet, and showed how the rebellion might be crushed in the bud by a few very simple precautions. It was not his fault that the hoary imbecile who then disgraced the Presidential chair moved discontent into rebellion, and sedition into open war. But Providence orders all for the best, and nues even such vile instruments as Buchanan in a ripen Secretary of War, that the fame of WASHINGTON should be crown the last years of Scott with immortal glory.

Let no man doubt him. His intellect is as bright as it was forty years ago; his hand is sure, and his judgment as sound. He has never yet failed as a soldier; let those who cap at his slowness take patience; what he proposes to do he will do thoroughly, once and forever.

We also publish on page 437 a group of THE PRESIDENT AND HIS CABINET. This is not an impertinent here to say that, while MR. LINCOLN was not the choice of the proprietors of this journal for President, they conceive it to be the duty of every loyal citizen at the present juncture to give a cordial support to him and to his Administration. When civil war is raging at our doors, and it is a hanging matter to raise the stars and stripes in any of the country, it is surely no time to cavil at errors of detail which may be committed by the Administration in the selection of men for subordinate than have devolved upon any government since this Confederacy was first formed. For our part we are free to confess that thus far MR. LINCOLN seems to us to have been blind to all but the stupendous task which Fate has set before him. We can not thus far detect a single fatal error in his administration of the Government. He appears to be fully conscious of the situation, and to be discharging his duty with a keen perception of his responsibility to God and to the people. We have no fault to find with his action

must be governed by the fact. If we see a Government holding its own for a long time, the common courtesy and habit of nations require that we should welcome her to the rights of a self-existing Power. Of course we take the risk of your wrath. —*A la bonne heure!*

So long as we show by the success of our arms that this is a rebellion, and that we are suppressing it, so long England will cry, "All's well!" But if the rebellion maintains its full proportions for a long time, as England the World will treat it as a question of fact, not of principle.

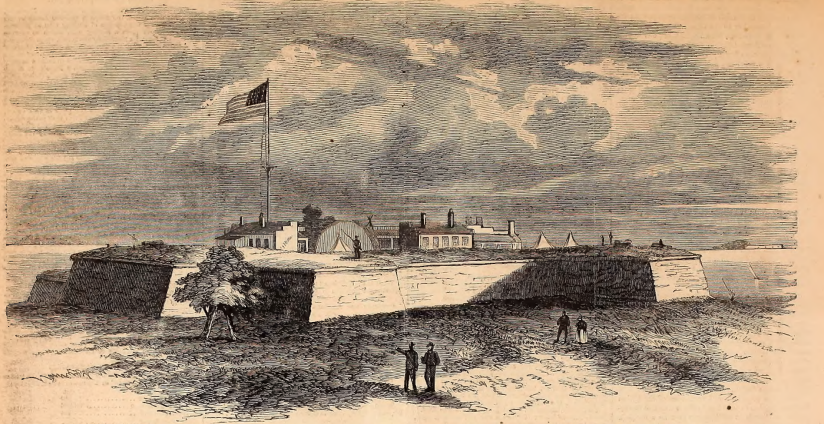
A WORD FROM ENGLAND.

A PRIVATE letter to the Lounger from a friend long resident in England contains the general view of the English position toward us taken by *Harper's Weekly*.

"I can fire off a gun at England (though you understand her better than some people), and at the same time there comes a volley from Paris (an American entering there), and a sort of explosion, it appears, from the entire North. *Tis* too violent and explosive, as I and my beloved American kin are apt to be. You have delivered that, perhaps, ere now; though you may not be quite satisfied, and perhaps never will be, with England's conduct in the matter. I am in a better situation than any of you to see both sides, and I wish I had written you by that mail. Perhaps I might have lessened your disturbance.

"Pray understand me. I do not mean to justify the tone of most of the *Times*' articles. I went about with repressed indignation (expressed in a proper manner upon proper occasions) at them for some time. Nor have I quite recovered therefrom, although I am beginning to *hope* just a little for something better. But I do not think the action of the Government could well have been other than it has been; as, neither a man in a better than any of you to see both sides, and I wish I had written you by that mail. Perhaps I might have lessened your disturbance.

"Pray understand me. I do not mean to justify the tone of most of the *Times*' articles. I went about with repressed indignation (expressed in a proper manner upon proper occasions) at them for some time. Nor have I quite recovered therefrom, although I am beginning to *hope* just a little for something better. But I do not think the action of the Government could well have been other than it has been; as, neither a man in a better station



Columbiad pointing to City of Baltimore. Columbiad covering Washington Monument.

FORT M'HENRY, BALTIMORE, MARYLAND.—DRAWN BY A MEMBER OF COMPANY D, 3D RIFLES, M. V.

FORT M'HENRY AND MARSHAL KANE.

ON 27th June General Banks astonished the people of the rebellious city of Baltimore by arresting Marshal Kane at 3 A.M., and marching him under guard of a file of soldiers to Fort M'Henry. Of his traitorous proceedings no doubt is entertained, and every one applauds General Banks's vigorous course. We publish on page 445, in illustration of the event, a portrait of MARSHAL KANE, from a recent photograph; and on this page a view of FORT M'HENRY, lately sent us by a member of Company D, 3d Rifles, M. V. It is an extremely strong fort, and the Columbiads which are now placed in position command the city thoroughly.

Mr. Raymond, of the *Times*, thus describes Fort M'Henry at the present time:

Fort M'Henry is now in very good condition to resist any assault. When the Baltimore riot occurred, as was very fully explained soon after in a letter from the fort to the *Times*, it was in a very bad condition, and could scarcely have resisted a vigorous assault. It is a small work, of the old style, surrounded by a dry ditch, and scarcely provided with any defenses on the landward side, from which, when it was built, an attack was never contemplated. But now, thanks to the energy of Major Morris, of the regular army, who has been for some time its commandant, it may defy attack from any quarter. Barricades have been erected to guard the entrances. An abatis of trees, with projecting branches, has been erected around the fort. Several platforms have been extemporized under the curtain originally intended only to shelter infantry. Sand-bag guards have been placed over the door and window of the magazine. Gutters have been provided to roll hand-grenades upon the heads of an assailing force. Fresh guns have been mounted, and I observed that all the mortars and a part of the Columbiads on the landward side are kept loaded—in preparation for any emergency. Fort M'Henry is about two miles from the centre of the city, and it is well understood that it could drop shells, hot or otherwise, into all the houses in the infected district with the utmost ease. I trust the necessity for so doing may never arise; but it is consoling to know that, if it does, it can be promptly met.

A correspondent of the *Herald* says:

The "unconstitutional" examination of Marshal Kane's premises, since his arrest in Baltimore, has brought to light some curious pieces of personal property, an enumeration of which may be of some interest to the public. Here are the articles:

Cannon, four and six pounders, 6; assorted shot, lbs., 2000; shell, lbs., 1000; shot for steam guns, lbs., 300; muskets, 663; carbines, 48; rifles, 47; double-barreled shot-guns, 3; single-barreled shot-guns, 8; horse pistols, 2; small pistols, 65; bullet moulds, 132; cartridge-boxes, 3; dirk-knives, 8; swords, 5; drums, 8; gum coats, 33; powder-flasks, 64; canisters, 117; cartridges, 40,000; canisters of shot, 7; besides a lot of screw-drivers, etc.

VIRGINIA TROOPS CROSSING THE BLUE RIDGE AT DAYBREAK, EN ROUTE FOR MANASSAS JUNCTION.—[SEE PAGE 443.]

Montgomery Blair.
Caleb B. Smith.
Edwin M. Stanton.
The President.
THE CABINET AT WASHINGTON
William H. Seward.
Simon Cameron.
Edward Bates.
Gideon Welles.
NEW YORK HERALD

HOW VOLUNTEERS ARE TREATED IN PHILADELPHIA.—[SEE PAGE 443.]

CREW OF THE UNITED STATES STEAM-SLOOP "COLORADO," SHIPPED AT BOSTON, JUNE, 1861.—[SEE PAGE 443.]

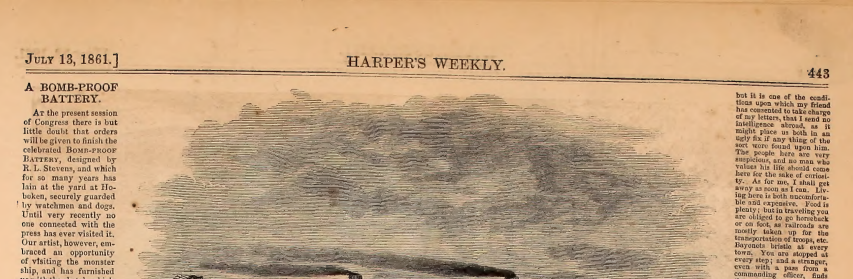
WINFIELD SCOTT, ÆT. 75, COMMANDER-IN-CHIEF OF THE UNITED STATES ARMY.—[PHOTOGRAPHED BY BRADY.]

MAJOR-GENERAL SCOTT, ÆT. 41.—[FROM AN ENGRAVING BY GIMBREDE.]

A SLAVE AUCTION AT THE SOUTH.—FROM AN ORIGINAL SKETCH BY THEODORE R. DAVIS.—[SEE PAGE 447.]

A BOMB-PROOF BATTERY.

At the present season of Congress there is but little doubt that orders will be given to finish the celebrated BOMB-PROOF BATTERY, designed by R. L. Stevens, and which for so many years has lain at the yard at Hoboken, securely guarded by watchmen and dogs. Until very recently no one connected with the press has ever visited it. Our artist, however, embraced an opportunity of visiting the monster ship, and has furnished us with the sketch, which we present on this page. He also learned that this vessel, when about to engage in an action, is sunk so that its decks are just above water. It will mount a powerful battery of sixteen rifled guns in the bomb-proof casemates, while two heavy Columbiads for throwing shell will be mounted on the deck — one forward and the other aft. The funnels, or smoke-pipes, will be constructed on the telescopic principle, and can be lowered at pleasure, or in action, when they would serve for a mark for the enemy's shot. Mr. Stevens says that if the vessel is fitted out according to his plans, he would be willing to guarantee the capture of Sumter in a less number of hours than it took the South Carolinians with their seventeen batteries.



THE STEVENS BOMB-PROOF BATTERY AS IT WILL APPEAR WHEN COMPLETED.

REFRESHMENTS FOR VOLUNTEERS.

We illustrate on page 438 an admirable Philadelphia "institution," which we commend to the notice of the public. The artist who obligingly sent us the sketch describes it as follows:

PHILADELPHIA, June 17, 1861.

* I send you herewith a few sketches, illustrating an admirable idea for furnishing the volunteers for the United States, passing through Philadelphia to the seat of war, with a real solace, in the shape of hot coffee and plenty of bread, butter, and cold meat, free of expense. When the troops began to hasten to the defense of the Government most of them passed through here, travel-worn and hungry, without any intimation to our citizens of their visit, and nearly all at such hours after midnight as precluded any public reception. Then it was that a few patriotic individuals would bring baskets of bread and a few gallons of coffee to comfort and refresh a few of the strangers. These limited, yet thankfully received supplies were hailed in the car windows until the want became known, when, from the least suspicion that a regiment was coming, many would step quietly at night, making what coffee their little domestic articles would allow, and taking it to the general table near the depôt. But this was too limited, many soldiers getting none, which soon attracted the attention of some energetic persons, who determined to carry the affair to a complete and creditable form. Donations of money and means were solicited, and were given with a liberality suitable to the cause. The two large bakery and kitchen (in the sketch) were given by Mr. Sivery. The use of the two buildings at the southwest corner of Water and Washington streets was obtained (each about sixty feet deep), which have been furnished with tables, neatly covered with white cloths, set with ironstone plates and tin cups, and can accommodate three full companies at one time, having now complete facilities for furnishing a regiment with as much food as they can eat, and nearly a quart of coffee for each man. As few men can drink over a pint, it is a rich treat to see them emptying the milk-can from their canteen to receive the coffee. "Ach mein!" said a big Scotchman with the Highland Regiment the other day, after cleaning his tin cup at one draught and smacking his lips—"ach mon, but that's guide!" Arrangements have also been made to receive telegraphic communications from regiments or companies several hours in advance of their arrival, when our citizens are notified by the firing of cannon—one gun announcing the fact, and the requisite number telling the hour at which they will arrive. The first call of the volunteers is frequently for water to wash with, and hence for the plumber will finish the introduction of water pipe and forty faucets. A suitable number of wash-basins and towels, with plenty soap, have been furnished. Gas will also be introduced by Thursday, when a grand public festival and flag-raising will celebrate the completion of this patriotic and really substantial display of sympathy for a great cause.

I have sent you the sketch, as you have the largest circulation of any paper in the country. Should you find it worthy of publication, it may be the means of conveying the idea to the patriotic in other sections. At one of the Massachusetts boys told me to-day, "Coffee is better than whisky."

THE VIRGINIAN ARMY.

The attentive correspondent to whom we have been indebted for so many interesting sketches of the rebel army in Virginia has supplied us with the drawings which we reproduce this week on pages 436 and 445. They represent VIRGINIA TROOPS CROSSING THE BLUE RIDGE AT DAYBREAK, EN ROUTE FOR MANASSAS JUNCTION, and a CAMP OF CONFEDERATE TROOPS AT WHITE SPRINGS, ON THE MANASSAS GAP RAILROAD. These pictures are intrinsically interesting, and those who can form an idea of the difficulty with which the sketches are obtained will not prize them the less on that account. Our correspondent writes:

HEADQUARTERS, VIRGINIA, June 23, 1861.

The sketch of troops crossing the Blue Ridge I made a few days ago. It strikingly illustrates a Virginia regiment on the march. I think I shall paint the same subject *when the war is over*. The other sketch, made on Thursday, is the camp of a portion of the large army now under the command of General Beauregard, whose head-quarters are somewhere about MANASSAS JUNCTION. It is said there is now upward of fifty thousand men in that neighborhood; but of that it is impossible to tell, as the whole country is a camp. I never saw so many tents, soldiers, and horses before in my life. I would freely give you all the information in my power in regard to matters here; but it is one of the conditions upon which my friend has consented to take charge of my letters, that I send no intelligence whatever, as it might place us both in an ugly fix if any thing of the sort were found upon him. The people here are very suspicious, and no man who values his life should come here for the sake of curiosity. As for me, I shall get away as soon as I can. Living here is both uncomfortable and expensive. Food is plenty; but in traveling you are obliged to go horseback or on foot, as railroads are mostly taken up for the transportation of troops, etc. Bayonets bristle at every town. You are stopped at every step; and a stranger, even with a pass from a commanding officer, finds the greatest difficulty in getting ahead. I never was in such a warlike place before, and shall be glad to get back to Maryland, where at least there is some show of peace. When I leave here I think I shall try the Federal Army, where, no doubt, I will find more facility in sketching.

The Washington correspondent of the *Times* says:

A lady arrived here last night from Richmond. She prepared to leave Virginia several days since, but, from her well-known intimate relations to leading Union men in Virginia, was flatly refused the courtesy of a pass from Jeff Davis. A subsequent application to Beauregard met with a similar refusal. She escaped, however, and, upon reaching the bank of the Potomac, several miles above Washington, procured the services of a boatman, who brought her down the river during the night, and she reached town in safety. She informs me that scattered along the route from Richmond to Manassas and thence to Fairfax Court House, the Confederates have a large body of troops. General Beauregard openly declares his intention to move toward Washington, and hopes yet to be able to take it. His plan is—as this authority avers—to get as near our Arlington outposts as possible with his main force, and to steal the city. These, meantime, he designs to push his column on, to engage our forces, and to carry such points as he is able to conquer, and with a reserve march finally upon the Capitol. She adds that General Beauregard, through his emissaries, who are constantly coming to and going from this city, is thoroughly informed of all the movements of our forces.

THE CREW OF THE STEAM-FRIGATE "COLORADO."

On page 439 the reader will find a truthful picture of the crew of the United States steam-frigate *Colorado*, which has lately sailed from Boston to join the blockading fleet. The men were all recruited and shipped at Boston, and we understand that an unusual proportion of them are Americans. Their physique goes to show that the race has not degenerated in that part of the country, and that when occasion offers they will do full justice to the reputation which our gallant tars have won in many a fight and on many a sea.

GUN-BOATS FITTING OUT AT CINCINNATI, OHIO, FOR GOVERNMENT SERVICE ON THE MISSISSIPPI.

MAJOR GENERAL JOHN C. FREMONT, IN HIS PRAIRIE COSTUME

ALL IS WELL!

THEY stood, mute lipped, with sullen eyes
When spring was fresh and green,
A tiny coffin at their feet,
A new-made grave between.
The earth was rich with bursting buds,
The wind with grand perfumes,
God's music, in a thousand tones,
Swept softly round the tombs.
The preacher, with a voice attuned
To meet the music's swell,
Stood heralding an angel's birth,
The promise, "All is well!"

The neighbors, with uncovered heads,
In saddened groups stood by,
With many a listening, trembling lip,
And many a dimming eye.
For every one of all the groups
Who gathered sadly there
Knew why, on either side the grave,
Stood James and Ellen Ware.
They knew how words of bitter strife
Had words of love defied,
And how a wandering man returned,
The day his child had died.

Returned too late to kiss the lips
He loved so well with life;
Returned with anger in his heart
Against an angry wife.
For she, when first the babe had drooped,
With sullen scorn denied
Her wish to have the father by
The little sufferer's side.
She steeled her heart with every word
His angry tongue had said,
And called him only to his home
To find his darling dead.

And so they stood beside the grave,
The husband and the wife,
Still warming in their heart of hearts
The olden words of strife.
The only two of all the crowd
Unmoved to love and tears,
With them the promise, "All is well!"
Fell on unlistening ears.
The prayer had ceased, the sexton stooped
To lift the tiny load,
To lay the baby child away
Within its last abode.

From either side the open grave
Stepped James and Ellen Ware,
And knelt beside the baby child
That lay so silent there.
Their heads were bowed, their hands were clasped
Upon the coffin lid;
The tears that struggled from their hearts
Could be no longer hid.
The preacher cast his eyes aloft,
And stretched his hands in prayer,
No word he spoke, we knew he prayed
For James and Ellen Ware.

Their hands crept blindly o'er the lid,
And met in warm embrace,
Their heads were lifted from their breasts,
To gaze in either face.
In sad, heart-broken tones they called
Their baby's name aloud,
And sobbing in each other's arms,
They kissed its wooden shroud.
And as the sexton stooped to lift
Once more the little shell,
They whispered to each other's heart
The promise, "All is well!"

MARSHAL KANE, OF BALTIMORE.
[SEE PAGE 436.]

GENERAL BEAUREGARD'S CAMP OF CONFEDERATE TROOPS AT WHITE SPRINGS, VIRGINIA, NEAR THE MANASSAS GAP RAILROAD.—[SEE PAGE 449.]

GREAT EXPECTATIONS.

A NOVEL.

By CHARLES DICKENS.

Splendidly Illustrated by John McLenan.

CHAPTER LIII.

IT was one of those March days when the sun shines hot and the wind blows cold: when it is summer in the light, and winter in the shade. We had our pea-coats with us, and I took a bag. Of all my worldly possessions I took no more than the few necessaries that filled the bag. Where I might go, what I might do, or when I might return, were questions utterly unknown to me; nor did I vex my mind with them, for it was wholly set on Provis's safety. I only wondered for the passing moment, as I stopped at the door and looked back, under what altered circumstances I should next see those rooms, if ever.

We loitered down to the Temple stairs, and stood loitering there, as if we were not quite decided to go upon the water at all. Of course I had taken care that the boat should be ready and every thing in order. After a little show of indecision, which there were none to see but the two or three amphibious creatures belonging to our Temple stairs, we went on board and cast off; Herbert in the bow, I steering. It was then about high-water—half past eight.

Our plan was this: The tide, beginning to run down at nine, and being with us until three, we intended still to creep on after it had turned, and row against it until dark. We should then be well in those long reaches below Gravesend, between Kent and Essex, where the river is broad and solitary, where the water-side inhabitants are very few, and where lone public houses are scattered here and there, of which we could choose one for a resting-place. There we meant to lie by, all night. The steamer for Hamburg and the steamer for Rotterdam would start from London at about nine on Thursday morning, and would be in our part of the river at about noon. We should know at what time to expect them according to where we were, and would hail the first; so that if by any accident we were not taken on board, we should have another chance. We had a pocket-glass with us, and knew the distinguishing marks of each vessel.

The relief of being at last engaged in the execution of the purpose was so great to me that I felt it difficult to realize the condition in which I had been a few hours before. The crisp air, the sunlight, the movement on the river, and the moving river itself—the road that ran with us, seeming to sympathize with us, animate us, and encourage us—refreshened me with new hope. I felt mortified to be of so little use in the boat; but there were few better oarsmen than my friend, and they rowed with a steady stroke that was to last all day.

At that time the steam traffic on the Thames was far below its present extent, and watermen's boats were far more numerous. Of barges, sailing colliers, and coasting-traders, there were perhaps as many as now: but of steamships, great and small, not a tithe or a twentieth part so many. Early as it was, there were plenty of scullers going here and there that morning, and plenty of barges dropping down with the tide; the navigation of the river between bridges, in an open time, was a much easier and commoner matter in those days than it is in these; and we went ahead among many skiffs and wherries, briskly.

Old London Bridge was soon passed, and old Billingsgate Market with its oyster-boats and Dutchmen, and the White Tower and Traitors' Gate, and we were in among the tiers of shipping. Here were the Leith, Aberdeen, and Glasgow steamer loading and unloading goods, and looking immensely high out of the water as we passed alongside; here were colliers by the score and scores with the coal-whippers plunging off stages on deck, as counterweights to measures of coal swinging up, which were then rattled over the side into barges; here, at her moorings, was to-morrow's steamer for Rotterdam, of which we took good notice; and here, to-morrow's Hamburg, under whose bowsprit we crossed. And now I, sitting in the stern, could see with a faster beating heart Mill Pond Bank and Mill Pond stairs.

"Is he there?" said Herbert.

"Not yet."

"Right! He was not to come down till he saw us. Can you see his signal?"

"Not well from here; but I think I see it. Now, I see him! Pull both, Easy, Herbert. Oars!"

We touched the stairs lightly for a single moment, and he was on board and we were off again. He had a boat-cloak with him, and a black canvas bag, and he looked as like a river pilot as my mind could have wished.

"Dear boy!" he said, putting his arm on my shoulder as he took his seat. "Faithful dear boy, well done! Thankye, thankye!"

Again among the tiers of shipping, in and out, avoiding run-ships chain-cables, frayed hempen hawsers, and lighting buoys, sinking for the moment the floating broken baskets, scattering floating chips of wood and shaving, clearing floating scum of coal, in and out, under the figure-head of the John of Sunderland making a speech to the winds (as is done by many Johns), and the Betsy of Yarmouth with a firm formality of bosom and her knobby eyes starting two inches out of her head, in and out, hammers going in ship-building yards, saws going at timber, clashing engines going at things unknown, pumps going in leaky ships, capstans going, ships going out to sea, and unintelligible sea-monsters roaring curses over the bulwarks at respondent lightermen, in and out—out at last upon the clearer river, where the ships' boys might take their fenders in, no longer fishing in troubled waters with them over the side, and where the brown sails might fly out to the wind.

At the Stairs where we had taken him aboard, and ever since, I had looked warily for any token of our being suspected. I had seen none. We certainly had not been, and at that time as certainly we were not, either attended or followed by any boat. If we had been waited on by any boat, I should have run in to shore, and have obliged her to go on, or to make her purpose evident. But we held our own, without any appearance of molestation.

He had his boat-cloak on him, and looked, as I have said, a natural part of the scene. It was remarkable (but perhaps the wretched life he had led accounted for it), that he was the least anxious of any of us. He was not indifferent, for he told me that he hoped to live to see his gentleman one of the best of gentlemen in a foreign country; he was not disposed to be passive or resigned, as I understood it; but he had no notion of meeting danger half way. When it came upon him he confronted it, but it must come before he troubled himself.

"If you knowed, dear boy," he said to me, "what it is to sit here alonger my dear boy and have my smoke, arter having been day by day betwixt four walls, you'd envy me. But you don't know what it is."

"I think I know the delights of freedom," I answered.

"Ah," said he, shaking his head gravely. "But you don't know it equal to me. You must play a long spell behind bars, dear boy, to know it equal to me—but I ain't a going to be low."

* * * * *

It occurred to me as inconsistent that for any mastering idea he should have endangered his freedom and even his life. But I reflected that perhaps freedom without danger was too much apart from all the habit of his existence to be to him what it would be to another man. It was not far out, since he said, after smoking a little:

"You see, dear boy, when I was over yonder, t'other side of the world, I was always a looking to this side; and it come flat to be there, for all I was a growing rich. Every body knowed Magwitch, and Magwitch could come, and Magwitch could go, and nobody's head would be troubled about him. They ain't so easy concerning me here, dear boy—wouldn't be, leastwise, if they knowed where I was."

"If all goes well," said I, "you will be perfectly free and safe again within a few hours."

"Well," he returned, drawing a long breath, "I hope so."

"And think so?"

He dipped his hand in the water over the boat's gunwale, and said, smiling with that softened air upon him which was not new to me,

"Ay, I s'pose I think so, dear boy. We'd be puzzled to be more quiet and easy-going than we are at present. But it's a flowing so soft and pleasant through the water, p'raps, as makes me think it—I was a-thinking through my smoke (for you've got no more notion than the dead of the next few hours than we can see to the bottom of this river what I catches hold of. Nor yet we can't no more hold their tide than I can hold this. And it's run through my fingers and gone, you see!" holding up his dripping hand.

"But for your face, I should think you were a little despondent," said I.

"Not a bit on it, dear boy! It comes of flowing on so quiet, and of that there rippling at the boat's head making a sort of a Sunday tune. Maybe I'm a-growing a trifle old besides."

He put his pipe back in his mouth with an undisturbed expression of face, and sat as composed and contented as if we were already out of England. Yet he was as submissive to a word of advice as if he had been in constant terror, for, when we ran ashore to get some bottles of beer into the boat, and he was stepping out, I hinted that I thought he would be safest where he was, and he said, "Do you, dear boy," and quietly sat down again.

The air felt cold upon the river, but it was a bright day, and the sunshine was very cheering. The tide ran strong, I took care to lose none of it, and our steady stroke carried us on thoroughly well. By imperceptible degrees, as the tide ran out, we lost more and more of the nearer woods and hills, and dropped lower and lower between the muddy banks, but the tide was yet with us when we were off Gravesend. As our charge was wrapped in his cloak, I purposely passed within a boat or two's length of the floating Custom-house, and so out to catch the stream, alongside of two emigrant ships, and under the bows of a large transport with soldiers on the forecastle looking down at us. And soon the tide began to slacken, and the craft lying at anchor to swing, and presently they had all swung round, and the ships that were taking advantage of the new tide to get up to the Pool, began to crowd upon us in a fleet, and we kept under the shore, as much out of the strength of the tide now as we could, standing carefully off from low shallows and mud-banks.

Our oarsmen were so fresh, by dint of having occasionally let her drive with the tide for a minute or two, that a quarter of an hour's rest proved full as much as they wanted. We got ashore among some slippery stones while we ate and drank what we had with us, and looked about. It was like my own marsh country, flat and monotonous, and with a dim horizon; while the winding river turned and turned, and the great floating buoys upon it turned and turned, and every thing else seemed stranded and still. For now the last of the fleet of ships was round the last low point we had headed; and the last green barge, straw-laden, with a brown sail, had followed; and some bilge-lighters, shaped like a child's first rude imitation of a boat, lay low in the mud; and a little squat obsolete light-house on open piles, stood crippled in the mud on stilts and crutches; and slimy stakes stuck out of the mud, and slimy stones stuck out of the mud, and red landmarks and tidemarks stuck out of the mud, and an old landing-stage and an old roofless building slipped into the mud, and all about us was stagnation and mud.

We pushed off again, and made what way we could. It was much harder work now, but Herbert and Startop persevered, and rowed, and rowed, and rowed, until the sun went down. By that time the river had lifted us a little, so that we could see above the bank. There was the red sun, on the low level of the shore, in a purple haze, fast deepening into black; and there was the solitary flat marsh; and far away there were the rising grounds, between which and us there seemed to be no life, save here and there in the fen-crossing a blackbird or gull.

As the night was fast falling, and as the moon, being past the full, would not rise early, we held a little council. It was short one, for clearly our course was to lie by at the first lonely tavern we could find. So they plied their oars once more, and I looked out for any thing like a house. Thus we held on, speaking little, for four or five dull miles. It was very cold, and a collier coming by us, with her galley-fire smoking and blazing, looked quite a comfortable home. The night was as dark by this time as it would be until morning, and what light we had seemed to come more from the river than the sky, as the oars in their dipping struck at a few reflected stars.

At this dismal time we were evidently all possessed by the idea that we were followed. As the tide made, it flapped heavily at irregular intervals against the shore; and whenever such a sound came, one or other of us was sure to start and look in that direction. Here and there the set of the current had worn down the bank into a little creek, and we were all suspicious of such places, and eyed them nervously. Sometimes, "What was that ripple?" one of us would say in a low voice. Or another, "Was that a boat yonder?" And afterward we would fall into a dead silence, and I would sit impatiently thinking with what an unusual amount of noise the oars worked in the thowels.

At length we descried a light and a roof, and presently afterward ran alongside a little causeway made of stones that had been picked up hard by. Leaving the rest in the boat, I stepped ashore, and found that the light was a window of a public house. It was a dirty place enough, and I dare say not unknown to smuggling adventurers; but there was a good fire in the kitchen, and there were eggs and bacon to eat, and various liquors to drink. Also, there were two double-bedded rooms—"such as they were," the landlord said. No other company was in the house than the landlord, his wife, and a grizzled man creaming, in the back of the bar-room way, who was as slimy and smeary as if he had been low-water mark too.

To this assistant I went down to the boat again, and we all came ashore, and brought out the oars, and rudder, and boat-hook, and all that was provided, and hauled her up high. We made a very good meal by the kitchen fire, and then apportioned the bedrooms: Herbert and Startop were to occupy one; I and our charge the other. We found the air as carefully excluded from both as if air were fatal to life; and there were more dirty ticklers in both counterpanes than I should have thought the family possessed. But we considered ourselves well off, notwithstanding, for a more solitary place we could not have found.

While we were comforting ourselves by the fire after our meal, the Jack—who was himself in a corner, and who had a bloated pair of shoes on, which he had exhibited while we were eating our eggs and bacon with unbounded pride—told us that he had taken a few days ago from the feet of a drowned seaman washed ashore—asked me if we had seen a three-masted galley going up with the tide? When I told him No, he said she must have gone down then, and yet she "took up too," when she left there.

"They must ha' thought better on't for some reason or another," said the Jack, "and gone down."

"A four-oared galley, eh?" said I.

"A four," said the Jack, "and two sitters."

"Did they come ashore here?"

"They put in with a stone two-gallon jar for some beer. I'd ha' been glad to pison the beer myself," said the Jack, "or put some rattling physic in it at least."

"Why?"

"I know why," said the Jack. He spoke in a slushy voice, as if much mud had washed into his throat.

"He thinks," said the landlord—a weakly meditative man with a pale eye, who seemed to rely greatly on his Jack—"he thinks they was what they wasn't."

"I knows what I thinks," observed the Jack.

"You thinks Custum 'Us, Jack?" said the landlord.

"I do," said the Jack.

"Then you're wrong, Jack."

"Am I?"

"In the infinite meaning of his reply, and his boundless confidence in his views, the Jack took one of his bloated shoes off, looked into it, knocked a few shreds of mud off with a kitchen floor, and put it on again. He did this with the air of a Jack who was so right that he could afford to do any thing.

"Why, what do you make out that they done with their buttons then, Jack?" asked the landlord, with submission.

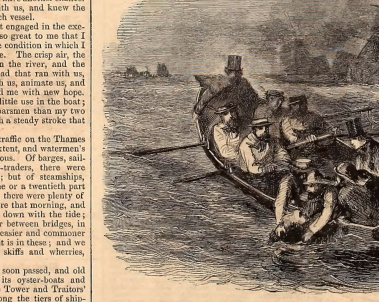
"Done with their buttons?" returned the Jack. "Chucked 'em overboard. Swallered 'em. Sowed 'em, to come up small salad. Done with their buttons!"

"Don't be cheeky, Jack," remonstrated the landlord, in a melancholy and pathetic way.

"A Custum 'Us officer knows what to do with his Buttons," said the Jack, repeating the obnoxious word with the greatest aggravation, "when they comes betwixt him and his own light. A Four and two sitters don't go hanging about a Custum 'Us ship, which, he went out disgusted; and the landlord, having no one to rely upon, found it impracticable to pursue the subject.

This dialogue made us all uneasy, and me very uneasy. The dismal wind was muttering round the house, the tide was lapping at the shore, and I had a feeling that we were caged and threatened. A four-oared galley hovering about in so unusual a way as to attract this notice, was an ugly circumstance that I could not get rid of. When I had induced Provis to go to bed, I went outside with my two companions (Startop by this time knew the state of the case), and held another council. Whether we should remain at the house until near the steamer's time, which would be about one in the afternoon; or whether we should put off early in the morning, was the question we discussed. On the whole we deemed it the better course to lie where we were until within an hour or so of the steamer's time, and then to get out in her track, and drift easily with the tide. Having settled to do this, we returned into the house and went to bed.

I lay down with the greater part of my clothes



"HE WAS TAKEN ON BOARD, AND INSTANTLY MANACLED AT THE WRISTS AND ANKLES."

on, and slept for a few hours well. When I awoke, the wind had risen, and the sign of the house (the Ship) was creaking and banging about, with noises that startled me. Rising softly, for my charge lay fast asleep, I looked out of the window. It commanded the causeway where we had landed up our boat, and, as my eyes adapted themselves to the light of the clouded moon, I saw two men looking into her. They passed by under the window, looking at nothing else, and did not go down to the landing-place, which I could discern to be empty, but struck across the marsh in the direction of the sea.

My first impulse was to call up Herbert, and show him the two men going away. But reflecting hastily, I got into his room, which was at the back of the house and adjoined mine, that he and Startop had had a harder day than I, and were fatigued. Looking back on my window, I could still see the two men moving over the marsh. In that light, however, I soon lost them, and feeling very cold, lay down to think of the matter, and fell asleep again.

We were up early. As we walked to and fro, all four together, before breakfast, I deemed it right to recount what I had seen. Again, our charge was the least anxious of the party. It was very likely that the men belonged to the Custom-house, he said, quietly, and that they had no thought of us. I tried to persuade myself that it was so, as, indeed, it might still be. However, I proposed that he and I should walk away together to a distant point we could see, and that the boat should take us aboard there, or as near there as might prove feasible, at about noon. This being considered a good precaution, soon after breakfast he and I set forth, without saying any thing at the tavern.

He smoked his pipe as we went along, and sometimes stopped to direct me on the shoulder or take me by the hand. One would have supposed that it was I who was in danger, not he, and that he was my protector. We spoke very little. As we approached the point, I begged him to remain in a sheltered place while I went on to reconnoitre; but he was resolved it that the men had passed in the night. He complied, and I went on alone. There was no boat off the point, nor down up or down there near it, nor were there any signs of the men having embarked there. But to be sure the tide was high, and there might have been some footprints under water.

When he looked out from his shelter in the distance, and saw that I waved my hat to him to come up, he obeyed me, and I saw him walk—sometimes lying on the bank wrapped in our coats, and sometimes moving about to warm ourselves—until we saw the boat coming round. We got aboard easily, and rowed out into the track of the steamer. By that time it wanted but ten minutes of one o'clock, and we began to look out for her smoke.

But it was half past one before we saw her smoke, and then afterward we saw the hull of the smoke of the other steamer. As they were coming on at full speed, we got the two bags ready, and took that opportunity of saying good-by to Herbert and Startop. We had all shaken hands cordially, and neither Herbert's eyes nor mine were made dry when I saw a four-oared galley shoot out from under the bank but a little way ahead of us, and row out into the same track.

A stretch of shore had been as yet between us and the steamer's smoke, by reason of the bend and reach that I have described; so she was visible, coming head on. I called to Herbert and Startop to keep before the tide, that she might see us plainly for her eye, and I adjured Provis to sit still, wrapped in his cloak. He answered cheerily, "Trust to me, dear boy!" and sat like a statue. Presently the galley, which I saw was very skilfully handled, had borne down upon us, crossed us, and come alongside. Leaving just enough for the play of the oars, she was kept alongside, drifting when we drifted, and pulling a stroke or two when we pulled. Of the two sitters, both pulling bow oars, one watched us attentively—as did all the rowers; the other sitter was wrapped up, much as Provis was, and seemed to direct. He had a whisper some instruction to the steamer as he looked at us. Not a word was spoken in either boat.

Slowly counting as the time went minutes, which steamer was first, and gave me the word "Hamburg," in a low voice as we sat face to face. She was nearer to us very fast, and the beating of her paddles was louder and louder. I felt as if her shadow were absolutely upon us when the galley hailed us. I answered.

"You have a returned Transport there," said the man who held the line. "That's the man wrapped in the cloak. His name is Abel Magwitch, otherwise Provis. I apprehend that man, and call upon him to surrender, and you to assist."

At the same moment, without giving any audible direction to his crew, he ran the galley aboard of us. I saw the rowers lay out, and the beating of her paddles under and louder. I felt as if her shadow were absolutely upon us when the galley hailed us. I answered.

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At the same moment, without giving any audible direction to his crew, he ran the galley aboard of us. I saw the rowers lay out, and the second stroke ahead, had got their oars in, had run athwart us, and were holding on to our gunwale before we knew what they were doing. This caused great confusion on board the steamer, and I heard them calling to us, and heard the order given to stop the paddles, and heard them stop, but felt her driving down upon us irresistibly. In the same moment, I saw the starboard of the galley lay his hand on his prisoner's shoulder, and saw that both boats were swinging round with the force of the tide, and saw that all hands on board the steamer were running forward quite frantically. Still in the same moment, I saw the prisoner start up, lean across his captor, and pull the cloak from the neck of the shrinking sitter in the galley. Still in the same moment, I saw that the face disclosed was that of the other convict of long ago. Still in the same moment, I saw the face tilt backward with a white terror on it that I shall never forget, and heard a great cry on board the steamer and a loud splash in the water, and felt the boat sink from under me.

It was but for an instant that I seemed to struggle with a thousand mill-weirs and a thousand flashes of light; that I rose, and I was taken on board the galley. Herbert was there, and Startop was there; but our boat was gone, and the two rowers were gone.

What with the cries aboard the steamer, and the furious blowing-off of her steam, and her driving paddles astern, and the tumult of the first distinguish sky from water or shore from shore; but the crew of the galley righted her with great speed, pulling certain swift strong strokes ahead, lay upon their oars, every man looking sternly and eagerly at the water astern. Presently, the galley was moved in it, bearing toward us on the tide. No man spoke, but the steersman held up his hand, and all softly lay bowed water, and kept the boat straight and true before it. As it came nearer, I saw it to be Magwitch, swimming. He was taken on board, and instantly manacled at the wrists and ankles.

The galley was kept steady, and the silent, eager look-out at the prow scanned. But the Rotterdam steamer now came up, and apparently not understanding what had happened, and not seeing the boat in the water, had been hailed and stopped both steamers were drifting away from us, and we were rising and falling in the wash of the paddles. The look-out was kept long after all was still again and the two steamers were gone; but every body knew that it was hopeless.

At length we gave it up, and pulled under the shore toward the tavern we had lately left, where we were received with great kindness. For me, I was able to get some comforts for Magwitch — Provis no longer — who had received some very severe injury in the chest and a deep cut in the head.

He told me that he believed himself to have gone under the keel of the steamer, and to have been struck on the head in rising. The injury to his chest (which rendered his breathing extremely painful) he thought he had received against the side of the galley. He added that he did not pretend to say what he might or might not have done to Compeyson, but that in the moment of his rising and seeing in his cloak to identify him that villain had staggered up and staggered back, and they had both gone overboard together in the sudden wrenching of him (Magwitch) out of our boat, and the endeavor of his captor to keep him in it, had capsized us. But that, as they both struck out, they had gone down fiercely locked in each other's arms, and that there had been a struggle under water, and that he (Magwitch) disengaged himself, struck out, and swam away.

I never had any reason to doubt the exact truth of what he told me, and the officer who steered the galley gave the same account of their going overboard.

When I asked this officer's permission to change the prisoner's wet clothes by purchasing any spare garments I could get at the public house, he gave leave, not knowing that he must take charge of every thing his prisoner had about him. So the pocket-book which had once been in my possession passed to the officer's. He further gave me leave to accompany the prisoner to London, but declined to accord that grace to any friend.

The Jack at the Ship was instructed where the drowned man had gone down, and undertook to search for the body that night. Probably it was likeliest to come ashore. His interest in its recovery seemed to me to be much heightened when he heard that 10 pounds was claimed. Probably, it took about a dozen drowned men to fit him out completely; and that may have been the reason why the galley-men's articles of his dress were in various stages of decay.

We remained at the public house until the tide turned, and then, having put our prisoner down to the galley and put on board, Herbert and Startop were to get to London by land, as soon as they could. I had but little to carry, and when I took my place by Magwitch's side I felt that that was my place henceforth while he lived.

For now my repugnance to him had all melted away, and in the haunted, wounded, ironed creature who lay at my feet, I saw only the man who had meant to be my benefactor, and who had felt affectionately, gratefully, and generously toward me with great constancy through a series of years. I only saw in him a much better man than I had been to Joe.

His breathing became more difficult and painful as the night drew on, and often he could not repress a groan. I tried to rest him on the arm I could use, and to render him any help that was dreadful to think that I could not be sorry at heart for his being badly hurt, since it was unquestionably best that he should be so. But there were, still living, people enough who were able and willing to identify him, I could not doubt. That he would be convicted, I could not hope. He who had been presented in the worst light at his trial, who had since broken prison, who was the cause of his return, who had returned from transportation under a life sentence, and who had occasioned the death of the man who was the cause of his return.

As we returned toward the setting sun we had yesterday left behind us, and as the stream of our hopes seemed all running back, I told him how grieved I was to think that he had come home for my sake.

"Dear boy," he answered, "I'm quite content to take my chance. I've seen my boy; and he'll be a gentleman without me."

I had thought about that, while we had been there side by side. No. Apart from any inclinations of my own I understand Wemmick's hint now. I foresaw that, being convicted, his possessions would be forfeited to the Crown.

"Lookee here, dear boy," said he. "It's best as a gentleman should not be be known to belong to me. Only come to see me as if you come by chance alonger Wemmick. Sit where I can see you when I am wrote to, for the last o' many times, and I don't ask no more."

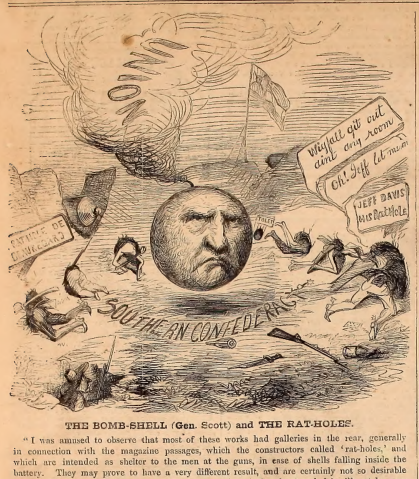
"I will never stir from your side," said I, "when I am suffered to be near you. Please God, I will be as true to you as you have been to me!"

I felt his hand shake as it held mine, and he turned his face away as he lay in the bottom of the boat, and I heard that old sound in his throat—softened now, like all the rest of him. It was a good thing that he had touched this point, for it put into my mind what I might not otherwise have thought of until too late: That he need never know how his hopes of enriching me had perished.

SLAVE AUCTION AT THE SOUTH.

ON page 442 we publish a picture of a SLAVE AUCTION AT THE SOUTH, from a sketch by Mr. Davis, our special artist, who lately traveled through the South in company with W. H. Russell, Esq., LL.D., Correspondent of the London *Times*. Mr. Russell thus describes slave auctions in a letter from Montgomery, Alabama:

"The crowd was large. Three or four slim men in rough, homespun, wakeskith unicorns leaned against the iron rails running round one of the fountains, drinking water, surrounded by brick-work, which decorates the spaces in front of the principal hotels. The speaker stood on an empty deal packing-case. A man in a cart was listening with a look of interest to his address. Some three or four others, in a sort of vehicle which might either be a hearse or a pleasure-cart, were sitting up for the benefit of the address. Five or six other men, in long black coats and high hats, seemed interested, and chewing tobacco, and discharging streams of discolored saliva, completed the group. 'A likely woman and child for sale, a fine strong healthy field-hand and fifty dollars offered for him!' exclaimed the man, as I came up. There was no sensation, excitement, and surprise, which can be insinuated by all true auctioneers into the dryest numerical statements. 'Will no one make an offer for a woman and child and fifty dollars?' A man near me opened his quiet, apt, and said, 'Twenty-five.' 'Only twenty-five for that servant? Five dollars offered for him!' Why, it's ridiculous—only nine hundred and seven dollars!' 'Will no one,' etc. &c. So said the active auctioneer stood a stout young man of five-and-twenty years of age, with a bundle in his hand. He was a muscular fellow, head-shoulderest, narrow-flanked, but rather small in the hams. He had on a broad, greyish-old wid—awake, a blue jacket, a coarse cotton shirt, loose and rather ragged trowsers, and broken shoes. One expression of his face was heavy and sad, but it was by no means degraded or brutal. His eyes, of black jet, broad nostrils, and high cheek bones. On his head was wool instead of hair. A mulatto mulatto-mulatto of the Rio Republican, nor negro-wenigen, but I confess the sight caused a strange feeling to come over me to palpitate which could persuade me the man was not a man—he was indeed, by no means a handsome man, but scarcely he was a below-creature. I have seen slave auctions in the East, but somehow or other the circumstances of the scene cast a coloring over the nature of the sales there which deprived them of the disgusting coldness and mercenary character of the transaction before me. For Turk, or Bayrampire, or Egyptian, he had and still always wrought rather suited to the eternal fitness of things than to otherwise. The tattooed, shaved, brown, recovered, pipe-smoking merchants, generally the unknown tongue, looked as if they were engaged in a legitimate business. One knew that their stock-in-trade was human flesh, and that it had labor, and that they would be in some sort the instruments of the future members of it. Here it gained on my ear to listen to the familiar tones of the English tongue as the auctioneer spoke. The traders were Americans, and it was painful to see decent-looking men in European attire employed in the sale. Here, too, the auctioneer's impressions may wear off, for I meet many English people who say the same advocates of King Cotton. Perhaps, although it is true that their perceptions may be quickened by contact with the beauty by their participation in the profits. The negro was sold to one of the by-standers, and walked off to his new master. He shouldered his hand



THE BOMB-SHELL (Gen. Scott) and THE RAT-HOLES.

"I was amused to observe that most of these works had galleries in the rear, generally in connection with the magazine passages, which the constructors called 'rat-holes,' and which are intended as shelter to the men at the guns, in case of shells falling inside the battery. They may prove to have a very different result, and are certainly not so desirable in a military point of view as good traverses. A rush for the 'rat-holes' will not be very dignified or improving to the *morale* every time a bomb hurtles over them; and assuredly the damage to the magazines will be enormous if the fire from Pickens is accurate and well sustained."—DR. RUSSELL'S *Letter from Pensacola to the London Times.*

THE SITUATION.

OFFICER LINCOLN. "I guess I've got you now, JEFF."
JEFF DAVIS. "Guess you have—well now, let us Compromise."

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A VALUABLE FEATURE. On the back of the sheet on which Lloyd's Map is printed, is a sketch of every Town, City, River, and Fort, also a Historical Sketch, and the population of each place, from the last census, and other reliable information of the latest date. This information will be of great value to every one at the present time, and is alone worth three times the price of the Map. The amount of information given on the back is equal to an octavo volume of 300 pages—information that can not be had elsewhere for $10.
This Map is acknowledged by Civil Engineers to be the best drawn and most accurate of any map ever offered to the public before. The surveys for this map were made by Civil Engineers of the Southern States; and the information of the Railroads, Stations, and Distances were furnished by Southern Railroad men themselves, and can be relied on as correct. In fact, this is the only correct Map of the Southern Country ever drawn. The people of the Northern States can see correctly, at a glance, the preponderance of the Southern Country over the Northern and Western States, and will more fully comprehend the resources of the Southern States when, by glancing outside at the rich plains of Mexico, which are exhibited on this map.
The public will please understand that this map was not rushed out for the purpose of supplying the people with an imperfect map during the present excitement, but has been under way for more than one year, and is now ready for the public, after a long and tedious work in surveying, drawing, and engraving, and is believed to be the only reliable and full Map of the whole Southern country ever issued. It shows from Philadelphia to the middle of Mexico.
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HARPER'S WEEKLY

A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION

VOL. V.—No. 238.] NEW YORK, SATURDAY, JULY 20, 1861. [SINGLE COPIES SIX CENTS. $2 50 PER YEAR IN ADVANCE.

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the Year 1861, by Harper & Brothers, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Southern District of New York.

FILLING CARTRIDGES AT THE UNITED STATES ARSENAL, AT WATERTOWN, MASSACHUSETTS.—[SEE NEXT PAGE.]

FILLING CARTRIDGES.

WE give on the preceding page a picture of the operation of FILLING CARTRIDGES at the United States Arsenal at Watertown, Massachusetts. At this establishment some 800 operatives are kept constantly at work making war material. The powder (of which the best is used, a large quantity which came back from the Mexican war being thrown aside for fear it may not be good) is inserted in the cartridge by men, as shown in the lower picture. The bullet is inserted by girls, as shown in the picture above. At least seventy girls and women are kept constantly employed at Watertown in this avocation. The amount of cartridges turned out daily at this factory alone is enormous; and it is evident that, in the course of a few weeks, there will be no lack of this material of war, at all events.

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

SATURDAY, JULY 20, 1861.

MR. DAVIS AND MR. RUSSELL.

ON April last, Mr. THEODORE R. DAVIS, our artist-correspondent at Washington, applied to us for permission to travel through the Southern States in company with WILLIAM H. RUSSELL, Esq., LL.D., Barrister at Law, Correspondent of the London *Times*. We agreed to the proposal, stipulating only that Mr. DAVIS should make such arrangements with Mr. RUSSELL as would insure him facilities for sketching wherever the latter went, and that he should be distinctly known as a member of Mr. RUSSELL'S party. It was already becoming dangerous for Northern men to travel among the South, and we were not willing that Mr. DAVIS should run any needless risk. In reply to the letter specifying these as the conditions upon which we would agree to his proposal, Mr. DAVIS wrote:

I saw Mr. RUSSELL yesterday, we with him at the Navy-yard, and then we with him last night. He says, tell the Editor of HARPER'S Weekly that I am shattered to have this young artist with me, and will do him any kindness in my power.

Early in May last, after Messrs. DAVIS and RUSSELL had left for the South, in an advertisement announcing a large advance in the price of the *Weekly* from five to six cents, we mentioned that we had an artist with the Southern Army in Virginia, another with the Seventh Regiment in Maryland, a third in Baltimore, and a fourth traveling with Mr. RUSSELL through the Southern States. This announcement elicited from Mr. RUSSELL, in the following card, which was published in the *Mobile Register* of May 13:

To the Editor of the Mobile Register:

SIR,—My attention has been called to a statement in *Harper's Weekly*, couched in the following words:

"The proprietors have dispatched an artist to the South in company with Mr. RUSSELL, correspondent of the *London Times*."

In reference to that statement, I have to observe that my companions are two, viz.: Mr. Ward, a personal friend, who is kind enough to act as my secretary and traveling comrade, and who has no connection whatever with any Journal in the United or Confederate States, and Mr. Davis, a young artist, who is taking sketches for the *Illustrated London News*, and who assures me that he is not engaged by or connected with *Harper's Weekly*, though he formerly sent sketches to that periodical.

My position is that of a neutral, and I am employed on no mission that requires the utmost impartiality on my part, although I shall claim for myself the utmost freedom in the expression of my convictions and of my observations to the journal which I have the honor to serve. The expression of those convictions and observations, however, is meant only for England, and I shall not permit the publication I enjoy any interference whatever circumstances may ever by those who accompany me, although I have every reason to believe that their good faith would secure me such a guarantee or assurance on my part unnecessary.

I have only to say in addition that by this post I have forwarded to the paper in question a request that they insert my formal denial of the statement which has occasioned this communication. I have the honor to be, Sir,

Your faithful servant,
W. H. RUSSELL, LL.D.,
Barrister at Law.

The assertions embodied in the above card are reaffirmed in the following communication, which we have received from Mr. RUSSELL:

CAIRO, ILLINOIS, *June 20, 1861.*

To the Editor of Harper's Weekly, New York:

SIR,—My attention has just been called to a sketch in your Journal of the 15th inst., which is stated, in the letter-press underneath it, to have been taken by "our Artist who has been traveling with Mr. RUSSELL, LL.D., Barrister at Law."

This statement of an assertion which I had already denied, in a note addressed to you from Mobile at least a month before, in which I stated that my movements then can not have been received by you, particularly when I recall to mind a letter addressed to me at Jacksonville, Mississippi, by an unknown correspondent at Natchez, who apprised me that a sketch and paragraph appeared in your Journal distinctly asserting that I had permitted a special artist, engaged by you, to accompany me in my peregrinations, to travel with me through the seceding States.

Being unable to meet with any copies of the back numbers of your Journal, so as to ascertain the exact words of the statement, I have to request the favor of a copy of a letter from the Hon. JOHN FOWNTH, Mayor of Mobile, and one of the Secession Commissioners at Washington, elicited by a note which I addressed to him at Montgomery, and which I forwarded to a New York daily paper, to the effect that the editor of *Harper's Weekly* was about to prove a conspiracy—one of a religious character, that he had dispatched an artist to travel with me in my company, which letter was published in the Mobile *Register* of the 12th ult., under the impression that my own word would be taken for such a matter.

I have only to add that I know nothing of Mr. Theodore Davis except what he told me. He introduced himself to me in a bookshop at Washington, and begged that he might be permitted to travel with me to the South, assigning as his plea that he was engaged to take sketches for the *Illustrated London News*, and that his previous connection with you might possibly expose him to embarrassment which would be removed if I gave him the permission he so urgently entreated. It came in any other capacity, it was not only without my knowledge, but in contravention of truth and honor, for which I can vouch.

I have the honor to be, Sir,
Your most obedient humble servant,
W. H. RUSSELL.

In reply, we have simply to state that we have every reason to believe that Mr. RUSSELL knew, before he left Washington, that Mr. DAVIS was going with him as the artist of *Harper's Weekly*, and that nothing has since occurred which ought to have impaired the friendly knowledge of that fact.

Mr. THEODORE R. DAVIS writes us as follows:

HEAD-QUARTERS GENERAL WILLIAM'S BRIGADE,
HARRISBURG, VIRGINIA, *June 20, 1861.*

To the Editor of Harper's Weekly:

DEAR SIR,—Your letter, informing me that of Mr. Russell is just received.

I regret exceedingly that my very agreeable and instructive intercourse with Mr. Russell—for which I am deeply indebted to him—should have led to any misunderstanding however trivial. I can not, however, in justice to the line which I have drawn for myself in this case, suffer the shadow of a doubt to rest upon its integrity.

The history of my acquaintance with W. H. Russell, Esq., LL.D., can be briefly stated. After arriving in April last, I met him in Frank Taylor's book store in Washington. In the course of a little chat, I mentioned that in connection with *Harper's Weekly*, on which the conversation turned upon our mutual profession, the *Illustrated London News* had also called upon him that evening. When we met, in his room, at the hour appointed, the conversation turned upon the proposed trip South, and the name of our Editor. Mr. Russell proposed Southern tour was mentioned, and I had the honor of inquiring from him if I could not travel in his company him. I immediately communicated the invitation to you, and on receiving your letter, in which you have you approved of my going South with Mr. Russell on certain conditions, I visited him again, and read to him the paragraph in your note referring to the proposed journey. His reply was in substance as follows:

"Tell the editor of *Harper's Weekly* that I am very happy to have you with me, and will do all I can to assist you."

About a fortnight afterward I received a note from him announcing his up-coming departure, which I found exceedingly together. Previous to my departure I had been introduced to Mr. John Forsyth, of Mobile, and spoken of the engagement I was under with you. Mr. Forsyth professed to be glad to see me, and invited me to visit Mobile. This courtesy I declined on the ground of my prior engagement with Mr. Russell. I visited Mobile after Mr. Forsyth again till we reached Mobile, when I was the recipient of fresh attentions at his hands.

One afternoon at Mobile, I found Mr. John Forsyth in company with other gentlemen in the Ladies' reception parlor. Mr. Forsyth called my attention to a paragraph in the current number of the *Illustrated London News*, and you had "dispatched an artist to the South in company with Mr. Russell."

I saw that a crisis had arrived. The loyal tone of the Mobile *Register* rendered it most obnoxious among the rebels. Both Mr. Forsyth and Mr. Forsyth—both knowing perfectly well my connection with *Harper's Weekly*—cast significant looks at me; the gentlemen around me suspiciously informed, looked suspicious, and angry (I was afterward informed that the house of a gentleman who had but the same risk of closing my career then and there). Under the circumstances, feeling that my interposition was desirable to embarrass Mr. Russell who had been so kind to me, and—to do full justice to your interests—to the Journal, I sent a statement which might have rendered my journey futile, and endangered my life, to the Mobile *Register*. The advertisement was very strange, and I could not under. stand it. I penciled a letter to you in the leading office of the artist drawing for the *Illustrated London News*; and this so thoroughly satisfied Mr. Forsyth that he immediately withdrew.

After they had gone, Mr. Russell thoughtfully advised me to leave the Confederate States before copies of *Harper's Weekly* containing my sketches reached the South. I precisely assured him that there was little danger, as the Secession Press had not been issued regularly from the mails by the secessionists—a prediction which has been well verified.

I am very sorry indeed to be placed in an attitude of apparent duplicity toward Mr. Russell, between whom and myself there exist the most friendly relations. But the fact is that both he and Mr. John Forsyth, of Mobile, knew, at the time of my acquaintance with me, that I was the special artist of *Harper's Weekly*. And if my regard for them and for the interests of the Journal I represent were not sufficient to prevent a contravention of my instructions, I was justified in denying what they previously knew.

Hoping that this explains fully yours,
THEODORE R. DAVIS.

We are bound to say, in justice to Mr. RUSSELL, whom we have ever found to be an honorable, truth-telling gentleman, that other persons confirm his version of his relations to Mr. DAVIS. Mr. H. RUSSELL, LL.D., Barrister at Law. Thus Major BEN. PERLEY POORE, of the Eighth Massachusetts Regiment, whose word no one will doubt, writes us as follows:

HEAD-QUARTERS MAJ. GEN'L. CAMP EISNER,
WASHINGTON, *July 8, 1861.*

To the Editor of Harper's Weekly:

SIR,—I have had the pleasure to spend a portion of the Washington papers, and in the Washington correspondence of the New York and Philadelphia papers, that Mr. Davis, their correspondent, was with the party of our friend Russell Southward. I remember telling Mr. Davis that I had met him somewhere before, and that was in Boston.

Some days afterward I was invited to the house of Mr. Rodolfo Fillo to meet Mr. Russell, Mr. Davis, and among the guests, and I well remember that when Mr. Russell was at the table—he—Mr. Russell—pointed Mr. Davis out to his seeing companion, etc., saying, pleasantly, "I learn our artist-correspondent has left us." Mr. Davis was then present, and heard the remark.

Mr. Davis is a gentleman of the highest honor, members of the Government, covertly accusing them of complicity with traitors, and allowing them to be installed in positions (if you are a newspaper) like a common thief.

By representing the commanding General as secretly wishing to treat with rebels, and not a suppression of the rebellion.

By aspersing the characters and motives of Generals acting under the immediate orders of the military Commander-in-Chief.

By scrutinizing the details of administration in every department of the army unfavorably.

By always imputing the worst of motives to your opponents in your own party.

By so sophisticating and magnifying undoubted mistakes as to leave the inevitable impression that there are nothing but mistakes to be mentioned.

By insinuating that all delay indicates treachery or cowardice.

Do this incessantly to an Administration which undertakes the Government under incalculable disadvantages, at a moment when immense difficulties are to be encountered, and many grave errors are inevitable; persist in rubbing every chafe into a fester, and denying that any good can be expected from the management of affairs unless the managers are incessantly kicked and spurred and taunted and ridiculed, and you will have the proud satisfaction of having done all you can do to destroy that hearty public confidence, without which an Administration could grapple with the emergency, and to persuade the people that, as their affairs are in such bad hands, and can not be constitutionally taken out of them for four years, the only way to save themselves is to insist upon making the best terms possible with the rebels.

Then, when you have succeeded in doing this, nothing remains but that you should turn upon the friends who reason with you, and say, "Didn't I told you so; I always knew there would be a compromise!"

THE COMET.

MR. BOND, the university astronomer at Cambridge, says that the present comet is the mass of 1264, the Pope Urban comet; nor yet that of 1556, the Charles Fifth comet; but an entirely new and unexpected visitor. Whether it be equal of immperial, or neither, the comet is a very splendid stranger; and in other ages would have been regarded at this epoch as the visible genius of war and confusion. Of all the celestial phenomena comets have always been considered the most portentous. Bodies which have had orbits accurately mized them, they portended dreadful events, or foreshadowed great changes.

If our present visitor be, as has been generally supposed, but as Mr. Bond denies, the comet of Charles Fifth, it is pleasant to reflect that its last appearance was the herald of the great Elizabethan era in England and the beginning of modern history. 1556, the date of its last appearance, was the year in which Charles Fifth abdicated. He had been the arch-enemy of the Reformation, and his abdication may, by the light of the comet, appear to be one of the direct results of the principle which opposed human freedom. It portended also the accession of Elizabeth in 1558. Edmund Spenser and Hooker were three years old and Philip Sydney two, when it shone last. Chapman was born in 1557, Bacon in 1561, Marlowe in 1562, Shakespeare in 1564, Ben Jonson in 1573, Fletcher, Massinger, were not very far off. All the singers and sayers and doers

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THE LOUNGER.

THE MESSAGE.

THE Message of the President is truly American. Among all the messages of late years it is the most thoroughly democratic. With an unusually clear position of the essential point of the case—that this is the Government of the people or it is nothing, since the Government is nothing except as the people uphold it—he makes his statement and appeal through their representatives to the people themselves.

But still more than this. While many Presidents of many parties would have endeavored to save the Government as they found it, this President would so clearly comprehend or so simply state what the Government was that they were saying. This President was found not acting upon the rights of man; and for the first time in long years the President recognizes that fact. Presidents' messages have been, as a rule, labored defenses of an oligarchical and aristocratic administration of the Government. At length there is a people's President, who means and says that the Government of the United States is restored to its original principles. It is not a matter of party, but of intelligent congratulation.

The character and scope of our system have never been more admirably stated than in the following extract from this Message. It would have been a good thing to make the reading of the Message a special order for the day in every camp of the citizen soldiery of the United States. Every bounty would have rung from the Missouri to the Penobscot, "God save the President of the United States and the Union of the States!"

"This is essentially a people's contest. On the side of the Union it is a struggle for maintaining in the world that form and substance of government whose leading object is to elevate the condition of men, to lift artificial weights from all shoulders, to clear the path of laudable pursuit for all, to afford a fair field for all motives, for all hopes in the race of life, yielding to partial and temporary departures from these principles as the lesser evil, the Government for whose existence we contend. I am most happy to believe that the plain people understand and appreciate this."

LEARNED VIEWS OF CONSTITUTIONAL RIGHT.

THERE are some people and papers who are sadly distressed by the "unconstitutionality" of General Banks's arrest of Marshal Kane in Baltimore. One of these papers has a right to know that the Act of Congress could make the President's proclamation for troops to put down insurrection against the laws legal.

According to these learned pundits the only constitutional thing is treason and rebellion and overthrow of the Government. Here is a system, they think, which can not lawfully resist its own violent destruction. They merely repeat the doctrine of Mr. Buchanan's Attorney-General, that the Union up the Government; but if any body tries, the Government has no right to help itself.

These are the learned views political existence is going to be saved in spite of rebellion.

WHO ARE AGAINST US?

SHOULD there ever be any surrender to any rebellion in this country, who would be responsible for it? Plainly those who, under the guise of supporting the cause, should have sharpened the public mind by poisoning it with suspicion of the disloyalty or the incompetency of the Administration. If the curious inquirer asks how this could be done, the equally plain answer would be,

By insisting at no charge or occasion.

By intriguing against the Administration.

By always imputing the worst of motives to your own party.

By so sophisticating and magnifying undoubted mistakes as to leave the inevitable impression that there are nothing but mistakes to be mentioned.

By insinuating that all delay indicates treachery or cowardice.

Do this incessantly to an Administration which undertakes the Government under incalculable disadvantages, at a moment when immense difficulties are to be encountered, and many grave errors are inevitable; persist in rubbing every chafe into a fester, and denying that any good can be expected from the management of affairs unless the managers are incessantly kicked and spurred and taunted and ridiculed, and you will have the proud satisfaction of having done all you can do to destroy that hearty public confidence, without which an Administration could grapple with the emergency, and to persuade the people that, as their affairs are in such bad hands, and can not be constitutionally taken out of them for four years, the only way to save themselves is to insist upon making the best terms possible with the rebels.

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kept shouting 'Go on!' we should have stood still till the judgment-day."

It was a shrewd clergyman: "Only keep on praying long enough," said he, "and you are sure to have your prayer answered, to the infinite credit of your superior piety, or patriotism, as the case may be."

OF LIBERTY OF SPEECH.

The Government of the United States is engaged in a struggle for its own existence. The principle of that Government is the constitutional protection of the rights of men. Its army, therefore, marches to defend those rights, and enforce others that of free speech. Consequently, the unprecedented spectacle is shown to the world of a Government so true to its fundamental principles that it suffers itself in time of war to be most unscrupulously assailed and maligned, and permits the rebellion it is crushing to be openly and unhesitatingly defended by papers which it protects from injury. And those papers which are acting thus can to overthrow the Government which secures these rights, and to establish a system of society in which freedom of speech and of the press shall be annihilated, shamelessly assert that liberty of speech is in danger among us.

Their very boldness and daily issue is the refutation of their own calumny.

When the Baltimore murders of the 19th April occurred, a great excited men, who began to see what papers were really responsible for the exasperation, went to their offices and insisted that the stars and stripes should be raised. But the police, against which those papers had likewise daily inveighed, protected the papers then, as the Government is now protecting them now. No candid man will compare those transient disturbances of popular indignation with the permanent moderation of the malicious States. If any journal within those States should try to take a corresponding position to that of these papers in the Free States, the journal would be suppressed by law the office sacked, and the editors hung at the first door by a mob.

As for the petition of Mr. Guion, he and his friends have the most undoubted right to petition for what they choose. But if other people sign the petition without reading it, they have an equally undoubted right to call the police to help them erase their names; and to take the petition for that purpose and keep it until that purpose is accomplished. It is not to suppress a right, but to correct a fraud.

The right of the freest speech and of petition are the birthright of every American citizen. Those rights are respected in the free, loyal States of this country, with some few and flagrant exceptions. Those rights are outraged in the slave, rebellious States of this country. If the rebellion prevails, those rights will be every where denied and destroyed.

The papers of which we have spoken claim the right of free speech for the purpose of annihilating free speech. That right will be protected in the exercise of that right by the same Government of all the people, which will frustrate the end they seek.

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

On the day of the last Presidential election, a protracted meeting was in successful progress at the Methodist church in the village of Pecan, in one of the border counties of Virginia. The minister in charge, the Rev. Mr. T——, was a Democrat, and a very earnest partisan for a minister of his latitude. Evening services were far advanced in the meeting, when, as an excitement consequent to the day, that near the door of the church, the good preacher (who was a good man), mistaking the appearances of fire for the outer the influence of the *spirit* (nor was he far out of it), approached, in his search for conversions, and whispered in "——," with you not come forward and join us?" "I was, sir," replied the boy, but half-choking reply. "Come forward and join us," earnestly rewhisper. "I will, sir—immediately." "S-s-s-s-s-?" "I shouldn't like," "I am an old-like Whig, and shall live and die one." This reply was received with unexpected merriment by the congregation, while the minister retraced his steps to the altar, there to pray, doubtless mentally calculating that N—was joined to his idols.

An Irishman called on a lady and gentleman, in whose employ he was, for the purpose of getting some assistance. "I had a drame last night, yer honor," said he to the gentleman, "and I want you to help me to interpret it." "What, Patrick, that yer honor made me a present of a pound of tobacco, and last night when I was asleep I dramed I was chewing it, and my tay for the good with." "Ah, Pat, dreams by go contraries, you know," said the gentleman. "Faith, and they may that," said Pat: "so her indyship is to give the tobacco and his honor the tay."

MRS. PARTINGTON ON WIDOWS.—"Oh what trials a poor widow has to go through!" sighed Mrs. Partington, rocking herself to and fro mechanically on a sofa, and holding the morsel of mentachey between her thumb and her finger, terribly afraid she had had a hankchy to be executor to an intestine estate, where enviable people are trying every day to overcome the widow's might; where it's probe it, probe it, probe it all the time, and then you probe it, and then you probe it again. The poor widow never gets justice, for if she gets all she don't get half enough. I have had one trial of it, and if ever I marry again I'll make my pretended husband fabricate our will before he'll have the wedding-ring—I'll take time by the forepot, as the sage says."

Berrynose happening to come late to the theatre, and having to climb over a bench, was obliged to the last moment, when, to heighten his perplexity, the key of his drawer slipped down his leg. "Oh!" he said, "I must have swallowed it."—"Never mind," said his friend Bannister, coolly, "if you have, it will soon be upon your chest."

Two cardinals found fault with Raphael for having, in one of his pictures, given too fleshy a representation of Jupiter and his Paul. "Gentlemen," replied the artist, "don't be surprised: I paint them just as they look to me. They are thinking with shame to see the Church below so badly governed."

Missionary Wolff tells a story of a certain M. Preiswerg, of Geneva, a good and excellent Christian, to whom a ghost appeared as he was going to bed, and said, "I am the ghost of a person who was hanged here six weeks ago." "That's no business of mine," replied Preiswerg; "so, good-night."

A Scotch advocate, pleading the cause of a widow against a drunken, the Judge recommended that the parties should "feel each other's palms." Mr. L——a, looking earnestly at his brethren, exclaimed, "Where there is no beard there can be no palms, my lord."

SIMILAR MISFORTUNES.—A contemporary states that "Mr. Tait was run over and killed in the Cleveland road the other day," and adds that "a similar misfortune occurred to him about ten years ago. A few more such "similar misfortunes" will be the death of him.

"Indie, my boy," said an Irishman to a friend on his arrival at Calcutta, "is jist the finest country in the universe; but a lot of young fellows come out here, and they drink and they sin, and they ate and they shrink, and they die; and then they write home to their friends a pack of lies, and say the climate has killed 'em."

Some say there's nothing made in vain,
While others the reverse maintain,
But I can't see
By citing animals like these—
Lobsters, bedbugs, fleas, and geese—
And worse than all, a dandy.

A retired schoolmaster excuses his passion for angling by saying that, from constant habit, he never feels quite himself unless he is handling the rod.

A man was suspected of stealing a horse, and was taken up. "Why, sir, I takes the horse," said the man to the police. "I take you for a horse," was the reply; whereupon he kicked the fellow down the steps.

"What is the reason that your wife and you always disagree?" asked one Irishman of another. "Because we are both of one mind. She wants to be master, and so do I."

"I am a great gun," said a tipsy printer, who had been on the spree for a week. "Yes," said his companion, "you are a great gun, and half-cocked, and you can consider yourself discharged." "Well," said Typo, "then I had better go off."

A miller, giving a testimonial to the proprietor of a powder for destroying rats, wrote that after using the powder, "I was full of rats a fortnight since, and now I don't see a dozen."

A pragmatical young fellow, sitting at table opposite Lord Eldon, when plain John Scott, asked him, "What difference is there between a goose and Scott?" "Just the breadth of this table," was the reply.

An Irishman who had been hurt a few months in this country, and who had received a gentleman in a subscription, being sent with a note, with the command to make all possible haste, found on the way a turtle, which he picked up, supposing it to be a pocket-book. Determining to keep it, he hurried on to the place where he was to receive the supposed prize, but placed it in his pocket, anticipating a rich reward when he should get home. Before he had reached home the turtle had made its way nearly out of his pocket, when he felt it, and, supposing it was the reward, cried out, "Oh his arrival at the house he took it out, and to his great disappointment, but fall of rage, threw it, he roared wildly into the kitchen, exclaiming to the cook, "Bessie, Bessie, *did ye ever see a toad with a knee?*"

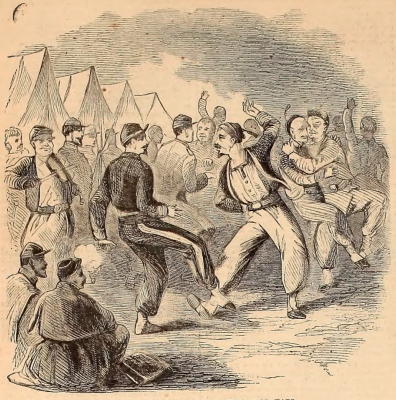
DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

THE PRESIDENT'S MESSAGE.

The President, in the Message which was read on 4th before Congress, begins by sketching the condition of the country. "A right result may be confidently expected if the policy" looked to the exhaustion of all peaceful measures before a resort to force as a last remedy. This means within his reach for the reinforcement of Major Anderson, but would have abandoned Fort Sumter, and was a blunder which prevented the reinforcement of Fort Pickens. Fearful that the latter would be attacked and captured, the President determined to attempt to supply Sumter by force, and gave due notice of such purpose to the Governor of South Carolina. The notice was driven to sail out the war in power of the Government, and the fleet with it, and was only obeyed by the Free States and Delaware. Virginia passed an ordinance of secession in April, when the passage seized the arsenal at Harper's Ferry and the navy-yard at Gosport. Referring to the forces in the field concerning which Rockley proposes to maintain, the President calls for "a division of forces." The Secretary of War was put in a calling for troops, and suspending the *habeas corpus* act, in favor of the military authorities, he asks for such acts to Congress for indemnity. He has forced to choose between breaking one law to enforce the whole body of laws to impunity, and he chose the former as the least evil. What he now asks is that Congress will say in the following sentence:

He now recommended that you give the legal sanction for making this contract a short and decisive one. He asks you to place at the disposal of the Government for the next 400,000 men and $400,000,000. In full view of his great responsibility to his country and his duty, he does not shrink from laying before you these, or any other measures which Rockley proposes to maintain, the President calls

THE ELEVENTH INDIANA REGIMENT OF ZOUAVES, COLONEL L. WALLACE.

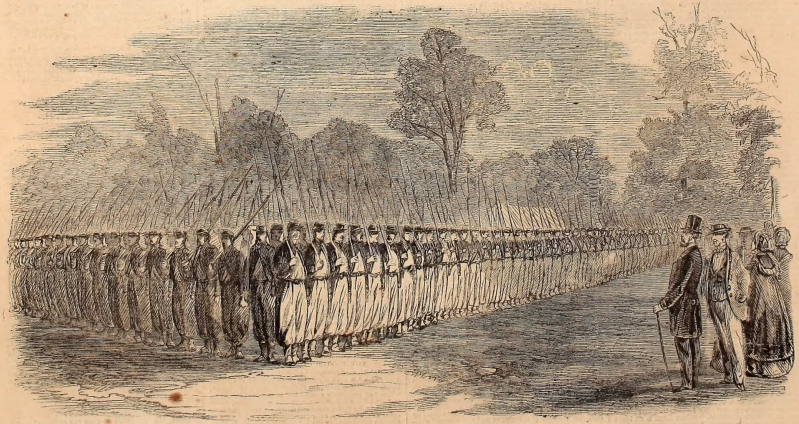


CAMP RECREATIONS—FROM TATTOO TILL TAPS.

CAMP RECREATIONS—JUST AFTER DRESS PARADE.

DEPLOYED AS SKIRMISHERS.—[FROM A PHOTOGRAPH.]

RALLYING BY FOURS.—[FROM A PHOTOGRAPH.]



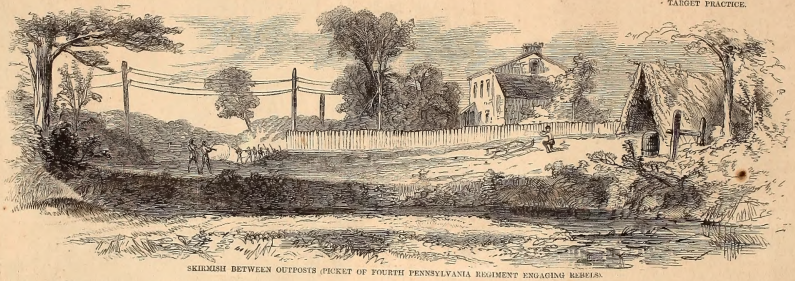
FORMED IN HOLLOW SQUARE.—[FROM A PHOTOGRAPH.]

SCENES ABOUT CAMP.—[By our Special Artist with General M'Dowell's Corps d'Armée.]

WASHING CLOTHES.

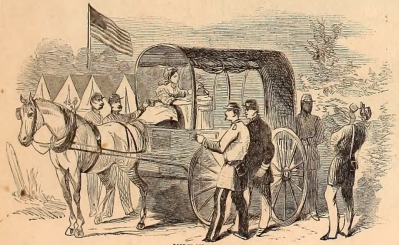
TARGET PRACTICE.

THE HAMMOCK.



SKIRMISH BETWEEN OUTPOSTS (PICKET OF FOURTH PENNSYLVANIA REGIMENT ENGAGING REBELS).

WRITING TO FRIENDS AT HOME.

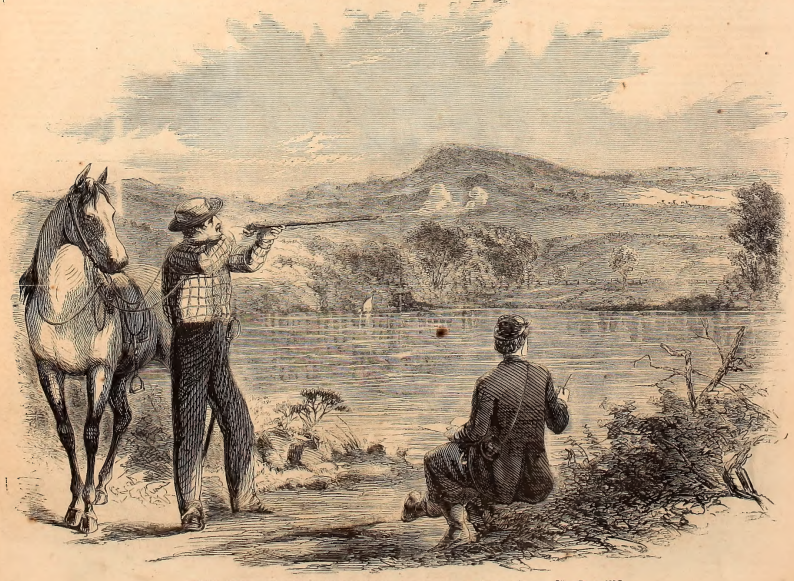


MILK-WAGON.

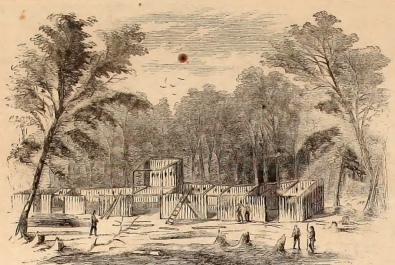
THE DAUGHTER OF THE REGIMENT.

THE NEW YORK PAPER.

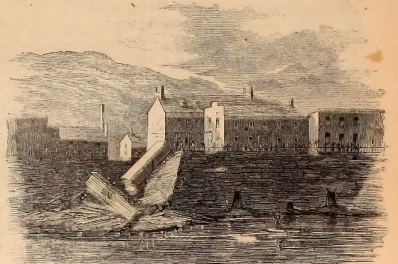
HAGERSTOWN, MARYLAND, WITH M'MULLIN'S RANGERS IN THE FORE-GROUND.—SKETCHED BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST.—[SEE PAGE 455.]



MAJOR KNIPE WINGING A SECESSIONIST.—SKETCHED BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST.—[SEE PAGE 463.]



STOCKADE AND CAMP OF THE KENTUCKY REGIMENT (REBEL), ON THE MARYLAND HEIGHTS, OPPOSITE HARPER'S FERRY.



DESTRUCTION OF RAILWAY CARS AT HARPER'S FERRY BY THE MISSISSIPPIANS.

VIEW OF HAGERSTOWN.—PHILADELPHIA RANGERS.

On page 454 will be found a picture, from a drawing by our special artist, now with General Patterson's division, giving a view of Hagerstown as seen from head-quarters, together with a fine group of M'Mullin's Philadelphia Rangers in the fore-ground. The Rangers number a full company, and are encamped near head-quarters as a body-guard to General Patterson. They are the pets of this portion of the army, and have already earned for themselves an enviable reputation by their valuable and daring services to the Government as scouts. Their quiet deportment and unassuming air have won for the Rangers a host of friends among the Pennsylvanians and Marylanders with whom they have thus far sojourned. Captain M'Mullin himself served valiantly in the Mexican war, as did also many of those now under his experienced command. He is a good soldier and an exceedingly popular officer.

Hagerstown is a city of about 4500 inhabitants, contains seven churches and three banks, and is the dépôt for an extensive grain-growing country. Its site is very beautiful, being in the heart of the Cumberland Valley. On either side run the North and South Mountains, about twenty-five miles apart, and along the eastern limits of the place courses a charming rivulet, the Antietam. Washington County, of which Hagerstown is the chief mart, was organized in 1776. Elizabethtown was the name given to the original settlement, but this was changed to its present title by act of Legislature about the year 1813, out of compliment to Christian Hager, a prominent citizen. A corporation charter was also obtained at the same time, and a Moderator and Commissioners formed the officers of the city government. A new charter in 1846 provided for the election of a Mayor and Common Council.

Many delightful drives are to be found around the city, and many elegant residences. Among the more prominent public buildings depicted in our sketch are the Lutheran and Dutch Reformed churches, the Market, and the Washington House. The latter is a surprisingly fine hotel for so small a place, being large, handsome, and well kept. An unwonted prominence has lately been given to Hagerstown by reason of its being selected as the head-quarters of the "Military Department of Pennsylvania," over which Major-General Patterson presides.

LOCOMOTIVE AND TENDER THROWN FROM THE RAILWAY BRIDGE AT HARPER'S FERRY BY THE REBELS.

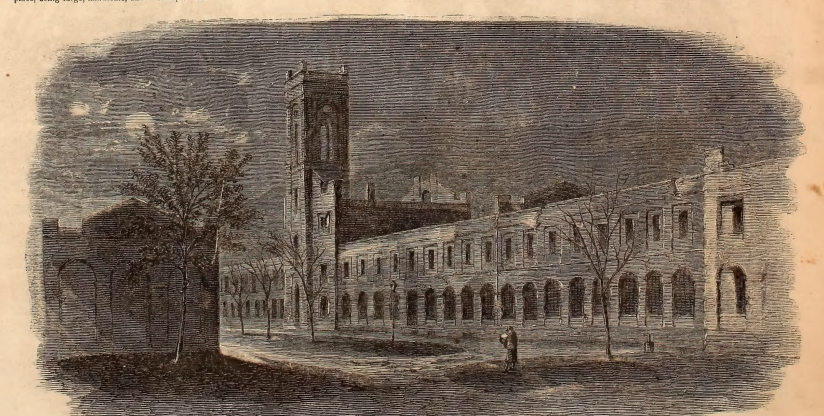
HARPER'S FERRY.

We publish on this page some engravings of scenes at Harper's Ferry which illustrate the condition in which the rebels have left that romantic spot.

Two of our pictures represent THE DESTRUCTION OF LOCOMOTIVES ON THE BALTIMORE AND OHIO RAILROAD. No less than fifty of the finest locomotives on the road have been destroyed at Martinsburg and other points. The engine represented in our picture was brought up from the Maryland side of the Potomac; the day before the destruction of the bridge it was left standing on the Winchester road, and a few days after the retreat a detachment of rebels returned to the Ferry and run it off the end of the ruined bridge into the river, where it now lies in the position depicted in the sketch.

The sketch of the ARMORY was made from the upper end of the Armory yard, looking down. It shows a portion of the works, but they all look alike now, all in ruins, every vestige of wood-work destroyed. A settled melancholy now hangs over the place with its long lines of blackened walls and deserted, lonely appearance.

The KENTUCKY REGIMENT, Colonel Duncan, whose camp we illustrate, recently composed part of General Johnston's command at Harpe'r's Ferry. They occupied the Heights on the Maryland side of the river. Their principal camp, about a mile from the Ferry, numbered some fifty or sixty log cabins, laid off in streets, having the appearance of quite a town. The fort or stockade is just behind the camp, facing north; it is made of a double row of logs set endwise in the ground. It is loop-holed for the use of musketry, and might prove a very good protection from a bullet, but would stand no chance at all from the fire of a six-pounder. They left it unfinished in their retreat.



HARPER'S FERRY ARMORY AS IT NOW APPEARS.

THE NAVY-YARD AT BROOKLYN,

SAVANNAH. E. B. CUYLER. MT. VERNON. ROANOKE. RESOLUTE. WABASH.

W YORK, JUNE, 1861.—[See Page 463.]

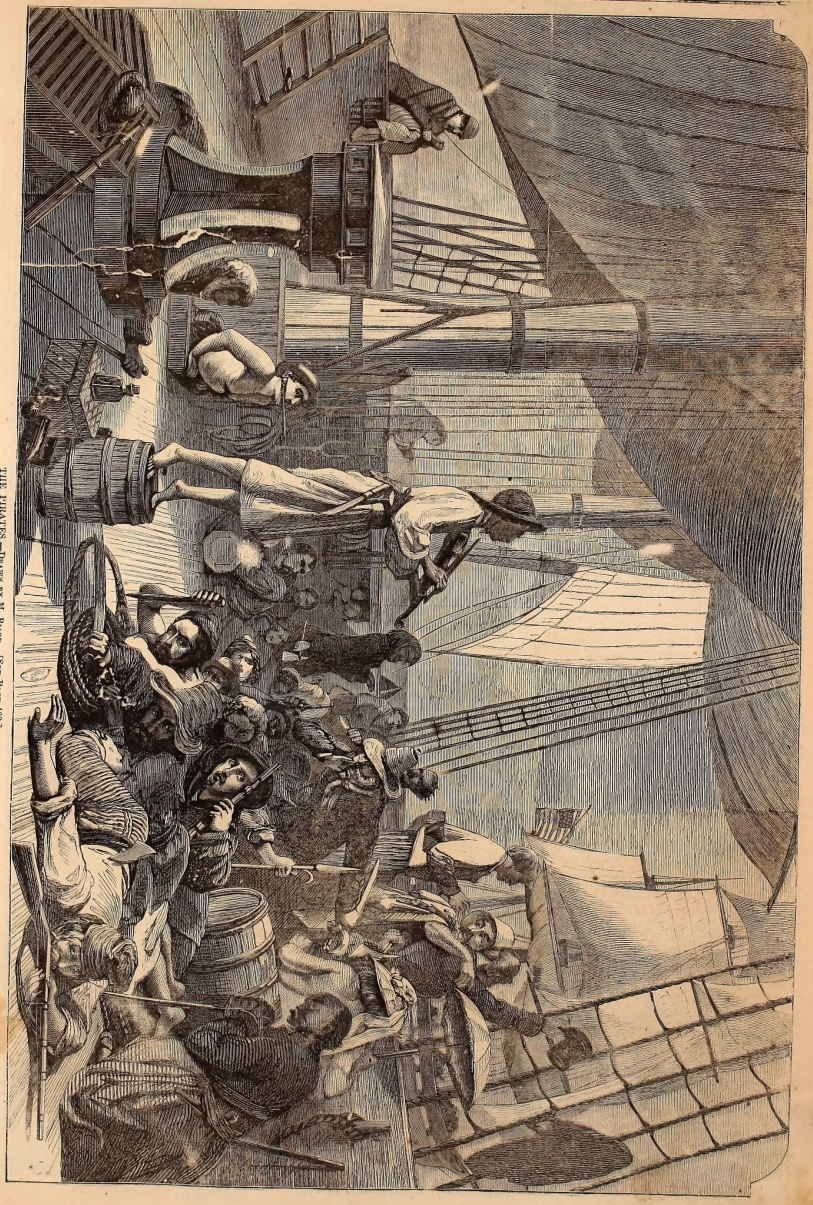
READING THE WAR BULLETINS IN BROADWAY, NEW YORK.

VIRGINIA MOUNTAINEERS.

WE publish on this page a picture representing a group of VIRGINIA MOUNTAINEERS. The artist to whom we are indebted for the sketch thus describes it:

I send you a sketch made up from separate drawings taken from life, and which may be relied on as a fair specimen of the Virginia mountaineers. The Blue Ridge at this time swarms with these men, acting as mounted rifles and sharp-shooters. They are all large, few being under six feet high, of powerful muscular build, and from a continuous active life in the open air, are inured to all sorts of hardships. Their dress is both picturesque and comfortable, being composed of a mixture of homespun and deerskin, which, together with a coonskin cap, imparts a somewhat savage expression to their bronzed countenances.

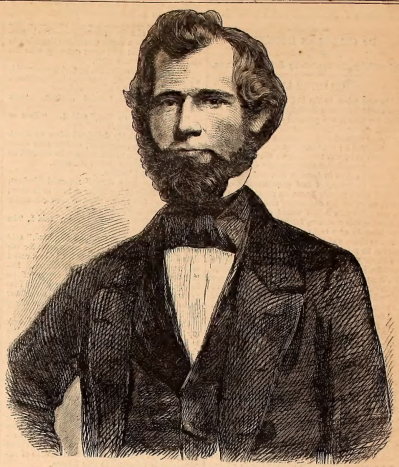
THE SECESSIONIST ARMY—IRREGULAR RIFLEMEN OF THE ALLEGHANIES, VIRGINIA.



THE PIRATES.—DRAWN BY H. BRIDE.—[SEE PAGE 463.]

BALLOON VIEW OF THE SEAT OF WAR.

MAJOR-GENERAL PATTERSON.—FROM A PHOTOGRAPH



SPEAKER GROW.—PHOTOGRAPHED BY BRADY.—[SEE PAGE 463.]

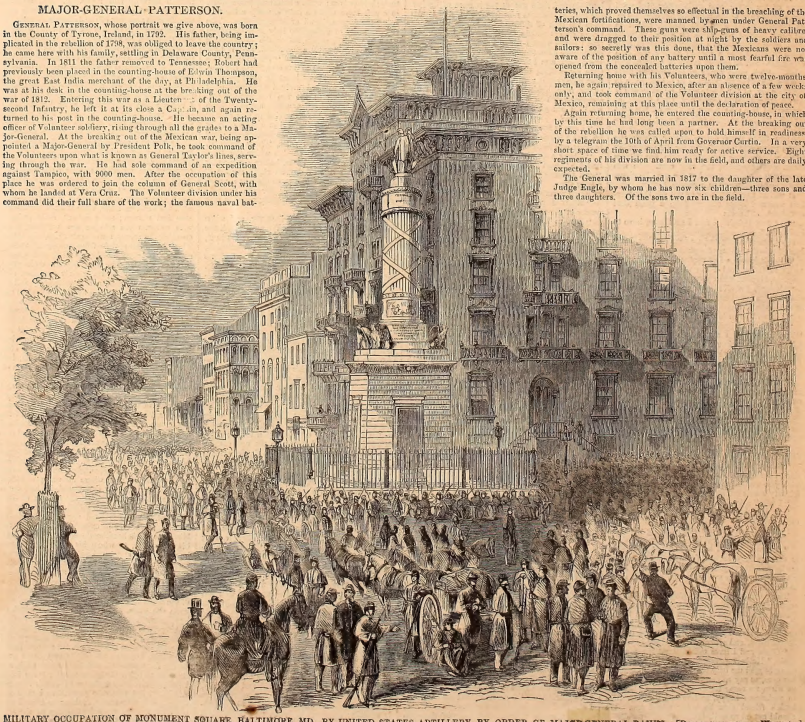
MAJOR-GENERAL PATTERSON.

GENERAL PATTERSON, whose portrait we give above, was born in the County of Tyrone, Ireland, in 1792. His father, being implicated in the rebellion of 1798, was obliged to leave the country; he came here with his family, settling in Delaware County, Pennsylvania. In 1811 the father removed to Tennessee; Robert had previously been placed in the counting-house of Edwin Thompson, the great East India merchant of the day, at Philadelphia. He was at his desk in the counting-house at the breaking out of the war of 1812. Entering this war as a Lieutenant of the Twenty-second Infantry, he left it at its close a Captain, and again returned to his post in the counting-house. He became an acting officer of Volunteer soldiery, rising through all the grades to a Major-General. At the breaking out of the Mexican war, being appointed a Major-General by President Polk, he took command of the Volunteers upon what is known as General Taylor's lines, serving through the war. He had sole command of an expedition against Tampico, with 9000 men. After the occupation of this place he was ordered to join the column of General Scott, with whom he landed at Vera Cruz. The Volunteer division under his command did their full share of the work; the famous naval batteries, which proved themselves so effectual in the breaching of the Mexican fortifications, were manned by men under General Patterson's command. These guns were ship-guns of heavy calibre, and were dragged to their position at night by the soldiers and sailors: so secretly was this done, that the Mexicans were not aware of the position of any battery until a most fearful fire was opened from the concealed batteries upon them.

Returning home with his Volunteers, who were twelve-months' men, he again repaired to Mexico, after an absence of a few weeks only, and took command of the Volunteer division at the city of Mexico, remaining at this place until the declaration of peace.

Again returning home, he entered the counting-house, in which by this time he had long been a partner. At the breaking out of the rebellion he was called upon to hold himself in readiness, by a telegram the 10th of April from Governor Curtin. In a very short space of time we find him ready for active service. Eight regiments of his division are now in the field, and others are daily expected.

The General was married in 1817 to the daughter of the late Judge Engle, by whom he has now six children—three sons and three daughters. Of the sons two are in the field.



MILITARY OCCUPATION OF MONUMENT SQUARE, BALTIMORE, MD., BY UNITED STATES ARTILLERY, BY ORDER OF MAJOR-GENERAL BANKS.—[PHOTOGRAPHED BY WEAVER.]

GREAT EXPECTATIONS.

A NOVEL.

By CHARLES DICKENS.

Splendidly Illustrated by John McLenan.

CHAPTER LIV.

He was taken to the Police Court next day and would have been immediately committed for trial, but that it was necessary to send down for an old officer of the prison-ship from which he had once escaped to speak to his identity. Nobody doubted it; but Compeyson, who had means to depose to it, was tumbling on the tides, dead, and it happened that there was not at that time any prison officer in London who could give the required evidence. I had gone direct to Mr. Jaggers at his private house, on my arrival overnight, to retain his assistance, and Mr. Jaggers on the prisoner's behalf would admit nothing. It was the sole resource, for he told me that the case must be over in five minutes when the witness was there, and that no power on earth could prevent its going against us.

I imparted to Mr. Jaggers my design of keeping him in ignorance of the fate of his wealthy Mr. Jaggers was querulous and angry with me for having "let it slip through my fingers," and said we must memorialize by-and-by, and try at all events for some of it. But he did not conceal from me that although there might be many cases in which the forfeiture would not be exacted, there were no circumstances in this case to make it one of them. I understood that very well. I was not related to the outlaw, or connected with him by any recognizable tie; he had put his hand to no writing or settlement in my favor before his apprehension, and to do so now would be idle. I had no claim, and I finally resolved, and ever afterward abided by the resolution, that my heart should never be sickened with the hopeless task of attempting to establish one.

There appeared to the reason for supposing that the deluded informer had hoped for a reward out of this forfeiture, and had obtained some accurate knowledge of Magwitch's affairs. When his body was found, many miles from the scene of his death, and so horribly disfigured that he was only recognizable by the contents of his pockets, notes were still legible, folded in the outer case of the watch he wore. Among these, were the name of a banking-house in New South Wales, where a sum of money was, and the designation of certain lands of considerable value. Both these heads of information were in a list that Magwitch, while in prison, gave to Mr. Jaggers, of the possessions he supposed I should inherit. His ignorance, poor fellow, at last served him: he never knew what but this my inheritance was quite safe, with Mr. Jaggers's aid.

After three days' delay, during which the crown prosecution stood over for the production of the witness from the prison-ship, the witness came, and completed the easy case. He was committed to take his trial at the next Sessions, which would come on in a month.

It was at this dark time of my life that Herbert returned home one evening, a good deal cast down, and said:

"My dear Handel, I fear I shall soon have to leave you."

His partner having prepared me for that, I was less surprised than he thought.

"We shall lose a fine opportunity if I put off going to Cairo, and I am very much afraid I must go. Handel, when you must need me!"

"Herbert, I shall always need you, because I shall always love you; but my need is no greater now than at another time."

"You will be so lonely."

"I have not leisure to think of that," said I. "You know that I am always with him to the full extent of the time allowed, and that I should be with him all day long, if I could. And when I come away from him, you know that my thoughts are with him."

The dreadful condition to which he was brought was so appalling to both of us that we could not refer to it in plainer words.

"My dear fellow," said Herbert, "let the new prospect of my separation—for it is very near—be my justification for troubling you about yourself. Have you thought of your future?"

"No, for I have been afraid to think of any future."

"But yours can not be dismissed; indeed my dear, dear Handel, it must not be dismissed. I wish you would enter on it now, as far as a few friendly words go, with me."

"I will," said I.

"In this branch house of ours, Handel, we must have a—"

I saw that his delicacy was avoiding the right word, so I said, "A clerk."

"A clerk. And I hope it is not at all unlikely that he may expand (as a clerk of your acquaintance has expanded) into a partner. Now, Handel—in short, my dear boy, will you come to me?"

There was something charmingly cordial and engaging in the manner in which after saying "Now, Handel," as if it were the open sesame of portentous business exordium, he had suddenly given up that tone, stretched out his honest hand, and spoken like a school-boy.

"Clara and I have talked about it and again," Herbert pursued, "and the dear little thing begged me only this evening, with tears in her eyes, to say to you that if you will live with us when we come together, she will do her best to make you happy, and to convince her husband's friend that he is her friend too. We should get on so well, Handel!"

I thanked her heartily, and I thanked him heartily, but said I could not yet make sure of joining him as he so kindly offered. In truth, my mind was too preoccupied to be able to take in the subject clearly. Secondly——Yes! Secondly, there was a new something lingering in my thoughts that will come out very near the end of this slight narrative.

"But if you thought, Herbert, that you could, without doing any injury to your business, leave the question open for a little while—"

"For any while," cried Herbert. "Six months, a year!"

"Not so long as that," said I. "Two or three months at most."

Herbert was highly delighted when we shook hands on this arrangement, and said he could now take courage to say that he believed he must go away at the end of the week.

"And Clara?" said I.

"The dear darling thing," returned Herbert, "holds dutifully to her father as long as he lasts; but he won't last long. Mrs. Whimple confides to me that he is certainly going."

"Not to say an unfeeling thing," said I, "he can not do better than go."

"I am afraid that must be admitted," said Herbert; "and then I shall come back for the dear little thing, and the dear little thing and I will walk quietly into Little Britain church. Remember! The blessed darling comes of no family, my dear Handel, and never looked into the red book, and therefore is a modest about her grandeur. What a fortune for the son of my mother!"

On the Saturday in that same week I took my leave of Herbert—full of bright hope, but sad and sorry to leave me—as he sat on one of the sea-port mail-coaches. I went into a coffee-house to write a little letter to Clara, telling her he had gone off sending his love to her over and over again, and then went to my lonely home. If it deserved the name, I had no other home to me, and I had no home any where.

On the stairs I encountered Wemmick, who was coming down from the prisoner's application-of his knuckles to my door. I had not seen him alone since the disastrous issue of the attempted flight; and I felt that, in his want of tact and personal capacity, to say a few words of explanation in reference to that failure.

"The late Compeyson, Mr. Wemmick," had by little and little got at the bottom of half of the regular business now transacted, and it was from the talk of those two that Wemmick had (some of his people being always in trouble) that I heard what I did. I kept my ears open, seeming to have nothing to do with it when I was absent, and I thought that would be the best time for making the attempt. I can only suppose now that it was the wrong time, and that clever man, habituated to deceive his own instruments. You don't blame me, I hope, Mr. Pip? I am sure I tried to serve you with all my heart."

"I am as sure of that, Wemmick, as you can be, and I thank you most earnestly for all your interest and friendship."

"Thank you, thank you very much. It's a bad job," said Wemmick, squeezing his hand, "and I assure you I haven't been so cut up for a long time. What I had to do is the sacrifice of as much property as could be got rid of."

"What I think of, Wemmick, is the poor owner of the property."

"Yes, to be sure," said Wemmick. "Of course there can be no objection to your being sorry for him, and I'd put down a five-pound note myself to get a proper bill of the whole look at is this. The late Compeyson having been beforehand with him in intelligence of his return, and having communicated it to that book, I don't think he could have been saved. Whereas the portable property certainly could have been got away. Then, Compeyson between the property and the owner, don't you see?"

I invited Wemmick to come up stairs and refresh himself with a glass of grog before he went to Walworth. He accepted the invitation, and while he was drinking his moderate allowance said, with nothing to lead up to it, and after having appeared rather fidgety:

"What do you think of my meaning to take a holiday one of these days, Mr. Pip?"

"Why, I suppose you have not done such a thing these twelve months."

"You're right, more likely," said Wemmick. "Yes. I'm going to take a holiday. More than that; I'm going to take a walk. More than that; I'm going to ask you to take a walk with me."

I was about to excuse myself, as being but a bad companion just then, when Wemmick anticipated me.

"I know your engagements," said he, "and I know you are out of sorts, Mr. Pip. But if you *could* oblige me, I should take it as a kindness. It ain't a long walk, and it's an early one. Say it might occupy you the breakfast-time, and I'll walk from eight to twelve. Couldn't you stretch a point and manage it?"

He had so much work for me at various times that this was very little to do for him. I said I could manage it—would manage it—and he was so very much pleased by my acquiescence that I was pleased too. At his particular request I appointed to call for him at the Castle at half past seven on Monday morning, and so we parted for the time.

Punctual to my appointment, I rang at the Castle gate on the Monday morning, and was received by Wemmick himself: who struck me as looking sighter than usual, and having a slecker hat on. Within, there were two glasses of rum-and-milk prepared, and two biscuits. The Aged must have been stirring with the lark, for, glancing into the perspective of his bedroom, I observed that his bed was empty.

When we had fortified ourselves with the rum-and-milk and biscuits, and were going out for the walk with that training preparation on us, I was considerably surprised to see Wemmick take up a fishing-rod, and put it over his shoulder. "Why, we are not going fishing!" said I. "No," returned Wemmick, "but I like to walk with one."

I thought this odd; however, I said nothing, and we set off. We went round Camberwell Green, and when we were thereabouts Wemmick said, suddenly,

"Halloa! Here's a church!"

There was nothing very surprising in that; but again, I was rather surprised, when he said, and in the same animated by a brilliant idea,

"Let's go in!"

We went in, Wemmick leaving his fishing-rod in the porch, and looked all round. In the mean time Wemmick was diving into his coat-pockets, and getting something out of paper bags.

"Halloa!" said he. "Here's a couple of pair of gloves! Let's put 'em on!"

As the gloves were his kid gloves, and as the post-office was widened to its utmost extent, I now began to have my strong suspicions. They were strengthened into certainty when I beheld the Aged enter at a side door, escorting a lady.

"Halloa!" said Wemmick. "Here's Miss Skiffins! Let's have a wedding!"

That discreet damsel was attired as usual, except that she was now engaged in substituting for her green kid gloves a pair of white. The Aged was likewise occupied in preparing a similar service for the altar of Hymen. The old gentleman, however, experienced so much difficulty in getting his gloves on, that Wemmick found it necessary to put him with his back against a pillar, and then to get behind the pillar himself, and pull over them, while I for my part held the old gentleman round the waist, that he might present an equal and safe resistance. The art of these dexterous scheme his gloves were got on to perfection.

The clerk and clergyman then appearing, we were ranged in the usual formal rails. True to his notion of seeming to do it all without preparation, I heard Wemmick say to himself as he took something out of his waistcoat pocket before the service began, "Halloa! Here's a ring!"

I acted in the capacity of backer, or best-man, to the bridegroom; while a little limp pew opener, in a soft bonnet like a baby's, made a fetch of being the friend of the bride. Miss Skiffins. The responsibility of giving the lady away devolved upon the Aged, which led to the clergyman being unnecessarily particularized, and it happened thus: When he said "Who giveth this woman to be married to this man?" the old gentleman, not at all comprehending what part of the ceremony we had arrived at, stood most amiably beaming at the ten commandments. Upon which Wemmick cleared away, and "Who giveth this woman to be married to this man?" The old gentleman being still in a state of most admirable unconsciousness, the bridegroom cried out in his accustomed voice, "Now Aged P., you know; who giveth?" To which the Aged replied with great readiness, before saying that he gave, "All right, John, all right, my boy!" And the clergyman came to so gloomy a pause upon it, that I felt it incumbent on me to consider whether we should get completely married that day.

It was completely done, however, and when we were going out of church Wemmick took the cover off the font and put his white gloves in it, and put the cover on again. Mrs. Wemmick, more heedful of the future, put her white gloves in her pocket and assumed her green. "Now, Mr. Pip," said Wemmick, triumphantly wheeling the fishing-rod as we came out, "let me ask you whether any body would suppose this to be a wedding-party?"

Breakfast had been ordered at a pleasant little tavern a mile or so away upon the rising ground beyond the Castle; and there was a bagatelle board in the room in case we should desire to unbend our minds after the solemnity. It was pleasant to observe that Mrs. Wemmick no longer unwound Wemmick's arm when it adapted itself to her figure, but sat in a high-backed chair opposite the wall, like a widowed in its case, and submitted to be embraced as that melodious instrument might have done.

We had an excellent breakfast, and when any one declined any thing on table, Wemmick said, "Provided by contract, you know; don't be afraid of it!" And when he saw me drink to the Aged, drank to the Castle, saluted the bride at parting, and made myself as agreeable as I could.

Wemmick came down to the door with me, and I again shook hands with him, and wished him joy.

"Thankee!" said Wemmick, rubbing his hands. "She's such a manager of fowls you have no idea. You shall have some eggs, and judge for yourself. I say, Mr. Pip!" calling me back, and speaking low. "This is altogether a Wemmick settlement, please."

"I understand. Not to be mentioned in Little Britain," said I.

Wemmick nodded. "After what you let out the other day, Mr. Jaggers may as well not know of it. He might think my basin was softening, or something of the kind."

CHAPTER LV.

He lay in prison very ill, during the whole interval between his committal for trial and the coming round of the Sessions. He had broken two ribs, they had wounded one of his lungs, and he breathed with great pain and difficulty, which increased daily. The one consequence of his hurt that he spoke so low as to be scarcely audible; therefore he spoke very little. But he was ever ready to listen to me, and it became the first duty of my life to say to him, and read to him what I knew he ought to hear.

Being far too ill to remain in the common prison he was removed, after the first day or so, into the Infirmary. This gave me opportunities of being with him that I could not otherwise have had. And but for his illness he would have been put in irons, for he was regarded as a determined prison-breaker, and kept strictly for what else.

Although I saw him every day, it was for only a short time; hence the regularly recurring spaces of our separation were long enough to recast on his face any slight changes that occurred in his physical state. I do not recollect that I once saw any change in it for the better; but I know that as he became more weaker and worse, day by day, from the day when the prison doors closed upon him.

The kind of submission or resignation that he showed was that of a man who was tired out. I sometimes derived an impression, from his manner, or from a whispered word or two which escaped him, that he pondered over the question whether he might have been a better man under better circumstances. But he never justified himself by a hint tending that way, or tried to bend the past out of its eternal shape.

It happened on two or three occasions in my presence that his impending separation was alluded to by one or other of the people in attendance on him. A smile crossed his face then, and he turned his head to me with a tranquil look, as if he were confident that I had seen some small redeeming touch in him, even so long ago as when I was his judge, and as all the rest, he was humble and contrite, and I never drew him complain.

When the assizes came round Mr. Jaggers caused an application to be made for the postponement of his trial until the following Sessions. I forget what the technical reason was that he could not live so long, and was refused. The trial came on at once, and when he was put to the bar he seemed quite a cinder. The only objection was made to my getting close to the dock, on the outside of it, and holding the hand that he stretched forth to me.

The trial was very short and very clear. Such things as could be said for him were said—how he had meant well always, and had been led astray by bad companions, and how he had thriven lawfully and reputably. But nothing could unsay the fact that he had returned, and was then in presence, to receive his sentence. It was impossible to try him for that, and do otherwise than find him Guilty.

The device to which I was the custom (as I learned from my terrible experience of that Sessions) to devote a concluding day to the passing of Sentences, and to have it known beforehand in the Sentence of Death. But for the indelible picture that my remembrance now holds before me, I could scarcely believe, even at the time these words, that I saw two-and-thirty men and women put before the Judge to receive that sentence together. I remember seeing that two-and-thirty was he; seated, that he might get breath enough to keep life in him.

The whole scene comes out again in the vivid colors of the moment, down to the drops of April rain on the windows of the court, glittering in the rays of the April sun. Penned in the dock, as I again stood outside it at the corner with his hand in mine, were the two-and-thirty men and women; some defiant, some callous, some with terror, some sobbing and weeping, some covering their faces, some staring gloomily about. There were two young women who were shortly to be executed, they had been stilled, and a hush had succeeded. The sheriffs with their great chains of office were there, and other officers and monsters, criers, ushers, a great gallery full of people—a large theatrical audience—looked on, as the two-and-thirty and the Judge were solemnly confronted. Then the Judge addressed them. Among the wretched creatures before him whom he was about to doom for capital address was one who almost from his infancy had been an offender against the laws; who, after repeatedly undergoing summary punishment, had been at length sentenced to exile for a term of years; and who, under circumstances of great violence and daring, had broken his bounds, and been resentenced to exile for life. That miserable man would seem for a time to have become morose and brutal in exile: for expelled from the scenes of his old offenses, and to have lived a peaceable and honest life. But in a fatal moment yielding to those remembrances and recollections, the indulgence of which had so long rendered him a scourge to society, he had quitted his haven of rest and repentance, and had come back to the country where he was proscribed. Being here presently denounced, he had for a time succeeded in evading the officers of Justice, but being at length seized while in the act of flight, he had resisted them, and had—he best knew whether by express design, or in the blindness of his hardihood—caused the death of his denouncer, to whom his whole career was known. Therefore he stood condemned, as his return to the land that had cast him out being Death, and his case being this aggravated case, he must prepare himself to die.

The sun was striking in at the great windows of the court through the glittering drops of rain upon the glass, and it made a broad shaft of light between the two-and-thirty and the Judge, lighting both together, and perhaps reminding some among the audience both vividly and unconsciously, with absolute equality, to the greater Judgment that knoweth all things and never errs. Rising for a moment, a distinct speck of face in this way of light, the prisoner said, "My Lord, I have received my sentence of Death from the Almighty, but I bow to yours," and sat down again. There was some hushing, and the Judge went on with what he had to say to the rest. Then they were all formally doomed, and some

of them were supported out, and some of them sauntered out with a haggard look of bravery, and a few nodded to the gallery, and two or three shook hands, and others went out chewing the fragments of herb they had taken from the sweetherbs lying about. He went last of all, because of having to be helped from his chair and to go very slowly; and he held my hand while all the others were attended, and while the audience got up (putting their dresses right, as they might at church or elsewhere) and pointed down at this criminal or at that, and most of all at him and me.

I earnestly hoped and prayed that he might die before the Recorder's Report was made, but, in the dread of his lingering on, I began that night to write out a petition to the Home Secretary of State, setting forth the knowledge of him, and how it was that he had come back for my sake. I wrote it as fervently and pathetically as I could, and when I had finished it and sent it in, I wrote out other petitions to such men in authority as I hoped were the most merciful, and drew up one to the Crown itself. For several days and nights after he was sentenced I took no rest except when I fell asleep in my chair, but was wholly absorbed in these appeals. And after I had sent them in, I could not keep away from the places where they were, but felt as if they were more hopeful and less desperate when I was near them. In this unreasonable restlessness and pain of mind I would roam the streets of an evening, wandering by those offices and houses where I had left the petitions. To the present hour the weary western streets of London on a cold dusty spring night, with their ranges of stern shut-up mansions, and their long rows of lamps, are melancholy to me from this association.

The daily visits I could make him were shortened now, and he was more strictly kept. Seeing, or fancying, that I was suspected of an intention of carrying poison to him, I asked to be searched before I sat down at his bedside, and told the officer where I was always there, that I was willing to do any thing that would assure him of the singleness of my designs. Nobody was hard with him or with me. There was duty to be done, and it was done, but not harshly. The officer always gave me the assurance that he was worse, and some other sick prisoners in the room, and some other prisoners, attended on them as sick nurses (malefactors but not incapable of kindness, God be thanked!) always joined in the same report.

As the days went on, I noticed more and more that he would lie, placidly looking at the white ceiling, in a manner of light in his face, until some word of mine brightened it for an instant, and then it would subside again. Sometimes he was dozing, or quiet, unable to speak, then he would answer me with, slight pressure on my hand, and I grew to understand his meaning very well.

The number of the days had mounted up to ten, when I saw a greater change in him than I had seen yet. His eyes were turned toward the door, and lighted up as I entered.

"Dear boy," he said, as I sat down by his bed: "I thought you was late. But I knowed you couldn't be that."

"It is just the time," said I, "I waited for it at the gate."

"You always waits at the gate; don't you, dear boy?"

"Yes. Not to lose a moment of the time."

"Thankee, dear boy, thankee. God bless you! You've never deserted me, dear boy."

I pressed his hand in answer, for I could not forget that I had once meant to desert him.

"And what's best of all," he said, "you've been more comfortable alongst me, since I was under a dark cloud, than when the sun shone. That's best of all."

He lay on his back, breathing with great difficulty. Do what he would, and love me though he did, the light left his face ever and again, and a film came over the placid look at the white ceiling.

"Are you in much pain to-day?"

"I don't complain of none, dear boy."

"You never do complain, dear Magwitch."

He had spoken his last words. He smiled, and I understood his face to mean that he wished to lift my hand, and lay it on his breast. I laid it there, and he smiled again, and put both his hands upon it.

The allotted time ran out while we were thus; but looking round, I found the governor of the prison standing by me, and he whispered: "You needn't go yet." I thanked him gratefully, and asked, "might I speak to him, if he can hear me?"

The governor stepped aside, and beckoned the officer away. The change, though it was made without noise, drew back the film from the placid look at the white ceiling, and he looked most affectionately at me.

"Dear Pip'ch, I must tell you, now at last. You understand what I say?"

A gentle pressure on my hand.

"You had a child once whom you loved and lost."

A stronger pressure on my hand.

"She lives and loves yourn'al friends. She is living now. She is a lady and very beautiful. And I love her!"

With a last faint effort, which would have been powerless but for my yielding to it and assisting it, he raised my hand to his lips. Then he gently let it sink upon his breast again, with his own hands lying on it. The placid look at the white ceiling came back, and passed away, and his head drooped quietly on his breast.

Mindful, then, of what we had read together, I thought of the two men who went up into the Temple to pray, and knew that there were no better words that I could say beside his but than "O Lord, be merciful to him, a sinner!"

ALSTYNE WHITE.

GRANDMOTHER WHITE, in her easy chair,
Sat beside the cottage door,
Where the restless leaves of the maple-trees
Sifted sunbeams on the floor.

Sifted glinting gleams on the old door-stone,
Worn smooth by the tread of feet;
On the narrow walk, where, on either side,
Blossomed flowers opulent and sweet.

Where the four o'clock, with its dial closed,
Told the primrose when to bloom,
And the great red rose, from its bursting heart,
Flung its wealth of sweet perfume.

Sifted fitful rays on the silver threads
Of the grandame's whitened hair—
On her faded cheek, on her trembling hand—
But a flash met the sunbeam there.

For a shining sword, with its trappings gay,
She held with a firm right hand,
Counting, one by one, the days agone
Since it fell from the soldier's grasp—

Since her darling son laid him down to die,
On the battle-fields of Mexico;
And only this, by a comrade's care,
Came back from that scene of woe.

And ever since, when the roses bloom,
She brightens its blade once more,
And holds a mock parley with the steel,
Sitting thus by the cottage door.

From her listless dream she starts to hear
A voice mingled still with the past,
Saying, "Good-by, mother dear! good-by!"
Then a shadow is quickly cast.

And glancing up in her strange amaze,
Before her there seems to stand
Her son, as he looked when he took the field
For the right, and his native land.

"Grandmother White," said the soldier lad,
"I am going, with all my might,
To fight for the flag that he loved so well,
Ere its stars from its blue were rent.

"And, grandmother, now will you bless your boy,
And bid him to-day God-speed?
That I and my men, in the darkest hour,
May have one with Him to plead?"

"Bless thee, my child!" and the wrinkled hands
Were laid on the low-bowed head,
And a murmured prayer, in her trembling tones,
O'er the kneeling man she said.

"And now, Alstyne, take your father's blade,
My care o'er its shein is o'er;
I shall watch and wait, when the roses bloom,
Ever thus by the cottage door.

"But my watch shall be for the sword no more:
It will be for the reaper's tread,
With his shining sickle ready whet
For the ripe and whitened head.

"And waiting thus, if I chance to hear
Of a brave deed done by you,
I shall know the steel, I shall know the name,
Even that of Alstyne White."

68 WEST NINETEENTH STREET, N. Y. E. B.

THE NAVY-YARD, BROOKLYN, NEW YORK.

On pages 456 and 457 we give a large picture of THE BROOKLYN NAVY-YARD, from a sketch taken in June last, just before the departure of some of our finest vessels of war for the Southern coast. The scene was picturesque and magnificent—nearly equaled in our naval experience. Seldom if ever have so many fine ships and so many men been assembled in any port in America—on actual war intent. At the present time, of course, the scene is changed; the ships are mostly gone, and the Yard is comparatively quiet.

MAJOR KNIPE WINGING A SECESSIONIST.

OUR special war correspondent and artist of General Patterson's Division, Captain VIZETELLY, furnishes us this week with a sketch of an exciting incident which lately occurred at Williamsport, which we reproduce on page 454. Major KNIPE, of General Williams's staff, was one morning riding leisurely along the already historic Potomac banks, accompanied by our artist, also a staff officer of the brigade, when he discovered a rebel soldier, likewise riding, upon a hill-side on the opposite shore, and at the distance of a mile distant.

As our volunteers have of late been annoyed by stray shots from Virginia at this point, and since to receive either Minié or spherical ball into one's soup-plate or pea-soup, when the latter is to the act of finding its way mouth ward; is, to say the least, unpleasant—as well as one of the most unfortunable dispositions, the gallant Major Knipe deemed the gay cavalier of the Old Dominion fair game for his rifle practice, and drawing a bead on Western rifle. So springing from his saddle, he drew bead upon Mr. Secessionist. A report, a thin cloud of blue smoke curling upward, and in an instant, like a wounded bird, the doomed foe was seen to fall off his steed. His two companions-in-arms, dismounting rapidly, rushed to his assistance, and presently laid him carefully beneath the sheltering branches of a neighboring tree. Whether death followed the unexpected wounding of not is unknown.

The rapidity with which this little drama was enacted, and the extraordinary success of Major Knipe's aim at so distant an object, lend to the incident an interest by no means common.

THE PIRATES.

On page 459 we publish an engraving of M. Francois Biard's well-known painting—THE PIRATES. It will be timely just now. The picture represents a pirate ship in a tropical climate, waiting for its prey, which the crew are artfully luring into their clutches. All the side of the ship we behold some of them disguised; one with a bonnet and parasol, another as a female hanging on the shoulders of a well-dressed passenger, the respectable looking master with his speaking-trumpet under his arm—all earnestly hailing the American clipper, which, unsuspecting their real character, is nearing them. Every man of this vile crew is armed to the teeth; and all except the prominent actors are crouching in the deck for the sake of concealment until the word is given for the murderous attack. One fellow standing on a cask is playing over innocence to his credit; and a knowing-looking lad sits perched up with a book in his hand pretending to read—obviously to help in keeping up the delusion that it is "all right" and pleasant on board. A broken spirit-chest shows that strong drinks have been pretty freely resorted to to bring up the courage or excite the ferocity of the ship's company. All who view this picture, after admiring the general dramatic effect, and the skillful grouping, will be struck with the great variety thrown into the expression of the faces, in which, however, the type of villainy and brutal sensuality still prevail as the only living principle. The general effect of atmosphere and *locale* also are well rendered; M. Biard having, we believe, had much personal experience of sea-life.

Francois Biard is a pupil of Revoil, school of Lyons. He received the second-class medal (gemme) in 1828, the first-class medal in 1834, and was made CHEVALIER of the Legion of Honor in 1838.

THE ELEVENTH INDIANA ZOUAVES.

We devote page 452 to the Eleventh Indiana Zouaves Colonel Lewis Wallace, a regiment which is likely to make a name for itself in the present war. Some of our sketches are from photographs sent us from the West. Others from sketches by Mr. Gosling, to whom we have been frequently indebted for illustrations of the Eleventh Indiana boys. The camp of the Zouaves has been at Wills Gap, near Cumberland—a place somewhat noted, as it was on the mountain on which Wills Creek takes its rise that George Washington, then a provincial colonel, began the long while mustering his forces at Fort Cumberland to march under General Braddock to the memorable battle in which the latter was defeated. We "Camp Recreations" show that the Indiana boys, who are serious enough in fight, are as merry as ever when the grim work of war is over. The illustrations of the drill and manœuvres—from photographs—are quite striking.

SPEAKER GROW.

On page 461 we publish a portrait of SPEAKER GROW, of the House of Representatives, from a photograph by Brady.

Galusha A. Grow was born at Ashford, Windham County, Connecticut, on 31st August, 1823, and is consequently thirty-eight years of age. His father dying when he was three years old, young Grow, with his brothers and sisters, was left dependent on his mother for support. That lady took a farm, and opened a little store at Valentown, in Windham County, and managed so well that she not only educated her whole family but actually realized a little competency besides. When Galusha was twenty-one of age his mother turned over all her little property into money, and removed to Susquehanna County, Pennsylvania, where her sons commenced life on their own account. It is recorded of Galusha that when he was twelve years old he would stay a week or ten days alone in the woods, looking after the cattle and trusting to himself for a supply of food, and that when he was fourteen he was quite well known as a dealer in lumber in the section in the hi'rels.

At seventeen, Galusha's brothers sent him to college; after graduating he studied law, and was admitted to the Bar in 1850. In the same year he was elected to Congress as a Democrat, being the youngest member of the Thirty-second Congress. He has retained the seat ever since: his third re election was unanimous, all parties being perfectly satisfied with his course in the House. On Mr. Banks's election to the chair in the course of the leaders, if not the leader of Congress, and was Republican candidate for Speaker when Mr. Orr, of South Carolina, was elected. He has now been selected to preside over the House; and from his first speech we judge that he will do it thoroughly.

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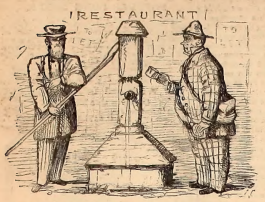

"The Hotels are closed from want of Customers. Northern Merchants now Lunch off a Crust and Pump Water."

"The Ladies of Boston, New York, and Philadelphia, having now literally nothing to wear, make Furs of their 'Back Hair.'"

"Since we cut off the Federal Post Service, the Northern Papers don't sell. The Editor of He—p—'s W—kly can't afford to have his Hair cut."

INSIDE.

"Golly! I don't know whar de Cottin's gwine to cum from. Dar's Ole Massa gone an' 'scribed Five Hund'd Bale to de Sudern 'Fedcry Gov'ment, and ain't got a speck ob Cottin in de groun'; gone an dug um all up, an' planted Corn. Dis Chile's under de 'pression dat Massa Bull or some odder pusson on de outside gwine to be sucked in when dey cum to git dat Cottin fo de Money dey 'vanced. Massa ses to Maj. BUCKNER—let's git all de Money we can ou de strength ob de Cottin crop, an' den let 'em whistle for de Cottin."

OUTSIDE.

MR. BULL. "But, my dear JONATHAN, I only wish to look in and see how that Cotton Crop is coming on, you know. Am about advancing some Money on it, bless your soul, and would like to see if everything's all right, you know."

JONATHAN. "Can't come it, Ole Feller!"

THE DARLINGS COME OUT TO SEE THE VOLUNTEERS DRILLED.

SERGEANT (*apprehensively*). "Now then, Gentlemen, once more. 'Eyes Front!'—and pray, Gentlemen—pray don't *Stare about you, as if you were in Church!*"

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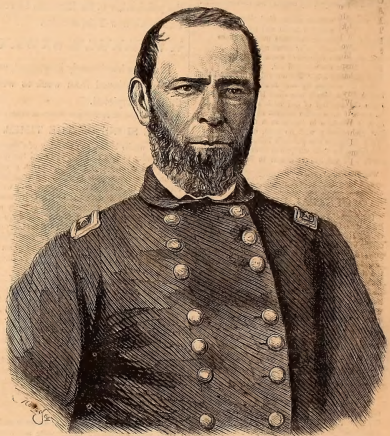
GENERAL PRENTISS.—PHOTOGRAPHED BY AMES.—[SEE NEXT PAGE.]



BRIGADIER-GENERAL WILLIAMS.—FROM A PHOTOGRAPH.—[SEE NEXT PAGE.]

DEPARTURE OF GENERAL LYON AND HIS COMMAND FROM BOONVILLE, MISSOURI, FOR THE ARKANSAS BORDER.—SKETCHED BY O. C. RICHARDSON.—[SEE NEXT PAGE.]

MY HERO.

My here came to say farewell to me:
There was no school-boy burst
Of needless speech from him. He simply said,
"The country's call was first."
I looked from him—so full of life and fire—
Up to the grave, calm face of Washington
Upon the wall above us, and replied,
"Go, fight like him, until your cause be won!"
Oh! he'll be foremost in the ranks, I know,
And yet I could not ask him not to go!
For I would rather yield my life to-day
Than see the dear old Stars and Stripes give way!
My woman heart should teach me how to die.
Shall he—my hero—be less brave than I?

I think sometimes that when the trump of peace
Again our land shall fill,
And treason shall be crushed from out the soil,
He may be living still.
I sit and muse of him hour after hour,
Until I almost fancy I can see
His well-known form and hear his springing step.
Ah! how my heart longs then for victory!
How I would weep for joy! how proudly then
I'd bid him welcome to my arms again,
And whisper, while the orange flowers I'd twine,
"Thou hast obeyed thy country's call—hear mine!"

Yet many a woman nearer God than I,
With mingled pride and pain
Awaits in seeming calmness news of those
Who near us'er come again:
And when the tidings of some battle ring
Upon the startled air,
With me she'll ask, "Did our side win?" and then
If he were fighting there.
And many a loving one shall look with dread
Upon the list of Columbia's dead,
To see one name—the dearest and the best,
It may be—who in battle sunk to rest.
But, God knows, with no base, unworthy tear
We'll desecrate the patriot's honored bier,
Nor mourn for those who, when from earth they rise,
Shall well our banner nearer to the skies!

S. J. A.

Weathersfield, Vermont.

GENERAL PRENTISS.

On page 465 we publish a portrait of General Prentiss, Commanding the Illinois Volunteers at Cairo, Illinois. Of General Prentiss's previous career but little is known. He was a very distinguished officer in the Mexican war, having served in Colonel Hardin's regiment, and been present at the battles of General Taylor's campaign. At Buena Vista he was particularly conspicuous for gallantry. When Hardin fell Prentiss was with him, and received from the dying hero his sash, which he still wears. At the outbreak of the present war General Prentiss was one of the first men in Illinois to tender his services to the Government, and he was at once elected to the post of Brigadier-General. His dispositions at Cairo are said to evince equal judgment and vigor.

GEN. EDWARD WILLIAMS.

General Edward C. Williams, whose portrait we give on the preceding page, was born on the 10th of February, 1820, in the city of Philadelphia, where he resided until the year 1838. In the spring of that year, being then but a youth of 18 years, he removed to the city of Harrisburg, there to commence the journey of life. Upon his arrival he accepted a lucrative employment in the book-binding of the Messrs. Cantenen. Here he remained for some time. Quiet and industrious in manner, he became extremely useful to his employers.

But the quiet of life was not compatible with his disposition. In December, 1846, he left the city of Harrisburg, in command of the Governor's Guards, Second Regiment Pennsylvania Volunteers, to join our army, then in Mexico. At the head of his company he took an active part in the investment of Vera Cruz, thence through the different battles which took place upon the lines of our veteran Commander-in-Chief. Being wounded at Chapultepec, in the hottest of the fight, he did not leave his command, but bravely led them to the taking of the castle upon the top of which, with his own hand, he hoisted the stars and stripes. Again, at the city of Mexico, his hand was the first to grasp the bulletin to which was attached the first American flag that floated over the Mexican capital. At the close of the war he returned to the city of Harrisburg, since which time he has filled different offices of trust with credit to himself and his constituents. At the breaking out of the war we find him among the first to offer his sword for the preservation of our Union.

General Williams was married in the year 1841 to Miss Hetzel, of Harrisburg. Three brothers of this lady served with distinction through the entire Mexican war. A nephew of General Williams, just graduated at the Military Academy at West Point, is now serving his country in the city of Washington, being a second lieutenant in the First Artillery. Another nephew is still at West Point. Since the election General Williams has been constantly engaged with his many duties.

DEPARTURE OF GENERAL LYON FROM BOONVILLE.

On page 465 we illustrate the Departure of General Lyon with his Column from Boonville, Missouri, for the Arkansas Border, near which he expects to capture the runaway Governor Jackson, Ben McCulloch, and the other secessionist leaders at that region. At Springfield he will join Colonel Siegel's corps and Colonel Brown's command. The correspondent of the *Times* thus describes the preparations for the departure:

The time, since the battle at this point, has been spent in preparations for a march to the southwestern portion of the State. For this purpose three thousand men will leave from here, and as thirty-seven days' rations are to be taken along, it can easily be imagined that the preparations are not few nor small. About one hundred and fifty wagons are necessary to transport the requisite number of each of which will be drawn by four mules. Then a large number of saddle horses is required to carry the officers and others, making in all a force of some five or six hundred draught and saddle animals necessary to the interior expedition. All these materials, together with forage, harness-ke, canteens and many other articles, have been procured at this point. General Lyon gave out word that he needed a certain number of horses and wagons. If they came in peaceably—good—if not, he would have to send for them. A committee, composed of three officers and two civilians, was appointed to appraise the value of the horses and wagons as they came in, and when purchased were paid for by draft on St. Louis. It was thought best not to hire the conveyances, but to buy them outright—a determination on the part of the Government that met with the entire approbation of owners irrespective of politics.

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

SATURDAY, JULY 27, 1861.

Early in August we shall commence the publication of Sir Edward Lytton Bulwer's new Tale, entitled

A STRANGE STORY.

It will be handsomely illustrated, and will be continued from week to week till it is completed.

THE SIGNS OF THE TIMES.

Two weeks before the meeting of Congress simple people and papers talked the quality of the loyalty of this nation to its government, in other words, to itself, by suggesting either that there ought to be "peace"—by which was meant the destruction of the Government—or that the loyal citizens of the country and the rebels ought to join forces and drive all other nations off the continent. This last proposition that the Government of the United States should give up the suppression of an internal rebellion in order to engage in foreign piracy was singularly ingenious.

All these suggestions ignominiously failed. They failed more ignominiously than any political dodges in our history. They were the feeble efforts of treason to discover if it had any hope in the city of New York. And the result was the making more evident the truth that the eager enthusiasm with which the movement was inaugurated by patriot hearts has settled into a sober, solid resolution that there shall be no parley with rebellion; that it shall voluntarily lay down its arms and its spirit of violence, or be compelled to do so by the military force of the nation.

That was the first sign.

Then Congress met, and the Message and reports were published. They were ell, without exception, papers of great and unusual ability. But they all assumed the resolution of suppressing rebellion as the only and natural course. The President, as was proper in a message to which foreign nations would turn with peculiar interest, in his diplomatic paragraphs exposed the fallacy of the doctrine upon which the traitors try to justify their treason. But he and the Secretaries quietly invited the necessary authority and money from the Congress to bring the rebellion to speedy destruction. The possibility of any issue but that of the forcible absolute re-establishment of the national authority all over the land was not even hinted at.

That was the second sign.

Congress came together, and not any partisan or factious opposition. The necessary war-bills were put upon their passage. Senator Sailsbury attempted to withstand one of them in the Senate. He was asserted by one Senator from Missouri, one from Maryland, and one from Kentucky. The rebels had five votes against thirty-three. In the House, Mr. Vallandigham attempted to bully and browbeat and discourage treason by savagely denouncing the Government which is guilty of the effort of maintaining itself. He had four votes besides his own, one of them being that of the Honorable Benjamin Wood, of New York. The vote against Messrs. Vallandigham and Wood was one hundred and forty-nine, including Mr. Crittenden's.

This is the third sign.

While these things were happening in Washington the Government asked New York for five millions of dollars, and got it in three hours.

These signs show that the people of this country are fully persuaded that as their Government is the best to live under, so it is the best to give life and fortune to maintain, if necessary. If any man wishes to know the differences between the action of a people when they are perfectly united in resolution and when they differ, let him compare the debates and conduct of this Congress, in which every thing moves with majestic harmony, and the discordant action of the Congress of 1812, which prepared for the last war.

☞ The portrait of General Scott, published in a recent number of *Harper's Weekly*, was from a photograph by Gurney, not Brady. It is considered the finest photograph of the old hero ever taken, and Messrs. Gurney & Son are fairly entitled to the credit of it.

THE LOUNGER.

DIFFERING DOCTORS.

The London *Saturday Review* has an article upon the letters of Mr. Motley to the London *Times*. It thinks that he is not equal to Thucydides. It thinks that he tells much more of what befell himself than of what he saw in the land he described. And it is persuaded that nobody who travels, under the present circumstances of this country, to give accurate information to another country, can possibly acquire that accurate information if he constantly announces his purpose and travels as an "illustrious stranger." The *Saturday Review* is of opinion that the English people would know as much of the real condition of the Southern States if this Union of Doctor Russell had staid at home.

The New York *Tribune*, on the other hand, is of opinion that the Doctor has "thus far discharged a difficult duty with great discrimination and honorable dignity, that it is a matter of regret that he should have fallen into any personal difference.

The truth evidently lies between these eminent Doctors. When the correspondent of the London *Times* and *Herald* says that there was a great deal of unnecessary guesonade about the embassy of the press, and of the people of England, etc., etc., the pure humbug of which Doctor Russell being an old hand upon the press, perfectly understood. The Doctor departed very soon for the South. In England, the reporter of a newspaper has a taste for the flavor of aristocracy. He found it also at the South; he enjoyed it, and he reported it. The tone of admiration and confidence in his first letters undoubtedly helped the rebellion in the public opinion of England. The worthy Doctor ventured upon a Confederate Coalition which you could buy in the streets for three cents. Is that the sort of thing to endorse? quoth the politic old philosopher. Three cents! Put one word, you know, that's a little too jolly, you know.

From this point of view the Doctor has contended the most unfortunate country; and this determines the value of his observations. Of course that value is not great. When the Doctor says that he saw a cannon in a fort, that the commander gave him ice in his Champagne; and that the wind blew a gale as he sailed, as he sailed, there is no doubt of the fact, but of the wind —not the least. But when he talks of causes and character and influences and opinion—*is* he sure, Doctor, that you think of that? Of course!

Whoever has read the previous performances of Doctor Russell knows very well that he is a picturesque narrator. He has the eye and the hand can describe. That is his peculiar excellence. He has given no proof of any thing further. As a reporter of the scope and character of a great rebellion in America his opinion can be of no possible importance. As a narrator of the events and scenery of that rebellion he is likely to be copious, lively and detailed.

The *Saturday Review*, true to itself, is too flippantly severe. The London *Times* is unqualified commendation of letters which have undoubtedly injured the Constitutional cause in this country by prejudging the case. It is too true to its extraordinary policy of embarrassing the Administration.

DU CHAILLU.

The story of Du Chaillu has all the old fascination of Mungo Park's and Captain Parry's. It is a story of wild adventure in new lands and among new dangers. Some of our known readers have been threatened by the gorilla. The style of the narration is simple and spirited, and the personality of the narrator is very often just pleasantly enough conspicuous to give an individual interest to the details.

Mr. Du Chaillu passed eight years in Africa, and half of that time was devoted to the journeys and explorations of which his book is the history. That time he passed in the midst of the native company of the natives, about eight thousand miles. He shot, stuffed, and brought home more than two thousand birds, of which some sixty are believed to be new species. He killed more than a thousand quadrupeds, stuffing and bringing home two hundred specimens, and the eighty skeletons.

Upon his arrival in this country, about eighteen months since, the Lounger called attention to these specimens, which were exhibited in Broadway, and excited only a limited interest. The reason of it was, of course, that to most of us new specimens of animals differ very little from old ones of the same general kind; and one museum of natural history is, therefore, very much like another.

In Boston, however, the skilled eyes of Agassiz and Jeffries Wyman certified at once the value of the collection as a contribution of novelties to the stores of zoological science. In England Professor Owen, perhaps the highest authority—certainly one of the highest authorities—in the world of science, called Du Chaillu famous by the warmth of his praise.

The book of the traveler will interest the public at large as much as his discoveries interested men of science. All the boys in the land will pore over it, as we who were boys once used to hang over Captain Riley's Narrative and Denham and Clapperton. And he is a happy author who writes a book that boys love to read, and which charms their parents.

ASKING A FRIEND TO BREAKFAST.

We are certainly not fortunate, at this juncture, in our letter-writers abroad—excepting always the clear, calm, masterly hand of the historian Motley. But the epistolary performances of the worthy Minister to Rome, and the late breakfast invitation of Mr. Tramway Train, must have produced the most ludicrous emotions in the mind of the cool British reader.

We Americans have always laughed with a good deal of impatience at the extravagance of phrase and costume with which the French and Italians adorn their praises of liberty and their republican persons. If they were not so intent upon the color of the ribbon or the form of the hat we are wont to say, they might secure a little more of the substance of liberty.

As we grow older, we grow more expansive and explosive in our style. "On mighty pens" we soar. At least Mr. Train does in his invitation to a Bunker Hill breakfast in London. He has the true flavor of the exalted French Republican literary style:

"Anniversary of the Battle of Bunker's Hill. Will you come to a Union Dejeuner, at 2 o'clock, on the 17th of June, at the Westminster Palace Hotel?—sixty pistes. Sincerely hoping that you and the other representative men in this garden land of free opinions who bear kind wishes for the continued unity of our people and independence of our nation, I have taken this method to bring together some of the bright minds of the age, in the hope of countenancing the exercise of those liberal journalistic and statesmen who cheer so loudly whenever the bursting of the republican bubble is spoken of. Let Lancashire and Yorkshire sympathize with the Pirates' Rebellion, and stimulate the latter in their certain destruction; but London, the first city of the world, is too proud and too independent to misrepresent the great English people by giving the cheer of right to the cry of cotton. Nothing will please me more than to have you say 'Yes' addressed to George Francis Train, 78 St. James's Street, Piccadilly. London, June, 1861."

It is a good rule always to speak and write in such a manner that people will believe you to be in earnest.

BLONDIN AND HUMANITY.

Our Niagara lion of last year, Blondin, has been exciting the utmost attention at England. The nation which banishes the prize fight was delighted with his feats. The *Saturday Review* might, consistently, to have waxed rhetorically rapturous over his fulfillment of the best destiny of man. Its due continuation of its last year's twaddle about Heenan and Sayers. But the House Office thought that to walk his child along the rope was carrying the thing a little too far; and a letter was written to the Directors of the Crystal Palace, suggesting that humanity required them to forbid the inhuman life. Being thus officially notified of the requirements of humanity, the directors interfered, and the child was not exposed.

According to the last accounts, Blondin was to wheel "Tom Sayers" along the rope. What Humanity requires in this case the Post Office has apparently not informed any body. Doubtless it considers that Blondin and Sayers have both reached years of discretion, that the young Blondin had not. Still it would seem to be a fair question at what time years of discretion commenced; and whether a man who would allow another to wheel him in a barrow on a tight-rope might not properly be treated as a child, and be protected by the requirements of humanity and the Home Office.

TOSSING UP A COPPER TO DECIDE.

The *Tribune* proposes that the question of free popular government and of progressive human liberty and civilization shall be decided by the chance of what is called "a fair fight." When the rebels "are beaten," it says, "they must give it up; while, if they beat us, we ought to do the same." The *Tribune* thinks that fifty thousand men upon each side would be the proper number for the "fair battle," and then if the rebels prove to be the strongest, they will, it says, "have fairly won it, and promptly arrest the wanton effusion of blood."

But since it is entirely impossible to have "a fair battle" between fifty thousand men upon a side, but comparatively easy to secure fairness between two or three, why not settle the question by a duel between Beauregard and one of our generals?

Or, better still, why fight at all? Why not have Mr. Lincoln and Mr. Davis toss up a copper to settle the point?

The *Tribune* would have considered the question of our Revolution settled by the battle of Bunker Hill, which we lost; and have inveighed against the wicked inaction of Valley Forge, the gloomiest and most glorious epoch of our history.

WHAT TO DO WITH PRISONERS OF WAR.

The question is constantly asked, What is to be done with citizens of the United States who are taken in armed rebellion against the Government?

The reply seems to be obvious enough, that the Constitution of the United States defines treason, and the laws distinctly state its penalty.

But when General McClellan, or any other General, captures six hundred or six thousand soldiers in arms, shall they be tried at a drum-head court-martial and summarily hung?

Is the right answer

It would be a solemn vindication of the power of the Government. It would be an earnest to the world that it meant to maintain itself; and to loyal citizens that it meant to restore its authority and protect their rights.

We all owe it to ourselves and to the rebels to show that we mean the supremacy of the Government and the punishment of all who lead the fight against it in the same way that, when the laws are broken by a riot, the Government proceeds against the ringleaders.

If this were a war with a foreign nation, when soldiers were taken prisoners they would be shipped home again and their officers retained upon parole, and exchanged as opportunity offered. But we can not ship our prisoners out of the country; and we certainly do not wish to perpetually fight with the same men. Therefore, to deal with their leaders as they shall be found to merit will disheaten and weaken the men.

RETALIATION.

IF the Government punishes traitors—if it hangs pirates, for instance, will not the rebels retaliate?

Very possibly; and what then? Which is best that every man who takes up a musket or ships upon a privateer to shoot and rob honest American citizens shall know that he does so at his extremest peril, or that it is a game in which if he be caught he will be let go again?

A Government that fears retaliation is not sure of itself. When Washington was personally entreated by André, not to spare his life, but to mitigate his sentence, the Commander-in-Chief was deeply pained by the sad necessity of refusal; but his duty to a people was stronger than his pity for a single man, and he executed the utmost penalty.

Did he do wrong? Did he not endanger the lives of American prisoners in the enemy's hands? Did he not court retaliation? At this day we all sigh over the tragedy of André—but do we blame Washington? Do we not know that to have done otherwise than he did would have been a betrayal of the cause confided to him? Do we not know, as he did, that sharp severity is often the tenderest mercy?

LIEUTENANT GENERAL.

A FRIEND at the West writes to know why General Scott, who was a Major-General forty years ago, is supposed to be advanced in rank by the title Lieutenant-General?

A wiser friend in the East replies that the rank of Major-General is one of the regular grades of army promotion; but the Lieutenant-Generalcy is a rank of honor especially created by Act of Congress for General Scott.

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

IRISH FERTILITY IN EXCUSE MAKING.

An Englishman, traveling in Ireland, remarked to the driver of a coach upon the tremendous length of the Irish miles.

"Confound your Irish miles! Why, there's no end to them!"

"Sure, Sir," said the coachman, "the roads are bad about here, and so we give good measure."

A PRETTY HOUR THING.—Man may be the Head of the Family; but, far better than that, Woman is the Heart of it.

A shoemaker was taken up for bigamy and brought before the sitting magistrate. "Which wife," asked a lynx-eyed justice, "will he be obliged to take?" Brown, always ready at a joke, replied, "He is a cobbler, and of course must stick to his last."

When Louis XIII. passed through the little town of Languedoc, the mayor and the council were very much embarrassed about his reception. They consulted a lawyer of the place, who was reckoned a very learned man. The fellow, proud of being sought after, offered his services to astonish them to the king, and performed his duty by saying, "Sire, as I am a butcher by trade, I bring you a few of my wares." The mayor and the council were struck dumb for awhile, and the ceremony ended to the general satisfaction of all.

A WONDERFUL MAN.

A Turkish letter, describing the new Indian Minister, declares *inter alia*—

"M. Rizzonli never feels fatigue. Four hours' sleep, a piece of bread and butter, and a glass of water, are sufficient to supply his daily waste. He has no rest, but he displays a greater haughtiness than Louis the Fourteenth. Hardly is he risen in bed. He is generous, but is feared. He has personal trouble at his approach, yet he has made them rich and comfortable. Never was a character more strongly marked."

This is quite exact so far as it goes, but it is incomplete. We are glad to be able to finish the description from an equally accurate source:

"For his appearance—M. Rizzoli is seven feet high, but has the delicate feet and hands of a child of four years old. His head is snow-white, but brown, with a coal-black tache, and beard of the jettiest black.

"For his manners—he is the high-sinewed, lymphatic brown-ness. He will sway over the pages of Manzoni, but will not shed a tear when his mother dies.

"For his habits—he tastes pomp and form, but never goes out without first running Satan, and insists upon being served upon the knee.

"With an annual income equivalent to £10,000 10s. 6d. in English money, his personal expenditure amounts to 1 penny 3 qrs. daily. He is fond of the society of old and quaintest, amiable and sulky, impetuous and cob-blooded, tall and short, young and old.—In one word, he is exactly the man whom clever correspondents delight to paint, but whom nobody ever knows."

It will be interesting to learn to know exactly the difference between a kiss and a trashing on the toe—as to the time each demonstration takes, and as to style, in making the lady aware of it. Science has lately decided that the human sensation travels one hundred and twenty feet per in a second, and that a touch on the cheek, therefore, is more communicative to the brain one-thirtieth of a second sooner than the pressure on the toe.

A man in Kentucky killed a cow a few days since, in whose stomach was found a large brass pin, a tack pin, and a quantity of brass and tin. It is inferred that the old cow swallowed the milk-maid.

"Is this your house and home?" asked a traveler of a farmer as he saw him handling up a post. "No," replied the farmer. "I'm only boarding here."

"How much can you pay us?—what can you offer in the point?" demanded the creditors of a bankrupt farmer. "Alas! gentlemen, all I really have is a donkey in the county," replied the unfortunate debtor.

"I'll let you know when I come again," as the rheumatism said to the leg.

"Well, Patrick," asked the doctor, "how do you feel to-day?" "Och, doctor, dear, I regret very pore health intirely. This rumatics is very distressin' indade; when I go to sleep I lay awake all night, and my face is swilled as large as a goose hen's eggs, so when I stand up I fall down immediately."

A man down East has invented yellow spectacles for making lard look like butter. They are a great saving of expense if worn while eating.

An emigrant to Fort Natal, writing home to one of his friends, says, "We are getting on finely here, and have already laid the foundation of a larger jail."

An empty bottle must certainly be a very dangerous thing, if we may judge from the fact that many a man has been found dead with one at his side.

"Very good, but rather too pointed," as the fish said when it swallowed the hook.

Why is a fo-fi in high station like a man in a balloon? Because every body upposes little to him, and he appears little to every body.

The following is a true copy of a letter received by a village schoolmaster: "Sur, as you are a man of nolidge, I take the liberty to write to you on your chrisli."

Water isn't a fashionable beverage for drinking your friend's health, but it is a capital one for drinking your self's.

The man who "challenged contradiction" got into an awful fight, and was severely beaten.

A man, whose son ran away for "parts unknown," addressed him in the public newspaper that he was "still in the blow-pipe, and having a turned-up nose." One evening, while the amateur father was at work, hoeing corn, a neighbor saw something like runaway son, a wag, who was standing by exclaimed,

"I'm positive your son will turn up soon, my man."

"Have you seen him, my friend?" asked the father, grasping the other by the hand.

"Yes; you'll see him turned up, don't you?"

"No, I haven't; but if his nose turned up, he'll turn up too; for nevertheless father follow his nose, you know."

The father groaned at this poking fun at misery.

FANCY SKETCH OF RIGHT REVEREND MAJOR-GENERAL BISHOP POLK READING HIS "DIVISION."

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

CONGRESS.

On Tuesday 9th, in the Senate, a bill passed to refund and remit duties on firearms imported for the use of a State. The bill to increase the army was reported from the Military Committee with an amendment to increase the new regiments to the same number as the old ones. The death of Senator Douglas was announced, and eulogies upon the character of the deceased by Senators Trumbull, Wigfall, Chandler, Nesmith, Browning, and Anthony, the customary resolutions were adopted and the Senate adjourned.——In the House, a bill appropriating $6,000,000 for the payment of militia and volunteers was passed. The Chairmanship of the Committee of Ways and Means reported a bill for a national loan. The Committee on Commerce reported a bill to provide for the entry of recorded States to collect duties on shipboard, and to seize the vessels of those refusing to submit to pilots. It was ordered to be printed and recommitted. Mr. Lovejoy moved to suspend the rules and pass a bill to confiscate the property of the duty of the army to capture or return fugitive slaves; and it was negatived by a vote of 82 to 42.

On Wednesday, 10th, in the Senate, much time was occupied in debating a resolution approving of the acts of the Administration with reference to the suppression of the rebellion. The amendment, declaring that nothing shall authorize the permanent increase of the army or navy, was agreed to, and the further discussion of the subject was postponed. The Secretary of the Treasury to employ volunteers to aid in suppressing the insurrection in particular districts. The bill was passed, and on the question, was passed by a vote of 34 to 4.——In the House, the bill to increase the army and duties on arms imported by States since the 1st of May, or until January next, was passed by a vote of 124 to 2. The Senate bill, after an hour's debate, passed the bill authorizing a loan of $250,000,000, by a vote of 93 to 33. The bill authorizes the Secretary of the Treasury to borrow on the credit of the United States, for the public service and for the expenses of the act, a sum not exceeding two hundred and fifty millions of dollars, and to cause certificates to be issue certificates of coupon, or registered 7 per cent. stock, or Treasury notes of any of the denominations. The bill also provides that whenever it shall, in the judgment of the President, be necessary to collect duties on goods at any port in opposition to the laws of the United States, license imposed by the existing laws, or any other duties which by law may be collected by the officers of the customs, the President is authorized to cause such duties to be collected at any port or district within the United States in which a blockade of the collection of such duties is going from Fort Moultrie to Fort Sumter, and the Secretary of the Treasury and subject to all the obligations of collectors at ports of entry.

On Thursday 11th, in the Senate, various bills, all having reference to a vigorous prosecution of the war, were introduced and referred to the appropriate committees. The Loan Bill was referred to the Committee on Finance. Bills for the appointment of additional officers in the army, to regulate the marine force, to increase the navy in time of war, increasing the number of paymasters in the navy, and in relation to the Naval Academy, were introduced, and all referred to the Naval Committee. The House bill for the payment of volunteers was passed by unanimous consent by the appropriation five and three-quarters, instead of six millions, and the bill was passed. The joint resolution offered on Wednesday for the expulsion of the rebellious Senators was then taken up, and, after some discussion, adopted by a vote of 32 yeas to 10 nays. Senator Saulsbury, of Delaware, in favor of his intention to introduce a resolution for an amendment of the Constitution, with a view to the adjustment of the present difficulties. The Senate took up the resolution approving of the acts of the President, with the single exception of remarks from Senators Polk of Missouri, and Powell of Kentucky, in opposition to it, when the Senate then held a short executive session, and adjourned.——In the House, bills were introduced for the organization of the militia; for the legislative, executive, judicial, and civil departments of the Government; for the collection of the revenue of the army, and for the employment of volunteers, which were referred to the Committee. The House then went into Committee of the Whole, on the Army Bill, for the appropriation of $500,000,000 for the service of the army, and one hundred thousand men to uphold the Government, a warm debate arose, in which several members participated, after which the bill was reported to the House and passed. The Naval appropriation bill was also passed, and the House concurred in the Senate's amendments to the bill for the payment of the volunteers.

On Friday, 12th, in the Senate, the Force bill, after considerable discussion, was passed, by 30 yeas to 6 nays. The previous question was put, terminating the employment of volunteers was reconsidered, some amendments made, and the bill was passed, by 30 yeas to 6 nays. It was introduced relative to the Sanitary Commission, and referred to the Military Committee. A resolution for a bill to be introduced authorizing the Federal Government to take possession of property used in the rebellion during the times the owners have been found in rebellion. Senator Bayard, of Delaware, offered a joint resolution proposition for an amendment to the Constitution, with a view to putting a stop to the war. It is in substance the Crittenden Compromise of the last Congress. On the presentation of credentials of Senator Baker of Missouri, appointed by the Governor of Kansas to fill a supposed vacancy from that State, objection to be started by the appointment of Senator James Lane to a command in the regular army, Senator Baker proposed to bring about the same by Senatorial functions before his military commission had been confirmed, and the matter was referred to the Judiciary Committee. Various bills received consideration, all looking to the strengthening of the active and effective army of Government.——In the House, the bill to authorize the President to accept the services of five hundred thousand volunteers for the prosecution of the war, and appropriating five hundred millions of dollars to pay for the same, when a spirited discussion took place, participated in by various members. The bill then passed the House. It has yet to pass the Senate. Mr. Vallandigham, of Ohio, offered a preamble and resolution declaring vacant the seats of such members as have accepted commands in the militia of their several States, which occasioned a lively passage of words between various representatives, when the matter was tabled by 92 to 51. A resolution was adopted requesting the Attorney-General to lay before the House a copy of his opinion in relation to the objection of the writ of *habeas corpus*.

On Saturday, 13th, in the Senate, a bill was introduced providing for an Assistant Secretary of the Navy. Senator Johnson, of Tennessee, presented the credentials of Messrs. W. B. Wiley and J. S. Carlile, Senators elect from Virginia, in place of Senators Mason and Hunter respectively. Senator Bayard, of Delaware, moved to refer the credentials to the Judiciary Committee before administering the oath, which was agreed to by yeas 24 nays 23. The new Senators from Virginia were then sworn in amidst expressed opinions from the spectators. The $500,000,000 Loan Bill was taken up, and several unimportant amendments proposed by the Finance Committee, were adopted. Senator Saulsbury moved to make the sum $150,000,000, as that amount would be sufficient till the next session of Congress. The motion was rejected—yeas 4, nays 40—and the bill was then passed by a unanimous vote. The bill to increase the present military establishment was discussed, and reported to the Senate. The Senate, after an executive session, then adjourned.——In the House, Mr. Elliot offered a preamble and resolution that John B. Clark, a member of the House from Missouri, hold a commission in the rebel State Guard of Missouri, accompanied by a resolution declaring that said Clark has forfeited his rights as a representative, and that he be forthwith expelled. After some debate the resolution was adopted by a vote of 93 to 45. The bill to promote the efficiency of the army, by retiring disabled and infirm officers, was passed. The bill to make good the losses of private property incurred by soldiers in going from Fort Moultrie to Fort Sumter was passed. The amendment involved in the bill. A message was received from the President, stating that he had signed the bill authorizing the payment of troops called into service up to 30th of June last.

On Monday, 15th, in the Senate, John W. Forney was elected Secretary; he received 36 of 39 votes cast. The Army Appropriation bill and the bill providing for an increase of the military establishment were passed. The previous approving of the acts of the President with reference to the suppression of the rebellion was, on motion of Senator Breckinridge, made the special order for 10th, when he said he would make a speech on the position of public affairs. The $250,000,000 Loan Bill was taken up, and several of the Finance Committee's amendments were adopted. A bill providing for the confiscation of the property of rebels was brought in. The Loan measure coming the Senate adjourned.——In the House a large amount of business was transacted. A resolution was offered by Secretary of the Navy to supply a sufficient force to suppress piracy forthwith; the resolution was adopted. Ben Wade, New York, offered a resolution providing for a National Convention, to devise measures for the restoration of peace to the country. It was laid on the table by a vote of 97 to 55. Bills for the organization of the militia were reported and referred. A select committee was appointed on the subject of the relief of bankrupt laws, to report to the next session of Congress. Mr. Vallandigham offered resolutions censuring Secretary Seward's action in reference to the war, which were promptly laid on the table. A bill to define and punish conspiracy was passed by a vote of 123 to 7. The Senate amendments to the appropriation bill making money due on account of the steamer *Caledonia* until the 30th December, on Contracts repaired thereon. A resolution directing the Committee on Elections to inquire whether Mr. Henry Winter Davis is a member of Maryland, has been holding criminal intercourse with the rebels, and to report what measures should be taken in the premises, was adopted. The Senate's amendments to the Volunteer bill were concurred in, and the House adjourned.

THE BATTLE OF RICH MOUNTAIN.

A brilliant battle, resulting in a complete success, signalized the more prominent movement of General McClellan in Western Virginia. It occurred on Thursday afternoon last (11th) instant, where a force of rebels, under the command of Colonel Porterfield, had been encamped for some days past. The official dispatch from General McClellan to the War Department states that Rich Mountain, states that he dispatched Brigadier-General Rosecrans, with a strong and able force, of corps of engineers, with four regiments of Ohio and Indiana troops, as an advance guard, to attack the enemy's camp at Rich Mountain, a distance of eight miles, over which routes they had to cut their way through the wood. After a march of nearly twelve hours, General Rosecrans came on the rear of the rebels, and, after a desperate fight of an hour and a half, completely routed them, driving them in the utmost confusion from their encampment, with their tents, wagons, and camp equipage, as on General McClellan says, "all their baggage." The rebels were in great force, and the officers among them. Sixty of the rebels were killed, and a large number wounded. Of the Union troops, nine were killed and forty wounded. General McClellan had his eye personally upon the movements of his troops, and found that the gallantry of Rosecrans spared him the trouble of going into action.

SURRENDER OF PEGRAM.

A dispatch was received at Washington from General McClellan a few hours after the receipt of the news of the victory at Rich Mountain announcing the surrender of Colonel Pegram to surrender his whole force, who are represented as being quite numerous. They have since been again against the Federal Government. The following is Pegram's letter of surrender:

"HEAD-QUARTERS, BEVERLY, VA., *July 13, 1861.*

"*Colonel E. D. Townsend, Washington, D. C.*:

"I have received from Colonel Pegram propositions for his surrender, and that of his command, which I have determined, my 600 men. They are said to be extremely penitent, and desirous to return again to serve under the General Government. I shall have near 900 or 1000 prisoners for the present, and more probably soon. The latest accounts make the loss of the rebels in killed some 150.

"Major-General Department of Ohio.

ROUT OF GARNETT'S CORPS D'ARMEE.

The rebel General Garnett, General Lee's Consul, a native of Virginia, and formerly a Major in the United States Army, while retreating from Laurel Hill to Georges, were overtaken on Sunday by General Morris, with the Fifteenth Ohio and the Seventh and Sixth Indiana regiments. When within eight miles of St. George, at a place called Carrick's Ford, the rebels made a stand. At this fight our troops were completely routed and scattered by the troops of General Morris. While General Garnett was endeavoring to rally his men he was shot through the spine with a rifle ball, and fell dead on the field. It is believed that the rebels are said to have been killed in the recent actions in this quarter, a large number wounded, and many taken prisoners, which the Federals can take care of. The flight of the rebels is represented as a most disorderly one.

THE PRIVATEER "JEFF DAVIS."

This city was startled last week by the news that a rebel privateer was off the bar, and had overhauled our merchant ships in the vicinity of Cape Hatteras. The audacious vessel was reported to be off the Cape Fear, and is heavily armed, and commanded by an ex-officer of the United States Navy. She has captured eight fine vessels—one ship, two brigs, and two schooners—and has destroyed their cargoes, principally naval stores. Captain Howard, of the United States Navy, despatched the steamers *Keystone State* and *Quaker City* in search of the privateer, and two other cutters started from Boston on the same errand. The result of their search has left in pursuit.

THE PRIVATEER "SUMTER."

Information reached us last week of the seizure of eight more vessels, bound for American ports, by the privateer *Sumter*, off the Spanish coast. Of these, seven of which were run into the port of Cienfuegos, and one barned off the Isle of Pines. The vessels thus destroyed were the *Joseph Maxwell*, one of Minturn's Mexican steamers, which left New York for the United States expressly for the use of the blockade; the *Machias*, and two other cutters started from Boston on the same errand. The result of their search has left in pursuit.

A NEW GOVERNOR TO BE CHOSEN IN MISSOURI.

The political and financial condition of Missouri is to be considered by the Call of a Convention to be held at Jefferson City on the 22d of 9th month, for the purpose of nominating a Governor, Lieutenant Governor and other State officers, in place of Governor Jackson, who is a traitor, and the others who are not willing to act under the laws and Constitution of the United States. It is thought that the Call for the appointment of Delegates will be appointed by this Convention, to act in the present crisis.

PERSONAL.

Major-General Polk, and Right Reverend Bishop of Louisiana, who has superseded General Pillow, is to have command of all the rebel land and water defence of the Mississippi River from the mouth of the Red River so far up as it was thrown off by the great rain here to-day. What is to be done with Pillow does not yet appear.

FOREIGN NEWS.

FRANCE.

RECOGNITION OF THE NEW KING OF ITALY.

NAPOLEON'S note of recognition to Victor Emmanuel as King of Italy had been published. He does not fix a day for the withdrawal of the French Cabinet of Turin, will not recognize acts of aggression which threaten the peace of Europe, and will retain his troops in Rome "so long as the interests which look them to Rome are not guaranteed."

ARREST OF A PRIEST IN THE PATTERSON CAMP.

The Imperial Court of Paris delivered judgment on the 1st of July in the Pétition-Dumoncel case. The Court, after hearing the arguments of the Procureur-General, declared that the suit instituted by Madame Patterson and her son Jerome Napoleon Bonaparte was not maintainable, and condemned them to pay the costs.

THE BATTLE OF RICH MOUNTAIN, VIRGINIA, JULY 13, 1861.

WILSON'S ZOUAVES IN THE DITCH AND COVERED WAY ON THE LAND FRONT OF FORT PICKENS.—SKETCHED BY AN OFFICER OF THE FORT.—[SEE PAGE 471.]

SKETCHED BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST.—[See Page 471.]

AN INFERNAL MACHINE.

WE publish on this page an engraving of the INFERNAL MACHINE lately discovered by the *Pawnee*. The correspondent who kindly sent us the sketch writes us as follows about it:

WASHINGTON, D. C., July 10, 1861.

The *Pawnee*, by the activity with which she has carried on the blockade of Virginia, and by the great number which she has, on more than one occasion, thrown her nine-inch shell among the rebels, has given the steamers a strong desire to cause her destruction. Feeling unable to subdue her by the rules of regular warfare, they resort to the Chinese expedient of fire-dogs and infernal machines. The accompanying drawing is a correct representation of one of those instruments of destruction placed up in the Potomac, a few hundred yards from the *Pawnee*, on the evening of Sunday, 7th inst.

In the casks used for floating the iron cylinders were placed platforms on which were coiled the *fire-matches* for communicating fire to the fuses. The fuses connect with the cylinders which are filled with powder. Had this machine drifted, as was intended, athwart the bows of the *Pawnee*, and there exploded, its destructive effects would indeed have been great. JEROME.

REFERENCES.—No. 1. Large oil-casks, serving as buoys.—2. Iron boiler or bomb, 4 feet 6 inches long, 13 inches in diameter.—3. Rope 3 inches, with large pieces of cork at a distance of every 2 feet.—4. Box on top of cask, with fuse.—5. Gutta-percha tube fitting in to copper pipe.—6. Brass tap on bomb.—7. Copper tube running through cask.—8. Wooden platform in centre of casks, in which fuses are coiled and secured.—9. Fuse.

INFERNAL MACHINE PICKED UP ON THE POTOMAC BY THE U. S. STEAMER "PAWNEE."

THE BATTLE AT HOKE'S RUN.

OUR artist with General Williams's brigade has sent us a sketch, from which we publish, on page 475, an engraving of the WISCONSIN REGIMENT DEPLOYING AS SKIRMISHERS AT THE BATTLE OF HOKE'S RUN, on the march of Patterson's Division from Williamsport to Martinsburg. A correspondent of the *Herald* thus describes the affair:

As soon as the advance reached the brow of the hill, opposite Williamsport, the Wisconsin regiment deployed to skirmishers two or three companies, the Philadelphia Independent Rangers still leading. These were supported by the Eleventh Pennsylvania. In this order of march the advance continued slowly along the direct road to Martinsburg. They passed Falling Waters without more than casually seeing a rebel trooper as a most respectable distance. They had almost begun to despair of finding a foe. About two miles from Falling Waters they almost stumbled upon his camp, concealed in a farm-house or barn, behind a stone fence, in a grain field. With this advantage of concealment and position the latter opened. Our troops saw and green, never having been under fire before, did not hesitate a moment. They at once returned the fire and the skirmish grew brisk.

The first skirmish must have lasted a full half hour between the infantry and riflemen of both sides. Neither party showed any disposition to give way. In the mean time M'Mullin's Rangers, the whole Wisconsin, and the left wing of the Eleventh Pennsylvania, became involved. The right wing of the Eleventh was moved forward rapidly to outflank the rebels.

While these movements were rapidly progressing, a section of Captain Perkins's flying battery was pushed forward and opened upon the enemy, who by this time had brought into action two full regiments and the right wing of a third. The round shot told beautifully upon them, but when the shell began to burst among them, their Virginia "chivalry" departed. They seemed to have forgotten that "the illustrious blood of the cavaliers flowed in their veins." They didn't stand shot as well as their forefathers did at—Manton Moor and Naseby—and they ran with higher speed.

They brought forward a cannon and attempted to reply to Perkins's two guns, but the order was given to our troops and about to be executed, to charge bayonets in double-quick time to carry the piece, when the piece was withdrawn. I do not think it fired but a few shots in reply. The skirmish was continued over a space of two miles, when the enemy retreated with singular facility.

CAMP-LIFE WITH GENERAL WILLIAMS'S BRIGADE.

OUR special artist with General Williams's brigade has sent us the sketches which we reproduce on page 474, and which will enable our readers to understand the published descriptions of the movements of that gallant corps. The pictures need no elaborate description. We may observe, however, that the members of the COUNCIL OF WAR which is illustrated were Generals Williams, Cadwallader, Keim, Nagle, Wynkoop, and Colonels Thomas and Longnecker. It was at this council that the plan of the movement was determined. M'MULLIN'S RANGERS crossed the river at 2.30 A.M., and attacked the enemy's picket, which gave way at once. The head-quarters of General Cadwallader were a RATHER PICTURESQUE LOG-HOUSE.

WILSON'S ZOUAVES AT FORT PICKENS.

WE publish on page 469, from a sketch by an officer of the garrison, a picture of the DITCH AND RAMPART AT FORT PICKENS, with some of WILSON'S ZOUAVES strolling about. A letter from the Fort, of recent date, thus describes the state of affairs there:

There are now in Fort Pickens some 1500 regular United States troops, which, together with our regiment, will make about 5400. These will be increased by the arrival from New York of additional volunteers, swelling our army to between 6000 and 6500 men. Our regiment will not take quarters in the fort but will camp outside, and engage themselves in the erection of batteries, which, when completed, will pay especial attention to the Pensacola Navy-yard. When the troops I have just alluded to have arrived, and sufficient execution been done by the batteries to the Navy-yard, the fleet will open on it in one direction while the troops will attack it in another by escalade, and attempt to carry it at the point of the bayonet. General Bragg is now in Pensacola at the head of 7000 or 8000 men. Fortunately the walls of the Navy-yard are of no great height or thickness, and those who understand these matters give it as their opinion that there will be but two or three volleys, a general rush, a close hand to hand combat, in which the bayonet, sabre, and butt-end of the musket will be the most conspicuous weapons, and in a short time the affair will be settled. Should it come to this it will be both desperate and bloody. We have been selected to lead the van. The remainder of the volunteers will follow next, and then the regulars. The boys seem to enjoy it mightily. That this regiment possesses the raw material for fighting there can exist no question, but they will be more effective after they shall have had more discipline.

THE LOUISIANA ZOUAVE PRISONERS.

WE publish on this page a group of the LOUISIANA ZOUAVE PRISONERS, now in the hands of our troops at FORTRESS MONROE. Two of them, who claimed to be deserters, gave the following account of themselves to the correspondent of the *Herald*:

The elder of the two, FRANZ MINALO, is thirty years of age, and was born in BAVARIA. He arrived in this country about a year since, landing at New Orleans, where he has since lived, working his way as a shoemaker. He was taken off by force on the evening of the 16th of last April, while returning home, having visited some friends. His brother, on hearing of his impressment, offered $200 for his release, but to no purpose, and he left the city of New Orleans on the 18th, forced into the army of the rebels. The other, JOHN ALTOFF, is twenty-four years of age, and was born in the province of SAXONY; has lived in this country but two years, and speaks a little English. He landed in New Orleans, and thence went to Quincy, Illinois, where he gained his livelihood as a journeyman printer in the office of the *Illinois Courier*. A short time before the Presidential election he went to St. Louis, and was employed on the St. *Louis Democrat*. In December he started for New Orleans, and until his impressment, on the 18th of April, he worked on the *Louisiana Deutches Zeitung*. They are both intelligent men.

The First Louisiana Zouaves (of which they were members) number four hundred men. They have a coarse Zouave uniform, and carry the old style of musket. In lieu of food, which they had not tasted for twenty-four hours, they were supplied with twenty rounds of hard cartridges.

After these two men left New Orleans on the 18th of April last, they went by boat to Hall's Landing (eleven miles from Mobile), and thence started for Pensacola on foot, a distance of sixty miles, which they accomplished in three days. Their regiment is composed of more than one-half Germans and poor Frenchmen. From thence they went to Montgomery, where they staid but two days, when they proceeded to a place called West Point, then to Atlanta, and finally reached Augusta, in Georgia. While in Augusta a poor soldier was villainously sacrificed by a wretch named M'Neil, who held the position of second lieutenant. The company had* halted, when he started a few rods to buy some tobacco, and, without any warning, was shot dead on the spot. No excuse was given for the wanton cruelty. They then proceeded on their way to Richmond. Soon after leaving Augusta they lost one man, who was accidentally shot in the right foot. He died from the want of proper surgical attendance. They arrived in Richmond about the 3d of June, and remained there at Camp Benjamin, near Howard's Grove, until the 10th inst., when they left in a steamboat, and were landed about eleven miles from Yorktown, which they reached by a forced march the same evening.

They were at first mistaken by Colonel Hawkins's Zouaves, they thinking they belonged to their own corps. The uniform is that of the French Zouaves—very full pants, tied about the ankle, and made of very coarse and heavy material.

THE FOURTH AT FORTRESS MONROE.

WE devote page 470 to illustrations of the GLORIOUS FOURTH AT FORTRESS MONROE, from sketches by our special artist with General Butler's command. A correspondent of the *Times* describes the celebration as follows:

Virginia never before saw such a celebration of the nation's natal day as that which was the "Fourth Par Excellence" held yesterday. On the Fourth, the Fifth Regiment was ordered by a picked-upon detachment to take quarters in the camp, while their comrades within were making merry. Their own celebration was, therefore, deferred to the fifth. In the afternoon the New York Brigade, which is again under the command of Acting Brigadier-General Duryee, General Pierce having been assigned to the command of the Massachusetts troops, was reviewed by General Butler and staff. It was nightfall when the regiment arrived at its quarters, and immediately after the men were dismissed the illumination of the company streets began. In each of these there was a row of transparent trees, brought from an adjacent thicket. Among the branches candles were placed, and the outer parts of the camp huge fires were kindled, around which the "Red Eagles" danced and sang like so many imps of Hades. Meantime, in front of the color-line all manner of fireworks were blazing and whirling, and exploding and bursting, and in the red, white, and blue light the Zouaves, in picturesque costumes and postures, were studies for a painter. It was a scene to remember, and tell one's grandchildren of when we take them on our knees, next century, and fight the battles of the present over again. Tattoo was postponed for one hour that the men might more fully enjoy it.

A correspondent of the *Herald* writes:

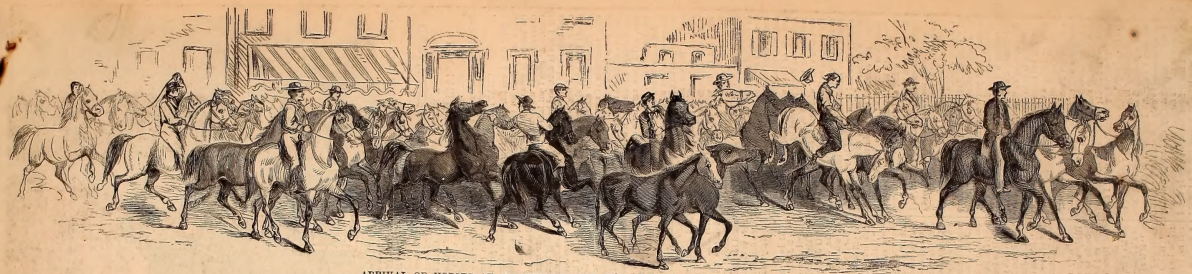
A grand concert had been projected by the Twentieth Regiment for the evening; but unexpected orders to parade in the fortress before General Butler, in the morning, disconcerted the general plan, and it was thought by the Colonel that no entertainment would be offered in the evening. But Captain Myers, of Company A, was not satisfied with this, and they determined to take hold of it alone. They gathered a large quantity of evergreens, and planted them on Driswney, the main street in camp, so thickly that it resembled in the dark of evening a small forest. In the absence of candles or other lights they placed oyster and clam shells in all parts of the trees, and with oil and wick they speedily improvised brilliant lights, that shed a flood of light upon the ground. At eight o'clock the bugle gave the signal for the commencement of the concert, and speedily the benches about the musicians' stand were occupied by the officers and wives and invited guests, while the soldiers standing ranged themselves in front. The scene was most beautiful and picturesque. Hundreds of ring lights glanced among the dark branches of the evergreens, and partially lit up the forms of the soldiers in their fine uniforms as they were gracefully grouped about. The best of decorum was preserved at all times. The German Band, Herr Steiger leader, formed the assemblage with fine selections from operas and the German composers, most excellently and carefully executed. At intervals a glee club, made up of members from the singing bands of New York, sang some choice glees, under the leadership of Lieutenant Hemmeter, of Company F, and Sergeant Priels played several pieces in excellent style upon an accordeon. A large quantity of lager bier was rationally discussed by the company, and at ten o'clock the concert was closed by the sound of the drummer's tattoo. The affair was a grand success, and every one expressed his delight with the music. An equally pleasant concert was given the previous night by Captain Brooks's Company B, the only company from Newark, and the affair passed off most agreeably. The Germans certainly know how to enjoy themselves under all circumstances, and their mode of enjoyment gives pleasure and a relief from the monotony of camp life to others who do not know how to discover the bright side of the picture. The health of Colonel Weber's regiment is most excellent.

LOUISIANA ZOUAVE PRISONERS IN THE GUARD-HOUSE AT FORTRESS MONROE.—[SKETCHED BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST.]

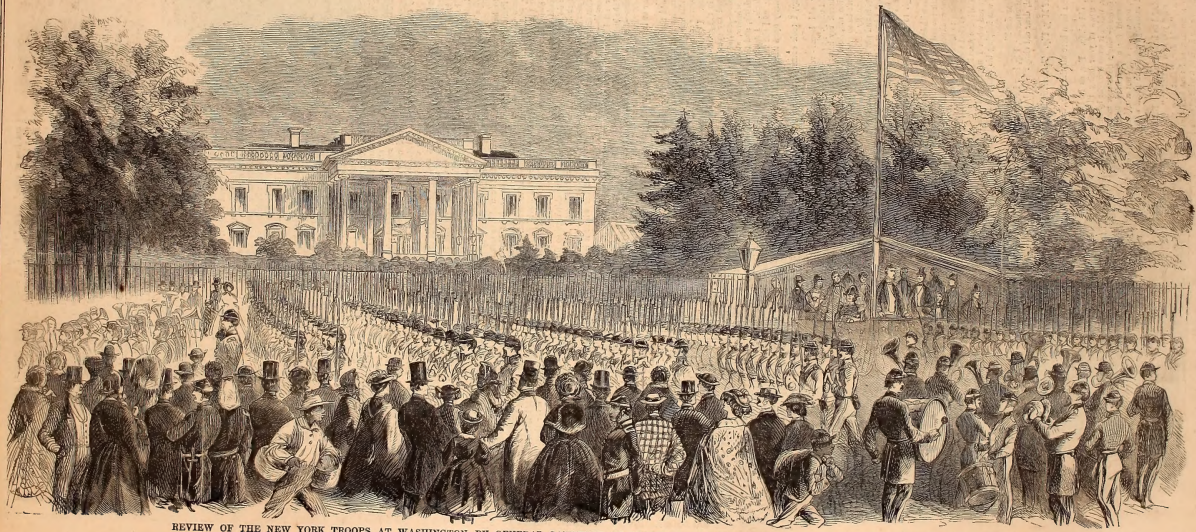
BENNINGTON
YANKEE
STONY
YANKEE DOODLE
AMERICANS DEL
GOOD TO FIDDLE,
AND JUST THE T

BUNKER HILL
DOODLE
PRINCETON
POINT
THE TUNE
HT IN;
NCE, OR SING,
NG FOR FIGHTIN'.

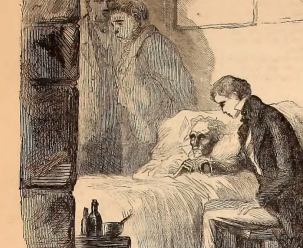
CAMP LIFE WITH GENERAL WILLIAMS.—Sketched by our Artist on his Staff.—[See Page 471.]



ARRIVAL OF HORSES AT WASHINGTON FOR THE ARMY.—[SKETCHED BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST.]



REVIEW OF THE NEW YORK TROOPS AT WASHINGTON, BY GENERAL SANDFORD, IN PRESENCE OF THE PRESIDENT AND CABINET, JULY 4, 1861.—[SEE PAGE 479.]



"THE PLACID LOOK AT THE WHITE CEILING CAME BACK, AND PASSED AWAY, AND HIS HEAD DROPPED QUIETLY ON HIS BREAST."—*See preceding Chapter.*

GREAT EXPECTATIONS.

A NOVEL.

By CHARLES DICKENS.

Splendidly Illustrated by John McLenan.

CHAPTER LVI.

Now that I was left wholly to myself, I gave notice of my intention to quit the chambers in the Temple as soon as my tenancy could legally determine, and in the mean while to underlet them. At once I put bills up in the windows; for I was in debt, and had scarcely any money, and began to be seriously alarmed by the state of my affairs. I ought rather to write that I should have been alarmed if I had had energy and concentration enough to help me to the clear perception of any truth beyond the fact that I was falling very ill. The late stress upon me had enabled me to put off illness, but not to put it away; I knew that it was coming on me now, and I knew very little else, and was even careless as to that.

For a day or two I lay on the sofa or on the floor—any where according as I happened to sink down—with a heavy head and aching limbs, and no purpose and no power. Then there came one night which appeared of great duration, and which teemed with anxiety and horror; and when in the morning I tried to sit up in my bed and think of it I found I could not do so.

Whether I really had been down in the Court in the dead of the night, groping about for the boat that I supposed to be there; whether I had two or three times come to myself on the staircase with great terror, not knowing how I had got out of bed; whether I had found myself lighting the lamp, possessed by the idea that he was coming up the stairs, and that the lights were blown out; whether I had been inexpressibly harassed by the distracted talking, laughing, and groaning of some one, and had half suspected those sounds to be of my own making; whether there had been a closed iron furnace in a dark corner of the room, and a voice had called out over and over again that Miss Havisham was consuming within it; these were things that I tried to settle with myself and get into some order, as I lay that morning on my bed. But the vapor of a lime-kiln would come between me and them, disordering them all, and it was through the vapor at last that I saw two men looking at me.

"What do you want?" I asked, starting; "I don't know you."

"Well, Sir," returned one of them, bending down and touching me on the shoulder, "this is a matter that you'll soon arrange, I dare say, but you're arrested."

"What is the debt?"

"Hundred and twenty-three pound, fifteen, six, Jeweler's account, I think."

"What is to be done?"

"You had better come to my house," said the man. "I keep a very nice house."

I made some attempt to get up and dress myself. When I next attended to them they were standing a little off from the bed, looking at me. I still lay there.

"You see my state," said I. "I would come with you if I could; but indeed I am quite unable. If you take me from here I think I shall die by the way."

Perhaps they replied, or argued the point, or tried to encourage me to believe that I was better than I thought. Forasmuch as they hang in my memory by only this one slender thread, I don't know what they did, except that they forbore to remove me.

That I had a fever and was avoided; that I suffered greatly; that I often lost my reason; that the time seemed interminable; that I confounded impossible existences with my own identity; that I was a brick in the house-wall, and yet entreating to be released from the giddy place where the builders had set me; that I was a steel beam of a vast engine, clashing and whirling over a gulf, and yet that I implored in my own person to have the engine stopped, and my part in it hammered off; that I passed through these phases of disease I know of my own remembrance, and did in some sort know at the time. That I sometimes struggled with real people, in the belief that they were murderers, and that I would all at once comprehend that they meant to do me good, and would then sink exhausted in their arms, and suffer them to lay me down. I also knew at the time. But, above all, I knew that there was a constant tendency in all these people—who, when I was very ill, would present all kinds of extraordinary transformations of the human face, and would be much dilated in size—above all, I say, I knew that there was an extraordinary tendency in all these people, sooner or later, to settle down into the likeness of Joe.

After I had turned the worst point of my illness, I began to notice that while all its other features changed this one consistent feature did not change. Whoever came about me still settled down into Joe. I opened my eyes in the night, and I saw in the great chair at the bedside Joe. I opened my eyes in the day, and, sitting on the window-seat, smoking his pipe in the shaded open window, still I saw Joe. I asked for cooling drink, and the dear hand that gave it me was Joe's. I sank back on my pillow after drinking, and the face that looked so hopefully and tenderly upon me was the face of Joe.

At last, one day, I took courage, and said, "Am I not Joe?"

And the dear old home-voice answered, "Which it is, old chap."

"O Joe, you break my heart! Look angry at me, Joe. Strike me, Joe. Tell me of my ingratitude. Don't be so good to me!"

For Joe had actually laid his head down on the pillow at my side and put his arm round my neck in his joy that I knew him.

"Which dear old Pip, old chap," said Joe, "you and me was ever friends. And when you've well enough to go out for a ride—what larks!"

After which Joe withdrew to the window, and stood with his back toward me wiping his eyes. And as my convalescence progressed me from getting up and going to him, I lay there, penitently whispering, "O God bless him! O God bless this gentle Christian man!"

Joe's eyes were red when I next found him beside me; but I was holding his hand, and we both felt happy.

"How long, dear Joe?"

"Which you meantersay, Pip, how long have your illness lasted, dear old chap?"

"Yes, Joe."

"It's the end of May, Pip. To-morrow is the first of June."

"And have you been here all the time, dear Joe?"

"Pretty nigh, old chap. For, as I says to Biddy when the news of your being ill were brought by letter, which it were brought by the post, and being formerly single he is now married though underpaid for a deal of walking and shoe-leather, but wealth were not a object on his part, and marriage were the great wish of his hart—"

"It is so delightful to hear you, Joe! But I interrupt you to what you said to Biddy."

"Which it were," said Joe, "that how you might be among strangers, and that how you and me having been ever friends, a visit at such a moment might prove unacceptabobble. And Biddy, her word were, 'Go to him without loss of time.' That," said Joe, summing up with his judicial air, "were the word of Biddy. 'Go to him,' Biddy say, 'without loss of time.' In short, I shouldn't greatly deceive you," Joe added, after a little grave reflection, "if I represented to you that the word of that young woman were, 'without a minute's loss of time.'"

There Joe cut himself short, and informed me that I was to be talked to in great moderation, and that I was to take a little nourishment at stated frequent times, whether I felt inclined for it or not, and that I was to consider myself to all his orders. So I kissed his hand and lay quiet, while he proceeded to indite a note to Biddy, with my love in it.

Evidently Biddy had taught Joe to write. As I lay in bed looking at him, it made me, in my weak state, cry again with pleasure to see the pride with which he set about his letter. My bolstead, divested of its curtains, had been removed, with me upon it, into the sitting-room, as the airiest and largest, and the carpet had been taken away, and the room kept always fresh and wholesome night and day. At my own writing-table, pushed into a corner and cumbered with little bottles, Joe now sat down to his great work, first choosing a pen from the pen-tray as if it were a chest of large tools, and tucking up his sleeves as if he were going to wield a crow-bar or sledge-hammer. It was necessary for Joe to hold on heavily to the table with his left elbow, and to get his right leg well out behind him, before he could begin, and when he did begin he made every down-stroke so slowly that it might have been six feet long, while at every up-stroke I could hear his pen spluttering extensively. He had a curious idea that the inkstand was on the side of him where it was not, and constantly dipped his pen into space, and seemed quite satisfied with the result. Occasionally he was tripped up by some orthographical stumbling-block, but on the whole he got on very well indeed, and when he had signed his name, and had removed a finishing blot from the paper to the crown of his head with his two forefingers, he got up and hovered about the table, trying the effect of his performance from various points of view, as it lay there, with unbounded satisfaction.

Not to make Joe uneasy by talking too much, even if I had been able to talk much, I deferred asking him about Miss Havisham until next day. He shook his head when I then asked him if she had recovered.

"Is she dead, Joe?"

"Why, you see, old chap," said Joe, in a tone of remonstrance, and by way of getting at it by degrees, "I wouldn't go so far as to say that, for that's a deal to say; but she ain't—"

"Living, Joe?"

"That's nigher where it is," said Joe; "she ain't living."

"Did she linger long, Joe?"

"After you was took ill, pretty much about what you might call (if you was put to it) a week," said Joe, still determined, on my account, to come at every thing by degrees.

"Dear Joe, have you heard what becomes of her property?"

"Well, old chap," said Joe, "it do appear that she had settled the most of it, which I meantersay that it up, on Miss Estella. But she had wrote out a little coddlehell in her own hand a day or two afore the accident, leaving a cool four thousand to Mr. Matthew Pocket. And why, do you suppose, above all things, Pip, she left that cool four thousand unto him? Because of Pip's account unto the said Matthew. I am told by Biddy that air the writing," said Joe, repeating the legal term as if it did him infinite good, "on account of him the said Matthew.' And a cool four thousand, Pip!"

I never discovered from whom Joe derived the conventional temperature of the four thousand pounds; but it appeared to make the sum of money more to him, and he had a manifest relish in insisting on its being cool.

This account gave me great joy, as it perfected the only good thing I had done since I left the forge. I asked Joe whether he had heard if any of the other relations had any legacies?

"Miss Sarah," said Joe, "she have twenty-five pound peramnium fur to buy pills, on account of being bilious. Miss Georgiana, she have twenty pound down. Mrs.—what's the name of them wild beasts with humps, old chap?"

"Camels?" said I, wondering why he could possibly want to know.

Joe nodded. "Mrs. Camels," by which I presently understood he meant Camilla, "she have five pound fur to buy rush-lights to put her in spirits when she wake up in the night."

The accuracy of these recitals was sufficiently obvious to me to give me great confidence in Joe's information. "And now," said Joe, "you ain't that strong yet, old chap, that you can take in more nor one additional shovelful to-day. Old Orlick he's been a 'astin' open a dwelling-ouse."

"Whose?" said I.

"Well! Not but what his manners is given to blusterous," said Joe, apologetically: "still a Englishman's ouse is his Castle, and castles must not be husted 'cept when done in war time. And wotsumever the failings on his part, he were a corn and seedsman in his hart."

"Is it Pumblechook's house that has been broken into, then?"

"That's it, Pip," said Joe; "and they took his till, and they took his wine-box, and they drinked his wine, and they partook of his cold meat, and they slapped his face, and they pulled his nose, and they tied him up to his bedpust, and they giv' him a dozen, and they stuffed his mouth full of flowering annuals to prevent his crying out. But he knowed Orlick, and Orlick's in the county jail."

By these approaches we arrived at unrestricted conversation. I was slow to gain strength, but I did slowly and surely become able to walk, and Joe staid with me, and I fancied I was little Pip again.

For the tenderness of Joe was so beautifully proportioned to my need, that I was like a child in his hands. He would sit and talk to me in the old confidence, and with the old simplicity, and in the old unassertive protecting way, so that I would half believe that all my life since the days of the old kitchen was a sick dream, and troubles of the fever that was gone. He did every thing for me except the household work, for which he had engaged a very decided woman, after paying off the laundress on his first arrival.

"Which I so assure you, Pip," he would often say, in explanation of that liberty, "if found her a tapping the spare bed, like a cask of beer, and drawing off the feathers in a bucket for sale. Which she would have tapped next and drawed it off with you a laying on it, and was then a carrying away the coals gradually in the soup-tureen and wegetable-dishes, and the wine and spirits in your Wellington boots."

We looked forward to the day when I should go out for a ride, as we had once looked forward to the day of my apprenticeship. And when the day came, and an open carriage was got into the Lane, she trimmed me up, took me in his arms, carried me down to it, and put me in, as if I were still the small helpless creature to whom he had so abundantly given of the wealth of his great nature.

And Joe got in beside me, and we drove away together into the country, where the rich summer growth was already on the trees and on the grass, and sweet summer scents filled all the air. The day happened to be Sunday, and when I looked on the loveliness around me, and thought

"JOE NOW SAT DOWN TO HIS GREAT WORK," ETC.

how it had grown and changed, and how the little wild flowers had been forming, and the voices of the birds had been strengthening, by day and by night, under the sun and under the stars, while poor I lay burning and tossing on my bed, the mere remembrance of having burned and tossed there came like a check upon my peace. But when I heard the Sunday bells, and looked around a little more upon the outspread beauty, I felt that I was not nearly thankful enough—that I was too weak yet to be even that—and I laid my head on Joe's shoulder, as I had laid it long ago when he had taken me to the Fair or where not, and it was too much for my young nerves.

More composure came to me after a while, and we talked as we used to talk, lying on the grass at the Old Battery. There was no change whatever in Joe. Exactly what he had been in my eyes then he was in my eyes still; just as simply faithful, and as simply right.

When we got back again and he lifted me out and carried me—so easily—across the court and up the stairs, I thought of that eventful Christmas Day when he had carried me over the marshes. We had not yet made any allusion to my change of fortune, nor did I know how much of my late history he was acquainted with. I was so doubtful of myself now, and put so much trust in Joe, that I could not satisfy myself whether I ought to refer to it when he did not.

"Have you heard, Joe," I asked him that evening, upon further consideration, as he smoked his pipe at the window, "who my patron was?"

"I heard," returned Joe, "as it were not Miss Havisham, old chap."

"Did you hear who it was, Joe?"

"Which I heard as it were a person what sent the person what giv' you the bank-notes at the Jolly Bargemen, Pip."

"So it was."

"Astonishing!" said Joe, in the placidest way.

"Did you hear that he was dead, Joe?" I presently asked, with incre sing diffidence.

"Which? Him as sent t e bank-notes, Pip?"

"Yes."

"I think," said Joe, after meditating a long time, and looking rather evasively at the window-seat, "as I did hear tell that how he was something or another in a general way in that direction."

"Did you hear my thing of his circumstances, Joe?"

"Not partickler, Pip."

"If you was to like to hear, Joe—" I was beginning, when Joe got up and came to my sofa.

"Lookee here, old chap," said Joe, bending over me. "Ever the best of friends; ain't us, Pip?"

I was ashamed to answer him.

"Why's prentice hand," said Joe, as if I *had* answered; "that's all right; that's agreed upon. Then why go into subjects, old chap, which as betwixt two such can be forever onnecessary? There's subjects enough as betwixt two such, without onnecessary ones. Lord! To think of your poor sister and her Rampages! And don't you remember Tickler?"

"I do indeed, Joe."

"Lookee here, old chap," said Joe. "I done what I could to keep you and Tickler in sunders, but my power were not always fully equal to my inclinations, but I did endeavor to persuade her mind to drop into you, it were not so much," said Joe, in his favorite argumentative way, "that she dropped into me, for I put myself in opposition to her, but that she dropped into you always heavier for it. I noticed that. It ain't a grain of use a man's asmoking, nor yet a shaker or two of a man (to which your sister was quite welcome) that 'ud put a man off from getting a little child's undoubted punishment. But when that little child is dropped into heavier for that grog of whisker or shaking, then that man naturally up and says to himself, 'Where is the good as you are a doing? I grant you I see the arm,' says the man, 'but I don't see the good. I call upon you, sir, therefore, to point out the good.'"

"The man says," I observed, as Joe waited for me to speak.

"The man says," Joe assented. "Is he right, that man?"

"Dear Joe, he is always right."

"Well," said old Joe, "then abide by your words. If he's always right (which in general he's more likely so ong), he's right when he says that whenever you key your little matter to yourself when you was a little child, you kep' it mostly because you know'd as J. Gargery were dead set against Tickler in sunders were not fully equal to his inclinations. Therefore, think no more of it as betwixt two such, and do not let us pass remarks upon onnecessary subjects. Biddy giv' herself a deal o' trouble with me afore I left (for I am most awful dull), as I look back view it in this light, and viewing it in this light, as I should so put it. Both of which," said Joe, quite charmed with his logical arrangement, "being done, now as this to you a true friend, say, Namely. You mustn't go a over-doing on it, but you must have your supper and your wine and water, and you must be put betwixt the sheets."

The delicacy with which Joe dismissed this theme, and the sweet tact and kindness with which Biddy—who with her woman's wit had found me so unmanned—prepared him for it, made a deep impression on my mind. Not whether Joe knew how poor I was, and how my great expectations had all dissolved, like our own marsh mists before the sun, I could not understand.

Another thing in Joe that I could not understand when it first began to develop itself, but which I soon arrived at a sorrowful comprehension of, was this: As I became stronger and better Joe became a little less easy with me.

In my weakness and entire dependence on him the dear fellow had fallen into the old tone, and called me by the old names, the dear "old Pip, old chap," that now were music in my ears. I too had fallen into the old ways, only happy and thankful that he let me. But, imperceptibly, though I held by them fast, Joe's hold upon them began to slacken; and whereas I wondered at this at first, I soon began to understand that the cause of it was in me, and that the fault of it was all mine.

Alas! I had I given Joe no reason to doubt my constancy, and to think that in prosperity I should grow cold to him and cast him off? Had I given Joe's innocent heart no cause to feel instinctively that as I got stronger his hold upon Joe should it be slacker and let me go before I plucked myself away?

It was on the third or fourth occasion of my going out with Joe and walking home leaning on Joe's arm that I saw this change in him very plainly. We had been sitting in the bright warm sunlight, looking at the river, and I chanced to say as we got up:

"See, Joe! I can walk quite strongly. Now you shall use your own pace, dear Joe."

"Which do not overdo it, Pip," said Joe; "but I shall be happy for to see you able. Sir."

The last word grated on me. I knew could I remonstrate! I walked no further than the gate of the gardens, and then pretended to be weaker than I was, that I might go for his arm. Joe gave it me, but was thoughtful.

I, for my part, was thoughtful too; for how best to check this growing change in Joe was a great perplexity to my remorseful thoughts. That I was ashamed to tell him exactly how I was placed, and that I had come down to do not seek to conceal; but I hope my reluctance was not quite an unworthy one. He would want to help me, in his dear fellow heart, I knew, and I knew that he ought not to help me, and that I must not suffer him to do it.

Yes, a thoughtful time for both both of us. But before we went to bed I had resolved that I would wait over to-morrow, to-morrow being Sunday, and would begin my life again with the new week. On Monday morning I would speak to Joe about this change; I would lay aside this last barrier between us, and would tell him what I had in my thoughts (that Secondly, not yet arrived at), and why I had not ventured to go out to Herbert, and then the change could be conquered forever. As I cleared Joe clear ed, and it seemed as though he had set up other lofty barriers between us.

We had a quiet day on the Sunday, and we rode out into the country, and took walked in the fields.

"I feel thankful that I have been ill, Joe," I said.

"Dear old Pip, old chap, you're almost come round, Sir."

"It has been a memorable time for me, Joe."

"Likewise for myself, Sir," returned Joe.

"We have had a time together, Joe, that I can never forget. There were days once, I remember, that I felt a while forget; but I never shall forget these."

"Pip," said Joe, appearing a little hurried and anxious, "I ain't a saying nothing, old dear Sir, what has been betwixt us—have been."

At night, when I had gone to bed, Joe came into my room again, and asked enough my recovery. He asked me if I felt sure that I was as well as in the morning?

"Yes, dear Joe, certainly."

"And are always a getting stronger, old chap?"

"Yes, dear Joe, steadily."

Joe patted the coverlet on my shoulder with his great good hand, and said, in what I thought a very tender voice, "Good night!"

When I got up in the morning, refreshed and stronger yet, I was full of my resolution to tell Joe all, without delay. I would tell him before breakfast. I would dress at once and go to his room and surprise him; for it was the first day I had been up early. I was sure Joe would be astonished to see me.

But when I came to the letter was a receipt for the debt and costs on which I had been arrested. Down to that moment I had vainly supposed that my protector had withdrawn or suspended proceedings until I should be quite recovered. I had never dreamed of Joe's having paid the money; but Joe had paid it, and the receipt was in his name.

What remained for me now but to follow him to the forge with my arrears of confession and disclosure to him, and my penitent remonstrance with him, there to relieve my mind and heart before breakfast-time? Biddy would account for a vague something lingering in my thoughts, and had formed into a settled purpose?

I finished dressing, and went down to Biddy, that I would show her how humbled and repentant I came back, that I would tell her how I felt sure she knew it, and that I would remind her of our old confidences in my first unhappy time. Then I would say to her, "Biddy, I think your sister has a warm place in my heart, even while it strayed away from you, was quieter and better with you than it ever has been since. If you can like me only half as well once more, if you can take me with all my faults and disappointments on my head, if you can receive me like a forgiven child (and indeed I am as sorry, Biddy, and have as much need of a hushing voice and a soothing hand), I hope I am a little worthier of you than I was —not much, but a little. And, Biddy, it shall rest with you to say whether I shall work at the forge with Joe, or whether I shall try for any different occupation down in this country, or whether we shall go away to a distant place where an opportunity awaits me, which I set aside, when it was offered, until I knew your answer. And now, dear Biddy, if you can tell me that you will go through the world with me, you will surely make it a better world for me, and me a better man for it, and I will try hard to make it a better world for you."

Such was my purpose. After three days more of recovery I went down to the old place to put it in execution; and how I sped in it, is all I have left to tell.

THE FOURTH IN WASHINGTON.

On page 477 we publish an engraving from a sketch by our special artist, of the GRAND REVIEW OF NEW YORK TROOPS at Washington on 4th July. A correspondent thus describes it:

The parade of twenty-thousand New York troops, under command of General Sandford, previously announced, came off in the morning according to programme. A stand was erected on the sidewalk of Pennsylvania Avenue, in front of the White House, which was occupied by the President, several members of the Cabinet, General Scott, and various Major and Brigadier Generals.

The military fled by in the following order:

FIRST BRIGADE.

Eighth Regiment N Y. Militia	Col. Bleeker.
Seventeenth Regiment N. Y. Volunteers	Col. Wilcox.
Fourteenth Brooklyn Regiment N. Y. Militia	Col. Duryea.
Thirteenth Regiment N. Y. Volunteers	Col. Lefferts.
Sixteenth Regiment N. Y. Volunteers	Col. Davies.
Seventh Regiment N. Y. Volunteers	Col. Marshall.

SECOND BRIGADE.

Eighteenth Regiment N. Volunteers	Col. Jackson.
Nineteenth Regiment N. Y. Volunteers	Col. Clark.
Twenty-third Regiment N. Y. Volunteers	Col. Rogers.
Twenty-second Regiment N. Y. Volunteers	Col. Phelps.
Twenty-fourth Regiment N. Y. Volunteers	Col. Van Steinwehr.
Twenty-sixth Regiment N. Y. Volunteers	Col. Van Schaick.

THIRD BRIGADE.

Twenty-fifth Regiment N. Y. Volunteers	Col. Donnelly.
Twenty-seventh Regiment N. Y. Volunteers	Col. Lyon.
Thirty-first Regiment N. Y. Volunteers	Col. C. D. Pratt.
Thirty-second Regiment N. Y. Volunteers	Col. Mathewson.
Thirty-seventh Regiment N. Y. Volunteers	Col. M'Cunn.
Thirty-eighth Regiment N. Y. Volunteers	Col. Ward.
Garibaldi Guard Regiment N. Y. Volunteers	Col. D'Utassi.

FOURTH BRIGADE.

Fifth Regiment N. Y. State Militia	Col. Schwarzwalder.
Twelfth Regiment N. Y. State Militia	Col. Butterfield.
Thirty-ninth Regiment N. Y. State Militia	Col. Max Weber.
Seventy-first Regiment N. Y. State Militia	Col. Martin.

The troops having passed in review, the crowd immediately surrounded the platform, when loud calls being made for General Scott,

President Lincoln came forward and said:

Fellow citizens—I see we will have to wait for each other a long while. It is a sort of rule that constrains me to do so. I know that a sight of your noble old faces and revered heads would be more gratifying to you than a speech from me. I take pleasure in acknowledging your distinguished generalship.

General Scott then came forward, when he was cheered with the most deafening applause. The old General, the bulwark of the nation in the fearful contest time of demolition, bowed his acknowledgments to the enthusiastic people before him, and then the tall, spare figure of the vast creed and marked the fervor of their feelings in eyes that glistened, and hands that clapped and shouts that proclaimed a people's thanks for peace preserved and a nation's life saved. The old hero felt rewarded for the great services he has and is still rendering to the country. Cheer after cheer followed, and it was only when the aged chieftain bowed and retired among his friends, leaving the front of the platform clear, that a partial calm was restored.

THE WAR ON THE POTOMAC.

We publish on page 475 an engraving from a sketch by our special artist, Mr. Theodore R. Davis, entitled, "GENERAL MCCLELLAN'S COMPLIMENTS TO THE SECESSIONERS." We need hardly explain that it represents the experimental firing of a field-piece across the river, and that some of the fellows who have lately been amusing themselves by shooting our sentinels and pickets. Lieutenant Hall is, we believe, the officer in that name who formed part of the Sumter garrison under Major Anderson.

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CONTENTS.

THE CENTRAL FIELDS. By T. ADDISON RICHARDS.
ILLUSTRATIONS.—Iron Foot Bridge.—Map of the Park.—Arbor.—Bridle Path.—Transverse Road.—Carriage Way.—The Arches.—Wood-Terrace.—Summer Pavilion.—Cottage Bridge.—The Swans.—Rustic Bridge.—Winter Sports.—The Mall.—The Lake.—The Grotto Arbor.—Western Foot Bridge.—The Lake, from the West.—Archery.—Way for Both Roads.—The Lake, from the East.—The Old Reservoir.—The Lake, from the Northwest.—Vine Trellis.—Gateway.—Bird's-eye View of the Central Park.—Tunnel.—Arbor.—The Palisades.

THE CLAIMS AND RESOURCES OF CALIFORNIA. THE INDIAN RESERVATIONS. By J. ROSS BROWNE.

ILLUSTRATIONS.—Map of California.—Coal in the Mountains.—Presenting the Scythes.—Beech Fishing.

PANSIES, WITH HINTS OF THE LANGUAGE.

ILLUSTRATIONS.—The Corn Cut-Worm.—The Corn Weevil.—Corn-Ear Worm.—Corn-Stalk Borer.—Corn-Root Louse.—Corn-Plant Louse.—Corn-Stalk Moth.—Half-Lower Moth.—Silkworm Caterpillar.—Moth.—Tinea Zea.—Flat Corn-Beetle.

THE FIGHT AT ORISKANY.

ILLUSTRATIONS.—Portrait of Peter Gansevoort.—Portrait of Barbara Herkimer.—The Battle-Ground at Oriskany.

ORLEY FARM. By ANTHONY TROLLOPE.—Illustrated by J. E. MILLAIS.

CHAPTER XLII. Guilty, or not Guilty.
CHAPTER XLIV. Dinner at the Clevey.
CHAPTER XLV. Sir Peregrine Full at Mount Pleasant Villa.

CHAPTER XVI. Mr. Duckworth in Bedford Row.
ILLUSTRATIONS.—Lady Mason and the Furnivals.—At the Opera.
THE SWORD AND THE PEN.
THE SEED PEARL.
THE BAKERTOWN MILITIA.
BUNGS.—Illustrated by Alfred Bunge.
A READING BY CHARLES DICKENS.
THE HEALING HAND.
LOUIS NAPOLEON: PRINCE AND EMPEROR.
THE SEA-KING'S DAUGHTER.
THE ADVENTURES OF PHILIP. By W. M. THACKERAY.

CHAPTER XV. Samaritans.
CHAPTER XVI. In which Philip shows his Mettle.
ILLUSTRATIONS.—The Good Samaritan.—Philip's Comforters.—A Hero.
PISSING A WAY.
THE COUNTERSIGN.
THE POT OF GOLD.
THE CONFIDANTE.
MONTHLY RECORD OF CURRENT EVENTS.
EDITOR'S TABLE.
EDITOR'S EASY CHAIR.
EDITOR'S FOREIGN BUREAU.
EDITOR'S DRAWER.—With *Four Illustrations.*)
IN MEDIAS RES.
ILLUSTRATIONS.—Mr. Jones Sleeps.—Become a Medium.—Moves Chairs.—Moves his Wife.—Nor is Magnetized.—So is Baby.—And the Furniture generally.—Mr. Jones awakes.
A SASHIMI OR AUGUST.
ILLUSTRATION.—Prigeon.

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VOL. V.—No. 240.] NEW YORK, SATURDAY, AUGUST 3, 1861. [SINGLE COPIES SIX CENTS. $2 50 PER YEAR IN ADVANCE.

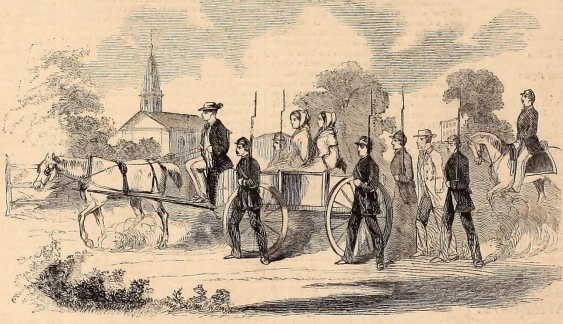
Entered according to Act of Congress, in the Year 1861, by Harper & Brothers, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Southern District of New York.

THE MISSES SCOTT.

SOME time since two young ladies of the name of Scott, residents of Fairfax County, Virginia, were the means of capturing the Captain of a volunteer regiment from Connecticut. They have now been taken themselves, and we illustrate, on this page, their appearance as they drove into our lines at Fall's Church. The account of their capture is thus given by a Connecticut boy, one of the scouting party which took them:

After getting out of the woods we came to a corn-field, through which we crawled on our hands and knees, and we got completely "turned," but managed to get through the greatest danger and come to a house, where we went to see what we could make out. We found there an old man, when we asked if any of our troops were there. He wanted to know if we were on the Southern side. Lieut. Upton told him "Yes," when he told us we were about a mile from their tents, but to look out or we would be captured. We of course appeared frightened, and posted a man outside to look out. Lieutenant Upton told him he was an officer of a South Carolina regiment. The old man told him all about the United States camp, the names of all the secession neighbors, and finally said he had in his house the two Miss Scotts who took the Yankee Captain, so the old man took us into the room and introduced us to the Miss Scotts. That moment was a proud one for us, for right in our hands were those whom the whole brigade had been hunting for. But we continued to play our part, complimenting the ladies highly for their feat, and pumping the old man for further information. When, after learning the most direct road to our camp, Lieutenant Upton told them we must go, but he would like to see the whole family together to bid them good-by. Accordingly they all came out in the front porch—the old man, his wife, three sons, and daughter, and the two Miss Scotts. We just formed a circle about them, when Lieutenant Upton, drawing his sword, demanded their surrender to the United States. You ought to have seen their faces! The two Miss Scotts and the young men were all we took with us. The excitement was very great when we went into camp, and we found they had given us up for lost, and sent a company after us. With the two Miss Scotts we marched to the General's quarters, and left the ladies there, and the men we took to the guard-house. The General sent for us in the evening, and complimented us highly for our conduct on this occasion.

The ladies of Virginia and Maryland have been, as a rule, fiercer in their secessionism than the men. Multitudes more our troops are insulted daily by ladies.



BRINGING IN THE MISSES SCOTT AS PRISONERS TO FALL'S CHURCH, VA.—[SKETCHED BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST.]

THE DEATH OF THE REBEL GENERAL GARNETT, AT THE BATTLE OF LAUREL HILL.—[SEE PAGE 483.]

THE TWO FURROWS.

BY C. H. WEBB.

THE spring-time came, but not with mirth—
The banner of our trust,
And with it the best hopes of earth
Were trailing in the dust.

The Farmer saw the shame from far,
And stopped his plow afield;
Not the blade of peace but the brand of war
This arm of mine must wield.

When traitor hands that flag would stain,
Their homes let women keep;
Until its stars burn bright again,
Let others sow and reap.

The Farmer sighed—a lifetime long
The plow has been my trust;
In truth it was an errant wrong
To leave it now to rust.

With ready strength the Farmer tore
The iron from the wood,
And to the village smith he bore
That plow-share stout and good.

The blacksmith's arms were bare and brown,
And loud the bellows roared:
The Farmer flung his plow-share down—
"Now forge me out a sword!"

And then a merry, merry chime
The sounding anvil rang;
Good sooth, it was a nobler rhyme
Than ever poet sung.

The blacksmith wrought with skill that day,
The blade was keen and bright,
And now where thickest is the fray
The Farmer leads the fight.

Not as of old that blade he sways
To break the meadow's sleep,
But through the rebel ranks he lays
A furrow broad and deep.

The Farmer's face is burned and brown,
But light is on his brow,
Right well he wots what blessings crown
The furrow of the Plow.

But better is to-day's success—
Thus ran the Farmer's word—
For nations yet unborn shall bless
This furrow of the Sword.

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

SATURDAY, AUGUST 3, 1861.

OUR INSTITUTIONS ON THEIR TRIAL.

THE most convenient government for a nation at war is a despotic monarchy; the most inconvenient—according to general opinion—a democratic republic. A despotic monarch, having no advisers to defer to, no responsibility to fear, and no laws to obey, can act with a promptitude, an energy, and a secrecy which are nearly compatible with the checks and trammels of limited governments. He can meet desperate emergencies with desperate remedies; and, while popular governments are studying how to conciliate existing interests, unforeseen crises, can despise or trample all thing and every thing which may stand in the way of his purpose. Him no Congressional debates delay, no cavilling Committees annoy; no newspapers baffle by premature betrayals of his plans; no rules compel to disregard genius in the choice of his officers; no law hamper in the selection of the most efficient method to attain his ends. If he has the money, the men, and the will, to prosecute the war is to him no task at all.

It is a very different matter in a democratic republic such as ours. In the first place, the Constitution—a document not framed in view of such wars as the present one, for instance, and full of checks on the authority of the Executive—ties the hands of the President, and forbids his doing many things which war may render it absolutely necessary for him to do. The laws of the United States—framed for the general good in time of peace—lay further restrictions upon him; deny him no power to stop unlawful trade, for instance, and none to interfere with constructive treason. Under the law he can neither enlist men to fight, nor pay them for fighting, without the previous decree of Congress. When he has got the men and the money, Congress still retains the power of directing how the money and the men shall be employed, and of appointing Committees to see that their directions are carried out. Even the Executive Authority of the President is constitutionally shared with a body of advisers who are entitled to a knowledge of his secrets. Over and above all, the Supreme Court enjoys and exercises the right of pronouncing the President's acts invalid, null, and void. Then come the people and the press. Though the people can not constitutionally act upon the Government except through the ballot-box, yet still "popular pressure" is a power known to and feared by all governments; where it can not be repressed by the arm of authority, it is almost irresistible. This pressure is mostly exercised through the press. The power of a free and an able press is such that wise men have doubted whether it were possible to carry on a long war in its presence. Wars—even the most popular—make so many malcontents among those whose livelihood is taken away by the war, and discontent at home is so fatal to the administration of a Government engaged in a great war, that even English statesmen in our day have doubted whether the freedom of the press should be absolute in war as in peace—whether newspapers, working for private ends or in the interest of unpatriotic malcontents, should be suffered to weaken the hands of Government, during war-time, by malevolent opposition.

We are now testing these various inconveniences of the form of government under which we live. Our institutions are on their trial. We know that they work well in peace; we know that they do not prevent our carrying on a foreign war; it remains to be seen whether they are compatible with a great civil war.

Thus far, the nation has good ground for self-gratulation. We have a President who, like Jackson, has not feared to take the responsibility of acting as the emergency required. We have a Congress patriotic enough to ratify his acts, to give him men and money in abundance, to increase his power wherever increase was needed. And the people have thus far been absolutely true to themselves. No one has heard a single faint-hearted cry; no one thinks of compromises; no one objects to the full and speedy use of any work that is to be done. The hundred days which have elapsed since the bombardment of Sumter have not in the least wearied or enfeebled the national sentiment aroused by that outrage.

Let us hope that it will be so to the end. Montesquieu tells us that the only difficulty with republican governments is that they require so much virtue in their citizens. That is just the point. Can our people have enough virtue—that is to say, courage, perseverance, loyalty to themselves, to truth, to God, fidelity to their principles, and unity of purpose—they can carry on this war as well as any despot could. If they do not, the war will end, some day, in the sacrifice of honor and nationality, and the United States will sink lower than Mexico.

We can not too often repeat that the first duty of the citizen at this juncture is to give to the President a generous, confiding, and cordial support. No man can doubt that Mr. Lincoln and General Scott are fully and honestly striving to put down this rebellion. This task entitles them to the undivided support of every patriot, and ought to insure them against petty cavils and mean suspicions. Such journals as the New York *Tribune*, which selects this critical moment as the fit time to sneer unworthily at the military genius of Scott and the loyalty of Seward, ought to be banished from every honest man's house, as the most efficient, if not the hired instruments of the rebels.

THE "TRIBUNE" ON MR. RUSSELL.

OUR genial contemporary, the *Tribune*, has made two attempts to explain the Russell-Daniel controversy to the public. In the first it stated that we had "charged Mr. Russell with treachery to our cause," which of course was a sheer invention; in the second it says that we "accused Mr. Russell of a tacit refusal to sustain our artist in the pretext by which he sought to evade the retribution of Southern foes to Northern literature." Now, as a matter of fact we have done nothing of the kind. We have accused Mr. Russell of nothing whatever. We stated that we were informed and believed that he knew Mr. Davis was our artist when they left Washington together—nothing more. Indeed for some time past we have seen nothing in any paper that was not complimentary to Mr. Russell, with the single exception of the following disgraceful paragraph from the editorial columns of the New York *Tribune* of July 21:

"* * * The *social habits* of the *Times* correspondent * * * have been matters of general discussion. Grant that *drinking* and smoking a journalist does is stimulus to intellectual exercise," etc., etc.

But the *Tribune* is nothing if not scurrilous.

☞ MR. SAMUEL WARD states, in a communication to the *Times*, that the letter signed by him, which was published in *Harper's Weekly* of July 20, was "*an extract* from a *private* note addressed by him," etc. This is not true. The letter was published as a letter, and not as private, but a business communication, addressed by name to the Editor of *Harper's Weekly*, on the business of that journal. Neither Mr. SAMUEL WARD himself nor the other statements contained in his letter seem to require any notice at our hands.

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THE LOUNGER.

A PERSONAL EXPLANATION

IN an article of the Lounger's, called "Who are against us?" published in this column in the paper for July 20, "it was evident enough to all who were in the habit of reading the New York *Tribune* that the writer had that paper in mind."

Yet such an article could not be justly called an innuendo. If a man says frankly that the leader of our armies in this emergency is a traitor, he says as plainly as words can, to all who know General Scott to be the leader, that Scott is a traitor. So when the Lounger says that if a paper takes a certain course it helps the enemy, he says to every one who knows that the *Tribune* takes that course, that in his opinion the *Tribune* helps the enemy. It is perfectly plain speaking, which yet does not prejudice those who do not read the paper.

But while the Lounger intended to say in the most emphatic manner that a particular course was fatal to the country, he did not say nor imply that those who took it wished ill to the country; for nothing is more evident than that the friends of a cause are often enough its most serious practical opponents. To defeat unwisely may be as disastrous as to attack. "It would be a most unpardonable misapprehension of human virtue," says Schiller, "to count a doubt upon the sincerity of Cato's intentions; and this sincerity is not impeached by the assertion which has often been made, and I trust will be made, that Cato, with his philosophy did incalculable injury to the Commonwealth."

The Lounger certainly did not intend to asperse motives. Let us some expressions he used, taken with the strong tone of the article, may perhaps fairly suggest that to doubt the honest patriotism of the conductors of the *Tribune*, he says here, in justice to himself, that he should as soon doubt his own. He believes that they wish to see the Government maintained upon the least compromise; but he believes just as firmly that the course they have pursued leads straight to compromise, and consequently to the ruin of the Government; and that, therefore, it is a course which every citizen who can speak to the public mind should, however faithfully and loyally, withstand. For the hope of crushing this rebellion lies more in the unity of public opinion than in the army in the field. When that unity is destroyed, the army is defeated. And whoever pursues a course which tends to destroy that harmony does all he can, however unwittingly, to defeat the national cause.

Whether a particular course does or does not tend to destroy that harmony is, of course, the question.

The Lounger can not leave the subject without adding that this article is written solely upon his own impulse, and with the sole expressed or implied desire of any body. For he fully believes that there may be the most radical difference of opinion, and the most earnest expression of that difference, without the imputation of bad motives; and that it is perfectly possible for the *Tribune* itself to disbelieve the charge that daily it helps the enemy altogether, without speaking, as it does in its number for Sunday, July 14, of "the malice" of its projectors "or of their supporters," and the "gross and malicious unfairness" upon the part of its projectors, as it does in its editorial columns on Sunday, the 21st July.

SCHOOLING BY WINFIELD SCOTT.

IT is a curious fact, but it is a fact, that the reckless assertions and hysterical misrepresentation of the rebel newspapers in regard to the free and loyal citizens of this country are seriously believed by many. Their assertions, pure and simple, are by those whose frequent residence and many friendships at the North should have saved from such delusion. But such is the power of a systematic lie. It destroys conscience, reason, and common sense.

Such persons really suppose that Mr. Lincoln is a drunken sot, that Seward is a consummate debauch, and that he is sunk in imbecility. At the same time they believe him to be a black-hearted monster—wicked enough for any nefarious plot, and daring to wade through blood to a throne. He is representated as keeping gloomy state in his palace; fawned upon by profligate slaves, and otherwise sensibly people look upon the ridiculous chimera and believe it exists.

On the 5th of June General Beauregard issued a proclamation to the people of the northern counties of Virginia. He began:

"A ruthless and unprincipled tyrant has invaded your soil. Abraham Lincoln, regardless of all moral, legal, and constitutional restraints, has thrown his abolition hosts among you, who are murdering and imprisoning your citizens, confiscating and destroying your property, and committing rape and other horrid outrages shocking and revolting to humanity to be enumerated. All rules of civilized warfare are abandoned, and they proclaim by their acts, on the line of invasion, that their war-cry is 'Beauty and booty.' All that is dear to man—your honor and that of your wives and daughters—your fortunes and your lives, are involved in this momentous contest."

Of course General Beauregard himself does not believe this; but many people, otherwise quite as intelligent as he, do. They can be taught their error but in one way. Freedom, education, the church, and the school-house, they think, only make men sneaking cowards and tuppenny peddlers, who, in John's place, would have sold their Master for twenty-nine pieces of silver rather than not close the bargain.

Doctor Scott has opened a school to teach them that they are mistaken. Ashers Lyon and Siegel in the West, Usher M'Clellan beyond the Alleghanies, Dibern M'Dowell, Patterson, Banks, Butler, and Mansfield around Chesapeake Bay and the Potomac, are rapidly imparting instruction in this branch. Their pupils are going to learn that an intelligent freeman, taught by his conscience and admonished by the laws that every man is of equal rights among men, and that constitutional liberty is the only guarantee of peaceable and progressive civilization, is a man as terrible in a battle as a bargain. They are to learn that because men prefer peace to war, and the sentiment of universal liberty to the inevitable barbarism of slavery, they are neither fools, cowards, idiots, drunken apes, nor mud-sills.

This is the lesson of the day. Dr. Scott is ringing his bell. Let all the children come to school. The Doctor is of the old school; and those who do not learn the lesson will be thrashed until they do.

WHAT CATO THE YOUNGER SAYS TO BRECKINRIDGE THE YOUNGER AND COMPANY.

WHEN Catiline's confederate conspirators were to be sentenced by the Roman Senate, the Senators declared for the severest punishment until CESAR spoke—Julius CESAR, the great Roman leader who overthrow of the Republic. He suggested milder measures. Cato replied, and his reply is the only oration of his preserved to us.

Does MR. BRECKINRIDGE, who lately aspired to be President of the United States, remember the account Plutarch gives of Cato's speech to CESAR? It is this:

"*He attacked Cesar, and charged him with a secret design of subverting the government under the plausible appearance of solitatory speeches and humane conduct; and of intimidating likewise the Senate, even in a case where he had it for his friend, and in a time in which he might deem it an instance of great good fortune, if he himself could be exempted from the imputation and suspicion of guilt—when the city and country was daringly attempted to rescue from justice by the enemies of the state, and about that, for from having any suspicion of the conspiracy, he was the bride of destruction, he could even pity and plead for the unnatural wretches who had meditated its ruin, and grieve that their punishment should exceed their design.*"

Do MESSRS. Breckinridge, Vallandigham, Burnett, Bayard, Powell, Ben Wood, and Company think, as they read these words, that treason has changed much since the days of Catiline?

But when they hear Jerry Black declare: "It is time that in their majesty the people of the United States should make known to the world that this Government, in the exercise of its power, is something more than a moot court; and that the citizen who makes war upon it is a traitor not only in theory but in fact, and should have meted out to him a traitor's doom"—when those gentlemen hear these words do they not know, as every generous heart in the land acknowledges with delight, that heroic patriotism, also, has not changed much since the days of Cato?

TWO KENTUCKIANS.

TWO Kentuckians lately spoke, and the whole country fondly listened. BRECKINRIDGE spoke in the Senate of the United States, MR. HOLT in Louisville. MR. HOLT, quite unknown to the country until within two years by his masterly and impassioned oration takes his place among the most illustrious Americans; for the true patriots are those who are faithful to their principles when fidelity is dangerous. MR. Breckinridge, a man well known by name and position to the country, but conspicuous by the absence of himself by proved ability, in his quibbling plea against the President's course betrays all the desire without the heroism to reason.

MR. Breckinridge, when only prompt and firm action can save his country from ruin, calls the President who takes the steps to their end and save the country, and who at the same time summons the people in Congress to judge him, a usurper, who should be wrested.

MR. Holt paints in vivid colors the portraits of the conspirators who are striking at the heart of the country, and exclaims, as to Virginia, to which that heart cries anew, "The President of the United States is heroically and patriotically struggling for the constitutional rights of every wicked men. I have unbounded gratification in knowing that he has the courage to look traitors in the face; and that, without fear and without favor he will receive the support of all who justly appreciate the boundless blessings of our free institutions?"

MR. Breckinridge, with puerile folly, asserts that it was never contemplated by the framers of the Constitution that the Government could be maintained by force, and that in the last war in their senses could ever form any government of which the power of self-preservation should not be the cardinal condition! Is education so little known among the people who favor this rebellion that their leaders may make the most absurdly untrue historical statements without contradiction? But while the Senator from Kentucky openly declares that it is unconstitutional to save the Constitution except in a prescribed way—utterly unconscious of what Senator Browning of Illinois so justly calls the right of self-defense inherent in States as in persons—he is careful to suggest, doubting to Kentucky, with the ringing eloquence of truth, "There is not and there can not be any neutral ground for a loyal people between their own Government and those who, at the head of armies, are menacing its destruction."

Who can not hear the laurels of the fathers rustle as these words are uttered? This Kentuckian loves Kentucky well, but he loves the nation more by which Kentucky lives. He knows that a blow struck at the nation wounds every State; for the

parts live only in the life of the whole. He who shows this to his State does a service which no service can surpass. He who blinds her to it stabs her mortally.

Two Kentuckians have spoken. One defends the treason that, ruining the nation, would make Kentucky contemptible. The other defends the nation, whose permanence is the life-blood of the State.

ANOTHER DISTINGUISHED VICTIM.

THE war is so urgent that it is putting even the language to flight. The English tongue proves inadequate to the occasion. But is our race really so unused to fighting that it must borrow from France the word which describes armies? The papers speak of the *grande armée*. Why not the great army; or, as simplicity is strength, the army? Then what has happened to the good technical, expressive words division or column, that are suddenly unequal to the emergency, and must be superseded by *corps d'armée*. Why should a division or column of the army be called *corps d'armée*, any more than the nation should be called *la République*? War is not a peculiarly French science that its technical terms must be expressed in French.

Let us have an end of this priggish nonsense. General Scott is the chief of an army, not of a *grande armée*: and General M'Dowell and General M'Clellan's proper names be honored!—command divisions, not *corps*.

WHEN TO CELEBRATE A VICTORY.

THE proper time to celebrate a victory is when the army returns victorious, not when it marches out to battle. Nobody, probably, who could be said to have a choice, supposed that this rebellion, which had so long and strong a start of the Government, could be suppressed in a month, or without the loss of a great deal of treasure. There must be many battles, victories, and defeats. Now one side will triumph, now the other. The essential point is that every body shall keep his head and heart as cool as possible; and above all, not suppose that a single battle can conclude the war.

We must apply sober common sense to it. At the moment of writing, for instance, the advance of our army is checked at Manassas. Now let us suppose that the army is in a position to force on it, we know that they have the choice of position; that they are strongly and skillfully fortified; that they have as many cannon, and that they are as well-served; that in their ranks are many men who, under the melancholy delusion cast upon them by their chiefs, seriously believe that they are opposing the irruption of a savage horde whose motto is "Beauty and booty:" that the Rebel Congress has appointed a Richmond mint, and that defeat now would be so to dishearten that body and demoralize the insurrection, that every nerve will be strained to the utmost to secure success.

Bearing these facts in mind, and remembering the chances of war, it would be by no means surprising if the rebels held their position. But what then? Did you suppose that our army was to march straight from the Potomac to the Gulf of Mexico? Did you suppose that all the murder of so many of the best arms of the country to the rebel part of the country by that worthy patriot, John B. Floyd, was to have no result? Above all, did you suppose that the leaders of this cruel rebellion would dare to retreat altogether? They must stand and defend: they must fight: for it is better for them to run the risk of a battle with loyal citizens than meet the fatal rage of those whom they have deceived and betrayed.

But while a great defeat at this period of the war would be the ruin of the rebellion, a defeat would be nearly due to the Government. It would deepen and intensify the struggle. It would be a victory as fatal to the rebels as that of Bunker Hill was to the British. It would open a new view of this great effort of Constitutional liberty to maintain itself; and the calmest and most reasonable of them would repeat the words of Senator Dixon of Connecticut, and Senator Browning of Illinois, calmest and most reasonable of Senators: "The nation must be preserved pure and inviolate, and whatever stands in the way, whether political or vested right, must go down."

It is for this that the meeting at Richmond to determine at what cost to themselves they will compel the Government of the United States to celebrate its victory.

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

DAUGHTERS TO SELL.

SONG BY A LADY OF FASHION.

DAUGHTERS to sell! Daughters to sell!
They cost more money than I can tell;
Their education has been frightful,
What wealthy young nobleman wants a mate?
They sing like nightingales, play on the veil:
Daughters to sell! Daughters to sell!

Here's my fine daughters, my daughters, all!
German, Italian, French they know,
Dance like Sylphides for grace and ease;
Dresses out every fashion, whatever you please.
Here's a nice wife for a rich young swell:
Daughters to sell. Daughters to sell!

Beautiful daughters, dark and fair!
Each a treasure to suit a nobleman,
Or fit to pair with any duke's heir,
St. George's Society by Hanover Square,
Buy! you that in lordly mansions dwell,
Daughters to sell! Daughters to sell!

Buy my pretty daughters! What can a bride,
That can give her a carriage, and horses to ride,
Stand on pedestal for his fancy's queen,
And no end of acres of crinoline.
Ever new furniture, jewels, and plate,
All sorts of servants upon her to wait;
Visits to Paris, Vienna, and Rome,
In short all that she's been brought up to at home.
Here are girls for your money—if out you can shell.
My daughters to sell! My daughters to sell!

A letter from Naples says: "Standing on Cattle Etiou, I drank in the whole sweep of the bay." What a swallow the writer must have!

THE WAY TO WIN HIM.

A fast girl falls to catch a lord and master,
Because none other girls are rather faster.
And e'en a fast man fears to take a wife,
If fast, she'll be found fast to him for life.

AT ST AGNES, you Sent—The Wicomet is ever apt at an absurdity. A friend of his the other day was talking of Aeschylus, and saying that to set the Furies off free without injuring their cothurn would be almost an act of magic. "Magic!" observed Wicomet, "why, Lord, I don't see that exactly. But it might certainly be called an act of negromancy!"

COCKNEY CONUNDRUM.

What's the difference between the late Sultan, Abdul Medjid, and his successor?

Abdul Medjid is Abdul as was, but the present Sultan is Abdul Aziz.

WE are told that "as a man makes his bed so he must lie in it." By the same rule, it is said, a fish, when his balance-sheet is not drawn up all straight, there is great cry and wail [rye in it.

IMPALLIBLE RECIPE FOR HOT WEATHER.—What is the best way to prevent meat turning? Eat it straight off.

"ALL ALIVE, OH!"—Friendship, it must be confessed, is of a far more practical character than Love. Men are merely bitten by their enemies, but they are eaten up by their friends.

Louis XIV. being extremely harassed by the repeated solicitations of a veteran officer for promotion, said one day, loud enough to be heard by the petitioner, "I am the most troublesome officer I have in my service. "That is precisely the character I have of your majesty," which your monarch's enemies bring against me."

An adjutant of a volunteer corps, being doubtful whether he had distributed muskets to all the men, cried out, "All you that have muskets, hold up your hands!"

A Bladensburg correspondent tells us of an officer in one of the volunteer regiments stationed there: Finding that there was going on a great deal of swearing, and his example no numerous, he established a court-martial for the trial and judgment of offenders, and issued the following order: "If the court-martial exonerates an offender, then the oar bearer of the day will furnish him a cigar cheaper as he may think proper—handselling or tying to a fence."

A great toper, who had drunk nothing stronger than brandy all his life, called for a glass of water on his deathbed, saying, "When a man is dying he ought to have a fly with his manner."

"The following letter was sent by a father to his son at college:

"MY DEAR SON,—I write to send you some new tools; with these you may soon learn the trade—break down some of mine. Your mother sends you ten pounds, without my knowledge, and I send you this letter without her's. I have kept back half, and only send you five. Your mother and I are well, thank God, and hope you get the measles, which we think would spread among the other boys if [You have not had them. Your mother is the only one left. I hope you will do honor to my teachings; if you do not, you will disappoint me and your mother and may sell ear your officiations parents."

"I'm getting fat," as the thief said when he was stabbed in the belly.

"We know an old man who believed that 'what was to be, would be.' He lived in a region infested by very savage Indians. He was warned of his danger, but this time he found some of his family had taken it. As he would not go armed, they armed themselves, and on seeing that there was no danger of the Indians; that he would not die till his time came anyhow. 'Yes,' says the old fellow, 'suppose I had been killed, indeed, and no time had come, it wouldn't do not to have my gun.'"

People generally freeze in doubting the Cape; but a lady generally doubles hers to keep her warm.

A gentleman made his wife a present of a silver drinking-cup, with an angel at the bottom, and when he filled it full, he could see the angel. The other day he asked her why she drank every drop. "Because, ducky," she said, "I like to see the angel disappear." The fact is when he had the angel taken out, and had a devil engraved at the bottom, "tempus fugit" was the result, and he again asked her the reason. "Why," replied the wife, "because I want to see the devil disappear."

An anti-tobacco lecturer spoke so powerfully against the use of tobacco that several of his audience went home and burned their cigars—holding one end of them in their mouths by way of protest.

"Good-morning, Dennis. You have at last, I perceive, displayed taste in the purchase of a hat."

"Shure for the matter of that, I'm known any how; but look at them bosoms, Sir; aren't they illgant?"

The Dial Lamented.—A watch which the cat seemed to be him "too much."

"I'M OFF, JACK, in a confidential manner, "there's nothing surprising in that; *once I wasn't there when I was wondered for it.*"

Not long since a gentleman took his little daughter to the dentist's to have a tooth extracted. After the operation was performed, he said to the child, "Now, my dear, put your tongue where the tooth came out, you'll have a tooth there." "Yes, papa," replied the child, "and when father, it wouldn't be long before you would be trying to get it out."

A prudent man advised his drunken servant to put by his money for a rainy day. In a few weeks the master inquired how much he had saved, and was told, "Only nine and a half," said he, "it rained yesterday, and it all went."

"The child is father to the man." Not invariably; we have known it to be mother of the woman.

A "Ladies' Shoemaker" advertises himself as one of the luminaries of "the *Sole her System*."

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

CONGRESS.

On Tuesday, 16th, the Senate passed the Naval Appropriation Bill. A resolution was introduced calling upon the President in expressing the rebellion was discussed by Senator Breckinridge, of Kentucky, in opposition to its adoption. The debate was exciting, and was well sustained by the Senate adjourned.——In the House, the Committee on Commerce was instructed to inquire into the expediency of such measures as are necessary to suppress privateering and report by bill or otherwise. Bills for the better regulations of war as will enable them to render the most efficient service. The bill was referred to the Committee on Naval Affairs. A bill authorizing the President to call out the militia to suppress rebellion was passed unanimously. The bill authorizing the President to accept the services of five hundred thousand volunteers was also passed. The Senate's amendments to the Loan Bill were all concurred in. A joint resolution, conveying the thanks of Congress to Major-General George B. M'Clellan and the officers and soldiers under his command for the recent brilliant victories over the rebels in Western Virginia, was unanimously adopted. The bill to promote the efficiency of the volunteer forces, and for other purposes, was passed, and the House adjourned.

On Wednesday, 17th, the Senate passed the bill providing for a temporary increase of the navy. The bill for the better organization of the military establishment, and providing a retiring list for the army, was taken up, debated, and recommitted to the Committee on Military Affairs. A committee of conference was ordered on the House amendment to the bill authorizing the employment of volunteers. A bill to empower insurrection and sedition was introduced and referred to the Committee on the Judiciary. Among the executive session the Senate adjourned.——In the House, Mr. Henry Winter Davis, of Maryland, was sworn in and took his seat. A resolution was offered extending the scope of the investigation of the committee now appointed to examine into the contracts of the War Department. After considerable debate the resolution was adopted, by a vote of 81 to 42. The Tariff bill was then taken up. The Tariff bill, having been in Committee of the Whole, was discussed in committee, but no definite action was taken.

On Thursday, 18th, the Senate was in session a few minutes only, when it adjourned over.——In the House, a resolution was offered by Mr. Crittenden, of Kentucky, on the motion, Senator Fest, of Vermont, was elected pro tempore of the Senate. The bill authorizing the appointment of an Assistant Secretary of the Navy was passed; a proviso was attached to the bill providing that the Assistant Secretary of the Interior, being rejected. The bill for the better organization of the military establishment was reported back to the Senate from the Military Committee, with the recommendation that it be indefinitely postponed. A bill to fill the vacancies in the West Point Academy was also reported from the Committee on Military Affairs. Senator Powell, of Kentucky, offered an amendment that no part of the money appropriated by this act should be used to arm slaves or to interfere with slavery, which caused a long and animated debate to be indulged in. Senator Davis participated. Finally, Senator Sherman offered a substitute for Senator Powell's amendment, to the effect that the purposes of the military establishment were to preserve the Union, to maintain the supremacy and authority of the Constitution, and to defend property. The substitute of Senator Sherman was agreed to by a vote of 33 to 5, and the amended was passed. A report was made from the Committee on Commerce in relation to the Commissioner appointment of volunteers, and the report was adopted.——In the House, a bill was introduced to amend the public establishment of privacy was reported and referred. A resolution was adopted directing the Committee on Commerce to inquire into the expediency of closing certain ports in the Southern States during the present rebellion. The Senate was taken up in a debate elicited by the report of the Judiciary Committee on the resolution referred to them in reference to the recent visit of Representative May, of Maryland, to Washington, and the imprisonment of certain persons with the rebels. Several members took part in the discussion, which was protracted and animated. The House afterward passed the Tariff bill. The Senate's amendments to the Loan bill were taken up and concurred in. The bill providing for an increase of the standing army to the number authorized was then taken up, and an amendment adopted, converting them into regiments of volunteers, when, without further action, the House adjourned.

On Friday, 19th, the Senate passed the Civil Appropriation Bill, and the bill making appropriations for the legislative, executive, and judicial expenses of the Government. A bill providing for the appointment of one or more Assistant secretaries of war was referred to the Naval Committee. The bill providing for the better organization of the military establishment was taken up, and the Senate proceeded to consider the amendments reported by the Committee on Military Affairs. Senator Powell, of Kentucky, offered an amendment that no part of the money appropriated by this act should be used to arm slaves or to interfere with slavery, which caused a long and animated debate to be indulged in. Senator Davis participated. Finally, Senator Sherman offered a substitute for Senator Powell's amendment, to the effect that the purposes of the military establishment were to preserve the Union, to maintain the supremacy and authority of the Constitution, and to defend property. The substitute of Senator Sherman was agreed to by a vote of 33 to 5, and the amended was passed. A report was made from the Committee on Commerce in relation to the Commissioner appointment of volunteers, and the report was adopted.——In the House, a bill was introduced to amend the public establishment of privacy was reported and referred. A resolution was adopted directing the Committee on Commerce to inquire into the expediency of closing certain ports in the Southern States during the present rebellion. The Senate was taken up in a debate elicited by the report of the Judiciary Committee on the resolution referred to them in reference to the recent visit of Representative May, of Maryland, to Washington, and the imprisonment of certain persons with the rebels. Several members took part in the discussion, which was protracted and animated. The House afterward pass-ed the Tariff bill. The Senate's amendments to the Loan bill were taken up and concurred in. The bill providing for an increase of the standing army to the number authorized was then taken up, and an amendment adopted, converting them into regiments of volunteers, when, without further action, the House adjourned.

On Saturday, 20th, the Senate passed the Civil Appropriation Bill, and the bill making appropriations for the legislative, executive, and judicial expenses of the Government. A bill providing for the appointment of one or more Assistant secretaries of war was referred to the Naval Committee. The bill providing for the better organization of the military establishment was taken up, and the Senate proceeded to consider the amendments reported by the Committee on Military Affairs. Senator Powell, of Kentucky, offered an amendment that no part of the money appropriated by this act should be used to arm slaves or to interfere with slavery, which caused a long and animated debate to be indulged in. Senator Davis participated. Finally, Senator Sherman offered a substitute for Senator Powell's amendment, to the effect that the purposes of the military establishment were to preserve the Union, to maintain the supremacy and authority of the Constitution, and to defend property. The substitute of Senator Sherman was agreed to by a vote of 33 to 5, and the amended was passed. A report was made from the Committee on Commerce in relation to the Commissioner appointment of volunteers, and the report was adopted.——In the House, a bill was introduced to amend the public establishment of privacy was reported and referred. A resolution was adopted directing the Committee on Commerce to inquire into the expediency of closing certain ports in the Southern States during the present rebellion. The Senate was taken up in a debate elicited by the report of the Judiciary Committee on the resolution referred to them in reference to the recent visit of Representative May, of Maryland, to Washington, and the imprisonment of certain persons with the rebels. Several members took part in the discussion, which was protracted and animated. The House afterward pass-ed the Tariff bill. The Senate's amendments to the Loan bill were taken up and concurred in. The bill providing for an increase of the standing army to the number authorized was then taken up, and an amendment adopted, converting them into regiments of volunteers, when, without further action, the House adjourned.

On Monday, 22d, the Senate passed the Civil Appropriation Bill, and the bill making appropriations for the legislative, executive, and judicial expenses of the Government. A bill providing for the appointment of one or more Assistant secretaries of war was referred to the Naval Committee. The bill providing for the better organization of the military establishment was taken up, and the Senate proceeded to consider the amendments reported by the Committee on Military Affairs. Senator Powell, of Kentucky, offered an amendment that no part of the money appropriated by this act should be used to arm slaves or to interfere with slavery, which caused a long and animated debate to be indulged in. Senator Davis participated. Finally, Senator Sherman offered a substitute for Senator Powell's amendment, to the effect that the purposes of the military establishment were to preserve the Union, to maintain the supremacy and authority of the Constitution, and to defend property. The substitute of Senator Sherman was agreed to by a vote of 33 to 5, and the amended was passed. A report was made from the Committee on Commerce in relation to the Commissioner appointment of volunteers, and the report was adopted.——In the House, a bill was introduced to amend the public establishment of privacy was reported and referred. A resolution was adopted directing the Committee on Commerce to inquire into the expediency of closing certain ports in the Southern States during the present rebellion. The Senate was taken up in a debate elicited by the report of the Judiciary Committee on the resolution referred to them in reference to the recent visit of Representative May, of Maryland, to Washington, and the imprisonment of certain persons with the rebels. Several members took part in the discussion, which was protracted and animated. The House afterward pass-ed the Tariff bill. The Senate's amendments to the Loan bill were taken up and concurred in. The bill providing for an increase of the standing army to the number authorized was then taken up, and an amendment adopted, converting them into regiments of volunteers, when, without further action, the House adjourned.

On Tuesday, 23d, the Senate passed the Civil Appropriation Bill, and the bill making appropriations for the legislative, executive, and judicial expenses of the Government. A bill providing for the appointment of one or more Assistant secretaries of war was referred to the Naval Committee. The bill providing for the better organization of the military establishment was taken up, and the Senate proceeded to consider the amendments reported by the Committee on Military Affairs. Senator Powell, of Kentucky, offered an amendment that no part of the money appropriated by this act should be used to arm slaves or to interfere with slavery, which caused a long and animated debate to be indulged in. Senator Davis participated. Finally, Senator Sherman offered a substitute for Senator Powell's amendment, to the effect that the purposes of the military establishment were to preserve the Union, to maintain the supremacy and authority of the Constitution, and to defend property. The substitute of Senator Sherman was agreed to by a vote of 33 to 5, and the amended was passed. A report was made from the Committee on Commerce in relation to the Commissioner appointment of volunteers, and the report was adopted.——In the House, a bill was introduced to amend the public establishment of privacy was reported and referred. A resolution was adopted directing the Committee on Commerce to inquire into the expediency of closing certain ports in the Southern States during the present rebellion. The Senate was taken up in a debate elicited by the report of the Judiciary Committee on the resolution referred to them in reference to the recent visit of Representative May, of Maryland, to Washington, and the imprisonment of certain persons with the rebels. Several members took part in the discussion, which was protracted and animated. The House afterward pass-ed the Tariff bill. The Senate's amendments to the Loan bill were taken up and concurred in. The bill providing for an increase of the standing army to the number authorized was then taken up, and an amendment adopted, converting them into regiments of volunteers, when, without further action, the House adjourned.

On Wednesday, 24th, the Senate passed the Civil Appropriation Bill, and the bill making appropriations for the legislative, executive, and judicial expenses of the Government. A bill providing for the appointment of one or more Assistant secretaries of war was referred to the Naval Committee. The bill providing for the better organization of the military establishment was taken up, and the Senate proceeded to consider the amendments reported by the Committee on Military Affairs. Senator Powell, of Kentucky, offered an amendment that no part of the money appropriated by this act should be used to arm slaves or to interfere with slavery, which caused a long and animated debate to be indulged in. Senator Davis participated. Finally, Senator Sherman offered a substitute for Senator Powell's amendment, to the effect that the purposes of the military establishment were to preserve the Union, to maintain the supremacy and authority of the Constitution, and to defend property. The substitute of Senator Sherman was agreed to by a vote of 33 to 5, and the amended was passed. A report was made from the Committee on Commerce in relation to the Commissioner appointment of volunteers, and the report was adopted.——In the House, a bill was introduced to amend the public establishment of privacy was reported and referred. A resolution was adopted directing the Committee on Commerce to inquire into the expediency of closing certain ports in the Southern States during the present rebellion. The Senate was taken up in a debate elicited by the report of the Judiciary Committee on the resolution referred to them in reference to the recent visit of Representative May, of Maryland, to Washington, and the imprisonment of certain persons with the rebels. Several members took part in the discussion, which was protracted and animated. The House afterward pass-ed the Tariff bill. The Senate's amendments to the Loan bill were taken up and concurred in. The bill providing for an increase of the standing army to the number authorized was then taken up, and an amendment adopted, converting them into regiments of volunteers, when, without further action, the House adjourned.

On Thursday, 25th, the Senate passed the Civil Appropriation Bill, and the bill making appropriations for the legislative, executive, and judicial expenses of the Government. A bill providing for the appointment of one or more Assistant secretaries of war was referred to the Naval Committee. The bill providing for the better organization of the military establishment was taken up, and the Senate proceeded to consider the amendments reported by the Committee on Military Affairs. Senator Powell, of Kentucky, offered an amendment that no part of the money appropriated by this act should be used to arm slaves or to interfere with slavery, which caused a long and animated debate to be indulged in. Senator Davis participated. Finally, Senator Sherman offered a substitute for Senator Powell's amendment, to the effect that the purposes of the military establishment were to preserve the Union, to maintain the supremacy and authority of the Constitution, and to defend property. The substitute of Senator Sherman was agreed to by a vote of 33 to 5, and the amended was passed. A report was made from the Committee on Commerce in relation to the Commissioner appointment of volunteers, and the report was adopted.——In the House, a bill was introduced to amend the public establishment of privacy was reported and referred. A resolution was adopted directing the Committee on Commerce to inquire into the expediency of closing certain ports in the Southern States during the present rebellion. The Senate was taken up in a debate elicited by the report of the Judiciary Committee on the resolution referred to them in reference to the recent visit of Representative May, of Maryland, to Washington, and the imprisonment of certain persons with the rebels. Several members took part in the discussion, which was protracted and animated. The House afterward pass-ed the Tariff bill. The Senate's amendments to the Loan bill were taken up and concurred in. The bill providing for an increase of the standing army to the number authorized was then taken up, and an amendment adopted, converting them into regiments of volunteers, when, without further action, the House adjourned.

On Friday, 26th, the Senate passed the Civil Appropriation Bill, and the bill making appropriations for the legislative, executive, and judicial expenses of the Government. A bill providing for the appointment of one or more Assistant secretaries of war was referred to the Naval Committee. The bill providing for the better organization of the military establishment was taken up, and the Senate proceeded to consider the amendments reported by the Committee on Military Affairs. Senator Powell, of Kentucky, offered an amendment that no part of the money appropriated by this act should be used to arm slaves or to interfere with slavery, which caused a long and animated debate to be indulged in. Senator Davis participated. Finally, Senator Sherman offered a substitute for Senator Powell's amendment, to the effect that the purposes of the military establishment were to preserve the Union, to maintain the supremacy and authority of the Constitution, and to defend property. The substitute of Senator Sherman was agreed to by a vote of 33 to 5, and the amended was passed. A report was made from the Committee on Commerce in relation to the Commissioner appointment of volunteers, and the report was adopted.——In the House, a bill was introduced to amend the public establishment of privacy was reported and referred. A resolution was adopted directing the Committee on Commerce to inquire into the expediency of closing certain ports in the Southern States during the present rebellion. The Senate was taken up in a debate elicited by the report of the Judiciary Committee on the resolution referred to them in reference to the recent visit of Representative May, of Maryland, to Washington, and the imprisonment of certain persons with the rebels. Several members took part in the discussion, which was protracted and animated. The House afterward pass-ed the Tariff bill. The Senate's amendments to the Loan bill were taken up and concurred in. The bill providing for an increase of the standing army to the number authorized was then taken up, and an amendment adopted, converting them into regiments of volunteers, when, without further action, the House adjourned.

On Saturday, 27th, the Senate passed the Civil Appropriation Bill, and the bill making appropriations for the legislative, executive, and judicial expenses of the Government. A bill providing for the appointment of one or more Assistant secretaries of war was referred to the Naval Committee. The bill providing for the better organization of the military establishment was taken up, and the Senate proceeded to consider the amendments reported by the Committee on Military Affairs. Senator Powell, of Kentucky, offered an amendment that no part of the money appropriated by this act should be used to arm slaves or to interfere with slavery, which caused a long and animated debate to be indulged in. Senator Davis participated. Finally, Senator Sherman offered a substitute for Senator Powell's amendment, to the effect that the purposes of the military establishment were to preserve the Union, to maintain the supremacy and authority of the Constitution, and to defend property. The substitute of Senator Sherman was agreed to by a vote of 33 to 5, and the amended was passed. A report was made from the Committee on Commerce in relation to the Commissioner appointment of volunteers, and the report was adopted.——In the House, a bill was introduced to amend the public establishment of privacy was reported and referred. A resolution was adopted directing the Committee on Commerce to inquire into the expediency of closing certain ports in the Southern States during the present rebellion. The Senate was taken up in a debate elicited by the report of the Judiciary Committee on the resolution referred to them in reference to the recent visit of Representative May, of Maryland, to Washington, and the imprisonment of certain persons with the rebels. Several members took part in the discussion, which was protracted and animated. The House afterward pass-ed the Tariff bill. The Senate's amendments to the Loan bill were taken up and concurred in. The bill providing for an increase of the standing army to the number authorized was then taken up, and an amendment adopted, converting them into regiments of volunteers, when, without further action, the House adjourned.

On Monday, 29th, the Senate passed the Civil Appropriation Bill, and the bill making appropriations for the legislative, executive, and judicial expenses of the Government. A bill providing for the appointment of one or more Assistant secretaries of war was referred to the Naval Committee. The bill providing for the better organization of the military establishment was taken up, and the Senate proceeded to consider the amendments reported by the Committee on Military Affairs. Senator Powell, of Kentucky, offered an amendment that no part of the money appropriated by this act should be used to arm slaves or to interfere with slavery, which caused a long and animated debate to be indulged in. Senator Davis participated. Finally, Senator Sherman offered a substitute for Senator Powell's amendment, to the effect that the purposes of the military establishment were to preserve the Union, to maintain the supremacy and authority of the Constitution, and to defend property. The substitute of Senator Sherman was agreed to by a vote of 33 to 5, and the amended was passed. A report was made from the Committee on Commerce in relation to the Commissioner appointment of volunteers, and the report was adopted.——In the House, a bill was introduced to amend the public establishment of privacy was reported and referred. A resolution was adopted directing the Committee on Commerce to inquire into the expediency of closing certain ports in the Southern States during the present rebellion. The Senate was taken up in a debate elicited by the report of the Judiciary Committee on the resolution referred to them in reference to the recent visit of Representative May, of Maryland, to Washington, and the imprisonment of certain persons with the rebels. Several members took part in the discussion, which was protracted and animated. The House afterward pass-ed the Tariff bill. The Senate's amendments to the Loan bill were taken up and concurred in. The bill providing for an increase of the standing army to the number authorized was then taken up, and an amendment adopted, converting them into regiments of volunteers, when, without further action, the House adjourned.

On Tuesday, 30th, the Senate passed the Civil Appropriation Bill, and the bill making appropriations for the legislative, executive, and judicial expenses of the Government. A bill providing for the appointment of one or more Assistant secretaries of war was referred to the Naval Committee. The bill providing for the better organization of the military establishment was taken up, and the Senate proceeded to consider the amendments reported by the Committee on Military Affairs. Senator Powell, of Kentucky, offered an amendment that no part of the money appropriated by this act should be used to arm slaves or to interfere with slavery, which caused a long and animated debate to be indulged in. Senator Davis participated. Finally, Senator Sherman offered a substitute for Senator Powell's amendment, to the effect that the purposes of the military establishment were to preserve the Union, to maintain the supremacy and authority of the Constitution, and to defend property. The substitute of Senator Sherman was agreed to by a vote of 33 to 5, and the amended was passed. A report was made from the Committee on Commerce in relation to the Commissioner appointment of volunteers, and the report was adopted.——In the House, a bill was introduced to amend the public establishment of privacy was reported and referred. A resolution was adopted directing the Committee on Commerce to inquire into the expediency of closing certain ports in the Southern States during the present rebellion. The Senate was taken up in a debate elicited by the report of the Judiciary Committee on the resolution referred to them in reference to the recent visit of Representative May, of Maryland, to Washington, and the imprisonment of certain persons with the rebels. Several members took part in the discussion, which was protracted and animated. The House afterward pass-ed the Tariff bill. The Senate's amendments to the Loan bill were taken up and concurred in. The bill providing for an increase of the standing army to the number authorized was then taken up, and an amendment adopted, converting them into regiments of volunteers, when, without further action, the House adjourned.

On Wednesday, 31st, the Senate passed the bill providing for a temporary increase of the navy. The bill for the better organization of the military establishment, and providing a retiring list for the army, was taken up, debated, and recommitted to the Committee on Military Affairs. A committee of conference was ordered on the House amendment to the bill authorizing the employment of volunteers. A bill to empower insurrection and sedition was introduced and referred to the Committee on the Judiciary. Among the executive session the Senate adjourned.——In the House, Mr. Henry Winter Davis, of Maryland, was sworn in and took his seat. A resolution was offered extending the scope of the investigation of the committee now appointed to examine into the contracts of the War Department. After considerable debate the resolution was adopted, by a vote of 81 to 42. The Tariff bill was then taken up. The Tariff bill, having been in Committee of the Whole, was discussed in committee, but no definite action was taken.

On Thursday, 1st, the Senate was in session a few minutes only, when it adjourned over.——In the House, a resolution was offered by Mr. Crittenden, of Kentucky, on the motion, Senator Fest, of Vermont, was elected pro tempore of the Senate. The bill authorizing the appointment of an Assistant Secretary of the Navy was passed; a proviso was attached to the bill providing that the Assistant Secretary of the Interior, being rejected. The bill for the better organization of the military establishment was reported back to the Senate from the Military Committee, with the recommendation that it be indefinitely postponed. A bill to fill the vacancies in the West Point Academy was also reported from the Committee on Military Affairs. Senator Powell, of Kentucky, offered an amendment that no part of the money appropriated by this act should be used to arm slaves or to interfere with slavery, which caused a long and animated debate to be indulged in. Senator Davis participated. Finally, Senator Sherman offered a substitute for Senator Powell's amendment, to the effect that the purposes of the military establishment were to preserve the Union, to maintain the supremacy and authority of the Constitution, and to defend property. The substitute of Senator Sherman was agreed to by a vote of 33 to 5, and the amended was passed. A report was made from the Committee on Commerce in relation to the Commissioner appointment of volunteers, and the report was adopted.——In the House, a bill was introduced to amend the public establishment of privacy was reported and referred. A resolution was adopted directing the Committee on Commerce to inquire into the expediency of closing certain ports in the Southern States during the present rebellion. The Senate was taken up in a debate elicited by the report of the Judiciary Committee on the resolution referred to them in reference to the recent visit of Representative May, of Maryland, to Washington, and the imprisonment of certain persons with the rebels. Several members took part in the discussion, which was protracted and animated. The House afterward pass-ed the Tariff bill. The Senate's amendments to the Loan bill were taken up and concurred in. The bill providing for an increase of the standing army to the number authorized was then taken up, and an amendment adopted, converting them into regiments of volunteers, when, without further action, the House adjourned.

On Friday, 2d, the Senate passed the Civil Appropriation Bill, and the bill making appropriations for the legislative, executive, and judicial expenses of the Government. A bill providing for the appointment of one or more Assistant secretaries of war was referred to the Naval Committee. The bill providing for the better organization of the military establishment was taken up, and the Senate proceeded to consider the amendments reported by the Committee on Military Affairs. Senator Powell, of Kentucky, offered an amendment that no part of the money appropriated by this act should be used to arm slaves or to interfere with slavery, which caused a long and animated debate to be indulged in. Senator Davis participated. Finally, Senator Sherman offered a substitute for Senator Powell's amendment, to the effect that the purposes of the military establishment were to preserve the Union, to maintain the supremacy and authority of the Constitution, and to defend property. The substitute of Senator Sherman was agreed to by a vote of 33 to 5, and the amended was passed. A report was made from the Committee on Commerce in relation to the Commissioner appointment of volunteers, and the report was adopted.——In the House, a bill was introduced to amend the public establishment of privacy was reported and referred. A resolution was adopted directing the Committee on Commerce to inquire into the expediency of closing certain ports in the Southern States during the present rebellion. The Senate was taken up in a debate elicited by the report of the Judiciary Committee on the resolution referred to them in reference to the recent visit of Representative May, of Maryland, to Washington, and the imprisonment of certain persons with the rebels. Several members took part in the discussion, which was protracted and animated. The House afterward pass-ed the Tariff bill. The Senate's amendments to the Loan bill were taken up and concurred in. The bill providing for an increase of the standing army to the number authorized was then taken up, and an amendment adopted, converting them into regiments of volunteers, when, without further action, the House adjourned.

On Saturday, 3d, the Senate passed the Civil Appropriation Bill, and the bill making appropriations for the legislative, executive, and judicial expenses of the Government. A bill providing for the appointment of one or more Assistant secretaries of war was referred to the Naval Committee. The bill providing for the better organization of the military establishment was taken up, and the Senate proceeded to consider the amendments reported by the Committee on Military Affairs. Senator Powell, of Kentucky, offered an amendment that no part of the money appropriated by this act should be used to arm slaves or to interfere with slavery, which caused a long and animated debate to be indulged in. Senator Davis participated. Finally, Senator Sherman offered a substitute for Senator Powell's amendment, to the effect that the purposes of the military establishment were to preserve the Union, to maintain the supremacy and authority of the Constitution, and to defend property. The substitute of Senator Sherman was agreed to by a vote of 33 to 5, and the amended was passed. A report was made from the Committee on Commerce in relation to the Commissioner appointment of volunteers, and the report was adopted.——In the House, a bill was introduced to amend the public establishment of privacy was reported and referred. A resolution was adopted directing the Committee on Commerce to inquire into the expediency of closing certain ports in the Southern States during the present rebellion. The Senate was taken up in a debate elicited by the report of the Judiciary Committee on the resolution referred to them in reference to the recent visit of Representative May, of Maryland, to Washington, and the imprisonment of certain persons with the rebels. Several members took part in the discussion, which was protracted and animated. The House afterward pass-ed the Tariff bill. The Senate's amendments to the Loan bill were taken up and concurred in. The bill providing for an increase of the standing army to the number authorized was then taken up, and an amendment adopted, converting them into regiments of volunteers, when, without further action, the House adjourned.

FOREIGN NEWS.

ENGLAND.

THE UNITED STATES GOVERNMENT HONEST AT LAST.

LORD PALMERSTON made, in reply to an anti-slavery deputation, that the Government of the United States was now doing more than it had done previously for the suppression of the slave traffic.

FRANCE.

THE EMPEROR NOT READY TO ACKNOWLEDGE THE REBEL GOVERNMENT.

The Paris *Opinion Nationale* of June 26, in commenting on the affair in the United States, takes occasion to speak of the article in the *Patrie* which received a semi-official character from the Government organ, the *Constitutionnel*, remarks. "It is a proposal opinion, nothing more." But it is certain that the regretted that the *Moniteur* should have reproduced that article and given it an almost official sanction. It is impossible to throw the responsibility of the publication by the *Moniteur* of the *Patrie* article on the government.

ITALY.

PROGRESS OF EVENTS.

General Fleury, it is asserted, will go to Turin, in order to notify Victor Emanuel of the recognition of the Kingdom of Italy by France. The inhabitants of Rome have petitioned the Emperor to withdraw his army from that city. Prince De Rorothino, the bearer of the petition, has been received by the Emperor. Prince Napoleon Bhilmon, had only, it is said, as a private citizen, not as a delegate of the pilgrimage.

MAJOR-GENERAL McLELLAN, U.S.A.—FROM A PHOTOGRAPH.—[SEE PAGE 487.]

MAP OF THE BATTLE OF BULL'S RUN.—[SEE PAGE 491.]

THE DEATH OF GENERAL GARNETT.

On page 481 we publish an illustration of the battle in which the late General Garnett, of the Rebel army, lost his life. He had evacuated his camp at Laurel Hill during the night of the 11th. General Morris's column commenced the pursuit the next afternoon. After a terrible forced march through rain and mud, over Laurel Mountain, our advance came upon the enemy at Carrick's Ford, eight miles south of St. George, Tucker County. The rebels drew up in line of battle, and poured in a raking volley on the right of our column—the Ohio Fourteenth—which returned a hot fire, lasting twenty minutes, when Colonel Dumont's Indiana Seventh made a charge upon their battery. They broke and ran, crossing the Ford toward St. George. General Robert S. Garnett, while attempting to rally his flying men, was struck by a ball which passed through his spine and out at the right breast. He fell dead on the sand. Colonel Dumont continued the chase two miles and bivouacked. The rest bivouacked on the battle-ground.

CORRESPONDENCE.

THE NAVAL BATTERY AT VERA CRUZ.

PHILADELPHIA, *July* 25, 1861.

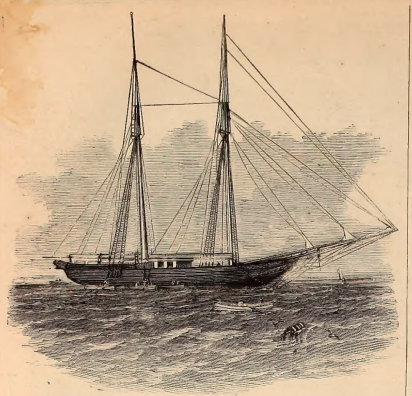
To the Editor of Harper's Weekly:

DEAR SIR,—In your issue of the 20th I see you state that the men of General Patterson's command manned the Naval Battery that did so much execution at Vera Cruz. The writer of the above has been misinformed, as the guns were manned by the sailors of the ships from which the guns were taken. There were five guns, the whole under the command of Lieutenant Harry Ingersoll, U.S.N. By noticing the above you will but do justice to the sailors who worked the guns, and oblige one who served at the *Raritan's* gun as a blue jacket.

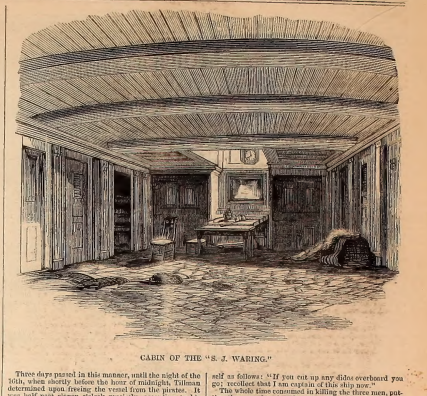
Respectfully, WILLIAM H. STELL.

Our information with regard to the working of the guns of the Naval Battery at Vera Cruz came from a very high source; but we will let our correspondent tell his story in his own way. General Patterson's recent performance has not justified the expectations of his friends, and but few will regret his retirement to private life. Had he followed Johnson up, the affair at Bull's Run might have terminated very differently.—ED. *Harper's Weekly.*

PRESENTATION OF A FLAG TO THE WEBSTER REGIMENT, BOSTON, MASSACHUSETTS, BY HON. EDWARD EVERETT, ON BEHALF OF THE LADIES OF BOSTON. [SEE PAGE 487.]



THE SCHOONER "S. J. WARING," RECAPTURED FROM THE PIRATES BY THE NEGRO WM. TILLMAN.



CABIN OF THE "S. J. WARING."

THE SCHOONER "S. J. WARING."

We publish on this page an engraving of the schooner *S. J. Waring*, of Brook Haven, Smith, master, hence for Montevideo, July 4, with an armored cargo. We also give views of her deck and the cabin, where the tragedy described below occurred. She returned to port on 21st, and reported as follows:

On the third day out from port, the 7th inst., when 150 miles from Sandy Hook, in lat. 38°, long. 69°, was brought to by the privateer brig *Jeff Davis*, which sent a boat full of men alongside, and ordered the captain of the schooner to haul down the United States flag, and declared her a prize to the C. S. A. They ransacked the vessel, and took from her what they wanted—such as charts, spyglasses, provisions, crockery, etc., and after returning to the schooner a second time, they put a prize-crew of five men on board without arms, and took away Captain Francis Smith, the two mates and two seamen, leaving the steward, two seamen, and Mr. Bryce Mackimore, a passenger, on board. The prize-crew were Montague O'Neil, a Charleston pilot, in command: one named Stevens, as mate, and Malcolm Liddy, as second mate, and two men.

At 3 P.M. the schooner was headed South—probably for Charleston or near by. The remaining crew and the passenger were in hopes of a recapture by some United States vessel, and made themselves agreeable and sociable to the privateersmen, and in consequence they suspected nothing until the night of the 15th of July, when fifty miles to the southward of Charleston.

Seeing no prospect of their hopes being realized, and the prize captain and first mate being asleep in their berths, and the second mate at the wheel, the others dozing or asleep, the preconcerted plan was carried into effect by the steward, William Tillman (colored), killing the three with a hatchet, and throwing the bodies overboard. It was all finished in five minutes. One of the remaining men was tied up that night, and both were released in the morning on promise to help work the vessel, and were treated accordingly.

After retaking the vessel the charge of her devolved on the steward. Neither he nor the rest understood navigation, but having once got hold of the lead he brought her safely up to pilot ground, when Mr. Charles Warner, of the pilot-boat *Jane*, took charge of her.

Another account gives the following details:

As soon as the vessel was fairly in the hands of the secessionists, the Stars and Stripes which floated from the mast was taken down and cut up into pieces, in order to make a rebel flag out of it. This it was, Tillman avers, which first inspired him with a hatred and an incentive of revenge, as he saw the flag of the Union trampled upon so shamefully by these cowardly traitors to the cause of freedom. Things went on smoothly enough until the seventh day after the capture, the 14th of July—Tillman meanwhile planning in his mind the best method to adopt in order to retake the vessel. The crew of the *S. J. Waring* were working the vessel at the time, and consequently not kept in irons. One of the men composing the crew, named Donald M'Leod, it appears, refused taking the vessel, and notwithstanding this, the brave Tillman did not hesitate in carrying out the heroic work which he had been planning out in his mind for several days previous.

Three days passed in this manner, until the night of the 10th, when shortly before the hour of midnight, Tillman determined upon freeing the vessel from the pirates. It was half past eleven o'clock precisely, according to his own statement. The captain, Montague Amiel, was asleep in his cabin, together with Stevens, the mate, in the berth next to him. The second mate, Malcom Siding, was also asleep on the poop-deck, and the other two seamen composing the pirate prize-crew, were lounging leisurely at the forehead part of the ship.

Tillman stole up from between decks, with hatchet in hand, and first went down into the captain's cabin, who was sound asleep in bed. He then raised his axe and gave him a vigorous blow on his skull, from which he seemed to be launched into eternity, for he moved not an inch. The negro next proceeded to deal with the mate, who was also reclining near his captain fast asleep, and dealt with him in the same summary and terrible manner. After leaving both these men dead below, Tillman came on the poop-deck and struck the second mate a fearful blow over the temple. The unfortunate man was just rising from his reclining position, with little expectation that he was about being launched into eternity. He then went below once more, took hold of the captain's body and flung him overboard, doing the same with that of the mate and second mate. The coast being now clear, he called out to the two remaining of the crew aft, telling them that they must obey him as captain of the vessel, or he would throw them overboard also. The men pitched up without a murmur, when he had them at once ironed, but subsequently released them on their consenting to assist in bringing the vessel to a Northern port. The names of these men are James Meldenna and James Mowat, one nineteen years old and the other twenty-two.

The coast was now clear of danger, and the hero Tillman proceeded to on the best means in his power for the safe navigation of the vessel into a Northern port. It was at the time, finding that the *S. J. Waring* was too heavy for a short crew, that he offered Dorset and Meldenna their liberty if they would assist him in the working of the ship. On this occasion he (Tillman) graphically expressed himself as follows: "If you cut up any didos overboard you go; recollect that I am captain of this ship now."

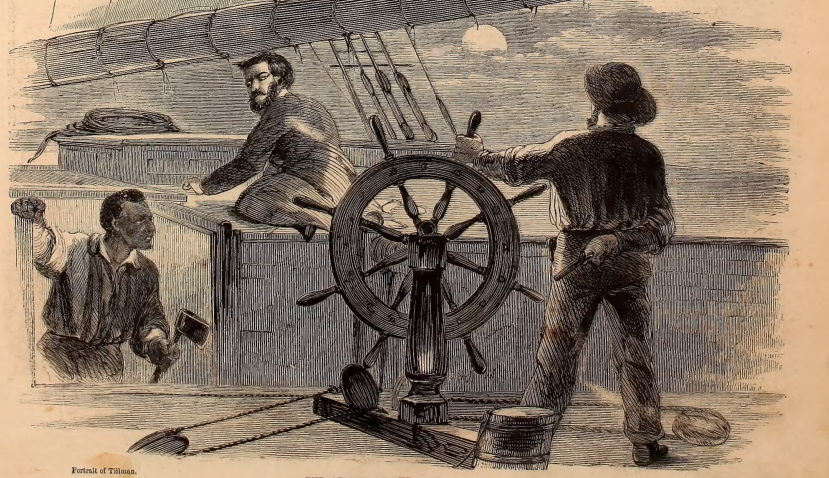
The whole time consumed in killing the three men, putting them overboard, and getting the vessel under his own command, Tillman relates as being exactly seven and a half minutes.

With regard to the scene of the tragedy the *Herald* reporter says:

The state-room occupied by the rebel captain of the schooner presents exactly the same appearance as it did when the death-dealing strokes of Tillman hurried them into that land "from whose bourne no traveler returns." The sheets of the bed and the floor were covered with blood, and the entire scene was one at which human nature might well shudder. The berth-room of the mate did not present so revolting an appearance as that of the captain, as it appeared that he did not bleed as much as the captain. No struggle whatever appeared to have taken place in either case, but that stake of disorder which resulted from the dragging of the bodies on board.

The place where the second mate expired was stained with but a few spots of blood, as he lay upon the rebel flag which had been cut out from the Stars and Stripes, that bearing several marks of the crimson fluid. The flag remains at the head-quarters of the Harbor Police, together with the axe with which the dead was committed and the coat which the rebel captain was in the habit of wearing. The tonnage of the schooner is rated about 300, and she is said to be a fast-sailing and quite a staunch little craft, and belongs to Jones, Smith, & Co., of this city. There is no ordnance on the vessel. She was built in Port Jefferson, Long Island, in 1855.

The negro Tillman has been confined in the House of Detention as a witness, but will doubtless shortly be liberated. He has been before the Chamber of Commerce, and it is in contemplation to present him with a substantial reward.



Portrait of Tillman.

THE ATTACK ON THE SECOND MATE.

THE BATTLE OF CARTHAGE, MISSOURI.—From a Sketch made on the Spot.—[See next Page.]

THE BATTLE OF CARTHAGE.

ON page 486 we illustrate THE BATTLE OF CARTHAGE, where Colonel Siegel, of the United States Volunteers of Missouri, kept all busy and severely punished a very disproportionate force of rebels, under Generals Parsons and Rains. The St. Louis *Republican* gives the following account of the affair:

On Friday morning last, at five o'clock, a scouting party sent out by Colonel Siegel encountered, about two miles distant from Carthage, a picket guard of the State troops, who were attacked, and three taken prisoners. With all dispatch Colonel Siegel prepared to go forward, expecting to meet the State troops some distance west of Carthage. About half past nine o'clock the meeting took place in the open prairie seven miles beyond Carthage. Lieutenant Tesk estimates the number of the opposing army at five thousand, chiefly cavalry, but supplied with a battery of five cannon—four six-pounders and one twelve-pounder—while Colonel Siegel's command consisted of his own regiment of two battalions, and Colonel Salomon's detached regiment, with several pieces of artillery, under command of Major Backof. Colonel Siegel's regiment had six hundred men, and Colonel Salomon's five hundred. The State troops were commanded by Generals Parsons and Rains. Major Backof, under the direction of Colonel Siegel, opened the fire, which continued briskly for nearly two hours. In less than an hour the twelve-pounder of the State troops was dismounted, and soon after the whole battery was silenced. The superior arms of the Unionists enabled them to maintain a situation of comparatively little danger. The State troops—who, for convenience, we shall call Jackson's men—twice broke their ranks, but were rallied and held their position very well, considering the destructive discharges against them, until their guns gave out, when their column was again broken.

At this juncture about fifteen hundred of the cavalry started back with the intention of cutting off Siegel's transportation train, seeing which movement a retreat was ordered, and word sent immediately for the wagons to advance as rapidly as possible. By keeping up the fire with the infantry, and bringing the artillery in range whenever practicable, Colonel Siegel managed to retard the progress of Jackson's cavalry, and eventually to fall back almost undetracted to the baggage train, which was some three and a half miles from the scene of the first engagement.

By a skillful movement the wagons were placed in the centre of the column in such a manner that there were artillery and infantry forces both in front and rear. Jackson's troops then retreated and endeavored to surround the entire column by taking a position upon some high bluffs or hills overlooking a creek.

Major Backof ordered two of the artillery pieces in front to dislodge to the left and two to the right, and as the same time a hasty movement was made from Colonel Siegel's battalions. This was a manœuvre to induce Jackson's men to believe that Siegel was seeking to pass out on the extremes of their lines, and to outflank the cavalry. It was followed by a closing up to the right and to the left by the forces on the bluffs, when, on reaching a point three hundred and fifty yards from the cavalry, the four pieces were ordered to a transverse oblique, and immediately a heavy cross-fire was opened with canister. At the same time the infantry charged at double-quick, and in ten minutes the State troops were scattered in every direction. Ten rounds of canister were fired from each of the cannon, together with several rounds by the infantry.

This was at about five o'clock in the evening, and the engagement, with the manœuvring, had occupied in the neighborhood of two hours. Jackson's cavalry were poorly mounted, being armed chiefly with shot guns and common rifles. They had no cannon on the bluffs or hills, and were consequently able to make little or no resistance to the attacks of Colonel Siegel. Forty-five men and eighty horses were taken belonging to Jackson's troops, and there were also captured sixty double-barrelled shot guns and some revolvers and bowie-knives. Our informant states that one of the prisoners, on being asked how many had been killed on his side, estimated the loss at from two hundred and fifty to three hundred.

GRAVES OF THE OHIO VOLUNTEERS, NEAR ROACH'S MILLS, VIRGINIA.—[SKETCHED BY AN OHIO VOLUNTEER.]

GRAVES OF THE OHIO VOLUNTEERS.

NINE members of the First Regiment Ohio Volunteers were killed in the affair at Vienna on the 17th of June, 1861. They were buried in the rear of their encampment near Roach's Mills, Virginia, on the 18th, and the same day the encampment was removed to a point five miles beyond, on the road to Vienna. On the evening of the 18th the Third Regiment New Jersey Militia occupied the ground vacated by the Ohio troops. Finding the graves unprotected, by direction of Lieutenant-Colonel Stephen Moore the Jersey troops built a neat fence of cedar branches around the graves. Under the mound are the bodies of eight men, and in the grave in front lies the body of the sergeant, who died after the others were buried. A few days after the burial the place was visited by some of the officers of the Ohio Regiment, and after their departure two Masonic emblems (a small gilt slipper and a triangle containing the letter "G") were found hanging on the cedar planted in the centre of the mound.

GENERAL HILL'S HEAD-QUARTERS.

ROWLESBURG, the head-quarters of General Hill in Western Virginia, is situated in a deep gorge in the Alleghanies, at a point where the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad crosses Cheat River. The scenery around it is bold, grand, and picturesque, shut in by towering mountain-walls, the dark stream flows silently on, overshadowed with dense forests of hemlock and laurel. This region of country is wild and thinly populated, and deer and bear roam unmolested along the thickly-wooded slopes. The little village has sprung up since the opening of the railroad, and has become quite a thriving place. General Hill is at present concentrating all his troops at Rowlesburg, by order of General M'Clellan, for the purpose of cutting off the retreat of the Confederates lately under Garnett, at St. George. The illustration will be found on page 490

GENERAL M'CLELLAN.

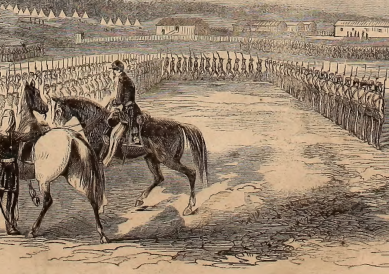
WE publish on page 484 a portrait of MAJOR-GENERAL M'CLELLAN, U.S.A., whose brilliant victories in Western Virginia we have already illustrated. We subjoin an authentic account of General M'Clellan's career:

He was born in Philadelphia on December 3, 1826. At the age of sixteen he entered the Military Academy at West Point, graduating with the class of 1846, with the rank of Brevet Second-Lieutenant of Engineers. Until the Mexican war, however, he had no opportunity of distinguishing himself, and then, "for gallant and meritorious conduct in the battles of Contreras and Churubusco," as the orders expressed it, he was brevetted First Lieutenant. "For gallant and meritorious conduct at the battle of Molino del Rey," on September 8, 1847, he was offered a Brevet Captaincy, which he declined. He was attached to this rank, however, subsequently, "for gallant and meritorious conduct at the battle of Chapultepec," and received the command of a company of sappers, miners, and pontoneers in May, 1848. At the close of the Mexican war he returned to West Point, where he remained on duty with the sappers and miners until 1851. During this time he introduced the bayonet exercise into the army, and translated and adopted a manual which has since become a text-book for the service. During the summer and fall of 1851 he superintended the construction of Fort Delaware, and in the succeeding spring was assigned to duty, under Major R. B. Marcy, the Red Rivers. Thence he was ordered to Texas, as assistant engineer, on the staff of General Persifer F. Smith, and engaged in some months in surveying the rivers and harbors of that State. In 1853 he was ordered to the Pacific coast, in command of the Western division of the survey of the North Pacific Railroad route. He returned to the East in 1854, to duty connected with the Pacific survey, and was engaged also in secret service to the West Indies. The next year he received a commission in the First Regiment of Cavalry, and was appointed a member of the commission which went to the seat of war in the Crimea and in Northern Russia. Colonel Richard Delafield, one of his colleagues, is now an officer in the rebel army, and Major Alfred Mordecai, the third member of the Commission, a short time ago resigned the Superintendency of the Free Arsenal. Major M'Clellan's report on the "Organization of European Armies and the Operations of the War," a quarto volume, embodying the result of his observations in the Crimea, greatly enhanced his reputation as a scientific soldier. In January, 1857, weary of location, he resigned his position in the army to become Vice-President and Engineer of the Illinois Central Railroad, which post he held for three years, when he was offered and accepted the Presidency of the Ohio and Mississippi Railroad, of which he was also General Superintendent. When our domestic troubles assumed formidable dimensions, Major M'Clellan's services were at once called into requisition. Governor Curtin, of Pennsylvania, tried to secure the benefit of his experience in organizing the volunteers from that State; but the tender of the Major-Generalship of the Ohio forces reached him first, and he at once accepted it. On May 14 he received a commission as Major-General in the United States Army, and now has command of the Department of Ohio, which comprises all of the States of Illinois, Indiana, and Ohio, and that part of Virginia lying north of the Great Kenawha River and west of the Green Briar River and the Maryland line, with so much of Pennsylvania as lies west of a line drawn from the Maryland line to the northeast corner of M'Kean County.

PRESENTATION OF A FLAG TO THE WEBSTER REGIMENT.

ON page 484 we illustrate the presentation of a flag by Edward Everett, on behalf of the ladies of Boston, to the Webster Regiment, at Boston, on July 18, 1861. In presenting the flag to Colonel Fletcher Webster, Mr. Everett said, among other things:

You are entering, Sir, with your patriotic associates, upon an untried field of duty, but you are descended from a stock which, in more than one generation, teaches lessons of loyal devotion. Your grandfather, Captain Ebenezer Webster, a grave and thoughtful man, was one of those brave frontier rangers who bore the brunt of the seven years' war in the wilderness which separated our then feeble settlements from Canada, and he stood with Stark at Bennington. Your noble father, in defence of the menaced Constitution of the country, led those mighty conflicts of the Senate, not less arduous, not less decisive, than the conflicts of the field. Your only brother, following the impulse of a generous ambition, left his young life on the sickly plains of Mexico. On the family record that bears these proud memories, nothing less worthy than duty faithfully performed, danger bravely met, and the country honorably served, will ever, I am confident, be inscribed in connection with your name.

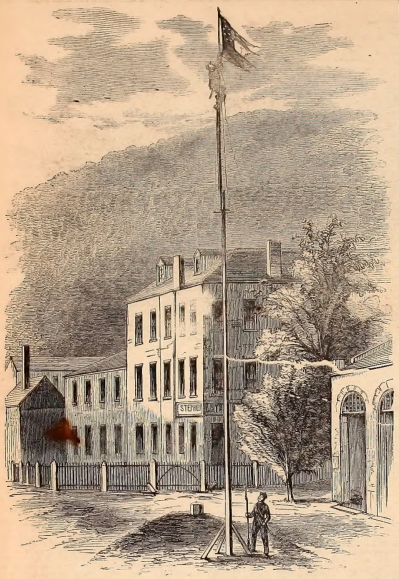


CAMP OF THE FIRST BRIGADE OF THE CONFEDERATE ARMY, ON THE FAIR GROUNDS, NEAR WINCHESTER, VIRGINIA.

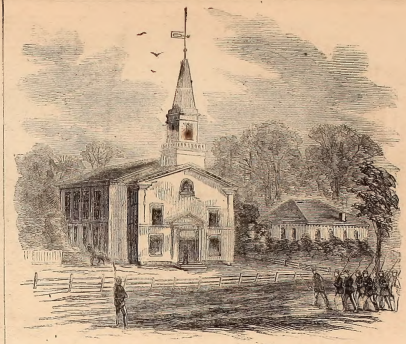
[SEE PAGE 490.]

COLONEL HUNTER'S ATTACK AT THE BATTLE OF B

RUN.—From Sketches by our Special Artist.—[See Page 491.]



TWO MEMBERS OF THE NEW YORK NINTH (ISAAC BLAKEMORE AND GEORGE M'MULLAN) HAULING DOWN THE SECESSION FLAG AT HARPER'S FERRY.



FALL'S CHURCH, VIRGINIA, THE ADVANCED POST OF OUR ARMY ON THE POTOMAC.

THE REBELS IN VIRGINIA.

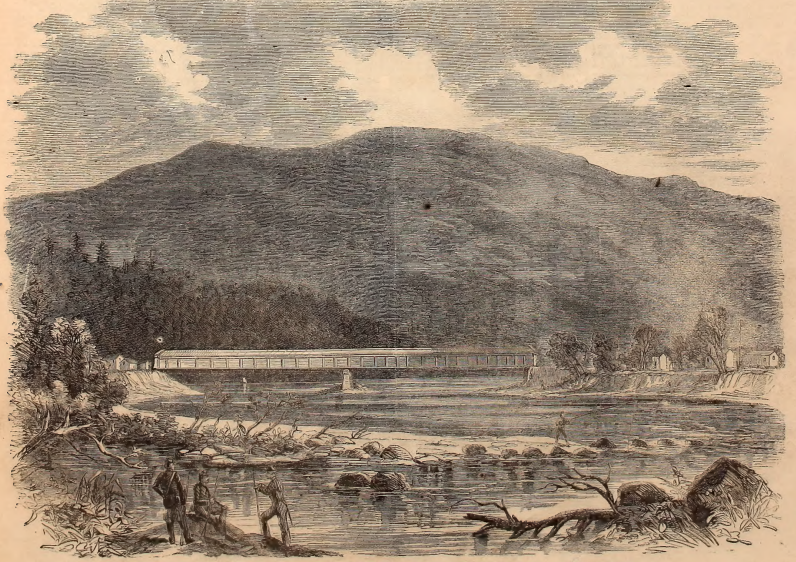
We continue our series of illustrations of THE REBEL ARMY IN VIRGINIA, from sketches by our faithful correspondent. With regard to the illustrations on pages 487 and 491, he writes us: "I send you a sketch of the camp of General Bee's BRIGADE OF THE CONFEDERATE ARMY, at the Fair Grounds near Winchester. It consists of some five regiments of Alabamians and Mississippians, in all about five thousand men. They are camped there at present, awaiting the advance of General Patterson, when I suppose General Johnston will order another retreat. The other sketch is one of a little incident which took place at Harper's Ferry yesterday. Two of the Ninth, Isaac Blakemore and George M'Mullan, went over and climbed the pole in the armory yard and took down the State flag of Virginia, which had been flying there since the place was first occupied by the Confederates. It was brought over to Sandy Hook and divided among their comrades, each one of whom secured a piece to send home as a trophy."

FALL'S CHURCH.

On this page we illustrate FALL'S CHURCH, FAIRFAX COUNTY, VIRGINIA, from a sketch by our special artist with General M'Dowell's *corps d'armée*. This is the most advanced post of our army in Fairfax County, and has been the scene of several picket skirmishes. Fall's Church was built in 1769, and rebuilt, as an inscription on the wall informs us, by the late "Lord" Fairfax, whose son, the present "Lord" Fairfax, is supposed to be serving in the rebel army. The title of Lord, we may observe, is still given to the representative of the family. The inscription on the old church reads as follows:

"Henry Fairfax, an accomplished gentleman, an upright magistrate, a sincere Christian, died in command of the Fairfax Volunteers at Saltillo, Mexico, 1847. But for his munificence this church might still have been a ruin."

Service was held in the old church two Sundays since—Rev. Dr. Mines, Chaplain of Second Maine Regiment, officiating, and most of the troops in the neighborhood being present.



ROWLESBURG, THE HEAD-QUARTERS OF GENERAL HILL, IN WESTERN VIRGINIA.—[SEE PAGE 487.]

LOCOMOTIVES DISMANTLED BY THE REBELS AT MARTINSBURG, VIRGINIA.—[SKETCHED BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST.]

DESTRUCTION OF LOCOMOTIVES AT MARTINSBURG, VA.

On this page we illustrate one of the effects of the Southern Rebellion—the destruction of valuable property by the rebels. Our special artist writes us from Martinsburg: "The destruction of locomotives, cars, etc., by the Confederates is one of the most disgraceful sights I ever witnessed. Forty-two as fine engines as could be built have been mutilated, some by burning, others by mere destruction with hammers and crow-bars. The stationary engine has met with no better treatment, and the buildings themselves were only saved from destruction by the precipitate flight of the Confederate troops."

SKIRMISH ON THE POTOMAC.

SKIRMISHING along the Potomac has become an everyday amusement with the troops stationed on the upper part of that river. Scarcely a day passes without an exchange of shots at some point between Edwards Ferry and Sandy Hook. Both parties generally keep themselves sheltered behind the trees and rocks that line the shores. So far two of the Federal troops have been killed and three wounded. It is not known how many have lost their lives on the other side. Several have been seen to fall. This sketch represents a little brush which took place at Sandy Hook a few days ago. After some pretty sharp firing, in which *nobody was hurt*, the Virginians retreated into the mountains, and hostilities were suspended.

THE BATTLE AT BULL'S RUN.

We devote a considerable portion of our space this week to the illustration of the BATTLE OF BULL'S RUN. A large view of COLONEL HUNTER'S ATTACK, from sketches by our special artist, who was present, will be found on pages 488 and 489; the COMMENCEMENT OF THE FIGHT is illustrated on page 492; and on the same page will be found an illustration of the cautious EXPLORING OF THE GROUND by our artillery. On page 484 will be found a MAP of the battle. We give the following account from a letter addressed by Mr. Henry J. Raymond to the *Times:*

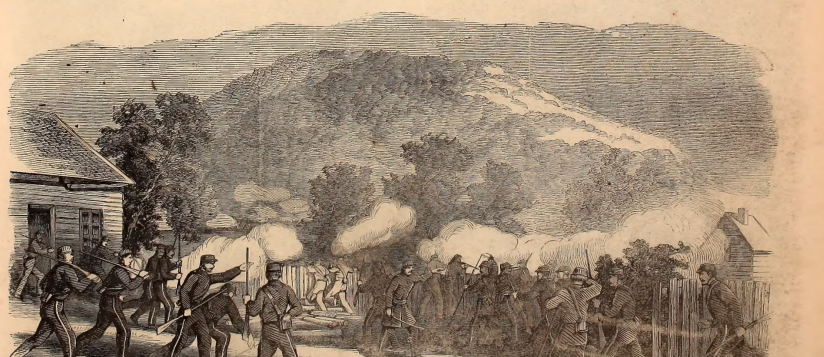
On Saturday the troops were all brought closely up to Centreville, and all needful preparations were made for the attack which was intended for the next day. On Sunday morning, therefore, the army marched—by two roads—Colonel Richardson with his command taking the Southern, which leads to Bull's Run, and General Tyler the Northern, running parallel to it at a distance of about a mile and a half. The movement commenced at about 3 o'clock. I got up at a little before 4, and found the long line of troops extended far out on either road. I took the road by which Colonel Hunter with his command, and General M'Dowell and staff had gone, and pushed on directly for the front. After going out about two miles Colonel Hunter turned to the right—marching obliquely toward the Run, which he was to cross some four miles higher up, and then come down upon the intrenched positions of the enemy on the other side. Colonel Miles was left at Centreville and on the road, with reserves which he was to bring up whenever they might be needed. General Tyler went directly forward, to engage the enemy in front, and send reinforcements to Colonel Hunter whenever it should be seen that he was engaged.

I went out, as I have already stated, upon what is marked as the northern road. It is hilly, like all the surface of this section. After going out about three miles you come to a point down which the road, leading through a forest, descends; then it proceeds by a succession of rising and falling knolls for a quarter of a mile, when it crosses a stone bridge and then ascends by a steady slope to the heights beyond. At the top of that slope the rebels had planted a few batteries, and the woods below were filled with their troops and with concealed cannon. We proceeded down the road to the first of the small knolls mentioned, when the whole column halted. The 30-pounder Parrott gun, which has a longer range than any other in the army, was planted directly in the road. Captain Ayres's battery was stationed in the woods a little to the right. The First Ohio and Second New York Regiments were thrown into the woods in advance on the left. The Sixty-ninth, New York, the First, Second, and Third Connecticut regiments, were ranged behind them, and the Second Wisconsin was thrown into the woods on the right. At about half past six o'clock the 30-pounder threw two shells directly into the battery at the summit of the slope, on the opposite height, one of which, as I learned afterward, struck and exploded directly in the midst of the battery, and occasioned the utmost havoc and confusion. After about half an hour Captain Ayres threw ten or fifteen shot and shell from his battery into the same place. But both failed to elicit any reply. Men could be seen moving about the opposite slope, but the batteries were silent. An hour or so afterward we heard three or four heavy guns from Colonel Richardson's column at Bull's Run, and these were continued at intervals for two or three hours, but they were not answered, even by a single gun.

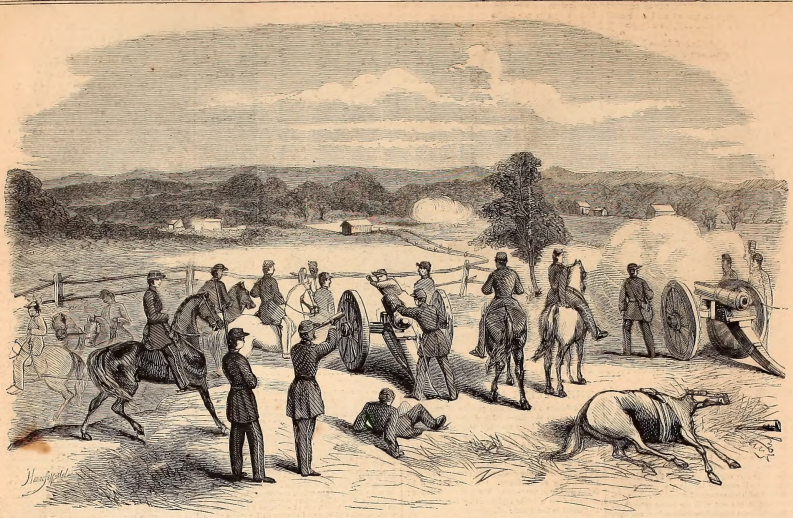
At half past 11 we heard Hunter's guns on the opposite height, over a mile to the right. He was answered by batteries there, and then followed the sharp, rattling volleys of musketry, as their infantry became engaged. The firing was now incessant. Hunter had come upon them suddenly, and formed his line of battle in an open field, at the right of the road. The enemy drew up to oppose him, but he speedily drove them to retreat and followed them up with the greatest vigor and rapidity. Meantime, for some three hours previous, we had seen long lines of dense dust rising from the roads leading from Manassas, and, with the glass, we could very clearly perceive that they were raised by the constant and steady stream of reinforcements, which continued to pour in nearly the whole day.

The Sixty-ninth, Seventy-ninth, Second, and Eighth New York—the First, Second, and Third Connecticut, and the Second Wisconsin were brought forward in advance of the wood and marched across the field to the right to go to Colonel Hunter's support. They crossed the intervening stream and drew up in a small open field, separated from Colonel Hunter's column by a dense wood, which was filled with batteries and infantry. Our guns continued to play upon the woods which then concealed the enemy, and aided materially in clearing them for the advance. Going down to the extreme front of the column, I could watch the progress of Colonel Hunter, marked by the constant roar of artillery and the roll of musketry as he pushed the rebels back from point to point. At 4 o'clock he had driven them out of the woods and across the road, which was the prolongation of that on which we stood. Here, by the side of their batteries, the rebels made a stand. They planted their fire directly in the road, and twice charged across it upon our men, but without moving them an inch. They were met by a destructive fire, and were compelled to fall still further back. Gradually the point of fire passed further away until the dense clouds of smoke which marked the progress of the conflict were at least half a mile to the left of what had been the centre position of the rebels.

It was now 2½ o'clock. I was at the advanced point of the front of our column, some hundred rods beyond the woods, in which the few troops then there were drawn up, when I decided to drive back to the town for the purpose of sending you my despatch. As I passed up the road the balls and shell from the enemy began to fall with more than usual rapidity. I did not see the point from which they came; but meeting Captain Ayres, he said he was about to bring up his battery, supported by the Ohio brigade, under General Schenck: to repel a rumored attempt of cavalry to outflank this column. As I went forward he passed down. General Schenck's Brigade was at once drawn up across the road, and Captain Ayres's guns were planted in a knoll at the left, when a powerful body of rebels, with a heavy battery, came down from the direction of Bull's Run and engaged this force with tremendous effect. I went to Centreville, sent off my despatch, and started with all speed to return—intending to go with our troops upon what had been the hotly contested field, never doubting for a moment that it would remain in their hands. I had gone but a quarter of a mile when we met a great number of fugitives, and our carriage soon became entangled in a mass of baggage-wagons, the officer in charge of which told me it was useless to go in that direction, as our troops were retreating. Not crediting the story, which was utterly inconsistent with what I had seen but a little while



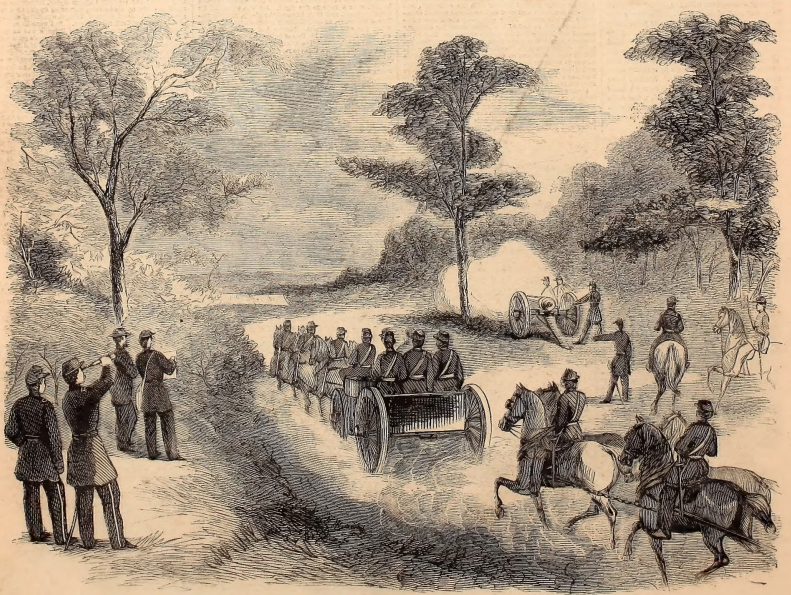
SKIRMISH BETWEEN A PORTION OF THE NINTH AND CONFEDERATE TROOPS ACROSS THE RIVER AT SANDY HOOK.



COMMENCEMENT OF THE BATTLE AT BULL'S RUN.—SKETCHED BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST.—[SEE PAGE 491.]

before, I continued to push on. I soon met Quarter-master Stetson, of the Fire Zouaves, who told me, bursting into tears, that his Regiment had been utterly cut to pieces, that the Colonel and Lieutenant-Colonel were both killed, and that our troops had actually been repulsed. I still tried to proceed, but the advancing columns rendered it impossible, and I turned about. Leaving my carriage, I went to a high point of ground and saw, by the dense cloud of dust which rose over each of the three roads by which the three columns of the army had advanced, that they were all on the retreat. Sharp discharges of cannon in their rear indicated that they were being pursued. I waited half an hour or so to observe the troops and batteries as they arrived, and then started for Washington, to send my dispatch and write this letter. As I came past the hill on which the Secessionists had their intrenchments less than a week ago, I saw our forces taking up positions for a defense if they should be assailed.

Such is a very rapid and general history of Sunday's engagement.



FIRING INTO A DESERTED EARTH-WORK NEAR BULL'S RUN.—SKETCHED BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST.—[SEE PAGE 491.]

SECOND MISSISSIPPI REGIMENT (WILDCATS) PASSING ALONG MAIN STREET, WINCHESTER, ON THEIR WAY TO BUNKER HILL, VIRGINIA.

GREAT EXPECTATIONS.

A NOVEL.

By CHARLES DICKENS.

Splendidly Illustrated by John McLenan.

CHAPTER LVII.

THE tidings of my high fortunes having had a heavy fall had got down to my native place and its neighborhood before I got there. I found the Blue Boar in possession of the intelligence, and I found that it made a great change in the Boar's demeanor. Whereas the Boar had cultivated my good opinion with warm assiduity when I was coming into prospects, the Boar was exceedingly cool on the subject now that I was going out of property.

It was evening when I arrived, much fatigued by the journey I had so often made so easily. The Boar could not put me into my usual bedroom, which was engaged (probably by some one who had expectations), and could only assign me a very indifferent chamber among the pigeons and post-chaises up the yard. But I had as sound a sleep in that lodging as in the most superior accommodation the Boar could have given me, and the quality of my dreams was about the same as in the best bedroom.

Early in the morning, while my breakfast was getting ready, I strolled round by Satis House. There were printed bills on the gate, and on bits of carpet hanging out of the windows, announcing a sale by auction of the Household Furniture and Effects next week. The house itself was to be sold as old building materials and pulled down. Lot 1 was marked in white chalk on knock-knee letters on the brew-house; Lot 2 on that part of the main building which had been so long shut up. Other lots were marked off on other parts of the structure, and the ivy had been torn down to make room for the inscriptions, and much of it trailed low in the dust and was withered already. Stepping in for a moment at the open gate, and looking around me with the uncomfortable air of a stranger who had no business there, I saw the auctioneer's clerk walking on the casks and telling them off for the information of a catalogue-compiler, pen in hand, who made a remark on each of the wheeled clans I had so often pushed along to the tune of Old Clem.

When I got back to my breakfast in the Boar's coffee-room I found Mr. Pumblechook conversing with the landlord. Mr. Pumblechook (not improved in appearance by his late nocturnal adventure) was waiting for me, and addressed me in the following terms:

"Sir, Sir, I am sorry to see you brought low. But what else could be expected! What else could be expected!"

As he avoided his hand with a magnificently forgiving air, and as I was broken by illness and unfit to quarrel, I took it.

"William," said Mr. Pumblechook to the waiter, "put a muffin on table. And has it come to this! Has it come to this!"

I frowningly sat down to my breakfast. Mr. Pumblechook stood over me and poured out my tea—before I could touch the tea-pot—with the air of a benefactor who was resolved to be true to the last.

"William," said Mr. Pumblechook, mournfully, "put the salt on. In happier times," addressing me, "I think you took sugar? And did you take milk? You did. Sugar and milk, William, brought to water-cress."

"Thank you," said I, shortly, "but I don't eat water-cresses."

"You don't eat 'em," returned Mr. Pumblechook, sighing and nodding his head several times, as if he might have expected that, and as if abstinence from water-cresses were consistent with my downfall. "True. The simple fruits of the earth. No. You needn't bring any, William."

I went on with my breakfast, and Mr. Pumblechook continued to stand over me, stirring fishily and admiring noisily, as he informed my dull,

"Little more than skin and bone!" mused Mr. Pumblechook, aloud. "And yet when he went away from here (I may say with my blessing), and I spread afore him my humble store, like the Boe, he was as plump as a Peach!"

This reminded me of the wonderful difference between the servile manner in which he had offered his hand in my new prosperity, saying, "May I?" and the ostentatious clemency with which he had just now exhibited the same fat five fingers.

"Hah!" he went on, handing me the bread-and-butter. "Did you a going to Joseph?"

"In Heaven's Name," said I, firing in spite of myself, "what does it matter to you whom I am going? Leave that tea-pot alone."

It was the worst course I could have taken, because it gave Pumblechook the opportunity he wanted.

"Yes, young man," said he, releasing the handle of the article in question, retiring a step or two from my table, and speaking for the benefit of the landlord and waiter at the door, "I will leave that tea-pot alone. You are right, young man. For once you are right. I forgit myself when I take such an interest in your breakfast as to wish your frame, exhausted by the debilitating effects of prodigerality, to be stimulated by the wholesome nourishment of your forefathers. And yet," said Pumblechook, turning to the landlord and waiter, and pointing me out at arm's length, "this is him as I ever spotted with in his days of happy infancy. Tell me not it can not be; I tell you this is him!"

A low murmur from the two replied. The waiter appeared to be particularly affected.

"This is him," said Pumblechook, "as I have rode in my shay-cart. This is him as I have seen brought up by hand. This is him unto the sister of which I was uncle by marriage, as her name was Georgiana M'ria from her own mother, let him deny it if he can!"

The waiter seemed convinced that I could not deny it, and that it gave the case a black look.

"Young man," said Pumblechook, screwing his head at me in the old fashion, "you are a going to Joseph. What does it matter to me you ask me, where you are a going? I say to you, Sir, you air a going to Joseph."

The waiter coughed, as if he modestly invited me to get over that.

"Now," said Pumblechook, and all this with a most exasperating air of saving in the cause of virtue what was perfectly convincing and conclusive, "I will tell you what to say to Joseph. Here is Squires of the Boar present, known and respected in this town, and here is William, which his father's name was Potkins if I do not deceive myself."

"You do not, Sir," said William.

"In their presence," pursued Pumblechook, "I will tell you, young man, what to say to Joseph. Says you, 'Joseph, I have this day seen my earliest benefactor and the founder of my fortun's.' I will name no names, Joseph, but so they are pleased to call him up town, and I have seen that man."

"I swear I don't see him here," said I.

"Say that likewise," retorted Pumblechook. "Say you said that, and even Joseph will probably betray surprise."

"There you quite mistake him," said I. "I know better."

"Says you," Pumblechook went on, "Joseph, I have seen that man, and that man bears you no malice and bears me no malice. He knows your character, Joseph, and is well acquainted with your pig-headedness and ignorance; and he knows my character, Joseph, and he knows my want of gratitcode. Yes, Joseph,' says you"—here Pumblechook shook his head and hand at me—"'he knows my total deficiency of common human gratitcode. He knows it, Joseph, as none can. You do not know it, Joseph, having no call to know it, but that man do.'"

Windy donkey as he was, it really amazed me that he could have the face to talk thus to mine.

"Says you, 'Joseph, he gave me a little message, which I will now repeat. It was, that in my being brought low, he saw the finger of Providence. He knowed that finger when he saw it, Joseph, and he saw it plain. It pinted out this writing, Joseph. *Reward of ingratitcode to his earliest benefactor, and founder of fortun's.* But that man said that he did not repent of what he had done, Joseph. Not at all. It was right to do it, it was kind to do it, it was benevolent to do it, and he would do it again.'"

"It's a pity," said I, scornfully, as I finished my interrupted breakfast, "that the man did not say what he had done and would do again."

"Squires of the Boar!" Pumblechook was now addressing the landlord, "and William! I have no objections to your mentioning, either up town or down town, if such should be your wishes, that it was right to do it, kind to do it, benevolent to do it, and that I would do it again."

With those words the Impostor shook them both by the hand, with an air, and left the house; leaving me much more astonished than delighted by the virtues of that same indefinite "it." I was not long after him in leaving the house too, and when I went down the High Street I saw him holding forth (no doubt to the same effect) at his shop door, to a select group, who honored me with very unfavorable glances as I passed on the opposite side of the way.

But it was only the pleasanter to turn to Biddy and to Joe, whose great forbearance shone more brightly than before, if that could be, contrasted with this brazen pretender. I went toward them slowly, for my limbs were weak, but with a sense of increasing relief as I drew nearer to them, and a sense of leaving arrogance and untruthfulness further and further behind.

The June weather was delicious. The sky was blue, the larks were soaring high over the green corn, I thought all that country-side more beautiful and peaceful by far than I had ever known it to be yet. Many pleasant pictures of the life that I would lead there, and of the change for the better that would come over my character when I had a guiding spirit at my side whose simple faith and clear home-wisdom I had proved, beguiled my way. They awakened a tender emotion in me, for my heart was softened by my return, and such a change had come to pass, that I felt like one who was toiling home barefoot from distant travel and whose wanderings had lasted many years.

The school-house where Biddy was mistress I had never seen, but the little roundabout lane by which I entered the village for quietness' sake took me past it. I was disappointed to find that the day was a holiday; no children were there, and Biddy's house was closed. Some hopeful notion of seeing her busily engaged in her daily duties, before she saw me, had been in my mind and was defeated.

But the forge was a very short distance off, and I went toward it under the sweet green limes, listening for the clink of Joe's hammer. Long after I ought to have heard it, and long after I had fancied I heard it and found it but a fancy, all was still. The limes were there, and the white thorns were there, and the chestnut-trees were there, and their leaves rustled harmoniously when I stopped to listen; but the clink of Joe's hammer was not in the mid-summer wind.

Almost fearing, without knowing why, to come in view of the forge, I saw it at last, and saw that it was closed. No glare of fire, no glittering shower of sparks, no roar of bellows; all shut up and still.

But the house was not deserted, and the best parlor seemed to be in use, for there were white curtains fluttering in its window, and the window was open and gay with flowers. I went softly toward it, meaning to peep over the flowers, when Joe and Biddy stood before me, arm in arm.

At first Biddy gave a cry, as if she thought it was my apparition, but in another moment she was in my embrace. I wept to see her, and she wept to see me; I, because she looked so fresh and pleasant; she, because I looked so worn and white.

"But dear Biddy, how smart you are!"

"Yes, dear Pip."

"And, how smart you are!"

"Yes, dear old Pip, old chap."

I looked at both of them, from one to the other, and then I said,

"Its my wedding-day," cried Biddy, in a burst of happiness, "and I am married to Joe!"

* * * * *

They had taken me into the kitchen, and I had lain my head down on the old deal table. Biddy held one of my hands to her lips, and Joe's rotoring touch was on my shoulder.

"Whichbe warn't strong enough, my dear, fur to be surprised," said Joe. "And Biddy said, 'I ought to have thought of it, dear Joe, but I was too happy.'" They were both so overjoyed to see me, so proud to see me, so touched by my coming to them, so delighted that I should have come by accident to make their day complete!

My first thought was one of great thankfulness that Heud never breathed this last baffled hope to Joe. How often, while he was with me in my illness, had it risen to my lips. How irrevocable would have been his knowledge of it, if he had remained with me but another hour!

"Dear Biddy," said I, "you have the best husband in the whole world, and if you could have seen him by my bed you would have—But no, you couldn't love him better than you do."

"No, I couldn't, indeed," said Biddy.

"And, dear Joe, you have the best wife in the whole world, and she will make you as happy as even you deserve to be, you dear, good, dear Joe!"

Joe looked at me with a quivering lip, and fairly put his sleeve before his eyes.

"And dear Biddy both, as you have been to church to-day, and are in charity and love with all mankind, receive my humble thanks for all you have done for me, and all I have so ill repaid! And when I say that I am going away within the hour, for I am soon going abroad, and that I shall never return, and that I have worked for the money with which you have kept me out of prison, and have sent it to you, don't think, dear Joe and Biddy both, that if I could repay it a thousand times over I suppose I could cancel a farthing of the debt I owe you, or that I would do so if I could!"

They were both melted by these words, and both entreated me to say no more.

"But I must say more. Dear Joe, I hope you will have children to love, and that some little fellow will sit in this chimney corner of a winter's night, who may remind you another little fellow gone out of it forever. Don't tell him, Joe, that I was thankless; don't tell him, Biddy, that I was ungenerous and unjust; only tell him that I honored you both, because you were both so good and true, and that, as your child, I said it would be natural to him to grow up a much better man than I did."

"I ain't a going," said Joe, from behind his sleeve, "to tell nothing nor nobody, no more, Pip. Nor Biddy ain't. Nor yet no one ain't."

"And now, though I know you have already done it in your unexpressed hearts, you will me, both, that you forgive me! Pray let me hear you say the words, that I may carry the sound of them away with me, and then I shall be able to believe that you can trust me, and think better of me, in the time to come!"

"Oh dear old Pip, old chap," said Joe. "God knows as I forgive you, if I have anything to forgive!"

"Amen! And God knows I do!" echoed Biddy.

"Now let me go up and look at my old little room, and rest there a few minutes by myself, and then when I have eaten and drunk with you, go with me as far as the finger-post, dear Joe and Biddy, before we say good-by!"

I sold all I had, and I put aside as much as I could, for a composition with my creditors—who gave me ample time to pay them in full—and I went out and joined Herbert. Within a month I had quitted England, and within two months I was clerk to Clarriker and Co., and within four months I assumed my first undivided responsibility. For the business across the parlor-ceiling at Mill Pond Bank had then ceased to tremble; the old Bill Barley's growls, and was at peace, and Herbert had gone away to marry Clara, and I was left in sole charge of the Eastern Branch until he brought her back.

Many a year went rounds before I was partner in the House; but I lived happily with Herbert and his wife, and lived frugally, and paid my debts, and maintained a constant correspondence with Biddy and Joe. I was not until I became third in the Firm that Clarriker betrayed me to Herbert; but he then declared that the secret of Herbert's partnership had been long enough upon his conscience, and he must tell it. So he told it, and Herbert was as much moved as amazed, and he and I were not the worse friends for the long concealment. I must say here it to be supposed that we were ever a great House, or that we made mints of money. We were not in a grand way of business, but we had a good name, and worked out our profits, and did very well. I owed so much to Herbert's ever-cheerful industry and readiness that I often wondered how I had conceived that old idea of his inventive faculties, until I was one day enlightened by the reflection that, perhaps, the inaptitude had never been in him at all, but had been in me.

CHAPTER LVIII.

FOR eleven years I had not seen Joe nor Biddy with my own eyes, though every day had both been often before my fancy in the East—when, upon an evening in December, an hour or two after dark, I laid my hand softly on the latch of the old kitchen door. I touched it so softly that I was not heard, and looked in unseen. There, sate the same old place by the same old kitchen fire-light—as hale and as strong as ever, though a little gray—sat Joe; and there, fenced into the corner with Joe's leg, and sharing my own little stool, looking at the fire, was—I again!

"We giv' him the name of Pip for your sake, dear old chap," said Joe, delighted with having another stool by the child's side (but I did not rumple his hair), "and we hoped he might grow a little like you, and we think he do."

I thought so too, and I took him out for a walk next morning, and we talked immensely, understanding one another to perfection. And I took him down to the church-yard, and set him on a certain tombstone there, and he showed me from that elevation which stone was sacred to the memory of Philip Pirrip, late of this Parish, and also Georgiana, Wife of the Above.

"Biddy," said I, when I talked with her after dinner, as her little girl lay sleeping in her lap, "you must give Pip to me, one of these days; or lend him, at all events."

"I SAW THE SHADOW [OF NO PARTING FROM HER."]

"No, no," said Biddy, gently. "You must marry."

"So Herbert and Clara say, but I don't think I shall, Biddy. I have so settled down in their home, that it's not at all likely. I am already quite an old bachelor."

Biddy looked down at her child, and put its little hand to her lips, and then put the good matronly hand with which she had touched it into mine. There was something in the action and in the light pressure of Biddy's wedding-ring that had a very pretty eloquence in it.

"Dear Pip," said Biddy, "you are sure you won't cry for her ?"

"Oh no—I think not, Biddy."

"Tell me, as an old, old friend. Have you quite forgotten her ?"

"My dear Biddy, I have forgotten nothing in my life that ever had a foremost place there, and little that ever had any place there. But that poor dream, as I once used to call it, has all gone by, Biddy, all gone by!"

Nevertheless, I knew while I said those words that I secretly intended to revisit the site of the old house that evening alone for her sake. Yes, even so. For Estella's sake.

I had been of late leading a most unhappy life, and as being separated from her husband, who had used her with great cruelty, and who had become quite unendurable as a compound of pride, avarice, brutality, and meanness. And I had heard of the death of her husband, from an accident consequent on his ill-treatment of a horse. This release had befallen her some two years before; for any thing I knew she was married again.

The early dinner-hour at Joe's left me abundance of time, without hurrying my talk with Biddy, to walk over the scene of my past before dark. But what with loitering on the way, to look at old objects and to think of old times, the day had quite declined when I came to the place.

There was no house now, no brewery, no building whatever left, but the wall of the old garden. The cleared space had been inclosed with a rough fence, and, looking over it, I saw that some of the old ivy had struck root anew, and was growth upon the low, quiet mounds of ruin. A gate in the fence standing ajar, I pushed it open and went in.

A cold, damp mist had veiled the afternoon, and the moon was not yet up to scatter it; but the stars were shining beyond the mist, and the moon was coming, and every thing was not dark. I could trace out where every part of the old house had been, and where the brewery had been, and where the gates, and where the casks. I had done so, and was looking along the desolate garden-walk, when I beheld a solitary figure in it.

The figure showed itself aware of me as I advanced. It had been moving toward me, but it stood still. As I drew near, I saw it to be the figure of a woman. As I drew nearer yet, it was about to turn away, when it stopped, and let me come up with it. Then it faltered, as if much surprised, and uttered my name, and I cried out,

"Estella !"

"I am greatly changed. I wonder you know me !"

The freshness of her beauty was indeed gone, but its indescribable majesty and its indescribable charm remained. Those attractions in it I had seen before; what I had never seen before was the saddened, softened light of the once proud eyes; what I had never felt before was the friendly touch of the once insensible hand.

We sat down on a bench that was near, and I said, "After so many years, it is strange that we should thus meet again, Estella, here where our first meeting was! Do you often come back?"

"I have never been here since."

"Nor I."

The moon began to rise, and I thought of the placid look at the white ceiling, which had passed away. The moon began to rise, and I thought of the pressure on my hand when I had spoken the last words he had heard on earth.

Estella was the next to break the silence that ensued between us.

"I have very often hoped and intended to come back, and have been prevented by many circumstances. Poor, poor old place !"

The tone in which she was touched with the first rays of the moonlight, and the same rays touched the tears that dropped from her eyes. Now knowing that I saw them, and setting herself to get the better of them, she said, quietly,

"We are wonderfully, as you wished adong, how it came to be left in this condition ?"

"Yes, Estella."

"The property belongs to me. It is the only possession I have not relinquished. Every thing else has gone from me, little by little, but I have kept this. It was the subject of the only dream I had resistance I made in all the wretched years."

"Is it to be built on ?"

"At last, it is. I came here to take leave of it before its change. And you," she said, in a voice of touching interest to a wanderer, "you live abroad still ?"

"Still."

"And do well, I am sure ?"

"I work pretty hard for a sufficient living, and therefore—Yes, I do well."

"I have often thought of you," said Estella.

"Have you ?"

"Of late, very often. There was a long hard time when I kept far from me the remembrance of what I had thrown away when I was quite ignorant of its worth. But since my duty has not been incompatible with the admission of that remembrance, I have given it a place in my heart."

"You have always held your place in my heart," I answered. And we were silent again, until she spoke.

"I little thought," said Estella, "that I should take leave of you in taking leave of this spot. I am very glad to do so."

"Glad to part again, Estella? To me, parting is a painful thing. To me, the remembrance of our last parting has been ever mournful and painful."

"But you said to me," returned Estella, very earnestly, "'God bless you, God forgive you!' And if you could say that to me then, you will not hesitate to say it to me now—now, when suffering has been stronger than all other teaching, and has taught me to understand what your heart used to be. I have been bent and broken, but—I hope—into a better shape. Be assiderate and good to me as you were, and tell me we are friends."

"We are friends," said I, rising and bending over her, as she rose from the bench.

"And will continue friends apart," said Estella.

I took her hand in mine, and we went out of the ruined place; and as the moonraying mists had risen long ago when I first left the forge, so the evening mists were rising now, and in all the broad expanse of tranquil light they shed over it to me, I saw the shadow of no parting from her.

THE END.

CONCERNING FIRE-ARMS.

THE existence of the present warlike condition of affairs in this country will naturally turn the attention of all classes of people to the instruments with which the question at issue is to be solved. A peaceful nation like the American is better acquainted with the manufacture and uses of the plow, the spade, and the pruning-hook than with those deadly weapons of war which we have now to weld and to wield. Very few know any thing about guns, and a few words will be all that will appear to converse about these, if not to bear them, some description of those which may probably be brought into service during the present war will not be inappropriate or unineresting.

REVOLVING PISTOLS.

Colt's revolving pistols have become so universally known of late years that a description of their mechanism is superfluous; who are pistols are used they will be the regulation arm. At present it is almost impossible to purchase them at any price, the single pistols, the army pattern selling for $27. Another very good revolving pistol is North's patent, made by the Savage Revolving Fire-Arm Co., of Middletown, Connecticut, they are sold for $20, army size. A new modification of the pistol, called the "Young America," consists of an arrangement by which, with a single hand, you are enabled to obtain two discharges, the barrel having two separate loads, each charge being controlled by a separate lever and cock. The pistol is very small, and an extremely effective little weapon.

OLD STYLE OF MUSKETS.

Until the year 1855 the regulation arm for United States Infantry was the smooth-bored musket, probably as inefficient a weapon as could be devised. The smooth barrel, highly polished, being absolutely impossible to sight over with any degree of accuracy, while its carrying power was by no means great. Since 1855 these arms have been rifled, and patent sights attached, making them at present very effective; they carry the Minié bullet. Now there are two points with regard to which people have very various ideas, and one of these is concerning rifles. And in order to instruct a great mass of individuals who would be ashamed to confess their ignorance, and equally unwilling to have how many shared it, we will give a simple an idea of the process of rifling as possible.

RIFLING GUN-BARRELS.

To rifle a gun-barrel from four to six grooves are cut upon the interior of the barrel, extending longitudinally through from end to end. These grooves are in depth about equal to the thickness of the paper-wall. Commencing parallel to each other, they presently take what is termed the *gaining twist*, and run spirally, till holding their relative position, to the muzzle. Thus a succession of threads like a screw are formed, around which the ball is forced, and by reason of its spiral motion is of course propelled both with greater accuracy and greater force, and these last are the advantages of rifling a gun-barrel.

THE MINIÉ BALL.

Next to describe the Minié ball—so called, though we have reason to believe the principle on which it is made was first discovered by N. Greener, gun-maker, of Birmingham, England, and afterward appropriated by M. Minié. The Minié bullet is a cone, hollowed at the base to the depth of about one-third of the length of the bullet; the cartridge is fastened to the base of the bullet, the whole inclosed in a paper cover, and is then placed in the barrel and rammed home. When the powder explodes it fills up the cavity in the bullet, expands the lead, and drives it into the grooves of the rifle, filling them completely airtight. The bullet being pressed, it slips along the grooves without sticking, otherwise the gun becomes loaded. This principle overcomes the windage, and avoids the necessity for forcing a large bullet into a small bore, which frequently resulted in bursting guns.

SHARPE'S RIFLES.

Another weapon, which has obtained considerable notoriety and reputation since the Kansas troubles, and will probably be brought into service during the present war, is the Sharpe's rifle. The peculiarity of this arm is that it is breech-loaded by means of appropriate mechanism, the end of the barrel in the stock slides down, leaving a barrel entirely open. The prepared cartridge is built un inserted, the slide returned, and the loading is completed. Of course the operation is very much simplified and facilitated; but some objectionable features present themselves in the fact that the separation of the barrel permits the escape of gas when the explosion takes place; that the mechanism is liable to derangement, the barrel requiring frequently to be cleaned; and finally, that the gun is more expensive than others which are more reliable. This gun costs about $45 with sabre-bayonet, which will be described elsewhere.

ARMY MUSKETS.

Of the army musket (rifled) of 1855, with clasp bayonet, there can be manufactured at Springfield from 1800 to 2000 per month; about 35,000 have already been turned out from that place, half of which are in the possession of the Confederate States. The 11th, 13th, and 71st Regiments N. Y. S. M. are furnished with this arm, which can be supplied by the quantity at about $22 50 each. The Minié rifle, with sabre bayonet, costs $30.

ENFIELD RIFLES.

The Enfield rifle is so called from the place where these arms are manufactured. It differs from the Minié rifle in the reduction of the bore and in weight—the former weighing 10½ pounds, the former 9 pounds. With these exceptions they are similarly constructed. The Enfield manufactory turns out about 1100 rifles of arms, employing 1300 men. The Enfield rifle costs $30.

We have mentioned all the guns likely to be brought into use in this war, and will devote a few lines to some description of the bowie-knife and sabre bayonet.

BOWIE-KNIVES.

The bowie-knife is usually from ten to fifteen inches in length, with a black shoot two inches wide. It is said to owe its invention to an accident which occurred to Colonel Bowie during a battle with the Mexicans; he broke his sword some fifteen inches from the hilt, and afterward used the weapon thus formed as a kind of hand-to-hand fights. This is a most formidable weapon, and is commonly in use in the West and Southwest.

SABRE BAYONETS.

The sabre bayonet was originally used by the French during the Revolution of 1798, but was afterward discarded; it has since been adopted by Prussia, Russia, and is used also by the German Jagers and the Zouaves; with us it is usually attached to the Minié and Sharpe's rifle, in lieu of the ordinary bayonet. In size it is similar to the artillery sword, being about eighteen inches long, with a cross hilt; it is, however, curted at the point like a cimeter, being slightly of a second curve, a few inches below, gives it a resemblance to a Malay creese. By an opening in the hilt it is fixed on the muzzle of the rifle, and by means of a spring attaches itself firmly to the barrel. When not in use it is carried in a sheath by the side. In Algiers and in Mexico it was used for cutting away brush and underwood, to facilitate the passage of artillery, or for other purposes.

We have thus described to the principal small-arms in common use which possess a history, or with whose construction the public may be supposed not to be familiar, we will therefore proceed to note the results of the investigations we have made into the subject of Ordnance.

DIFFERENT KINDS OF ORDNANCE.

Artillery—or, as it is usually termed, Ordnance—is divided into two classes, which into two classes. 1st, *Siege Artillery*, employed for attack and defense of fortified places, ships of war, etc.; and, 2d, *Field Artillery*, used in battle, or in the field operations of armies.

SIEGE ARTILLERY.

Siege Artillery is composed of mortars, large howitzers, Paixhan guns, or Columbiads, and all cannon of a large caliber. In our service this class of ordnance includes 12, 18, 24, 32, and 42-pounder guns; 8, 10, and 13-inch mortars; 24-pound Carronades; and 8, 10, and 13-inch howitzers. All these, except the smaller mortars, are made of cast iron.

MORTARS.

Mortars are usually stationary, and are used for throwing iron shells filled with powder, and ignited by a fuse; in this they produce great destruction. They are effective at distances of from one to three miles.

HOWITZERS.

The howitzer is a short, wide-mouthed piece of ordnance, calculated for throwing shells or balls, as may be desired, and discharged by means of a fuse. The caliber is much greater than that of cannon, though not so great as mortars; it is very effective in siege and in resisting cavalry, as it can be charged to throw canister or other projectiles, and is easily transported; only the larger size come under the head of siege-guns. The howitzer, or *coehorn-mortar*, was first introduced into the French service in 1824.

PAIXHAN GUNS.

Paixhan guns were invented by Colonel Bomford, of the United States Army; but being introduced into the French service by General Paixhan, they received his name, although he had nothing to do with their inventing; however, he afterward improved upon them. They were first used in the war of 1812, and attracted universal notice. These guns are of enormous caliber, having a calibre of 8, 10, and 12 inches. They are made with great thickness at the breech, to enable them to withstand a large charge of powder and heavy ball. The largest of these guns, the 13-inch, loads with twelve pounds of powder, and carries a hollow shot weighing 112 pounds; its extreme range is 1350 yards. The 8-inch gun carries a solid shot of 68 pounds, at an elevation of 15 degrees, 2750 yards. The Paixhan guns are used with traversing beds; they are thus driven up an inclined railway, with from 3 to 4 degrees elevation, after each discharge. The effects of these heavy guns is in fracturing and splintering, dismounting guns, etc.; their range is usually not great. Captain Dahlgren, in his improvements of heavy ordnance, has carried still farther the principle involved in the Paixhan gun—that of strengthening the breech. His guns are now universally used on our ships of war, and his theories have been recognized in Europe as a great improvement in artillery manufacture.

COLUMBIADS.

Perhaps the gun most commonly named at the present time is the Columbiad, and yet the public is extremely ignorant as to its peculiarities. The Columbiad is of the class called Sea-coast Cannon, and combines in itself the qualities of the gun, howitzer, and mortar; in other words, it is a long-chambered piece of ordnance, having the capacity to project shot or shell, with heavy charges of powder, at high angles of elevation. It is, in fact, the Paixhan gun invented by Colonel Bomford, and which we have already mentioned. In 1844 the model of the Columbiad was changed, by lengthening the bore and increasing the weight of metal, to enable it to endure an increased charge of powder, or to smash the weight of the solid shot. Thus altered, they were found defective in strength, and in 1858 were degraded to the rank of shell guns, with diminished charges of powder. Their place has been supplied by a new model, having no base-ring nor swell of the muzzle. The 8-inch carries a 10-pound ball; the 10-inch carries a 16-pound ball.

CARRONADES.

Carronades derive their name from the Carron Foundery, in Scotland, where they were first cast in 1779; they are short, light, iron guns, differing from cannon and howitzers in having no trunnions, being fastened to their carriages by a loop underneath. They are chiefly used for arming ships, and enable vessels to throw heavy shot at close quarters without overloading their decks with heavy guns. On shore, Carronades are used in the same manner and for the same purposes as howitzers. [*Field Artillery* will be given in a future Number.]

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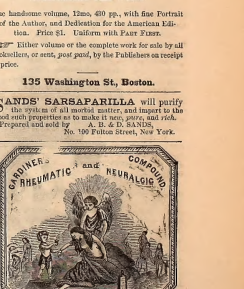

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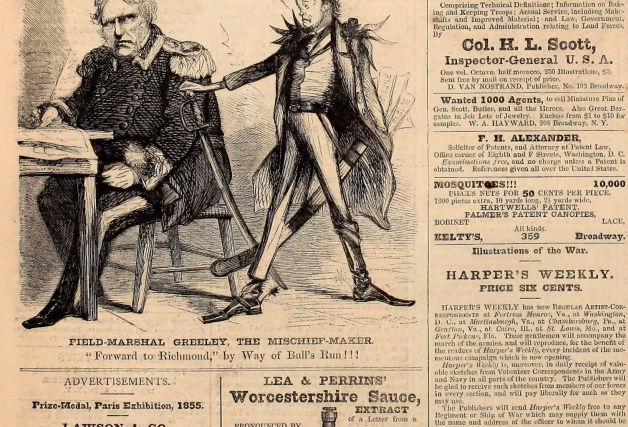

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VOL. V.—No. 241.] NEW YORK, SATURDAY, AUGUST 10, 1861. [SINGLE COPIES SIX CENTS. $2 50 PER YEAR IN ADVANCE.

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Edw'd B. Bulwer Lytton

SIR EDWARD BULWER LYTTON.

On the occasion of the commencement of Sir E. *B.* LYTTON's new tale "A STRANGE STORY," we publish herewith a portrait of the famous novelist. He was born about 1806, in Herefordshire, England; his father was General Bulwer, a distinguished officer, who left a fortune to his son. Young Bulwer's first published work was a volume of verse, which fell dead. In 1827 he published his first novel, "Falkland," which had but slender success. But next year "Pelham" appeared, and at once established the rank of its author. The "Disowned," "Devereux," "Paul Clifford," "Eugene Aram," followed in rapid succession, and were all popular. We can not enumerate the long list of novels which this fertile author gave to the world between 1830 and 1845; all are still read, though they are far from comparing with the master-pieces which succeeded them. In 1845 Bulwer struck a new vein in the "CAXTONS." This admirable work was open to none of the criticisms which had assailed its predecessors; it went home to the heart of every man, woman, and child, and endeared its author to the Christian world. It was followed in the same vein by "My Novel" and "What will he do with it?" the latter of which was introduced to the American public in the pages of this journal.

Sir E. Bulwer Lytton is not only a novelist of the first rank; he has achieved remarkable success as a dramatist and as a politician. He held office under Lord Derby, and is one of the most distinguished orators in Parliament. His career shows that even wealth and high birth do not always stifle genius.

We subjoin the following extracts:

> Who is there uniting in one person the imagination, the genius, the humor, the energy, the knowledge of the heart, the artist-like eye, the originality, the fancy, and the learning of Edward Lytton Bulwer? In a word, who is profundity and a Gothic massiveness of thought—in style?—in a calm certainty and definiteness of purpose—in industry—and, above all, in the power of controlling and regulating by volition his illimitable faculties of mind, he is unequaled—he is unapproached.—EDGAR A. POE.

> To Bulwer, the author of "Pelham," "The Caxtons," and "My Novel," we assign the highest place among western writers of fiction. There is always power in the creations of his fancy; he is always polished, witty, learned. Since the days of Scott were ended, there is, in our appreciation, no pinnacle so high as that on which we hang our wreath to Bulwer: like the Roman emperor, a prince among his equals, the first of his rank.—*Blackwood's Mag.*

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A STRANGE STORY.

By Sir E. BULWER LYTTON.

ILLUSTRATED BY JOHN M'LENAN.

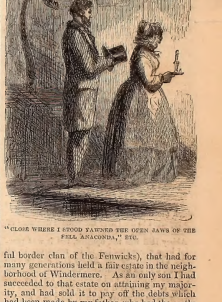
☞ Printed from the Manuscript and early Proof-sheets purchased by the Proprietors of "Harper's Weekly."

CHAPTER I.

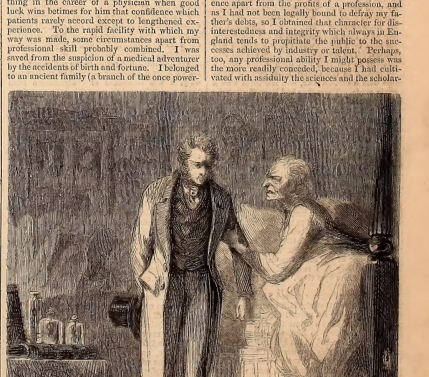
In the year 18— I settled as a physician at one of the wealthiest of our great English towns, which I will designate by the initial L——. I was yet young, but I had acquired some reputation by a professional work which is, I believe, still among the received authorities on the subject of which it treats. I had studied at Edinburgh and at Paris, and had borne away from both those illustrious schools of medicine whatever guarantees for future distinction the praise of professors may concede to the ambition of students. On becoming a member of the College of Physicians, I made a tour of the principal cities of Europe, taking letters of introduction to eminent medical men; and, gathering from many theories and modes of treatment hints to enlarge the foundations of unprejudiced and comprehensive practice, I had resolved to fix my ultimate residence in London. But before this preparatory tour was completed my resolve was changed by one of those unexpected events which determine the fate man in vain would work out for himself. In passing through the Tyrol, on my way into the north of Italy, I found in a small inn, remote from medical attendance, an English traveler—seized with acute inflammation of the lungs, and in a state of imminent danger. I devoted myself to him night and day, and, perhaps more through careful nursing than active remedies, I had the happiness to effect his complete recovery. The traveler proved to be Julius Faber, a physician of great distinction—contented to remain, where he was born, in the provincial city of L——, but whose reputation as a profound and original pathologist was widely spread, and whose writings had formed no unimportant part of my special studies. It was during a short holiday excursion, from which he was about to return with renovated vigor, that he had been thus stricken down. The patient so accidentally met with became the founder of my professional fortunes. He conceived a warm attachment for me; perhaps the more affectionate because he was a childless bachelor, and not one of the nephews who would succeed to his wealth evinced any desire to succeed to the toils by which the wealth had been acquired. Thus, having heirs for the one, he had long looked about for an heir to the other, and now resolved on finding that heir in me. So when we parted Dr. Faber made me promise to correspond with him regularly, and it was not long before he disclosed by letter the plans he had formed in my favor. He said that he was growing old; his practice was beyond his strength; he needed a partner; he was not disposed to put up to sale the health of patients whom he had learned to regard as his children. Money was no object to him; but it was an object close at his heart that the humanity he had served and the reputation he had gained should suffer no loss in his choice of a successor. In fine, he proposed that I should at once come to L—— as his partner, with the view of succeeding to his entire practice at the end of two years, when it was his intention to retire.

The opening into fortune thus afforded to me was one that rarely presents itself to a young man entering upon an overcrowded profession. And to an aspirant less allured by the desire of fortune than the hope of distinction, the fame of the physician who thus generously offered to me the inestimable benefits of his long experience, and his cordial introduction, was in itself an assurance that a metropolitan practice is no *sine qud non* to the sure if slow building up of a national renown.

I went, then, to L——, and before the two years of my partnership had expired, my success justified my kind friend's selection, and far more than realized my own expectations. I was fortunate in effecting some notable cures in the earliest cases submitted to me, and it is every thing in the career of a physician when good luck wins betimes for him that confidence which patients rarely accord except to lengthened experience. To the rapid facility with which my way was made, some circumstances apart from professional skill probably combined. I was saved from the suspicion of a medical adventurer by the accidents of birth and fortune. I belonged to an ancient family (a branch of the once powerful border clan of the Fenwicks), that had for many generations held a fair estate in the neighborhood of Windermere. As an only son I had succeeded to that estate on attaining my majority, and had sold it to pay off the debts which had been made by my father, who had the costly tastes of an antiquarian and collector. The residue on the sale insured me a modest independence apart from the profits of a profession, and as I had not been legally bound to defray my father's debts, so I obtained that character for disinterestedness and integrity which always in England tends to propitiate the public to the successes achieved by industry or talent. Perhaps, too, any professional ability I might possess was the more readily conceded, because I had cultivated with assiduity the sciences and the scholar-



"CLOSE WHERE I STOOD FAWNED THE OPEN JAWS OF THE FELL ANACONDA," ETC.



"SUDDENLY I FELT MY ARM GRASPED," ETC.

ship which are collaterally connected with the study of medicine. Thus, in a word, I established a social position which came in aid of my professional repute, and silenced much of that envy which usually imbitters and sometimes impedes success.

Dr. Faber retired at the end of the two years agreed upon. He went abroad, and being, though advanced in years, of a frame still robust, and habits of mind still inquiring and eager, he commenced a lengthened course of design travel, during which our correspondence, at first frequent, gradually languished, and finally died away.

I succeeded at once to the larger part of the practice which the labors of half a century had secured to my predecessor. My chief rival was Dr. Lloyd, a benevolent, fervid man, not without genius—if genius be present where judgment is absent; not without science, if that may be science which falls in precipices. One of those clever desultory men who, in adopting a profession, do not give up to it the whole heart and head of their hands. Men of that kind habitually accept a mechanical routine, because in the exercise of their ostensible calling their imaginative faculties are drawn away to pursuits more alluring. Therefore, in their proper vocation they are seldom bold or inventive—out of it they are sometimes bold to excess. And when they do take up a novelty in their profession they cherish it with an obstinate tenacity, and an extravagant passion, unknown to those philosophers who take up novelties every day, examine them with the sobriety of practiced eyes, try to form altogether, neither for or accept in whole, according as indgctive experiment supports or destroys conjecture.

Dr. Lloyd had been esteemed a learned naturalist long before he was admitted to be a tolerable physician. Amidst the privations of his youth he contrived to form, and when a struggling succeeding year he had perseveringly increased, a zoological collection of creatures, not alive, but, happily for the beholder, stuffed and embalmed. From what I have said it will be truly inferred that Dr. Lloyd's earlier career as a physician had not been brilliant; but for many years he had gradually rather *aged* than worked himself into that professional authority and station which now confers on a thoroughly reputable man, whom no one is disposed to envy and all are disposed to like.

Now in Lwere there were two distinct social circles: that of the wealthy merchants and traders, and that of a few privileged families inhabiting a part of the town aloof from the hum of commerce, and called the Abbey Hill. These superb Areopagites exercised over the wives and daughters of the inferior citizens a power which for

believe me in error? Still you knew that my object was research into truth. You employed against your brother in art venomous drugs and a poisoned probe. Look at me! Are you satisfied with your work?"

I sought to draw back and pluck my arm from the dying man's grasp. I could not do so without using a force that would have been inhuman. His lips drew nearer still to my ear.

"Vain pretender, do not boast that you brought a genius for epigram to the service of science. Science is lenient to all who offer experiment as the test of conjecture. You are of the stuff of which inquisitors are made. You cry that truth is profaned when your dogmas are questioned. In your shallow presumption you have meted the dominions of nature, and where your eye halts its vision, you say, 'There, nature must close;' in the bigotry which adds crime to presumption, you would punish the children even in annexing new realms to her chart, unsettles your arbitrary landmarks. Verily, retribution shall avenge. In the future time which your sight has disdained to explore you shall yourself be a lost and bewildered straggler. Hist! I see them advancing! The gibbering phantoms are gathering round you!

The man's voice stopped abruptly; his eye fixed in a glassy stare; his head relaxed its hold; he fell back on his pillow. I stole from the room, on the landing-place I met the nurse and the old woman servant. In the study the children were not there. But I heard the wail of the female child from some room not far distant.

I whispered briefly to the nurse, "All is over!"—passed again under the jaws of the vast anaconda—and on through the blind lane between the high walls—on through the ghastly streets, under the ghastly moon—went back to my solitary home.

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

SATURDAY, AUGUST 10, 1861.

THE LESSON OF DEFEAT.

IF we are true to ourselves, the disaster of 21st July will prove a benefit rather than an injury. The Great Bethel blunder taught us the folly of going to battle under civilian leadership; the Bull Run tragedy is fraught with many valuable lessons.

It will teach us, in the first place, and not only us, but those also who have in charge the national interests at this crisis, that this war must be prosecuted on scientific principles, and that popular clamor must not be suffered to override the dictates of experience and the rules of strategy. It will teach, as actual evidence to prove that the march to Bull Run, and the fight there, were both undertaken against the judgment of LIEUTENANT-GENERAL SCOTT, and only in deference to the popular craving for action which owed its origin and main virulence to the New York *Tribune*. The wretched result must serve as a warning for the future. Hereafter our generals must not be hurried into premature demonstrations. If any portion of the press should attempt hereafter to goad them into acting in opposition to their judgment, public sentiment must rebuke the mischievous endeavor, and our officers and the Government must withstand it resolutely. No doubt, in the course of the next few weeks or months, it will often appear that our armies are sluggish, and their action dilatory. We must remember, when this occurs, that there may be reasons for delay which the public can not discern. We must, in such cases, remind each other of the fatal tragedy of July, and thank God that we can trust implicitly in ABRAHAM LINCOLN and WINFIELD SCOTT.

Again. The detailed accounts of the retreat from Bull Run prove that a very large proportion of our militia officers failed in their duty on that occasion. Some displayed cowardice, others incapacity. This is no matter of surprise. In selecting officers for our field offices, our militiamen often attach more weight to wealth and political or social influence than to bravery or military aptitude. Very many commissions are won by intrigue. Under these circumstances it was natural that, in the hour of danger, the officers who owed their epaulets to wealth, party, or social influence, or to intrigue, should have failed to develop the coolness, courage, and command over their men which soldiers look for in their leaders. It was to be expected that they would neither lead, nor check a panic. This radical flaw in our military system must now be corrected. Great Bethel emancipated us from the militia-man, from the mischief of civilian brigadiers. Bull Run must rid us of cowardly or imbecile colonels, majors, and captains. The Government hereafter the War Department will exercise the right of reviewing the elections of field officers in each regiment. We trust that no scruple of delicacy or timidity will interfere with the vigorous execution of this rule. It should be extended to captains of companies also. Better offend a thousand ambitious gandidates for military rank than have another flight led by colonels, majors, and captains. And there will be great need of the pruning-knife. By means best known to themselves most militia men are even now obtaining commissions in regiments fitted out here. Intrigue, money, family connections, and all kinds of improper influences are officering our new regiments. By the memory of Bull Run we adjure the War Department and the commanding general to subject all these officers to a thorough test, and to reject the unsuitable without hesitation. We have plenty of bravery and plenty of military talent in the country; for Heaven's sake let some one see that it is used in the right place.

Let no man be disheartened by the Bull Run disaster. We were beaten, it is true. But we were beaten by an enemy twice as strong as we were. They fought in intrenchments admirably constructed—we pressed our way up to the muzzles of their guns, in total ignorance of the topography of the battle-field. Wherever our soldiers met theirs in fair fight, they beat them. They had been drilling and preparing for the fight for half a year at least: our men were raw levies. And if the battle has proved that with these disadvantages we could not contend against them, it has also proved that our troops possess more personal bravery than theirs, and that our people—whom the defeat has only served to fresh exertions—have the right stuff in them.

"With our light, success is a duty!" Let this be our watch-word. We have every thing in our favor at this time but the experience, complete command of the sea, all the industrial capacity of the country, unrestricted communication with the foreign world, all the money we need, and, best of all, a just cause.

CABINET CHANGES.

SEVERAL journals, in the heat of indignation at the Bull Run defeat, have called for changes in the Cabinet. We think a mistake will be made. That certain Secretaries have displayed a want of energy, while others have devoted more time and thought than was decent to selecting contracts for political friends, is probably true enough. But it is no time to punish them when the Gaul is at the gates. We must first repel the enemy—and we shall have ample time to settle with unfaithful servants at home. Any change in the Cabinet just now would have the same moral effect. The soldiers and at home, as a defeat, and lead to the abstraction for which the rebels taunt them for fighting is nothing less than the system which secures each one of those citizens his life.

Granting the rebels, then, an equal faith with ourselves in the justice of their cause, which side is likely to prevail? Which will stand upon slavery and cotton, the first of which war makes a deadly danger, and the second is useless if it can not be sold; or we, who, fighting for a land upon slavery, who are a people of every pursuit, with a soil producing every crop, who have the tradition and possession of the government, the course of civilization, and the sympathy of mankind?

THE WAY TO PEACE.

A BALTIMORE gentleman, who believes in Mr. Jefferson Davis and disbelieves in the Government of the United States, is said to have asked whether, after another victory or two we might not hope for peace. He meant, whether the country at large would not then assent to Mr. Davis's Constitution as the law of the land.

But how should we have peace from that assent? Suppose his Constitution accepted by a majority of the States even, how enforced upon the others? And then? How do you hope for peace from it? The Davis Constitution is a revival of the old Confederation. It is a league among States, not a government of the people, and each State is to decide for itself when it will leave the league. That is the fundamental principle of this rebellion. A revolution proceeds upon causes which are cited to justify it to God and men. But the principle of "the Confederacy" is, as Mr. Davis plainly said at Indianapolis last February, the free-love principle. When a State is tired it goes off. Its whim is the constitutional and legal right.

Does any Baltimore gentleman think that this is the road to peace?

Probably not. But he may say that he supposes that, after a battle or two more lost by us, we shall be willing to seek peace by assenting to the separation of the States.

Mr. Everett answers this question on the Fourth of July as it had been often enough answered before. Of course not. "It is in its very nature a perpetual cause of hostility..... If, for the frivolous reasons assigned, the seceding States were thrown back into the gulf, while all the peaceful temperaments and constitutional remedies of the Union were within their reach, and offers of further compromise and constitutional guarantees readily tendered them, what hope, what possibility of peace can there be when the Union is broken up; when, in addition to all other sources of deadly quarrel, a general exodus of the slave population begins (as, beyond all question, it will), and nothing but war remains for the settlement of controversies? The Vice-President of the new Confederacy states that it rests on slavery; but from its very nature it must rest equally on war—eternal war, first between North and South, and then between some of the sundered fragments into which some of the disintegrated parts may crumble."

Is this the way to peace? Any Baltimore gentleman can see as plainly as any patriot in the country, that even if peace were made upon such terms, the army which we have now in the field could not be reduced by a single soldier.

There is but one way to peace in this emergency, and that is to establish the national supremacy a hundredfold stronger than ever before. Understand that such news affect you disagreeably; but you must remember that war is a new thing to you, especially to some of your officers in command: and this, also, that it always must take the lives of a good many men to acquire experience in warfare. There is a rather cruel proverb in French which is in great favor with military men: it is: *Pour lire un omelette, il faut d'abord casser des œufs.*

BOTH SIDES.

THE men at the South who are trying to destroy the government, and the men at the North who are trying to save it, can not contemplate the day at Bull Run without deep reflection. The time for passion and rhetoric and surprise has passed. The issue is made up before the world. War arms is no mole country. The combatants are ourselves. The struggle is for free constitutional government. Shall it be lost, or maintained?

Now the particular lesson that the friends of a free government in this country have learned is this: that its enemies are resolutely prepared to dispute the point in the way most favorable to themselves. They are under the military command of an engineer whom the Government educated and who bore off the honors of his class. The system of defense he adopts is the one most suitable to the country in which he is placed, and to the habits and character of the people he commands. These people are as profoundly ignorant of their fellow-citizens on the side of the Potomac as they are of the Chinese. They believe that they are defending all that is dearest and most sacred from the violating hands of barbarian hordes. And this ignorance is deepened by the artful falsehoods of JEFFERSON DAVIS, Benjamin, and the other rebel chiefs. For the war they have commenced they have plenty of artillery and ammunition. They mean to fight desperately behind their works, but not outside of them, and they will try to prolong the war long enough for foreign powers to have an excuse to interfere.

This is what we have learned; and what have we taught them?

We have taught them that the great mass of the people of this country, free, intelligent, and comfortable, do not mean to have the government which secures them every blessing ruined without shedding the last drop of blood in its defense. The people whom the conspirators thought to be cowards have proved themselves to be cool and terrible soldiers. The appalling result threatens the rebellion even from the field at Bull Run that the loyal people of this country are just as fearfully in earnest as the rebels; and that "the abstraction" for

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☞ The two volunteers, GEORGE O. M'MULLIN and ISAAC BLACKBURN, who hauled down the secession flag at HARPER'S FERRY, belong to the Pennsylvania Seventeenth, and not to the New York Ninth, as stated in the letter-press under our recent picture of the exploit.

THE LOUNGER.

BULL RUN.

IT is not in the SAXON heart to despond or despair. On the Monday night after the action at Bull Run, though it was the darkest night that ever fell upon the country, the country was never so strong. Great as we have all felt the contest to be, we knew, that night, that it was greater than our thoughts. The urgent duty was another to regret nor recriminate, but to "close up," and press more strongly, more unitedly, forward.

It is impossible to tell in a sudden order to retire dismayed the triumphant line. The soldiers, who from exhaustion or whatever cause had been sent to the rear, and the farmers and civilians who hovered along the base of our active line, were struck with terror by a sudden rush of cavalry from the flank. Panic-stricken, in a promiscuous crowd: while the soldiers who were really engaged fell back quietly and in good order, it is not impossible that regulars, volunteers, and civilians in the rear who rushed, a panting rabble, to Washington, and who told the disheartening story, had not dashed over the country at noon on Monday. But our army, our soldiers who were fighting the battle, fought as heroes fight, and only retired when the orders came, as the bravest and most reluctant soldiers must.

The defeat at Bull Run, therefore, was of no evil auspice to the cause, as it would have been if the truth had proved to be what we all at first feared. It was, so far as the actual conflict went, only a orderly retirement of an inferior force before superior numbers strongly intrenched. Why they were so exposed, and whether, exposed or not, they would not have remained upon the field victorious except for the panic in the rear, are questions which can not be easily decided.

An experienced soldier, an officer in a foreign army, who has seen much service, writes to the LOUNGER, "I am glad to see that you do not understand that such news affect you disagreeably; but you must remember that war is a new thing to you, especially to some of your officers in command: and this, also, that it always must take the lives of a good many men to acquire experience in warfare. There is a rather cruel proverb in French which is in great favor with military men: it is: *Pour lire un omelette, il faut d'abord casser des œufs.*

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"GREAT EXPECTATIONS," AND THE NEW NOVELS.

THE novel of Dickens, which is just completed in this paper, is among the best novels in our literature. The *Athenæum* in London says of it—and we quote it because it is so parsimonious of praise: "Whether the library of English fiction contains a romance comparable with 'Great Expectations' as a matter which admits of doubt.....Trying Mr. Dickens by himself, we find in this his last tale as much as we have in the most forcible portion of 'Oliver Twist,' as much delicacy as in the most delicate passages of 'David Copperfield,' as much quaint humor as in 'Pickwick.' In short, that this is the creation of a great artist in his prime we have felt from the very first moment of its appearance....."

The *Athenæum* is seldom so much excited by any work as it declares itself to be by this story of Dickens.

The story deserves much if not all that is said of it. It has all the power, variety, humor, tenderness, grace, wonderful pathos, and masterly management which are found in the other tales, but not often so forcibly combined as in this. Its most striking character is Joe Gargery, the son of a child in the body of a giant: a man in whom the essential manhood triumphs over every obstacle, and shines out in such lovely light that our common nature takes fresh hold of our affection and admiration.

There is no sermon preached in the story. Nobody proses or moralizes or "improves." The plot moves steadily forward from the first word, with its inscrutable cloud of causes, counter-causes, influences, and fatalities. The many-hued characters, whether hinted, drawn, or elaborated, play their parts without the least superfluity. The landscape and the aspects of outward nature adapt themselves to the tale; and when you close the book, scrawl or no scrawl, you are a wiser and a sadder man.

That deep, searching skepticism of the course of human affairs, which, while it does not question its general necessity, alleviates by sympathy particular injustice, and so appeals to a correction of the wrong in all things with eternal truth as the great secret pity of mankind for sinners, is nowhere more satisfactorily put than in "Great Expectations." And if this great author had no other claim to remembrance, what a sweet and signal service to humanity it is that he has always shown to the man in the criminal, and softened with tears the voice of condemnation!

As Dickens retires from the scene Bulwer appears. His new novel begins in this number of the *Weekly*. Meanwhile, in the *Monthly*, Thackeray tells the tale of "Philip," and Anthony Trollope that of "Framley Parsonage." Lots of ale and "harpers hoar" to sing to them at table. We are all lords now, and, sitting at our ease, genius tells stories more delightful than ever the barons heard.

REPRISALS.

In his message to the Richmond Congress, Jefferson Davis says that he sent a flag to President Lincoln informing him "of my resolute purpose to check all barbarities on prisoners of war by such severity of retaliation upon prisoners held by us as should secure the abandonment of the practice." Mr. Davis makes the fate of certain United States citizens in the hands of pirates the fate of the pirates of the *Savannah*.

He assumes to be the head of a nation. But no other nation in the world acknowledges him. Consequently his commission to a sea-captain to stop and plunder the ships of a great recognized nation of the earth can have no other weight than a similar commission from any body else.

The ordinary law, as at Bull Run, the combatants, whatever the justice of their cause, having appealed to arms, are equally exposed to danger. But a privateer is an armed vessel sailing under false pretenses, and falling upon unarmed merchantmen. The difference of the cases is that of a thief and a highway robber: one goes about to fight a duel may treat his opponent politely. But it is not expected that any body shall be polite to a footpad. Therefore the law of nations condemns privateering as piracy.

With some show of reason Mr. Davis might say that if we hang all the prisoners we took in battle he would hang all that he took. But then he can have no pretense for including pirates in the same category. Because, although the *Savannah* and the soldiers march equally by his commission, the difference between them lies in the difference of their conduct and object.

Argument, however, is of no avail in the case except for the future record of these events. The point is not to argue. Shall we consent to the lives of fierces now in the hands of the enemy by sparing the lives of the pirates whom they send out to capture, burn, and murder the ships of their foe? Do we by so doing make it a war of extermination? And if so, who suffers most?

The answer to these questions involves very important considerations, which are obvious enough.

UP WITH THE FLAG!

Now, by Saint Paul, the work goes bravely on,
The Stars and Stripes are up for Liberty!
Fling out the Nation—Talisman of the Free!
Cancel be the hand that dares to pluck thee down.
Tricksters may wrangle—Rebel States disown,
The clouds of war encompass land and sea:
The stars may fall from heaven, but not from thee!
Thy rainbow stripes shall stand while "nods the sun.
Up! freemen, up! No more concession!
Act! act!—The hour for words is more than past.
Up, sinews—free and strong—before limbs, fit-sigh and bony
From every land rings out this bugle blast—
"Tis the last bond of God that shall be blow;
Strike! 'Tis the hour that frees the world at last.

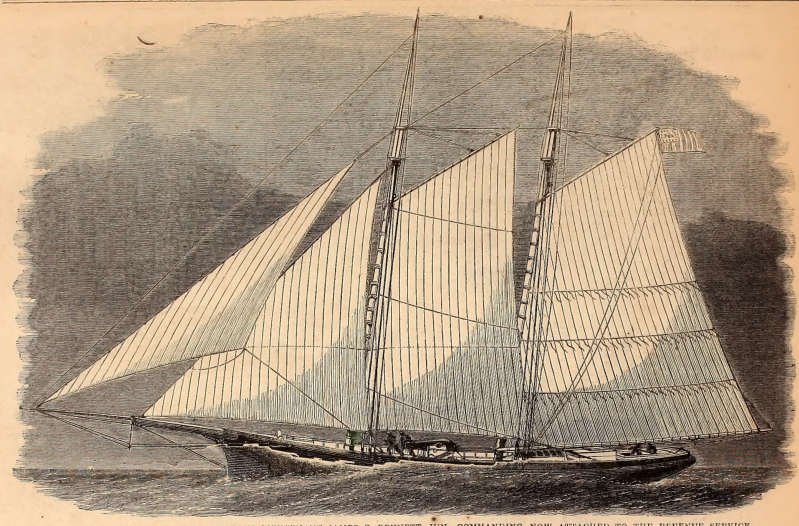
HOUGHTON'S VALLEY, 1861.

RETREAT OF OUR TROOPS FROM BULL RUN, BY MOONLIGHT, COLONEL BLENKER'S BRIGADE COVERING.—SKETCHED BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST.—[SEE PAGE 510.]

CHARGE OF THE BLACK HORSE CAVALRY UPON THE FIRE ZOUAVES AT THE BATTLE OF BULL RUN.—[See Page 510.]

CARRYING IN THE WOUNDED AT THE BATTLE OF BULL RUN.—SKETCHED BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST.—[SEE PAGE 510.]

SILENCING THE ENEMY'S BATTERIES AT THE BATTLE OF BULL RUN.



THE YACHT "HENRIETTA," 160 TONS, LIEUTENANT JAMES G. BENNETT, JUN., COMMANDING, NOW ATTACHED TO THE REVENUE SERVICE.

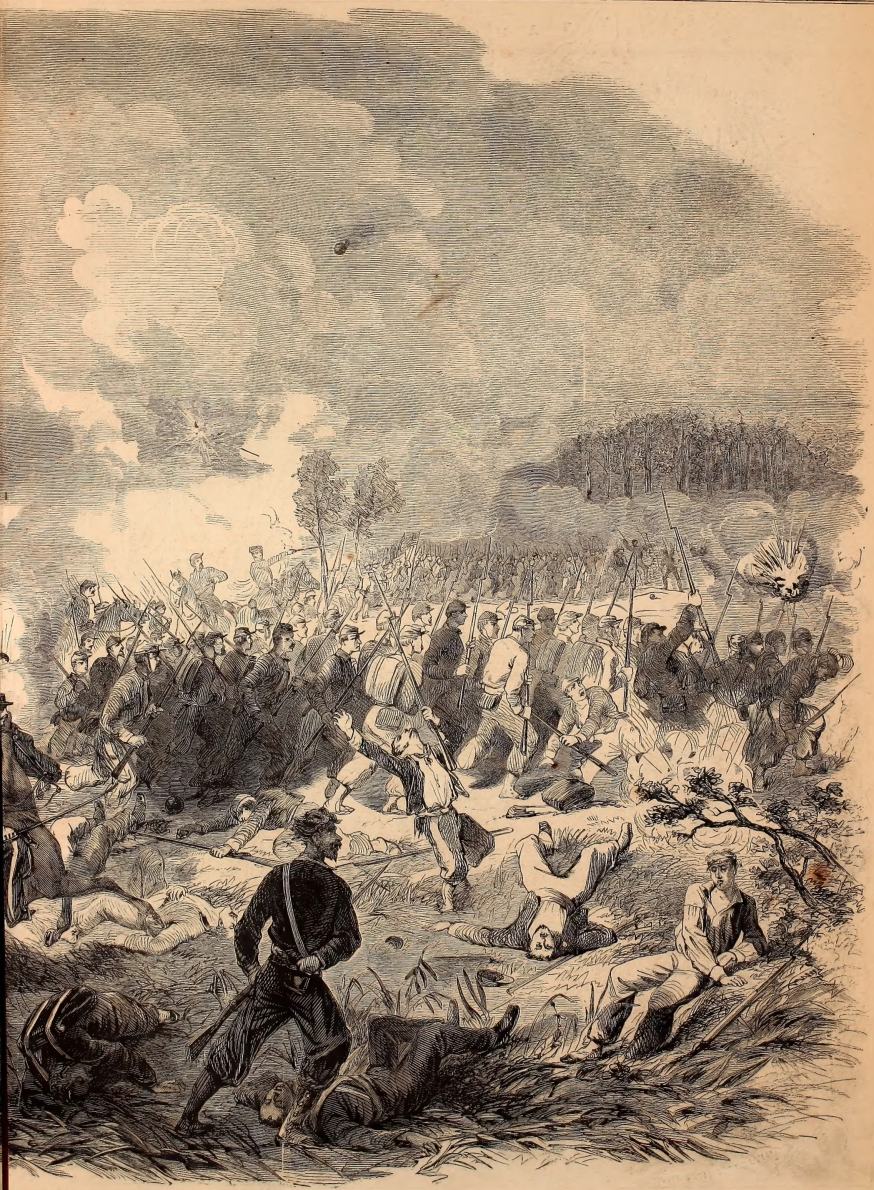
CHARGE OF THE SIXTY-NINTH.

On page 508 we illustrate one of the GALLANT CHARGES OF THE SIXTY-NINTH REGIMENT, NEW YORK STATE MILITIA, AT THE BATTLE OF BULL RUN. This gallant regiment performed prodigies of valor that day. An officer of the Second thus speaks of their performance:

The Sixty-ninth Regiment, New York State Militia, performed prodigies of valor. They stripped themselves, and dashed into the enemy with the utmost fury. The difficulty was to keep them quiet. While the Second was engaging a regiment of rebels they retreated into a thick hay-field to draw the Northerners into a trap. The Second continued firing into them, while the Sixty-ninth, by a flank movement, took them in the rear, and pouring a deadly fire into their ranks, afterward charged them with the bayonet. The slaughter was terrible and the defeat complete, for not a man stirred of the whole five or six hundred. In this attack there were very few of the Sixty-ninth wounded.

SANDY HOOK, HEAD-QUARTERS OF COLONEL STONE, ON THE UPPER POTOMAC.—[SKETCHED BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST.]

THE BATTLE OF BULL

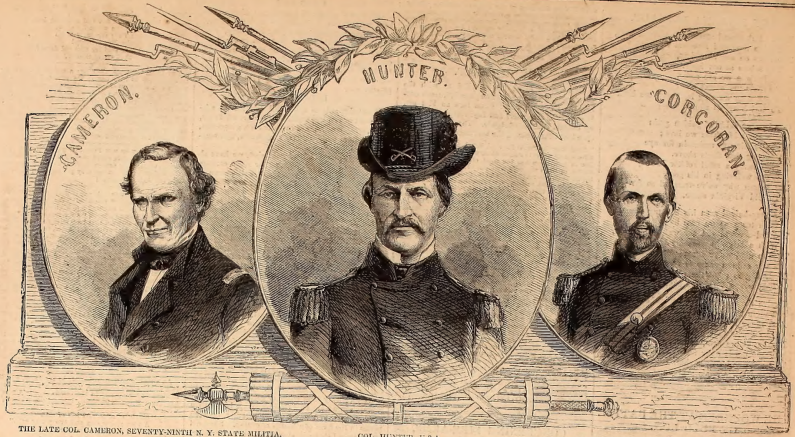


TN, 2 P.M. JULY 21, 1861.

STRASBURG
FRONT ROYAL
MANASSAS GAP R.R.
Rectortown
Salem
Plains
Springfield
Flint Hill
Broad Run
GAINESVILLE
Thoroughfare Gap
Haymarket
Gainesville
Centreville
Manassas Junction
Bull Run
Fairfax Court Ho.
Fairfax Station
Alexandria
Alexandria & Orange R.R.
Alexandria & Manassas Gap R.R.
Alexandria & Loudoun R.R.
Alexandria & Fredericksburg R.R.
Alexandria & Washington R.R.
Washington
Georgetown
Arlington
Mt. Vernon
Occoquan
Colchester
Dumfries
Quantico
Aquia
Stafford C.H.
Stafford Spr.
Fredericksburg
Falmouth
Rappahannock R.
Hazel R.
Rappahannock C.H.
Sperryville
Flint Hill
Amisville
Faquier Court Ho.
Warrenton
Warrenton Junction
Warrenton Br.
Fayetteville
Woodville
Bealeton
Elkton
Culpeper C.H.
Brandy
Rapidan R.
Rapidan
Mitchell's
Orange C.H.
Orange and Alexandria R.R.
Madison
Rogersville
Gordonsville
Gold Mine Cr.
Louisa C.H.
Spottsylvania C.H.
Mat R.
Po R.
Ny R.
Ta R.
Mattapony R.
North Anna R.
South R.
Old Court Ho
Bowling Green
King George C.H.
Port Conway
Port Royal
Port Tobacco
Smith Pt
Sandy Pt
Nanjemoy
Potomac River
Maryland
Virginia
Harrisonburg
Rockingham
Brownsville
Mt. Crawford
Port Republic
Mt. Sidney
Augusta Ch.
Mt. Meridian
Molers
New River
Wyers Cov
Staunton
New Hope
Brownes Gap
Tucks Gap
Bellonnville
Stannardsville
Walkers Spr.
Madison
Culpeper
Luray
Rappahannock C.H.
Blue Ridge
Shenandoah Mountain
Shenandoah River
Valley Turnpike
Newmarket
Hope Mt.
Mt. Jackson
Woodstock
Lost River
Middletown
Paris
Upperville
Hunterhill
Vienna
Herndon
Middle
Pleasant Valley
Centreville
Fairfax Court Ho.
Alexandria

NEWPORT NEWS
HAMPTON
FORTRESS MONROE
CRANEY ISLAND
HAMPTON ROADS
NORFOLK
PORTSMOUTH
SEWELL'S POINT
GOSPORT
PIG POINT
CRANEY ISLAND FLATS
BALLOON VIEW OF FORTRESS MONROE AND THE MOUTH OF THE CHESAPEAKE.

GALLANT CHARGE OF THE SIXTY-NINTH REGIMENT, N. Y. STATE MILITIA, UPON A REBEL BATTERY AT THE BATTLE OF BULL RUN.—[See Page 503.]



THE LATE COL. CAMERON, SEVENTY-NINTH N. Y. STATE MILITIA. COL. HUNTER, U.S.A. COL. CORCORAN, SIXTY-NINTH NEW YORK STATE MILITIA.

THE LATE COLONEL CAMERON.

On this page we give a portrait of the late Colonel Cameron, who was killed at the battle of Bull Run. The *Times* gives the following sketch of his career:

The country mourns the loss of the gallant Cameronian chieftain—the Colonel of the New York Seventy-ninth Highlanders—who fell at the head of his regiment in the bloody battle of Bull Run. Colonel Cameron was a man of dauntless valor, of a sterling and generous spirit, high personal honor, and fine intellectual parts—at once a gentleman, a Christian, and a hero. He had also the most commanding physical proportions, a dignified presence, and a noble countenance. Like his brother, the Secretary of War, he had been a printer, a journalist, and a lawyer, and had also taken an active part in forwarding the agricultural and railroad interests of Pennsylvania, his native State. In military affairs he had always taken great interest, having for years commanded a regiment of Pennsylvania volunteers. Latterly, however, he had retired from active life to his beautiful estate on the banks of the Susquehanna, intending to pass the remainder of his days in peaceful quiet. Only about a month ago was he induced to accept the command of a thousand patriotic and gallant Highland riflemen from this city, natives of the land of his sires, which he loved so warmly and well. The chief fear of his friends was that on the battle-field he would be too heedless of his own life, and those forebodings have been sadly realized. In his very first charge he fell—fell like a hero, with his face to the foe. At the head of his valiant Highlandmen he dashed into the thickest of the fray, and shouting the inspiriting war-cry, "Scots! follow me!" he passed from the gay battle-field to Paradise.

COLONEL CORCORAN.

On this page we publish a portrait of Colonel Corcoran, of the Sixty-ninth N. Y. S. M., who is supposed to be wounded and a prisoner at Manassas Junction. Colonel Michael Corcoran was born in Ireland some forty years ago. His father was a British officer who left no means to his son. At a very early age young Corcoran came to this country, obtained employment from the proprietor of Hibernian Hall in this city, and subsequently succeeded him in the establishment. Latterly, we believe, he occupied a desk in the Post-office. Colonel Corcoran joined the Sixty-ninth as a private, and served successively as orderly, lieutenant, and captain, finally rising to the rank of colonel. Let us hope that his captivity will not be of long duration, and that he will have an opportunity of pursuing the career he has so gloriously commenced.

The Sixty-ninth returned to the city under the command of Captain Kelly, of Company A, the Colonel being, as we said, wounded, and a prisoner.

THE FOURTH SOUTH CAROLINA REGIMENT WORKING IN THE TRENCHES AT NIGHT AT MANASSAS JUNCTION.—[Sketched by our Special Artist.]

THE INDIANA BRIGADE.

TWELVE thousand stanch, undaunted men,
Twelve thousand Hoosiers we—
The rifles on our shoulders,
The sabres at our knee.
From Indiana we are come,
From rolling mountains o'er;
And the song we sing is, Carry me back
To Old Virginia shore!

Our harvest fields of golden grain
Are left with those we love;
We're fighting in mountains for aye
The flag that floats above.
There's many a rebel soldier knows,
When we'd bring in his gore,
The reason we've trampled so far
To Old Virginia shore.

The gray-haired man his blessing pours,
With tears, as we pass by;
The red-cheeked girl her welcome speaks,
With a brightly-sparkling eye.
They're glad we've come; for rebels fly,
Their cannon cease to roar,
Their flag to scent the mountain air
That wraps Virginia's shore.

Twelve thousand stanch, undaunted men—
Twelve thousand more to come;
And many eyes shall never see
The smiles that welcome home.
But hands are firm, and hearts will dare
Brave deeds we've heard before—
The stars and stripes shall float again
O'er all Virginia's shore.

NEW ALBANY, *July 29.*

THE WOUNDED AT THE BATTLE OF BULL RUN.

ON page 502 we illustrate CARRYING IN THE WOUNDED AFTER THE BATTLE OF BULL RUN, from a sketch by our special artist. The fate of many of the wounded was terrible; they were boyonetted to where they lay from the ranks of the rebels. The following, from the New York *Tribune*, is one of many pieces of evidence which have been laid before the public:

Surgeon Barnes, of the New York Twenty-eighth Volunteers, was in the fight all through, and came out of it in his shirt sleeves, having lost coat, sash, watch, and all his surgeon's instruments, having been charged on by the Black Horse Cavalry and compelled to leave the field, being driven from under a tree where he had established his temporary quarters, and where he was attending to the wounds of seven officers, his injured men, part of whom were unconscious.

Surgeon Barnes went up to the battle-field in the rear of the attacking column, and, as soon as our men began to fall, he took his station with his assistants under a tree, in a little ravine. The wounded men were brought to him, and he took off his coat, sash, and hung it on the tree to signify that the place was under the charge of a surgeon. The injured men were brought in rapidly, and a fire was kindled under he had under his charge nearly thirty. As fast as possible he attended to their hurts, and of a short time had been compelled to perform a number of capital operations. He amputated four legs, three arms, a hand, and a foot, and attended to a number of minor injuries. By this time the enemy had discovered the place, and the nature of the men in charge, and began to pour in musket-balls, and projectiles from rifled cannon. The place became unsafe for the wounded men, and it was seen to be necessary to remove them. The Surgeon's Assistants and servants had become separated from him, and he had no one to send for ambulances, and was obliged to leave the wounded men and go himself. It was no easy matter to procure ambulances except at a cost of probably thirty minutes before the Surgeon returned with the necessary assistance. When he returned he found that every one of those wounded men had been dispatched or astred, and was dead. They were literally cut to pieces.

THE FIRE ZOUAVES AND THE BLACK HORSE CAVALRY.

WE publish on page 501 an illustration of the terrible conflict which took place at the battle of Bull Run between the Fire Zouaves and the Black Horse Cavalry. One of the lieutenants of the Zouaves thus tells the tale:

The Zouaves rushed out of the woods only to find themselves the target for another body of infantry beyond, while the Black Horse Cavalry were seen charging full upon them. Things looked badly, when, fortunately, the infantry were engaged by another regiment, that gave the Zouaves time to prepare for the charge from the horsemen. They formed hastily in line, kneeling, semi-kneeling, and standing, that, lifewatch fashion, they might receive their enemies with successive volleys. On came the Horse—a full regiment of brave men, splendidly mounted, and as ready for medal as those on which they hoped to be fed. To an early discharge from the cavalry the Zouaves made no response, although several of the men were skewered, but waited patiently until the enemy was almost upon them, when, in quick succession, the three ranks fired, each man doing his best for the good cause. The shock to the rebels was great; but they rallied, behaved gallantly, and attempted a renewal of the charge, for which, however, the excited Firemen were prepared, and for which the Black Horse Cavalry paid most dearly. They were completely shattered, broken up, and swept away. Not more than a hundred of them rode off, and as they went their rebellious ears were assisted with "One, two, three, four, six, seven, thgh, Zouave!" and such a "Steer regent" as one can only appreciate when he hears it.

The following account is from a private letter:

The New York Zouaves received the first charge of the famous Black Horse Guard, about which Governor Seymour has so often spoken. It was a splendid corps of cavalry, all the horses of which were coal black. They came upon the Zouave regiment at a gallop, and were received by the brave firemen upon their poised bayonets, followed instantly by a volley, from which they broke and fled, leaving several of the Zouaves were cut down in the assault. They quickly rallied, however, with their forces doubled—perhaps by seven hundred—and again they dashed with fearful fury upon the wearied Zouaves. This time they broke the American flag, and a part of the Zouaves supposed for an instant that they were friends, whom they had originally taken for. The flag was quickly thrown down, however, the horse dashed upon the regiment, the rear was discovered, and the slaughter commenced. No quarter, no halting, no flinching now, marked the rapid and deadly dealing down of our men as they closed in upon the foe, in their madness and desperation. Our brave fellows felt the rebels filled up, the sabres, bowie-knives, and bayonets glittered in the sunlight, horse after horse went down, platoon after platoon disappeared—the ranks of mockery, the screams of the rebels, the shout of "Remember Ellsworth!" from the lungs of the Zouaves, and the yells of the wounded and crushed half-suffocated by the fire, and a terrible carnage succeeded. The gallant Zouaves fought like demons, and were really cut up; but of those hundred of Black Horse Guards not many left that bloody rencounter.

THE RETREAT.

ON special artist has supplied us with the sketch which we reproduce on page 501, representing the RETREAT FROM BULL RUN on 21st ult. It shows the straggglers and fugitives well covered by Colonel Blenker's brigade. The *Tribune* correspondent thus depicted the movement:

Stretching far across the road, long before the hoped-for relief at Centreville was reached, was a firm, unerring line of men, to whom the sight of the thousands who dashed by them was only a wonder and a surprise. This was the German rifle regiment; and to see the manly bearing of their General, and feel the inspiration which his presence gave at that moment, was like relief to those who were given at that moment, was like relief to those who were given at that moment, was like relief to those who perish in a desert. At a glance the darkness of the night, we knew that, for many hours that night as it should, there was one man who would build and keep the fires of the nation unmalled to the end.

I need not speak much in praise of the action of Blenker and the officers who served him so well. The events spoke for them. Steady and watchful, and in his place throughout the evening, advancing his skirmishers at every token of attack, and spreading a sure protection over the multitudes who fled disorderly through his columns. With three regiments he stood to fight against an outnumbering enemy already flushed with victory, and eager to complete its triumph. As the darkness increased his position became more perilous and untenable. At 11 o'clock the attack came upon the advance company of Colonel Schaefe's Rifles, not in force, but from a body of cavalry whose successful passage would have been followed by a full force, and the complete destruction of our broken host. The rebel cavalry was driven back, and never returned, and at two in the morning the last body of these troops having passed and found their road to safety, the command was given to march in order, and the brigade fell slowly and regularly back, with the same precision as if on parade, and as thoroughly in hand of their leader as if no danger had ever come near them. Over and over again Blenker begged permission to open his guns, or even to advance. "Retreat!" said he to M'Dowell's messenger, "is the worst word to go to me." At last the command was peremptory, and he was left to alternative.

CONCERNING FIRE-ARMS.

FIELD ARTILLERY.

SMOOTH guns are never made of wrought iron or brass; they are of cast iron, inaccuracy and lack of durability. Field Artillery comprises the smaller guns and howitzers, including 6 and 12-pound guns and 24-pound howitzers. Some of these guns are made of bronze, the superior tenacity of which renders it the best material for light artillery. The effective range of field artillery is as follows:

12-pounder	1000 yards.
6-pounder	880 yards.
24-pounder howitzer	1300 yards.
12-pounder (howitzer)	1050 yards.
Do. do., shell	1500 yards.

THE ARMSTRONG GUN.

Two guns of modern invention are worthy of particular description from the notice they have attracted from the first European nations, as well as from the American people. These are entitled these are the Armstrong and Whitworth guns. Mr. W. G. Armstrong, of Newcastle-upon-Tyne (now Sir William), was the first to produce a gun which constructed a rifle-piece upon plans which he had long studied, and which he considered destined to change the whole principle of warfare. The gun of Mr. Armstrong gun is formed with a steel tube, rifled with thirty or forty grooves, and bound round on the outside with layers of wrought iron coils, which by of course materially strengthening the gun. The projectile is a pointed cylinder, similar in shape to a Minié ball, made of cast iron, and coated with lead. The gun is breech-loading, in order to admit of a larger ball, to insure its filling the grooves. The ball can be used either as a shell or solid shot, latter by filling it with powder and attaching a detonating fuse at the point. The gun is mounted on a carriage with a recoiling wood-slide, and screw for elevating and depressing, and for horizontal movements. The ball acts as a shot before bursting as a shell, penetrating the object and bursting immediately after. This gun has an enormous range, twice or three times that of other field guns of the same calibre, and with remarkable accuracy. It is stated, however, that, owing to various reasons, it has been considered by the Crimea Council that the Armstrong gun has an immense manufactory, and for the past five years has had the name of having produced the most effective field gun ever known. Serious objections have been urged against it; the fact of its being breech-loading and complicated, and the use of lead on the projectiles, which was liable to stripping, being the most important.

THE WHITWORTH GUN.

The Whitworth gun contains details its remarkable power and accuracy by the adoption of a polygonal spiral bore of uniform pitch, more rapid than could be obtained by rifling. The gun is hexagonal in one of which a was a few days since exhibited in this city—with a bore of 3.2 inches, has one turn in sixty inches, it is eight feet long, and breech-loading. The projectile is oblong, made of cast iron, and formed to fit the grooves of the barrel. The breech of the gun is closed with a cap which screws on, and on being removed swings to one side upon a hinge; the projectile is then inserted into the gun breech, and followed by a tin cartridge-case containing the powder, and capped by a cake of wax or other lubricating composition; the cap is then again swung round and screwed on by its handles, a fuse inserted into the vent, and the gun is discharged. The lubricating matter being carried out with the ball effectually cleanses the gun, and the deposit is afterward withdrawn with the cartridge-case. As there is no exhalation of gases from the breech-cap, one of the worst features of breech-loading guns is avoided. The range of this gun is said to be greater than the Armstrong gun, and its accuracy more positive. Guns of the size herein described cost £900 in England.

OTHER GUNS.

Other new guns and implements of war have been named, as "Ketchkiss's Rifled Cannon," "Winans Steam-gun," the "Centrifugal gun," etc., but these have been fully described in the daily papers as they have made their appearance. Of course the inventive talent of the country will now be chiefly directed toward producing these articles which will become necessary in prosecuting the present war.

PROJECTILES.

It remains only to name and describe the missiles used in artillery warfare: these are solid shot, shells, strap-shot, case or canister shot, grape-shot, light and fire balls, carcasses, grenades, and rockets.

Of the various kinds of solid shot, we have already described those prepared for rifled cannon, and the rest are too common and well known to need any careful description. They are made of cast iron, in sand or iron moulds. Hot shot is used for firing ships or forts, and other combustible matter; they are heated in furnaces to a red or white heat. Shells, bombs, grenades, and hollow shot are made of cast iron, and usually spherical. They are filled with combustible matter, and fired by means of a fuse, regulated to explode the projectile at the desired moment. Grenades are frequently fired from howitzers on the field of battle to dislodge cavalry or infantry from some important post.

Strap-shot is composed from the fact that the ball is attached or strapped by bands of tin to the cartridge. Canister is prepared by filling a tin canister with grape-shot or musket-balls and attaching it to a cartridge. Light-balls and fire-balls are composed of combustible material, which lights up very brilliantly, and are fired at night for the purpose of exposing an enemy's actions or illuminating a camp. Carcasses, smoke-balls, and suffocating-balls are shells with several fuse holes, from which horrible fumes, vapors, or flames rush forth, blinding and suffocating all around. They are used to drive an enemy from mines or galleries, or to clear a breach in a fortress. Grape-shot are larger than musket-balls, and are fastened together between plates in the form of bunch of grapes. Shrapnel are spherical shells filled with bullets and powder, and fired by a common fuse.

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

EXTRAVAGANCE IN CUPID'S GARDEN.

As down in Cupid's Garden
For posting I did go,
Considering Hannah Bowen
Which in that garden grow;

I see a fine young lady,
And unto her did say,
"Rose thee engaged to e'er a young Swell?
Come tell me now, I pray;

"I hen't engaged to ne'er a young Swell,
I'm sorry to deceive,
For I cost so much in Crinoline,
And the other things I wear;"

And the other things I wear."

ADVICE TO OPERA-GOERS.—Never volunteer to take any lady to a performance which you are particularly desirous of hearing, for then she should be taken if soon after it has begun, and want to go home. The observance of this rule will by no means be necessarily more selfishness. If you wish to be kind to her, and treat her to an opera, do so, only wait till you are asked. Then you will find that she will not fill it at the theatre, or if she does, so much the better, as far as your entertainment is concerned; for you will have taken her to hear music which you don't care about, and from which you will be glad to get away.

MR. MERRYMAN LATHROP says when he went on the steamer to California, they kept the chickens in the *hatchways*, the beef in the *buffaloes*, near the *steerage*, and when they ran out of eggs the ship lay *too*.

AN UNWELCOME RETURN.

THREE MONTHS' VOLUNTEER. "What! don't you know me—your own husband?"
DAUGHTER OF COLUMBIA. "Get away! No husband of mine would be here while the country needs his help."

OLD FOGY'S GLEE.

Oh, the girls that we have seen
Are all in their time so fair!
Now some are fat, and some are lean,
So much the worse for wear.
To think I see my early flame
In yonder Mrs. Grundy!
Once I was mad for that old dame!
Ah! *tempus fugit* eternal!

THE DRAIN CREATURES.—When a certain Oriental potentate wants to rain one of his principal subjects he makes him a present of a white elephant, which the poor man is obliged to keep, and by which, therefore, he is soon financially eaten up. In the country the fashionable mamma, who contrives to inveigle a soft young man into marriage with her unprepossessing daughter, makes him with an incumbrance corresponding exactly to the white elephant, in very specific respects, but less in rule, and, as it were, eating him out of house and home.

A SECRET OUT OF THE PARSON-HOUSE.—Women, when they get together, talk about housekeeping, and their children, their servants, their dresses, their rivals, their conquests, their grievances, and, when they get together, talk of nothing but their dear wives!

CENSUS CONJECTURES.—As one of the enumerators for the burgh of Dundee was transcribing the census papers he had distributed and collected into his book, he came upon one which seemed himself to be a book reserve," meaning by this, we suppose, that he "trumped ten troubles." An Irishman, in Maxwelltown, Dumfriesshire, one column in which was headed "Age," entered opposite his own name, "Not dead—I wish I was;" while opposite his spouse he had inserted, "Not dead—I wish she were." Under the heading, "Rank, profession, or occupation," for his wife he wrote, "Glad she's not dead, for she cut a terrible fool." In one of the numerous streets that branch off from the Hawkhill, Dundee, resides an old woman of the name of Campbell. Both folks, like Dennis Doane, "but indifferent pea-weavers," they certainly; but a neighboring young man to fill up their census paper. He got on quite satisfactorily until the column "Age" came to be filled up, when, with the elderly woman, there seemed to be a shortness of memory. The young man, after waiting a short time, asked what he should put down. "Oh," said she, "ye may put down sixty." That daughter's line was then commenced to be filled up, but the age again seemed to puzzle the mother. The young man said he would put down that she could put down, and the mother, after a moment's consideration, said, "Ye may put her fifty."

An eccentric genius, we believe in Inverness, who lives in a house which he calls a "castle," gave the following answer to the question in the census paper: "Its clear heading "Domestic servants, lodgers, and visitors," he wrote—

"Plenty of mice, and lots of rats,
A nice young dog, and five young cats."

Under the head "Age" was written—

"I will not swear that I am fifty,
Though growing wise, and also thrifty."

His "castle" he describes as consisting of one room, one window, no chimney, and no door. Happy man!—also he evidently a philosopher as well as a wit.

Sheridan's neglect of letters was a standing joke against him. He never took the trouble to open any that he did not expect, and often left sealed many that he was most anxious to read. He once appeared with his epaulets face at the bank, humbly asking an advances of twenty pounds. "Certainly, Sir," said the bank; you like any one-fifty or a hundred?" said the smiling clerk. Sherry was crapped evol. He could like a hundred. "Are you drunk?" asked the cashier. Sherry thought he was joking, but was ready for two, or even three. He was always ready for a drink. But he could not conceit his surprise. "Have you not received our letter?" the clerk asked, perceiving him. Certainly he had received the epistle, which informed him that his name as proprietor of the Drury-Lane Theatre had been paid in, but he had never opened it.

"If you marry," said a Roman consul to his son, "it is for to a woman." "Very good advice," said Mrs. Partington, interrupting the, who was reading; "but I don't know how he could have given any other under the circumstances, since he had professed to marry what it should be so, previously beforehand, though in one sense all the girls that marry are not married, for some of them they tell not, neither do they spin, and know no more about housekeeping than the fifth wheel of a coach." "But," said Ike, putting in, "you didn't hear it all. If you marry," said a Roman consul to his son, "let it be a woman who has judgment and industry enough to get a meal of victuals, cotton enough to dress neat, principle to wash before breakfast, and sense enough to keep her tongue." "I never," said the old lady and she shook her head as though the idea were adjusting itself to a satisfactory place in her mind.

Those who take no account of their own sins in life may expect to be brought one day to a "deal reckoning."

"When Hopper the painter, was residing in a cottage a few miles from London, Fuvou, one afternoon, unexpectedly arrived there. Hopper said that he could not offer him dinner, as Mrs. Hopper had gone to town, and had carried with her key of the closet which contained the wine. Furou, however, declared that he would be contented with a mutton-chop and beer from the next ale-house; and accordingly said to dine. During the evening Furou said: "I am quite certain that Mrs. Hopper keeps some nice bottle, for her private drinking; in her own bedroom; say pray, try if you can lay your hand on it." His host seemed loth that Mrs. Hopper had no such secret store; but Furou insisting that a search should be made, a bottle was at last discovered in the lady's apartment, to the surprise of Hopper, and the joy of his guest, who declared it to be excellent, pronouncing it to be the best gin he had tasted for a long time. Next day Furou met, somewhat out of temper, informed his wife that Furou had drunk every drop of her concealed dram. 'Drunk every drop of it!' she cried. "Good Heavens, it was spirits of wine for the lamp!"

"Do you believe in fore-runners?" asked a nervous lady of old Deacon Low.

"Yes, ma'am," replied the Deacon: "I've seen them."

"How so?" enquired the lady, with a start.

"Yes," continued the Deacon, fixing his eye with a solemn stare as a dark corner of the room; "I've seen none."

"Mercy! mercy on me!" shrieked the lady, "where?"

"There! there!" said the Deacon, pointing to where his eyes were directed. "That cat, ma'am, may be called a fore-runner, for she runs on all fours!"

When is coffee like the earth?—When it is ground.

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

CONGRESS.

On the Tuesday, 23d July, in the Senate, the bill to provide for the organization of arms and munitions of war to the loyal citizens of the United States, and for military operations in such citizens, was reported from the Committee on Military Affairs, and passed. In appropriates ten millions of dollars for the purpose specified. The bill to refund duties on house tax for collection was passed. A bill to punish frauds in making contracts with the Government was reported from the Judiciary Committee, and laid over under the rule. The Senate went into Executive session, and soon afterwards adjourned without doing any further public business. In the House, Mr. Burnett, of Kentucky, made two effective but attempts to introduce a resolution inquiring of the Secretary of War whether there are armed forces in the public service of the Government. A bill was passed which changes the judicial districts in Kentucky and Missouri. Mr. Stevens reported from the Committee of Ways and Means a bill to amend the several acts imposing duties. It was referred to the Committee of the Whole, and the House soon afterwards adjourned.

On Wednesday, 24th, in the Senate, a resolution was adopted instructing the Judiciary Committee to inquire into the expediency of administering the oath of allegiance to each military and civil officer in the service. The House bill to define and punish conspiracy was reported from the Judiciary Committee, with a recommendation that it pass. The bill regulating the pay of the revenue service was passed. Senator Wilson's bill to promote the efficiency of the volunteer force was taken up and discussed at considerable length. It provides that commissions of officers may be suspended by the President. The bill to provide for the payment of the Government House in Baltimore was passed, after some opposition. Senator Johnson, of Tennessee, offered a resolution similar to that passed the House a day or two ago, offered by Mr. Crittenden, declaring that the war has been forced upon the Government by Southern disunionists, but that it ought to cease when the authority of the Government is re-established. It was laid over.—In the House, a bill was reported from the Committee on Commerce, and passed, authorizing the appointment of Consuls at ports where it may be deemed necessary for the protection of trade. The Senate bill providing for a Board to report on the matter of iron or steel-clad steamships and batteries was passed: also the bill providing for an Assistant-Secretary of the Navy; also the bill providing for an increase of the Naval Medical Corps; also the bill authorizing the President to accept the services of 500,000 volunteers. A resolution was reported from the Judiciary Committee, and passed, inquiring of the President the reasons which induced the imprisonment of the Baltimore Police Commissioners. A bill, similar to that of the Senate, providing for the payment of the Governor and Police of Baltimore, provoked considerable debate, but finally passed. The House then adopted the bill to provide for raising revenue by direct taxation, and it was finally committed to the Committee of Ways and Means, with instructions to provide a method for the assessment of the tax.

On Thursday, 25th, in the Senate, a Select Committee was ordered to inquire into the circumstances of the surrender of the Norfolk Navy-yard, and of the Navy, and the Armory at Harper's Ferry. A joint resolution, pledging support to the Government to carry the present war to a successful termination, was introduced by Senator Clarke, and laid over under the rule. The Senate then proceeded by resolution to inform the Senate what instructions have been given to foreign ministers in reference to the rebellion. The bill to indemnify States for the expenses incurred in defending the Government was reported from the Finance Committee and passed. The bill to increase the revenue was discussed, but not definitely disposed upon. The resolution introduced by Senator Johnson, of Tennessee, declaring, similar to that of Mr. Crittenden in the House, setting forth the objects of the war, and declaring responsibility for it with the Southern Disunionists, was then taken up and debated at considerable length. Messrs. Johnson, Polk, Trumbull, Collamer, Fessenden, Hale, Kennedy, Breckinridge, Sherman, Doolittle, and others. It was passed, 30 to 5, only Messrs. Bright, Richardson, of Illinois, made a general explanation, and apologized for the part he took in the vote on 24th, in reference to Mr. Burnett, of Kentucky. The Senate then went into Executive session. A bill and amendment authorizing the issue of Treasury notes of a denomination not less than fifty dollars, was reported from the Committee of Ways and Means, and passed. The Direct Tax and Internal Revenue Bill was then considered in Committee of the Whole until the adjournment. Its provisions were debated to considerable spirit, and an amendment was adopted providing that slaves shall be taxed. The bill was then reported to the House.

On Friday, 26th, in the Senate, several bills were passed; among them one providing for the building of a railroad bridge over the Potomac at Washington, one ordering a Board of Officers to examine the contracts for clothing of all the officers of the Government, one providing a fund for the suppression of the present rebellion and conspiracy, and one to provide for the support of the rebellious States. A resolution declaring that the supremacy and integrity of the Union must be maintained, was subsequently presented in opposition to the Mayor and citizens of Baltimore complained from the eminent loyalty displayed by the police force there. The resolution for the maintenance of the supremacy of the Union was passed by only one dissenting voice—that of Senator Breckinridge. The bill to provide vote—that of discussed, but was not disposed of when the Senate went into Executive session.—In the House, after a discussion of some length in reference to the day of final adjournment, a resolution, of definite conclusion, to that day was taken up in Committee of the Whole. Various amendments were proposed and discussed. The Committee finally rose without voting, and the House soon afterward adjourned.

On Saturday, 27th, the Senate was occupied by a speech from Hon. Andrew Johnson, Senator from Tennessee. In the course of his speech he reminded the Government that the Union men of East Tennessee were without arms, and that it was necessary they should be armed for protection.—In the House, the Senate bill appropriating five millions to pay for the transportation of arms to the Union men in the rebel States, and for the military organization of such men, was passed. The Direct Tax bill was then taken up in Committee of the Whole, and after debate the enacting clause was stricken out, the principal point of objection being that it proposed to tax the people unequally. When the Committee rose, the matter, on motion of Mr. McClernand, of Illinois, was recommitted to the Committee of Ways and Means, with instructions to report forthwith a tax bill on the basis of twenty millions by direct taxation, and that such other sums as may be necessary be raised on the personal income and wealth of the country. This tax, it will be recollected, is for the payment of the interest on the public debt to be incurred in the war. No other business was done.

On Monday, 29th, in the Senate, the set supplementary to the confiscation act was reported from the Committee on Finance and passed, with an amendment suspending the act in Tennessee during the continuation of five dollars. Senator Wilson introduced a bill, which was referred, to provide for the Commissioners, assisting ten millions for the purchase of arms. It was subsequently reported from the Committee and passed. Senator Hale announced an agreement of the Conference Committee on the bill for the reorganization of the Navy, and also on the bill increasing the Navy Medical Corps. A bill for the organization of the militia of the District of Columbia was passed. It prohibits the sale of liquors to soldiers, and provides for a military police for such offense. The Tariff bill was then taken up and debated until its adjournment.—In the House, Mr. Horton, in accordance with instructions, reported the Conference Committee's report on the modified Direct Tax bill. It is on the basis of twenty millions, to be apportioned among the States according to numbers. The report was refused to order an immediate vote on the passage of the bill, and its provisions were debated at considerable length. It finally passed as it came from the Committee, 77 to 69. A bill was reported from the Ways and Means Committee which appropriates ten millions for the purchase of arms. The Senate bill for gathering and publishing the evidence of duties on imports, was passed.—Mr. Cox, of Ohio, sought to introduce a bill of indictment against Mr. Buchanan's cabinet of a Conspiracy to assist a similar Commissioner from the States, to subsidize the press, and to acquisition of National difficulties. The House refused to suspend the rules to receive it, by a vote of 97 to 64.

CONDITION OF WASHINGTON.

Troops continue to pour into Washington, and under the energetic measures adopted by General Scott to defend the city will, doubtless without delay, be placed in a situation to defy any attack which may be made upon it. In the flush of recent victory, may be disposed to make upon it, the Virginia side, in the short time during which he has had command of the forces there, as large a force as could necessary to make them impregnable.

The Virginia shore, from Alexandria down around Washington, well armed and equipped, and rapidly coming under the thorough system of discipline than they have yet had experience of.

REORGANIZATION OF THE ARMY.

A complete reorganization of the army is to take place immediately, and such steps will be adopted as will insure us, as far as it is possible, against the evils of incompetency among the officers. To this end general orders were issued last week from the War Department, that all officers of the regular army will be subject to examination by a board of officers, to be appointed by the Secretary of War, and the examination will be of a most searching nature, in order that their fitness for the positions assigned them may be thoroughly tested. Seventy officers of the regular army are to be filled by officers who shall have passed an examination satisfactorily to the War Department in the most remarkably heavy. Tenders of troops are made in surprising numbers. Nearly three hundred companies have been accepted, and are now being mustered into the service. Many companies from Kansas, Nebraska, Minnesota, Oregon, and Indiana ten new regiments, some of which are already on the way.

MORE MEN WANTED.

Governor Morgan has, under the requisition of the President, issued a proclamation calling for forty thousand additional volunteers, to serve for three years or during the war. A part of the regiments forming the original organization, will be issued immediately. The rendezvous will be at New York, Albany, and Elmira, with the Military Agents at Albany.

OUR KILLED, WOUNDED, AND MISSING.

A full list of the killed, wounded, and missing, at the battle of Bull Run, up to the latest advices, gives the following figures:

Killed	380
Wounded	779
Missing	417
Total	1,576

OUR WOUNDED AT MANASSAS.

From intelligence received in Washington on 29th from a lady Miss Dickinson, who has been visiting Manassas Junction, it appears that General Beauregard and General Johnston were both there on Thursday, that a very large force was still encamped there, and that the railroad communications for a renewed attack on the Union army—probably on Washington—were being pushed with vigor. Many more recent prisoners taken at Bull Run, and states that the rebel force at that fight was 40,000 to 45,000. Our loss, is reported to be 1500 killed and 1500 wounded. Colonel Hunter is severely wounded in the thigh. Colonel Corcoran is not a survivor in the hospitals at Manassas. She has visited all the hospitals there, and says that Corcoran was on a pass from one of General Beauregard's aids. The above statement is confirmed by other reports on 30th.

THE REBEL FORCE AT BULL RUN.

It is established that the Secessionists had 91,000 men within twelve miles of Bull Run on the day of the battle last, and that Jeff Davis in person brought up 17,000 more on Saturday night and Sunday morning. They had therefore fully three times as many as General McDowell, and four times as many as were brought into action on our side.

HOW THE BATTLE OF BULL RUN CAME TO BE FOUGHT.

In Congress, on Wednesday 24, Mr. Richardson, of Illinois, said: "I am informed that General Scott was forced to fight this battle. I will tell him what occurred yesterday morning. I was in the President's room conversing with myself were present with the President, Secretary of War, and Secretary of the Navy. The latter remarked that General Scott remarked, 'I am the biggest coward in the world. I am afraid to fight battle.' The President replied, 'I will prove it. I have fought the battle against my judgment, and I think the General ought to overcome his timidity and fight.' 'I, God is my judge,' he added, 'for an interval of silence,' 'I did all in my power to prevent it.' Secretary Welles said, 'I remember because I did not stand up when I could, and did not.' I stated here to-day what I heard. I do not say that the battle was forced upon Missouri for the compliment he paid me. I desire to say for myself that I did not. I did not say anything of the sort and grandfather having fallen beneath the flag of the Union, I would not. I would have fought it out myself and stood, and, God willing, there I will stand to the end of my life, defending it against all foes."

Mr. WASHBURNE. "As my colleague has referred to what Scott's opinion was, I will state what the late President said."

Mr. RICHARDSON. "I will do so. 'Your conversation implies,' said the President to General Scott, 'that I forced you to battle.' 'No, sir,' replied General Scott, 'I never served under a President who has been kinder to me than you have been.'" The President then left and private the President from the fact of the letter having forced him to fight the battle. General Scott then paid a compliment to the President personally."

WHAT GENERAL SCOTT SAID TO MR. RAYMOND.

The Times continued the following account of a conversation between General Scott and Ex-Governor Raymond on Thursday last:

"If the matter had been left to him, he said, he would have commenced by a perfect blockade of every Southern port on the Atlantic and the Gulf. Then he would have collected a large force at the Capitol for defensive purposes, and another large one on the Mississippi for offensive operations. The summer months, during which it is madness to take troops south of St. Louis, should have been devoted to tactical instruction; and with the first frosts of autumn he would have taken a column of 80,000 well-disciplined troops down the Mississippi, and taken every important city on the river from Cairo inclusive. It could have been done, he said, with greater ease, with less loss of life, and with far less imbittered results than would attend the marching of an army to Richmond. At eight points the river would probably have been defended, and eight battles would have been necessary; but in every one of them success could have been made certain. Then, with the Mississippi and the Atlantic one ours, the Southern States would have been reduced to the natural and inevitable dependence of events, to seek, by a return to the Union, escape from famine. 'I would have starved them out,' he said of it. 'This' said he, 'was my plan. But I am only a subordinate. I am bound to give advice when it is asked, and to obey orders when they are given. I shall do it. I was born in the Union and have been much more about war than I do, and who have far greater influence than I do, are responsible for the plan of the campaign. There never was a more just and upright man than the President, and I am sure he desires most sincerely to promote the best interest of the country. But there are men among the Administration who should their own arguments for more than the dictates of wisdom and experience, and have unfortunately decided upon the plan of the campaign. I shall do, or attempt, whatever I am ordered to do. But they must not hold me responsible. If I am ordered to go to Richmond, I shall endeavor to do it. But I know perfectly well that they have no conception of the difficulties we shall encounter. I know the country—have absolutely adopted it is to defense, and how resolutely and obstinately it will be defended. I am much better qualified than to take Richmond; nor that it has been disgraced by honoring the name of my rebel Confederacy I feel resentment toward it, and should like nothing better than to master the whole country in a week. But I have lived long enough to know that human resentment is a very bad basis upon which to found action. I have, moreover, lived long enough to learn it also. I shall do what I am ordered, I shall do it to the best of my knowledge and ability. But if I am compelled to fight before I am ready, they have only themselves to blame. I know the country—have the responsibility of their acts, so I am willing to take that of mine. And they must not throw responsibility on my shoulders."

PROSPECT OF ACTIVITY AT FORTRESS MONROE.

There is a prospect of lively work in the vicinity of Fortress Monroe. On Saturday morning the rebels sent the Newport News Commander giving our troops there twenty-four hours to retire, threatening to drive them out in case they refused to obey. The guns on the side of the gunn immediately went up to Old Point; the *Minnesota* and *Roanoke* were ordered to the scene, and the *Minnesota* and seven gun-boats are at Old Point, in readiness to assist in fighting the Secessionists. The force stationed at Newport News consists of four effective regiments, and General Pierce has ordered his aid-de-camp to drive back twice that number of assailants. On the evening of Saturday it became evident that the rebels intended an attack on Hampton. General Butler determined to leave the town in a state that its occupance should be useless before it. Accordingly, families and goods were removed, and preparations made to burn the town, and this will, we have it fall into the hands of the enemy. All Saturday night and during the day on Sunday there was a bustle in the camps. Everybody who had the tools leading to the fortress. Nearly 1000 of them must have come within the range of the guns of the fortress in the course of Congress three times are confiscated.

REMOVAL OF GENERAL PATTERSON BY HARPER'S FERRY.

Rumor states that Major-General Banks, on taking command at Harper's Ferry, finding that place indefensible, with the removal of the bulk of the army thereabouts, immediately ordered a removal to the Maryland side, and took up a position in the rear of the Maryland Heights, with his pickets extending to a point overlooking the Ferry. There is a long, rapidly rushing river, which will have a more numerous army than General Peterson had at any time during the summer. General Johnston, it is rumored, has returned to Winchester, and is expected to commence offensive operations along the Maryland line.

SKIRMISHES IN MISSOURI.

General Sweney's command, which left Springfield, Missouri, some days ago, reached Forsythe, in the same State, on 29th, discovered a band of 150 rebels with cannon, and took possession of the town. They killed five of the rebels and severely wounded several others. Not a none killed and but four hurt. A large quantity of provisions, camp equipage, and wagons, valued at $20,000, were seized at the same time.

DETAIL OF THE MASTERS OF THE "SAVANNAH."

Thomas H. Baker, the captain, and the crew of the privateer *Savannah*, all whose names have heretofore been published, were brought to this week in the United States Circuit Court for trial, under the indictment charging them with piracy and robbery on the high seas, alleged Shipman on the beach. To the indictment they all severally pleaded not guilty. The counsel for the prisoners ask for the trial for the 31st of July, but their counsel objected to having their trial hurried without full time to procure witnesses and documentary proof for his clients, one of whom, he said, was a native born citizen of Massachusetts and of the United States. Judge Shipman stated that he should not hurry the case unnecessarily, but as a matter of legal case, where the penalty is death. He should the prisoners to have a speedy trial. He added that they could only have in this Court where there was a disagreement of the Grand Jury, and he had been informed that in consequence of a severe accident which had befallen him, he would not be able to hold the next term of court. He accordingly fixed the third day of the October Term for the trial, and the prisoners were then remanded into the custody of the United States Marshal.

PERSONAL.

Solomon Sturges, Esq., charges a day or two since, purchased two splendid horses, intended as a present to General McClellan.

It appears to be definitely settled that Col. Corcoran, of the 69th, is a prisoner on parole in the rebels at Richmond. This is stated on the authority of a letter from Leesburg, Va., which also announces that Congressman Ely, of that State, is a prisoner.

Mr. James E. Harvey, our Minister to Portugal, resigned on account of the late action of *North America* in which he declines to take the truth of the charge of treasonable opinion him on the ground that he has been engaged in the examination of telegraphic dispatches seized by order of the Government.

The Baltimore Police Commissioners and Marshal Kane have been taken to Fort Lafayette, in Fortress Monroe.

Prince Napoleon Bonaparte, first Cousin to Napoleon III., arrived in New Halifax, with his Princess, on board the steam yacht *Jerome Napoleon*, and no one was the wiser till Sunday. On Sunday the Princess, attended by the Duchess d'Abrantes, Comtesse de Montholon, and an officer of the Prince's suite, attended divine service at St. Stephen's Church, and the Prince and some of his suite visited Camp Scott, three miles. The Prince travels strictly incog., and nothing is definitely known of the object of his visit.

Colonel Wilcox, heretofore supposed to have been killed, is not dead, but a wounded prisoner. Wilcox and Ellsworth were handsomely treated by his old classmates of the West Point Academy.

FOREIGN NEWS.

ENGLAND.

PRESIDENT LINCOLN'S MESSAGE.

The Message of President Lincoln has been laid before the British public, and has been variously commented upon by the Press. The tone of comment, however, is generally favorable, though the London Times evidently regards

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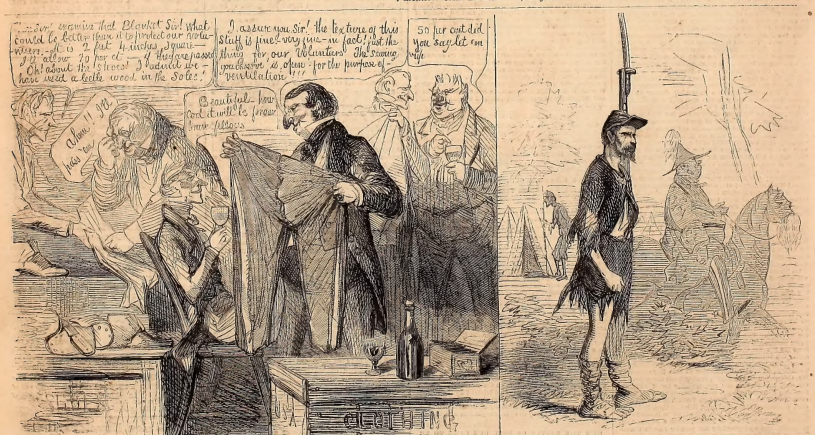
LOUIS NAPOLEON. "Ah! Ah! mon cher JONATAN, you got vipped at de Bull Run, eh?"

JOHN BULL. "Yes, 'pon my soul, you're used up now. Better give up."

JONATHAN. "Why, you Foreign Jackasses, I haven't BEGUN TO FIGHT yet!"

DICTATOR GREELEY dismisses the Cabinet, and Warns Lincoln that he will stand no more Nonsense.

"A decimated and indignant people demand the immediate retirement of the present Cabinet from the high places of power, which, for one reason or another, they have shown themselves incompetent to fill. The people insist upon new heads of Executive Departments."—*New York Tribune, July* 23.



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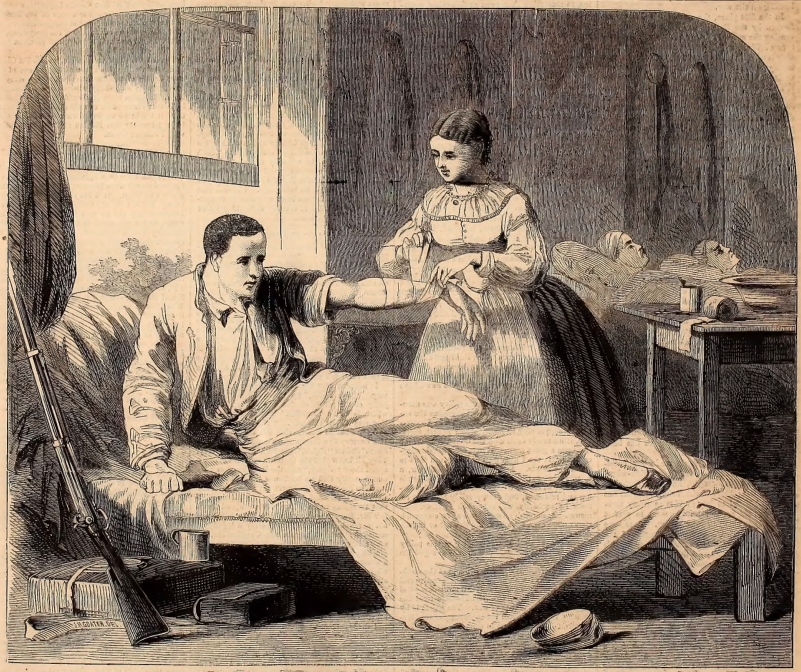

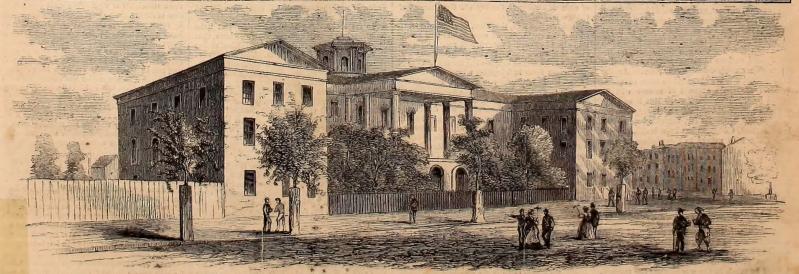

THE WOUNDED ZOUAVE IN THE HOSPITAL AT WASHINGTON.—[SEE PAGE 523.]—THE HOSPITAL FOR THE WOUNDED AT WASHINGTON.

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

SATURDAY, AUGUST 17, 1861.

THE WORK OF THE EXTRA SESSION.

BEFORE this paper reaches its readers Congress will have adjourned, after a brief session of rather more than a month. It has been, in many respects, the most momentous session of Congress in our history; and, we are happy to add, it has been one to which every patriotic citizen can look back with satisfaction and pride.

By a very proper resolution, adopted shortly after the organization, the business of the session was restricted to the subject which obliged the President to convene Congress in July. No time has been wasted in irrelevant discussions, and no measure have been passed but those bearing on the war.

In the first place, the unauthorized acts performed by the President with a view of preventing the spread of the rebellion and the capture of Washington by the rebels, have been duly confirmed and ratified. This, perhaps, was hardly necessary. Though cases in a Government of delegated powers, and we have a written charter limiting the authority of the President, still it would be absurd to urge that, in a case of vital and instant necessity, the President ought rather to allow the Government to go to pieces than assume powers not expressly delegated to him. The latter necessarily must yield to the spirit of the law. Every one can see that if Mr. Lincoln had not exceeded his authority, Jefferson Davis would have fulfilled his boast of ruling in Washington by the middle of May, and the nation would have gone to pieces. Is any further justification needed for Mr. Lincoln's conduct? Leading members of Congress thought not, and voted a bill of ratification—not because it was necessary, or because Congress had any power to make that legal which was in itself illegal; but simply in order to share Mr. Lincoln's honorable responsibility.

The President has been authorized, by each of two concurrent Acts, to call into the field an army of 500,000 men, and various important Acts have been passed to promote the efficiency of this army. We have not space to discuss these in detail; we may mention, however, that the President has been authorized to remove incompetent officers, and that a judicious scheme has been adopted for securing the retirement of officers who are superannuated. Five hundred thousand Northern men ought to suffice to crush out treason and rebellion in a far shorter period of time than three years, which is the term of service for most of the volunteers called into the field. In all probability the work will be done in a year, and with less than three-fifths of the authorized force. But Congress has been wisely prodigal of resources.

Appropriations have been made for building, purchasing gun-boats, twelve side-wheel steamers of light draught, and four first-class sloops of war; besides which the President has been authorized to buy or hire as many merchant vessels as may be necessary to perfect the blockade and put down piracy. Acts have been passed directing the enlistment of the proper number of seamen and marines for this naval force. Here again the wise liberality of Congress is to be commended. There is no stint to the power conferred upon the President in regard to the navy. He may have a thousand vessels in commission by November if he needs them. If a deficiency should arise either in our land or our naval force, the fault will not rest with Congress.

To provide for the expenses of the war various Acts have been passed: one authorizing a loan of $250,000,000, to be obtained by the issue of ther 7 per cent. bonds or Treasury Notes bearing 7-3 per cent. interest, and an issue of $20,000,000 of Treasury Notes bearing no interest; another authorizing the issue of $20,000,000 of 6 per cent. Treasury Notes convertible into 6 per cent. stock; another imposing a direct tax on incomes and various kinds of property, and also increasing customs duties, etc., etc. At the time we write it is impossible to state accurately what aggregate amount of money will be raised by these various Acts. But it can not fall short of $350,000,000, and it may amount to $400,000,000. So far, therefore, as money is concerned, Congress has been lavish. Opinions differ with regard to the wisdom of some provisions in the Loan Act. But there is no doubt that, under it, Mr. Lincoln will obtain ample present means for the prosecution of the war, and this being secured, matters of detail may for the present be dismissed from consideration.

Acts have been passed providing for the punishment of conspiracy against the Government; for the collection of duties on shipboard where collectors can not perform their duties ashore; for the closing of rebel ports; and for the confiscation of property—including slaves—employed by rebels in the war against the Government. This last measure is the only one which refers in any way to the original cause of the war. A resolution passed the House declaring that it was no part of the duty of United States soldiers to recapture fugitive slaves; but another resolution also passed, declaring that the war is prosecuted solely for the re-establishment of the authority of the Government—thus tacitly admitting that our troops are not designed to interfere with the institution. The subject of the future relations of the Government with slavery was by general consent deferred till the winter session. When we have added that resolutions passed the Senate expelling the senators from the seceded States, while a resolution passed the House expelling a member now in arms against the Government, we shall have enumerated all the leading measures of the extra session.

It has been eminently a fruitful and a satisfactory session. With few exceptions, members have been animated by hearty patriotism and sound common sense. No time has been wasted in idle debate. Never have we seen speech-making for buncombe. It is pleasant, too, to remember that, even at this crisis, members showed a sufficiently keen sense of the value of liberty of speech to refrain from gagging the traitors who were insolent enough to parade their treason in the halls of Congress. Mr. Benjamin Wood, for instance, whose political and commercial career reflect such honor on this city, has not favored the country with his views, except by his votes, which have always been against the country's cause. Messrs. Breckinridge, Vallandigham, Burnett, and a few others have talked treason to their heart's content without let or hindrance. It is better so. To have expelled Vallandigham or Burnett would have made martyrs of them, and might have kept them alive. Now they will go back to their people with the brand of treason on their brow, and a record which will sink them to the lowest depth of shame and contempt. In bright contrast with them stand the new members from Virginia and a majority of the delegations from Kentucky and Maryland. The day is not far distant, we trust, in which such men as Mr. Carlile and his followers in Congress will control the destiny of the States from which they come; they have shown, during this Extra Session, that they are worthy of the trust.

THE LOUNGER.

THE NECESSITY OF WAR.

In Napier's "History of the Peninsular War" there is a short sentence which shall serve us as a text for a short sermon. "Napoleon now changed the system of the war." He had been taught by circumstances as every general is, and as we have been in our present struggle.

Up to the day at Bull Run our policy was naturally indicated by the word that describes the enemy's position. It is a rebellion. The Government is supposed to be overthrown, and, therefore, it naturally dealt with the difficulty as with a riot upon a great scale. It naturally sought rather to sustain the Union army than to strike the rebels. It permitted, in that view, a certain freedom of intercourse. It accepted batile when and where the rebels chose. It was forbearing and reluctant, and even possibly hoped to restore its authority without much fighting. So many men, so much money, so much time assumed, that it may even have hoped to tire out or intimidate the rebellion.

The day at Bull Run showed that this policy was impracticable. "Napoleon now changed the system of the war."

The movement it still a rebellion, but the method of the rebels is war, and a war of desperation and vindictiveness. The Government—we mean—and no recent steps show that it will—also treat the suppression as a matter of war. The object is by military force to restore the supremacy of the Government. The rebels are in complete command of the section they possess. They are earnest, resolute, decided; and they have united against the Government than the Colonies were against England. But, for all that, they are only a faction of citizens aiming to destroy the Government of the whole.

Their section will, therefore, doubtless be treated like the country of a foe. It will be absolutely blockaded by land and sea. All communication with the loyal part of the country will be cut off. Instead of allowing the rebels to hold their great force in Virginia, where they wish to be and where they prefer to fight us, we shall desire to drive them out of Virginia by blockade and take position upon it; but by sudden descents along their coast, by threatening and destroying their cities and their railroads, compelling them in the rear, and compel a retreat, or insure the demoralization of their army in Virginia. If the men from the Gulf States and from the West there are in danger they will leave Virginia to defend herself and fly homeward.

The rebels have appealed to war against the Government of the whole people: let them abide the result of their appeal. Their rebellion is to be suppressed at every cost. If the lauding of our soldiers upon their coasts agitates their slaves—as is they who have done it, for they can not suppose that in appealing to war they were to have all of its advantages and none of its pains. They have made this war that they might extend slavery. Should their slaves rise, they would understand one of many reasons why the people would not suffer this nation to be at the mercy of such a system. If what they boast as their strength shall prove to be their weakness, it is not the fault of the people who did not raise their hands until they were compelled. If their crops are destroyed, if their trade is ruined, if their homes are laid desolate—they have only themselves to accuse and curse. We wanted no war—we asked for no war —we disbelieved in the necessity of war—and up to the day of Bull Run we sacredly supposed that still the worst of war might be avoided.

They have opened our eyes fully at last. Let no man grieve that it was done so slowly. Let no man regret that his Government refused to believe in the total, bloody, mad treachery of so many citizens. From the fearful day at Bull Run dates war. Not polite war, not incredulous war, not conciliatory war, but war which breaks hearts and blights homes; war that by bloody and terrible blows teaches ourselves rebellion that it shall suffer in misery, and ends, and that wherever it can be harmed there the blow shall fall, until, in absolute submission, it shall sue for peace.

And for the security of the time still loyal during the traitors this course will be the swiftest and surest. War can make no discrimination. The shell that lands in the city streets destroys alike the life and the property of the rebel and the true man; and every Union man in the rebellious section will see and appreciate the sharp necessity.

He will say as John Hancock said when Boston was to be bombarded—"All that I have is in that city—but I prefer it to liberty." He will say what John Jay said, all of whose property was in Westchester, "I wish our army well stationed in the Highlands, and *properly provisioned*." In all times demand the same spirit in patriots now as then.

For since the appeal is to war, war must decide. There is not a loyal man in the country whose indignation with the rebels would not be mingled with pity, if he could truly say "they have been grossly wronged." That no man can truly say. He can only exclaim as Landor makes Washington spirit away the Spirit of *Conservatism*: "Such at last is become the audacity of Power, from a century or more of holidays and riot, it now complains that a sleeping act of its prerogative is too limit the exercise of its malignity. I lament that there are those who can hear no lesson of humanity, unless we write it broadly with the point of the sword."

"RIGHTS" AND WRONGS.

THE *Journal of Commerce*, the Bourbon of newspapers, which thinks that the Government of the United States is a kind of self-elected Grand Turnson, which is smitten with horror if a man is arrested who is notoriously engaged in measures to overthrow the Government, and which looks severely upon the seizure of United States property and the outrage of the United States flag by armed rebels, suggests that no war should be held to serve the Union by promising Mr. Jeff Davis that, if he will only stop trying to destroy it, he shall have his own way in all that he wants in it. In other words, the *Journal of Commerce* thinks that the country ought to satisfy "the South" by assuring it that its rights will be assailed.

It happens that the case is precisely the other way. "The North," by which is meant the majority of the people of the country, is the party which is to be "satisfied" by any arrangement that may follow this war. "The South" knows, and the *Journal* knows, that the Government of this country has been always controlled by "the South" and its "rights," by which it means slavery. They all know that the Government has never assailed those "rights," and the last Congress very unnecessarily tied up its hands in the matter as much as it could. It does not assail them. They were not threatened. They knew perfectly well that there was no cause for a revolution, and therefore Mr. Davis's message very insisted that it was not a revolution at all, but merely a "peaceful secession;" not a step against the Constitution, but under it and by it. That Mr. Stephens said precisely the opposite was not surprising, for he is a shrewder man than his chief, and knew that "the Confederacy" is simply folly, revolution may always hope to gain dignity by success.

"The South" knows and always knew what respect it has for constitutional government, for national honor, and for private faith; having plunged the country into desperate revolution, it could no longer control the Government for its own interest; having smitten all prosperity, and struck a deadly blow at every material interest, and laborer in the country, now announces through its organ in New York that it will consent to forgive us upon condition of a guarantee that it shall have its old control of national affairs.

To state the thing is to settle it. But "the South" might as well understand now as later, that "the North," after conquering this rebellion, means to have guarantees for its rights. Those rights are the constitutional liberties of every American citizen; his right of going freely every where in the country, and of freely expressing every where his opinions; his right to trade with "the South" in all ways enjoyed, and as the *Journal of Commerce* daily proves, does still enjoy at "the North." Those rights are symbolized by the flag, and to that protection the Government is pledged by its very existence, any thing in any State law to the contrary notwithstanding.

After this war is over, "the South," and the *Journal of Commerce*, and Messrs. Breckinridge, Barnett, Vallandigham, Wood, & Co., will find that the rights of the people, of liberty, and of a firm government, will be considered and secured before the "rights" of the South. To break up the Government when they are defeated in an election.

OUR BANNER IN THE SKY.

CHURCH'S little picture, which Goupil & Co. have printed in colors, is a visible image of the American mind at this moment. Faith, symbolized by our flag, flames in the forehead of the morning sky. It is a lovely and pardonable conceit of the painter to hint in this way the justice of our cause. With stars and gleaming vapor he writes our story on the sky. The heavens approve. Good men applaud. We fight the good fight of our fathers and the freedom they have left us, against a monstrous despotism and causeless rebellion, which wages a bloody and inhuman war. And and amidst this might as well hope to steal those stars and stripes of light from the heavens as to pluck from our great heroic heart and hand of this nation the triumph and the peace that the stars and stripes prefigure.

THE GORILLA WAR.

DR. JOHN EDWARD GRAY writes a reply to Mr. John Murray, on the 6th of July, reaffirming the "many inaccuracies" and "extraordinary contradictions" which he thinks he has found in M. Du Chaillu's book; and the *Athenæum*, in which so much of the war has been waged, declares that it can not allow the contest to go on longer in its pages.

Captain Burton, meanwhile, himself an eminent African traveler and member of the Ethnological Society, in the teeth of what is considered the most daring of modern travelers, whose story of adventure is singularly simple and fascinating. In the mean time, it should be said that Mr. Chester he is ever likely to be mistaken for Lord Chesterfield, it might be answered that he will probably be as whenever Mr. Morton shall be confounded with Professor Owen.

THE CONDITIONS OF WAR.

WAR is among the oldest historical facts. The world has always been fighting more or less. It is the final appeal when ignorant men quarrel or when wrong men differ. It is not pleasant to fight your enemy, but it may be necessary to kill him. If a man sincerely thinks that he ought to cut your throat, he can not complain if you fight with equal sincerity that he ought not. And if he persist, he can not quarrel with your persistence.

The principle of war is always the same. And however science may improve the means of war, it will have its principle untouched. And however civilization and the most enlightened public sentiment, so long as it remains any where unabolished, it will there be founded upon the same principle. It is aims to compel, either by force or fear or by bodily injury. It aims to fall with irresistible force upon the foe, that he may be either mentally or physically conquered.

To the success of war, therefore, whether in the half-fabulous early era of Rome, or the latest year of the Christian era, certain conditions are manifestly essential. Two of them, and after the grand one of adequate force, the most essential are *secrecy* and *unanimity*. As can not fight so well if the enemy knows how and where you are going to strike, or if your own counsels are distracted, or if you have a band of generals instead of one leader.

These two conditions have always been forcibly secured by every nation which undertook war. War is in its nature despotic, and must therefore be directed absolutely. When the Roman Republic was in peril, it named a Dictator for the time. In French Revolution was quelled only by the will and word of one man, Napoleon Bonaparte. In the trouble of the Fronde, Cromwell defeated royalty by putting the supreme military power into the hands of Cavalagne. In our Revolution the most serious impediment in the path of Washington was not the enemy so much as the Congress which criticised, doubted, and questioned his conduct of the war.

What then? Shall we have a Dictator? Certainly not; for the danger with him would be greater than the chance of any good defeat without him. Let us pass on to another paragraph to answer the question, what then?

GOOD CITIZENSHIP.

NEITHER our system, our education, nor our common sense would allow us to desire or accept a dictator or any other irresponsible employment of public affairs. The contest we wage is for free, popular institutions, which are confessedly based upon the right of men. The most absolute freedom of discussion is one of the chief of those rights. By consequence, another of those rights is necessarily frank and free speech except for overt acts of treason. Properly speaking, our Constitution takes no cognizance of thoughts or words. It only requires allegiance and no that he considers a Republic a failure, and that he heartily desires a King. But he is still not a traitor, under the Constitution. He is defended to the last in his full right of saying so if he wishes: and he is justly defended.

But when we engage in war, or in the suppression of a sectional rebellion upon so great a scale that it is virtually war, we undertake to use a machine whose efficiency depends, as it always depended, upon the same things—adequate force, secrecy, and unanimity. The force is supplied by the glad enthusiasm of free people. It is, as becomes our system, voluntary. And so must the other two be. They must be entirely voluntary. And since we can not have, and ought not to have a law restraining the expression of opinion—it must be left to the patriotic good sense of the people. Neither to please the enemy nor embarrass ourselves by an incessant carping and quibbling at the management of our affairs. What is carping and quibbling is precisely the point to be left to the general common sense.

Our system presupposes enough discretion in the citizens not to destroy itself. It implies in its very nature that liberty does not necessarily decline into licentiousness. Its very claim is that

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

SATURDAY, AUGUST 17, 1861.

THE WORK OF THE EXTRA SESSION.

BEFORE this paper reaches its readers Congress will have adjourned, after a brief session of rather more than a month. It has been, in many respects, the most unconventional session of Congress in our history; and, we are happy to add, it has been one to which every patriotic citizen can look back with satisfaction and pride.

By a very proper resolution, adopted shortly after the organization, the business of the session was restricted to the subject which obliged the President to convene Congress in July. No time has been wasted in irrelevant discussions, and no measures have been passed but those bearing on the war.

In the first place, the unauthorized acts performed by the President with a view of preventing the spread of the rebellion and the overture of Washington by the rebels, have been duly confirmed and ratified. This, perhaps, was hardly necessary. Though ours is a Government of delegated powers, and we have a written charter limiting the authority of the President, still it would be absurd to urge that, in a case of vital and instant necessity, the President ought rather to allow the Government to go to pieces than assume powers not expressly delegated to him. The letter must sometimes yield to the spirit of the law. Every one can see that if Mr. Lincoln had not exceeded his authority, Jefferson Davis would have fulfilled his boast of ruling in Washington by the middle of May, and the nation would have gone to pieces. Is any further justification needed for Mr. Lincoln's conduct? Leading members of Congress ought not, and voted a bill of indemnification—not because it was necessary, or because Congress had any power to make that legal which was in itself illegal; but simply in order to share Mr. Lincoln's honorable responsibility.

The President has been authorized, by each of two successive Acts, to call into the field an army of 500,000 men, and various important Acts have been passed to promote the efficiency of this army. We have not space to discuss them individually; we may mention, however, that the President has been authorized to remove incompetent officers, and that a judicious scheme has been adopted for securing the retirement of officers who are supernumerary. Five hundred thousand Northern men ought to suffice to crush out treason and rebellion in a far shorter period of time than three years, which is the term of service for most of the volunteers called into the field. In all probability the work will be done in a year, and with less than three-fourths of the authorized force. But Congress has been wisely prodigal of resources.

Appropriations have been made for building twenty-three gun-boats, twelve steam-boat steamers of light draught, and four first-class sloops of war; besides which the President has been authorized to buy or hire as many merchant vessels as may be necessary to perfect the blockade and put down piracy. Acts have been passed directing the enlistment of the proper number of seamen and marines for this naval force. Here again the wise liberality with Congress is to be commended. There is no stint to the power conferred upon the President in regard to the navy. He may have as many vessels in commission by November if he needs them. If a deficiency should arise either in our land or our naval force, the fault will not rest with Congress.

To provide for the expenses of the war various Acts have been passed: one authorizing a loan of $250,000,000, to be obtained by issuing either 7·30 cent. bonds or Treasury Notes bearing 7·30 per cent. interest, and an issue of $20,000,000 of Treasury Notes bearing no interest; another authorizing the issue of $20,000,000 of 6 per cent. Treasury Notes convertible into 6 per cent. stock; another imposing a direct tax on incomes and various kinds of property; another increasing various duties, etc., etc. At this time we write it is impossible to state accurately what aggregate amount of money will be raised by the various Acts. But it is certain that fall short of $250,000,000, and it may amount to $400,000,000. So far, therefore, as money is concerned, Congress has been lavish. Opinions differ with regard to the wisdom of some provisions in the Loan Act. But there is no doubt that, under it, Mr. Lincoln will obtain ample present means for the prosecution of the war, and this being secured, matters of detail may for the present be dismissed from consideration.

Acts have been passed providing for the punishment of conspiracy against the Government; for the collection of duties on shipboard where collectors can not perform their duties ashore; for the closing of rebel ports; and for the confiscation of property—including slaves—employed by rebels in the war against the Government. This last measure is the only one which refers in any way to the original cause of the war. A resolution passed the House declaring that it was no part of the duty of United States soldiers to recapture fugitive slaves; but another resolution also passed, declaring that the war is prosecuted solely for the re-establishment of the authority of the Government—thus tacitly admitting that our troops are not designed to interfere with the slave institution. The subject of the future relations of the Government with slavery was by general consent deferred till the winter session. When we have added that resolutions passed the Senate expelling the senators from the seceded States, while a resolution passed the House expelling a member now in arms against the Government, we shall have enumerated all the leading measures of the extra session.

It has been eminently a fruitful and a satisfactory session. With few exceptions, members have been animated by hearty patriotism and sound common sense. No time has been wasted in idle debate. Never was there less speech-making for buncombe. It is pleasant, too, to remember that, even at this crisis, members showed a sufficiently keen sense of the value of liberty of speech to refrain from gagging the reporters. Never were senators brought to parade their treason in the halls of Congress; Mr. Benjamin Wood, the member whose political and commercial connections with such honor on this city, has not favored the country with his views, except by his votes, which have always been against his country; but Messrs. Breckinridge, Bright, Powell, Bennett, and a few others have talked treason to their heart's content without let or hindrance. It is better so. To have expelled Vallandigham or Bennett would have made martyrs of them, and might have kept them alive. Now they will go back to their people with the brand of treason on their brow, and will be received with small them to the lowest depth of shame and contempt. In bright contrast with them stand the new members from Virginia and a majority of the delegations from Kentucky and Maryland. The day is not far distant, we trust, in which such men as Mr. Carlile and his followers in Congress will control the Southern States from which they come; they have shown, during this Extra Session, that they are worthy of the trust.

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IN Napier's "History of the Peninsular War" there is a short sentence which shall serve us as a text for a short sermon. "Napoleon now changed the system of the war." He had been taught by circumstances as every general is, and as we have been in our present struggle.

Up to the day at Bull Run our policy was naturally indicated by the word that describes the enemy's position. It is a rebellion. The Government is supposing an insurrection at first, therefore, it naturally deals with the difficulty as with a riot upon a great scale. It naturally sought rather to sustain the Union men at the South than to strike the rebels. It permitted, in that view, a certain freedom of intercourse. It accepted battle when and where the enemy chose. It did not forming and reluctant, and even possibly hoped to restore its authority without much fighting. Senator men, as we have already said, understood, that it may even have hoped to tire out or intimidate the rebellion.

The day at Bull Run showed that this policy was impracticable. "Napoleon now changed the system of the war."

The movement is still a rebellion, but the method of the rebels is war, and a war of desperation and vindictiveness. The Government must now—and its recent steps show that it will—accept the suppression as a matter of war. The object is by military force to restore the supremacy of the Government. The rebels are in open defiance of all the section they possess. They are earnest, resolute, devoted; and much more united against the Government than the Union men are against Espeland. But, for all that, they are only a faction of citizens aiming to destroy the Government of the whole.

Their section will, therefore, doubtless be treated like the country of an enemy. It will be absolutely blockaded by land and sea. All communication with the loyal part of the country will be cut off. Instead of allowing the rebels to hold their ground till they are driven, they wish to be and where they prefer to fight us, we shall decline to allow them to choose the battle-field and the position upon which they will fight. Besides along their coast, by threatening and destroying their cities and towns, incessantly harass them in the rear, and compel a vast force to keep the demoralization of their army in Virginia. If the men from the Gulf States know that their homes are in danger they will leave Virginia to defend herself and fly homeward.

The rebels have appealed to war against the Government of the free people: let them abide the result of their appeal. Their rebellion is to be suppressed at every cost. If the landing of our soldiers upon their coasts agitates their slaves—it is they who have done it, for they can not suppose that in appealing to war they were to have all of its advantages and none of its pains. They have made this war that they might extend slavery. Should their slaves rise, they would understand one of many reasons why the people would not suffer the nation to be at the mercy of such a system. If what they boast as their strength shall prove to be their weakness, it is not the fault of the people who did not raise their hands until they were compelled. If their crops are destroyed, if their trade is ruined, if their homes are laid desolate—they have only themselves to accuse and curse. We wanted no war—we asked for no war —we disbelieved in the necessity of war—and up to the day of Bull Run we sincerely supposed that still the worst of war might be avoided.

They have opened our eyes fully at last. Let no man grieve that it was done so slowly. Let no man regret that his Government refused to believe in the total, bloody, mad treachery of so many citizens. From the fearful day at Bull Run dates our war. Not polite war, not incredulous war, not conciliatory war, but war that breaks hearts and blights homes. Only by bloody and terrible blows teaches causeless rebellion that it shall suffer in mind, body, and estate, and that wherever it can be harmed there the love shall fall, until, in absolute submission, it shall sue for peace.

And for the security of the men still loyal among the traitors this course will be the swiftest and surest. War can make no discrimination. The shell that bursts in the city streets destroys alike the life and the property of the rebel and the true man; and every Union man in the rebellious section will see and approve the sharp necessity.

He will say, "Our city has struck soil when Boston was to be bombarded—"All that I have is in that city—but I give it willingly." He will say what he will say, but whose property was it that Manchester. "I wish our army well stationed in the Highlands, *and all the lower country destroyed.*" The times demand the same spirit in patriots now as then.

For since the appeal is to war, war must decide. There is not a loyal man in the country whose indignation with the rebels would not be mingled with pity, if he could truly say "they have been greatly wronged." But no one can truly say. He can only exclaim as Landor makes Washington say in one of the *Imaginary Conversations:* "Such at last is human nature. Twenty years, half a century or more of holidays and riot, it now complains that you deprive it of its prerogative if you limit the exercise of liberty. I know not that there are those who can learn no lesson of humanity, unless we write it broadly with the point of the sword."

"RIGHTS" AND WRONGS.

THE *Journal of Commerce*, the Bourbon of newspapers, which thinks that the Government of the United States ought not to defend itself against treason, which is unwilling that even if a man is a rascal who is notoriously engaged in measures to overthrow the Government, and which looks serenely upon the treason of Mr. Jefferson Davis that is the outrage of the United States flag by armed rebels, suggests that a convention should be held to settle the "rights" of the South. If Mr. Davis and the country ought to satisfy "the South" by assuring it that its rights will not be assailed.

It happens that the people is precisely the other way. The word "South," by which is meant the majority of the people of the South, is the word which is to be "satisfied" by any arrangement that may follow this war. The "South" knows, and the Journal knows, that it has been ruled for the Union men have always controlled by "the South" and its "rights," by which it means slavery. They also know that the Government has never assailed those "rights," and the last Congress very unnecessarily tied up its hands in the matter as much as it could. The people cared not at all. They were not threatened. They knew perfectly well that there was no cause for a revolution, and therefore Mr. Jefferson Davis's insistent declaration that not a revolution at all, but merely a "peaceful secession" not a step against the Constitution, but under it—will be laughed at. That Stephens and precisely the opposite was not surprising, for he is a shrewder man than his chief, and knew that while "the people" are slightly revolutionary, they always hope to gain dignity by success.

"The South" having shown what respect it has for constitutional guarantees, for national honor, and for private faith; having plunged the country into desperate war because it could no longer control the Government as it was construed; having smitten all prosperity, and struck a deadly blow at every mechanic, merchant, and laborer in the country, and having brought its cause to that New York that it will consent to forgive us upon condition of our guarantees that it shall have its old control of national affairs.

To state the thing is to settle it. But "the South" might as well understand now as later, that "the North," which is determined this rebellion, means to have guarantees for its rights. Those rights are the constitutional privileges of every American citizen; his right to live freely every where in the country, and of freely expressing every where his opinion; the same right that "the South" has always enjoyed, and which, as the present struggle proves, does still enjoy at "the North." Those rights are symbolized by the flag, and to their protection the Government is pledged by its very existence, any thing in any State law to the contrary notwithstanding.

After this war is over, "the South," and the *Journal of Commerce*, and Messrs. Breckinridge, Burnett, Vallandigham, Wood, & Co., will find that the rights of the people of liberty, and of a firm government, will be considered and secured before the "right" of a faction to break up the Government when they are defeated in an election.

OUR BANNER IN THE SKY.

CHURCH'S little picture, which Goupil & Co. have printed in ochre, is a visible image of the American mind at this moment. Faith, symbolized by our flag, flames in the forehead of the morning sky. It is a lovely and pardonable conceit of the painter to limit in this way the justice of our cause. With stars and gleaming vapor he writes our story on the sky. The heavens approve. Good men applaud. We fight the good fight of our fathers and the freedom they have left us, against a monstrous despotism and causeless rebellion, which wages a bloody and inhuman war. And mad ambition might as well hope to stand those stars and stripes of light from the heavens as to efface from the great heroic heart and hand of this nation the truth and the peace that the stars and stripes prefigure.

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DR. JOHN EDWARD GRAY writes a reply to Mr. John Murray, on the 6th of July, reaffirming the "many inaccuracies and extraordinary contradictions" which he thinks he has found in M. Du Chaillu's book; and the *Athenæum*, in which so much of the war has been waged, declares that it can not allow the contest to go on longer in its pages.

Captain Burton, meanwhile, himself an eminent African traveler and member of the Ethnological Society, at the meeting of which the exasperated Du Chaillu was so severely censured by his feelings, writes to the *Times* that he hopes "the person excluded from the future meetings of the Society will be, not Mr. Du Chaillu, but the gentleman who, after taking undue advantage of our protection, insulted a foreigner and a guest, and received (and quietly pocketed) the punishment."

Despite Dr. Gray and Mr. Morton, M. Du Chaillu has established his name as that of one of the most daring and adventurous travelers, whose story of adventure is singularly simple and fascinating. If, in the mean time, it should be asked whether he is a real liar, he is ready to defend his character, field, it might be answered that he will probably be so whenever Mr. Morton shall be confounded with Professor Owen.

THE CONDITIONS OF WAR.

WAR is among the oldest historical facts. The world has always been fighting more or less. It is the final appeal when ignorant men quarrel or when grave men differ. It is not necessary to hate your enemy, but it may be necessary to fight. If a man sincerely thinks that he ought to cut your throat, he can not complain if you think with equal sincerity that you ought not. And if he persists, he can not quarrel with your persistence.

The principle of war is always the same. And however science may improve the means of war, it will leave its principle untouched. And however civilization and the moral sentiment may abolish war, so long as it remains war where unabolished, it will there be founded upon the same principle. It aims to control, either by killing, the will of terror or by bodily injury. It aims to fall with irresistible force upon the foe, that he may be either morally or physically conquered.

To the success of war, therefore, whether in the half-fabulous early era of Rome, or the latest year of the Christian era, certain conditions are manifold and essential. Two of them, and after the grand one of adequate force, the most essential are *secrecy* and *promptness*. You can not fight well if the enemy knows how and where you are going to strike, or if you own counsels are distracted, or if you have a board of Generals instead of one leader.

These two conditions have always been forcibly secured by every nation which undertook war. War is in its nature despotic, and must therefore be directed absolutely. When the Roman Republic was in peril, it named a Dictator *pro hac vice*. In the French Revolution it was controlled by the will and word of one man, Napoleon Bonaparte. In the troubles of '48 in France, peace was restored only by putting the military power absolutely into the hands of Cavaignac. In our Revolution the most serious impediment in the path of Washington was not the enemy so much as the Congress which criticised, doubted, and questioned his conduct of the war.

What then? Shall we have a Dictator? Certainly not; for the danger with him would be greater than the chance of delay and defeat without him. Let us pass on to another paragraph to answer the question, what then?

GOOD CITIZENSHIP.

NEITHER our system, our education, nor our common sense would allow us to desire or accept a dictator or a supreme supreme, temporarily exempted from public affairs. The contest we wage is for free, popular institutions, which are confessedly based upon the intelligence of the people. Freedom of action of discussion is one of the chief of those rights. By consequence, another of them is immunity from legal penalty for the free expression of treason. Properly speaking, our Constitution takes no cognizance of thoughts or words. A man may openly think and say that he considers a Republic a failure, and that he heartily desires a King. But he is still not a traitor, under the Constitution. He is defended to the last in the right of saying as if he wishes: and he is justly defended.

But when we engage in war, or in the suppression of a sectional rebellion on a gigantic scale that it is virtually war, we undertake to use a machine whose efficiency depends, as it has always depended, upon two things—adequate force, secrecy, and unanimity. The force is supplied by the glad enthusiasm of the people. It is, as becomes our system, voluntary. And so must the other two be. They must be entirely voluntary. And since we can not have, and ought not to have a law restraining the expression of opinion—it must be left to the patriotic good sense of the people. Neither to please the enemy nor embarrass ourselves by an incessant carping and quibbling at the management of our affairs. What is carping and quibbling is precisely the point to be left to the general common sense.

Our system presupposes enough discretion in the citizens not to destroy itself. It implies in its very nature that liberty does not necessarily decline into licentiousness. Its very claim is that

GENERAL M'DOWELL.—[PHOTOGRAPHED BY BRADY.]

GENERAL MANSFIELD.—[PHOTOGRAPHED BY BRADY.]

BRIG.-GEN. M'DOWELL, U.S.A.

GENERAL IRVIN M'DOWELL, whose portrait will be found above, is a native of Ohio, from which State he was appointed to a cadetship in the United States Military Academy at West Point in 1834. He graduated in July, 1838, and was immediately promoted to the rank of Brevet Second Lieutenant. He was assistant instructor in tactics at West Point from September to November, 1841, and Adjutant to October, 1845; he was promoted to a First Lieutenancy in October, 1842; Aid-de-camp to General Wool from October, 1845, to May, 1847, and took an active part in the war with Mexico. He received the honorary rank of Brevet Captain for gallant conduct in the battle of Buena Vista, February 23, 1847; promoted to post of Assistant Adjutant-General, with rank of Captain, in May, 1847, and relinquished rank in line in February, 1851; Assistant Adjutant-General, with the rank of Major, March, 31, 1856; Brevet Brigadier-General, May, 1861. He commanded the United States troops on the recent advance to Bull Run, and though unfortunate in that affair is not blamed by any one for his management of the attack.

BRIG.-GEN. MANSFIELD, U.S.A.

GENERAL J. K. F. MANSFIELD, whose portrait we give herewith, is a native of Connecticut, from which State he was appointed to a cadetship in the United States Military Academy at West Point in 1817. He graduated in July, 1822, and was immediately appointed Brevet Second Lieutenant in the Corps of Engineers. He was subsequently promoted to a First Lieutenancy in March, 1832; Captain, July, 1838; Chief Engineer of the army commanded by General Taylor in the Mexican war, 1846-'47. He was promoted to the honorary rank of Brevet-Major for gallant and distinguished services in defense of Fort Brown, on the Rio Grande, May 9, 1846, and was severely wounded in the battle of Monterey. He received the honorary rank of Brevet Lieutenant-Colonel for gallant services in several conflicts with the enemy in September, 1846, and Brevet Colonel for distinguished bravery in the battle of Buena Vista, February 23, 1847. He was appointed Inspector-General of the army, with the rank of Colonel, May 28, 1853, thereupon relinquishing his rank in the Engineer Corps. He held this responsible position until recently, when President Lincoln, appreciating the high scientific and military talent of this distinguished officer, promoted him to a full Brigadier-Generalship, and placed him in command of the troops at Washington. He is about fifty-five years of age, tall and graceful in form, with a snowy beard.

FLAG-OFFICER STRINGHAM,

COMMANDING THE ATLANTIC BLOCKADING SQUADRON.

COMMODORE SILAS H. STRINGHAM, whose portrait we publish below, is a native of the State of New York, and was born near Newburgh, Orange Co. He has been connected with our navy and in active service since the year 1809, when he entered as midshipman, at the age of eleven. His advancement has been by the regular course of promotion, his present commission dating September, 1841. The Department at Washington have always had the fullest confidence in his ability, as is shown by the many and important commands in which he has been placed. Since holding his present rank he has successively been Commandant of the Brooklyn Navy-yard, followed by a cruise to the Brazils, then Commandant at the Norfolk Navy-yard, then a cruise as Commodore of the Mediterranean squadron, from whence he returned in July, 1855; was soon ordered to the Charlestown Navy-yard as Commandant, holding that position some four years; upon leaving there he was the recipient of various testimonials of esteem and regard from those under his command. Upon the incoming of the present Administration he was early ordered to Washington on special duty, and upon deciding to blockade all the Southern ports, he was ordered to his present command, reaching from Key West on the south to Cape Charles, at the mouth of Chesapeake Bay, on the north, with the *Minnesota*, a forty-gun steamer, as the flag-ship, and some twenty-five vessels in all, manned by 3500 sailors and marines. The fleet is the most important ever put in commission by the Department (although not yet as large as it should be to be entirely effective).

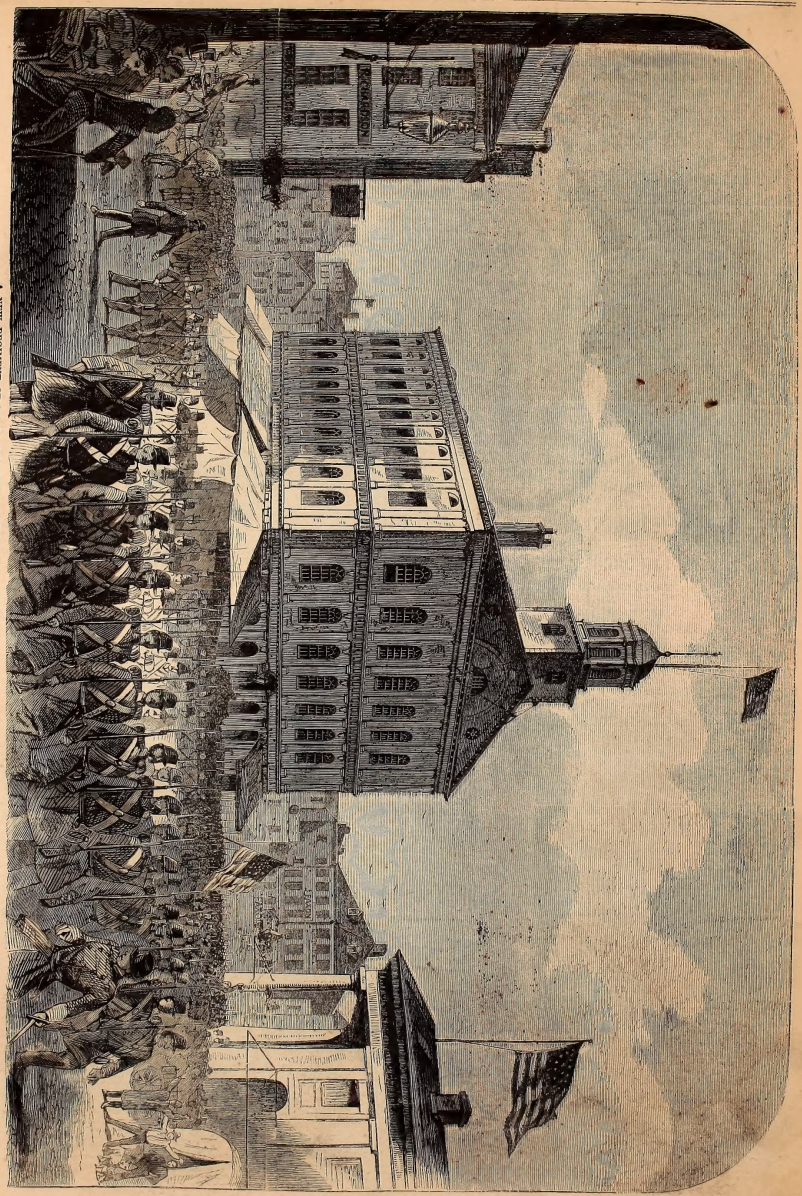
In person the Commodore is of medium height, and a compact, athletic frame, of manly bearing and frank demeanor; in manner, a pleasing mixture of gentleman-like refinement and sailor-like frankness, with a character of high moral tone, "without fear and without reproach." No officer is more beloved and respected by those who serve under him than Commodore Stringham, while we of the Empire State know our honor, and that of the flag of our Union, is in safe keeping while under his care.

COL. FRANCIS P. BLAIR, JUN.

We publish herewith the portrait of COLONEL FRANCIS PRESTON BLAIR, JUN., of St. Louis, Missouri, Member of Congress, and Chairman of the House Committee on Military Affairs. Mr. Blair comes of one of the most distinguished families in the country. His father, Francis P. Blair, Sen., was the editor of the *Globe* under General Jackson, and the intimate personal friend and adviser of that President, and of his successor, Van Buren. He is still alive. Three of the sons of Mr. Blair, Sen., have distinguished themselves in politics. One has been Governor of Michigan; another, Montgomery, is Postmaster-General; a third, perhaps the most distinguished of all, is the one whose portrait we now publish. Born at Lexington, Kentucky, in 1821, Mr. Blair chose the law for his profession and St. Louis for his residence. On the outbreak of the Mexican war he served as a private under Kearney for some months. He was elected for two consecutive terms to the Missouri Legislature, and in 1856 and 1860 to Congress. Mr. Blair is known as the leader of the emancipationists of St. Louis, and is a man of extraordinary courage, energy, and perseverance.

FLAG-OFFICER STRINGHAM.—[FROM A PHOTOGRAPH.]

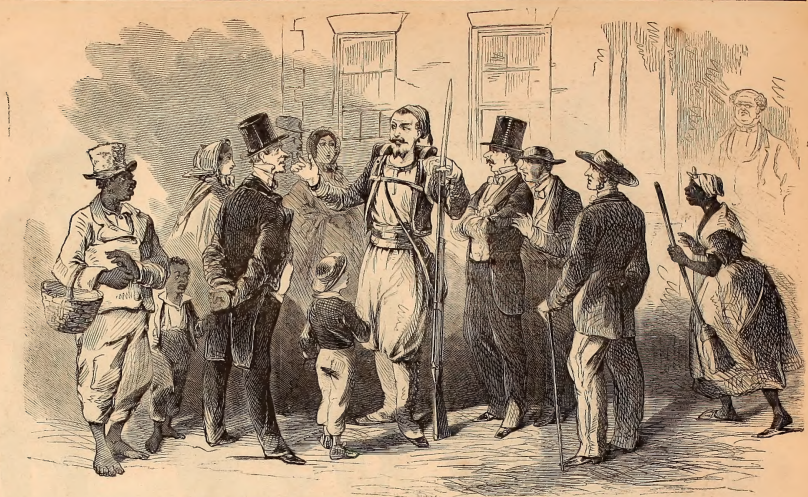
COLONEL BLAIR.—[PHOTOGRAPHED BY BRADY.]



A NEW REGIMENT OF MASSACHUSETTS VOLUNTEERS PASSING FANEUIL HALL, BOSTON, ON THEIR WAY TO THE WAR.

RESCUE OF COLONEL SMITH'S COMMAND AT MONROE, MISSOURI, BY GOVERNOR WOOD OF ILLINOIS.—[SEE PAGE 522.]

RETURN OF A FORAGING PARTY TO PHILIPPI, VIRGINIA.—[SEE PAGE 519.]



A FIRE ZOUAVE RELATING HIS EXPERIENCE OF THE BATTLE OF BULL RUN IN THE STREET AT WASHINGTON.

RETURN OF A FORAGING PARTY TO PHILIPPI.

OUR special artist writes: "While in Philippi I was attracted by an immense row in the street in front of the Court-house, and ran with the entire population of the town to learn the cause. Instead of the arrival of secession prisoners, or of an army courier, I found the tumult occasioned by the return from the country of a foraging party of volunteers—a squad of some half dozen, under command of a sergeant, with their spoil. Each man carried one or more young pigs—from the suckling up to the 'likely' shoat—and the squad entered the street in rank with piggy *shouldered* or *trailed*, according to the orders of the officer, to the vociferous music of their captives. As they neared the camp the town pigs took the alarm, and made a rush for the spoilers, followed by every cur of the neighborhood. The sergeant ordered 'double-quick,' but one old sow was too fast for the men; she broke their ranks and scattered them as they had routed the secessionists on the same ground. They saved their bacon by a rush into the Court-house yard."

RECAPTURE OF THE SCHOONER "ENCHANTRESS" BY THE GUN-BOAT "ALBATROSS."—SKETCHED BY MR. DONOVAN.—[SEE PAGE 522.]

UNIFORMS OF REGULAR CONFEDERATE TROOPS.

INFANTRY. CAVALRY. ARTILLERY.

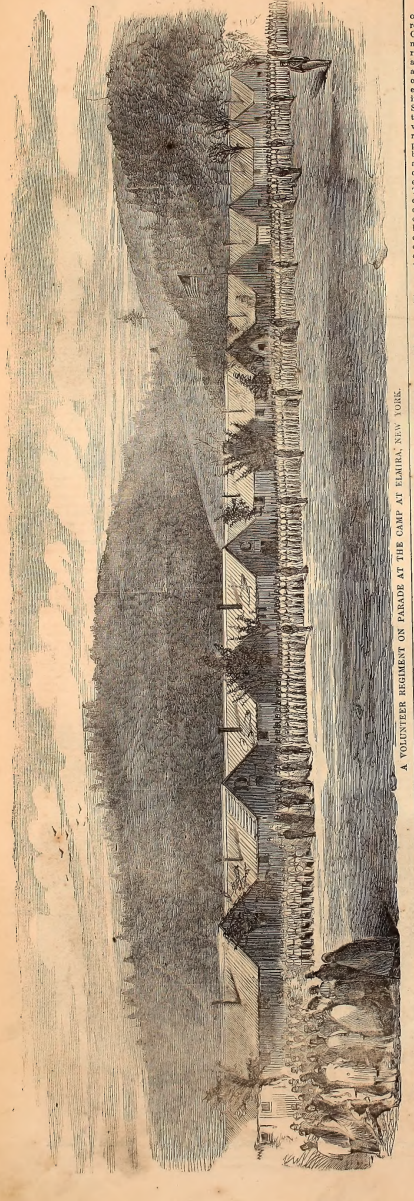
Volunteer Infantry of Virginia. 1st Regiment Maryland Line. South Carolina Light Infantry. Hampton Legion. Rockingham Battery Artillery. Gentlemen of the Band Independent Cavalry.

UNIFORMS OF TH

Louisiana Zouaves. Washington Artillery of New Orleans. Mississippi Rifles. Heavy Infantry of Georgia. Alabama Light Infantry. Marine Battery, Manassas Junction.

Black Horse Cavalry. Dragoon Guards, 14th Regt., Va. Cavalry. Mounted Rifles, North Carolina. Virginia Cadets. Grayson Dare-devils. Kentucky Rifle Brigade. Tennessee Sharp-shooters.

CONFEDERATE ARMY.



A VOLUNTEER REGIMENT ON PARADE AT THE CAMP AT ELMIRA, NEW YORK.

THE WAR IN MISSOURI.

On page 518 we illustrate the RESCUE OF COLONEL SMITH'S COMMAND from an overwhelming rebel attack by a force of Union cavalry under Governor Wood, of Illinois. Colonel Smith's command occupied the brick college building at Monroe, and the rebels, 1200 strong, had surrounded it and planted cannon so as to destroy the building and its inmates. A flag of truce had been sent out, but it was disregarded. Three hundred mounted men were at once sent to the rescue. On arriving at Monroe they formed a junction with Colonel Smith's force, who had intrenched themselves in the academy buildings. The rebels, 1200 strong, were grouped around over the prairies, out of the reach of Colonel Smith's rifles. They had two pieces of artillery, which were brought to bear, but the distance was so great that their balls were almost spent before they reached our lines. Colonel Smith's artillery, of longer range, did considerable execution. The fight lasted until dusk. The last shot from Colonel Smith's guns dismounted one of the enemy's. Just at that moment Governor Wood, of Illinois, fell on their rear with the cavalry sent from Quincy on Wednesday, completely routing them, and taking seventy-five prisoners, one gun, and a large number of horses. Twenty or thirty of the enemy were killed; but not a man of the Union forces was killed, although several were severely wounded.

RECAPTURE OF THE SCHOONER "ENCHANTRESS."

We give on page 519 an illustration of the RECAPTURE OF THE SCHOONER "ENCHANTRESS" BY THE GUN-BOAT "ALBATROSS," from a sketch by Mr. DONOVAN, of the latter craft. A letter in the *Tribune* thus describes the affair:

On Sunday, the 28th, after sailing two or three hours eastward and eastward, the *Albatross* sighted a vessel and gave chase, and soon fetched up to what proved to be the *Enchantress*, captured by the privateer *Jeff Davis*, six days out from Boston to St. Jago, and in possession of a prize crew of five rebels and a negro belonging to the schooner before she was taken. On speaking her and demanding where from and whence bound, she replied, "Boston for *St. Jago*." At this moment the negro rushed from the galley where the pirates had secreted him and jumped into the sea, exclaiming, "They are a privateer crew from the *Jeff Davis*, and bound for Charleston." The negro was picked up and taken on the *Albatross*. The prize was ordered to heave to, which she did. Lieut. Neville jumped aboard of her, and ordered the pirates into the boats, and to pull for the *Albatross*, where they were secured in irons. Two of the prisoners are Charleston pilots, one is from Boston, and two from Brooklyn—one of the latter has a brother in Fortress Monroe, and the other has a brother on the *Roanoke*. Prize-master Tobias D. Wendell was ordered on board the schooner, which was taken in tow by the *Albatross*, and arrived in Hampton Roads on Wednesday, the 31st. The *Albatross* will shortly proceed to Philadelphia or New York for repairs to her machinery. The vessel has now a reputation which is a terror to the rebels, on sea and coast, as a fighting craft which they had better give a wide berth to.

"THERE IS A SECRET DRAWER IN EVERY HEART—"

AFTER THE BATTLE.

OUR special artist in Washington has supplied us with the sketches which we reproduce on pages 513 and 519. One represents a WOUNDED ZOUAVE in the hospital at Washington looking gratefully up at the face of his kind hospital nurse. The poor fellow is evidently not used to the tender attention bestowed upon him by the lady volunteer; he does not quite understand it, and some secret well of honest, grateful feeling seems to have been suddenly opened in his heart. Another picture introduces us to the same character, the typical Zouave, relating his adventures at the Battle of Bull Run to a crowd of eager listeners on Pennsylvania Avenue. He is in his hour of triumph, and well he may be. He feels a quiet contempt for the men of his own age who were not at the battle; for he knows that henceforth no lady fair will smile on them so long as he or any of his comrades who were "in the battle" are near by.

THE REBEL FLAG AT HARPER'S FERRY.

ENCAMPMENT OF THE NINTH REGIMENT, N. Y. S. M.,
HARPER'S FERRY, VA., *July 30, 1861.*

To the Editor of Harper's Weekly:

HAVING noticed in your paper of August 3 a sketch representing two members of the [illegible] leaving from the rebel flag at Harper's Ferry, [illegible] of the 4th, and flag at Harper's Ferry, [illegible] who performed the daring feat in question, I [illegible] this correction.

The facts, I [illegible] looking this correction.

On [illegible] with about a dozen of the men [illegible] crossed the river to Harper's Ferry [illegible] and strolled around the town. Seeing the [illegible] floating from the flag-staff, a member of Company C of the regiment, Edwin W. Butler by name, succeeded in climbing up to it and tearing it down. The person mentioned in your paper (Gen. Dickenson and George M. Smith) are not members of this regiment, nor were they present at the time the occurrence took place.

A portion of the State flag, which you mention, still remains, and was flying over the "Stars and Bars," which latter Butler succeeded in taking down. The stars and stripes proudly floats from the pole at present, directly under the State flag, nobody having displaced it. I take the liberty of inclosing you a small piece obtained from this "original Jacobs," who is one of my messmates.

Hoping you will give this an early insertion, and give honor to whom honor is due, I am, dear Sir,

Respectfully yours,

ISAAC S. SHARPE,
Co. C, Ninth Regt., N. Y. S. M.,
Pro tem.

It seems that there must have been two rebel flags hauled down at Harper's Ferry, one by Blakemore and McMullin, the other by Butler of the New-York Ninth. Our picture represented the former scene.—ED. *Harper's Weekly.*

OUR SECRET DRAWER.

THERE is a secret drawer in every heart,
Wherein we lay our treasures one by one;
Each dear remembrance of the buried past;
Each cherished relic of the time that's gone;

The old delights of childhood long ago;
The things we loved, because we knew them best;
The first discovered primrose in our path;
The cuckoo's earliest note; the robin's nest;

The merry bay-makings around our home;
Our rambles in the summer woods and lanes;
The story told beside the winter fire,
While the wind moaned across the window panes;

The golden dreams we dreamt in after-years:
Those magic visions of our young romance:
The sunny nooks, the fountains and the flowers,
Gilding the fairy landscape of our trance:

The link which bound us later still to one
Who fills a corner in our life to-day,
Without whom love we dare not dream how dark
The rest would seem, if it were gone away;

The song that thrill'd our souls with very joy;
The gentle word that unexpected came;
The gift we prized, because the thought was kind;
The thousand, thousand things that have no name.

All these in some fair hidden corner lie;
Within the mystery of that secret drawer,
Whose magic springs, though stranger hands may touch,
Yet none may gaze upon its guarded store.

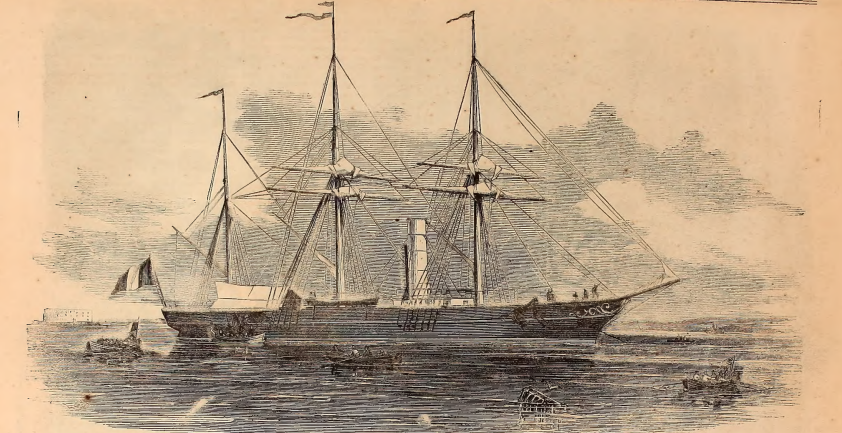
BAYONETING OUR WOUNDED.

On page 524 we illustrate a most disgraceful episode of the Battle of Bull Run, which would be incredible if it were not attested by so many reliable witnesses: we mean the BAYONETING OF OUR WOUNDED BY THE REBEL TROOPS. The following evidence of Surgeon Barnes, given to the reporter of the New York *Tribune*, is unfortunately too precise and clear to be questioned:

Surgeon Barnes, of the New York Twenty-eighth Volunteers, was in the field all through, and came out of it in his shirt sleeves, having lost coat, sash, watch, and all his surgical instruments, having been charged on by the 2d Horse Cavalry and compelled to leave the field, before which from under a tree where he had established the temporary quarters, and where he was attending to the wants of about twenty-five injured men, part of whom were accessionists.

Surgeon Barnes went up to the battle-field in the rear of the attacking column, and, as soon as our men began to fall, he took a position with his assistants under a tree, a little ravine. The wounded men were brought to him, and he took off his green sash and hung it on the tree to notify that the place was under the charge of a surgeon. The injured men were brought in rapidly, and in fifteen minutes he had under his charge nearly thirty. As fast as possible he attended to their hurts, and in a short time he had been compelled to perform a number of capital operations. He amputated four legs, three arms, a hand, and a foot, and attended to a number of minor injuries. By this time the enemy had discovered the place, and the nature of the men in charge, and began to pour in musket-balls, and to pick off the rebel cannon. The place became the rendezvous for the wounded men, and it was soon to be necessary to remove them. The Surgeon's Assistants and steward had become separated from him, and he had no one to act as ambulances, and was obliged to leave the wounded men and go himself. It was no easy matter to procure conveyances enough, and it was probably thirty minutes before the Surgeon returned with the necessary assistance. When he returned he found that *every one of those wounded men had been bayoneted or sabred, and was dead.* They were literally cut to pieces.

Other evidence abounds. An officer of the Massachusetts 5th, lying wounded on the field, heard the order given by a rebel officer to "*bayonet the sons of —— of red shirts!*" Cannon were trained on the soldiers who were bearing off the field the body of Colonel Cameron, and five were killed. The ambulance in which Colonel Wood (New York 14th) was being carried was repeatedly fired at.



THE "JEROME NAPOLEON," PRINCE NAPOLEON'S STEAM-YACHT, NOW IN THE HARBOR OF NEW YORK.

Lieutenant-colonel Chambers saw a wounded soldier bayoneted by a rebel in cold blood. Colonel Slocum, wounded, and bleeding to death, was fired at by cannon so that he had to be moved six times by the surgeons before his wounds could be dressed. The Black Horse Cavalry rode down to the Shelley Church, which was used as a hospital, and fired their revolvers through the windows at the wounded as they lay. In a word, scores upon scores of reliable witnesses testify that at this Bull Run battle the savages who fought under the Confederate Flag systematically butchered the wounded, and this not only in obedience to their own fiendish instincts, but by the order of their officers.

ON HER DEATH-BED.

A LULLABY.

Hush, baby, hush! the still dews are falling—
Silvery shuffles all the earth, and steals over the sea, love;
Fair rides the moon—but, ah, the fairest soon
Will never bring my darling back to me, love!

Hush, baby, hush! the gray light is dawning—
Shudder dies from earth and sea, and peace hurries away, love;
Fair glows the morn—but, ah, the morning light
Has other eyes than mine to fill to-day, love!

Hush, baby, hush! the dull winds are wailing—
Mournful over land and sea, and wild through the sky, love;
Yet, let them moan—the love that man can give
Will never fill my darling's heart like my love!

Ah, how they wail! And yet, they have tidings—
Tidings to a mother's soul too sweet not to be true, love;
Death may be dark; but soon there is a day
When Love Himself shall lead me back to you, love!

THE CAVALIER'S ESCAPE.

TRAMPLE! trample! went the roan,
Trap! trap! went the gray:
But pad! pad! pad! like a thing that was mad,
My chestnut broke away.—
It was just five miles from Salisbury town,
And but one hour to-day.

Thud! thud! came on the heavy roan,
Rap! rap! the mettled gray;
But my chestnut mare was of blood so rare,
That she showed them all the way.
Spur on! spur on!—I doffed my hat,
And wished them all good-day.

They splashed through miry rut and pool,
Splintered through fence and rail;
But chestnut Kate switched over the gate—
I saw them droop and tail.
To Salisbury town—but a mile of down,
Once over this brook and rail.

Trap! trap! I heard their steel hoofs beat
Past the walls of mossy stone;
The roan flew on at a staggering pace,
But blood is better than bone.

I patted old Kate, and gave her the spur,
For I knew it was all my own.

But trample! trample! came their steeds,
And I saw their walls' eyes burn;
I felt like a royal hart at bay,
And made me ready to turn.
I looked where highest grew the May,
And deepest arched the fern.

I flew at the first knave's sallow throat:
One blow, and he was down.
The second rogue fired twice, and missed;
I sliced the villain's crown.
Clove through the rest, and flogged brave Kate,
Past, fast to Salisbury town!

Pad! pad! they came on the level sward,
Thud! thud! upon the sand
With a gleam of swords, and a burning match,
And a shaking of flag and hand:
But one long bound, and I passed the gate,
Safe from the canting band.

PRINCE NAPOLEON'S YACHT.

WE publish on this page a picture of PRINCE NAPOLEON'S YACHT, the *Jerome Napoleon*, now lying in this port, where she arrived on 27th. She is about 1200 tons measurement, and is propelled by a screw, with an engine of 300 horse power. She is handsomely modeled, and is rigged as a bark, in polacca style. In place of the usual white streak there is a wide gilt band around the ship. Her crew consists of 150 persons. The officers are dressed in the blue of the French navy, and wear neat tarpaulin hats. The servants wear the imperial livery. The interior arrangements and decorations of the ship are rich, without attempt at meretricious display. The officers' rooms are models of comfort and neatness in their arrangement and decorations. The great saloon is finished somewhat in the style of the grand saloon of the *Great Eastern*. She carries two 12-pound brass carronades for firing signals or salutes.

The following account of the distinguished travelers is from the *Times*:

Prince Napoleon is a son of Jerome Napoleon by his second wife, and stands, next after the Prince Imperial, heir to the throne of the Napoleons. He is about forty years of age—stands, about five feet eight, and rather like Napoleon the First in face.

His Princess Clotilde (Marie Therese Louise Clotilde, to write the name in full) is a daughter of Victor Emanuel, and it will be remembered that the union, a couple of years ago, was looked upon as a "political marriage." The alliance was determined upon by an intimate understanding between the two sovereigns, and the reciprocal interests of France and Piedmont, and the negotiations to bring it about were delayed more than a year. She was born in 1843, and is consequently at present in her fourteenth year, and is petite, of Italian complexion and features, and very prepossessing and unassuming in manners. With the Princess, as her first maid of honor, is the Duchess d'Abruzzes, also quite young and very pretty.

Among the suite of the Prince are two Colonels of the Empire, M. Bagon and M. Favre Pisani, both of them soldiers—the former Governor of the island of Guadaloupe, now a commander in the French navy, M. Bastide, and M. Maurice Sand, son of Madame George Sand, the illustrious novelist, and himself an author of mark. The commander of the vessel is M. Georgette de Bolson, and the officers are Lieutenant Brocquet, M. Brunet, Ensign and Artillery Officer of the ship; Ensign Marquis Arpino, of the great astronomer; Ensign De la Gueronniere, son of the French senator, newly elevated from the Parisian celestial ranks; M. Georgis, Lawyer; Surgeon Reboreau, and Chief-Engineer Monnier.

"DEATH MAY BE DARK: BUT SOON THERE IS A DAY—"

"ONE LONG BOUND, AND I PASSED THE GATE—"

STAMPEDE OF SLAVES FROM HAMPTON TO FORTRESS MONROE.—[See

THE REBELS BAYONETING OUR WOUNDED ON THE BATTLE-FIELD, AT BULL RUN.—[See PAGE 529.]

[Entered according to Act of Congress, in the Year 1861, by Harper & Brothers, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Southern District of New York.]

A STRANGE STORY.

By SIR E. BULWER LYTTON.

ILLUSTRATED BY JOHN MCLENAN.

☞ Printed from the Manuscript and early Proof-sheets purchased by the Proprietors of "Harper's Weekly."

CHAPTER III.

IT was some time before I could shake off the impression made on me by the words and the look of that dying man.

It was not that my conscience upbraided me. What had I done? Denounced a fraud which I held, in common with most men of sense in or out of my profession, to be one of those illusions by which quackery draws profit from the weakness of ignorance. Was I to blame if I had refused to treat with the grave respect due to asserted discovery in legitimate science pretensions to powers akin to the fables of wizards? was I to descend from the Academe of decorous science to examine whether a sleeper could read from a book placed at her back, or tell me at L—— what at that moment was being done by my friend at the Antipodes?

And what though Dr. Lloyd himself might be a worthy and honest man, and a sincere believer in the extravagances for which he demanded an equal credulity in others, do not honest men every day incur the penalty of ridicule if, from a defect of good sense, they make themselves ridiculous? Could I have foreseen that a satire so justly provoked would inflict so deadly a wound? Was I inhumanly barbarous because the antagonist destroyed was morbidly sensitive? My conscience, therefore, made me no reproach, and the public was as little severe as my conscience. The public had been with me in our contest—the public knew nothing of my opponent's death-bed accusations—the public knew only that I had attended him in his last moments—I saw me walk beside the bier that bore him to his grave—it praised the energy with which I set on foot a subscription for his orphan children, and the generosity with which I headed that subscription by a sum that was large in proportion to my means.

To that sum I did not, indeed, limit my contribution. The sobs of the poor female child rang still on my heart. As her grief had been keener than that of her brothers, she was soon be subjected to sharper trials than they, when the time came for her to fight her own way through the world; therefore I secured to her, that sum which, added to the little she would be traced to my hand, a sum to accumulate till she was of marriageable age, and which then might suffice for a small wedding portion; or, if she remained single, for an income that would place her beyond the temptation of want, or the bitterness of a servile dependence.

That Dr. Lloyd should have died in poverty was a matter of surprise at first, for his profits during the last few years had been considerable, and his mode of life far from extravagant. But just before the date of our controversy he had been induced to assist the brother of his lost wife, who was a junior partner in a London bank, with the loan of his accumulated savings. This man proved dishonest; he embezzled that and other sums intrusted to him, and fled the country. The same sentiment of cognizant affection which had cost Dr. Lloyd his fortune kept him silent as to the cause of the ills. It was reserved for his executors to discover the treachery of the brother-in-law whom he, poor man, would have generously screened from additional disgrace.

A wealthy and public-spirited merchant at L—— purchased the museum, which Dr. Lloyd's passion for natural history had formed; and the sums thus obtained that raised by subscription, sufficed, not only to discharge all debts due by the deceased, but to insure to the orphans the benefits of an education that might fit at least the boys to enter fairly armed into that game, more of skill than of chance, in which Fortune is really so little blinded that we see, in each turn of her wheel, wealth and its honors pass away from the lax fingers of ignorance and sloth to the resolute grasp of labor and knowledge.

Meanwhile a relation in a distant county unknown to the deceased, and who had long disappeared from the scene, and the tides of life in a commercial community soon flowed over the place which the dead man had occupied in the thoughts of his bustling townsfolk.

One person at L——, and only one, appeared to share and inherit the regret which the poor physician had denounced me on his death-bed. It was a gentleman named Vigors, distantly related to the deceased, and who had been in point of station, the most eminent of Dr. Lloyd's partisans in the controversy with myself; a man of no great scholastic acquirements, but of respectable abilities. He had that kind of power which the world concedes to respectable abilities, when accompanied with a temper more than usually stern, and a moral character more than usually austere. His ruling passion was to sit in judgment upon others; and, being a magistrate, he was the most active and the most rigid of all the magistrates L—— had ever known.

Mr. Vigors at first spoke of me with great bitterness, as having ruined, and in fact killed, his friend by the uncharitable and unscientific severity which he declared I had brought into what ought to have been an unprejudiced examination of simple matter of fact. But finding no sympathy in these charges, he had the discretion to cease from making them, contenting himself with a solemn shake of his head if the board any name mentioned in terms of praise, and an oracular sentence or two, such as "Time will show;" "All's well that ends well," &c. Mr. Vigors, however, mixed very little in the more convivial intercourse of the townspeople. He called himself domestic; but, in truth, he was ungregarious. A stiff man, starched with self-esteem. He thought that his dignity of station was not sufficiently acknowledged by the merchants of Avon Town, and his superiority of intellect not sufficiently recognized by the exclusive set of which His visits were, therefore, chiefly confined to the houses of neighboring squires, to whom his reputation as a magistrate, combined with the solemn exterior, made him one of those oracles by which men consent to be awed on condition that the awe is not often inflicted. His visits might be opened his house three times a week, it was only to a select few, whom he first fed and then biologized. Electro-biology was then naturally the special entertainment of a man whom no intercourse ever pleased in which his will was not imposed upon others. Sometimes he invited to his table persons whom he could stare into the abnegation of their senses, willing to say that beef was hard or pudding was coffee, according as he willed them to say. And, no doubt, the persons asked would have said any thing he willed so long as they were in his substance as well as in idea, the beef and the brandy, the lamb and the coffee. I did not, then, often meet Mr. Vigors at the houses in which I occasionally spent my evenings. I heard of his enmity as a man safe in his home bears the slough of a wind on a common without. If he and then we happened to pass in the streets, he looked up at me (he was a small man walking on tip-toe) with the stalk of his cane. And from the height of my statue I dropped upon the small man and sullen scowl the affable smile of supreme indifference.

CHAPTER IV.

I HAD now arrived at that age when an ambitious man, satisfied with his progress in the world without, begins to feel in the cravings of unsatisfied affection, the void of a solitary hearth. I resolved to marry, and looked out for a wife. I had never hitherto admitted into my life the passion of love. In fact, I had regarded that passion, even in my earlier youth, with a certain superb contempt—as a malady engendered by an effeminate idleness, and fostered by a sickly imagination.

I wished to find in a wife a rational companion, an affectionate and trust-worthy friend. No views of matrimony could be less romantic, more soberly sensible, than those which I conceived. Nor were my requirements mercenary or presumptuous. I cared not for fortune; I asked nothing from connections. My ambition was exclusively professional; it could be served by no titled kindred, accelerated by no wealthy dower. It was no slave to love. I did not seek in a wife the accomplishments of a finishing schoolteacher.

Having decided that the time had come to select my helpmate, I imagined that I should find no difficulty in a choice that my reason would approve. But day after day, week upon week passed away, and though among the families I visited there were many young ladies who possessed more than the qualifications with which I conceived that I should be amply contented, and by whom I might flatter myself that my proposals would not be disdained, I saw not one to whose life-long companionship I should not infinitely have preferred the solitude I found so irksome.

One evening I was returning home from visiting a poor female patient whom I attended gratuitously, and whose case demanded more thought than that of any other in my list—for though it had been considered hopeless in the hospital, and she had come home to die, I felt certain that I could save her, and she seemed recovering under my care—one evening, it was the 15th of May, I found myself just before the gates of the house that had been inhabited by Dr. Lloyd. Since his death the house had been unoccupied; the rent asked for it by the proprietor was considered high; and from the sacred Hill on which it was situated shyness or pride banished the wealthier traders. The garden gates stood wide open, as they had stood on the winter night on which I had passed through them to the chamber of death. The remembrance of that death-bed came vividly before me, and the dying man's fantastic threat rang again in my startled ears. An irresistible impulse, which I could not then account for, and which I can not account for now—an impulse the reverse of that which usually makes us turn away with quickened pace from a spot that recalls associations of pain—urged me on through the open gates, up the neglected, grass-grown road; urged me to look, under the sweeping sun of the joyous spring, at that house which I had never seen but in the gloom of a winter night, under the melancholy moon. As the building came in sight, with dark red bricks, partially overgrown with ivy, I perceived that it was no longer unoccupied. I saw forms passing without the open windows; a van laden with articles of furniture stood before the door; a servant in livery was beside it giving directions to the men who were unloading. Evidently some family was just entering into possession. I felt somewhat ashamed of my trespass, and turned round quickly to retrace my steps. I had retreated but a few yards when I saw before me at the entrance gates Mr. Vigors, walking beside a lady apparently of middle age, while, just at hand, a path cut through the shrubs gave view of a small wicket-gate at the end of the grounds. I felt unwilling not only to meet the lady, whom I guessed to be the new occupier, and to whom I should have to make a somewhat awkward apology for intrusion, but still more to encounter the scornful look of Mr. Vigors, in what appeared to my pride a false or undignified position. Involuntarily, therefore, I turned down the path which would favor my escape unobserved. When about half way between the house and the wicket-gate the shrubs that had clothed the path on either side suddenly opened to the left, bringing into view a circle of sward, surrounded by irregular fragments of old brick-work, partially covered with ferns, creepers, or rock-plants, weeds, or wild-flowers, and in the centre of the circle a fountain, or rather water-cistern, over which was built a Gothic mimetic dome, or canopy, resting on small Norman columns, time-worn, dilapidated. A large willow overhung this unmistakable relic of the ancient abbey. There was an air of antiquity, romance, legend about this spot, so abruptly disclosed amidst the delicate green of the young shrubberies. But it was not the ruined wall nor the Gothic well that chained my footstep and charmed my eye.

It was a solitary human form—seated there amidst the mournful ruins.

The form was so slight, the face so young, that at the first glance I murmured to myself, "What a lovely child!" But as my eye lingered, it recognized in the upturned, thoughtful brow, in the sedate, serious aspect, in the rounded outlines of that slender shape, the inexpressible dignity of virgin woman.

A book was on her lap; at her feet a little basket, half filled with violets and blossoms culled from the rock plants that nestled amidst the ruins. Behind her, the willow, like an emerald waterfall, showered down its arching abundant green, bough after bough, from the tree-top to the sward, discerning in wavy verdure, bright toward the summit, in the smile of the setting sun, and darkening into shadow as it neared the earth.

She did not notice, she did not see me; her eyes were fixed upon the horizon, where it sloped farthest into space, above the tree-tops and the ruins—fixed so intently that mechanically I turned my own gaze to follow the flight of hers. It was as if she watched for some expected, familiar sign to grow out from the depths of heaven; perhaps to greet, before other eyes behold it, the ray of the earliest star.

The birds dropped from the boughs on the turf around her, so fearlessly that one alighted amidst the flowers in the little basket at her feet. There is a famous German poem, which I had read in my youth. I read the German poem called "The Maiden from Abroad," variously supposed to be an allegory of Spring, or of Poetry, according to the choice of commentators: it seemed to me as if the poem had been made for her. Verily, indeed, in her quiet or painter might have seen an image equally true to either of those adorners of the earth; both outwardly a delight to sense, yet both wakening up thoughts within us, not sad, but akin to sadness.

I heard now a step behind me, and a voice which I recognized as that of Mr. Vigors. I broke from the charm by which I had been so lingeringly spell-bound, hurried on confusedly, gained the wicket-gate, from which a short flight of stairs descended into the common thoroughfare. And there the everyday life lay again before me. On the opposite side houses, shops, church-spires; a few steps more, and the bustling streets! How immeasurably far from, yet how familiarly near to the world in which we move and have being is that fairy land of romance which opens out from the hard earth before us, when Love steals at first to our side, fading back, fading back into the hard earth again as Love smiles or sighs its farewell!

"IT WAS A SOLITARY HUMAN FORM—SEATED THERE AMIDST THE MOURNFUL RUINS."

CHAPTER V.

AND before that evening I had looked on Mr. Vigors with supreme indifference—what importance he now assumed in my eyes! The lady with whom I had seen him was doubtless the new tenant of that house in which the young creature by whom my heart was so strangely moved evidently had her home. Most probably the relation between the two ladies was that of mother and daughter. Mr. Vigors, the friend of one, might himself be related to both—might prejudice them against me—might—here, starting up, I snapped the thread of conjecture, for right before my eyes, on the table beside which I had seated myself on entering the room, lay a card of invitation:

MRS. POYNTZ.
At Home,
Wednesday, May 15th.
Early.

Mrs. Poyntz—Mrs. Colonel Poyntz! the Queen of the Hill. There, at her house, I could not fail to learn all about the new-comers, who could never without her sanction have settled on her domain.

I hastily changed my dress, and, with beating heart, wound my way up the venerable entrance.

I did not pass through the lane which led direct to Abbots' House (for that old building stood solitary amidst its grounds, a little apart from the spacious platform on which the society of the Hill was concentred), but up the broad causeway, with visual gardening: the gayer shops still unclosed, the tide of busy life only slowly ebbing from the still animated street, on to a square, in which the four main thoroughfares of the city converged, and which formed the boundary of Low Town. A huge dark archway, popularly called Monk's Gate, at the angle of this square, made the entrance to Abbey Hill. When the arch was passed, one felt at once that one was in the town of a former day. The pavement was narrow and rugged; the shops small,

their upper stories projecting, with, here and there, plastered fronts, quaintly arabesqued. An ancient, short, but steep and tortuous, conducted at once to the old Abbey Church, nobly situated in a vast quadrangle, around which were the genteel and gloomy dwellings of the Areopagites of the Hill. More genteel and less gloomy than the rest—light on the windows and flowers on the balcony—stood forth, flanked by a garden wall at either side, the mansion of Mrs. Colonel Poynz.

As I entered the drawing-room I heard the voice of the hostess: it was a voice clear, decided, metallic, bell-like, uttering these words: "Taken Abbots' House? I will tell you."

CHAPTER VI.

Mrs. Poyntz was seated on the sofa; at her right sat fat Mrs. Bruce, who was a Scotch lord's grand-daughter: at her left thin Miss Brabazon, who was an Irish baronet's niece. Around her —a few seated, many standing—had grouped all the guests, save two old gentlemen, who remained about with Colonel Poyntz near the tiled-table, waiting for the fourth old gentleman, who was to make up the rubber, but who was at that moment quick-bowing in the magic circle, which exercisity, that strongest of social demons, had attracted round the hostess.

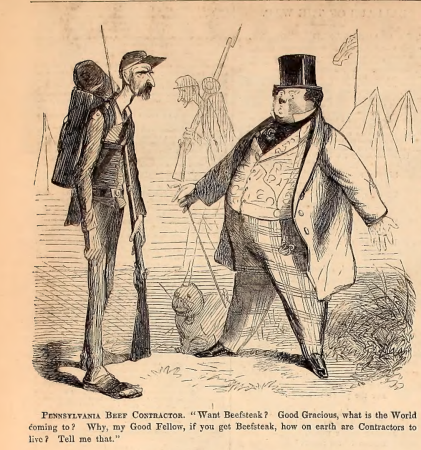
"Taken Abbots' House? I will tell you. Ah, Dr. Fenwick! charmed to see you. You know Abbots' House is let at last? Well, Miss Brabazon, you, who have also been taken it. I will tell you—a particular piece of mine."

"Indeed! Dear me!" said Miss Brabazon, looking confused. "I hope I did not say any thing to—"

"Wound my feelings. Not in the least. You said your uncle, Sir Phelim, had a coach-maker named Ashleigh, that Ashleigh was an uncommon name, though Ashley was a common one; you intimated an appalling suspicion that the Mrs. Ashleigh who had come to the Hill was the coach-maker's wife. I believe your mother's name is not; she is the widow of Gilbert Ashleigh, of Kirby Hall."

"Gilbert Ashleigh," said one of the guests, a bachelor, whose parents had reared him for the church, but who, like poor Goldsmith, did not think himself good enough for it—a man of the over-modesty, for he matured into a very harmless creature. "Gilbert Ashleigh. I was at Oxford with him—gentleman commoner of Christ Church. Good-looking man — very: *soyped*—"

"Sayped! what's that? Oh, studied. That he did all his life. He married young—Anne Chaloner: she and I were girls together: married for money. They settled at Kirby Hall —nice place, but dull. Poyntz and I spent Christmas there. Ashleigh when he talked was charming, but talked very little. Anne, when she talked, was commonplace, and she talked very much. Naturally, poor thing, she was so happy. Poyntz and I did not spend another Christ—as there. Friendship is long, but life is short. Gilbert Ashleigh's life was short indeed: he died in the fifty-year of his marriage, having only one child, a girl. Since then, though I never spent another Christmas at Kirby Hall, I have frequently spent a day there, during my last to cheer up Anne. She was no longer talkative, poor dear. Wrapt up in her child, who has now grown to a beautiful girl of eighteen —such eyes, her father's—the real dark blue-rare; sweet creature, but delicate; not, I hope, consumptive. Poor Anne! I was very sorry when



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A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION.

VOL. V.—No. 243.] NEW YORK, SATURDAY, AUGUST 24, 1861. [SINGLE COPIES SIX CENTS. $2 50 PER YEAR IN ADVANCE.

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the Year 1861, by Harper & Brothers, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Southern District of New York.

PRINCE NAPOLEON AT WASHINGTON.

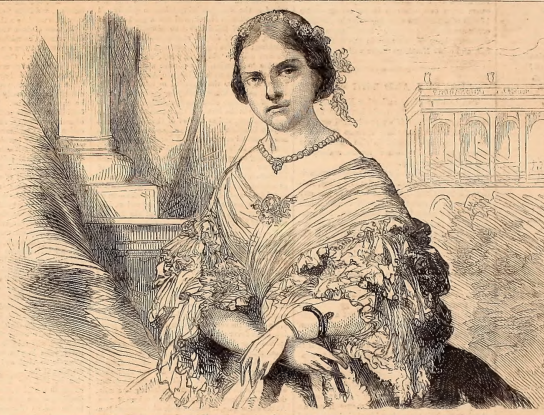
We herewith illustrate THE PRESENTATION OF PRINCE NAPOLEON TO THE PRESIDENT by the Secretary of State, which took place on 3d instant at the White House; and we also give a portrait of the PRINCESS CLOTILDE, who accompanied her husband to New York. The *Herald* correspondent said: "On Saturday the Prince called on the President at twelve o'clock, and was duly presented by the Secretary of State. The President received the Prince with marked courtesy, and welcomed him to the country in a few simple but hearty words of compliment. Without seeking, he said, to attach to this flattering visit of one so closely allied to the French throne, at this solemn crisis of the country's history, an undue importance, he could but feel that his presence at the capital was a guarantee of the friendly interest and generous sympathy of the French Government. The Prince, it is reported, listened with deep interest to the informal address of the President, and replied with brevity and much feeling."

The lady's name is Clotilde Maria Teresa of Savoy. She was born on 2d March, 1843, and is consequently eighteen, and very pretty. Of course, so young a person, however distinguished by birth, can have but little history as yet. It is said that she is very sweet-tempered and amiable, and extremely religious. One writer says of her:

> Imagine a girl with golden-brown hair, and a skin of pearly whiteness, just dawning into womanhood; a form already full and round, a figure of commanding aspect. Then the expression of the Princess's face is tenderly intellectual.

At the time of her marriage, the correspondent of the London *Times*, who saw her at the Opera with her future husband, on the occasion of the state visit of the King and the nuptial party to the theatre at Turin, said of her:

> I can not indorse the statement of the *Opinione* that the Princess was brilliant with beauty. She is not beautiful, but she has what is perhaps better than beauty, a very sweet and amiable expression, which, I am assured, is but the faithful mirror of her charming character. She is rather petite and girlish-looking, with brown hair, and a beautifully white skin. Her bearing was graceful, and free from any sort of embarrassment, although her position last night, as the focus of the public gaze, must have been a little trying to a young lady not yet sixteen.



THE PRINCESS CLOTILDE, WIFE OF PRINCE NAPOLEON, NOW IN THIS COUNTRY.

PRESENTATION OF PRINCE NAPOLEON BY SECRETARY SEWARD TO THE PRESIDENT.

Here every body agrees that abe is quite beautiful. In the absence of his Imperial Highness the beautiful Princess Clotilde occupies her time in visiting the points and places of interest in and about the city. The Princess, being as good as she is beautiful, devoutly attends Mass at the Chapel in Twenty-eighth Street each morning—thus in some sort atoning for the rebellion of her father against the Holy Father.

TO TALKERS.

GIVE us action—speech no longer;
Cheer no fellow to the fray;
Words are well, but deeds are stronger—
Only arms and lead the way.

Should each man but urge his neighbor:
"Go ye forth and reap the plain"—
Holding back himself from labor—
Where would be the ripened grain?

When goes up the roar of battle
Stoutest voices are bet weak;
Not of cause and duty prattle—
Let your silent service speak.

Have you wives?—do soft eyes, pleading,
Hold you with their gentle spell?
Other hearts are torn and bleeding,
Other men have homes as well.

Urge them not the smoking altar
With such gifts as these to strew,
If you feel your bosom falter
When the gods appeal to you.

Point not out a path to others
Which your feet refuse to tread;
Follow with your earnest brothers,
Though it lead among the dead.

Even now the forest arches
With the tramp of men are rife;
Join your brothers on their marches,
Join them in the surging strife.

Whether drummer-boy or colonel
Matters not be duty done;
Battling for truth eternal,
All are equal—ranks are one.

Should you win a brave dismission
From your country's holy wars,
Yours shall be a high commission,
Bearing date among the stars!

But bring deeds, not mouthings merely,
Urging others to the fray;
You that see the path so clearly,
Yours the feet should lead the way!

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

SATURDAY, AUGUST 24, 1861.

THE PROGRESS OF THE WEEK.

THE national cause has made progress during the week. Kentucky has gone for the Union by a majority exceeding 60,000; and, this time, there is no doubt about the *quality* of the Unionism. John J. Crittenden and other Union leaders have plainly said that they are in favor of a vigorous prosecution of the war. That is a sort of Unionism that needs no explanation and leaves no loophole for treachery: it finds practical expression in the daily increasing volunteer force which is being assembled near Louisville. Kentucky, we think we may now say, is not only safe, but is sure to contribute a fair share of soldiers to the Union army. She could not afford to do less.

In Missouri, too, the cause is stronger than it was a week ago. General Lyon has defeated Ben. McCulloch; General Pope is setting the northern counties in order; and Major-General Frémont is working with such energy in the organization of the army of the Mississippi, that all danger of an attack upon Cairo is past, and the promised descent upon Western Tennessee can not be for distant. A camp of instruction for 30,000 men is being established near St. Louis, and another, with an equal force, at Springfield, Illinois. Money has gone forward to pay the Missouri volunteers.

No actual progress has been made in Virginia, but the enemy has not attempted to cross the Potomac. A week ago this was highly probable; and even now, if Beauregard were the general he is painted, he would not allow the Bull Run victory to remain fruitless. But General M'Clellan has taken such precautions that no attack on our intrenchments in the vicinity of Washington seems to be apprehended; and between Georgetown and Harper's Ferry a strong force with heavy artillery, under General Banks and General M'Call, guard every ford. It is understood that the rebels are fortifying Manthias Point, with a view to close the navigation of the Lower Potomac: this will probably necessitate an attack on the place, and the capture of the works of the insurgents. Nothing is allowed to transpire with regard to our force at Washington; it is probably not less than 75,000 men, all of whom, under the M'Clellan régime, are daily improving in discipline and military condition. No attack has been made upon Fortress Monroe or Newport News; but Colonel Magruder has burned the Virginian town of Hampton, and rendered hundreds of Virginian families homeless.

The Maryland Legislature has adjourned without passing an ordinance of secession, or making any approach thereto. The Baltimore mob attempted last week to rouse the secessionists of Baltimore to active violence by an inflammatory speech; but the Union men of the city hooted him down. We presume that contempt for his fallen condition alone prevented Major-General Dix from arresting this Breckinridge for attempting to provoke a treasonable breach of the peace.

Recruiting progresses steadily. The Western States are pouring out men. A large proportion of the three months' volunteers—among others, Colonel Wallace's Eleventh Indiana Regiment —having taken the oath for the war. In New York city—which is the bulk of the three months' volunteers are still holding back, principally because every one wants to be an officer—some 17,000 of the 25,000 men called for by the Governor are already enrolled. New York will undoubtedly have 60,000 men in the field by the fall, and other Northern States will do as well.

SLAVERY AND THE WAR.

THE London *Times* and other European papers assure us that we would have the hearty sympathy of Europe if we proclaimed emancipation to the slaves. The London *Saturday Review* and other European journals, in like manner, are severe upon the Government for not making an end of slavery at once.

It is a good deal easier to talk about emancipation than to effect it. In the first place, neither Congress nor the Administration has any more power to free the slaves in Virginia than to confiscate cattle in New England. The control of the institution of slavery is by the Constitution reserved to the States in which it exists, and so late as last July Congress almost unanimously declared that it had no authority to interfere with it in any State.

In the second place, four of the fifteen slave States—Delaware, Maryland, Kentucky, and Missouri—must be classed as loyal. The contest, therefore, though primarily growing out of the institution of slavery, is not a struggle between free States and slave States, or between abolition and slavery. For the sake of Kentucky and Missouri, it would be impolitic, if it were Constitutional, for the Government to convert the war into a war of emancipation.

Again, the theory of the Government—which rests upon substantial evidence—is that the rebellion is the work of a part only of the Southern people, and that many of them—if not an absolute majority—are loyal in their hearts, and are now silenced by the armed despotism of Jeff Davis. There is reason to believe that this theory is sound with regard to every State except perhaps South Carolina. Now a decree of emancipation—even if it were Constitutional and otherwise politic—would fall with equal severity upon loyal and disloyal citizens in the insurgent region, and would effectually prevent the loyal people of that and the Government in overthrowing the rebel despotism, as they have done in Western Virginia and Missouri, and as it is anticipated they will do in Tennessee in the time in every Southern State.

Finally, as has been well observed by leading statesmen, the hour of battle is not the time for the emancipation of the slaves or of any slaves. The abolition of negro slavery in the Southern States will be a work of such magnitude and such difficulty, that to accomplish it safely will take the skill and wisdom of the whole race to the utmost. It were undoubtedly better that slavery should be maintained forever than that it should disappear in the consideration of civil wars and wholesale massacres. It is not desirable, in any point of view, that the relation of master and slave should end before some stringent provision has been made for the amelioration of vagrancy among the emancipated laborers, and for the protection of the late owners. And though the present temptation to the exercise

ediness and outrage could not be entertained by any citizens of the United States!

It is surprising that thoughtful men at home and abroad wondered whether we were not so utterly rotten that nothing but death could be expected?

PUT NOT YOUR TRUST IN "RELIABLE INFORMATION."

It is impossible to advise too strongly that nobody should put his peace of mind into the keeping of the newspapers. If you are pained and alarmed by any thing you see "reported," or "surmised," or "stated," or "inferred," or by what is "understood," or "highly probable," or "beyond doubt," or "of course," the only way is to push on far enough and you will find the antidote in the same paper.

For instance, in a Morning paper the Lounger reads:

"In those sections, such as Middle and Southern Georgia, and similar portions of Alabama, where the large slaveholders are in the ascendency, many, very many, would wish to see a reconstruction of the old Government, but no one dares openly to utter a Union sentiment."

This is given upon the authority of a gentleman who left Savannah on the day of the battle at Bull Run.

And imme iately below it, in the same column, is the "statement of a Union man of Georgia." He says:

"The war is really carried on by the large slaveowning planters, and they have thrown life and all into the cotton crop."

These gentlemen are both unquestionably veracious, but their impressions totally differ. The true way to comfort of mind is to grant the enemy equal earnestness of conviction and resolution and bravery with ourselves; to believe that the rebel forces are larger at any particular point than we are told, and that they are well led; that they must fight soon, and fight desperately. It is foolish to be swayed by the statements of this affable gentleman and that perfectly trust-worthy person, each of which has the amplest means of information. Believe the worst of the enemy, and we shall be sure to do the best ourselves. The men in arms against us are not to be coaxed; they are to be conquered if we would save the country.

HUMORS OF THE WAR.

A MORNING'S REFLECTION.

BY A VERY YOUNG GENTLEMAN WHO HAD BEEN "MAKING A NIGHT OF IT."

THIS truth I've learned, and I say do too like,
That drinking makes a dirty pate.

LIBEL, CHEESE-IT, COMPLIMENTARY, AND LITERARY!—At the review of the Curragh the other day, there were a large number of beauties present, which interesting fact led H. R. H. to exclaim, with that happiness and gallantry for which his family has long been distinguished, that he was delighted to find the race of CURSES BELIES!) was far from extinct.

THE FALSEST OF FALSE UTTERERS.—One who coins lies.

EGGING HIM ON.

KNOWING OLD GENTLEMAN. "Now, Sir, talking of eggs, can you tell me where a ship lays to?"

SMART MARINE (*in the most disconcerted*). "Don't know, Sir, unless it is in the hatchway."

Squigjaw says he always travels with his wife, who contrives to be obstinate and out of humor all the time they leave home till they get where they are going to. The only time she ever smiled, he says, was when he broke his cane.

All that most young women need to infuse their hearts is a spark.

A surgical journal tells of a man who lived five years with a ball in his head. We have known ladies live twice as long with nothing but balls in their heads.

A HINT FOR GENERAL M'CLELLAN.

"After we had hanged a few contractors, I am bound to say that the quality of beef served out to the troops improved amazingly."—SIR C. NAPIER'S *Dispatches.*

THE HIGHWAYMAN WORSTED.

"I've been rifled in Mexico, robbed by bandits,"
"Poor rebel Caleb! your case I most heartily pity."
"Yes; they stole all my coats, and my manuscript leaves."
"Then, Caleb, I pity not you, but the thieves!"

"I say, William," said the wife of an English laborer, breathing her hot whisper, "you'll see the old law don't kill her young one!" "Ay, ay, wife, set thee good." "And I say, William, you'll see Lizzie go to school regular?" "Ay, ay, wife, set thee good." "And I say, William, you'll not let Lizzie be robbed of her property?" "Ay, ay, wife, set thee good." "And I say, William, you'll see that Lizzie don't be married against her goes to school again?" "Ay, ay, wife, set thee good." "And I say, William, you'll see that I am laid proper in the yard?" William grew impatient. "Now never mind them things, wife; I'll see to them all; you just go on with your dying."

Why are well-fed chickens like successful farmers? They are blessed with plenty of corn.

"Is there much water in the cistern, Biddy?" inquired a gentleman of his servant-girl as she came up from the kitchen. "Jist a full tub-full, Sir, but there's none at all on the top," was the reply.

KEEPING LATE HOURS.—In the city resides William Jones, a tailor, who is noted for his jollity, and also for keeping late hours, as he usually goes home at two o'clock in the morning. Well, one stormy night, about a year ago, William concluded to go home early, and accordingly he arrived at his house at just midnight. In answer to his knock, his mother opened a window and inquired, "Who is there?" "William," was the reply. "No," said she, "you can't come that game on me, for you have been home for two hours yet." Poor Bill had to wait till his usual time.

"Dog cheap" is now defined as meaning the keeping of a canine without paying the tax.

TRAGEDY.—"Toby, what did the Israelites do when they crossed the Red Sea?"

TOBY. "I don't know, ma'am, but I guess they dived to Jamaica."

An ignorant tailor, zealous overmuch, waited upon Dean Swift to express his fears that, for a clergyman, he was too convivial, and not sufficiently conversant with his Scriptures, concerning passages of which he had come, he said, to examine him. The Dean answered his fears and questions with great good-nature; and when he had completed, expressed a wish to consult him, as he should soon be up in the matter, in relation to a doubtful point contained in an important chapter of the Bible. "Why," said the Dean, "in Revelations, that the Angel of the Lord stood with one foot on the land, the other on the sea. Now what I wish you to inform me, with the same freedom that I have answered your queries, is, How much cloth would it take to make the angel alluded to a pair of pantaloons that should fit him as he stood?" The tailor, of course, was nonplussed.

Some one says that the music of the Chinese is delightfully horrible.—like cats trying to sing bass with wet throats.

"How many deaths?" asked the hospital physician, while going his rounds. "Only two, Sir. Why, I ordered medicine for ten." "Yes, but one wouldn't take it."

AN INDIANT LOGICIAN.—A grandchild of Dr. Emmons, when not more than six years of age, came to him with a trouble weighing on her mind. "A I say that the moon is made of green cheese, and I don't believe it." "Don't you believe it? Why not?" "I know it isn't." "How do you know?" "Cos, I grandpa?" "Don't ask me that question; you must find it out for yourself." "How can I find it out?" "You must study into it." She knew enough to resort to the first element of Genesis for information, and after a truly Emmonsikes search she ran into the study exclaiming: "I've found it out; the moon is not made of green cheese, for the moon was made before the cows."

"This is the warmest weather I ever knew," observed Lord Langdale to Lord Lyndhurst; "it is enough to drive any Judge crazy." "Ay," said the Chancellor, "even an injunction without any argument."

A GREAT POET says that "the mountains stand fixed for ages." He knows, however, that it is no uncommon thing for them to adjoin.

MOCK ACTIONS.—The places where the buyer is sold.

The heirs of Robinson Crusoe have instituted a suit to recover the island of Juan Fernandez, founding their claim upon the ground that he was "monarch of all he surveyed."

The immortal Raphael paints a unicorn fare, and made, no doubt, an excellent likeness. Many a lady paints her own face, and makes no likeness at all.

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

CONGRESS.

ON Monday, August 5, in the Senate, the bill confiscating the property of rebels, with the House amendment confiscating all slaves found engaged in the military and naval service of the rebels, was taken up, on motion of Senator BRECKINRIDGE, and the amendment was agreed to by a vote of 34 to 11. A bill providing for additional enlistments in the army was passed. The House bill to promote the efficiency of the Engineer corps was passed. A bill increasing the pay of privates and non-commissioned officers of the army, and also that of officers and soldiers disabled in battle, was passed. In the House the Judiciary Committee reported a bill failing the bounties to the members of the House under the late census, after March 3, at two hundred and thirty-three. The bill was passed among the regular appropriation bills in accordance with the act of 1850. The bill was passed. The Indian appropriation bill, containing additional enlistments for the navy was amended by striking out the word "marines," and the bill passed. A bill to increase the Engineer corps and the corps of Topographical Engineers was passed. The Senate bill increasing the pay of the army and navy was passed. The Senate bill requiring an oath of allegiance and support to be taken by all persons in the civil service of the United States, and declaring that a refusal to take such oath shall be considered cause for dismissal, and the breaking of it shall be deemed a high crime, Indictment, perjury, was passed. A bill was introduced repealing, after the 4th of March, an exemption from militia duties from attending on the Supreme Court. The bill was passed by the Senate was the one to punish certain crimes against the United States and for other purposes. Mr. CLARK offered a resolution relating to the imprisonment of the Baltimore Police Commissioners, which was referred to the Committee of the Whole on the state of the Union. A bill was introduced providing for the appointment of a Commissioner of Patents, whose duty it shall be to investigate applications for the extension of patents, and to report thereon to the Secretary of the Interior, who shall have power to extend the patent for a term not exceeding seven years. The bill was passed. A resolution was adopted calling upon the President to communicate to the House copies of all correspondence with foreign nations, since 1851, relative to maritime rights. The House bill to amend the act of 1851, passed, passed the House, and is now a law. This will make an increase in the United States army of about 400,000 men. The hour for adjournment having arrived, the President was waited upon by a committee, and informed that he had, with them informed the House that he had no further communication to make. Whereupon the Speaker declared the House adjourned *sine die.*

MOVEMENTS OF GENERAL M'CLELLAN'S ARMY.

General M'CLELLAN'S army of the Potomac is now largely occupies the entire attention of the commanding General, and demands the undivided attention of all corps of the service on the line of the Potomac.

HAMPTON BURNED.

On Friday, of last week, General Magruder, with a force of 7000 men, including 200 cavalry and eight pieces of artillery, left Yorktown, and advanced toward Hampton, reaching the outskirts of that place at about 4 o'clock in the afternoon of the evening, after firing on our pickets on this side of the river, wounding one or two rebels, entering Great and Little Bethels, and giving to the few inhabitants remaining there, the usual notice that they would be fired upon. fire to the houses and destroyed the village. The flames raged furiously, and only the town of Phœbus escaped. only seven or eight houses were standing. The rebels retired to Big Bethel, and encamped. Meanwhile Colonel Weber's regiment was guarding the bridge, the passage of which the enemy evidently attempted to force, being repulsed with the loss of three killed and six wounded.

THE TRAITORS IN BALTIMORE.

The Secretary of War has replied to General Butler respecting the disposition of fugitives seeking protection, that they are to be treated as a matter of law. President that all existing rights in all the States be fully respected and maintained. The only way now presented for the part of the Federal Government is a war forthe Union, for the preservation of all constitutional rights of States, and the citizens of the States in the Union. Hence no fugitives can be received into military service either in the States and Territories in which the authorities of the Union is fully established, or in which it is being re-established, wholly or in part under insurrectionary control, where the laws of the United States are for the present opposed, and denied that they can not be effectually enforced, it is obvious that fugitives claiming support upon the constitutional laws must temporarily fail, and it is equally obvious that this right dependent on the laws of the State within which military operations are conducted must be necessarily subordinate to the exigencies caused by the insurrection, if not wholly forfeited by the treasonable conduct of parties claiming them. It is thus the general rule of right to service forms an exception. The act of Congress approved August 6, 1861, declares that persons held to labor or service shall be employed in hostility to the United States, the right to their service shall be forfeited, and such persons shall be discharged therefrom. It follows, he adds, of necessity, that no claim can be recognized by the military authority of the Union for the services of such persons when fugitives. With respect to the slaves of loyal masters, Mr. CAMERON says that a careful record should be kept of the name and description of each fugitive, in order that Congress may provide for a just compensation for their services when peace is restored. General Butler is instructed not to permit any interference by his troops with the slaves of peaceful citizens, nor encourage them to leave the service of their masters, nor prevent the voluntary returns of any fugitives to those from whom they may have escaped.

PRINCE NAPOLEON AMONG THE REBELS.

Prince Napoleon and his suite returned to Washington on Friday night, after a visit to Manassas Junction, where they were received by Generals Beauregard and Johnston, and the Prince, after passing the night of Thursday in the hut of General Beauregard, reviewed about six thousand of the rebel troops on Friday morning. He was very cordially received both by them and officers. He was escorted by Generals Beauregard and Johnston to proceed to Richmond, but he declined to go any further South. On his visit to Manassas he was accompanied by General M'Dowell, and a body-guard of cavalry. General M'Dowell left him at Clark's Mills, but the cavalry escort, bearing a flag of truce, proceeded with the Prince to the rebel picket-station near Fairfax Court House, where the commanding officer, Captain Ferre, of the Virginia cavalry, and the officer in command of the Union troops, conversed with him and took the imperial visitor under his charge. Colonel Stuart, the commandant at Fairfax Court House, entertained the party hospitably and forwarded them to Manassas, where General Beauregard received the Prince with great courtesy, gave him a French supper, a soldier's bed, and an equally soldierly breakfast. Among those in the retinue of the party aforesaid are Generals Gustavus Smith and M'Donald. From them, after a courteous leave-taking from Beauregard, they returned by steamer with them to Washington. With regard to the defenses at Manassas the suite of Prince Napoleon stated, but they describe the soldiers, whom they suppose to number sixty thousand, as ragged, dirty, and half-starved.

THE TRAITORS IN BALTIMORE.

Baltimore was the scene of considerable excitement, and almost a riot, on Thursday night of last week, on the occasion of Senator Breckinridge's visit there. A number of prominent secessionists of Baltimore entertained Messrs. Breckinridge and Vallandigham with a dinner at the Exchange House, and at the close of the entertainment, Mr. Breckinridge undertook to make a speech to a considerable crowd collected outside. His appearance was the signal for a scene of the utmost confusion, in which he found it impossible to make himself heard, and he was finally compelled to retire without concluding his remarks. Several fights took place in the course of the evening, and some of the secessionists were rather roughly handled. Mr. Vallandigham was subsequently called for, but did not consider it advisable, under the circumstances, to make his appearance.

OUR LOSS AT BULL RUN.

We have the official list of the loss in killed, wounded, and missing at the battle of Bull Run, furnished by the direction of the commanders of divisions and brigades. The aggregate purports to be as follows:

	Killed.
Officers	19
Men	462
Total killed	481
	Wounded.
Officers	64
Men	947
Total wounded	1011
	Missing.
Officers	40
Men	1276
Total missing	1756
Aggregate loss	3768

The loss of artillery amounts to seventeen rifled cannon and eight small bore guns. In ammunition the loss amounts to 110 boxes of musket cartridges and eighty-seven boxes of rifled cannon cartridges. Thirty boxes of rifled cannon, thirteen wagons of provisions, 1000 muskets, and 8000 knapsacks and blankets were also lost in the retreat and during the battle.

UNION PRISONERS IN THE ENEMY'S HANDS.

General M'Dowell, in his official report, places the Sgeneral prisoners at 1816. The number of officers held in the hands of the rebels is ascertained to be 640—leaving a balance of 1176 unaccounted for. The number supposed to have returned to their homes; some may be working their way back to the Union army, and some of them may yet turn up, or will be shortly published as deserters.

THE CHARLESTON PAPER PUNISHED.

The office of *The Courier*, at Charleston, was burned, New Hampshire, was last week destroyed by a crowd composed of the most respectable and influential citizens of the place, which had been notorious for its disunion toon, published an article on the subject for the rebel Secretary referred to demanded a retraction: the editors threatened to fire on the crowd; threatened the office was attacked and looted. During this proceeding four pistol-shots were fired from the windows of the building, and some one killed.

ARREST OF C. J. FAULKNER.

A very important arrest, on a charge of treason, was made by the Provost-Marshal in Washington on the 5th, the prisoner being our late Minister to the Court of France, Charles J. Faulkner, of Virginia. It is alleged that the principal charges against him are based on acts committed in Paris—in the purchase of arms for the rebel States, representing the United States Government, and endeavoring to prevent the recognition of the rebel Confederacy by the Government of France. Mr. Faulkner was conveyed as jail by order of Secretary SEWARD, and was forbidden to hold correspondence with any one. A formal examination into the case will take place speedily. He declares that he is not cognizant of having done any thing to warrant his arrest.

WESTERN VIRGINIA TO HAVE MAILS AGAIN.

Brigadier-General Rosecrans has dispatched to the Post-office Department at Washington, from Western Virginia, under August 7: "The rebels have been expelled from Kanawha." On the receipt of this dispatch the Department informed him that the immediate resumption of the mail service would be necessary, if it was safe, and where it could be intrusted to proper hands.

REBEL OUTRAGES IN VIRGINIA.

Accounts have been received from Texas that the rebels are committing terrible outrages in that portion of Virginia around Harper's Ferry, particularly, which they have in the possession of since the battle of Bull Run. Neither age, nor sex, nor infirmity is spared from insult and violence. All those capable of bearing arms and refusing to do so are sent as prisoners to Manassas or Richmond.

A RIGHTEOUS DISPENSATION.

Nearly all of the Southern newspapers that are yet in existence have announced their positive increase in their price. The Charleston *News* has recently given up the ghost, and the Mobile *Register*, and *Register*, are all three now merged into one concern.

PERSONAL.

David R. Atchison, formerly United States Senator from Missouri, and subsequently the great border-ruffian leader in Kansas, has been made a rebel Brigadier. He has declined when last heard of was in Memphis.

Captain Fox, the new Assistant Secretary of the Navy, is on a visit to the New England ports on matters connected with preparations for a more effective blockade of the ports of the Southern States.

The Abbé Hecker, as we understand, on the most undoubted authority, that Major-General John E. Wool has received orders to report himself for duty immediately at Fortress Monroe, for the purpose, undoubtedly, of assuming command of that important position.

A little piece of news has come along that surprises interest in more circles than one, and which will seem somewhat thoughtful than usual. It is only that Patti, "little Patti," is married to a Baltimore gentleman of one of the bankers. Such a fact is occasion enough for poetry. Young tenors could scarcely sing their usual songs with such a lullaby. The news comes tolerably straight, but we are not told how the new relation will affect Mario's fellowship artistic career. A man who would marry off a young and charming prima donna would be capable of anything. Mario, however respectable, is an enemy of the whole race, and to be resented by all spirited men.

FOREIGN NEWS

ENGLAND.

CHANGES IN THE MINISTRY.

The contemplated changes in the British ministry were accomplished on the 25th ult., viz.: Sir G. C. Lewis to be War Department; Sir George Grey, Secretary for Home Affairs; Mr. Cardwell, Chancellor of the Duchy of Lancaster; Mr. Layard, Secretary of Public Works.

SLAVERY AND THE COTTON SUPPLY.

The Southern question has been engaged in discussing the slavery and cotton culture question in the House of Commons, on the 25th, Sir C. Wood made some financial statements in relation to the war, and asked for discretionary power to borrow £5,000,000 for railway purposes. He said the Government had exhausted great activity to develop the resources of India as a cotton-producing country. He believed that the result would be that ultimately England would be rendered independent of American for her supply. The supply of cotton from India would be about 200,000 bales more than ever before.

FRANCE.

FRENCH SYMPATHIZATIONS WITH THE REBELS.

The recognition of the Southern Confederacy by France is generally anticipated, and Fabvier, Paris, and subscribed that journal has just been divested of its semi-official character, its arguments were looked on as foreshadowing some imperial movement on the American question.

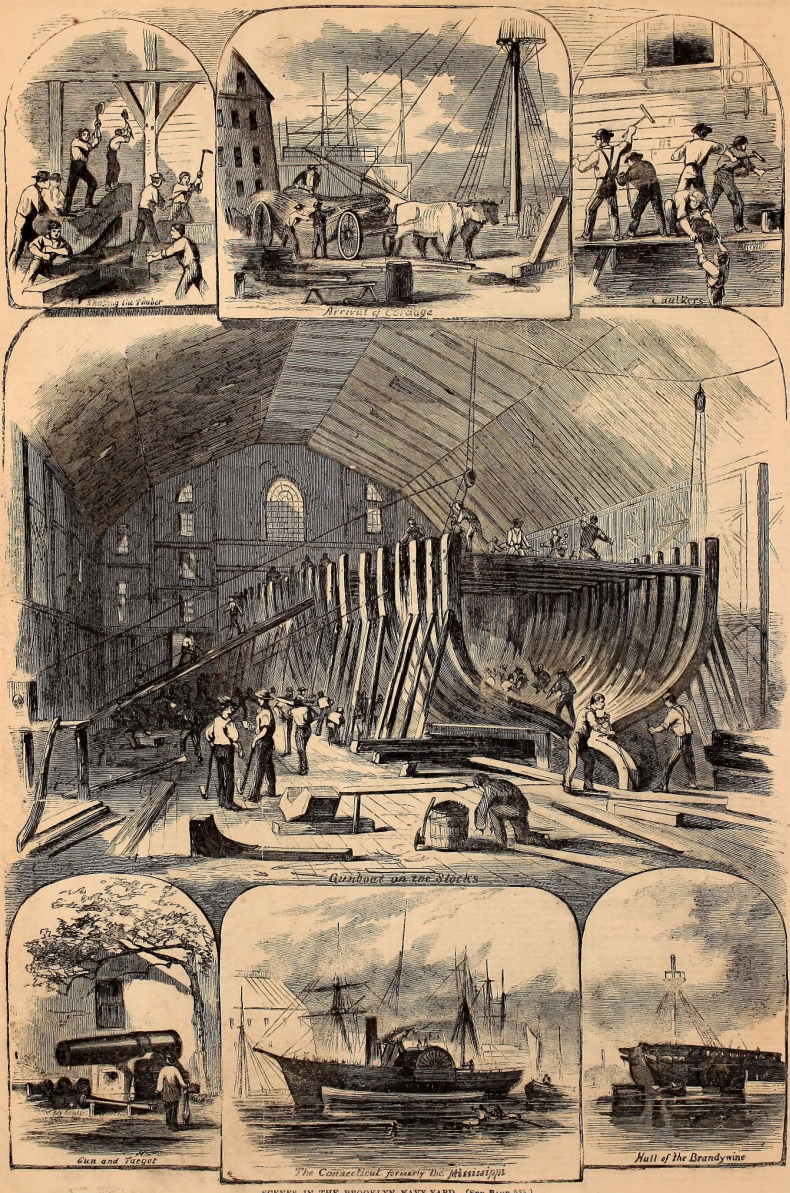
ST. DOMINGO.

THE END OF THE WAR.

From St. Domingo we have advices to the 28th ult., stating that the war between Hayti and Spain is at an end, the difficulties between the two countries being amicably adjusted. The Spanish authorities declare slavery forever abolished in the Island, and threaten with severe penalties any person endeavoring to threaten this system.

GENERAL MCCLELLAN AND HIS STAFF.—PHOTOGRAPHED AT BRADY'S.—[SEE PAGE 536.]

SPLENDID CHARGE OF UNITED STATES CAVALRY AT THE BATTLE OF DUG SPRING, MISSOURI.—[SEE PAGE 532.]



SCENES IN THE BROOKLYN NAVY-YARD.—[SEE PAGE 535.]

GENERAL M'CLELLAN AND HIS STAFF.

On page 532 we publish a large picture of GENERAL M'CLELLAN AND HIS STAFF, from a group by Brady. Of General M'Clellan himself, on whom such hopes now rest, we gave a biographical sketch, with a portrait, two or three weeks since; we now borrow from the *Herald* the following accounts of the three officers who constitute his personal staff.

MAJOR BARRY.

MAJOR WILLIAM FARQUHAR BARRY, chief of artillery, is a native of the city of New York, and is at present about forty years of age. He entered as a cadet at West Point in September, 1834, and graduated with honors in 1838. On the 1st of July of the same year he was brevetted Second Lieutenant in the Fourth Artillery, transferred to the Second Artillery, and in the same year and month appointed Assistant Commissary of Subsistence. In August, 1841, he was appointed First Lieutenant, and Captain in July, 1852.

At the breaking out of the Mexican war Major BARRY was First Lieutenant, and attached to the famous Ringgold battery, doing such effective service in that campaign. When it was found that more recruits for the artillery were needed, Lieutenant Barry was at once sent to this city to recruit, and this officer being as strict in his views as regards discipline and qualifications, he only recruited a force of about five per cent. of those who offered, while the regular infantry service accepted forty per cent. This Lieutenant Barry missed nearly one half of the war. When he returned to Mexico, General Worth, of New York, appointed Lieutenant Barry on his staff, which position he held until our victorious army returned to the United States.

After the war Lieutenant Barry was stationed at different posts, Fort Hamilton among the rest, where he received his commission as captain. When the troubles in Kansas broke out he was at once sent to Fort Leavenworth, where he placed himself under the command of General Harney, and remained there for several years.

On the evacuation of Fort Sumter more and efficient artillery was needed at FORT PICKENS, and the most reliable man the government could select was Captain Barry, who was instantly dispatched to that post, until it was reinforced by the energy of Colonel E. D. KEYES. On the 5th of July Barry and his battery left Fort Pickens in the steamer *Columbia*; arrived at New York on Sunday, the 14th; left that same evening by special train to Washington; made a requisition for extra horses while there, and joined the grand army of General M'Dowell on Wednesday, the 17th, at SPRING FIELD, about two hours after our troops had taken possession of Fairfax Court House and Fairfax Junction. Major Barry was assigned to the Fifth Division, commanded by Colonel DIXON S. MILES, and proceeding in that column to Centreville.

Major Barry was appointed on the staff of General M'DOWELL and acted as chief of artillery during the encampment at and about Centreville and on to the day of the battle. In the march to Manassas, was in command of Captain J. C. Tidball, kept as a reserve, with Colonel Miles's column, between Centreville and the stone bridge, where Hunt's and Green's batteries were playing on the enemy to prevent General M'Dowell's troops from being attacked in rear.

CAPTAIN STEWART VAN VLIET, ASSISTANT QUARTER-MASTER-GENERAL.

CAPTAIN VAN VLIET is a native of NEW YORK, and about forty-two years of age. He entered the West Point Academy as cadet in 1836, graduated 1840, and was brevetted Second Lieutenant in the Third Artillery, July 1, 1840. In November, 1841, he was promoted to a First Lieutenancy, and acted as Professor of Mathematics at the Military Academy until November, 1847. In February, 1847, he was appointed Regimental Quarter-master, and subsequently Assistant Quarter-master. June 4, 1847, Lieutenant Van Vliet was promoted to a Captaincy, but still acting as Quarter-master. Under the administration of President Buchanan, during the disturbances at Utah, Captain Van Vliet was sent as a special commissioner. There being no regular conveyance, the Captain was compelled to ride on horseback all the way, alone and unattended. He accomplished his journey to Great Salt Lake City in an uncommon short time, and his famous ride was the subject of comment with every body. In President Buchanan's message to Congress on the subject which took Captain Van Vliet to the Mormon territory, the Commissioner was honorably mentioned as "Major Van Vliet."

On his return from Utah he was appointed Assistant Quarter-master-General at Leavenworth, which position he held until called upon by General M'Clellan to act in the same capacity on his own staff. From the previous career of Captain Van Vliet the brightest anticipations of his future may be made; and it is safe to assert that the Quarter-master's Department could hardly have been intrusted in better hands, and speaks volumes for the wise selection of the popular young commander of the Department of Ohio.

CAPTAIN HENRY FRANCIS CLARK, ASSISTANT COMMISSARY GENERAL.

CAPTAIN CLARK was born in the old Keystone State, about the year 1809, and is at present in the neighborhood of forty years of age. He entered at West Point, from Pennsylvania, in 1830, graduated in 1834, was brevetted Second Lieutenant in 1843, and ordered in active service to the Second Artillery. Captain Clark went through the entire Mexican campaign, and in the official dispatches he was particularly mentioned as having highly distinguished himself in the battle of Monterey, with Dunbar's battery in the battle of Chancellorsville, and was wounded at the battle of Bull Run.

In September, 1847, he was promoted to First Lieutenant, and on the 16th of September he received the brevet of Captain "for gallant and meritorious conduct in the battle of Chapultepec." In July, 1848, Captain Clark was appointed Assistant Instructor of artillery and cavalry in the Military Academy at West Point, which position he held for a long time afterward.

THE NAVY-YARD AT BROOKLYN.

WE devote page 534 to illustrations of the Navy-yard at Brooklyn, which is at present a scene of remarkable activity. The *Evening Post* thus describes the work that is going on:

Nearly twenty-five hundred men are now employed at the Brooklyn Navy-yard, and the number is constantly increasing. Add to the present rate three thousand men will soon be engaged there; a greater number, perhaps, than were ever before employed within its walls. One year ago the number was less than one thousand. It will be seen, therefore, that the immediate effect of war has been great employment, in this department alone, to many hundreds —probably can be extended to thousands—of mechanics, who would otherwise be out of work and their families in distress.

There is on every hand the greatest activity. The whole force of the yard is not engaged in the work of fitting out vessels. On the contrary, but few war ships are at present in the hands of the workmen. Two only are building, the *Cumberland* and *Adirondack*, of which the keels are scarcely laid. The former will be of about 1,700 tons, and the latter somewhat larger, rating with the sloop-of-war *Brooklyn*. Four or five vessels in all are getting out, and the work upon them is pushed with the greatest rapidity.

A vast amount of work seems to have been laid out and to be in progress in the different departments which manufacture supplies for the navy. Much forging and blacksmith, tinwork, and coopering is going on. Quantities of ordinary ship's stores are constantly accumulating to supply the extraordinary demands of the present and future; the vast military stores which lie about in every direction are preparing for use, and workmen are engaged in breaking up and fitting with sights the great cannon which are ranged in rows along the main avenue of the yard. The scene is one of the most curious as well as the busiest which has ever been witnessed in that locality.

The steam sloop of war *Richmond*, which arrived from the Mediterranean on the 3d of July, has been refitted, and is nearly ready to join the blockading squadron. A portion of her armament, which is very heavy,—consisting of sixteen 9-inch Dahlgren guns, carrying shot, shell, or canister,—has been put on board. It is possible that two other guns of a different class may be put on, or two rifled guns will be added. The vessel is pierced for twenty-eight guns, but could not carry so great a number. She is a first-class vessel of nearly 2000 tons, and will be a valuable addition to our blockading service. It is intended to get her off to-morrow, but probably she will not be ready. Her complement of men is 296, and she will have an extra number of marines on going again into commission. Her officers are: Captain, John POPE; Lieutenants, N. C. Bryant, A. B. Cummings, Albert Boyd, Jun.; Master, Edward Terry; Paymaster, George F. Cutter; Surgeon, A. Henderson; Chief Engineer, John W. Moore.

The gun-boat *Harriet Lane* is also refitting at the yard, and will be ready to sail in a day or two. Her armament is on board.

The *Connecticut* (steamship) will have her armament and be ready to sail in a few days. She will be armed with four heavy 32-pounders and one rifled 18-pounder. The last will be placed on the fore-castle deck. She is 1900 ton burden, with very heavy steam power, and will be employed in the transport service in connection with our blockading fleet, making trips monthly. She is to be the consort of the *Rhode Island*, which recently sailed.

The *Potomac*, a sailing vessel carrying fifty guns, is also fitting out, and will be ready in ten days.

In a short a month four cruising vessels will be prepared to enter upon their work in supplying our squadron. The vessels have been procured, but it is understood that the refitting has not been commenced.

The *Iroquois*, which has been in search of the privateer *Jeff Davis*, sailed from the Navy-yard yesterday.

Several United States vessels are in the stream, among them the PEIKE, *Varian*, and *Crusader*.

Several of these vessels have gone to sea since the above was written.

CAMP WARREN, BURLINGTON, IOWA. THE RENDEZVOUS FOR THE IOWA TROOPS.—[SKETCHED BY A. SCHOLTZ.]

THE BATTLE OF DUG SPRINGS.

On page 533 will be found an illustration of the BRILLIANT CHARGE OF THE UNITED STATES CAVALRY ATTACHED TO GENERAL LYON'S ARMY upon an enormous force of rebel infantry, at the BATTLE OF DUG SPRINGS, on 1st August. The dispatch from Springfield, Missouri, dated August 2, says:

On Thursday news reached here that the enemy were advancing on us, in three columns, with a force numbering 30,000 men. General LYON immediately set out to meet them with the Second and Third Missouri regiments from Camp Clay, the First and Second Kansas regiments, and the First Iowa regiment; also with two or three companies of regular infantry and his or three companies of regular cavalry from Camp M'Clellan. About twelve miles west of Wilson's Creek, and about that evening, on Tyrah Creek, and on Friday advanced to Dug Springs, about nineteen miles southwest of Springfield, where he obtained intelligence of the enemy.

A fight took place between four and six o'clock that afternoon. A party of two hundred and seventy of General LYON'S cavalry, at previously reported, were crossing a ridge of high land, partially inclosed on the east by a valley, and, when descending the hill, came upon a large force of the enemy's infantry, variously estimated at from three hundred to four thousand, and being unable to retreat, they charged and cut their way through with the loss of only seven men. The lieutenant commanding the cavalry was killed, after killing eight of the rebels. Meantime the enemy opposed the large cavalry force moving along the valley, but they were put to flight by our artillery. Our infantry was not engaged. Our rebels retreated southward, to a place called M'Cullough's Store, on Fayetteville Road.

The number of rebels found dead on the field amounted to forty, and some forty-four wounded were picked up.

The correspondent of the *Herald* thus describes the affair:

About nine in the morning, after a march of seven miles, a picket guard of twenty-seven men was seen, and a shell was thrown among them as a gentle reminder that the Union troops were approaching. A cure was made good time toward the main body, some two miles ahead. Near a place called Dug Spring, about nineteen miles from Springfield, our advanced pickets met those of the enemy and exchanged a few shots. Our regular cavalry was on the right of the road, and Captain STOKES, with two companies of infantry, on the left. Captain PLUMMER, with three companies of First Infantry, supported by Captain LYON'S battery, formed the centre. The enemy was posted in a wood crowning a gentle slope, and covering it to the foot, where the road for half a mile ran through a valley between low hills, or rather "swells" of land, covered with a scanty growth of oak bushes, from one to five feet in height, interspersed with a few small trees. As the rebels' position and numbers were concealed by the wood, General LYON did not deem it prudent to advance the column with its usual order, as a masked battery might at any moment open upon it with considerable effect, while at the same time our strength would avail us nothing.

For upward of an hour nothing was done save the exchange of a few shots among the pickets, and at length General LYON gave the order for the column to fall back from among the high ground in the vicinity of the spring. The movements was considered by the rebels to be a retreat, and as soon as the rear of our column had cleared the cavalry made its appearance from the wood and passed to the front of a corn-field which covered their retreat. Their number was not far from four hundred, and they formed in a solid line of battle, dismounted. Not to their very rear in the point of rushing forward, Captain TOTTEN sent a twelve pound shell from his favorite howitzer; but the elevation was too great and the missile passed over its mark. A half minute later another shell followed with better success, bursting directly in the centre of the cavalry and completely upon the enemy's line. The whole body made a retreat for the timber in "precipitous and tumultuous haste."

Captain STOKES was still on the left, and a body of nearly eight hundred infantry, with a few mounted men, came forward from the enemy's right with the evident intention of engaging and assembling the Captain's two companies. Company C, of First cavalry, was in the rear (lately front), near Captain STOKES and Lieutenant M. J. KELLY, with twenty men from this company, made a BALAKLAVA charge with the loss of four rebels and beyond of the whole rebel infantry. Four of the twenty were killed and six were wounded, but they succeeded in breaking the infantry and putting them to flight. Four horses were wounded so badly that it was necessary to kill them—one was a white, and another eleven rifle balls. One of the men—Sergeant SULLIVAN—received eight bullets, though not fatal, wounds. As he was falling from his horse he waved his arms, and shouted "Hurrah for the Old Stars and Stripes!" With brought to camp he seemed to forget his wounds in the act of waving cheers in love for the Union. One of the enemy's wounded inquired of Lieutenant KELLY, with great earnestness,

"Are your cavalry men or devils?"

The lieutenant replied that he was possible they might be a composition of both.

"Well," said the man, "we can't stand such a charge as that. You can whip us all out if you've got a decent army of such soldiers."

One of our wounded, a private named Jacobs, who was captured by the rebels, was knocked from his horse while a prisoner by a blow from a musket, and left for dead. He was found on the field the next morning and carefully attended to. He will probably recover.

The enemy did not again appear that day, and the command encamped and passed the night in quiet. The utmost care was taken to prevent a surprise during the night by posting pickets in all directions, and arranging the camp with special reference to a defense in the darkness. Major STURGIS was particularly active at all hours, and if the enemy had made an attack they would have met a warm reception.

THE UNITED STATES FRIGATE "ST. LAWRENCE" SINKING TH

PRIVATEER "PETREL" AT SEA, AUGUST 1, 1861.—[See Page 538.]

INTERIOR OF UPPER BATTERY AT THE CHAIN BRIDGE, WASHINGTON, D. C.—[PHOTOGRAPHED BY WHITEHURST.]

BATTERIES AT THE CHAIN BRIDGE.

We publish herewith pictures of two of the batteries erected at the north end of the Chain Bridge at Washington. They are planted so as to sweep the bridge in case the rebels should attempt to cross it for the attack of Washington. We understand that every ford across the Potomac, from Washington to Harper's Ferry, is similarly guarded, and that batteries of heavy cannon, well supported by infantry, protect the whole line of the river.

ANOTHER PRIVATEER SUNK.

We illustrate, on pages 536 and 537, the remarkable adventure which befell the Southern privateer *Petrel*, formerly the revenue cutter *Aiken*, which was seized by the Charleston rebels in December last. A correspondent of the *Herald* writes:

The *St. Lawrence* lay directly off one of the small shoal islands on the Carolina coast, on the afternoon of the 1st of August, when a trim-built, rakish vessel of war was seen coming out of Charleston harbor, making directly for the supposed merchantman. The *St. Lawrence* affected to crowd all sail and get out to sea, but in reality was edging close in to the stranger, and making preparations to open the ports and deluge her with shot. The pirate's deck was seen crowded with men, and the gunners distinctly seen ramming and pointing the guns. She flew the rebel flag, and shouted twice for the merchantman to heave to and send a boat aboard. No response being made, the pirate fired three shots in quick succession—the first too ahead and the third directly over the deck of the *St. Lawrence*, the grape and canister whistling through the rigging and falling in dangerous proximity to some of the officers.

Then the *St. Lawrence* threw up her port lids, and showed in a moment the tiers of cannon with the gunners at the lowers holding lighted matches. Scarcely a second intervened when a shock that shook the sea and made the ship tremble in all her timbers broke from the guns, and when the smoke cleared away the waves where the pirate stood were seen full of drift-wood and swimming men.

She had been literally cut to pieces, and one ball that knocked a hole in the bow at the water line caused her to fill in a moment and go down, while a shell exploded in her hold.

All the boats of the *St. Lawrence* were put out and the seamen picked up. Five of them, either wounded or unable to swim, went down with the hulk.

It was found that the audacious craft was the *Petrel*, formerly the *General Aiken*, a U. S. revenue cutter.

Some of the men, when fished out of the water, were at a loss to know what had happened to them. The outburstings of the *St. Lawrence's* reply, the deafening roar of the guns and the splinters and submerged vessel, were all incidents that happened in less time than we can take to relate them.

Nearly all the crew are Irishmen, who state that they were out of work. The pirate crew were heavily ironed. They were lodged to-night in Moyamensing prison. The *St. Lawrence* was slightly damaged.

INTERIOR OF LOWER BATTERY AT THE CHAIN BR. .GE.—[PHOTOGRAPHED BY WHITEHURST.]

GHOSTS AND APPARITIONS.

APPARITIONS often spring from some physical derangement, which, acting on the sight, causes one to see things which really do not exist, and sometimes to hear sounds which have not in reality vibrated. Bodily weakness, a disordered state of health, loss of blood, will often produce organic deceptions of this class.

A lady-friend of mine told me a curious instance of this, which happened to her own maid. The young woman, who was subject to inflammation of the lungs, had generally to be leeched when these attacks came on. Frequently after the loss of blood she would see persons and things which she knew perfectly at the time could not be real. During the Crimean war she and her mistress were residing in a house in Constantinople, and the maids' work-room, which was a very small one, was at the top of the house, while the bedrooms were below. The door of this room did not fasten very well—no uncommon occurrence in Turkish hotels. She often missed little articles, such as cotton, scissors, and so forth, and naturally wished to discover by whom they were taken. One day, while weak from recent illness and loss of blood, she went up stairs to fetch something for her mistress, and on entering the room perceived a man seated on a corner of the sofa. Her first thought was that she had caught the thief in the act; but the next moment, perceiving the illusion, and determining to overcome it, she walked straight up to the place where the man seemed to be, with her eyes fixed on her. As she approached the figure appeared to glide along the sofa without rising or taking its eyes off her, until, reaching the other corner, it remained stationary there. She then went up to it, and, putting her hand where the head seemed to be, brought it violently down on the sofa. Although assured of the deception she hurried, pale and trembling, back to her mistress, to whom she recounted the adventure.

There are other causes, however, for such apparitions. The early training of young children often much to do with them. A child who has been often frightened by threats of Bogie, will have its mind so filled with a dread of visits from supernatural beings, that the feeling may cling to it in a certain measure, against better sense, and against all reasoning on experience, all through life.

The following story, however, has always been a mystery to me. The more I have thought of it, the more inexplicable it is as an illusion or reality. It seems impossible to assign a cause for the catastrophe with which it winds up. It is from a source absolutely devoid of misleading, and exceedingly unlikely to be misled:

"It is about thirty years since the events occurred which I am about to relate to you," writes the friend who has set the story down for me, "but so deep was the impression which they made on my mind that it seems to me as though the whole time should be counted by months rather than years.

"I was then a young officer in one of those regiments which had borne the brunt of the earlier part of the war in the Peninsula, and which, being greatly reduced in numbers, was first formed into provisional battalions, and ultimately directed to return home. We were none of us over well pleased with this arrangement; neither was our great chief, who knew the value of veteran troops, and considered the provisional battalions among the best of his army. But there was no help for it; and so, like good soldiers who know that their first duty is obedience, we received the order with little murmuring, and prepared to obey it.

"It was necessary to convey us for a brief space to the east, where transports should be ready; and few in number as we were, it was far easier necessary to do so in detachments. I went with several others in the direction of the village which had been pointed out to us on the route, and which good fun we made of, each on the way. Among my companions was a fellow named Harrison, a kindhearted, amiable lad, full of fun and even mischief, yet withal unflinching in principle, and ever an honorable gentleman. As to higher considerations than even these, we were all careless and reckless enough, thinking of nothing so much as how we might best amuse ourselves. Harrison was a prime favorite in our corps. He was young and handsome, well-knit, and capable of enduring any amount of fatigue. I know of no lad he had been my brother, and we were inseparable.

"Well! My party and I, after wandering about for a while, reached at length a small and beautiful village. It was situated in a valley, and was surrounded by trees, and shrubs, and plants of many kinds. Orange and olive, pomegranate and fig tree, all filled the air with their delicious fragrance. There were mountains, too, in the distance, softening beauty to the scene, and on a little eminence close to the village stood an old half-ruined monastery, partly covered with ivy and wild passion-flower, and adorned by a plantation of beautiful trees. On one side of the monastery lay a lovely little lake, by the margin of which Harrison and I often afterward wandered together in the cool hours of the evening.

"I immediately on reaching the village our attention was attracted to the old monastery, and we all pronounced it to be the place of all others in which to quarter our officers and men. Accordingly the few monks who still inhabited it were with no small difficulty persuaded to move out, and we very unceremoniously took their places. Tired by the toil of the day, I had sat down, like one or two others, to rest under one of the large olive-trees, when an old monk, whom I had noticed hovering about the place ever since his companions left, approached us. His silver hair and beard streamed over his brown serge dress; but there was a fierce light in his eye which age had not quenched. He shook his head gravely as he came near, and holding up his hand, said, 'Signor, you will repent that ever you came here; you will find no rest day nor night in this place. San Francesco guards his servants with jealous care, and you will call down his just wrath for desecrating this sanctuary. None ever offend him yet go unpunished. Remember my words, Signor; they are not vain words.'

"The old man crossed himself two or three times, and then hurried down by the wooded path which led into the valley, leaving us rather surprised, but of course not alarmed. Harrison laughed; we all laughed, finally resumed our conversation, and forgot all about the monk.

"Our next step was to make arrangements for getting supplies from the country people of the neighborhood, and on the whole we considered ourselves snugly and romantically disposed of for the week or more that we had to remain. Beautiful rides and walks within our reach, we had the assurance of good fishing in the lake, and shooting in the woods; and what with rides and walks, and fishing and shooting, and occasional dances with the village girls, time was not likely to hang heavy on our hands.

"Matters did not, however, turn out exactly as we had anticipated. It happened one day as I was passing round into the cook-room, that I noticed that the men were collected into knots of two and three, rather excited, and talking earnestly together; and returning to where I had left a quick step behind me, ...ergeant of our company came up, and touching his cap, begged to say a few words to me in private. He said,

"'I am quite at leisure now,' I said; 'what do you want?'

"'Well, Sir,' he began, with some embarrassment, clearing his throat two or three times, 'I am not in the way to trouble you, but did you observe, Sir, how odd the men in the guard are behaving round their room?'

"'No, I did not observe anything unusual, but thought it best to take no notice for this once. What is the matter with the men?'

"'Well, Sir,' continued the sergeant, his embarrassment growing greater, 'it does seem rather ridiculous, and yet it is true. The fact is, Sir (for it is no use the mincing the matter), the men declare they have seen a ghost passing through their room for two nights past, and they swear they won't sleep there again.'

"'A ghost!' I repeated, with a stare of amazement at the man, half doubting whether he were in his right senses. 'What do you mean, sergeant? Let me hear no more of it. If ghosts were realities—which they are not—I should be ashamed of the men if they could be afraid of ghosts.'

"The sergeant said no more, but, touching his cap, turned away, muttering that he was sorry he had spoken.

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"The sergeant said no more, but, touching his cap, turned away, muttering that he was sorry he had spoken.

"The matter was brought to an end in another way. I had looked upon the matter as nonsense, I had treated it lightly, and been almost angry at the absurdity of the tale; yet it had left a deeper impression upon me than I liked, or those to admit to myself. Was this a dim, vague presentiment of what was to come? I cannot tell it was.

"I was half angry with myself for harboring the feeling, and determined to shake it off. I ordered a portion of the men off duty, and the remainder were assembled, and recounted what had passed between me and the sergeant. They all laughed, and declared that I was right, and that it was ridiculous to be afraid of ghosts, and so on, and so on, concluding any thing more to be said on the subject.

"The monastery consisted of three buildings: one long, low building which formed the side bounding formed the chapel, and the other contained the rooms and cells once occupied by the monks. In the centre of these buildings was a small quadrangular yard, from which you passed into the garden, and thence descended into the valley beneath, planted with trees and shrubs. The quadrangle was quite empty, save that a fountain stood in the centre; an arrangement not unusual in southern countries. The long building was the one which had been allotted to me, some lounged about doing nothing. Harrison and I wandered away from the rest taking our arms with us, and did not return until late in the evening. We had been more than usually joyous, and I had almost forgotten the occurrence of the morning, when, on my return to the quarters of the monastery, we were surprised to perceive the men's blankets all arranged in order round the yard. Before either of us had time to make a remark, the sergeant who had spoken to me before came up, and touching his cap, begged to inform me that, the night being extremely hot, the men had brought out their blankets to sleep in the open air, as they could not bear the confinement of the under vault in their room from their midnight intruder. I made no objection to their preferring the cool air to the stifling one of the rooms, and at dinner it was quietly arranged that a few of us should not go to bed at the usual time, but should remain up to watch.

"It was a clear, bright night. Beautiful as nights can be only in southern climates. I had seldom seen any thing more striking than the grim old monastery, with its turrets and battles, its grated windows and massive iron portals, and its large surrounding trees, standing out clear and distinct under the rays of a full moon. And beyond it, about half a mile off, lay the small lake, calm and quiet as a mirror, and reflecting the graceful trees which grew on its edge, and bent their slender boughs into its water. Upon its smooth surface the heavens were reflected; each particular star looking down upon its image.

"A few of the officers, including Harrison and myself, had gone into the court-yard about eleven o'clock, determined to wait there until the clock struck one, and then, if nothing appeared, return quietly to our rooms. The men had all lain down, but I am sure there was not one of them asleep; not a light was to be seen any where about the building, for at an appointed hour they had been all put out. Growing tired of waiting for the ghost in vain, Harrison and I walked up and down the yard, the others following our example; and we were already thinking of going in, when, as the clock struck half past twelve, Harrison suddenly stopped short, touched my arm, and without saying a word pointed toward the chapel. His movement had been noticed by the rest, and all eyes were immediately turned in that direction, when we perceived issuing from one of the windows overlooking the yard a faint, greenish light. We said nothing, but drawing to one side, stood still. In a few moments we saw emerging from the same window a shadowy figure, holding in its right hand a small lamp, evidently the source of the strange light which had attracted our notice. The apparition moved slowly and noiselessly along the sill, though evidently its feet did not rest upon any thing, and looked at them all as it passed; then, reaching our group, it turned its gaze upon us for a moment, and disappeared through the left wing of the building.

"A dead silence succeeded; we were all too much astonished to speak, and we looked at one another. Then the silence was broken by a murmur of triumph among the men, and we were obliged to acknowledge that we had seen their ghost, and could not account for it. Various surmises and conjectures were broached, and we determined to discover what the ghost was.

"Next day we were all astir early, and every room in the building was examined; not a corner but was thoroughly searched. Up and down, right and left, above ground, and in the vaults below, we went, but in vain. We ransacked the floor of the chapel through and through. Seeing nothing that gave the faintest clew to the mystery, we sent for masons from the village, and had the doors walled up. The windows were all barred and bolted, and we hoped that we had most effectually shut out, or shut in, the ghost.

"The day passed much as usual, except that we awaited the evening with much anxiety, which increased as the hour for taking up our watch approached. This time all the officers remained up to keep watch together. Slowly the hours passed over until the eleven o'clock struck twelve. Then we stood ready and intent, awaiting the next stroke. Half past twelve, a quarter to one, and we were beginning to congratulate ourselves on having effectually walled up the ghost when the pale green light of the previous night again became visible. It appeared for a moment in its progress over the beds of five or six of the men, and breathed a sort of infernal hiss into each of their faces. Again it came down to us, and then vanished. We were petrified; all our proceedings had availed us nothing, and that this time the dread apparition had emitted a sufficiently audible to be heard by us, who were some distance.

"What was to be done next?

"Whatever this is,' said Harrison, while his lips curled slightly with contempt, 'I am determined to drive it from our rooms. We must not allow ourselves to be frightened. Since I was a child I have been taught to reject ghosts, and I have no belief in ghosts now.' Saying this, if this thing appears, we must give chase. You will help me?' he added, turning to me.

"Of course I promised to stand by him, though more than doubtful of our doing any good. It was agreed that on the following night we, the officers, should sleep in the rooms, one sentry posting at the right wing, the other at the left; and that we should both rush on this mysterious appearance as soon as it left the wall by closing in upon it, render escape impossible. In this plan the men joined most heartily.

"We were all on our towards, yet, I confess it, the sight of this strangely mysterious apparition, with its unearthly light, had made my blood run cold, while its hiss and its breath upon my face had proved that they liked it as little as I did.

"Again night arrived, and again we took post in the court-yard, awaiting the accustomed hour. Our hearts beat faster when we saw the now well-known green light appearing at the chapel window. Slowly it descended, followed over the men's beds, holding up its pale lamp; and I remarked, with something like a shudder, that it uttered its horrible hiss to the same six men as on the previous night. At a signal we rushed forward from both sides and closed in. The spectre, with a movement which seemed attempt, gave one of its fearful hisses into Harrison's very face, and then we saw it walking (so it seemed) above our heads, as it passed through the inner entry.

"Without a word from any one—for we were all too much horrified to speak—we re-entered the house, and each one, except Harrison and I, occupied a room together, and, as we went into it, I remarked that his face and lips were ashy pale.

"'For Heaven's sake,' he said, in a voice so hollow that it made me start, 'never speak of this thing again, and let us leave this place as soon as possible.'

"We went to bed, but did not sleep. The apparition was before my closed eyes, while its hiss seemed still ringing in my ears. I could hear, by the restless tossing of my companion, that he, too, shared my vigils. At length, after some weary hours, I fell asleep, and when I awoke, late in the morning, I was pleased and relieved to see Harrison sleeping soundly.

"We all met at breakfast; but as if by one consent, seemed to avoid the subject of the apparition. I had serious thoughts of leaving the village, and seeking for billets elsewhere, only it was difficult, now that all our arrangements were made, to leave the place; not to speak of the embarrassment of explaining such an unusual proceeding. We agreed to remain where we were for a few days longer, in the hope that order to march for Lisbon would soon arrive. I do not know that an immediate removal from the monastery would have effected any change in the catastrophe of the story, except, perhaps, in some of its details; but I greatly regretted at the time, and can not but regret to this day, that we did not thereby some pretext to escape from that terrible place.

"We kept no more watch for the ghost, and three nights passed by without any report being made from the men of its reappearance.

"One sunny afternoon—it was either the fourth or the fifth day after the last appearance of the apparition—Harrison, and two other officers, set out on horseback for a neighboring point of interest. It was a glorious day, and we were all in capital spirits, which seemed to be shared by our horses, for they carried us lightly and swiftly along. Harrison had a beautiful horse—a noble animal—a light chestnut, and as quiet and gentle a horse as ever man rode. It was the pride of its master and the admiration of the regiment. We had ridden about a mile or more from the abbey, and were pausing to look at its view, which was fine, when we perceived an orderly coming toward us. He wanted to speak to Harrison, and as our horses were impatient we rode on slowly before, leaving Harrison to overtake us when his business was done.

"'What on earth can be keeping Harrison?' said one of my companions, after a time; 'we shall lose our ride.'

"'I hope he had to turn back,' I replied. 'We had better ride on; mounted as he is, he will soon come up with us.'

"We proceeded, expecting every moment to see him arrive, yet no sound of his horse's feet reached us; and so time passed, and he came not. At any rate, we thought, he must have thought nothing of it, except that pressing business, after a time, forced him to return to the monastery; but the disagreeable occurrence of the previous week had rendered me unable to rid myself of a certain feeling of presentiment of evil to come. Often and often since then have I reproached myself for not having obeyed its warning voice!

"A sudden turn in the road widened the prospect before us, and we stopped again to wait for Harrison, and to admire the spreading country around. About two hundred yards from us, toward the right, the lake already mentioned. We had not reined up many minutes when, in a voice of wonder and alarm, one of my companions exclaimed,

"'There's Harrison! Good God! what is he about?'

We all looked in the direction to which he pointed, and saw Harrison galloping at full speed along the path which girded the lake. The reins were loose upon the horse's neck; the bit had had fallen off, and his hair, blown about by the wind, gave a wild appearance to his face. Before many seconds had elapsed the horse and rider swerved, and galloped straight into the lake. The waters gurgled for a moment, and then both horse and rider disappeared!

"A few minutes brought us to the monastery, where we gave the alarm, and the men turned out with ropes and poles and such means as they could lay hold upon. Not a trace of Harrison or his horse could be discerned, and for a full hour all our efforts to discover the spot where or where they had sunk proved fruitless. At last one of our drags struck upon something, and first the horse and then Harrison were dragged to shore. Both were dead, of course; but never, to my own dying day, shall I forget the peculiar expression that overshadowed my friend's face. It was one of such fearful agony, such intense anguish, that my heart sickened, and though not a word was said by those around, we felt assured that all were equally struck and confounded by it. How dreadfully painful and mysterious still was the horror that hung over the face of the dead!

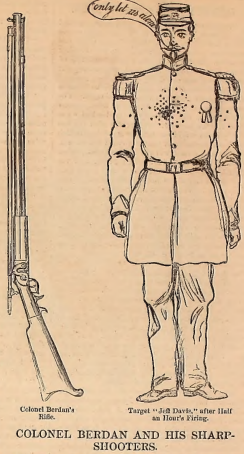
"Slowly and sadly the body of Harrison was brought home and laid on the bed he had so lately occupied in life. As we unclosed his hand still in his locus a small miniature likeness. It was the picture of a young ...ss; I knew whose face, for Harrison had confided his history to me. I bent over my friend, and cutting off a lock of his dark hair, I placed it gently round the little picture, and then put them up in my pocket-book carefully aside.

"The evening came. All that remained to be done for our lost comrade had been done, and we—that is, I myself and a few of the others—had gathered in the room where he lay. One by one, and see whether he had left any memoranda of wishes to be fulfilled. In his desk there was a sealed letter to his mother, and another to the original of the miniature—nothing else. That night I resolved to pass in his room, with two or three of my companions, sleeping watch by the body. A fearful gloom hung over us as we sat there in silence beside our dead comrade, the favorite of every man among us. We had been many hours thus, and see whether he had left any memoranda of wishes to be fulfilled. In his desk there was a sealed letter to his mother, and another to the original of the miniature—nothing else. That night I resolved to pass in his room, with two or three of my companions, sleeping watch by the body. A fearful gloom hung over us as we sat there in silence beside our dead comrade, the favorite of every man among us. We had been many hours thus, and see whether he had left any memoranda of wishes to be fulfilled. In his desk there was a sealed letter to his mother, and another to the original of the miniature—nothing else. That night I resolved to pass in his room, with two or three of my companions, sleeping watch by the body. A fearful gloom hung over us as we sat there in silence beside our dead comrade, the favorite of every man among us. We had been many hours thus, and

"Next day the body of poor Harrison was buried beside a large spreading tree. I have been at the burial of many officers and comrades, but never in my life have I attended one so sad. That very day we began our march to Lisbon, and before the end of the week embarked on board the transports prepared for us. Of the six men into whose faces the apparition had hissed, or seemed to hiss, not one reached England. One threw himself overboard in a fit of madness, and five died on the voyage.

"I have never been able to unravel the mystery of Harrison's death. It will never be unraveled now, I suppose, until the day when all secrets are revealed."

COLONEL BERDAN, OF THE BERDAN SHARP-SHOOTERS, PRACTISING AT A TARGET AT WEEHAWKEN, NEW JERSEY.



Colonel Berdan's Rifle. Target "Jeff Davis," after Half an Hour's Firing.

COLONEL BERDAN AND HIS SHARP-SHOOTERS.

We illustrate herewith the exploits of Colonel Berdan and his famous sharp-shooting regiment, which will shortly be heard of at the war. On 7th the Colonel gave an exhibition of his skill at Weehawken, New Jersey, in presence of a large crowd of spectators. The reporter of the *Evening Post* thus described the scene:

The "man target," christened Jeff Davis, was set up at a distance of a little more than two hundred yards. Colonel Berdan inaugurated the firing. In an easy, business-like way he loaded his rifle, an ordinary target piece, with a telescopic sight, and approached the "rest." The visitors crowded around him in every direction, excepting, of course, that occupied by the muzzle of the rifle. A sense of personal danger preserved a small opening there. The wind blew quite heavily.

It will be conceded that these circumstances were not particularly conducive to careful and unerring aim. But Colonel Berdan is a man of wonderful nerve. The crowd did not at all disturb him. He proceeded in the work with the utmost steadiness, balancing his rifle for a moment, to feel the head of the figure. When the smoke cleared away, the hole made by the bullet was observed by the aid of the telescope—the cheek, near the nose.

Again the Colonel loaded and quickly fired at the head, hitting it just over the frontispiece of the cap which was pointed upon it.

The third shot was fired. "Put his eye out," remarked the Colonel. The ball had struck near enough to that organ to destroy its use had it been a real one.

The fourth shot hit the face.

"I'll try nature's rest," said the Colonel, and he proceeded to a knoll near by, and throwing himself at its side, accommodated his person to its shape and took aim, but the percussion cap only exploded. "Davis is safe this time," he remarked. "Well try him again." Another cap was provided, and the lunge was struck just below the front piece of the cap. The aim was quite as accurate as that he had previously obtained.

The sixth shot hit about two inches lower than the fifth.

The seventh hit the top of the head.

Loading again, the Colonel made ready to fire. "Where will you have this shot?" he inquired of one standing by. "In the end of the nose," was the answer. "Between the eyes," suggested another. At this moment the rifle was discharged. "You spoke too late," quietly remarked the Colonel, "he has another nostril." A gentleman was called to witness the effect of the shot, and afterward our reporter. It was as the Colonel had said. The nose had an additional aperture.

"Where shall I put the next shot?" the Colonel inquired of the gentleman at whose request he had spoiled the nose of the target. "Try his right eye," was the answer. No sooner said than it was done. The ball entered the lower part of the eye. The effect of this shot was carefully noted by several persons through the glass.

"Will you tell me where to hit him again?" once more asked the Colonel of the person who had called the last two shots. That individual declined. He was satisfied that the Colonel could hit any thing, and he was not worth while to fire at the image, whose face was riddled. "We will hit him once more, and now in the centre of the forehead." This shot, the tenth, was the finest of the whole. It took effect midway between the front piece of the cap and the root of the nose, and directly over that organ. The distances were almost mathematically accurate.

The *Times* thus speaks of the Regiment:

Some idea of the rigidity of the test may be gathered from the fact that no man is admitted who does not shoot, at 500 feet distance, *ten consecutive shots of an average of ten inches from the bull's-eye.* That is, the aggregate distance of the whole ten shots must not exceed fifty inches. Not a man is accepted under any circumstances who varies a half-breadth from the mark. Remarkable though it may seem, many of the men exceed this proficiency. Colonel Berdan himself has, on a windy day, with a strange rifle, put ten balls within an average distance of one inch and one-tenth each from the bull's-eye, at 600 feet. At 1000 feet the Colonel made a range of 72 inches. Sergeant-Major Brown, under more unfavorable circumstances, made a string of 33 inches, or a little more than three inches each ball, at a distance of 100 yards, with a strange rifle. In testing the applicants at Albany, about two-thirds were found unfitted, and indeed the general average of incompetent applicants is more than that. The American riflemen prove generally superior, especially the hunters of New England and the West. The First Lieutenant of Captain Hoschneker's company is Mr. Townley, formerly Professor of Mathematics in the Nashville Military Academy, and other gentlemen equally qualified will be in the ranks.

The uniform of the sharp-shooters will be green in summer and gray at other seasons, to assimilate as nearly as possible with the colors of nature. They ridicule the idea of Zouave and Havelock uniforms, as offering too splendid a target for marksmen. They will be armed with the most improved Springfield rifle, with a plain silver pin sight at the muzzle, and notch sight, or the globe sight at the breech for long range, or on a dark day, or night shooting. It was at first intended to arm them with the Northern target-rifle, but it was found that these were not enough in the country. Colonel Berdan has invented a ball which is superior to the old Springfield rifle ball. It will carry with great accuracy a distance of 3000 feet. It is a grooved and conical ball, and it almost certain for a horse at the distance of three-fifths of a mile. Each man may take his own rifle if he wishes.

The design of the Colonel is to have the regiment detached in squads on the field of battle to do duty in picking off officers and gunners on the European plan, by which they take the risk of being cut off by cavalry, or executed, as they certainly would be, if taken. It is the first regiment of rifles ever formed worthy of the name—*i. e.*, that subjected each member to the rifle-shooting test.

Colonel Berdan comes of Huguenot stock. His ancestry came to this country after the Revocation of the Edict of Nantes. He was born in the western part of New York.

BRIGADIER-GENERAL BURNSIDE.—[PHOTOGRAPHED BY BRADY.]

BRIG.-GEN. BURNSIDE, U.S.A.

We take pleasure in laying before our readers the portrait of BRIGADIER-GENERAL BURNSIDE, United States Army, one of the most gallant officers in the army. General Burnside was born some thirty-seven years ago, in Indiana, and entered the Military Academy at West Point from that State. On graduating he entered the Second Artillery, and served in Captain (now rebel General) Bragg's Company for several years. Some six or seven years since he invented a rifle of peculiar merit, and, resigning his rank in the army (which was that of Lieutenant), devoted his whole time to his invention. At that period it was intended to arm the United States army with some improved weapon, and several inventors competed for the prize. Among others, Burnside's rifle was the subject of many tests, and, in the opinion of good judges, was the best of the many pieces offered to the War Department. The inventor had reason to believe that it would be the one chosen: he had, we understand, assurances to that effect from John B. Floyd, then Secretary of War, and was thus induced to incur heavy outlays to bring his weapon to perfection. But the fact was that Floyd had already made a secret bargain with another inventor to decide in favor of *his* rifle, on the condition that he, Floyd, was to participate in the profits of the invention.

This appalling discovery was made by Major Burnside after he had incurred very heavy expenses to bring his weapon to perfection. He was a ruined man. He returned to New York without occupation, without money, and with heavy debts pressing for payment.

We believe it to be a fact that, a few days after the discovery of Floyd's treachery, he walked up the Bowery to a hostile battery, entered a Jew clothing-store, and sold his uniform and sword for something like thirty dollars; handing this, and some twenty dollars more, to his wife, he kept half as much for himself, and went to the West in search of employment. There he had the good luck to meet with the President General M'Clellan. He served the Illinois Central until the outbreak of the war; and we hope that we may be forgiven for adding that, until recently—when a fortunate legacy raised General Burnside to a position of affluence—by the practice of the most rigid economy, he was able to pay over two-thirds of his salary monthly to the creditors to whom he had become indebted in consequence of the treachery of John B. Floyd.

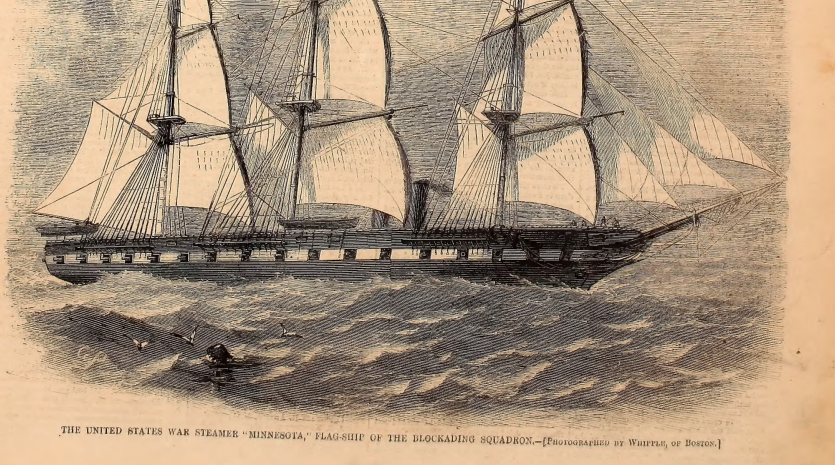
General Burnside is a remarkably handsome man, and very winning in his manners. He is popular with every one, and has many friends at the South. In January last, when only a few persons here foresaw the issue of war, he warned the leading men of New Orleans, on the occasion of a visit there, of the consequences of their mad folly. "You are going to involve us in war," he said, "and you will be beaten. One Northern man can whip two of your people." They didn't like it, but Burnside's eye warned them that he was a man with whom it would not be pleasant to quarrel.

We can not conclude this little sketch without adding that, as in all well-ordered stories, the rogue Floyd made nothing by his rascality. Jeff Davis, then chairman of the Senate Committee on Military affairs, found him out, and was so disgusted that he introduced — solely for the purpose of heading off Floyd — a bill to prohibit the purchase of patented arms for the United States army. He explained the motive of the bill privately to the leaders of both Houses, and it became a law, greatly to Floyd's discomfiture, as may be imagined. We do not envy Brigadier-General Floyd if, in the course of the war, he should happen to meet his old acquaintance, the gallant Brigadier-General Burnside.

THE REBEL GENERAL LEE.—[PHOTOGRAPHED BY BRADY.]

THE REBEL GENERAL LEE.

We publish herewith, from a photograph by Brady, a portrait of the rebel GENERAL LEE, now one of the "generals" of the Confederate forces in Virginia. ROBERT E. LEE was born in Virginia about the year 1805. He entered West Point, where he received the usual military education at the cost of the Government of the United States. He graduated honorably in 1829, and received an appointment as Second Lieutenant of Engineers. For eighteen years he served in the army, drawing the usual pay from the Government, and rising to the rank of Major and Lieutenant-Colonel of Cavalry. In the Mexican war he was further honored by a brevet of Colonel, and on the appointment of Albert S. Johnston to the command of the Utah expedition, Lee succeeded him in command of the 2d Cavalry. After filling this honorable and agreeable post in the military service of his country for several years, he crowned his career by deserting his flag at the moment of his country's sorest need. When the Richmond politicians passed what they called an Ordinance of Secession, Robert E. Lee threw up his commission and accepted the rank of General in the rebel army.



THE UNITED STATES WAR STEAMER "MINNESOTA," FLAG-SHIP OF THE BLOCKADING SQUADRON.—[PHOTOGRAPHED BY WHIPPLE, OF BOSTON.]

Rules for Preserving the Health of the Soldier.

REPORT OF THE U. S. SANITARY COMMISSION.

PUBLISHED AT THE REQUEST OF THE SANITARY COMMISSIONERS.

THE members of the Sanitary Commission ordered by the President of the United States, and acting under the direction of the Secretary of War, in co-operation with the Army Medical Bureau, to secure by all possible means the health and efficiency of our troops not in the field, and to prevent unnecessary disease and suffering, do most earnestly and affectionately request their brethren of the volunteer and militia to adopt and carry out the following "RULES FOR PRESERVING THE HEALTH OF THE SOLDIER." They are derived from the highest authority and the largest experience of military and medical men; and it is believed that, if followed with the intelligence and honesty of purpose which characterizes the American soldier, they will save the lives of thousands of brave men who would be otherwise lost to the service of their country.

They are addressed alike to officers and privates, inasmuch as the latter are liable to promotion, and upon their officers devolves the responsibility of securing their health, safety, and comfort. They will be found in no instance to conflict with the "Army Regulations," by which all ranks are governed, and with which every good soldier should be familiar.

1. It is absolutely necessary, for the sake of humanity and the efficiency of the army, that every man laboring under any physical infirmity which is liable to unfit him for bearing without injury the fatigues and hardships of a soldier's life in the field, should be promptly discharged from the service by his commanding officer on a surgeon's certificate of disability. (Army Regulations, par. 159-167, and 1134, 1135, 1136.)

It is the duty of every good soldier who is conscious of any such disease or defect, which may have been overlooked on inspection, to report himself to the surgeon for advice.

In case of discharge, means are provided for his prompt payment and conveyance to his home.

2. Every officer and soldier should be carefully vaccinated with fresh vaccine matter, unless already marked by small-pox; and in all cases where there is any doubt as to the success of the operation it should be repeated at once.

"Good vaccine matter will be kept on hand by timely requisition on the Surgeon-General." (General Regulations, par. 1105, 1134.)

3. Medical officers are earnestly advised to make themselves familiar with the "*Revised Regulations for the Medical Department of the Army*," a copy of which should be obtained by application to the Surgeon-General. They will there learn the proper modes of securing supplies of medicines, instruments, and hospital stores, and rules for official conduct under all circumstances.

4. The articles of food composing the rations issued by the United States Commissary Department have been proved, by sound experience, to be those best calculated for the food of the soldier.

The amounts allowed for each man is greater in quantity than the similar allowance to the European soldier. If he understands his duties and manages well, any commissary of subsistence can save from 15 to 20 per cent. out of the ration furnished by Government, and with the money thus saved, fresh vegetables, butter, milk, etc., may be procured.

5. When the surgeon considers it necessary for the health of the troops, the commanding officer, on his recommendation, may order issues of potatoes, vegetables, pickled onions, sauer-kraut, or molasses, with an extra quantity of rice and vinegar." (Army Regulations, paragraph 1073.)

Desiccated vegetables and dried apples may be obtained on similar authority.

6. When the issues furnished for the troops are damaged, or in any way unfit for use, the Army Regulations require the commanding officer to appoint a "Board of Survey," composed of competent officers, by which they may be condemned, in which case, good provisions are issued in their stead. (Par. 959.)

7. Soldiers should always eat at regular hours, as far as the exigencies of service permit. Neglect of regular meals may be made to disorder the digestion, and to invite diarrhœa.

8. Each company should have its regularly detailed cook and assistant, who should always, on a march, be allowed to ride in one of the wagons, when practicable, inasmuch as their services are more necessary for the health of the men than in the ranks, and they are often required to cook at night the rations for the next day, while the men are sleeping. The men should always willingly procure wood and water for the cooks, whether detailed for such service or otherwise.

9. "Bread and soup are the great items of a soldier's diet in every situation; to make them well is therefore an essential part of his instruction. These great sources of a camp life, the scurvy and diarrhœa, more frequently result from a want of skill in cooking than from the badness of the ration, or from any other cause whatever. Officers in command, and more immediately regimental officers, will therefore give a strict attention to this subordinate as can be obtained. It may also be boiled; but roasting, broiling, or frying, in camp, are wasteful and unhealthy modes of cooking.

11. "In camp or barracks the company officers must visit the kitchen daily, and inspect the kettles. * * * The commanding officer of the post or regiment will make frequent inspections of the kitchens and messes. * * * The greatest care will be observed in washing and scouring the cooking utensils: those made of brass or copper should be lined with tin. * * * The bread must be thoroughly baked, and not eaten until it is cold. The soup must be boiled at least five hours, and the vegetables always cooked sufficiently to be perfectly soft and digestible." (Regulations, par. 111, 112, 1135.) Medical officers should frequently examine the articles of food issued to the men, inspect and taste it when cooked, and scrutinize the goodness of the cooking, and the condition, as to safety and cleanliness, of cooking and eating-places.

12. Spirits should only be issued to the men after unusual exertion, fatigue, or exposure, and on the discretion of the surgeon.

Those men who drink spirits habitually, or who commit excess in its use, are the first to fall when strength and endurance are required, and they are less likely to recover from wounds and injuries.

13. Water should be always drank in moderation, especially when the body is heated. The excessive thirst which follows violent exertion, or loss of blood, is unnatural, and is not quenched by large and repeated draughts; on the contrary, these are liable to do harm by causing bowel complaints. Experience teaches the old soldier that the less he drinks when on a march the better, and that he suffers less in the end by controlling the desire to drink, however urgent.

14. There is no more frequent source of disease, in camp life, than inattention to the calls of nature. Habitual neglect of nature's wants will certainly lead to disease and suffering. A trench should always be dug, and provided with a pole, supported by uprights, at a properly selected spot at some little distance from camp, as soon as the locality of the latter has been determined upon; one should be provided for the officers, and another for the men. The strictest discipline in regard to the performance of these duties is absolutely essential to health, as well as to public decency. Recruits are authorized to void their excrement elsewhere than in the regularly established sinks. In a well regulated camp the sinks are filled up, from time to time, with a certain layer of earth thrown in, and lime and other disinfecting agents employed to prevent them from becoming offensive and unhealthy. It is the duty of the surgeon to call the attention of the commanding officer to any neglect of the important item of camp police, and also to any spot in the vicinity, where the cattle are slaughtered, are not allowed to become offensive, and that all offal is promptly buried at a sufficient distance from camp, and covered by at least four feet of earth. (Regulations, par. 505, 313.)

15. Except when impossible for military reasons, the *site of a camp* should be selected for the *dryness of its soil, its proximity to fresh water of good quality, and shelter from the winds*. It should also be on a slight declivity, in order to facilitate drainage, and not in the vicinity of swamps or stagnant water.

A trench, at least two feet deep, should be dug around each tent, to secure dryness, and these should lead into other main drains or gutters, by which the water will be conducted away from the tents.

16. Sleeping upon damp ground causes dysentery and fevers. A "Board of Regulations" fixed the dimensions of the camp permit (never less than two paces); crowding is always injurious to health. (Regulations, p. 340.) Whenever it can be, encampment should be allowed to be deposited in the trenches for drainage around the tents. Each tent should be thoroughly swept out daily, and the materials used for bedding aired and sunned, if possible; the canvas should be raised freely at its base, and it should be taken down and carefully aired during the daytime, in dry weather, in order to secure ventilation, for tents are liable to become very unhealthy if not constantly and thoroughly aired.

Free ventilation should also be secured at night by opening and raising the base of the tent to as great an extent as the weather will permit.

18. The crowding of men in tents for sleeping is highly injurious to health, and may be justly prevented by a commanding officer who is anxious for the welfare of his men. Experience has proved that sleeping beneath the canvas is not so safe as even in the open air, is less dangerous to health than overcrowding in tents.

No more men in a tent should ever be allowed to sleep in a common army tent of the kind most commonly in use.

19. The men should sleep in their shirts and drawers, removing the shoes, stockings, and outer clothing, except when absolutely impracticable. Sleeping in the clothes is never so refreshing, and is absolutely unhealthy.

20. The men should never be allowed to sleep in wet clothing, or clothing damp with sweat, if it can possibly avoided; and, after being wetted, all articles of clothing and blankets should be thoroughly dried and aired before they are used. After a thorough wetting there is no serious danger as long as the body is kept in motion; but the wet clothes should be carried in a dry shirt and drawers before sleeping, otherwise there is danger of talking cold, and of other grave forms of disease. If the men are deficient in the necessary supply of clothing for a change, the surgeon should report the fact to the commanding officer.

21. Camp fires should be allowed whenever admissible; they are useful for purifying the air, for preventing annoyance from insect, for drying clothing, and for security against chilliness during the night.

22. The under-clothing should be washed and thoroughly dried once a week.

The men should bathe, or wash the whole body with water, at least once a week, and oftener when practicable, but the feet should be bathed daily, and the stockings washed whenever soiled.

23. The hair and beard should be closely cropped. If vermin make their appearance, apply promptly to the surgeon for means to destroy them. Extra soap may be procured on recommendation of the surgeon.

It is the immediate duty of non-commissioned officers in command of squads to see that these, and all other precautions required for the health of the men, are strictly carried out under the orders of the company and medical officers.

24. When bowel complaints are prevalent, be especially observant of the rules for preserving health, and apply to the surgeon for a flannel bandage to be worn constantly around the belly.

25. It is wise and prudent, when ague and fevers are prevalent, that every man should take a dose of quinine bitters at least once in twenty-four hours. This will surely serve as a safeguard against an attack of disease; it has been practiced in Florida and elsewhere with undoubted benefit.

26. The men should not be over-drilled. It is likely to beget disgust for drill, and to defeat its object. Three drills a day, of one hour each, for squads, and a proportionate length of time, when sufficiently advanced, for battalion drill, is more profitable than double the time similarly occupied.

27. When practicable, amusements, sports, and gymnastic exercises should be favored among the men, such as running, leaping, wrestling, fencing, bayonet-exercise, cricket, base-ball, foot-ball, quoits, etc., etc.

28. *On a march* take especial care of the feet. Bathe them carefully on encamping, not in the morning. Select a shoe of stout, soft leather, with a broad sole, and low heel.

Prefer woolen socks. If the feet begin to chafe, rub the socks with common soap where they come in contact with the sore places.

29. All the above rules and rests are little as possible while marching. The recruit, on the contrary, is continually munching the contents of his haversack—a habit to be corrected. It is a bad habit, and causes more suffering in the end.

30. The commencement of the day's march should be gradual. The habit of many men so much of hanging around a camp, waiting for the word to start.

31. It is a great comfort to the men to halt for ten or fifteen minutes at the end of the first half hour; many, about this time, require to attend to the calls of nature. At this time there should be a halt of ten or fifteen minutes at the end of every hour, with a rest of twenty minutes in the middle of the day for the meal. Each halt should take this stiffens the men and renders subsequent marching difficult. The best rule is to get through the day's march, and rest in camp, if possible, by two o'clock P.M.

32. The best pace to adopt, in marching, is from 90 to 100 steps in the minute; 90 to the minute is this will give a rate of from 2½ to 2¾ miles to the hour.

In continuous marches, the leading companies should be alternated each day, as it is always less fatiguing to be in advance.

33. At the end of the day's march every man should bathe his feet, and wash his stockings, and get his meal before lying down to rest, removing and changing the stockings, if wet.

34. Whenever, on a march, facilities of transportation are available, it is wise to allow the men to put their knapsacks in the wagons; this is a most intense saving of strength, especially to troops unaccustomed to marching.

35. When the liability to attack, and when the troops are going into battle, this measure is particularly recommended, as the men, under these circumstances, go light, and have their knapsacks, overcoats, and blankets.

36. *In action*, the proper position in which to meet a wound or fainting man is flat upon his back, with the head *very slightly* raised.

36. The most urgent want of a wounded man is water; if a canteen or cup is not at hand, bring it in a hat or any available vessel.

37. As a rule, when the skin remains extensive, are less dangerous to life than they seem; the contrary is true of bayonet and bullet wounds.

38. Whenever bleeding freely from a wound by spirts or jets, there is immediate danger, and, if the wound is situated in one of the limbs, a vessel inclosing a large artery will be pressed tightly loosely around it, *between the wound and the heart*; a drum-stick, bayonet, ramrod, or jack-knife is to be found in almost every case, and the bandage, and twisted around until the strangulation of the limb stops the flow of blood, and it should be held there by a tourniquet improvised.

39. Wounds should always be handled with extreme care, especially if bones are broken. The medical assistants are always provided with splints and anodynes.

40. It is by no means necessary that a bullet should always be sought for and very often remain in the body, and do little or no harm, much less, in fact, than might be done in attempts to remove them.

WASHINGTON, *July* 12, 1861.

ALEX. M. VAN BUREN, M.D.

Adopted and approved by the Commission at a meeting held at Washington, July 12, 1861.

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Secretary.

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A STRANGE STORY.

By SIR E. BULWER LYTTON.

ILLUSTRATED BY JOHN MCLENAN.

☞ Printed from the Manuscript and early Proof-sheets purchased by the Proprietors of "Harper's Weekly."

CHAPTER VII.

I HAVE given a sketch of the outward woman of Mrs. Colonel Poyntz. The inward woman was a recondite mystery, deep as that of the sphinx, whose features her own resembled. But between the outward and the inward woman there is ever a third woman—the conventional woman—such as the whole human being appears to the world and always mantled, sometimes masked.

I am told that the fine people of London do not recognize the title of "Mrs. Colonel." If that be true, the fine people of London must be clearly in the wrong, for no people in the universe could be finer than the fine people of Abbey Hill; and they considered their sovereign had as good a right to the title of Mrs. Colonel as the Queen of England has to that of "our Gracious Lady." But Mrs. Poyntz herself never assumed the title of Mrs. Colonel; it never appeared on her cards any more than the title of "Gracious Lady" appears on the cards which convey the invitation that a Lord Steward or Lord Chamberlain is commanded by her Majesty to issue. Mrs. Miles, indeed, Mrs. Miles evinced no superstitious reverence. Two peeresses related to her, not distantly, were in the habit of paying her a yearly visit, which lasted two or three days. The Hill considered these visits an honor to its eminence. Mrs. Poyntz never seemed to consider them an honor to herself; never boasted of them; never sought to show off her grand relations, nor put herself the least out of the way to entertain them. Her mode of life was free from ostentation. She had the advantage of being a few hundreds a year richer than any other inhabitant of the Hill; but she did not devote her superior resources to the invidious exhibition of superior splendor. Like a true woman of the old régime, of her exchequer were applied to the benefit of her subjects, and not to the vanity of egotistical parade. As to her style of living and her carriage, she declined to keep one. Her entertainments were simple, but numerous. Twice a week she received at the Hill, and generally at home to it. She contrived to make her parties proverbially agreeable. The refreshments were of the best at the Hill, and especially the set of her old maids of honor might proffer; but they were better of their kind, the best of their kind—the best tea, the best lemonade, the best cakes. Her rooms had an air of comfort which was peculiar to them. They looked like rooms accustomed to receive, and receive in a homely way; well warmed, well lighted, card-tables and piano in the place that made cards and music inviting. On the walls a few old family portraits, and three or four other pictures, said to be valuable, and certainly pleasing to look upon—one, a Canaletti, a Weenix—plenty of easy-chairs and settees covered with a cheerful chintz. In the arrangement of the furniture there was an indescribable careless elegance. She herself was studiously plain in dress, more conspicuously free from jewelry and trinkets than any middle-aged lady on the Hill. But I have heard from those who were authorities on such a subject, that she was never seen in a dress of the last year's fashion. She adopted the mode as it came out, just enough to show that she was not a recluse to fancy; but with a sober reserve, as much as to say, "I adopt the fashion as far as it suits myself; I do not permit the fashion to adopt me." In short, Mrs. Colonel Poyntz was sometimes rough, sometimes coarse, always masculine; and yet, somehow or other, masculine in a womanly way; she was a clever vulgar, because never affected. It was impossible not to allow that she was a thorough gentlewoman, and that should do things that no other gentlewoman without any loss of dignity. Thus she was an admirable mimic, certainly in itself the least lady-like condescension in manners. But when she mimicked, it was with so tranquil a gravity, or so royal a good-humor, that one could only say, "What matter for gravity, but not cold; hating trouble of every kind, pleased to seem a cipher in his own house. If the sole study of Mrs. Colonel had been to make her husband comfortable, she could not have succeeded better than by bringing friends about him and leaving them and him to their friends. Colonel Poyntz, the re-colonel, had seen in his youth actual service; but had quitted the profession early in peace days ago, shortly after his marriage. He was a younger brother of one of the principal squires in his county (Hillshire), the house for him, with some other valuable property in and about L——, from an uncle; was considered a good landlord; and proudly wore his wig. He never seemed to read any thing but the newspapers and the *Meteorological Journal*; was supposed to be the most weather-wise man in all L——. He had another intellectual predilection—whist. But in that he had less reputation for wisdom. Perhaps it requires a rarer combination of mental faculties to win an odd trick than to divine a fall in the glass. For the rest, the re-colonel, many years older than his

wife, despite the thin youthful figure, was an admirable aid-de-camp to the general in command, Mrs. Colonel; and she could not have found one more obedient, more devoted, or more proud of a distinguished chief.

In giving to Mrs. Colonel Poyntz the appellation of Queen of the Hill, let there be no mistake. She was not a constitutional sovereign; her monarchy was absolute. All her proclamations had the force of laws.

Such sovereignty could not have been attained without considerable talents for acquiring and keeping it. Amidst all her off-hand, brisk, imperious frankness, she had the ineffable discrimination of tact. Whether civil or rude, she was never civil or rude but what she carried public opinion along with her. Her knowledge of general society must have been limited, as must be that of all female sovereigns. But she seemed gifted with an intuitive knowledge of human nature, which she applied to her special ambition of ruling it. I have not a doubt that if she had been suddenly transferred, a perfect stranger, to the world of London, she would have soon forced her way to its selectest circles, and, when once there, held her own against a duchess.

I have said that she was not affected; this might be one cause of her sway over a set in which nearly every other female was trying rather to seem, than to be, a somebody.

But if Mrs. Colonel Poyntz was not artificial, she was artful, or perhaps I might more justly say—artistic. In all she said and did there were conduct, system, plan. She could be a most serviceable friend, a most damaging enemy; yet I believe she seldom indulged in strong likings or strong hatreds. All was policy—a policy akin to that of a grand privy chief, determined to raise up those whom, for any reason of state, it was prudent to favor, and to put down those whom, for any reason of state, it was expedient to humble or to crush.

Ever since the controversy with Dr. Lloyd this lady had interested me with her ingenuous countenance. And nothing could be more adroit than the manner in which, while imposing me on others as a secular authority, she sought to subject to her will the oracle itself.

She was in the habit of addressing me in a sort of motherly way, as if she had the deepest interest in my welfare, happiness, and reputation. And thus, in every compliment, in every seeming mark of respect, she maintained the superior dignity of one who takes from responsible station the duty to encourage rising merit: as that, somehow or other, despite all that pride which made me believe that I needed no helping hand to advance or to clear my way through the world, I could not shake off from my mind the impression that I was mysteriously patronized by Mrs. Colonel Poyntz.

We might be met together five minutes, side by side—in silence as complete as if in the cave of Trophonius—when, without looking up from her work, Mrs. Poyntz said abruptly,

"I am thinking about you, Dr. Fenwick. And you—are thinking about some other woman. Ungrateful man!"

"Unjust accusation! My very silence should prove how intently my thoughts were fixed on you, and on the subject which springs under your hand in meshes that bewilder the gaze and snare the conscience."

Mrs. Poyntz looked up at me for a moment,—one rapid glance of the bright red hazel eye—and said,

"Was I really in your thoughts? Answer truly."

"Truly, I answer, you were."

"That is strange! Who can it be?"

"Who can it be! What do you mean?"

"If you were thinking of me, it was in connection with some other person—some other person of my own sex. It is certainly not poor dear Miss Brabazon. Who else can it be?"

Again the red eye shot over me, and I felt my cheek redden beneath it.

"Rush!" she said, lowering her voice; "you are in love!"

"In love!—I! Permit me to ask you why you think so?"

"The signs are unmistakable; you are altered in your manner, even in the expression of your face, since we left you; your manner is generally quiet and observant, it is now restless and distracted; your expression of face is generally proud and cold, it is now humbled and mortified. You have something on your mind! It is not anxiety for your reputation, that is established; you have not fortune, that is made; it is not anxiety for a patient, or you would scarcely be here. But anxiety it is, an anxiety that is remote from your profession, that touches your heart and is new to it!"

I was startled, almost awed. But I tried to cover my confusion with a forced laugh.

"Profound observer! Subtle analyst! You have convinced me that I must be in love, though I did not suspect it before. But when I strive to conjecture the object, I am as much perplexed as yourself; and with you, I ask, who can it be?"

"Whoever it be," said Mrs. Poyntz, who had paused, while I spoke, from her knitting, and now resumed it very slowly and very carefully, as if her mind and her knitting worked in unison together, "whoever it be, love in you should be serious; and, with or without love, marriage is a serious thing to us all. It is not every pretty girl that would suit Allen Fenwick."

"Ah! is there any pretty girl whom Allen Fenwick would suit?"

"Tut! You should be above the fretful vanity that lays traps for a compliment. Yes; the time has come in your life and your career when you would do well to marry. I give my consent to that," she added, with a smile as if in jest, and a slight nod as if in earnest. The knitting here went on more decidedly, more quickly.

"But I do not yet see the person. No! 'Tis a pity, Allen Fenwick! (whenever Mrs. Poyntz called me by my Christian name, she always assumed her majestic motherly manner), "a pity that, with your birth, energies, perseverance, talents, and, let me add, your advantages of manner and person—a pity that you did not choose a career that might achieve higher fortunes and louder fame than the most brilliant success can give to a provincial physician. But in that very choice you interest me. My choice has been much the same. A small circle, but the first in it. Yet, had I been a man, or had my dear colonel been a man whose sway in the power of woman's art to raise one step higher in that metaphorical ladder which is not the ladder of the tongue, I should have been his counselor! I am contented. I transfer my ambition to Jane. Do you not think her handsome?"

"There can be no doubt of that," said I, carelessly and naturally.

"I have settled Jane's lot in my own mind," resumed Mrs. Poyntz, knitting into another row of the knitting. "She will marry a country gentleman of large estate. He will go into Parliament. She will study his constituents and study Poyntz's comfort. If he be clever, she will help to make him a minister; if he be not clever, his wealth will make him a nonentity, and lift him into a personage's husband. And, now that you see I have no matrimonial designs on you, Allen Fenwick, you may be more ready to confide in me. Possibly I may be useful—"

"I know not how to thank you. But, as yet, I have nothing to confide."

While thus saying, I turned my eyes toward the open window, beside which I sat. It was a beautiful soft night. The May moon in all her splendor. The town stretched, far and wide, below with all its numberless lights; below—but somewhat nearer—the river, on whose wave was covered, here, by the broad quadrangle (in the midst of which stood, massive and lonely, the grand old church), there, by the dark spiders and scattered cottages or mansions that clothed the sides of the hill.

"Is not this house," I said, after a short pause, "yonder, with the three gables, the one in which—which poor Dr. Lloyd lived—Abbots House?"

I spoke abruptly, as if to intimate my desire to change the subject of conversation. My host, as stopped the work, glanced at me keenly for a moment.

"Yes. But what a lovely night! How is it that the moon blends into harmony things of which the sun only shows the contrasts? That stately old church tower, gray with its thousand years—those vulgar tile-roofs and chimney-pots now in the moonlight, all seem to unite under the moonlight, all melt into one indivisible charm!"

As my hostess thus spoke she had left her seat, taking her work with her, and passed from the window into the balcony. It was not often that Mrs. Poyntz condescended to notice what is called "sentiment" into the range of her sharp practical, worldly talk, but she did so at times; always, when she did, giving me the idea of an intellect much too comprehensive not to allow that sentiment has a place in this life, but keeping it in its place with the true mixture of affability and indifference with which some high born beauty allows the genius but checks the presumption of a charming but plebeian poet. For a few minutes her eyes roved over the scene in evident enjoyment; then, as they slowly settled upon the three gables of Abbots House, her face regained that something of hardness which belonged to its decided character; her fingers again mechanically resumed their knitting, and she said, in her clear, unsoftened, metallic chime of voice, "Can you guess why I took so much trouble to oblige Mr. Vigors and locate Mrs. Ashleigh yonder?"

"You favored us with a full explanation of your reasons."

"Some of my reasons; not the main one. People who undertake the task of governing others, as I do in their rule a kingdom or a hamlet, must adopt a principle of government and adhere to it. The principle that suits best with the Hill is respect for the privacy of our prim, most old maids would have deserted Ten and Mrs. Poyntz for Champagne and her indyslyff. The Hill was never to become a gossip's den. Rather than Lady Sarah Bellasis should have had that freedom, I would have taken it myself and stocked it with owls.

"Mrs. Ashleigh turned up just in the critical moments. But, above all, the Hill, the Proprieties safe, and so that question is settled."

"And it will be pleasant to have your early friend so near you."

Mrs. Poyntz lifted her eyes full upon me.

"Do you know Mrs. Ashleigh?"

"Not the least."

"She has many virtues and few ideas. She is commonplace weak, as I am commonplace strong. But commonplace weak can be very lovable. Her husband, a man of genius and learning, gave her his whole heart—a heart worth having; but he was not ambitious, and he despised the world."

"I think you said your daughter was very much attached to Miss Ashleigh? Does her character resemble her mother's?"

I was afraid while I spoke that I should again meet Mrs. Poyntz's searching gaze, but she did not this time look up from her work.

"No: Lilian is any thing but commonplace."

"You described her as having delicate health; you implied a hope that she was not consumptive. I trust that there is no serious reason for apprehending a constitutional tendency which at her age would require the most careful watching!"

"I trust not. If she were to die— Dr. Fenwick, what is the phrase?"

So terrible had been the picture which this woman's words had brought before me, that I started as if the fatal blow had received a shock.

"I beg pardon," I said, faltering, pressing my hand to my heart; "a sudden spasm here which is over now. You were saying that—that—"

"I was about to say—" and here Mrs. Poyntz laid her hand lightly on mine, "I was about to say, that if Lilian Ashleigh were to die, I should mourn for her less than I might for one dearer to me, but not on the earth more. But I believe there is no cause for the alarm my words so inconsiderately excited in you. Her mother is watching over her child; and if the beautiful Lilian, she would call in medical advice. Mr. Vigors would, I know, recommend Dr. Jones."

Closing our conference with those stinging words, Mrs. Poyntz here turned back into the drawing-room.

I remained some minutes on the balcony, disconcerted, enraged. With what consummate skill had this accomplished diplomatist wound herself into my secret. That she had read my heart better than myself was evident from that Parthian shaft about Dr. Jones, which she had shot over her shoulder in retreat. That from the first moment in which she had decoyed me to Abbots House she had suspected "the something" on my mind, was perhaps but the ordinary quickness of female penetration. But it was with no ordinary skill that her whole conversation afterward had been so shaped as to learn the something, and lead me to reveal the some thing by whom the something was linked. For what purpose? What was it to her? What motive could she have beyond the mere gratification of curiosity? Perhaps, at first, the thought I had been caught by her daughter's showy beauty, and hence the half-friendly, half-cynical frankness with which she avowed her ambitious projects for that young lady's matrimonial advancement. Satisfied by my manner that I cherished no presumptuous hopes in that quarter, her scrutiny was doubtless continued from that pleasure in the exercise of a wily intellect which justifies the term dilettante to an activity for which, without that pleasure itself, there would seem no adequate inducement; and besides, the curiosity of this petty sovereign was power. And if knowledge be power, there is no better instrument of power over a contumacious subject than a key to all the heart which is gained in the knowledge of its secret.

But "secret!" Had it really come to this? Was it possible that, in the sight of a human face, never beheld before, could disturb the whole tenor of my life—a stranger of whose mind and character I knew nothing whose very voice I had never heard? It was only by the intolerable pang of anguish that had rent my heart in the words, calmly, abruptly spoken, "if she were to die," that I had felt how the world would be changed to me, if indeed that face were seen ill to smile no more. Yes, about it was longer to myself—I loved! Not like all on whom love descends, sometimes softly, slowly, with the gradual wing of the cradle settling down on its nest, sometimes with the swoop of the eagle on his unsuspecting quarry, I believed that none ever before loved as I loved; that such love was an abnormal wonder, made solely for me, and I for it. Then my mind insensibly hushed its angrier and more selfish thoughts, as my gaze rested upon the roof-tops of Lilian's home, and the shimmering silver of the moonlit willow, under which I had seen her gazing into the roseate heavens.

CHAPTER VIII.

WHEN I returned to the drawing-room the party was evidently about to break up. Those who had partaken of the cold collation were now assembled round the refreshment table. The cardplayers had risen, and were settling or discussing gains and losses. I was searching for my hat, which I had somewhere mislaid, a poor old gentleman, tormented by tic douloreux, crept timidly up to me and asked the income and of all the hidalgos settled on the Hill. He could not afford a fee for a physician's advice, but pain had turned his pride, and I saw at a glance that he was considering how to take a surreptitious advantage of social intercourse, and obtain the advice without paying the fee. The old man discovered the hat before I did, stooped, took it up, extended it to me with the profound bow of the old school, while the other hand, clenched and quivering, was pressed into the hollow of his cheek, and his eyes met mine with a fearful appeal as I noted that the contract of profession seized me at once. I could never behold suffering without forgetting all else in the desire to relieve it.

"You are in pain," said I, softly. "Sit down and describe the symptoms. Here, sit in this arm-chair, near the window, but I am a friend who is fond of doctoring, and knows something about it."

So we sat down a little apart from the other guests, and, after a few questions and answers, I was pleased to find that his "tic" did not belong to the less curable kind of that agonizing neuralgia. I was especially successful in my treatment of similar sufferings for which I had discovered an anodyne that was almost specific. I wrote on a leaf of my pocket-book a prescription which I felt sure would be efficacious, and as I tore it out and placed it in his hand, I chanced to look up, and saw the hazel eyes of my hostess fixed upon me with a kinder and softer expression than they often condescended to admit into their cold and penetrating lustre. At that moment, however, her attention was drawn from me to a servant, who entered with a note, and I heard him say, though in an undertone, "From Mrs. Ashleigh."

She opened the note, read it hastily, ordered the servant to wait without the door, retired to her writing-table, which stood near the place at which I still lingered, rested her face on her hand, and seemed musing. Her meditation was very soon over. She turned her head, and, to my surprise, beckoned to me. I approached.

"Sit here," she whispered, as I drew back toward those people, who are no doubt watching us. Read this."

She placed in my hand the note she had just received. It contained but a few words to this effect:

"DEAR MARGARET,—I am so distressed. Since I wrote to you, a few hours ago, Lilian is taken suddenly ill, and I fear seriously. What medical man should I send for? Let my servant have his name and address. E. A."

I sprang from my seat.

"Stay," said Mrs. Poyntz. "Would you much care if I sent the servant to Dr. Jones?"

"Ah, Madam, you are cruel! What have I done that you should become accomplice with—"

"Enemy! No. You have just befriended one of my friends. In this world of ours, intelligent should ally itself with intelligence. I am not your enemy! But you have not yet asked me to be your friend."

Here she gave me my hands a note she had written while thus speaking. "Receive your credentials. If there be any cause for alarm, or if I can be of any good for the lessening the work she had suspended, but with lingering, uncertain flutters, she added, "So far, then, this is settled. Now, no thanks; it is but little than is settled as yet."

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HARPER'S WEEKLY.

A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION.

VOL. V.—No. 244.] NEW YORK, SATURDAY, AUGUST 31, 1861. [SINGLE COPIES SIX CENTS. $2 50 PER YEAR IN ADVANCE.

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the Year 1861, by Harper & Brothers, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Southern District of New York.

GENERAL LYON AT THE BATTLE OF SPRINGFIELD.—[SEE NEXT PAGE.]

THE BATTLE AT SPRINGFIELD, MISSOURI.

WE illustrate on page 545 THE DEATH OF GENERAL LYON AT THE BATTLE OF SPRINGFIELD, and on page 549 the REBEL PRISONERS HAULING OFF GENERAL SIEGEL'S GUNS, after the horses had been killed. The following account of the battle is furnished by an eye-witness, who left Springfield on Sunday morning and came through to Rolla on horseback:

Our army marched out of Springfield on Friday evening only 5200 strong, the Home Guard remaining at that place. Our forces slept on the prairie a portion of the night, and about sunrise on Saturday morning drew in the outposts of the enemy, and the battle of the attack became general.

The attack was made in two columns by Generals Lyon and Sturgis, General Siegel leading a flanking force of about one thousand men and four guns on the south of the enemy's encampment.

The fight raged from sunrise until one or two o'clock in the afternoon, when, finding it overwhelming from overpowering numbers, Captain Totten's battery three distinct times, but were repulsed with great slaughter.

General Lyon fell early in the day. He had been previously wounded in the leg, and had a horse shot under him.

The Colonel of one of the Kansas regiments having become disabled, the boys cried out, "General, you come some disabled. He did so, and at once gave command and took charge of the regiment.

Although the enemy seemed determined to be in great order, retreating and seeking fire to their train of baggage wagons, our forces were too much fatigued and out of purpose, so the battle may be considered a drawn one.

The *Herald* correspondent thus tells the sad tale of poor Lyon's death:

For two or three days before the battle General Lyon changed quarters in appearance. Since it became necessary to him that he must abandon the Southwest or have his army cut to pieces, he had had much of his former energy and decision. To one of his staff he remarked, the evening before the battle, "I am a man relieving in presentiments, and ever since the night surprise was planned I have had a feeling I should not get rid of that till would die disastrously. Though the retreat of Government property to the southward he was obliged to abandon he could not leave it without engaging the enemy the public will call me a coward. If I engage him, I may be defeated, and I command not to please. I am too weak to hold Springfield, and yet the people will demand that I retain it. I shall do it with the very enemy I can not keep a town against. How can this result otherwise than against us?"

On the way to the battle-field I frequently rode near him. He seemed like one bewildered, and when riding would almost fall to sleep on his saddle, and seemed totally unaware that he was spoken to. On the battle-field he gave his orders generally, and seemed solicitous for the welfare of his men, but utterly regardless of his own safety. After all he was reduced by exhaustion to the last hour, and when his favorite horse was shot from under him, some of his aids were importuned by Siegel that he would retire from the spot and seek one less exposed. Scarcely raising his eyes from the enemy, he said:

"It is well enough that I stand here. I am satisfied." While the fight was forming for the charge against the rebels in which he lost his life, General Lyon turned to Major Sturgis, and said to him, but a few words:

"I fear that the day is lost; if Colonel Siegel had been successful he would have joined me before this. I think I will lead this charge."

He had not proceeded in the leg in an early part of the engagement—a flesh wound merely—from which the blood in rivet profusely. Major Sturgis during the conversation noticed blood on General Lyon's hat, and at first supposed he had been struck in the head by his hand, which was with blood from his leg. A moment after, perceiving that it was fresh, he reported the General's hat and asked the cause of its appearance. "It is nothing, Major; nothing but a wound in the head," said General Lyon, turning away and mounting his horse. Without taking the hat he had on in his hand Major Sturgis, he addressed the Iowans he was to command with—

"*Forward men! I will lead you!*"

Two minutes afterward he lay dead on the field, killed by a rifle-ball through the breast, just above the heart. In death his features were the same troubled and puzzled expression that had been noted upon them for days past. wick. His body was brought to town in the afternoon, and will be forwarded to his friends in Connecticut for interment.

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

SATURDAY, AUGUST 31, 1861.

LIBERTY OF SPEECH.

THE presentment by the Grat Jury of the United States Circuit Court of certain New York publishers, leaders and abettors of treason, the suppression of treasonable papers in Missouri, and the forcible demolition of the offices of similar papers published in Western Virginia, naturally suggest discussion on the subject of liberty of speech. The journals assailed or suppressed claim that to interfere with them is to violate liberty of speech—a principle emphatically secured to the American people by the Constitution. It is well worth while to test this claim.

Liberty of speech, like every other kind of liberty, is not absolute, but conditional. It is subject to the condition that individuals shall not be libeled, and that the public morals or welfare shall not be directly and flagrantly assailed. The assault must be clear, and the injury obvious and gross. A journal may censure the policy of the Government with almost any severity of language, or assail the opinions of a majority of the people with any degree of virulence, and yet be entitled to protection against assault. But it can no pretend that liberty of the press justifies the publication of statements or opinions which are openly and obviously destructive of the morals, or the welfare, or the safety of the people. For the liberty of the press, like all other kinds of liberty, is limited by the essential restriction that its exercise shall not be injurious to others.

The question, therefore, involved in the case of the journals to which we have alluded is simply—did they confine themselves within the limits of a fair opposition to the measures of Government and to the opinions of the majority of the people, or was their course direct and obviously destructive of the welfare or safety of the nation? If the latter alternative be true, then it would clearly seem that they were nuisances which not only required abatement at the hands of the officers of the law, but which might be abated by any citizen or party of citizens without legal authority of any kind.

We presume that it will not be denied that these journals were hostile to the Government, and friendly to the rebels who are in arms endeavoring to destroy it; that they advocated measures which would paralyze our armies; that they did their best to damp the military spirit of the people and to injure the credit of the Government; that they excused the treason of the traitors, and blamed each successive step taken by loyal people; that the general tendency of their articles upon the mind of persons not otherwise informed must have been to create a feeling of disloyalty and opposition to the national policy at the present crisis. That some of the editors were sincere in the expression of these views is very possible. But that the views themselves were pernicious, mischievous, and calculated to injure public liberty at a time of extreme peril, there can be no doubt.

This, however, is not the worst. The chief harm which these journals have done has been in deceiving the South with regard to Northern sentiment. No rebellion would ever have taken place had not Northern journals deluded the South into the belief that, in the hour of battle, a large party at the North would stand by them. Even now the South is encouraged to persevere in its war by the hope that within a few more weeks' fighting will compel the North to yield. This notion rests entirely upon false statements contained in Northern rebel journals. The New York Daily Richmond and Memphis papers teem with articles from these sheets which are calculated to induce ignorant readers to believe that a peace party is about to spring up in the North. The Southern people and the people are tired of the war, that Mr. Lincoln has neither men nor money, and that in a few weeks the independence of the Southern Confederacy will be acknowledged at Washington. Of course the rebel leaders know better than this, but their followers do not, and hence they persevere in their struggle. Thus the press may encourage the mischief thus done. Union men in Kentucky declare that two of these journals, both published in New York, are more valuable than Magoffin, Breckinridge, and all the other native traitors. And this can easily be understood. When a wavering Southerner reads in a New York paper a statement that peace—that Mr. Lincoln is about to give way, and the North to surrender, the temptation to join what seems the winning side must be almost irresistible.

If a newspaper can inflict upon the public and the nation a greater injury than this, it can not readily be conceived. The most armored of audacious publications are far less mischievous. The deserter who conveys information to the enemy, and is hung or shot without scruple if he is caught in the act, is a benefactor to the publisher of a paper which by false statements deludes a whole people into persevering in a fatal war.

Whether it can be said that such a paper is so obviously and directly destructive of the public welfare or safety as to be a common nuisance requiring abatement, the public and the Courts of Justice must decide.

BRITISH OPINION OF THE WAR.

DISAPPOINTMENT has been felt in this country at the universal complacency with which our troubles are regarded in England. Many persons had expected that Englishmen, whose anti-slavery teachings had largely aided the spread of abolitionism here, would feel in their principles when slavery made war upon the United States. The event has not justified these expectations. And in the light of experience they must be pronounced unreasonable.

For they ignore the essential characteristic of the British temper—which is blind selfishness. All nations are to a measure selfish; that is to say, they prefer their own interest to that of others. But no nation but Great Britain is so wholly wrapped in considerations of narrow self-interest as to be entirely indifferent to the well-being of every foreign people. No nation but the English systematically rejoice over the misfortunes of their neighbors, from the mean idea that they are rivals, and that their losses are England's gain. No people but Englishmen carry selfishness to such an extent as to be incapable of feeling pleasure at any one's prosperity but their own, or of feeling sorrow at any misfortunes which do not strike directly at their pocket-nerve.

The uniform, consistent policy of the British nation has been ever based on hostility to every other nation in the world. Englishmen seem to have aimed at being Ishmaels and pariahs—and to have succeeded. At home and abroad, they hate every body, and are hated in return. No spark of generosity, or sympathy, or kindly interest in other people's welfare ever illumines British foreign policy, or the foreign articles of the leading British journals. Other nations can feel for foreigners: Frenchmen helped to free Italy; Russians are cordial to Germany. Spaniards, Portuguese, Turks, Swedes, Asiatics—all evince occasional sympathy for nations beyond their own border. Englishmen never for an instant waver in their enmity to all foreigners.

Nothing but the most exemplary forbearance on the part of the rulers of France has prevented the French resenting the uniform hostility which England has shown to every French Government from the Restoration to the present empire, and to every great measure of French policy. Spain, absorbed in the task of national regeneration, has not shown as every step in her path by the captious and aimless cavils of England. Italy, after being goaded to war by British taunts, conquered her independence in the teeth of the most virulent British opposition. The leading organ of German opinion gives fair expression to German sentiment when it calls the English the nuisances of the 19th century. Hatred is a feeble term to describe the feelings with which Englishmen are regarded in Russia and the Scandinavian kingdoms. And throughout Asia and South America, where England has played the bully, the oppressor, and the robber for a couple of centuries, every foreigner is welcome but an Englishman. Could he fairly expect to escape the ill-will of every body's foe?

Englishmen possess great qualities: energy, perseverance, courage, business capacity, and honesty. No one will deny them these. Yet wherever they go, despite the undoubted benefit these qualities confer upon the place of their residence, they contrive to win the dislike of the people with whom they live. Out of England, there is not a town in the world where Englishmen are not avoided by the educated classes, and hated by the mass of the people. They would be inconsistent and unnatural if they failed to improve the present crisis by concilinating the dislike and courting the antipathy of Americans.

THE LOUNGER.

CONSEQUENCES.

WHEN the Government was forced to take up arms, it did so to defend its own integrity, not to destroy slavery. Of course a great many thoughtful persons then, as they do now, thought more now, that one of the results of the war must be slavery upon the country will be emancipation. But other results of slave property as the dominant political interest in the Government will be overthrown, and we may have slavery without slaves. That is what precise way that result will be reached no man can say.

It is equally clear that as the rebels still persist, and the war continues and is removed to the Gulf States, there will be danger of slave-insurrections. They are always the dangerous contingency of wars in parts where slaves abound. No sane man desires them; but every fool can see the danger. Who is responsible for them if they occur? Is it the wise leader of the war, by forcibly withstanding and outraging the Government, or the Government, which, even in war was benevolent? Can he add that his impression does not justify what he fears.

No; that wretched delusion has gone forever. We have always been told how contented and happy they are. But have we forgotten how Virginia quivered and reeled with terror before the pike of one gray old man asking the slaves to come to him? Have we forgotten what John Randolph said years ago, of the fatal demand that negroes sounded at night but every mother clasped her child in vague horror to her breast, lest it might mean insurrection? Have we forgotten all the laws of all the slave States? Have we forgotten the patrol, the restless supervision, not against police offenses, but against violence and universal fear? Have we forgotten the awful fate that has overtaken any one who was suspected of telling negroes they were free? Is there was even a greater happiness than their condition? Have we forgotten that the word freedom has been the most dangerous word in the South for a generation? Have we forgotten history and human nature?

No, no: that horrible, hackneyed humbug about the contentment of slaves is forever dissipated. Individual affection of course there is. Toussaint l'Ouverture, the chief of the Saint Domingo revolt, so loved his master and his family that he saved their lives. On the other hand, the slaves upon the plantation of M. Gallifet had been so kindly treated that their happiness was proverbial. But the sanguinary scene of the insurrection upon that plantation is not less so. So much for happy slaves contented slaves!" Hitherto exclaim a mulatto author describing the revolt.

Why should we thrust our heads into the sand? The Government of the United States neither desires nor incites slave insurrections. But it is engaged in war with an enemy who inhabits a region overflowing with slaves. Is the Government to surrender lest they should rise? Is it necessary to repeat, then, what all candid men know, that the party which brought this Administration into power have always held, in common with all the loyal States of the land, that every political difference in this country, however vital to the interest of any part of it, is soluble under the Constitution. The secessionists think differently. They mean, if they can, to settle the question over the Constitution. They live among slaves, and have taken up arms. The rebellion of the slaves is the natural consequence. If they do rebel, how long is the insurrection of the masters likely to last?

BOURBON POLITICS.

THE Breckinridge State Committee is of the opinion of the Newark *Evening Journal*, that "our citizens are fighting for their liberties." The liberty, namely, of brooking up the Government of the United States. The same Committee has also expelled a member upon the express ground that he is loyal to the Government of his country.

Fortunately the people of the State of New York are not the property of Mr. Gideon Tucker's Committee, nor yet of Mr. Dean Richmond's Committee. They are probably of the opinion, and will make the fact appear in November, that the fate of the event of the people of the United States, when it is maintaining its constitutional authority by the hands and hearts and money of all loyal citizens, is properly "carving" rebels to obey the laws. The people of this State will probably "carve" next November, in reply to Mr. Tucker, and Mr. Cagger, and Mr. Richmond, and Mr. Ben. Wood, and Mr. Jeff Davis, and Mr. Breckinridge, and Mr. Floyd, and Mr. Claiborne F. Jackson, not forgetting Mr. Vallandigham, something substantially like this:

Resolved, The Right Reverend Major-General Leonidas Polk to the contrary notwithstanding, that the existence of an unquestionably legal allegiance of every citizen of the United States is to the National Government, and not to the Government of the State for which he may be born or chances to reside; and that the doctrine of secession, or the right of any citizen, or any number of citizens, forcibly to resist the National Government, or to seize the national property, under the plea of State sovereignty—a doctrine which is maintained with arms by Mr. Jefferson Davis, and Mr. Toombs, and General Toutant de Beauregard; and is equally maintained, with excuses and sympathy and deprecations, and with a meaner shrug, by Mr. Breckinridge, and Mr. Ben Wood, and Mr. Tucker, and Mr. Cagger, and Mr. Richmond, and Mr. Vallandigham, and Mr. Seymour—is a treasonable avive of all civil order; having no foundation or justification in the Constitution, and utterly at variance with the letter of the oath of the officers of the nation, and with the dictates of common sense.

When the people of the Empire State thunder that out hundreds of thousands strong, the worthy gentlemen who think the only way to deal with the traitors is to coax them back to duty will be pleased to take, will have no other consolation left than what may be gathered from the judicious observation in Mr. Dick Swiveller's letter to Miss Sally Brass: "It is of little importance what men or what party occupy public positions, if of honor and enlightment, but of the utmost moment that citizens of common principles should unite at this time in support of the Government and in vindication of the Constitution and Union.

There is but one principle common to loyal citizens at this time, and that is that the Government must be supported by waging it to citizens to arms. "If you will only tell us what you want, you shall have it."

PATRIOTS.

PAUL DILLINGHAM, of Waterbury, in Vermont, was recently nominated by a Democratic State Convention for Governor, and James T. Thurston and Stephen Thomas for Lieutenant Governor and Treasurer of Vermont. They have all declined the nomination, upon the sole ground that at this time there are but two parties, one for maintaining the Government unconditionally, and the other for overthrowing it.

"We must for the time," says Mr. Dillingham, "forget whether we be Republicans or Democrats. In such a union there will be strength and efficiency, and if either hereafter, let it be to settle the question who did most for his country. Let us act together, act honestly, efficiently, and let him wear honors who fairly wins them. I feel very confident that a great number—I hope a majority—of all the old parties in this State feel and judge as I do, and that they will rise above party to unite and stand for their country, one and indivisible, now and forever. With such I mean to act, whether their number be few or many, till the most wicked rebellion is crushed out; and wishing that my opinions and acts may be in harmony, I have this call upon to decline the nomination so honorably tendered to me."

Like other gentlemen say: "In reply we have to say that we are of the opinion that, until the present rebellion and treason shall be overcome, it is the duty of every true and loyal citizen to sustain the spirit and strengthen the hands of the country by every means in his power; that party names and differences should be entirely laid aside, and can be permitted to divide loyal citizens or deter any man from yielding a full and enthusiastic support to the men and measures upon which we must rely for the victory of the Government and the Constitution over Disunion."

To these sentiments every loyal heart in the land, Democratic, Republican, or whatever, will cry amen. This is the Democracy of the Green Mountains, and it is pure patriotism. How does it compare with the "democracy" of Mr. Dean Richmond's letter and the Breckinridge Committee's resolutions?

THE POINT OF THE CASE.

THERE is no question whatsoever of the unanimous desire and of the sufficient pecuniary and military resources of the loyal citizens of the coun-

try to suppress the rebellion. The only question of the moment is, whether the Administration is so deeply persuaded and so ably officered that it will respond to this unanimous popular energy and resource. If it does not, the cause is lost. The moment that the willing people see that the feeling, the money, the men, the general sacrifice they offer is feebly grasped and feebly managed, that moment they will insist upon giving up the war, whatever the consequences.

It is of no importance how you describe this war; you may call it suppressing an insurrection, or punishing rebels, or maintaining the Government, or defending the Constitution; the fact remains the same all the while, that we are at war with a domestic enemy intrenched upon our soil and dangerously fortified by a thousand advantages that no foreign foe could ever possess. Consequently it is not war only, but war of the most desperate kind. It has been actually waged by the enemy for nine months. It has been nominally recognized by the Government for four. There is no one would be so hardy as to declare that the Administration had at any time so profoundly comprehended the occasion as the great man of the people.

The open freedom of intercourse across our lines —the reluctance to accept recipients—the free publication of details of movements—the crowd of notorious traitors who held office in the Departments and elsewhere—the inexplicable imbecility of the blockade—the universal complaint of the troops—the abominable Lobbying—the public service of Alianza's Lopez—all the recalcitrant exertion these are all wrongs that ought to have been righted long and long ago. Many of them, indeed, are supposed to be the fruits of coercion. But surely a Government never before moved so slowly sad sadly in defense of its own existence. The one great effort seemed to be an unwillingness to believe that there was a war, and to remember that effective war can be made in one way only. The sole remedy for the delays and just complaints is to make it in that way.

And to that end the Departments must be in the hands of men who not only as honest men and warm partisans, but as executive officers of the most untiring and comprehensive energy and practical skill. The place in the right place is an army. Now it is a simple fact that there is a universal public conviction that two or three important members of the present Cabinet are not among The practical question therefore is, whether, with the present composition of the Cabinet, it is long possible to maintain that unity and order of public sentiment without which success is impossible?

EXCHANGING PRISONERS.

WHAT shall be done with the citizens of the United States who, in arms against the Government? This question does not concern pirates upon privateers. If the gallows is not permanently visible from time to time the whole sea, the whole world will presently furnish pirates as candidates for our clemency. If the *Jeff Davis* or the *Sumter* should be taken, there could be very little difference of opinion as to the proper fate of the crews upon conviction. If there were, it would show a state of the public mind which forebodes the surrender of the Government to the rebels.

But is the exchange of rebels taken in battle a recognition of the independence of the rebellious section of the country? The question may be answered by another. Is the ransom of a friend from robbery a recognition of the right of robbery?

Theoretically the Government of the United States is suppressing an insurrection: actually it is engaged in a war. Theoretically it is dispersing an armed mob: actually it is fighting an organized enemy. The Government must, therefore, suppress the insurrection according to the rule of war. To read the riot act is not enough. The affair has passed from the hands of the Sheriff into those of the Major-General. The Government must deal with the facts, and it does so when it receives a flag of truce. Police officers surrounding a house do not receive any flag of truce. They say, "Surrender at once, whatever the circumstances; whether you are aware of our manner in the house or not: surrender at once, or we shoot." That is the way with the police. That is the way in putting down a street riot. The authorities do not treat with the ringleaders. They summon, and if no dispersion follows, they shoot.

The English Government had the Colonies to be in rebellion and the Continental soldiers rebels, but they did not hang all the prisoners they took. They exchanged them, or they did not exchange them any the less rebels. They did it upon the principle that a human man buys a slave in order to free him. He does not think any better of slavery or the slave-trader because he deals with him as he would with an honest man for lawful merchandise: nor does he in the least remit his exertions against slavery.

There is a solution suggested by the Toronto *Globe*. It is, that all rebel prisoners shall be held until the close of the war. But that is a question of feasibility. Such action must depend upon numbers. For the present, certainly, they should be held. For the present and until the war threatens to be more permanent than it now promises to be, it would be better not to exchange. But the policy of exchanging is merely a matter of convenience. It involves no principle.

CHAFING.

WHY is the opportunity of making capital for treason afforded in the case of the *habeas corpus* of the Baltimore prisoners at Fort Diamond? The case may be settled before the question gets into print, but it is useful to ask it for future cases.

The Constitution of the United States says distinctly: "The privilege of the writ of *habeas corpus* shall not be suspended, unless when in cases of rebellion or invasion the public safety may require it."

This being gravely the case, why is it not made manifest to Judge Garrison that what Judge Taney could not do in Baltimore, Judge Garrison can not do in New York? If the Government has not suspended the writ, it has not been produced. If it has, the Judge who forcibly resists the Government and foments trouble should be himself dealt with as an offender.

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

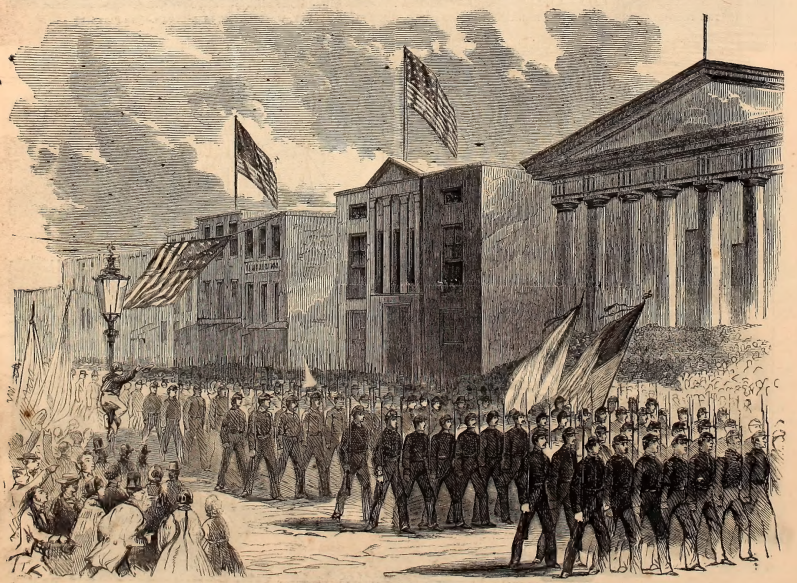
THE following mortification from South Carolina reached us by way of California, and for the present our postal communication with that State will be by the same, or some equally convenient route. "The session of 1860, in South Carolina had been a long one, passing away without any thing to distinguish it from the predecessors, except, perhaps, a scarcity of *material* for the dissecting room. To remedy the deficiency several prominent spirits of the college put themselves on the alert in the vicinage of the various negro quarters. They were always with poor success, as interments were few, and those too well guarded to allow of examination. Fortune smiled at last; and one dark night the writer, with several others, succeeded in exhuming the body of an individual who had died of delirium tremens. Being the corpse of a stranger and a drunkard it was accordingly considered a valuable acquisition, and to refill the grave. At this moment a signal from one of our watchers notified us that patrols were approaching, and operations were suspended, all observing the strictest silence and lying motionless on the ground waiting for the signal to begin again. At this moment, one of the party stretched out his hand, as he thought, with poor mesmerists

LIEUTENANT-GENERAL SCOTT AND THE MAJOR-GENERALS OF THE UNITED STATES ARMY.—[SEE PAGE 559.]

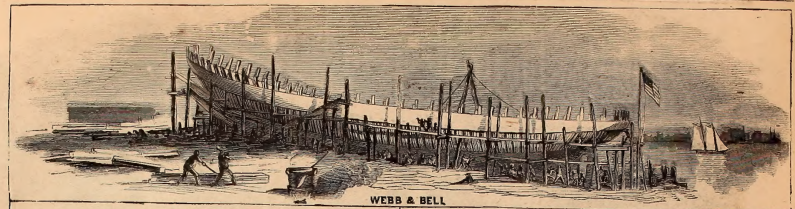
THE FOURTEENTH MASSACHUSETTS REGIMENT MARCHING UP PENNSYLVANIA AVENUE, WASHINGTON, IN A STORM.—[SEE PAGE 554.]

GENERAL SIEGEL FORCING HIS PRISONERS TO DRAW OFF HIS CANNON AT THE BATTLE OF SPRINGFIELD.—[SEE PAGE 546.]

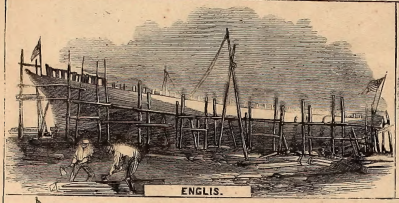
THE BURNING OF HAMPTON BY THE REBEL FORCES UNDER COLONEL MAGRUDER.—[SEE PAGE 554.]



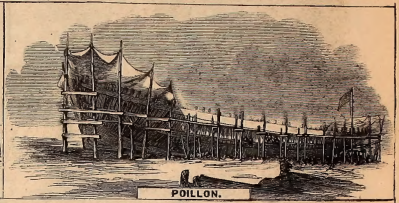
REVIEW OF THE PHILADELPHIA NATIONAL GUARD ON THEIR RETURN FROM THE WAR.—[SEE PAGE 554.]



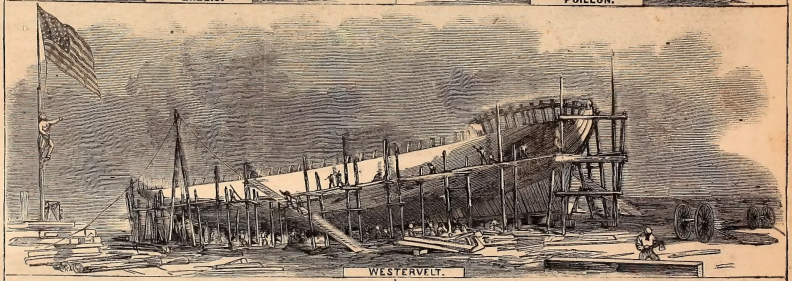
WEBB & BELL



ENGLIS.



POILLON.



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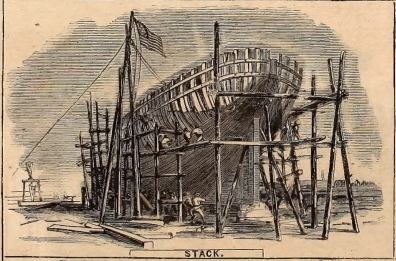
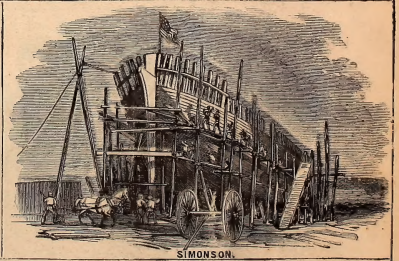


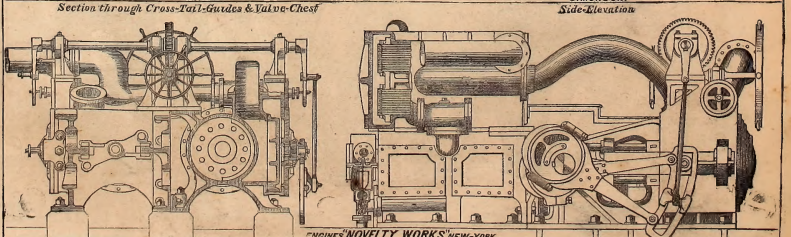
STACK.

Section through Cross-Tail-Guides & Valve-Chest



SIMONSON.

Side-Elevation



ENGINES, NOVELTY WORKS, NEW-YORK.

PRESENT CONDITION OF THE NEW GUN-BOATS AND MACHINERY IN COURSE OF CONSTRUCTION FOR THE GOVERNMENT BY NEW YORK BUILDERS.—[SEE PAGE 555.]

Wilson's Zouaves. Duryee's Zouaves. De Kalb Zouaves. Rhode Island Officer. Massachusetts Officer, Pennsylvania Officer. Michigan Officer. Colonel New York Volun

24 New York State Militia. 1st Michigan. 12th Brooklyn. 19th New York. Marine Artillery, R. I. New York 5th Zouave Corps. 1st Pennsylvania.

UNIFORMS OF UNITED STATES V

New Jersey Officer. New York Line Officer. Rhode Island Artillery Officer. Hawkins's Zouaves. M'Chesney's Zouaves. Fire Zouaves.

Massachusetts 6th. 8th Massachusetts. 71st New York. New Jersey State Militia. 1st Rhode Island. 6th New York German Rifles.

VOLUNTEERS AND STATE MILITIA.

CAMP DENNISON, CINCINNATI, OHIO, EAST OF THE RAILROAD.—[PHOTOGRAPHED, BY C. A. JOHNSON, CINCINNATI.]

NEWPORT BARRACKS, KENTUCKY.

WE publish on this page an engraving of NEWPORT BARRACKS, KENTUCKY, the Head-quarters of General (late Major) Robert Anderson, U.S.A., and the rendezvous of part of the Kentucky Union troops. In these barracks Colonel Tyler, whose recent arrest in Cincinnati has been mentioned, has been confined as a prisoner of war. As the war progresses, these barracks will doubtless become a military site of considerable importance.

THE FOURTEENTH MASSACHUSETTS REGIMENT.

THIS new and splendid regiment arrived at Washington last week, in the midst of a storm. We illustrate the scene on page 549. The *Herald* correspondent described it as follows:

The city was favored late this afternoon with a tremendous rain storm, which afforded great relief to all who had been suffering from the heat during the hottest day experienced here for eighteen years. In the midst of the storm, when the rain was pouring down in torrents, the Fourteenth Massachusetts Regiment, Colonel Devens, marched up the Avenue, en route for their camping-ground. They had been quartered since last night at the Government Military Reception House, at the depôt, but were required to move to make room for new arrivals. Their splendid horses and wagons had preceded them, and the men marched steadily through the driving storm, sometimes for squares through water two feet deep. Their songs, cheers, and shouts mingled with the roll of the thunder, and the vivid flashes of lightning gleamed along their line of muskets and revealed their forms in the gloom of night. It was a spirit-stirring scene. The steadiness of the regiment under the circumstances shows both good discipline and good grit in the material of which it is composed. Their songs, which the whole regiment seemed to participate in, heard above the loud thunder and terrific rush of waters, startled the people from their houses, who, as soon as they learned the cause of the demonstration, inspired by the patriotism of the gallant Massachusetts boys, rushed into the street and greeted the troops with loud cheers.

THE BURNING OF HAMPTON.

WE illustrate on page 550 the BURNING OF HAMPTON by the rebels under General Magruder. The correspondent of the Associated Press thus describes the scene:

A few minutes past midnight General Magruder, with about five hundred rebels, some of them belonging in Hampton, entered the town and immediately fired the buildings with torches. The greater part of the five hundred houses were built of wood, and as rain having fallen lately, the strong south wind soon produced a terrible conflagration. There were perhaps twenty white people and double that number of negroes remaining in the town from inability to move, some of whose houses were fired without waking the inmates. They gave Wilson Jones and his wife, both of them aged and infirm, but fifteen minutes to remove a few articles of furniture to the garden. Several of the whites and also of the negroes were hurried away to be pressed into the rebel service. Mr. Scofield, a merchant, took refuge in a swamp above the town. Two negroes were drowned while attempting to cross the creek. A company of rebels attempted to force the passage of the bridge, but were repulsed with a loss of three killed and six wounded.

The fire raged all night. The greater part of the rebels withdrew toward morning, and at noon to-day, when I visited the place, but seven or eight buildings were left standing.

The glare of the conflagration was so brilliant that I was enabled to write by it. A more sublime and awful spectacle has never yet been witnessed. The high south wind prevailing at the time fanned the flames into a lurid blaze, and lighted up the country for miles and miles around. The fire broke out between eleven and twelve o'clock P.M. on the 7th inst. It appears that a short time previous our pickets from Colonel Max Weber's Twentieth Regiment were fired upon by a company of rebels, but by dropping on their faces our troops did not sustain any loss. They, however, returned the fire with deadly aim from their trusty rifles, which must have made sad havoc among the enemy. We could see the rebels passing from one house to another, by the glare of the light, and use the incendiary's torch with effect. Every building in this once beautiful village is destroyed, with the exception of the Military Academy, and that can not possibly be saved.

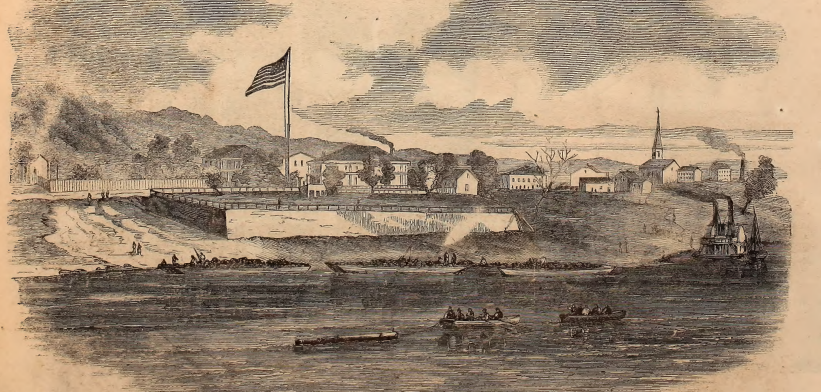
Our camp was alarmed instanter, and the troops got under arms. An attack from Fox Hill was momentarily expected, and Colonel Weber's regiment were immediately supplied with extra ammunition, and sent out in all directions as pickets, patrols, and skirmishers. They have done their work bravely and efficiently. Two companies are now here watching for rebels and guarding the bridge from being fired. The bridge will be saved. It is dismantled about a rod from the farther shore, and terminates there in a barricade of boards, behind which a portion of our picket was stationed when fired on by the enemy. Captain Stroupie, of the Twentieth Regiment, has just started across to the barricade with six men in the face of the flames and fire. He is anxiously watched from this side, as it is expected that he will be fired upon. The light is as bright as day, and the figures of men are seen reflected in the water. They have reached the barricade in safety.

The rebels have done their work effectually, nothing is now left to mark the once beautiful Hampton but the charred, towering chimneys, looming up in the distance, as monuments of the dasterdly work of the rebels.

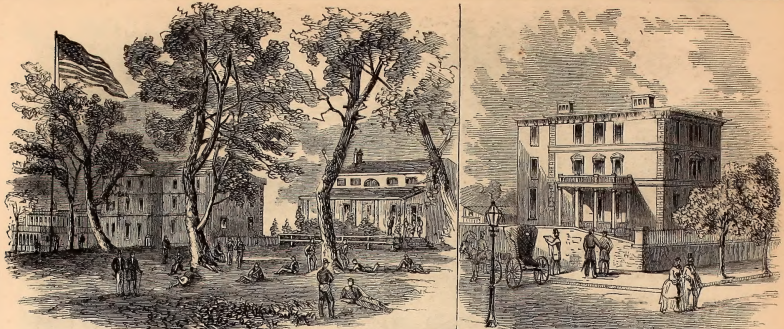
THE PHILADELPHIA NATIONAL GUARD.

ON page 550 we illustrate the REVIEW OF THE PHILADELPHIA NATIONAL GUARD, the crack regiment of the City of Brotherly Love, which took place on their return from the war, on Saturday, 10th August. The Philadelphia *Press* gave the following account of the review:

On Saturday afternoon, about six o'clock, the review of the National Guards came off at the Custom-house, in Chestnut Street above Fourth. The street was literally packed by the friends of the regiment, who came to witness what may be termed a real battalion parade and review, according to the United States Army regulations. The steps of the Custom-house were filled with the members of the Com-



NEWPORT BARRACKS, KENTUCKY, OPPOSITE CINCINNATI, OHIO.



THE ARSENAL AT ST. LOUIS, MISSOURI.—[SKETCHED BY ALEXANDER SIMPLOT.]

FREMONT'S HEAD-QUARTERS AT ST. LOUIS, MISSOURI.—[SKETCHED BY ALEXANDER SIMPLOT.]

mon Council, together with a large number of ladies. In the absence of Mayor Henry, Mr. Coyler represented the city.

The regiment was formed by Adjutant Brown, after which Colonel Lyle assumed the command, and put the regiment through the manual of arms; the various movements of which were executed in the best manner.

The regiment was then wheeled into column, and passed in review of the Councils, who complimented the soldiers with a marching salute; and when, at the close, the officers were drawn to the front, Mr. Coyler briefly welcomed the regiment home, and complimented the men upon the perfection of their drill. In return, Colonel Lyle assured Mr. Coyler that the regiment was ready to answer the call of the Government.

After the review the regiment marched to the armory, where they partook of a collation.

It is said that some six hundred of the regiment will re-enlist for the war.

THE NEW GUN-BOATS.

WE devote page 551 to illustrations of six out of the twenty-three gun-boats which were directed to be built for Government a few weeks since. A reporter of the *Herald* who visited the ship-yards shortly before our artist thus speaks of them:

MESSRS. Webb and Bell, at Greenpoint, have on the stocks at their yard one of the new gun-boats of the lot of twenty-three. Already the ribs are up, and the outlines of the vessel are clearly defined. Her length is 156 feet, with 29 feet beam and 12 feet hold. The keel is of white oak, siding thirteen inches and ten inches in depth. The gun-board strakes are six inches in thickness. The frame is of young white oak, free from sap and all imperfections. None of the timber is grain cut. The sailer bull will be diagonally braced with iron straps, three and one half inches in width by one half inch thick. The running bottom plank will be of white oak, three and one half inches in thickness, fastened with three locust treenails and one composition spike to each strake. The decks will be of yellow pine, the beams of white oak. This boat, like all the others, will be schooner rigged, and propelled by a screw. She will be planted for six guns on each side, or a long port on each side, for the pivot gun. The vessel will be launched in September, and early in October she will be ready to go into commission.

Jere. Simonson, at Greenpoint, has another of the gun-boats on the stocks. She is precisely the same size as the one at the yard of Messrs. Webb and Bell, and the work is about at the same stage of forwardness. One peculiarity about this vessel is that she is decorated very extensively with miniature flags. The workmen have placed them on the upper sides of the ribs, and so far as I can see one is added to the number it is crowned with the Stars and Stripes.

E. and H. Pollion are also building one of the twenty-three gun-boats. The work at their yard is progressing rapidly, and they are in hopes to turn out one of the model boats of the fleet.

John Englis, foot of Tenth Street, New York, has another gun-boat on the stocks. She is of the same dimensions as the others, and will be called the Frankenjon.

Jacob Westervelt, of this city, is hurrying forward another of the gun-boats. She will be completed by September. All the contractors are obliged to furnish these vessels complete, with all the boatswain's and engineer's stores, boats, rigging, sails, flags, anchors, chains, and, in fact, every thing pertaining to a war vessel, with the exception of ordnance and ordnance stores.

The engines are being built at various places. The sections we publish are from the specifications of the Novelty Works, New York.

The following is a description of the engines, boilers, etc., now building for the new gun-boats:

Each vessel will be provided with two horizontal back action engines, with the cylinders placed side by side on the same side of the keleon.

The pistons are to make one hundred strokes per minute at the maximum.

The boilers will be two in number, and of Martin's pattern, placed side by side, with a fire-room eight and a half feet wide, from front of the boiler to forward end of the crank shaft. The boilers will be furnished with draft from a blower engine and a Dumpbel blower.

The screw propeller will be fixed, and of the four-bladed pattern.

Each engine will be complete in itself, and capable of operating the propeller shaft independently of the other.

Each boiler will be complete in itself, so that they can furnish steam to both or either of the engines. A working steam pressure of thirty pounds above the atmosphere is required of them.

The screw propeller will be fixed, and have four blades of the diameter of nine feet, diameter of hub fifteen inches, thickness of blade at the hub four and a half inches, tapering to five-eighths at the periphery.

Two of Martin's boilers will be put in each vessel, with one smoke-pipe for both. They will be of the best quality of American charcoal iron, and the best American lap-welded tubes (?—?). They will contain eighty-eight and five-sixths square feet of grate surface, and twenty-seven hundred square feet of heating surface.

The ash-ejector which will be four feet in diameter and thirty-two feet in length. It will be constructed in four iron plates vertically. The lower one of No. 6 wire gauge, the next to be No. 7, the next No. 8, and the upper plate No. 7.

A fresh-water distilling apparatus, capable of making 100 gallons of fresh water per day, will be put in each ship.

The following instruments will be furnished by the contractors: One mercurial vacuum gauge, two indicators, one counter, one clock, one thermometer for hot well, one for injection water, one engine-room thermometer, one fire-room do., one gong, one bell, one glass water gauge; a complete set of engine tools, oil tanks, and cans; duplicate pieces, packing, waste, steel, iron, tallow, oil, paints, soap, and stationery, etc.

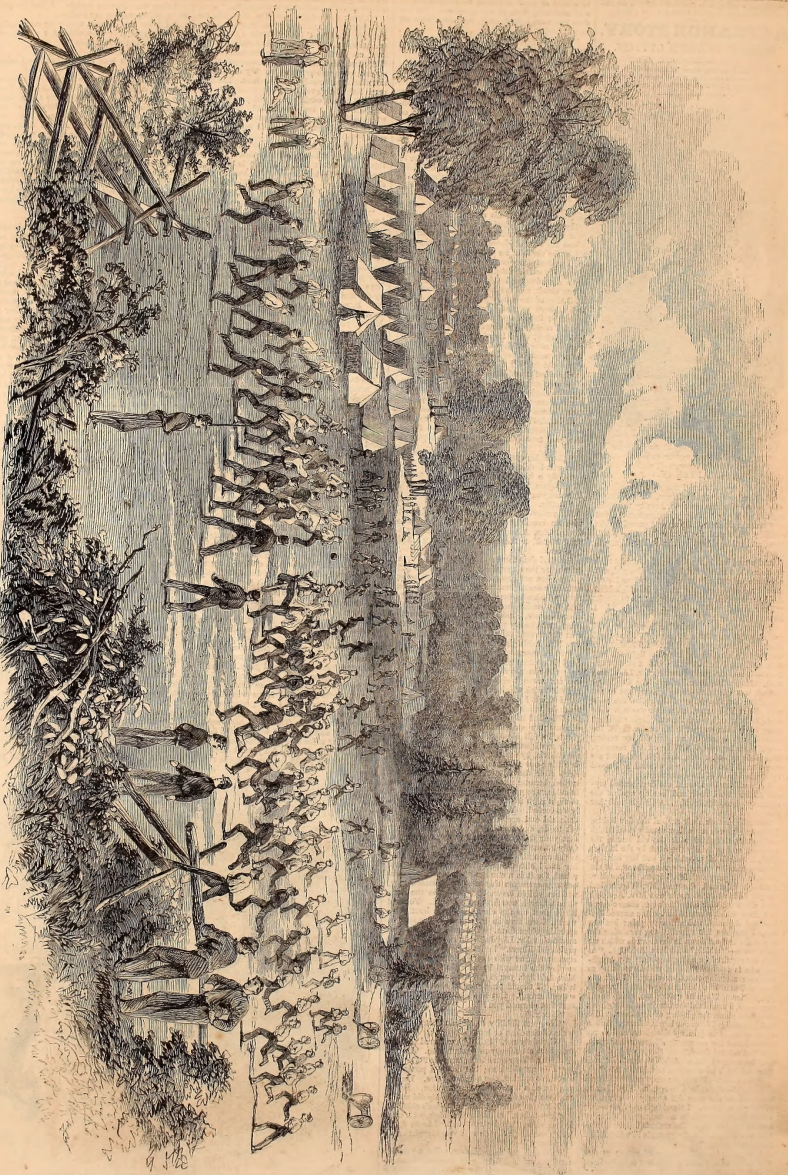
In addition to furnishing all these articles, they must furnish to the Navy Department, in one month after the completion of the machinery, tracings on cloth of every drawing used in the construction thereof, embracing both general and working plans in sufficient detail, with dimensions figured on, so that the same may be again constructed, together with a detailed statement of the weight of the machinery and of all its appurtenances.

FREMONT AT ST. LOUIS.

We publish on this page several illustrations of the progress of the war at the West. One of them represents THE DEPARTURE OF GENERAL FREMONT WITH TROOPS FROM ST. LOUIS FOR BIRD'S POINT, MISSOURI. He had with him four regiments of infantry, several detached companies of riflemen, two companies of artillery, and a number of guns. The force left in eight steamers, and was enthusiastically cheered by the people. With this reinforcement, the troops at Bird's Point number 8000, and are able to stand any attack from the rebels. Another shows us GENERAL FREMONT'S HEAD-QUARTERS AT ST. LOUIS, where the gallant General, assisted by his wife, the famous Jessie, spends eighteen hours a day in the work of the campaign. The third represents THE ARSENAL AT ST. LOUIS. Since General Frémont's arrival this place has been the scene o great excitement. Troops are arriving hourly by steamers and railcars, and departing again for Cape Girardeau, Cairo, Bird's Point, and other places in the interior. Ammunition of every kind, cannon of every calibre, and every class of army stores arrive here by each train from the East, and are rapidly distributed to points where they are needed.

DEPARTURE OF FREMONT'S FLOTILLA FOR BIRD'S POINT.—[SKETCHED BY ALEXANDER SIMPLOT.]

CAMP LIFE IN THE CONFEDERATE ARMY.—MISSISSIPPIANS PRACTICING WITH THE BOWIE-KNIFE.



CAMP JOHNSON, NEAR WINCHESTER, VIRGINIA—THE FIRST MARYLAND REGIMENT PLAYING FOOT-BALL BEFORE EVENING PARADE.

[Entered according to Act of Congress, in the Year 1861, by Harper & Brothers, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Southern District of New York.]

A STRANGE STORY.

BY SIR E. BULWER LYTTON.

☞ Printed from the Manuscript and early Proof-sheets purchased by the Proprietors of "Harper's Weekly."

CHAPTER IX.

IN a very few minutes I was once more in the grounds of that old gable house. The servant, who were before me, entered them by the stair and the wicket-gate of the private entrance; that was the shortest. So again I passed by the circling glade and the mosaic-wall—rose trees, and ruins, all suffused in the limpid moonlight.

And now I was in the house; the servant took up stairs the note with which I was charged, and a minute or two afterward returned and conducted me to the corridor above, in which Mrs. Ashleigh received me. I was the first to speak.

"Your child is—is not seriously ill, I hope. What is it?"

"Hush!" she said, under her breath. "Will you step this way for a moment?" She passed through a door-way to the right. I followed her, and as she placed on the table the light she had been holding, I looked round with a still at the heart—it was the room in which Dr. Lloyd had died. Impossible to mistake. The furniture, indeed, was changed—there was no bed in the chamber; but the shape of the room, the position of the high casement, which was now wide open, and through which the moonlight streamed more softly than on that drear winter night, the great square beams intersecting the low ceiling—all were impressed vividly on my memory. The chair to which Mrs. Ashleigh beckoned me was placed just on the spot where I had stood by the bed-head of the dying man.

I shrank back—I could not have seated myself there. So I remained leaning against the chimney-piece, while Mrs. Ashleigh told her story.

She said that on their arrival the day before, Lilian had been in more than usually good health and spirits, delighted with the old house, the grounds, and especially the nook by the Monk's Well, at which Mrs. Ashleigh had left her that evening in order to make some purchases in the town, in company with Mr. Vigors. When Mrs. Ashleigh returned, she and Mr. Vigors had sought Lilian in that nook, and Mrs. Ashleigh then detected, with a mother's eye, some change in Lilian, which alarmed her. She seemed listless and dejected, and was very pale; but she denied that she felt unwell. On regaining the house she had sat down in the room in which we then were—[which," said Mrs. Ashleigh, "as it is not required for a sleeping-room, my daughter, who is fond of reading, wished to fit up as her own morning-room, or study. I left her here and went into the drawing-room below with Mr. Vigors. When he quitted me, which he did very soon, I remained for nearly an hour giving directions about the placing of furniture, which had just arrived from our late residence. I then went up stairs to join my daughter, and to my terror found her apparently lifeless in her chair. She had fainted away."

I interrupted Mrs. Ashleigh here. "Has Miss Ashleigh been subject to fainting fits?"

"No, never. When she recovered she seemed bewildered—disinclined to speak. I got her to bed, and as she then fell quietly to sleep, my mind was relieved. I thought it only a passing effect of excitement, in a change of abode; or caused by something like malaria in the atmosphere of that part of the grounds in which I had found her seated."

"Very likely. The hour of sunset at this time of year is trying to delicate constitutions. So on."

"About three-quarters of an hour ago she woke up with a loud cry, and has been ever since in a state of great agitation, wringing violently, and answering none of my questions. Yet she does not seem light-headed, but rather what we call hysterical."

"You will permit me now to see her. Take comfort—in all you tell me you are nothing to warrant serious alarm."

CHAPTER X.

To the true physician there is an inexpressible sanctity in the sick-chamber. At its threshold the mere human passions lose their hold on his heart. Love there would be profanation. Even the grief permitted to others he must put aside. He must enter that room—a Calm Intelligence. He is disabled for his mission if he suffer aught to obscure the keen quiet glance of his science. Age or youth, beauty or deformity, innocence or guilt, merge their distinctions in one common attribute—human suffering appealing to human skill.

Woe to the households in which the trusted Healer feels not on his conscience the solemn obligations of his glorious art. Reverently, as in a temple, I stood in the virgin's chamber. When her mother placed her hand in mine, and I felt the throb of its pulse, I was aware of no quicker beat of my own heart. I looked with a steady eye on the face, more beautiful from the flush that deepened the delicate hues of the young cheek, and the lustre that brightened the dark blue of the wandering eyes. She did not at first heed me; did not seem aware of my presence; but kept murmuring to herself words which I could not distinguish.

At length, when I spoke to her, in that low, soothing tone which we learn at the sick-bed, the expression of her face altered suddenly; she passed the hand I did not hold over her forehead, turned round, looked at me full and long, with unmistakable surprise, yet not as if the surprise displeased her; less the surprise which recoils from the sight of a stranger than that which seems doubtfully to recognize an unexpected friend! Yet on the surprise there seemed to creep something of apprehension—of fear: her hand trembled, her voice quivered, as she said,

"Can it be, can it be? Am I awake? Mother, who is this?"

"Only a kind visitor, Dr. Fenwick, sent by Mrs. Poynts, for I was uneasy about you, darling. How are you now?"

"Better. Strangely better."

She removed her hand gently from mine, and with an involuntary modest shrinking, turned toward Mrs. Ashleigh, who, with her mother toward herself, so that she became at once hidden from me.

Satisfied that there was here no delirium, nor even more than the slight and temporary fever which often accompanies a sudden nervous attack in constitutions unusually sensitive, I retired noiselessly from the room, and went not into that which had been occupied by the deceased husband, but down to my own drawing-room, to write my prescription. I had already sent the servant off with it to the chemist's before Mrs. Ashleigh joined me.

"She seems recovering surprisingly; her forehead is cooler; she is perfectly self-possessed, only she can not account for her own seizure, can not account either for the fainting or the agitation with which she awoke from sleep."

"I think I can account for it. The first room in which she entered—that in which she fainted—had its window open; the sides of the room were overgrown with the creeping plants in full blossom. Miss Ashley had already predisposed herself to injurious effects from the chill, fatigue, excitement, imprudence in sitting out at the fall of a heavy dew. The sleep after the fainting fit was the more distressed, because nature, always alert and active in subjects so young, was making its own effort to right itself from an injury. Nature has nearly succeeded. What I have prescribed will a little aid and accelerate that which nature has set to do, and in a day or two I do not doubt that your daughter will be perfectly restored. Only let me recommend care to avoid exposure to the open air during the close of the day. Let her avoid also the room in which she was first seized, for it is a strange phenomenon in nervous temperament as a nervous attack may, without visible cause, be repeated in the same place where it was first experienced. You had better shut up the chamber for at least some weeks, burn fires in it, repaint and paper it, sprinkle chloroform. You are not, perhaps, aware that Dr. Lloyd died in that room after a prolonged illness. Suffer me to wait till your servant returns with the medicine, and let me employ the interval in asking a few questions. Miss Ashleigh, you say, never had a fainting fit before. I should presume that she is not what we call strong. But has she ever had any illness that alarmed you?"

"Never."

"No great liability to cold and cough, to attacks of the chest or lungs?"

"Certainly not. Still I have feared that she may have a tendency to consumption. Do you think so? Your questions alarm me!"

"I do not think so; but before I pronounce a positive opinion, one question more. You say you feared a tendency to consumption. Is that disease in her family? She certainly did not inherit it from you. But on her father's side?"

"Her father," said Mrs. Ashleigh, with tears in her voice, "died young, but of brain fever, which the medical men said was brought on by over-study."

"Enough, my dear Madam. What you say confirms my belief that your daughter's constitution is the very opposite to that in which the seeds of consumption lurk. It is rather that far nobler constitution which the keenness of the nervous susceptibility renders delicate but elastic—as quick to recover as it is to suffer."

"Thank you, thank you, Dr. Fenwick, for what you say. You take a load from my heart. For Mr. Vigors, I know, thinks Lilian consumptive, and Mrs. Poynts has rather frightened me at times by hints to the same effect. But when you speak of nervous susceptibility, I do not quite understand you. My daughter is not what is commonly called nervous. Her temper is singularly even."

"But if not excitable, should you also say that she is not impressionable? The things which do not disturb her temper may, perhaps, deject her spirits. Do I make myself understood?"

"Yes, I think I understand your distinction. But I am not quite sure if it applies. To most things that affect the spirits she is not more sensitive than other girls, perhaps less so. But she is certainly very impressionable in some things."

"In what?"

"She is more moved than any one I ever knew by objects in external nature, rural scenery, rural sounds, by music, by the books that she reads—even books that are not works of imagination. Perhaps in all this she takes after her poor father, but in a more marked degree—at least, I observe it more in her. For he was peculiarly silent and reserved. And perhaps also her peculiarities have been fostered by the seclusion in which she has been brought up. It was with a view to make her a little more like girls of her own age that these friends, Mrs. Poynts, induced me to come here. Lilian was reconciled to this change; but she shrank from the thoughts of London, which I should have preferred. Her poor father could not endure London."

"Miss Ashleigh is fond of reading?"

"Yes, she is fond of reading, but more fond of music. She will sit by herself for hours without book or work, and seem as abstracted as if in a dream. She was so even in her earliest childhood. Then she would tell me what she had been conjuring up to herself. She would say that she had seen—positively seen—beautiful lands far away from earth; flowers and trees not like ours. As she grew older this visionary talk displeased me, and I scolded her, and said that if others knew her they would think that she was not only silly, but very untruthful. So of late years she never ventures to tell me what, in such dreamy moments, she suffers herself to imagine; but the habit of musing continues still. Do you not agree with Mrs. Poynts, that the best cure would be a little cheerful society among other young people?"

"Certainly," said I, honestly, though with a jealous pang. "I will wait here till you return. Will you take it up to her, and then sit with her half an hour or so? By that time I expect she will be asleep. I will wait here till you return. Oh, I can amuse myself with the newspapers and books on your table. Stay! one caution I be sure there can be no mirrors in Miss Ashleigh's sleeping-room. I think I saw a trenchmirror in a stand by the window. If so, banish it."

Left alone, I examined the room in which, I thought of joy! I had surely now won the claim to become a privileged guest. I noticed the books Lilian must have touched; in the articles of furniture, as yet so hastily disposed that the settled look of home was not about them, I still knew that I was gazing on things which her mind must associate with the history of her young life. That late-harp must be surely hers, and the scarf, with a girl's favorite colors—pure white and pale blue—and the birdcage, and the childish ivory work-case, with implements too pretty for use, all spoke of her.

It was a blissful, intoxicating reverie, which Mrs. Ashleigh's entrance disturbed.

Lilian was sleeping calmly. I had no pretense to linger there any longer.

"I leave you, I trust, with your mind quite at ease," said I. "You will allow me to call to-morrow, in the afternoon?"

"Oh yes, gratefully."

Mrs. Ashleigh held out her hand as I made toward the door.

Is there a physician who has not felt at times how that ceremonious fee throws him back from the garden land of humanity into the market-place of money—seems to put him out of the pale of equal friendship, and say, "True, you have given health and life. Adieu! there, you are paid for it." With a poor person there would have been no dilemma, but Mrs. Ashleigh was affluent: to depart from custom here was almost impertinence. But had the penalty of my refusal been the doom of never again beholding Lilian, I could not have taken her mother's gold. So I did not appear to notice the hand held out to me, and passed by with a quickened step.

"But, Dr. Fenwick, stop!"

"No, Ma'am, no! Miss Ashleigh would have recovered as soon without me. Whenever my aid is really wanted, then—but Heaven grant that time may never come! We will talk again about her to-morrow."

I was gone. Now in the garden ground, odorous with blossoms; now in the lane, inclosed by the narrow walls; now in the deserted streets, over which the moon alone fell as in that winter night when I hurried from the chamber of death. But the streets were not ghastly now, and the moon was no longer Hecate, that dreary goddess of awe and spectres, but the sweet, simple Lady of the Stars, on whose gentle face lovers have gazed ever since (if that guess of astronomers be true) she was parted from earth to rule the tides of its deeps from afar, even as love from love divided rules the heart that yearns toward it with mysterious law!

CHAPTER XI.

WITH what increased benignity I listened to the patients who visited me the next morning! The whole human race seemed to me worthier of love, and I longed to diffuse among all some rays of the glorious hope that had dawned upon my heart. My first call, when I went forth, was on the poor young woman from whom I had been returning the day before, when an impulse, which seemed like a fate, had lured me into the grounds where I had first seen Lilian. I felt grateful to this poor patient; without her, Lilian herself might be yet unknown to me.

The girl's brother, a young man employed in the police, and whose pay supported his widowed mother and the suffering sister, received me at the threshold of the cottage.

"Oh, Sir! she is so much better to-day; almost free from pain. Will she live now? can she live?"

"If my treatment has really done the good you say; if she be really better under it, I think her recovery may be pronounced. But I must see her."

The girl was indeed wonderfully better. I felt that my skill was achieving a signal triumph, but that was not even my intellectual pride was forgotten in the luxurious unfolding of that sense of heart which had so newly waked into blossom.

As I recrossed the threshold I smiled on the brother, who was still lingering there.

"Your sister is saved, Walter. She needs now chiefly wine and good though light nourishment; these you will find at my house; call there for them every day."

"God bless you, Sir! If ever I can serve

"I HAD NOT YET ASKED YOU TO BE MY FRIEND, I ASK IT NOW."

you—" His tongue faltered—he could say no more.

Serve me—Allen Fenwick—that poor policeman! Me, whom a king could not serve! What did I ask from earth but Fame and Lilian's heart? Thrones and bread man wins from the aid of Science. But a woman's heart he can only gain through himself.

So I strode gayly up the hill, through the iron gates into the fairy ground, and stood before Lilian's home.

The man-servant, on opening the door, seemed somewhat confused, and said, hastily, before I spoke,

"Not at home, Sir; a note for you."

I turned the note mechanically in my hand; I felt stunned.

"Not at home! Miss Ashleigh can not be out. How is she?"

"Better, Sir, thank you."

I still could not open the note; my eyes turned wistfully toward the windows of the house, and there—at the drawing-room window—I encountered the scowl of Mr. Vigors. I colored with resentment, divined that I was dismissed, and walked away with a proud crest and a firm step.

When I was out of the gates, in the blind lane, I opened the note. It began formally, "Mrs. Ashleigh presents her compliments," and went on to thank me, civilly enough, for my attendance the night before, would not give me the trouble to call on my visit, and inclosed a fee double the amount of the fee prescribed by custom. I flung the money, as an asp that had stung me, over the hedge, and read the note into shreds. Having thus idly vented my rage, a dull gnawing sorrow came heavily down upon all other emotions, stifling and overpowering them. At the mouth of the lane I halted. I shrank from the thought of the crowded streets beyond. I shrank no more from the tumult of care from which stretched before me in the desert into which daily life was so suddenly smitten. I sat down by the roadside, shading my dejected face with a nerveless hand. I looked up as the sound of steps reached my ear, and saw Dr. Jones coming from the house. He, too, averted his face. Abbots' House. He must have been there at the very time I had called. I was not only dismissed from remembrance, but from the recollection of the spot on which I had seated myself, and went my way into the town, went through my allotted round of professional visits, but my attentions were not so tenderly devoted, my skill so genially quickened by the glow of benevolence, as my poorer patients had found them in the morning.

I have said how the physician should enter the sick-room. "A Calm Intelligence!" But if you enter a house on the hurry, the mind inflames—that suffers. Little worth, I suspect, was my "calm intelligence" that day. Bicket, in his famous book upon Death, divides life into two parts—the chaser—animal and organic. Man's intellect, with the brain for its centre, belongs to life animal; his passions, centred in the heart, to life organic. Alas! if the noblest passions, through which alone we fit ourselves into the moral realm of the sublime and beautiful, really have their centre in the life which the very vegetable, that lives organically, shares with us! And, indeed, if it be true that life which we share with the vegetable that can cloud, obstruct, suspend, annul that life centred in the brain, which is what with every living however anagelic, in every star however remote, on whom the Creator bestows the faculty of thought!

To be continued.

CHAPTER XII.

BUT suddenly I remembered Mrs. Poyntz. I ought to call on her. So I closed my round of visits at her door. But the day was then far advanced, and the servant politely informed me that Mrs. Poyntz was at dinner. I could only leave my card with a message that I would pay my respects to her the next day. That evening I received from her this note:

"DEAR DR. FENWICK,—I regret much that I can not have the pleasure of seeing you to-day. Poyntz and I are going to visit his brother, at the other end of the county, and we shall start early. We shall be away about a week. Sorry to hear from Mrs. Ashleigh that she has been persuaded by Mr. Vigors to consult Dr. Jones about her health. Vigors and Jones both frighten the poor mother, and insist upon consultations and opinions. Unluckily, you seem to have said there was little the matter. Some doctors gain their reputation by some grandeur—fit their address by adroit use of the opposite to terror. You do not wear spectacles; Dr. Jones does. And, after all, better perhaps as it is.

Yours, etc.

"M. POYNTZ."

To my more selfish grief anxiety for Lilian was now added. I had seen many more patients die from being mistreated for consumption than from consumption itself. And Dr. Jones was a mercenary, cunning, ready man, with much ex- knowledge of human foibles, but very little of the treatment of human maladies. My fears were soon confirmed. A few days after I heard from Miss Brabazon that Miss Ashleigh was seriously ill—kept her room. Mrs. Ashleigh made this excuse for not immediately resuming the visits which the Hill had shown me. Again Miss Brabazon said, soon Dr. " who had at first shown his head; said it was a serious c , but it at time and cure (his time and his system) effects wonders.

How stealthily as the dead of the night I would climb the Hill, and look to the windows of the old mansion—one window, at which a light burned dim and mournful, the light of a sick-room—of hers!

At length Mrs. Poyntz came back, and I captured her house, having fully resolved beforehand on the line of policy to be adopted toward the potentate whom I hoped to secure as an ally. It was clear that neither disguise nor half-concurrence would baffle the penetration of so keen an intellect, or propitiate the good-will of so imperious and solute a temper. Perfect frankness here was the wisest prudence; and, after all, it was most agreeable to my own nature, and most worthy of my own honor.

Luckily, I found Mrs. Poyntz alone, and, taking in both mine the hand she somewhat coldly extended to me, I said, with the earnestness of unaffected emotion:

"You observed, when I last saw you, that I had not yet asked you to be my friend. I ask it now. Listen to me with all the indulgence you can vouchsafe, and let me at least profit by your counsel if you refuse to give me your aid."

Rapidly, however, as I spoke, I saw that I had first won Lilian, and how sudden, how strange to myself had been the impression which that first sight of her had made!

"You remarked the change that had come over me," said I; "it you divined the cause before I divined it myself. It is as if a sad thrice before you, thinking that through you I might see, in the freedom of social intercourse," the face that was then hurrying me. You know what has since passed. Miss Ashleigh is ill; her case is mine. I am answered, wholly misunderstood. All other feelings are merged in one sense of anxiety—of alarm. But it has become due to me, due to all, to honor the risk of your ridicule even more than of your anger, by stating to you thus candidly, plainly, bluntly, the sentiments which renders alarm so poignant, and which if scarcely avowed to myself, assurance of some wild, dreamy boy, may seem an unpardonable folly in a man of my years and my sober calling; but it is to me, to me, to Allen Fenwick, that all the dearest thing in life to me is to become. I ask you, if you, who know Miss Ashleigh so intimately, who must be more or less aware of her plans or wishes for her daughter's future, if you, her friend, whose plans or wishes lead to a lot far more ambitious than an alliance with me could offer to Miss Ashleigh, have still the right, if not encouraged from the house; aid me in suppressing a presumptuous, visionary passion. I can not enter that house without love or hope. I can not enter the house without love or hope. I can not cross if such love and such hope would be a sin and a treachery in the eyes of honor. I ask you, restore Miss Ashleigh to health; her gratitude you have it can not continue. This danger must not be. I am not her son, if her wishes or views form above a son-in-law. And I am the more bound to consider all this while it is yet time, because I found you present at my last sudden and a fortune—was what would be here termed an heiress. And the full consciousness that whatever favor I may have unconsciously won to acquire, does not open those vistas of social power and grandeur which are opened by professions or by trade, I, who have studied—that full consciousness, I say, was forced upon me by certain words of your own. For the rest, I have the sincerity, if I am not the wisest, to speak and avoided the career that makes me useful to man. But I acknowledge that on entering a profession such as mine, success is uncertain except that of arms or the senate—all leave their pollgree at its door, an ensured or dead letter. All must come on equal terms to the race, and into that arena in which men ask aid from a man as he makes himself; to them his dead forefathers are blank. I, therefore, look to advantage of birth I cease to have a claim. I am but a provincial physician, whose station would be the same had I not a penny's son. But solid retains its grand privilege in all ranks. He who has gold is removed from the suspicion that attaches to the adventurer. Whatever be my private fortune, swelled by my savings, is sufficient to secure to any one I married a larger settlement than many a wealthy suitor could offer. I need no fortune with a wife; if she have one, it would be settled on herself. Pardon these vulgar details. You are made practical when you love."

"Fully," answered the Queen of the Hill, who had listened to me quietly, watchfully, and without one interruption.

"Fully. And you have done well to confide to me with so generous an unreserve. But before I say more, I ask you, as a friend, to take your advice for Lilian, supposing that you ought not to attend her? You have no trust in Dr. Jones; neither have I. And Anne Ashleigh has note received to-day, begging me to call, justifies your alarm. Still you think there is no tendency to consumption?"

"Of that I am certain, so far as my slight glimpse of a case that to me, however, seems a plain and not uncommon one, will permit. But in the alternative you put—that my own skill, whatever its worth, is forbidden—my earnest advice is, that you, Mrs. Poyntz, should take her daughter at once to London, and consult there those great authorities to whom I can not compare my own opinion or experience; and by their counsel abide."

Mrs. Poyntz shaded her eyes with her hand for a few moments, and seemed deliberating with herself. Then she said, with her peculiar smile, half grave, half ironical:

"Is it matters more ordinary you we 'd have won me to your side long ago. That is, Vigors should have presumed to cancel my re- mmendation to a matter on the Hill, in case of rebellion, and involved the honor of my pr- fession in it. I suppressed my indignation at an affront so unmeaning, and out of pique against yourself, but much more, I think, out of regard for you."

"I understand. You detected the secret of my heart; you knew that Mrs. Ashleigh would not wish to see her daughter the wife of a provincial physician."

"Am I sure, or are you sure, that the daughter herself would accept that fate; or if she accepted it, would not repent?"

"Do not think me the vainest of men when I say this—that I can not believe I should be so enthralled by a feeling at war with my reason, unfavored by any thing I can detect in my habits of mind, or even by the dreams of a youth which existed science and excluded love, unless I was irresistibly convinced that Miss Ashleigh's heart was free—that I could win, and that I could keep it! Ask me why I am convinced of this, and I can say no more why I think that she could love me, than I can tell you why I love her!"

"I am of the world, worldly. But I am woman, womanly—though I may not care to be thought so. And therefore, though what you say is—regarded in a womanly point of view, it is logically sound. But still you can not know Lilian as I do. Your manner and hers are in strong contrast. I do not think she is a safe wife for you. The purest, the most innocent creature imaginable, certainly that, but always in the seventh heaven. And you in the seventh heaven just at this moment, but with an irresistible gravitation to the solid earth, which will have its way again when the honey-moon is over. I do not believe you two would harmonize by intuition. You do not believe Lilian would sympathize with you, and I am sure you could not sympathize with her throughout the long daily intercourse of every-day life. And therefore, for your sake as well as hers, I was notwithpleased to find that Dr. Jones had removed you from the sphere of your family influences, I say, frankly—do not go again to that house. Conquer this sentiment, fancy, passion, whatever it be. I will advise Mrs. Ashleigh to take Lilian to town. Shall it be so settled?"

I could not speak. I buried my face in my hands—misery, misery, desolation! I know not how long I remained thus silent, perhaps many minutes. At length I felt a cold, firm, but not ungentle hand placed upon mine; and a clear, full, but not discouraging voice said to me:

"Leave me now. I will ponder this conversation, and to-morrow, or the day after, you shall have shown that you so deeply feel. The interests of others are in the scales of the balance. The heart which does not always go in the same scale with the interests, still has its weight in the scale against them. Be a man, and not a love-sick son-in-law. And I am the more bound to consider all this while it is yet time, because I found you present at my last sudden and a fortune—was what would be here termed an heiress. And the full consciousness that whatever favor I may have unconsciously won to acquire, does not open those vistas of social power and grandeur which are opened by professions or by trade, I, who have studied—that full consciousness, I say, was forced upon me by certain words of your own. For the rest, I have the sincerity, if I am not the wisest, to speak and avoided the career that makes me useful to man. But I acknowledge that on entering a profession such as mine, success is uncertain except that of arms or the senate—all leave their pollgree at its door, an ensured or dead letter. All must come on equal terms to the race, and into that arena in which men ask aid from a man as he makes himself; to them his dead forefathers are blank. I, therefore, look to the advantage of birth I cease to have a claim. I am but a provincial physician, whose station would be the same had I not a penny's son. But solid retains its grand privilege in all ranks. He who has gold is removed from the suspicion that attaches to the adventurer. Whatever be my private fortune, swelled by my savings, is sufficient to secure to any one I married a larger settlement than many a wealthy suitor could offer. I need no fortune with a wife; if she have one, it would be settled on herself. Pardon these vulgar details. You are made practical when you love."

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LIEUTENANT-GENERAL SCOTT AND HIS MAJOR GENERALS.

WE publish on page 548 a group of LIEUTENANT-GENERAL SCOTT and his MAJOR GENERALS, and subjoin the following brief memoranda of the men.

LIEUTENANT-GENERAL WINFIELD SCOTT was born near Petersburg, Virginia, on June 13, 1786, and is consequently 75 years old. He was bred a lawyer, but left the practice as an artillerycaptain in 1812, distinguished himself in a most remarkable manner in the campaign on the Canadian frontier, and was promoted to Major General at 28. In 1833 he concluded the Black Hawk War. In 1837 he led an army to the city of Mexico, and there obtained the supreme command. In 1852 he was the Whig candidate for President, and was defeated by General Pierce. He is now the Commander-in-Chief of the United States army, with the rank of Lieutenant-General.

MAJOR-GENERAL JOHN C. FREMONT was born in South Carolina in January, 1818. He began life by teaching mathematics; obtained employment on a Government survey of the Mississippi; grew rapidly distinguished; won a commission as Lieutenant of Engineers, and in 1842 was sent with a few men to explore the South Pass in the Rocky Mountains. He made two years in explorations of the mountain country, succeeding thoroughly in his object, though at great cost of suffering and privation. He took an active part in the conquest of California, and was the first Senator from that State. In 1856 he was the Republican candidate for the Presidency, and was defeated by James Buchanan. He commands the Department of the West, head-quarters at St. Louis.

MAJOR-GENERAL GEORGE B. MCCLELLAN was born in Philadelphia on December 3, 1826. At the age of sixteen he entered the Military Academy at West Point, graduating with the class of 1846, with the rank of Brevet Second Lieutenant of Engineers. Until the Mexican war, however, he had no opportunity of distinguishing himself, and then, "for gallant and meritorious conduct in the battles of Contreras and Churubusco," as the orders expressed it, he was brevetted First Lieutenant. "For gallant and meritorious conduct at the battle of Molino del Rey, September 8, 1847, he was offered a Brevet Captaincy, which he declined. He was advanced in this rank, however, subsequently, "for gallant and meritorious conduct at the battle of Chapultepec," and received the command of a company of sappers, miners, and pontoneers in May, 1848. At the close of the Mexican War he returned to West Point, where he remained on duty with the sappers and miners until 1851. During this time he introduced the bayonet exercise into the army, and translated and adapted a manual which has since become a text-book for the service. During the summer and fall of 1851 he superintended the construction of Fort Delaware, and in the succeeding spring was assigned to duty, under Major R. B. Marcy, in the expedition for the exploration of the Red River. Thence he was ordered Detroit to Europe as military attaché, on the staff of General Persifer F. Smith, and remained for some months in surveying the rivers and harbors of that region. In 1853 he was ordered to Pacific coast, in command of the Western division of the survey of the North Pacific Railroad route. He returned to the East in the fall of 1854, and connected with the Pacific survey, and was engaged also in secret service to the West Indies. The next year he received a commissionas Captain of Cavalry, and was appointed a member of the Commission which went to the seat of war in the Crimea and in Northern Russia. Colonel Richard Delafield, one of his colleagues, is now an officer in the relief army, and Major Alfred Mordecai, the third member of the Commission, a short time ago resigned the Superintendency of the Troy Arsenal. Major M'Clellan's report on the "Organization of the European Armies and the Operations of the War," a quarto volume, embodying the result of his observations in the Crimea, greatly enhanced his reputation as a scientific soldier. In January, 1857, weary of inaction, he resigned his position in the army to become Vice-President and Engineer of the Illinois Central Railroad, which post he held for three years, when he was offered and accepted the Presidency of the Ohio and Mississippi Railroad, of which he was also General Superintendent. When our domestic troubles assumed formidable dimensions, Major M'Clellan's services were at once offered and accepted. Governor Curtin, of Pennsylvania, tried to secure the benefit of his experience in organizing the volunteers from that State, but the tender of the Major-Generalship of the Ohio forces reached him first, and he at once accepted it. On May 14 he received a commission as Major-General in the United States Army, and now has command of the Department of Virginia.

MAJOR-GENERAL NATHANIEL P. BANKS was born at Waltham, Massachusetts, on 30th January, 1816, and is consequently forty-five years of age. His father was a manufacturer of the middle class, and after a brief term at the village school this son also took his place in a factory. He was always fond of political politics, and in early age he ran for the Legislature on the Democratic ticket. Defeated at six consecutive elections, he was successful at seventh, and became a leading member of the House, and ultimately Speaker. He was President of the Convention which revised the Constitution of Massachusetts, and was elected to Congress. His election as Speaker of the House, after a protracted contest, attracted public attention throughout the country, and his career as Speaker placed him among the foremost men in the country. He was subsequently chosen by two consecutive terms Governor of Massachusetts, and increased his reputation by his administration of the office. On the close of his second term he entered the service of the Illinois Central Railroad as General Superintendent. He only vacated his post to accept the rank he holds in the army. General Banks's Department is on the Upper Potomac.

MAJOR-GENERAL JOHN A. DIX was born at Boscawen, New Hampshire, in 1798, and is consequently sixty-three years old. He served as ensign, and subsequently as adjutant and aid to General Brown in the war of 1812. At the close of the war he began the practice of the law at Cooperstown, New York. He has since filled many public offices. In 1833 he was Secretary of State; in 1842 he was elected to the State Assembly; and from 1845 to 1849 he was one of the United States Senators from New York. In 1850 he was appointed Subtreasurer at New York; in 1860, Postmaster, and on the resignation of the traitor Thompson, he accepted the office of Secretary of the Treasury. General Dix's Department is Maryland.

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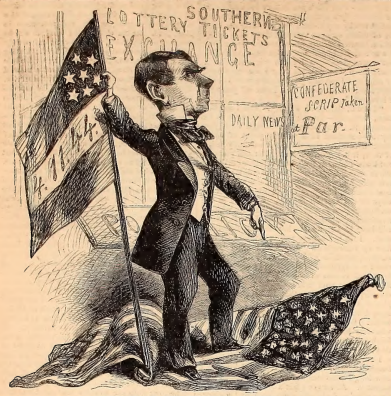

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HARPER'S WEEKLY

A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION

VOL. V.—No. 245.] NEW YORK, SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 7, 1861. [SINGLE COPIES SIX CENTS. $3 00 PER YEAR IN ADVANCE.

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the Year 1861, by Harper & Brothers, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Southern District of New York.

A FEMALE REBEL IN BALTIMORE—AN EVERYDAY SCENE—[SEE PAGE 571.]

ON GUARD.

At midnight, on my lonely beat,
When shadow wraps the wood and lea,
A vision seems my view to greet
Of one at home that prays for me.

No roses blow upon her cheek—
Her form is not a lover's dream—
But on her face, so fair and meek,
A host of holier beauties gleam.

For softly shines her silver hair,
A patient smile is on her face,
And the mild lustrous light of prayer
Around her sheds a moon-like grace.

She prays for one that's far away—
The soldier in his holy fight—
And begs that Heaven in mercy may
Protect her boy and bless the Right!

Till, though the leagues lie far between,
This silent incense of her heart
Steals o'er my soul with hush serene,
And we no longer are apart.

So guarding thus my lonely beat,
By shadowy wood and haunted lea,
That vision seems my view to greet
Of her at home who prays for me.

CARY CARMON.

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 7, 1861.

A POLITICAL CATECHISM FOR CHILDREN.

IT is the boast of the United States that our children imbibe political knowledge almost with their mother's milk, and that our boys at school possess an experience of political affairs which is not surpassed by that of average citizens of most foreign countries. We are not surprised, therefore, that we have received the following POLITICAL CATECHISM, which appears to have been prepared by some very sensible American matron for the sake of her boys, and we commend it to the perusal of young men of all ages:

QUESTION. What is a Democrat, mamma?

ANSWER. A Democrat, my dear, is a defunct species, of which you will find a lively example in stuffed specimen at Lancaster, Pennsylvania. In their day Democrats were hearty patriots who sought the good of the whole country. These Democrats have now gone to the wars, and are fighting the battles of the country against traitors. Nobody calls himself a Democrat nowadays except broken-down politicians who have no honest means of living, and who assume that title in the hope of being able to cheat and steal.

QUESTION. What is a Republican, mamma?

ANSWER. Republicans, my dear, were people who sought to prevent slavery entering the national territories. As the question of slavery in the territories (and other places besides, perhaps) has been pretty thoroughly settled by the great Rebellion of the slaveholders under Jeff Davis and other traitors, there are no Republicans left now, except a few persons who desire places in the Custom-house.

QUESTION. What is the Democratic State Committee, mamma?

ANSWER. The Democratic State Committee, my dear, is composed of dead bodies which are so offensive to the sight of God and man that no one has had the charity to bury them. In November next this unpleasant job will be done by the people at large.

QUESTION. What is a Breckinridge Democrat?

ANSWER. A Breckinridge Democrat is a person who desires to see this Union overthrown, and the rebellion of Jeff Davis successful.

QUESTION. What do the Breckinridge Democrats want, mamma?

ANSWER. A very natural question, my dear. Some of them want offices under Jeff Davis: one wants licenses to sell Southern lottery tickets: another owns slaves and wants to bring them to New York: others have money owing to them all the South, and would like to get it: but most of them are mere vagabonds who want to see anarchy established in the hope of making something out of it.

QUESTION. What is coercion, mamma?

ANSWER. Coercion is resisting a robber who tries to plunder you.

QUESTION. What is compromise?

ANSWER. Compromise is giving the robber your purse, your watch, your coat, and your boots, on condition that he leaves you your shirt-collar.

QUESTION. What is a fratricidal war?

ANSWER. A fratricidal war is putting down thieves and traitors who happen to be your fellow-countrymen. The United States engaged in a fratricidal war when they chased and caught the traitor Burr; and they would have undertaken a fratricidal war against the traitor Arnold, in unanimously short order, if they could have got at him.

QUESTION. What is liberty of the press?

ANSWER. The liberty of the press, as understood by the framers of the Constitution, is the right of publishing what you will, provided no one is injured thereby; but the liberty of the press, as understood by the friends of Jeff Davis, is the right of playing the sneak thief when one has not the courage to play the burglar.

QUESTION. What is State sovereignty?

ANSWER. State sovereignty, my dear, is a fine phrase under which bad men choose the laws which they will obey and the laws which they will break. It is scarcely raised into a system.

QUESTION. What is neutrality, mamma?

ANSWER. Neutrality, my dear, is meanly shirking your duty as a citizen, and helping the enemy in a cowardly underhand way. A man who stands by and sees a poor fellow beaten to death by a ruffian is a neutral, and the model of those who are neutral in the present war.

QUESTION. What is the cause of the present war?

ANSWER. This war, my dear, is the last dying struggle of slavery as a political power. If you have real history at hand, you must have learned that all great and powerful systems or bodies die hard. The Roman Catholic hierarchy, the divine right monarchies, the feudal oligarchies, all struggled very hard before they gave way to common sense and the rights of the people. Just so slavery, as an element of political power, is now making its last dying struggle, and you may depend upon it, it will fight to the last. But if you have read your Bible right, and have the true instincts of a free-born American boy in you, you can not doubt how the contest will end.

HAVE WE AN ARMY?

Now that the Government of Mr. Lincoln is beginning to realize that we are at war in earnest, it is to be hoped that one thing will be done, organizing our present disorganized masses of volunteers into a regular army. There is a good deal of work to be done before this can be successfully achieved; but it is believed that General M'Clellan has the business in hand, and is gradually elaborating it.

Thus we are assured that the present confusing distinctions between the regiments contributed by the several loyal States are about to be abolished, and the whole body of volunteers, to be fixed into one army, and each regiment to be numbered as the —— regiment of the United States Army. At present, twenty-one States have sent forth men to fight under the old flag, to say nothing of the Territories. Thus there are twenty-one First regiments of Volunteers, at least twenty Second regiments, no end of Thirds and Fourths, and so on. This system of nomenclature only opens a door to much confusion and possibly grave mistakes. The system of distinguishing certain regiments as Massachusetts Volunteers or New York Volunteers, moreover, implies a tacit recognition of the heresy of State Sovereignty which underlies the Southern rebellion. It is well, therefore, that all the regiments of Volunteers should not deprive any State of the glory its volunteers may confer upon it. Every body will quickly learn to identify the new regiments; just as a Great Britain every body knows that the 79th and 93d are Scotchmen, the Guards Englishmen, the 23d Welshmen, and the 88th Irishmen.

We are also glad to learn that it is proposed to uniform all the volunteers in blue army cloth. In every battle that has been fought, fatal blunders have arisen from the similarity of the uniforms of the friends and enemies of the enemy. The large plates which we have published, giving the uniforms of troops in both armies, might, with a few modifications, have answered for either. It is absolutely necessary that our soldiers should be able to identify each other in battle. The very word used to describe the costume of the rebel Confederacy—explains the necessity for the proposed reform.

Other and graver changes are requisite, however, if our army is to be made serviceable. The system is not working as it ought to be working well. The troubles which have arisen in several of our New York regiments show that the judgment of the people is not always to be relied upon for the selection of the best company officers: nor have the latter been invariably right in the choice of field-officers. In the best-officered regiments, as in the field the election of officers was a farce. The colonel chose his major, captains, and lieutenants, and the privates generally confirmed the choice. In all probability a strict application of the new rules requiring all officers to undergo an examination by a Board would accomplish a similar result for regimental officers. Once appointed, if the Board would do its duty fearlessly. Large latitude should, however, be granted to commanding officers in the matter of suspending or cashiering incompetent subordinates. The officers of every mutinous company ought, for instance, to be reduced to the ranks at once: for the mutiny is generally their own

and dangerous polette, instead of being virtually relinquished there?

Why are women, notorious agents of treason, openly countenanced, socially, by high officers of the Government?

Why, when loyal citizens are imprisoned at Richmond, are men taken in arms against the United States feasted and allowed honorably to go at large upon a foolish promise of doing so no more?

Why, in general, after four months of open, active, dangerous war, following months and years of careful hostile preparation, does the Administration seem so slowly to open its eyes and so reluctantly believe in battle?

Such questions are asked by thousands in no captious or disloyal spirit, and with the fullest allowances for the difficulties with which the Administration has been forced to contend. They are asked too by those who see that the movement of the Administration is constantly forward. It has not gone backward—but it has not gone forward fast enough. At such a time it should lead, not follow, the popular feeling. That and that only would deepen and strengthen the popular faith. The people naturally expect that every power necessary to preserve the existence of their Government will be assumed; and they stand ready in Congress to justify and approve the assumption. A bill of indemnity or a bill of pains and penalties, Senator Sherman says, confronts the Administration in the exercise of every strong measure necessary to the great end to be won. But it need be—but that every vigor will be censured. It should rather ask itself what will confront it if it hesitates and delays and incessantly asks small measures.

And it must bear with question and criticism, so it be fair and not querulous. The people of this country are not children. They do not feel that a truly active man or Administration is inactive. They know why they need not censure General Sackson in '32. They know that there was no need of spurring Washington in '76. They have no doubt of the fidelity of the Administration; and they hope that it is now thoroughly awake and dressed for the day.

THE SURGEONS' PAROLE.

THERE has been some surprise and regret expressed that several of our surgeons who were captured at Bull Run should have given their word not to take up arms against the conspiracy. The regret is that they have so far recognized the rebellion.

The truth of the matter is, that they were taken while in attendance upon our wounded, and they were told that they could not return to Sudbury church to continue their duties unless they gave their word not to take up arms on our side. They had, therefore, to decide whether they would abandon our wounded soldiers to die uncared for. And as they had given the field especially to take care of them, the surgeons are surely not to be very sharply censured for their conduct. It is not of course wise for the Government to allow the officers to go upon duty in our forts and camps. Nor does it materially strengthen the conspiracy; for their word merely means that there was a force sufficient to constrain their action. It concedes nothing to the rightfulness of the force.

WASHINGTON UPON REBELLION.

WHEN the Whisky Insurrection broke out in the eastern counties of Pennsylvania in 1794, Washington said that "if the laws are to be so trampled upon with impunity, and a minority, a small one too, is to dictate to the majority, there is an end put at one stroke to the existence of government."

Washington issued his proclamation on the 7th of August, 1794, declaring that, if tranquility were not perceived to restored, on the 1st of September force would be employed to compel submission to the laws. On the same day he made a requisition for twelve thousand militia, and ordered increased to fifteen thousand. He appointed Governor Lee, of Virginia, to the chief command, and Lee marched with the militia of Virginia, in two divisions.

"This great military array," says the historian, "extinguished at once the kindling elements of a civil war that would have overthrown the Republic."

Every thing that Washington said at that period is of the most singular interest to us now. In writing of the soldiers to Governor Lee he speaks of "the enlightened and patriotic zeal for the Constitution and the laws, which had led them cheerfully to quit their homes, families, and the comforts of a private life, to undertake, and thus far to perform, a long and fatiguing march, and to encounter and endure the hardships and privations of a military life. No citizen of the United States can ever be engaged in a service more important to their country, or more less liable to any reproach, solitude and preserve the blessings of that revolution which, at such expense of blood and treasure, was instituted as a free and independent nation."

When the disturbance was quelled, he said: "It has afforded a happy proof to the people of this country to show their abhorrence of the result, and their attachment to the Constitution and the laws; for I believe that five-sixths of the number of militia that was required would have come forward, if it had been necessary, in support of them."

Governor Lee, of Virginia, was the "Light Horse Harry" of the Revolution: peculiarly dear to Washington, who in youth had loved Lee's mother. He was also the father of General Robert Lee, now in arms against the same Constitution and those laws. Where does General Lee suppose that Washington, were he now living, would be found? Would he stand side by side with the Virginian Lee, who strikes at the heart of his country; or shoulder to shoulder with the Virginian Scott, whose latest years are bright with the sacred light of patriotism?

NOW AND THEN.

THE Richmond *Enquirer*, in speaking of the capture by the rebels of Colonel R. C. Carrington, a Virginian, who fought gallantly for his country at Manassas, says: "His eloquence and his arms have proved alike futile against his mother State. He has disgraced himself, not her."

When the first Continental Congress met in Philadelphia, Patrick Henry, says Irving, scouted the idea of sectional distinctions. "All America," said he, "is thrown into one mass. Where are your landmarks, your boundaries of colonies? They are all thrown down. The distinction between Virginians, Pennsylvanians, New Yorkers, and New Englanders is no more. *I am not a Virginian, but an American.*"

So said the great Virginian patriot, long before the union that formally merged Virginians and New Yorkers in Americans. So says every patriot now, pledging, as he did, life and fortune and sacred honor in the sublime cause of free, popular, constitutional government.

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

GOYON AND DE MERODE.

A LAY OF LEICESTER SQUARE.

AH! have you seen the great Monsieur de Goyon, the savior lost one?
Monsigner de Merode wie Goyon 'ave von few,
De General demande, and Monsigner dem,
Surrender of Zouave for some offease to try.

To Général Goyon, of Monsigner Merode,
Zo zame, in Inglese speech, we "is to be blowed;
I vill a not giv qo so unfortunate to you:
Your mission vos vagare, von onion, and von doo!"

Zo Général Goyon, to hear zis bad language
Spoke of Napoleon, hiv into von great rage;
"Ah! I'll be zure," he cry, "to punish you vell, you weare,
Else I vode give you two great boxes on ze ears.

"Take all your pretty robbs which keep your shoulders warm,
And I of Général will change to uniform
Like now ze ozzer Général, and zen I vill state,
I may you zander satisfaction on so plain."

Monsigner de Merode, he say, "I 'ave no excuse;
Ze offer to accept, for vhy I most refuse."
"Monsigner," zen Goyon, "you is von great coare,
"To me it pisin appears zat you are von poltron.

"Ze brave of your zare vit coures you no pain,
Zace so I am ready zem to punish, remain,
Behold, you see as lip of zis extended toe;
Zerefore zat you accept it look I make just so!"

Monsigner de Merode did zereupon retreat,
Like von small dog wiz tail between his hinder feet,
Ze soldier of Napoleon remaining quite mad-by,
And neat him down to eat von plate of emble pie.

A MAN OF HIGH FAMILY.—It is not generally known that St. Bloodia is connected with one of the most illustrious families in Europe. The Duke of Bloodia's pedigree is confidently asserted to be a scion of the House of Lancaster.

A WOMAN TO BE ENVIED.—The wife of a poor Creole writes, sighingly, as follows: "I see that the Sultan is als ways appointing new favorites. I wish I was the favorite of the Sultana exercise the same privilege, and can come and so often as she likes to my husband's room."

ADVICE THAT NEVER WILL BE FOLLOWED.—A woman should never marry. Previous to marriage, she is an Angel—after marriage she is a Devil. Any man who marries a Woman—*One who admires Women far too generally to prove a fault-perfecting husband.*

VERY SMOOTABLE.—A new journal is announced, to be entitled *The Quincy*. We understand that a leading feature in it will be a series of articles on Whig Principles.

ADVICE TO THE INVINCIBLES.—If you will "drink like a fish," let it be then like the gold fish, whose entire gluttonies nothing but water.

STYLE!—What every coxcomb fancies he has attached to his gait.

A Methodist preacher, whose hearers were in the habit of going to sleep over his preachings, bought a tin whistle, and one Sabbath day, when he saw the congregation in a most somnolent influence, he drew forth his whistle and blew it with all his might. The effect was electrical—everybody awoke and upon their feet, staring at the minister, at each other, and inquiring what was the matter. "Nothing more is to come next. "You're a set of smart specimens of humanity, you are! I've been preaching to you for half an hour, and gazed around on the astonished assemblage. "When I preach the Gospel, by the Jews, you don't hear a word, and when I play upon the devil you're all wide awake, up and a coming, like a rush of locusts with a pole in their nest."

A SAYING AT PARTY.—When people say "Necessity has no law," they mean that necessity has no rule.

A genuine Jonathan, sojourning on the banks of Lough Neagh, says, in proof of the petrifying property of its waters, that an old soldier who had been killed at Waterloo by the sabre-point of Hugo Trout, has immersed his legs so long and so often in the lough that they have petrified, and now he knows no more reason upon what void to be laid than a log.

Men may have in their souls no locomotive strong enough to draw a train of thought.

"I'll neither tell my age for the censure or the sovereign," said cook, most resolutely, to her master, who was inquiring for the number of her years. "Hah," cried he, you down, surly-face, was the cool reply. "Upon my honor, Sir," said she, "my face is not surly," and cook, indeed, was not surly-faced.

The storms of adversity are wholesome, though, like snow-storms, their *drifts* are not always safe.

A MODEL OFFICER.—A certain militia captain commanding a company of raw recruits, was marching them through this body of the nation's bulwark in the act of "grim-visaged war." Coming to a narrow bridge, over which a very tricklish road, it was found necessary to stop the beating of the drum. "Mr. Drummer," shouted the "Cap," "Halt," our commander hauled out, somewhat pettishly, "Stop that drumming!" His wish understanding the order, the musician continued to perform his "paddedidder" and "Bammeraddider," with much more vigor than before. "Stop that drumming!" shouted our hero a second time: but the unconcerning drummer, with head erect and fire on the move, still went on. The indignant captain could bear it no longer: down from his charger he leaped, and, with these valiant battle words" with a flourish, and plunged it through the drum-head, "I'll make you understand, you rascal, I command!" "There, confound you, now rub-a-dub if you can!"

"Mr, get down on your hands and knees a minute, please." "What on earth could I do that for, pat?" "Cause I want to draw an elephant."

A gentleman said to his wife, a few evenings since, as they were talking over the war, "The measles—why that is a most unmilitary disease for troops to be sick with." "Why," she replied, "it is a very common sickness with the *infantry*, replied."

"Bob, how is your sweet-heart getting along?" "Pretty well; she says I needn't call any more."

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

PREPARATIONS OF THE REBELS IN VIRGINIA.

The New York *Times* says: "There appears to be little doubt that the rebel Army at Manassas and in that vicinity is now made more numerous than it has ever been before, whatever its appointments may be. Immediately after the Bull Run battle, the rebel leaders made extraordinary exertions to concentrate troops in Virginia, in anticipation of another and more formidable demonstration by the National Army, and the result, it is understood, has been the transfer of large forces from Tennessee, which had been held there for the defence of the Mississippi, together with all that could be spared from the Cotton States, including a portion of Bragg's command at Pensacola. In addition to all this the work of improvement—for it can be called nothing else—has been steadily going on in Virginia. The Maryland line has been drawn the tighter, while the gaps from Leesburg and other counties, who have fled to avoid this impressment, have been the instances driving over their stock to save it from the marauders, and in others leaving every thing behind, and even to escape with their lives."

ARRESTS FOR TREASON.

Several parties have been arrested on suspicion of treason—including the Mayor of Washington, the Baltimore police commissioner, and several others now held in durance at Fort Lafayette, and two or three States in Washington Territory, for the crime of treason upon charges of communicating with the rebels. Among them are the wife of Mr. Secretary Seward, Governor Hicks, and Phillips, wife of an ex-member of Congress from Alabama, and her two children. Mrs. Phillips and children have been surrounded by a strong military guard, and the inmates held in custody.

M'CULLOCH'S MOVEMENTS IN WESTERN MISSOURI.

We learn that the Union men in the southwestern part of Missouri are rallying en masse to the rebel forces. Stragends of them being compelled to abandon their homes. About ten thousand men, under Price and Parsons, are marching northward, an advance-guard having reached as far as Lebanon on the 16th inst.

MORE SKIRMISHES.

Active military operations continue in Missouri. We learn from Springfield that a fight took place on Sunday night at twelve o'clock at Charleston, between the Union force, about 500 strong, commanded by Col. Dougherty, and Illinois Regiment, under command of Colonel Dougherty, accompanied by Major Gorman and Captain Hall of the Eleventh Illinois Regiment. The rebel force was estimated at 600 to 700 men, and was led by Colonel Thompson, of Jeff Thompson's army. The Union force was victorious, completely routing the rebels, killing forty and taking seventeen prisoners.

Captain Hickeman, with fifty mounted men, left Bird's Point at about six o'clock the same evening for Charleston, to join the forces under Colonel Dougherty, but failed to form a junction with them. They met a party of rebels about one hundred strong, and had a skirmish with them, two and taking thirty-three prisoners; they also captured thirty-three horses, and lost the loss of a man.

A PROCLAMATION BY GOVERNOR GAMBLE.

The following proclamation has been issued by Governor Gamble:

"Whereas the power of the civil authority is insufficient to execute the laws for the recovery of the citizens of the State, I, Hamilton R. Gamble, Governor of Missouri, do hereby call into the service of the State Militia forty-two thousand men of the militia of the State, assigning six thousand to each division, and one thousand to each, which is the same as a Congressional district. The force thus called into service will be, as far as possible, a volunteer force, and will consist of ten thousand cavalry and thirty-two thousand infantry. The number of volunteers should not exceed this requisition the excess will be held as a reserve corps. If there should be a deficiency it may become necessary to draft to fill the force. The Adjutant-General will issue to the Division Inspectors of the several military districts the necessary instructions to carry into effect this requisition. The force called out will be for six months, unless sooner discharged. The troops when entered, will not be furnished as rapidly as they can be had.

"Given under my hand and the seal of the State, at Jefferson City, this 24th day of August, in the year 1861.

"By the Governor:

M. OLIVER, *Secretary of State.*"

TREASURY IN GOOD INVESTMENT SERVICE.

The investigation of the Potter Committee, it is said, has resulted in exposing a number of fraudulent claims, and several departments at Washington as persons who can not be relied upon to carry out Government.

BOUNTY FOR VOLUNTEERS.

The State of New York has adopted a policy which it would well for other States to follow. An order has been issued from head-quarters at Albany, giving a bounty of five dollars per man to every person who shall raise a company of thirty-two volunteers to the service of the Government.

TROUBLES OF THE SECESSION PRESS.

Last week, at Philadelphia, the Market [seized and stopped the publication of the New York *News* and the *Christian Observer*. The former sheet depends chiefly on the Southern trade for support, and the latter circulates at its issue in that direction much effect it seriously. At Philadelphia, however, the *News* was found in a measure to call out a guard to protect two disunion papers from the violence of the Union people.

The *Westchester* (Pennsylvania) *Jeffersonian* has been taken possession of by the Union men, who detest its secession sentiments. The *Starke County* (Ohio) *Democrat* has been suppressed because of its disloyal sentiments and aid to the Government.

On 24th inst. orders were received at the Post-Office here forbidding the transmission of the *Journal of Commerce*, the *Daily News*, the *Freeman's Journal*, and the *Brooklyn Eagle* through the mails of the United States. News-dealers will not be supplied with these papers, and the Marshals seize them wherever found. The *Allegheanian*, a Western Virginia paper, has also been suppressed. On Thursday night, in revenge for an attack upon a meeting at which Governor Pierpont was present, the Wheeling mansion was utterly destroyed on Friday by a party of returned volunteers, and upon the ruins was found a placard, published in the Northern States. The *True Americans* at Steubenville, Ohio, has been suppressed to popular opinion and suspended publication, remarking that as it can not be circulated, it will not be issued until the war is concluded. The press fever has also broken out in Wilmington, Delaware, where the publication of the *Gazette* office was forcibly set by an excited crowd, in consequence of certain remarks about the Union volunteers.

THE NEW STATE OF KANAWHA.

The members of the Convention of Western Virginia, in order to give the people time to consent to follow the advice of Attorney-General Bates, but have decided to extend the time for voting on the question to be submitted to the people at the election of Delegates to a Constitutional Convention, and upon the adoption of the Constitution of the new State, to be called Kanawha, may be enlarged by permitting counties adjoining counties to come in if they should desire to do so.

BOMBARDMENT OF GALVESTON.

The city of Galveston, Texas, was attacked on a pretty severe bombardment by the United States war vessels Harriet Lane, Brooklyn, Westfield, Sachem, and Owasco. They continued to throw shells into the city for half an hour, doing considerable damage. The batteries on shore responded, and it was thought that the *South Carolina* had received some hurt, as it was observed that she was undergoing repairs after the fight was over. The citizens of Galveston sent a protest on board, under a flag of truce, against the alleged violation of the rules of war in shelling the city without giving notice to remove the women and children. These facts we learn from Southern sources.

THE SEIZURE OF THE *SUMTER* AT CURACOA.

Letters from Curacoa, concerning the pirate *Sumter*, state that this craft was refused admittance to the port of Curacoa, and was compelled to anchor below the fort, at the entrance. Her six prizes, however, went inside. The *Sumter* shortly after was taken with an expectation that a National war vessel was in pursuit of her; she accordingly retired precipitately, leaving her prizes in the harbor. She subsequently captured two American vessels, loaded with provisions. On the 24 inst., she was in the vicinity of Maturin, on the coast of Venezuela. The Governor of Cumana had said that, if the pirate desired again to enter this harbor, it would not be allowed to do so. This decision should have been made earlier.

THE "JEFF DAVIS" AT PORTO RICO.

A correspondent at Ponce, Porto Rico, gives a full report of the arrival of the privateer *Jeff Davis* in that port. She mounted five guns and had sixty men on board. The men were in want of provisions, but they were being allowed to land, the privateer was compelled to go in need the twenty-four hours' limitation of the Queen of Spain. The Captain General sent the war steamer *Hernando* to the harbor to look after the *Jeff Davis*, and, as well as to watch her subsequent movements. The *Jeff Davis* had landed her men, her guns and prizes, and was then about to land the Baltimore brig *Frances Jane* and given to her commander a formidable-looking pronunciamento.

BALL AT LONG BRANCH.

The boarders at the various hotels at Long Branch, in conjunction with some of the patriotic citizens of New York, gave a ball at the Stockton House, on Thursday evening, in honor of Mrs. Frederick Law Olmsted. It was a most gratifying one to all concerned. During the afternoon and evening, all the most pleasant exercise was given for the gratification of the distinguished guest, under the supervision of Ex-Governor Newell, the superintendent of the stations in that district. A large number were present from the city.

GEORGIA GOING TO SECEDE AGAIN.

There are very strong indications that Georgia is about to secede from the Southern Confederacy. Governor Brown has ordered all the troops of that State from Virginia, and in a recent proclamation he says there is no probability on the part of the new Government to ignore State rights, and he declares that if the people of the Free and Slave States of Georgia to be fought over for the possession of the State of Georgia.

THE SOUTHERN PRODUCE LOAN.

The Richmond *Examiner* says that the Treasury Department is already in receipt of volunteers returns from almost every county in the South, pledging 1,000,000 bales of cotton, grain, and money; and the aggregate of these subscriptions will exceed the \$50,000,000 required by the Produce loan of dollars, and will doubtless be swelled to fifty or sixty millions. Subscriptions with all the lists are brought in, and the canvass is fully completed.

PRIVATEERING AT CHARLESTON.

The Charleston *Courier* again advertises there for sale in the privateer schooner *Beauregard*. There is an abundance of provisions on board of the vessel yet in the harbor. Attention alone there are the steamships *Nashville*, 1250 tons; the *Gordon*, 1200 tons; and the *Orizaba*, 900 tons; ships *Mendenhall*, 1094 tons; and *John Bassett*, 700 tons; bark *Eleanor*, 400 tons; and brigs *Emma Eyre*, 196 tons; and *Louise*, 175 tons.

THE NEW ORLEANS BATTERING-RAM.

The New Orleans battering-ram, which is to destroy the blockading squadron at the mouth of the Mississippi, and all the other means of necessary, was launched on the 14th ult. The "thing" draws twelve feet of water.

PERSONAL.

Senator Wilson, of Massachusetts, has been tendered, and has accepted, a position on the staff of General McClellan. The appointment will be a most desirable one, giving the advantages such a position will give him as Chairman of the Senate Committee on Military Affairs.

A lady Richmond correspondent of the Mobile *News* says that the health of Mrs. Jefferson Davis is not improved. Of Mrs. Jefferson Davis, says: "While here, Mrs. Davis has received considerable attention, is very popular, and, as it was etiquette, we did ourselves the honor of calling upon her. She is a lady of fine sense, and is exceedingly intelligent and sprightly talker; and, while she did not assume the *mantle*, she is peculiarly fitted to do honor to our Executive mansion."

Mrs. Sue A. Carter Foster, of Murfreesboro, North Carolina, the wife of Attorney Henry Foster, applied for a divorce, on the ground that her husband is an abolitionist. Judge Manning, of the Circuit Court of Rutherford county, has done to think seriously of the Southern Rebellion, and he signified his readiness to grant the divorce. The other day, remarking on Governor Brown's (Georgia) proclamation against the military forces of the Free States, that it embodied words which came from many quarters, and that the whole six can not be put together, from which Brown foreshadow

The Ohio Legislature decided last week to volunteer for the war, and to go out under command of Lieutenant-Colonel Stager. It is highly probable that Captain McClellan Meagher will accompany them.

Colonel Forney, the editor of the *Louisville Journal*, is about to receive a handsome testimonial from the friends of Lincoln's administration, and from all parts of the city. The bold and fearless position taken by Mr. Prentice, in defence of the Union, against the enemies of it in the South, has been the cause of much gratulation at the North, and nowhere more than in New York.

The Richmond papers say that Mrs. Henaldegen, "one of the children of the late Professor Wm. Wirt's staff, has arrived in that city from New York. They also state that at Mrs. Wm. Wirt's residence, by the Capitol square, she "managed to get through with over thirty pounds of quinine, five revolvers, and a guitratic battery." Smart lady!

FOREIGN NEWS.

ENGLAND.

HOSTILITY OF THE ENGLISH TO THE UNITED STATES.

DATES from Europe to the 10th of August state that the London press was still engaged in the discussion of the late American question. The *Globe* denies that Admiral Milne had reported on the subject of the blockade of the Southern ports, and asserts that no official notice on that subject had been received by the Government. The London *Times* in a leading article and an editorial comments its apprehension of the financial ability of the Government of Washington to carry on the war. Mr. Russell has wandered another letter to that journal, which is spoken of in unmeasured terms by the London *Times*.

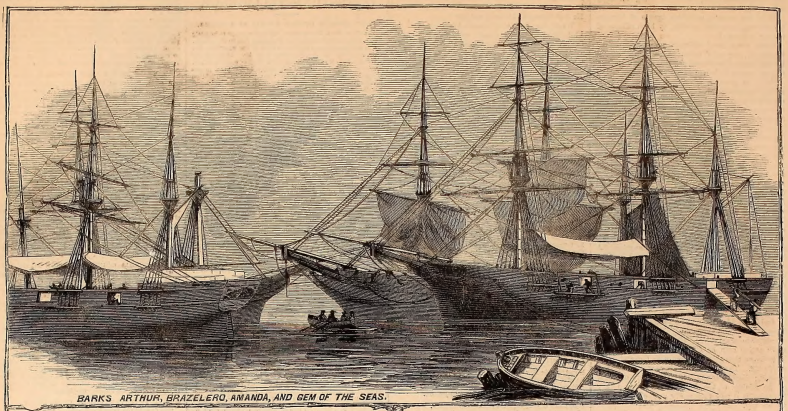
BRITISH OPINION ON OUR WAR.

The London *Times* says that the 20th instant and the American cause of the North even take pleasure in the sensation caused by their recent victory at Bull Run. Another letter from Mr. Russell says, he having acquired further information regarding the battle, confirms his former statements. There was not a buoyant change made by the Federal infantry during the fight; there was not a single order made by the Confederate cavalry upon any regiment of the army until they fled. There was not a break in the ranks of the enemy between any regiments; there was not a battery dragged out of action by the Federals; there were no masked batteries in play to the Confederates; there was no ambuscade of any kind. The Federals struggled up the hill unchecked by one battalion supported three saddles among a body of horse, who were stationed at some distance for the purpose of preventing the retreating being pell-mell, and, when they did retire, they did not fly, or even run, but walked.

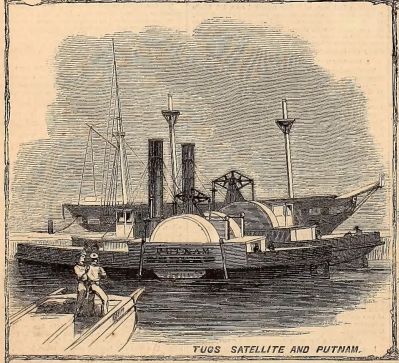
FRANCE.

THE QUARREL WITH THE POPE.

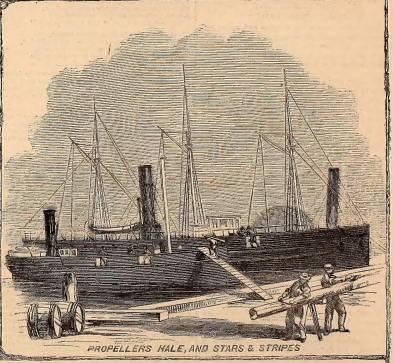
The *Moniteur* confirms a report current, but not credited, that the French Government has sent dispatches to Rome asking satisfaction with reference to the



BARKS ARTHUR, BRAZELERO, AMANDA, AND GEM OF THE SEAS.

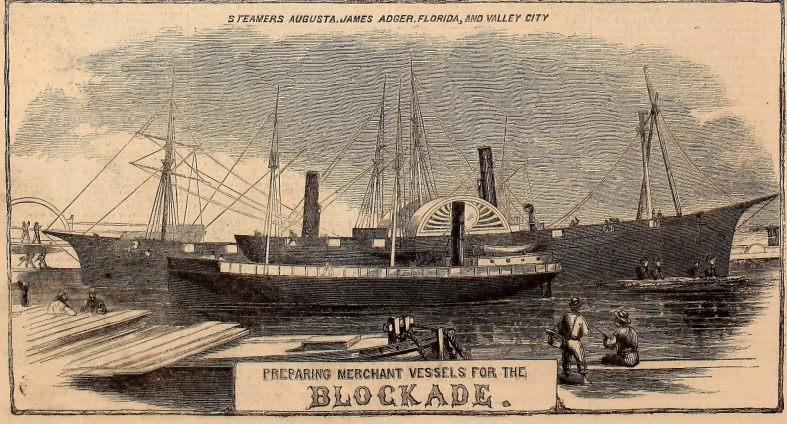


TUGS SATELLITE AND PUTNAM.



PROPELLERS HALE, AND STARS & STRIPES

STEAMERS AUGUSTA, JAMES ADGER, FLORIDA, AND VALLEY CITY



PREPARING MERCHANT VESSELS FOR THE

BLOCKADE.

BRIGADIER GENERAL FRANZ SIEGEL.—[FROM A SKETCH BY OUR ARTIST IN THE WEST.]

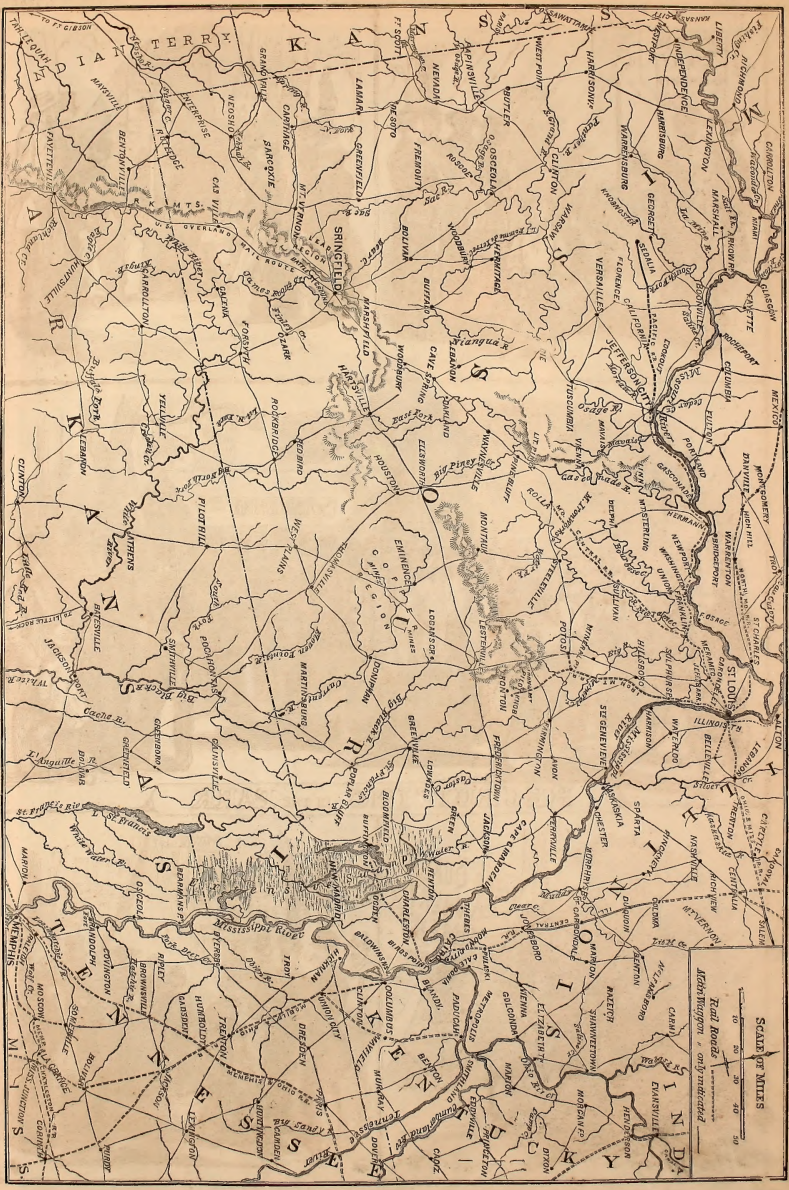
THE REBEL GENERAL BEN MCCULLOCH.—FROM A PHOTOGRAPH.—[SEE PAGE 571.]

BRIG.-GENERAL FRANZ SIEGEL.

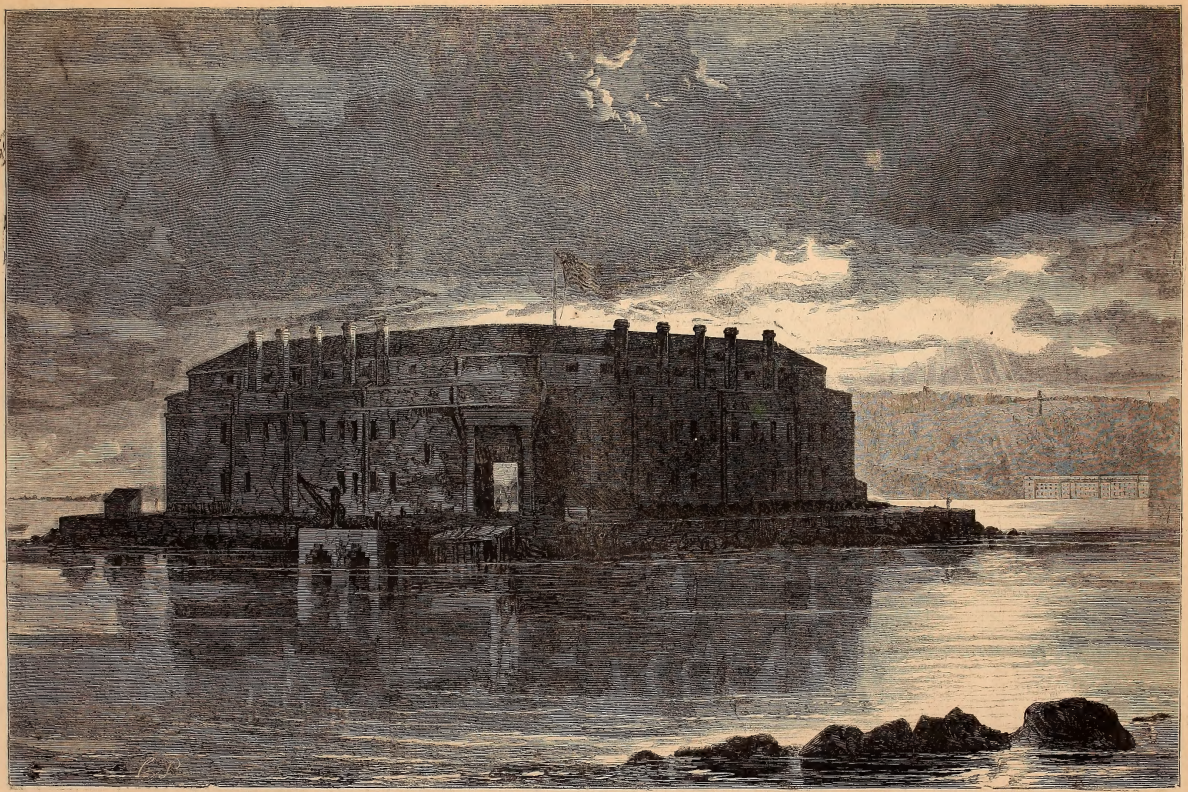
WE publish herewith a portrait of this now famous General, from a sketch by one of our artists in the West. General Siegel was born in 1824, at Baden, in Germany, and was educated at the Military School of Carlsruhe. In 1847 he held the rank of Chief Adjutant, and was universally allowed to be one of the most promising officers, and perhaps the best artillerist in Germany. When the revolution broke out in 1848, he joined it at once, and lost his commission in consequence. He obtained service, however, among the revolutionists, and soon rose to the chief command of their armies. When the reaction took place, the sovereigns raised an overwhelming force to crush out Siegel. He fought them with 30,000 men against 80,000, and, more fortunate than at Springfield, he brought off every one of his guns. Peace soon left the General without an army, and he emigrated shortly afterward to this country. Here he entered the academy of a Monsieur Dulen, whose daughter he afterward married. A few years since he was chosen professor in a college at St. Louis, where he taught among other things the art of war to his pupils. When the rebellion broke out, General Siegel was one of the first of the gallant Germans of Missouri who rallied in support of the Government. He, and Blair, and Boernstein commanded the first three regiments of Volunteers raised at St. Louis. He subsequently co-operated, with vigor and ability, with the late lamented Lyon, and was with him up to the eve of the battle of Springfield. After the death of Lyon, General Siegel commanded our army, and led the retreat to Rolla, where he was at latest advices. General Siegel is a man of whom much is expected. If General M'Culloch is attempting any rash proceedings in his vicinity, General Siegel will probably give a good account of him.

BAR OF THE SPOTTSWOOD HOUSE, RICHMOND, VIRGINIA.—[SEE PAGE 571.]

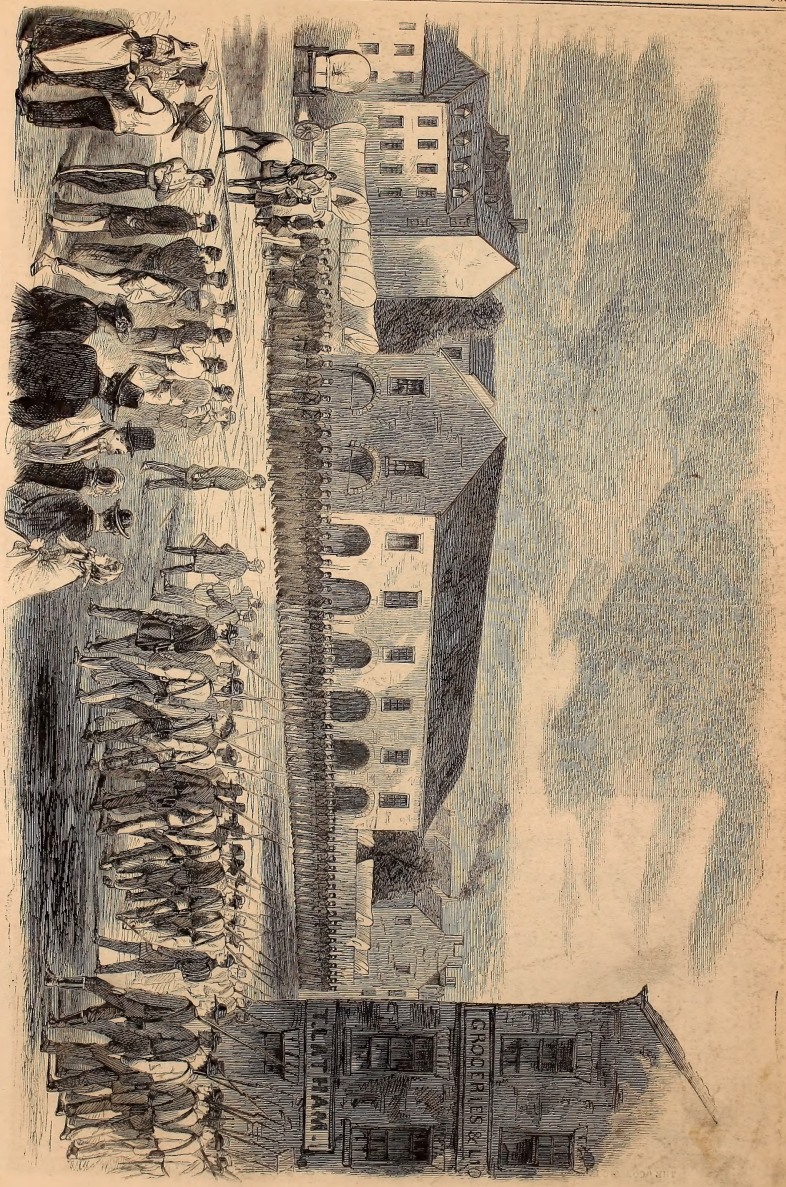
RECRUITING IN NEW YORK, AUGUST, 1861.



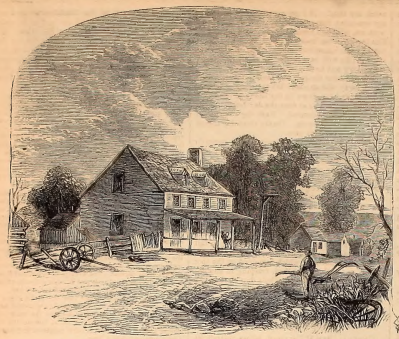
MAP OF THE SEAT OF WAR IN THE WEST.



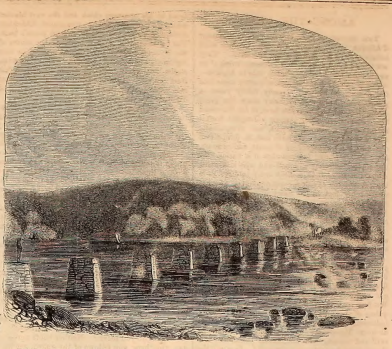
FORT LAFAYETTE, IN NEW YORK HARBOR, WHERE POLITICAL PRISONERS ARE CONFINED.—VIEW TAKEN FROM FORT HAMILTON.—[SEE PAGE 571.]



MARKET-PLACE AT WINCHESTER, HEADQUOCS OF THE REBEL MILITIA OF THE VALLEY OF THE SHENANDOAH.—[See Page 571.]

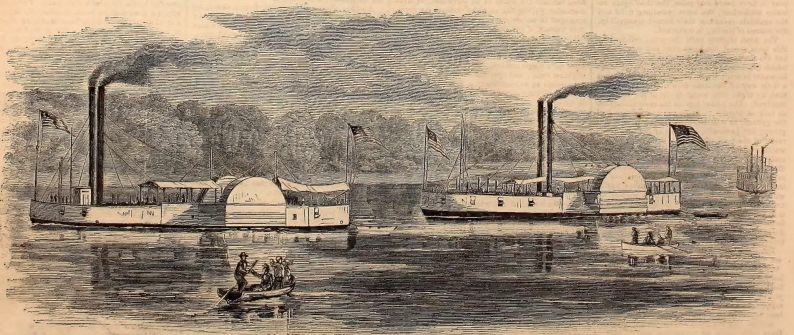


THE "HOTEL" AT CENTERVILLE, VIRGINIA.—[SEE PAGE 571.]



RUINS OF THE BRIDGE ACROSS THE POTOMAC AT BERLIN.—[SEE PAGE 571.]

THE LOUDON HEIGHTS ACROSS THE POTOMAC, OPPOSITE THE POSITION LATELY OCCUPIED BY GENERAL BANKS—HARPER'S FERRY IN THE DISTANCE.
[SEE PAGE 571.]



THE "CONESTOGA" AND "LEXINGTON," UNITED STATES GUN-BOATS ON THE MISSISSIPPI.—[SKETCHED BY ALEXANDER SIDIPLOT.]

AMONG THE ARABS.

THE Souvenirs Intimes d'un Vieux Chasseur d'Afrique, by M. Antoine Gandon, combine solid information with entertaining narrative. They are truthful and vivid military reminiscences of an epoch—the settlement of French rule in Algeria—which is passing fast from contemporary news into the domain of history. Nearly thirty years—a generation—have slipped away since the great Arab chief submitted to the sway of the conqueror. But besides their historic value, the Souvenirs possess a simple, serious, and sympathetic charm of their own. We have had, M. Paul d'Ivoi observes, plenty of memoirs of courts, and to spare. Here we are offered the memoirs of a nation; for the soldier who has established and who still holds Algeria is more than a mere soldier: he is in the peasant son of the energetic country who has planted her vines, in the name of agriculture and civilization, on an uncultivated and savage land. This soldier, a rustic in endurance, a cavalier at heart, a hero and a martyr when occasion requires, is painted by the Chasseur d'Afrique with all the affectionate accuracy we should bestow on the portrait of a bosom friend.

That which gives to old African soldiers their peculiar physiognomy is not their complexion bronzed by the sun, but the intelligence which illumines their countenance whenever there is danger to be foreseen or annoyance to be avoided. Warfare with the Bedouins is a rude school. Inquires of those who wage it not only the courage indispensable to every good soldier, but also an individual discipline enabling them to combine skill and cunning with the boldest marauders and the most finished thieves in the world. Few will believe that Arabs have penetrated, during the night, into the midst of an army of ten thousand men, and have there stolen horses that were guarded and watched by hundreds of sentinels. As the intelligent tricks did not always succeed, and a culprit was occasionally caught in the fact, it afforded the means of ascertaining their modes of proceeding.

The Arab who is projecting a master-stroke, and intends selecting the handsomest out of a dozen fine steeds, usually comes in the course of the day to inspect the animals, although he is obliged to make his preliminary observations from a distance—often from a very considerable distance, it may be. The mirrors, it is said, are allowed to penetrate easily into the middle of an encampment; but they are not the always people of the neighborhood who form part of the regular troops, such as camel-drivers, herdsmen, and pack-horse leaders, who have been hired for the transport of provisions. In the latter case, the Arab will be mistaken for one of the men employed; he will take good care that no one shall see him enter.

His choice made, the rogue disappears till night. In order to return to the middle of the bivouac he habitually divests himself of every item of clothing, and wears no other arm than a well-sharpened knife in a leather sheaf slung with a strap across his body. He is also provided with a long rope of cocoa fiber, which is twisted round his head like a turban. As soon as he has passed the first sentries the thief is metamorphosed into a serpent; he crawls on continually, without hurry, without noise, without any perceptible rustling. With his eyes fixed off the living objects whom he wishes to avoid, he stops short if he perceives that the sentinels the slightest sign that their attention has been attracted. He will take three hours, if need be, to clear a distance of a hundred yards.

At last he gets near the coveted object, the horse intended to be stolen. There his movements are more deliberate than ever, in order not to frighten the animal, who must not be allowed, for several minutes, to perceive any but very natural motions capable of deceiving the eye of the most vigilant sentinel. At first he cuts the shackles with which the horse's hinder feet are tied together, he fastens his rope to one of the horse's feet, and retires, watching all the while, as far as the length of the rope allows him. The distance between himself and the animal then varies from twelve to fifteen feet. If, during these preparations, the horsekeepers appear to have the slightest suspicion, the thief again remains motionless; the horse remaining quiet and the sentinels resuming their former tranquillity, the process of stealing is continued.

The Arab slightly pulls the rope; solicited by this mute appeal, the horse rises and sets a step; but the movement is so perfectly similar to that which the animal is in the habit of making when he wants to reach a wisp of hay or a blade of grass a little way off, that he who is fond of his horse, that, by night, nine sentinels out of ten would be deceived. The thief lays down at full length, and the horse follows him. As he has carefully studied the ground, he will continue it while no obstacle interposes, but generally, once out of the immediate reach of the man whose duty is to keep special watch over the stolen horse, he leaps on the animal's back and sets off at full gallop, well knowing that gunshots by night are only dangerous for the comrades of those who fire them. Sometimes the thief carries a protective with leaves, but he will commit no such foolish act in a country denuded of shrubs and bushes. On naked ground he is as naked as a worm, in a bushy country he transforms himself into a living bush; in short, he assimilates his person to the aspect of the country he is traversing.

From the general to the private soldier every one was so liable to these misadventures that few held in: the appearance of their neighbors. Nobody could boast of being safe from these audacious thefts, in spite of every imaginable precaution. If you made guess of your comrade who had lost his calf, you might find, next morning, that you had been robbed of your cow.

At that date the army was not yet provided with those little tents, so convenient and so easy to carry, which are now in fashion. They slept, then, with the sky for their roof; the foot-soldier, with a modest camp coverlet; the luckier horseman, sheltered by his immense cloak and the vast blanket which, in the light cavalry, was placed, folded into sixteen, between the saddle and the horse's back. The police-station, placed as it is in the centre of the bivouac, guarded by the sentinels of its own regiment, and by all those of the brigade, as one ought, one would think, to have nothing to fear from thieves. Nevertheless, a station of this kind was victimized by some thieves of the province of Tlemcen one splendid summer's night of 1836.

The police-station in question, with the exception of the sentinels, was deserted. One man, including the quarter-master of the platoon, was profiting by the calmness of the atmosphere and the mildness of the temperature, had thrown off nearly all his clothing, in order to enjoy complete repose. Rolled up in a warm blanket, which itself was encased with a thick cloak, with his head reposing on a sack of barley, beneath which he had placed his clothes, the brave sous-officier was dreaming, perhaps, that he was taking off one of the army's flags—the customary dream of all Chasseurs d'Afrique in Abd-el-Kader's time—when the trumpets of the regiment sounded the sar-gierring summons to awake.

"Already!" said the happy sleeper, with a yawn. "Are we never to enjoy twenty-four hours of quiet? Sentinel!"

"Here, quarter-master. Do you want any thing?"

"Yes; hand me my pantaloons and my boots, that I may dress myself behind the curtains. You will find them under the head of my bed."

The sentinel lifted the sack, and announced, "Neither pantaloons nor boots do I see there."

"What do you mean? Look about you now. I say, you there, you follows of the guard, get up a little quicker than that. What have you done with my boots?"

"Your boots?" replied a chasseur, who had followed his quarter-master's example in relieving his feet of their cangue (finding the night, he "I can't find my own!"

"Fortunately I only took off my braces," muttered the brigadier, who sought in vain for the two leather straps so important.

"In that case, we had best say no more about it," the quarter-master replied, with a laugh. "When we were fast asleep, some Bedouin thief has paid us a visit. We must conceal the matter, if possible; only you will allow me to observe that you have all slept on guard, like so many logs of wood, be it said without offending you."

As usual, the chasseurs made oath that they had watched conscientiously; but the mischief was done, and they had now only to remedy it. Some comrades, who were fortunately supplied with a change, helped to furnish the missing articles; and the only incident that had any further revenge on his superior than to remark, "You see, lieutenant, that every body is liable to these accidents—even you." And, indeed, the officer and the parties robbed are not the more villainous soldiers for that."

Captain Cavaignac—as he then was—who was exceedingly beloved by his men, possessed a magical influence over all, which were confided to the care of a Chasseur d'Afrique. Some malefactors took them to graze in the orchards which extend around the ramparts of Méchoun, taking good care also to keep watch over the colt which their horses had been witness of the theft. On awaking, the poor fellow in charge could not believe his eyes. In vain he searched the environs, in vain he interrogated the sentinels, who had not lost sight of the horse for a moment. They had not heard the slightest noise; and they considered the colt's sudden appearance so extraordinary a fact that they asserted that nothing in the world would have forgotten to bring the young one in the morning to its mother. The chasseur, convinced of the contrary, as well as of the uselessness of any further search, led back the mare to Méchoun, and, with tears in his eyes, related his misadventure to Captain Cavaignac.

"They have contrived to steal my colt, Captain, but I assure you it was no fault of mine. What I mean to catch the thief, I give you my word for it."

"I forbid you to go and meet your death for the sake of a wretched colt which is but just recovered," replied the Captain. "One day or other, satisfied as we are, we might be obliged to kill and eat it; and I had rather eat it than that your little creature should be alive and well with the Arabs who dwell with us."

"You tell me that, Captain, in order not to vex me; but I can see very well that you are vexed about it yourself. Sacre—! It shall never be said that a chief of a Bedouin—I have a plan of my own—"

In vain did the Captain endeavor to console the disconsolate chasseur; who promised, it is true, not to rush into danger, but who would not swear to give up the pursuit of the robber.

"Let me see," said our chasseur, as he returned to the stable, which was by no means the worst lodging in Méchoun, "how I must set about to catch my thief. If I go pittering and pitying to my comrades, they will all of them want to come with me, although I was the only one to fall asleep, like the great big imbecile that I was. I must undertake the expedition alone. The Bedouin has the colt: he will be wanting the mother. Good; I, in my turn, will have a meeting tête-à-tête."

The day after the colt had been so cleverly conjured away, the chasseur led the mare, as usual, to grass, and lay down in the shade of the olive-trees, exactly as he had done the day before. The day nothing new occurred. Next day a repetition of the same occurrences. On the third day things took quite a different turn.

While the sentinels, believing their comrade asleep as usual, were playing-place, gave a look now and then at the mare who was fastened with a long rope to a stake fixed in the ground, an Arab, almost naked, jumped on the animal's back, after cutting the rope round its foot. But, at the same instant, another individual, just as lightly clad as the former, rolling over on the rubber, dashed him to the ground, and literally strangled him, without cord or lasso, with the help of nothing but his hands. The chasseur had had perfectly succeeded. For three days, after pretending to fall asleep beneath his favorite olive-tree, he had crawled out of the camp, and had remained on the spot to deceive the thief, and then, creeping in another direction, had crouched in a hole dug close to the mare, who served to decoy the ravisher of the colt.

GENERAL BEN M'CULLOCH.

GENERAL BEN M'CULLOCH, whose portrait we publish on page 565, is now the commander of the rebel forces in Southwestern Missouri. He is a Tennesseean by birth, having first seen the light in Rutherford county, Tennessee, in 1814. His father served as an officer in General Jackson's army. The son was always a wild, daring lad; most of his youth was spent in hunting bears and other wild animals. Having arrived at the age of manhood, he took to a trapper's life, and found himself in Texas when the war broke out between that State and Mexico. He served under General Houston, and commanded a gun at the battle of San Jacinto. After the battle he went forward he was employed by the Government in surveying lands and resisting Indian forays. At the outbreak of the Mexican war he raised a company in Texas, and joined General Taylor's army after the battles of Resaca de la Palma and Palo Alto: previous to the battle of Buena Vista he distinguished himself as a scout. He was subsequently attached to General Scott's army, which he accompanied to the City of Mexico. In Col. Jack Hays's regiment Mr. M'Culloch, like the bulk of the rebel leaders, has been living on the Government he is now in arms endeavoring to destroy. Some years ago he served as United States Marshal in Texas—one of poor Pierce's appointments. Mr. Buchanan, whose affinity for traitors was conspicuous, made him Peace Commissioner to Utah—a post he was about as well qualified to fill as Mr. Elihu Burritt would be to command an army. M'Culloch then prepared in Virginia in January last, and was said to be at the head of a body of rebels who were to seize the capital of the State of Missouri, and by the wisest heads of the rebellion, and sent off to the West. His victory at Springfield will probably bring him into direct collision with General Fremont.

LIFE AMONG THE REBELS.

WE devote page 561 to an illustration of a scene which will be familiar to all the volunteers who have left encampments in Virginia. It represents A FEMALE SECESSIONIST PLANTING HER COLORS in the face of our troops. This has been an everyday incident at Ballin's since ever since the 21st April. The men dare not insult the troops, but the women of Baltimore presume upon their sex, and are accordingly guilty of insults not toys with.

"Hurrah for Jeff Davis!" "How about Bull Run?" "Why don't you go home?"—vastly to the amusement of the crowd.

Another picture on page 565, from a sketch by the artist in Virginia, we are indebted for so many life-like sketches of the camps, represents THE KILL OF THE SPOTSWOOD HOUSE at Richmond, Virginia, which is now the officers most congregate. It is a good spot to hear about Secessionists and abolitionists, and, judging from the reports of prisoners, the Secessionists have boats the performance of "our army in Flanders" all to nothing.

Again, on page 569 we give a picture of THE OLD MARKET-HOUSE AT WINCHESTER, VIRGINIA, which, our correspondent says, now presents a very animated appearance. It is the head-quarters of Gen. Johnston and the turnpike by the which, our correspondent says, now presents a very animated appearance. It is the head-quarters of Gen. Johnston and the turnpike by the which there are generally from 6000 to 8000 men which who are kept constantly at work drilling. Each regiment spends a few weeks, and is then replaced by another, and after a fortnight's furlough returns to Winchester. Late rumors, which need confirmation, however, assert that General Banks is in possession of Winchester.

With regard to the sketch of the hotel at Centreville, and Alexandria, which is the resort when not fifty people in the United States outside of Virginia had ever heard of the place. Centreville was once a place of some importance, having kept up by the stage travel on the old Warrington turnpike; but since the opening of the Orange and Alexandria railroad the turnpike has gone down, and Centerville has been compelled to follow it. Our artist says he stopped there one night, and, though quartered in the best chamber in the hotel, had to sleep with his head on a saddle, there being no bolsters or pillows in the house. The right name of the place is Centreville, not Centreville, as the maps have it.

The two views on the Upper Potomac, which are published on the same page, are places frequently mentioned in the newspapers. The bridge at Berlin was destroyed by the Confederates in June last; their pickets now hold one end of it, while the United States troops occupy the other. On the top of a high rock on the London heights the Secessionists formerly had a battery of rifled cannon, for the purposes of commanding the approach to Harper's Ferry, but when Johnson left the place General Banks's column says:

HEAD-QUARTERS, SANDY HOOK, MD.

Yesterday evening the freight train from Baltimore, arriving here about four o'clock, brought intelligence that a fight was progressing at Berlin. Other rumors were also circulated that several companies of the Confederates were approaching the river opposite Berlin from Leesburville. This and other information induced a battery of artillery, in effect that Point of Rocks was threatened by a strong Confederate force, and ordered the Connecticut Fifth Colonel Geary's regiment and the Rhode Island battery to Point of Rocks.

About one o'clock last night a blue rocket was thrown up by the Confederates in the rear of London heights, about two miles from our camp, which was probably a signal that our reinforcements were moving down the river.

An officer from Berlin the morning states that the force of last night consisted of about twenty-five Confederates reconnoitring the river and firing a volley into our pickets-guard on the abutment of the burned bridge, and also into the town of Berlin. Major Ledlie, of the 18th New York regiment, at once dispatched a battalion of his regiment to the aid of the pickets. The enemy, however, had disappeared. No one on our side was killed or severely wounded, nor is it known that the enemy suffered any loss.

The same authority asserts that the picket-guard at Berlin have for some days past been in the habit of firing at the Confederate pickets, separated between the shore and Lovettsville, and that the latter have been in the habit of late of shots five hundred cavalry, supported probably by a considerable infantry force.

PRINCE NAPOLEON AND HIS WIFE.

WE publish on page 573 new portraits of PRINCE NAPOLEON AND HIS WIFE, THE PRINCESS CLOTILDE, from a photograph from Fredericks. They are probably the best likenesses in existence of our distinguished visitor, and, considering the political complications grow out of the visit of the Princess, as seems not unlikely—they will possess historic interest.

MERCHANT VESSELS FOR THE NAVY.

WE devote page 564 to illustrations of vessels recently purchased by the Navy Department, and now in process of conversion into men-of-war. Among others the steamers *James River*, *Aquatic*, and *Florida*, each 1400 or 1500 tons, and the propeller *Star of the South*, all of which are being refitted at the yard of Webb & Bell; and the *Harriet Lane*, 700 tons; *Brazelero*, 600 tons; *Gem of the Seas*, 400 tons; and *Resolute*, 400 tons, all of which are at Westervelt's yard in Jersey City. Most Westervelt's are represented in our picture. The changes which are being made in these vessels are very thorough. Their upper decks are being cut away, and all ornament removed. Additional knees and timbers are being put to give strength, and extra support is given to that portion of the decks where the guns will stand. The bulwarks are bored for guns, and *Resolute* for port-holes. Below, the state-rooms and partitions are taken out, quarters provided for several hundred sailors, and a dozen or more guns, in true man-of-war fashion; the space for coal and engines increased, it being intended that the vessels may remain 100 days at sea. The engines are taken out and replaced by man-of-war ladders. Altogether the transformation is complete, and in the course of a few weeks the fleet will be ready for sea in a very creditable shape.

FORT LAFAYETTE.

WE publish on page 568 an illustration of FORT LAFAYETTE, in the harbor of New York, which is the present destination of the traitors who have been arrested by the General Government. Fort Lafayette is a quadrangular work, detached, standing on a shoal about an acre from the shore of Long Island. It has guns on every face, a row in barbette, and three rows in casemate. It is exactly in the Narrows, and, with Fort Hamilton on Long Island and Fort Tompkins opposite, constitutes the main defense of the principal entry to our harbor. It is usually garrisoned by part of a regiment, and when the ladies have now made way for traitors. Fort Lafayette now contains the Police Commissioners and Baltimore, Mr. Pierce Butler, Mr. Faulkner, and several other gentlemen who, in the present crisis, are much safer and more useful there than they would be at large. Fort Lafayette is not the Fort the American Bastile. Some of these sympathizers may be released before very long.

With regard to the treatment of the prisoners now in Fort Lafayette, the *Herald* reporter says:

The prisoners have never at any time been prohibited from getting whatever newspapers they desired, and some were more indignant than they at the falsehoods that had been published about them. In all respects the State prisoners are well treated. They are as comfortably lodged as is consistent with the safety of the fort and the Government at the own expense, and with the best material that the market affords. They have had any one, or all of them at liberty to order any luxury in the shape of food they have a mind for. Some have had wines from New York at their own expense. In a word, it has not been forgotten that traitors though they may prove to be when placed on their trial, they, or most of them, occupied the position of gentlemen, and their treatment is in all respects conformable with that position as far as is compatible with their position on the right side of the granite walls of Fort Lafayette.

The principal among these are, Charles Howard, William Gilchell, Charles Hinks, John Davis, Alexander Hamilton, Jr., Charles Smith, Robert Mill, Thomas A. Scott, Charles Kopperus, Pierce Butler, Louis De Bibian, Samuel Atlen, Colonels Charles M. Tyler, J. G. Barnes,

THE SECOND FIRE ZOUAVES OF NEW YORK.

PRINCE NAPOLEON AND HIS WIFE, THE PRINCESS CLOTILDE.—PHOTOGRAPHED BY FREDERICKS.—[SEE PAGE 571.]

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the Year 1861, by Harper & Brothers, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Southern District of New York.

A STRANGE STORY.

By Sir E. BULWER LYTTON.

☞ Printed from the Manuscript and early Proof-sheets purchased by the Proprietors of "Harper's Weekly."

Ashleigh be a perpetual patient. The sanitary resources of youth are incalculable. And—"

"Let me stop you; I can not argue against a physician in love! I will give up that point in dispute, remaining convinced that there is a something in Lilian's constitution which will perplex, torment, and baffle you. It was so with her father, whom she resembles in face and in character. He showed no symptoms of any grave malady. His outward form was like Lilian's, a model of symmetry, except in this, that, like hers, it was too exquisitely delicate; but, when seemingly in the perfect flow of health, at any slight jar on the nerves he would become alarmingly ill. I was sure that he would die young, and he did so."

"Y, but Mrs. Ashleigh said that his death was from brain-fever, brought on by over-study. Women never so fatigue the brain. I never had a female patient who died of purely mental exertion."

"O purely mental exertion, no; but of *heart* emotion, many female patients, perhaps? Oh, you own that; I know nothing about nerves. But I suppose that, whether they are the brain or the heart, the result to life is much the same if the nerves be too finely strung for life's daily wear and tear. And this is what I mean, when I say you and Lilian will not suit. As yet, she is a mere child; her nature undeveloped, and her affections, therefore, small. You might suppose that you won her heart; she might believe that she gave it to you, and both be deceived. If fairies nowadays condescended to exchange their offspring with those of mortals, and if the popular tradition did not represent a fairy changeling as an ugly peevish creature, with none of the grace of its parents, I should be half inclined to suspect that Lilian was one of the elfin people. She never seems at home on earth; and I do not think she will ever be contented with a humdrum earthly lot. Now I have told you why I do not think she will wed you. I must leave it to yourself to conjecture how far you would suit her. I say this in due season, while you may yet set a guard upon impulse; while you may yet watch, and weigh, and meditate; and from this moment on that subject I say no more. I lend advice, but I never throw it away."

She came here to a dead pause, and began putting on her bonnet with a hand as lazy as the table beside her. I was a little chilled by her words, and yet more by the blunt, shrewd, cold look and manner which were the effect of their delivery. But the chill melted away on the sudden glow of my heart when she again turned toward me and said gayly:

"Of course you guess, from these preliminary cautions, that you are going into danger? Mrs. Ashleigh wishes to consult you about Lilian, and I propose to take you to her house."

"Oh, my friend, my dear friend, how can I ever repay you?" I said, in a low tone, and the white firm hand, and lifted it to my lips.

She drew it somewhat hastily away, and laying it gently on her bonnet-strings, said, in a voice, "Poor Allen, how little the world knows either of us! But how little, perhaps, do we know ourselves. Have you ever seen Mrs. Ashleigh? That is right; we must put down Dr. Jones publicly and in all our state."

In the carriage Mrs. Poynte told me the purport of that conversation with Mrs. Ashleigh to which I owed my reintroduction to Abbots' House. It seems that Mrs. Ashleigh had called early the morning after my first visit; had evinced much discomposure on hearing that I had been introduced to Lilian, and had made a curious treatment of Dr. Lloyd, whom, as distantly related to himself, and the (Mr. Vigors) distantly connected with Lilian's family, he had endeavored to fasten upon his listener as one of her husband's family, whose quarrel she was bound in honor to take up. She spoke of me as an infidel "tainted with French doctrines," and as a practitioner rash and presumptuous, showing in his own freedom from suspicion and rashness by flatly deciding that my opinion must be wrong. Previous to Mrs. Ashleigh's migration to Surrey, Mr. Vigors had interested her in the pretended phenomena of mesmerism. He had consulted one of poor Dr. Lloyd's favorite clairvoyants as to Lilian's health, and the clairvoyant had declared her to be constitutionally predisposed to consumption. Mr. Vigors persuaded Mrs. Ashleigh to come at once with him and see this clairvoyant herself, armed with a lock of Lilian's hair and a letter she had worn, as the media of mesmeric rapport.

The clairvoyant, one of those I had publicly denounced as an impostor, naturally enough denounced me in return. On being asked solemnly by Mr. Vigors "to look at Dr. Fenwick and say if his influence would be beneficial to the subject" (the sibyl had become violently agitated), said that, "when she looked at us together, we were enveloped in a black cloud; that this portended affliction and sinister consequences; that our rapport was antagonistic." Mr. Vigors then told her to dismiss my image, and conjure up that of Dr. Jones. Therewith the somnambule became more tranquil, and said, "Dr. Jones would do well if he could be guided by higher lights than his own skill, and consult herself daily as to the proper remedies. The best remedy of all would be mesmerism." But since Dr. Lloyd's death she did not know of a mesmerist, sufficiently gifted, in affinity with the patient." To this, she impressed, and ever Mrs. Ashleigh, who returned in haste, summoned Dr. Jones, and dismissed myself.

"I could not have conceived Mrs. Ashleigh to be so utterly wanting in common sense," said I.

"She talked rationally enough when I saw her."

"She has common sense in general, and plenty of the sense most common," answered Mrs. Poynte. "But she is easily led and easily frightened wherever her affections are concerned, and therefore just as easily as she had been persuaded by Mr. Vigors and terrified by the somnambule, I persuaded her against the one, and terrified her against the other. I had positive experience on my side, since it was clear that Lilian had been gutting rapidly worse under Dr. Jones's care. The main objections I had to encounter in inducing her to consult you again were, first, in Mrs. Ashleigh's reluctance to disobige Mr. Vigors, as a friend and connection of Lilian's father; and, secondly, a sentiment of shame in entertaining your opinion after having treated you with so little respect. Both these difficulties I took on myself. I bring you to her house, and, on leaving it, I shall go on to Mr. Vigors, and tell him what is done is my doing, and not to be undone by him; so that matter is settled. Lilian's health is now out of the question. I should not suffer Mr. Vigors to reintroduce all these mummeries of clairvoyance and mesmerism into the quietude of the Hill. I did not demolish a man I really liked in Dr. Lloyd, to set up a Dr. Jones, whom I despise, in his stead. Clairvoyance, on Ashby Hill, indeed! I saw enough of it before."

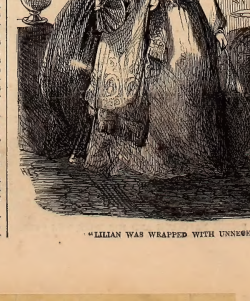
"True; your strong intellect detected at once the absurdity of the whole pretense—the falsity of mesmerism—the impossibility of clairvoyance."

"No, my strong intellect did nothing of the kind. I do not know whether mesmerism be false or clairvoyance impossible; and I don't wish to know. All I do know is, that I saw the Hill in great danger; young ladies allowing themselves to be put to sleep by gentlemen, and pretending they had no will of their own against such fascination! Improper and shocking! And Miss Brabazon beginning to prophesy, and Mrs. Leopold Smythe questioning her maid (whom Dr. Lloyd declared to be highly gifted) as to all the secrets of her friends. When I saw this, I said, 'The Hill is being demoralized; the Hill is making itself ridiculous; the Hill must be saved!' I remonstrated with Dr. Lloyd, as a friend; he remained obdurate. I annihilated him as an enemy, not to me, but to the State. I slew my best lover for the good of Rome. Now you know why I took your part; not because I have any opinion one way or the other as to the truth or falsehood of what Dr. Lloyd asserted; but I have a strong opinion that whether they be true or false, his notions were those which are not to be allowed on the Hill. And so, Allen Fenwick, that matter was settled."

Perhaps at another time I might have felt some little humiliation at learn so cynically that I had been guided by the influence of this great potentate, not from love of truth, but as an instrument of policy; and I might have owned to some twinge of conscience in having assisted to sacrifice a seeker after science—misled, no doubt, but preferring his independent belief to his worldly interest—and sacrifice him to those deities with whom science is ever at war—the Prejudices of a Clique sanctified into the Proprieties of the World. But at that moment the words I heard made no perceptible impression on my mind. The chimneys of Abbots' House were visible above the evergreens and lilacs: another moment, and the carriage stopped at the door.

CHAPTER XIV.

MRS. ASHLEIGH received us in the dining-room. Her manner to me, at first, was a little confused and shy. But my companion soon communicated something of her own happy ease to her gentler friend. After a short conversation we all three went to Lilian, who was in a little room on the ground-floor, fitted up as her study. I was glad to perceive that my interdict of the death-chamber had been respected.



"LILIAN WAS WRAPPED WITH UNNECESSARY CARE," ETC.

She reclined on a sofa near the window, which was, however, jealously closed: the light of the bright May-day obscured by blinds and curtains; a large fire on the hearth; the air of the room that of a hot-house—the ignorant, insensible, exploded system of nursing into consumption those who are confined on suspicion of it. She did not heed me as we entered noiselessly, her eyes were drooped languidly on the dull floor, and with difficulty I suppressed the exclamation that rose to my lips on seeing her. She seemed within the last few days so changed, and on the aspect of the countenance there was so profound a melancholy. But as she slowly turned at the sound of our footsteps, and her eyes were lighted up with a child's innocent playful smile. No, I had not been mistaken! That was no lymphatic nerveless temperament on which consumption fastens as its lawful prey—here there was no hectic pulse, no hurried waste of the vital flame. Quietly and gently I made my observations, addressed my questions, applied my stethoscope; and when I turned my face toward her mother's anxious, eager eyes, that face spoke for me, for her mother sprang forward, clasped my hand, and said, through her struggling tears,

"You smile! You see nothing to fear?"

"Fear—no, indeed! You will soon be again yourself, Miss Ashleigh, will you not?"

"Yes," she said, with her sweet laugh, "I shall be well now very soon. But may I not have the window open? may I not go into the garden? I so long for open air"

"No, no, darling," exclaimed Mrs. Ashleigh, "not while the east winds last. Dr. Jones said on no account. On no account, Dr. Fenwick, eh?"

"Will you take my arm, Miss Ashleigh, and walk about the room?" said I. "We will then see how far we may rebel against Dr. Jones."

She rose with some little effort, but there was no cough. At first her step was feeble, but became lighter and more elastic after a few moments.

"Let her come out," said I to Mrs. Ashleigh. "The wind is not in the east and while we are out, lower to the last bar it will fit for Christmas."

"But—"

"Ah, no buts. He is a poor doctor who is not a stern despot."

So the straw hat and mantle were sent for. Lilian was wrapped with unnecessary care, and we all went forth into the garden. Involuntarily we took the way to the Monk's Well, and at every step Lilian seemed to revive under the fresh air and temperate sun. We paused by the well.

"You do not feel fatigued, Miss Ashleigh?"

"No."

"But your face seems changed. It is grown sadder."

"Not sadder."

"Sadder than when I first saw it—saw it when you were seated here!" I said this in a whisper. I felt her hand tremble as it lay on my arm.

"You saw me seated here!"

"Yes. I will tell you how some day."

Lilian lifted her eyes to mine, and there was in them that same surprise which I had noticed

on my first visit—a surprise that perplexed me, blended with no displeasure, but yet with a something of vague alarm.

We soon returned to the house.

Mrs. Ashleigh made me a sign to follow her into the drawing-room, leaving Mrs. Poyntz with Lilian.

"Well?" said she, tremblingly.

"Permit me to see Dr. Jones's prescriptions. Thank you. And I thought so. My dear Madam, the mistake here has been in depressing nature instead of strengthening; in narcotics instead of stimulants. The main stimulants which leave no reaction are air and light. Promise me that I may have my own way for a week: that all I recommend will be implicitly heeded?"

"I promise. But that could you noticed it?"

"Yes. The nervous system is terribly lowered, and nervous exhaustion is a strange imposter—it imitates all manner of complaints with which it has no connection. The cough will soon disappear! But pardon my question. Mrs. Poyntz tells me that you confess a clairvoyant about your daughter. Does Miss Ashleigh know that you did so?"

"No, I did not tell her."

"I am glad of that. And pray, for Heaven's sake, guard her against all that may—her thinking on such subjects. Above all, guard her against concentring attention on any malady that your fears or curiosity ascribe to her. It is among the phenomena of our organization that you can not closely rivet your conscious ness on any part of the frame, however healthy, but it will soon begin to exhibit morbid sensibility. Try to fix all your attention on your little finger for half an hour, and before the half hour is over the little finger will be uneasy, probably even painful. How serious, then, is the danger of a young girl at the age in which imagination is most active, most intense, if you force upon her a belief that she is in danger of a mortal disease! It is a peculiarity of youth to brood over the thought of early death much more resignedly, much more complacently, than we do in mature years. Impress on a young imaginative girl, as free from pulmonary tendencies as you and I are, the conviction that she must fade away into the grave, and though she may not actually die of consumption, you instill slow poison into her system. Hope is the natural element of youth. You impoverish nourishment where you discharge hope. As soon as this temporary illness is over, reject for your daughter the melancholy care which seems to her own mind to mark her out from others of her age. Rear her for the air—which is the kindest life—to sleep with open windows; to be out at sunrise. Nature will do more for her than all our drugs can do. You have been hitherto her mother, now trust to her."

Here Mrs. Poyntz joined us, and having, while I had been speaking, written my prescription and answered several injunctions, I closed my advice with an appeal to that powerful protectress.

"This, my dear Madam, is a case in which the need your aid, and I ask it. Miss Ashleigh should not be left with no other companion than her mother. A change of faces is often as salutary as a change of air. If you could devote an hour or two this very evening to sit with Miss Ashleigh, talk to her with your usual easy cheerfulness, and—"

"Anne," interrupted Mrs. Poyntz, "I will come and sit with you at half-past seven, and bring my knitting; and perhaps, if you ask him, Dr. Fenwick will come too! He can be tolerably entertaining when he likes it."

"It is too great a tax on his kindness, I fear," said Mrs. Ashleigh. "But," she added cordially, "I shall be grateful indeed if he would spare us an hour of his time."

I murmured an assent, which I endeavored to make not too joyous.

"So that matter is settled," said Mrs. Poyntz; "and now I shall go to Mr. Vigors and prevent his further intrusion."

"Oh! but, Margaret, pray don't offend him; a connection of my poor dear Gilbert's. And so tetchy! I am sure I do not know how you'll manage to—"

"To get rid of him? Never fear. As I manage every thing and every body," said Mrs. Poyntz, bluntly. So she kissed her friend on the forehead, gave me a gracious nod, and declining the offer of my carriage, walked with her usual brisk, decided tread down the short path toward the town.

Mrs. Ashleigh timidly approached me, and again the furtive hand bashfully insinuating the hateful fee!

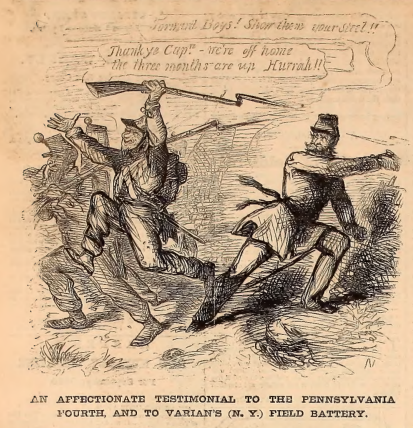
"Stay," said I; "this is a case which needs the most constant watching. I wish to call so often that I should seem the most greedy of doctors if my visits were to be computed at guineas. Let me be at ease to effect my cure; my pride of science is involved in it. And when among all the young ladies of the Hill you can find me none with a fresher bloom, or a fairer promise of healthful life, than the patient you intrust to my care, why, then the fee and the dismissal. Nay, nay; I must refer you to our friend, Mrs. Poyntz. I am so settled with her before you brought me here to displace Dr. Jones." Therewith I escaped.

CHAPTER XV.

In less than a week Lilian was convalescent; in less than a fortnight she regained her usual health; nay Mrs. Ashleigh declared that she had never known her daughter appear so cheerful and look so well. I had established a familiar intimacy at Ashleigh House; most of my evenings were spent there. As horse exercise formed an important part of my advice, Mrs. Ashleigh had purchased a pretty and quiet horse for her daughter; and, except the weather was very unfavorable, Lilian now rode daily with Colonel Poyntz, who was a notable equestrian, and often accompanied by Miss Jane Poyntz, and other young ladies of the Hill. I was generally relieved from my duties in time to join her as she returned homeward. Thus we made many appointments, openly, frankly, in her mother's presence, she telling me beforehand in what direction excursions had been planned with Colonel Poyntz, and consenting to fall in with the party—if my avocations would permit. At my suggestion, Mrs. Ashleigh now opened her house occasionally for evening tea to the neighboring families. Lilian was thus habituated to the intercourse of young persons of her own age. Dancing and childish round games made the old house gay. And the Hill gratefully acknowledged to Mrs. Poyntz "that the Ashleighs were almost as nice as Poyntzes."

But my happiness was not unchecquered. In thus unselfishly surrounding Lilian with others I felt the anguish of that jealousy which is inseparable from those earlier stages of love—when the lover as yet has won no right to that self-confidence which can only spring from the assurance that he is loved.

In these social réunions I remained aloof from Lilian. I never asked her to dance. Her young admirers whom her beauty and her fortune drew around her; her soft face brightening in the excercise of the dance; the sweet gravity of my profession rather than my fear forbade me to join—and her laugh, so musically subdued, ravishing my ear, and her footfall as light as if the lady were a mockery on my sombre self and my presumptuous dreams. But no, suddenly, shyly, her eyes met mine from the dance, and then she'd steal to the corner in which I sat, as if they missed me, and, meeting my own gaze, their light softened and grew tender, and my pale cheek color on her cheek would deepen, and to her lip there came a smile different from the smile that it shed on others. And the gravity of my perfession rather than my fear forbade me to join—and her laugh, so musically subdued, ravishing my ear, and her footfall as light as if the lady were a mockery on my sombre self and my presumptuous dreams. But no, suddenly, shyly, her eyes met mine from the dance, and then she'd steal to the corner in which I sat, as if they missed me, and, meeting my own gaze, their light softened and grew tender, and my pale cheek color on her cheek would deepen, and to her lip there came a smile different from the smile that it shed on others. And the gravity of my prof



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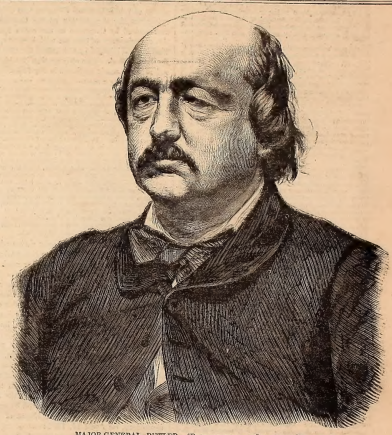
HARPER'S WEEKLY.

A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION.

VOL. V.—No. 246.] NEW YORK, SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 14, 1861. [SINGLE COPIES SIX CENTS. $2 50 PER YEAR IN ADVANCE.

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the Year 1861, by Harper & Brothers, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Southern District of New York.

FLAG-OFFICER STRINGHAM.—[PHOTOGRAPHED BY BRADY.]



MAJOR-GENERAL BUTLER.—[PHOTOGRAPHED BY LOOMIS, OF BOSTON.]

BOMBARDMENT OF FORTS HATTERAS AND CLARK BY THE UNITED STATES FLEET, UNDER FLAG-OFFICER STRINGHAM, U.S.N.—[SEE NEXT PAGE.]

THE CAPTURE OF HATTERAS FORTS.

We illustrate on pages 584 and 585 the DEPARTURE OF GENERAL BUTLER'S EXPEDITION AGAINST HATTERAS, and on the preceding page we give a View of the BOMBARDMENT, and Portraits of GENERAL BUTLER and COMMODORE STRINGHAM.

The following account of this brilliant affair is from the report of the special reporter of the *Herald:*

The expedition, consisting of the frigates *Minnesota*, Commodore Stringham; *Wabash*, Captain Morris; the gun-boats *Pawnee*, Captain Rowan; *Monticello*, Commander Gillis, and the *Harriet Lane*, Captain Faunce, with the transports *Adelaide* and *George Peabody*, conveying troops to the number of about a thousand, left Fortress Monroe last Monday, and reached the unknown fort off Hatteras Inlet, fifteen miles below Chicamacomico, on Tuesday morning, the *Minnesota* and *Wabash* coming in in the afternoon, and the *Cumberland* joining the fleet the same day.

Preparations were immediately made to land the troops on the Hatteras beach, at which time the transports ran near the beach, two miles north of the Inlet, and, covered by the *Monticello*, *Harriet Lane*, and *Pawnee*, the troops were landed men were landed through a heavy surf, under cover of the fire from Lieutenant Crosman's battery of regular artillery, Captain Jardine's company North Elk, and Colonel Weber's regiment of the Twentieth New York, with Colonel Weber and Lieutenant-Colonel Hobo: a detachment of marines from the frigates, under command of Majors Doughty and Shuttleworth, and a detachment of sailors from the *Pawnee*, under Lieutenant Crosby and Lieut. Smith, R. N., and Jones.

The gun-boats swept the beach and neighboring copse of scrub oaks. All the boats being swamped and hiked in the surf, no more men could be thrown ashore, meanwhile, the *Minnesota* and *Wabash*—the latter with the Commodore on board—steamed up to the front of one of the rebel batteries and took their position at long range.

At ten o'clock the *Wabash* fired the first gun, the twelve-inch shell striking near the battery and bursting with tremendous force. The battery, which was a circular fort with turf and mounting five long thirty-twos, instantly returned fire, the shot falling short. The *Monticello* and *Cumberland* immediately opened fire and rained nine and eleven inch shells into and about the fort. The fire was terrific, and soon the battery's responses were few and far between, when the frigates moved further in to get the range to get a new position, when the enemy's fire was most spirited.

No damage was sustained by our ships, and when they again took their position the enemy's guns were nearly silenced, the shells dropping in the enemy's works or falling on the beach, resulting in death-dealing explosions among the carrying death and destruction with them. The small swoken were seen about the fort every now and then, mingled with flying shells. At eleven o'clock the immense flagstaff was cut away and the rebel flag came down, but the fire was still continued by them. At twelve o'clock the *Susquehanna* neared in, and, dropping her heavy anchor, opened an effective fire. The commanding on our part was tremendous, and as we write only ten guns are seen in operation of flying shells; but the enemy did not return the fire with any regularity. The battery has for the last hour from the explosion of shells that dropped in at the rate of about half a dozen a minute.

The enemy ceased firing a little before two, and after a few more shells had been thrown in the Commodore signalized to cease firing.

The troops had meantime advanced to within a short distance of the fort, and before we ceased firing some of our men got in and hauled down the rebel flag. It was not the first flag that had been hauled down that morning, for Commodore Stringham, Captain Rowan, Captain Gillis, and some time on the ramparts waving the stars amid a shower of shells.

When the fort was ceased the fort was occupied in force, and hoisted afterward.

The *Monticello* had proceeded ahead of the land force to protect them, and had reached the Inlet when a number of on schooners, to the rear and right of the small battery, mounting ten thirty-twos and two rifled guns, which had been hastily thrown up, opened on her with shot and shell. The *Monticello* replied with her rifled guns, at short range. At the same instant the battery on the beach opened fire, the enemy pouring in a rifle and heavy, which the *Monticello* replied to with deadly energy. For fifty minutes she held her own, and finally getting off the ground she came out, having been shot through and through by solid shot, and her rigging hung below the water-line. She fired fifty-five shell in fifty minutes, and probably silenced the battery. She received at that fire repairs, with one or two men slightly bruised, but none killed or wounded.

The scenes of the vessel and crew was miraculous. Until this time we supposed the day was victory. We had expected opening of the large battery rather changed the aspect of affairs. Things did not look encouraging to us. We had men others who were probably in need of provisions, and in view of a night attack no information to be sent them from the *Harriet Lane*.

As we ran down in shore we saw the bright bronze fires on the beach with groups of men about them. The night passed without alarm. The enemy, as we have since learned, lying on their arms all night, expecting an attack.

At early daybreak on Thursday the troops were all over-ten in the fleet, and at a quarter past eight, the vessels having come to the anchorage they previously occupied in the action began, the *Susquehanna* opening the day's work by a shell from one of the rifled guns, when the *Minnesota* and *Wabash* joined in immediately, and again the fleet of shells and their explosions were seen. The fire fired nearly half an hour before the battery responded, when it answered briskly. Our fire was terrific, as on the previous day. The range had been obtained, and nearly every shell went into the battery, bursting in clouds of smoke and exploding with terrific effect.

At twenty minutes past ten A.M., an eleven-inch shell having pierced the bomb-proof through a ventilator and exploded inside, near the magazine, the enemy gave up the fight and raised over the ramparts a white flag.

We immediately ceased fire. General Butler went into the Inlet, and hauled in the fort, and demanded an unconditional surrender.

Commodore Barron, Assistant Secretary of the Confederate Navy, asked that the officers be allowed to march out with side-arms, and the men be permitted to return to their homes after surrendering their arms. These terms were pronounced inadmissible by General Butler, and finally the force was surrendered without condition.

Articles of capitulation were signed on the flag-ship by Commodore Stringham and General Butler on the part of the United States, and by Commodore Barron, Colonel Martin, and Major Andrews on the rebel side, and the latter swords delivered up.

OUR BROTHER!

Call him not "Brother," whose embrowned hand
Hurled even the sacrifice of our communion!
Call him not "Brother," who, with sword and brand,
Lays waste the heritage of our fathers!
Call him not "Brother," who, amid cannon's boom,
Reads doom old land-marks, shrouds in endless gloom
The hopless ones his creed hath bared and bound!
He is a Cabal. Unbidden must he be done.
The Prodigal, repentant, may return!
Repentant? Yes! Repentant—never! No!
The renegade from freedom all men spurn.

Who strikes for slavery makes the world his foe:
Who draws the sword shall by the sword be slain:
And whoso "raises cane" must reap the hurricane.

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 14, 1861.

THE BEGINNING OF THE END.

ON Saturday, 31st August, Major-General Fremont, commanding at St. Louis, Missouri, issued a proclamation declaring the whole State of Missouri under martial law, and further stating:

"All persons who shall be taken with arms in their hands within the time limit shall be tried by court-martial, and, if found guilty, will be shot. The property, real and personal, of all persons in the State of Missouri who shall take up arms against the United States, and who shall directly process to have taken entire part with their enemies in the field, is declared to be confiscated to the public use; *and their slaves, if any they have, are hereby declared free men.*"

It has been stated by some of the papers that in thus pronouncing the emancipation of the slaves of rebels General Fremont was only carrying out the Act known as the Confiscating Act passed by Congress at the extra Session. An examination of that act will, however, show that its provisions do not warrant the step taken by the General. The only section in which any reference is made to slaves is the following:

Sec. 4. *And be it further enacted*, That whenever hereafter, during the present rebellion existing against the government of the United States, any person claimed to be held to labor or service under the laws of any State shall be required or permitted by the person to whom such labor or service is claimed to be due, or by the lawful agent of such person, to take up arms against the United States; or shall be required or permitted by such person, or by such agent, or service is claimed to be due, or his lawful agent, to work or to be employed in any fort, navy-yard, dock, armory, ship, intrenchment, or in any military or naval service whatsoever, against the constituted and lawful authority of the United States, then, and in every such case, the person to whom such labor or service is claimed to be due shall forfeit his claim to such labor, any law of the State of or the United States to the contrary notwithstanding. And whenever thereafter the person claiming such labor or service shall seek to enforce his claim, it shall be a full and sufficient answer to such claim that the person whose service or labor is claimed has been employed in hostile service against the Government of the United States, contrary to the provisions of this act.

It thus appears that the only slaves who can be forfeited under this Act are those who have been "employed in hostile service against the United States in the present rebellion." Major-General Fremont's proclamation grants freedom to the slaves of every rebel, whether they have been employed in military service or not. The General, therefore, has not only based his action, not upon the law of Congress, but upon something else.

That something else is THE WAR POWER, which is inherent in the Government, and is exercised by its delegated officers commanding the forces of the United States. What the nature of this war power is, and how far it goes with slavery, may be gathered from the following extract from a speech delivered by ex-President John Q. Adams, in the House of Representatives, on April 14, 1842:

When your country is actually in war, whether it be war of invasion or a war of insurrection, Congress has power to carry on the war, and no power is restricting to the laws of war, and by the laws of war an invader country has all the rights and all the powers conferred by the board, and martial law takes the place of them. The power in Congress to declare war includes all incidental exercise under the present Constitution of the United States. And where the laws of war have a place, martial law is one of those laws? It is this, that when a country is invaded, and the laws of peace are no martial array, the commanders of both armies have power to emancipate all the slaves in the district where the war is this a mere theoretic statement. The history of South America shows that the doctrine has been carried into execution within the last thirty years. Slavery was abolished in Colombia, first by the Spanish General Morillo, and secondly by the American General Bolivar. It was abolished by virtue of military execution of the laws of war, and by virtue of the abolition continues to be law to this day. It was abolished by the laws of war in the revolted provinces of Mexico. I might furnish a thousand proofs to show that the practice of emancipation of slaves by the laws of municipal hostilities, under a state of actual invasion and of actual war, which I have stated to you, is founded in necessity, and that the laws of war do, in all such cases, take the place of municipal laws. But I will only add to this, that the military authority takes, for the time, the place of all municipal institutions, and slavery among the rest. So far that state of things, so far from its being true that the States where slavery exists will be the final determinant of the subject, not only the President of the United States, but the Congress of the United has no power to set the universal emancipation of the slaves.

John Quincy Adams thus held that, whenever a war exists, slavery, martial law, might be proclaimed in any part of the Union, and that such proclamation "swept by the board" all municipal and local laws establishing or recognizing slavery. It may seem superfluous to quote authorities in support of the assertions of so sound a jurist as Mr. Adams. But, as Commodore Stringham, in his report, appeals, in the speech above quoted, the views of the recognized expounders of the common law. Sir Matthew Hale (Hist. C. L. c. 2), says that "martial law is built upon no settled principles, but is entirely arbitrary in its decisions; it is in truth and reality no law, but something rather indulged than allowed as a law." Blackstone quotes this passage (Comm., I. 413) and emphatically approves it; adding that in time of war court-martials have "almost an absolute legislative power." Modern jurists confirm these views, and admit that in actual warfare the powers of the general commanding are dictatorial.

We run no risk, therefore, in stating that, in decreeing the emancipation of the slaves owned by rebels in the State of Missouri, General Fremont has neither, on the one hand, relied upon the recent Act of Congress relating to confiscation, nor, on the other, exceeded the proper limits of his authority as general commanding. Under his proclamation of martial law, all state and municipal laws were at once suspended, and he, as commanding General, was practically invested with dictatorial powers over persons and property, for the just use of which powers he tacitly undertook to render account when martial law ceased to exist in his Department.

The direct consequences of his decree, so far as slavery in Missouri is concerned, can not be of a very extensive character. Missouri does not contain 125,000 slaves, and of these considerably more than one half are believed to be held by loyal men. Moreover, under the terms of Fremont's proclamation, no slave can be emancipated until it is proved that his owner has been actually in arms, or laboring actively in aid of those who are in arms against the Government: a large number of slaves may thus be defrauded of emancipation through the want of evidence to establish the treason of their masters. It is doubtful whether 40,000 human beings will exchange slavery for freedom under the proclamation of General Fremont.

But its moral effect must be signal. It is a solemn warning to the inhabitants of the rebel States, that wherever the armies of the United States are resisted in the interests of slavery, by open enemies or by secret traitors, there is a pregnant hint that the rebels who have falsely accused us of being abolitionists may, if they choose, make themselves abolitionists. It is a notification to Kentucky, which seems to be on the eve of explosion, that open treason will necessarily involve the extirpation of slavery. This notification will be given in every case in the old adage, "Those whom the Gods wish to destroy they first render mad:" we shall now see how far the madness extends. The cost of rebellion is abolition. Those who choose may purchase.

Another important result of General Fremont's proclamation will be to convince many of the fact that the people of the North are much more solidly united on the question of slavery than was imagined. It had been generally supposed that the first entrance of the cause of emancipation would divide the North into two hostile camps. How this strange delusion came to be entertained it is difficult to discover; the least reflection should have satisfied every one that it was impossible to build up as the North a party based on protection to slavery extension. The moment the question originated, there is no doubt it did exist, and that leading men and journals in the confidence of the Administration were so thoroughly imbued with this indignant spirit as to greatly retard the imputation of being friendly to freedom under any circumstances. It seems, from the temper in which the public received General Fremont's proclamation, that they are not so tender on the subject. They seem very well satisfied with the prospect. We hear no complaints, but numerous assertions of devotion to slavery in Missouri. The respectable Democrats of this part of the country express themselves rather pleased than otherwise. Of course it is to be expected that the lottery-policy dealers and the profligate vagabonds who pretend to represent the Democracy in convention will tesselate and howl at the event, as they will do at every success of the National arms: but neither in this nor in any other particular do they express the sense of the rank and file of the Democracy.

What people want now is decided, startling, effective successes on the part of the United States forces. Let us have, without delay, one complain of what they may cost. Our Generals may emancipate every slave in the country, and lay waste every field from the Potomac to the Rio Grande—people will sustain them, provided they crush the enemy and restore the supremacy of the Government. But there will be no room for the rebel who, for the sake of breaking a law or dividing a party, suffers the rebels to progress from victory to victory, and the States and Stripes to endure defeat after defeat, and disgrace after disgrace.

A CORRECTION.

IN a notice of General MCCLELLAN, published in our paper of August 31, we did injustice to Colonel DELAFIELD, of the United States Army, by stating that he had gone over to the rebels. This erroneous statement originally appeared in a city journal, and was promptly contradicted by Governor MORGAN, who wrote as follows:

"Colonel Delafield reported to me for duty, by order of the Chief Engineer, General Totten, soon after the bombardment of Fort Sumter, and this State and Country will be largely benefited by his valuable aid. Never is not a more Union loving and supporting citizen living."

We now learn that the Colonel is still on duty with Governor MORGAN, in addition to being charged with the Defenses at the Narrows, which are at this moment in active operation, progress being made every day. He has gone to both Forts Richmond and Tompkins. We learn also that the Colonel has superintended the construction of a large supply of rifle field-artillery that have gone into service; and that he has at this time upward of three hundred mechanics at work in this city on gun-carriages, caissons, forge and battery wagons, for additional rifle field-guns that he is ordered by the Governor to have made without unnecessary delay. We also learn that the Colonel has found time to prepare Special Reports for the information of the Sanitary Commission.

We avail ourselves of this occasion to inform our readers of the recent distribution, by the Senate printer, of Colonel Delafield's report on the Art of War in Europe in 1854, '55, and '56—a work of great labor and research, and embellished by numerous graphic illustrations.

THE LOUNGER.

TALK BY THE WAY.

As all roads, according to the old proverb, lead to Rome, so all conversation now ends in the war. We all ask each other anxiously how we feel today, and the fluctuations of emotion are various in the extreme. The public mind is as sensitive as a mirror. Each breath of doubt tarnishes it. An unhappy glance makes it unhappy. A cheerful face cheers the foolish reflector. In the busiest Monday, if a man persistently carries a smile in his eye and a spring in his walk, the glorious circle of friends, which has just demonstrated the inevitability of national destruction, revives and takes heart, and suddenly sees that things are not half as bad as they were an hour before. On the other hand, a skilful array of the dismal statistics, which every man has ready at his command, will overwhelm the soul that was trying to be cheerful, and all is utterly hopeless and forlorn.

Long and constant peace for peace for two generations, we come very slowly to believe that we must really fight. In order to secure unfading gold in our breast chalice, we have the whole

generally heard in advance the roar of the coming storm of popular indignation, and have hastened to postpone the gathering *ære die*. When they have persevered the people in overpowering numbers have taken the matter in hand. The neighborhood has cleaned up its own dirt. Mr. Davis's agents have been permitted to depart with a bliss of contempt From the people they would betray into the enemy's hands. The other day, in Middletown, New Jersey, however, one of these men was saved from any popular punishment only by the aid of the United States Marshal. The little meeting of traitors he expected to address suddenly turned into a conference of patriots. Instead of resolving that Jeff Davis, or any body else who chose, was justified in firing upon the national flag and the citizens defending it, whenever he pleased, these sons of noble sires in Monmouth, one of the most sacred of revolutionary names,

"*Resolved*, That we, the people of Middletown, in this great crisis of our nation do not recognize any political parties.

"*Resolved*, That we consider this war a traitorous rebellion against constitutional government.

"*Resolved*, That we are ready to support the Administration in carrying on this war, to the extent of our means in both men and money."

So say you, Gentlemen of Monmouth; so say all loyal citizens in the land.

TREASON "IN THE COUNTRY."

"A FRIEND "in the country" entreats the action of the Democratic Committee in this State, in its effort to maintain a separate party organization in the face of the enemy, on the ground that at a time like this there is a peculiar need of "watchful opposition" against the possible negligence or corruption in the management of affairs.

But party spirit in this form defeats that very end. Party organization looks only for flaws, seeks only to embarrass, and treats the defense of the Government as the affair of a party. That is precisely the political hope of "party" in this State to-day. It aims to represent the action of the Administration as a political party. That is precisely the Chicago platform. Its speakers and papers, where they are not hushed, denounce the Administration as undermining or transcending the Constitution. The "party" action in this State follows the lead of Breckinridge and Vallandigham in Congress; and compulsorily shuts its eyes to the fact of Davis, while it opens them wide with horror at what is called the unconstitutional or extra-constitutional policy of the President.

This Government is to be defended and saved by this Administration, or not at all. The whole body of loyal citizens there is practically a standing army who are most interested in detecting and denouncing the corruption or delay of the Administration. To endeavor to maintain a separate party organization for that purpose is palpably to aid the enemy.

The personal and private characters of gentlemen in the various branches of political communities are, of course, not discussed in these columns. But their political character and actions are at least in these times what the interest of public affairs absorbs all other. We have no hesitation then in saying that the action of Mr. Davis, Richmond and his sympathizers in a purely partisan and not a patriotic course; that it looks to the dominance of party spirit and not to the unconditional maintenance of the Government; nor can any sensible man forget that the leaders of the rebellion, both in the late Administration and at the South, were fellow-partisans of the managers who are now trying to manipulate the demand of unconditional, non-political, support under the rebuke.

Mr. Richmond insists, in his call, that the vigorous prosecution of the war shall be accompanied with "the most scrupulous preservation of peace." What does that mean? The Government is suppressing an insurrection. When the rebels surrender, peace is of course restored. Does Mr. Richmond mean that they are to have peace before they surrender? He insinuates that the Government have some unfair interest peace. Is that called patriotism "in the country?"

He invites all "who seek the restoration of the Union by strictly constitutional justice to all the States" to come to his convention. He means by this that the Government intends unequal justice to some States. Such a charge would be nonsense. Is that called patriotism at this time "in the country?"

He says that those who think sectionalism at the North, etc., has caused the war, may come to his convention. But is there any body in the land who does not know that this war springs from the defeat of the effort of Southern politicians to extend the dominion of slavery throughout the country? And therefore is not more absolute Southern sectionalism? Does such call tend to unite public opinion heartily, and is it also called patriotism "in the country?"

The truth is, that, next to the services of Mr. Breckinridge and Mr. Vallandigham, Mr. Davis would gratefully acknowledge those of Mr. Jackson Richmond and Company in trying to divide public sentiment at the North by inspiring distrust of the intentions of the Administration, and by keeping alive all old party jealousies. If that course is called patriotism "in the country," it is distinguished from treason, as varioloid is from small-pox, in the city. And if it be known "in the country," as it is in the city, that every secessionist in the State who votes at the next election will vote for the ticket which the partisan Democratic Convention nominates, what other proof is wanted of the real significance of that ticket?

THE IRISH AND THE WAR.

THANKS to their bravery and endurance, and thanks also to the warm Irish heart and loud Irish tongue, the "Sixty-Ninth" have justly received a full share of the laurels which fell to those who fought well, even if at last defeated, at Bull Run. The return of the regiment was a festival. The unflagging ardor of their soldiers sends almost all of them, and still other regiments of their country-men, back to the field. They have fought well. They always fought well. Washington knew it and said it in Spain. They have well served the country they have so wisely chosen, and of whose eclectic nationality their race will form a part.

They have had a festival of their own for the relief of the widows and orphans of the Sixty-Ninth, at Jones's Wood. The day was beautiful: the place was charming: the crowd was immense. There are said to have been seventy thousand persons on the ground. Captain Thomas Francis Meagher was the orator, and his words fell upon the huge mass of people like sparks upon tinder. The crowd blazed with enthusiasm. The orator was never more florid, fiery, and felicitous: and of all the speeches he has made in this country none is so truly direct and sensible as the one he poured into the open ears, and eyes, and mouths, and hearts of the great assembly of his countrymen at Jones's Wood.

Mr. Meagher, and doubtless he spoke for the vast majority of his countrymen who are American citizens, took the simple, wise, patriotic, and sure ground. He declared that the National Government has suffered more from its own passive and supine indifference to the desperate plots and preparation and ability of the conspiracy. He asserted that "the masked conspirators of the North" are more criminal than the armed rebels of the South. He avowed himself a Democrat, a man who disagreed with the political views of the present Administration, but who said, "Still, still, "the honor and glory of the National flag are of infinitely higher value than the Regency at Downing, or Tammany Hall, or Faneuil Hall, or the Democratic Mug." He said that all American citizens who hail from Ireland had taken an oath of loyalty not to New York, nor to Alabama, nor to Massachusetts, nor to Florida or Kansas, not to any State, but to the United States. He spoke upon the character of England, whose enmity to our Government he thought ought to be reason enough for every Irishman to defend it to the last; and Captain Meagher retired amidst tremendous and enthusiastic cheering.

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

A Scotch cattle dealer, at Closes fair, was asked by a countryman to the sale, "Is there to be a fair next week?" said he, "on the sidewalk. Well, I've offered her five pound ten shillings for her, and I'll stick. Now if you, a stranger, should offer her five pound fifteen, she would be by me would not sell her. Will you be back soon enough to take this half-crown and bid the bargain with me? I will then pay the money and take the cow." The good-natured cattle dealer effected the purchase as requested, and returned to find the countryman's bid no better was gone. He was forced to take the cow himself at the half-crown profit, and had the pleasure ever after to "thus to oblige the missing countryman. It was after this manner that the Scotch cattle dealer managed man's wife, and they had thus managed to sell their cow and get nothing.

A Frenchman, near the Canada line, in Vermont, sold a horse to his Yankee neighbor, which he recommended as "very good horse, only he whistle a little, in spite of his suppressing opponents. To every inquiry of the buyer respecting the qualities of the horse the Frenchman gave a favorable reply, but always concluded with the unpleasant with the degeneracy remark, "He's not look 'im good." Disgusted with the bargain, he sold the horse, of which he could judge for himself without the aid of the Frenchman, by the latter's testimony. In the mean examination, that the beast was worth the moderate sum originally paid for it, and he returned to claim it. A few days afterward he returned to the seller in high dudgeon, and demanded the return of his money in the quality of the horse. "Vot is de matteer?" said the Frenchman. "Matter!" said the Yankee, "enough—the horse can't see! He is as blind as a bat." "Ah," said the Frenchman, "I tell you he not look good, he not look ver good—he gar, I don't know if he look at all!"

"I say, Sambo, an you aneezy dis conundrum: suppose I ax you how much is two times two, what you tell me?" "Why, you tell me de whisky cost without pullin' de cork or breakin' de bottle." "I give dat up." "Why, pull de cork to. Yah, yah!"

DO YOU GIVE IT UP?

My first denotes company,
My second assembles company,
My whole assembles company.

Co-mun-dren commandment.

My first is what you have when you pinch it,
My second a lady says when she does not mean it,
My third stands on the corner with a broom,
My whole confides the world's best half within it.
Crinoline commandment.

Why are dogs and cats like schoolmasters and their pupils?

Because one is of the canine (caning), and the other of the feline (felling) species.

If a pig had to build himself a house, how would he do it?

He would tie a knot in his tail, and then he would have a pigsty quite.

What is worse than raining cats and dogs?

Hailing cabs in a business.

What is the difference between a gale from New York to Harlem without moving?

The rate.

Why is love like a potato?

Because it is from the eyes, and grows cheap by paring quickly.

At what place in England, and when, was Napoleon jealous of the Duke of Wellington?

When he saw her in the Bricklayer's Arms (Station).

My first I love with fondness true,
My second I see you are,
And my whole you'd have shall be.
Well-sewn gentleman.

Why is a man and boy walking toward Whitehall like the Gunpowder Plot?

Because it is a fuel (fool) proceeding toward Parliament.

My first the men will sometimes take
Before my second wake,
My whole they vainly all desire
In many a dark and dismal hour.
Miss-fortune (misfortune).

Among invalids, what is a dog's tail the greatest?

Did you ever see it before?

Which would you sooner have, a five-pound note or five sovereigns?

A five-pound note, for when you put it in your pocket you double it, and when you take it out you see it creases.

Why is a waistcoat room like a recipe?

Because it eases haunting.

Why are spanish churches like ballas?

Because there is no living without them!

Why are pioneers sent before an army?

To go (sack) the way.

AN ARTISAN'S ATTEMPT AT ALLITERATION.

(*To be read only by lisping young Latins and Gentlemen.*)

Some sweet simple spheres strayed, roaming some stream (So simple, so sweet, scarcely single should seem).

Said Sara—"Sophia! oon sing sighing swiss

Shall sing Sister Sally some soft-hearting strain,

Sensual sweet Sophia shall strike some song,

Sister Sally shall skip, Sister Sally shall sing."

He who travels through life in the hope of jumping into the chest of another manly goes on a useless errand.

"Hallo, Sam, so you've got to work again?" "Yo, Jim—sure a job yet!" replied Sam. "Then what are you doing there?" "Nothing now, Jim." Why, I ain't been filing any thing!" "What was you doing a minute ago as I came in?" "Nothing, only sitting here and singing." "Singing! Was you singing?" "Yes, Jim, that's what I was doing." "Well, Jim, with an innocent air, "I thought you was filing a saw."

A teacher of music was once instructing Mademoiselle Desmatins in the part of *Medea*; but the latter sang without expression. He asked her whether she realized the emotion it called for. In the third act of the opera enters a passage where Medea, abandoned by her lover, gives way to the expression of her anguish. After several letters upon this passage, Mademoiselle Desmatins cried, "Give way to your feelings! Put yourself in the place of the betrayed woman! If you were forsaken by a man whom you loved passionately, what would you do?" "Why, I would never leave as soon as possible." "If that is the case, we are both losing our time here," answered the teacher.

There are three kinds of men in this world—the "Wills," the "Wonts," and the "Cants." The former effect every thing, the other oppose every thing, and the latter fail in every thing.

A couple of sailors were recently arrested in Plymouth for throwing buckets of tar over each other. It was a pitch-battle.

King Alcohol fails when his advocates attempt to support him, and they fall when he attempts to support them.

"I'm getting fat," as the thief said when he was stealing lard.

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

GENERAL FREMONT'S PROCLAMATION.

THE following Proclamation was issued on 31st ult., at St. Louis:

"HEAD-QUARTERS OF THE WESTERN DEPARTMENT,
"ST. LOUIS, Mo., August 30, 1861.

"Circumstances, in my judgment of sufficient urgency, render it necessary that the Commanding General of this Department should assume the administrative powers of the State. Its disorganized condition, the helplessness of the civil authorities to meet the present crisis in the preservation of property by bands of murderers and marauders who infest every part of the State and avail themselves of the public misfortunes and the vicinity of a hostile force to gratify their passions and their cupidity, and who find an enemy wherever they find plunder; finally demand the severest measures to repress the daily increasing crimes and outrages which are driving off the inhabitants and ruining the State. The public safety and the success of our arms require unity of purpose, vigor, and rapidity in action, to help prompt administration of affairs.

"I do, therefore, to suppress disorders, to maintain as far as now practicable the public peace, and to give security and protection to the persons and property of loyal citizens, I do hereby extend, and declare established, martial law throughout the State of Missouri. The lines of the army of occupation in this State are for the present declared to extend as far in advance by way of the posts of Jefferson City, Rolla, and Ironton, to Cape Girardeau on the Mississippi River.

"All persons who shall be taken with arms in their hands within these lines shall be tried by court-martial, and, if found guilty, will be shot. The property, real and personal, of all persons in the State of Missouri who shall take up arms against the United States, and who shall be directly proven to have taken an active part with their enemies in the field, is declared to be confiscated to the public use, and their slaves, if any they have, are hereby declared free.

"All persons who shall be proven to have destroyed after the publication of this order, railroad tracks, bridges, or telegraphs, shall suffer the extreme penalty of the law.

"All persons engaged in treasonable correspondence, in giving or procuring intelligence to the enemy, in harboring or secreting the public treasonably by creating and contributing false reports, or in any manner aiding the enemies of the United States, will be shot, after a careful inquiry shall prove their guilt.

"All persons who have been led away from their allegiance are hereby commanded to return to their homes within twenty days from this date, or in case they conceive themselves aggrieved, and have any claim to make, they are to present themselves before the commanding officer at these head-quarters, in person or by agent, and present their claims, if any they have, which will be fully examined, and justice done to the applicant according to the circumstances of the case.

"The Commanding General will labor vigilantly for the public welfare, and in his efforts for the early restoration of peace will count upon the assistance, but the active support of his fellow-citizens.

"JOHN C. FREMONT,
"Major-General Commanding."

EXPECTED ATTACK ON HARPER'S FERRY.

It is stated positively that Ben McCulloch is marching on Jefferson City with ten thousand men, and warm work is anticipated shortly. It is believed that the Union forces are well disposed to repel such an attack as this is reported to be. The force at Rolla is said to be about five thousand; 4000 at Cape Girardeau; 6000 near Ironton; 5000 at Sainte Genevieve; 3000 at Pilot Knob, Arcadia, and Bonne City; 7000 at Rolla; and 20,000 to 30,000 at St. Louis.

TRAVEL STOPPED AT ST. LOUIS.

Following the order issued yesterday by Major-General Fremont, Provost-Marshal McKinstry has issued an order forbidding any person leaving beyond the limits of St. Louis without a special permit from his office; and railroad, telegraph, and express companies are prohibited from selling tickets to any one not holding a proper pass. Communication with the interior is thus rendered somewhat difficult.

AFFAIRS AT FORTRESS MONROE.

The neighborhood of Fortress Monroe appears to be the scene of much naval activity in the absence of important movements on land. Last week the tug *Yankee*, a large tugboat, mounted with rifled cannon, ran out from Norfolk the other morning and fired upon a schooner and a half of Newport News, and fired twenty-three shots at the United States frigate *Susquehanna* without doing any damage. As soon as the guns of the frigate were brought to bear on her she ran out of range, and the frigate went on the *Sumpawin*, and another in the direction of the Rip-Raps, after which she got under cover of the guns of Fortress Point.

DOSECRANS ALL RIGHT.

The War Department has received dispatches from General Rosecrans which set at rest all doubts as to his safety. He expresses his confidence in being able to hold his position against any force which the rebel leaders are likely to send against him.

EXCITEMENT AT WHEELING.

There was great excitement in Wheeling, Virginia, on Hirt. A dispatch was received from Fairmount, Marion County, to the effect that the secessionists in the back country were rising in great numbers and marching upon the town to burn it and cut up the railroad track. Wheeling was at once in a state of wild activity; drums beat, the Home Guard and volunteer citizens hastily prepared to set out to the aid of their menaced brethren, and in a short time a full train set off. It was feared that the rising would be extensive, and it was thought that it had some connection with the plans of General Lee.

HOW THE REBELS RAISE MONEY.

The Treasury Note Act passed by the late Congress for the purpose of raising funds for the prosecution of the rebellion has just been published in some of the Southern journals, and it is strongly commended by them. The first section authorizes the issue of Treasury notes to the amount of $100,000,000, redeemable six months after peace; and makes them a legal tender in the payment of Government taxes and other duties, except the export tax on cotton. The second section provides for the issue of $100,000,000 of Confederate bonds, payable in twenty years. These bonds are to be sold at either for specie or military stores or foreign bills of exchange. They bear 8 per cent. interest, and the interest is payable semi-annually. The third section gives the holders of Treasury notes the option of exchanging said notes for Confederate bonds wherever they may choose thus to invest. The fourth section provides a war tax on all persons owning more than $200, of fifty cents in the hundred dollars. The tax is for the purpose of supporting the Government and of providing for paying the principal and interest of the public debt.

SUBMISSION OF EAST TENNESSEE.

The *Herald* says: "East Tennessee has at last been forced to succumb to the doctrine of coercion, through the influence of threats and banishments. Thomas A. R. Nelson, who was elected by the Union men to the United States Congress, gave in just in time to save his neck from the halter in Jonesboro'. Ex-Governor Johnson, with his Knoxville *Whig*, stood out until the bowie-knife was brandished about his head, when he, to save his property and his family, consented to support the rebel Confederate and State Governments. Parson Brownlow, who has ever showed that there were twenty-six thousand two hundred and thirty-seven United States voters in East Tennessee in the State, being a clear majority of eleven thousand over the secessionists, is also said to think it possible that the sudden change which is reported to have taken place there has any foundation in sincerity."

THE REBEL FLEET AT MEMPHIS.

The business of impressment is carried on in Memphis, and a regular press-gang organized. In many cases, says the Memphis *Appeal*, acts of barbarity have been perpetrated, and not unfrequently have farmers, who were in the habit of driving their wagons to the city for the use of families whose wives and children depended entirely upon them for support, to such an extent has this barbarous practice been carried that the Council of the city have become alarmed, and appointed a committee to confer with the Archbishop, Major-General Polk, upon the subject.

SECTIONS OF THE CONFISCATION ACT.

The revenue department of this city displayed an unusual activity on 1st inst., which created no little surprise among the officials, who were unprepared to comprehend it at a given hour for immediate and mysterious service. It was found a few days ago that clearances for the port of Matamoras, in Northern Mexico, were no longer to be granted by the Collector of the port, and instructions, rules and provisions for the rebels were being transported there, and thence would be conveyed to the ports of the rebel State of Texas. In accordance with this order the Surveyor was directed to put on board revenue cutters not less than forty-five vessels at the different wharves, loaded with merchandise, and bound for the port of Matamoras, while others had obtained clearances for other ports, and were ready to sail on the same errand. Steamers were held upon that presumption.

THE SECRET SECESSION MEETING IN JERSEY.

The attempt last week to hold a meeting for Compromise and Peace, was frustrated by the spirited action of loyal communities of Middletown, Keyport, Red Bank, and the region round about, who organized a large mass meeting at Middletown and passed the most patriotic resolutions. Mr. Silas B. Dutcher, of this city, was present by invitation, and delivered a stirring speech, which was received with wonderful enthusiasm. Mr. Thomas Dunn English, who had promised to address the Peace Convention meeting, was roughly handled by the crowd, and had to be locked up by United States Deputy Marshal Dennis to save him lynching. Not less than 2000 of the most respectable citizens of Monmouth County, fell to the help of whom were of the Democratic party.

FOREIGN NEWS.

ENGLAND.

THE CONFEDERACY NOT TO BE RECOGNIZED.

THE Government has received dispatches from minister Lyons, which has impressed on the Federal mind, the question of interference by the British Government in the affairs of the United States. He does not think any change of policy is intended so long as the blockade is continued.

COTTON SUPPLY.

The Secretary of the Cotton Supply Association has given the result of his interview with the Viceroy of Egypt, and his impression as to the cotton supply capacity of that country. He believes that the growth of cotton may be increased to an unlimited extent, and the English republic should liberally assist the enterprise. The Nicaraguan Government has offered to give a free grant of land in Nicaragua to settlers who propose to raise cotton.

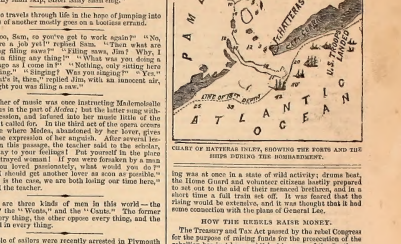
ITALY.

CHALDINI TO ENTER ROME.

The *Independance Belge* says that the French Government had ordered General Goyon not to oppose the entrance of General Chaldini and his troops into the Papal territory should the necessity of war require it.

MISS HOSMER AT WORK.

A letter from Rome, in the London *News*, says that Miss Harriet Hosmer, of whom America is justly proud, has completed her life-sized statue of General Bolivar, to be cast in bronze at St. Louis, when it shall have been carried by Count Joseph Bonaparte to which the world will soon be restored. It also says that Miss Hosmer will be no less represented in the grand exhibition in London next July represented as one of the "Captive Queens"—Zenobia.



BRIG.-GEN. ROSECRANS, U.S.A.

GENERAL WILLIAM STARKE ROSECRANS, whose portrait we give herewith, was born in the County of Delaware, State of Ohio, on the 6th of September, 1819. His ancestors on the father's side were originally from Amsterdam, and on the mother's of the family of the Pennsylvania Hopkinses, one of whom signed the Declaration of Independence. At the age of eighteen, on his own direct application to the Secretary of War (then Hon. Joel R. Poinsett), he was appointed cadet at West Point in the year 1837. He graduated among the Five, and became brevet lieutenant of engineers in 1842. His first military station was Fortress Monroe, where he remained one year first assistant to Colonel R. E. De Russy. In August, 1843, he married Miss Ann Eliza Hegeman, an accomplished and worthy representative of the old New York family of that name, and was ordered to West Point to act as Assistant Professor of Engineering and Natural Philosophy. After remaining four years at the Academy, he was transferred to Newport, Rhode Island, and made Engineer-in-chief of the fortifications at Fort Adams. During his stay there, from 1847 to 1853, he was charged with surveys of New Bedford harbor and Taunton River, Massachusetts, and plans of fortifications, which he executed to the satisfaction of the War Department. In 1853 he was made constructing engineer at the Navy-yard, Washington, District of Columbia. In November, 1853, he resigned his commission in the army, and engaged in civil engineering and architecture in the city of Cincinnati. In 1855 he accepted the superintendency of the Cannel Coal Company of Coal River, Kenawha Court House, Virginia, and Presidency of the Coal River Navigation Company, which he retained until April, 1857, when he removed to Cincinnati, and engaged in the manufacture of coal oil and prussiate of potash. This was his business when he was called by Major-General M'Clellan to act as chief engineer and aid-de-camp, and thence, shortly after, promoted to a Brigadier-Generalship in the regular army.

In all these various positions General Rosecrans has exhibited the most untiring industry, indomitable energy, and spotless integrity. None ever knew him whose respect and confidence he did not command; and the writer of this sketch could not repress a smile when, among certain papers kindly submitted to his inspection by the amiable and accomplished Mrs. Rosecrans, he lit upon a letter dated Washington, August 14, 1854, testifying to "Mr. Rosecrans's high abilities, integrity, and energy," and signed "Jefferson Davis."

Socially, the General unites to the refinement of the gentleman the frank, free-spoken manner so taking among our Western populations. In person he is little above the middle height, rather thin, and very erect, with no feature so striking as his broad forehead and clear gray eyes. General Rosecrans is a member of the Roman Catholic Church.

BRIG.-GEN. ROSECRANS, U.S.A., COMMANDING UNITED STATES FORCES IN WESTERN VIRGINIA.
[PHOTOGRAPHED FOR "HARPER'S WEEKLY."]

THE WEST POINT FOUNDRY.

THESE WORKS, which we illustrate on page 588, are situated at Cold Spring, Putnam County, and were established in 1817, by Gouverneur Kemble, Esq. They were originally intended for a cannon foundry; but, from the irregular demand for ordnance, have been from time to time greatly enlarged, and adapted to the manufacture of steam-engines and nearly all descriptions of heavy machinery. The engines of the steam-frigate *Merrimac*, and the pumping-engines of the Jersey City Water-works, at Bellville, and of the Dry-dock at the Brooklyn Navy-yard, are from this establishment. At present the demand for cannon and projectiles gives full employment to most of the departments of the foundry; and a great variety of these warlike appliances can be observed, as well as the moulds and other preparations and facilities for casting and finishing them.

Among the specimens of ordnance of the "*smooth bore*" kind, are the Columbiads and sea-coast mortars of the army, and eleven and nine inch guns of the navy, of the pattern of Captain Dahlgren. The rifled cannon, however, hold a conspicuous place at the West Point Foundry. Among them are heavy cast iron blocks for 80-pounder guns, to be finished at the Washington Navy-yard. Preparations are made for a still larger casting of the same kind, denominated a 150-pounder. These guns are from plans furnished by Captain Dahlgren, and are for the naval service of the United States.

The manufacture of the "Parrott" rifled gun and projectiles is now very extensively carried on at the West Point Foundry. They are made from the designs of Mr. R. P. Parrott, the present head of the establishment, and are the result of some years of experiment and observation. We understand that although Mr. Parrott by no means assumes to be the originator of the idea of strengthening cast iron guns by hoops or bands of wrought iron, he claims to have laid down a certain rule of proportion of the parts of the two kinds of iron, as well as of the position of the wrought iron reinforce which he employs, and particularly a new and very important mode of uniting the reinforce to the body of the gun. These guns are denominated by the weight of their respective projectiles—10, 20, and 30 pounders; and others will probably be made of larger power and dimensions.

Mr. Parrott's projectiles are of two kinds. In both, the portion which is engaged in the grooves is at the butt, or rear end of the projectile. For the 10-pounder this is of wrought iron, and the projectile so mounted is known as Read's patent. It has been perfected and fitted for service by improvements introduced and patented by Mr. Parrott. He uses, however, for the larger calibres a peculiar ring of softer metal—a plan of his own invention. This ring does not project beyond the body of the projectile in any direction, thus affording great facility in loading.

Shells or hollow projectiles are chiefly used, and can be exploded by the ordinary time or percussion fuse.

These rifled guns are now in process of manufacture both for the army and naval service. About twenty-five guns and seven thousand projectiles are made per week at this foundry.

PEACE.

PEACE with rebels? Pence with traitors?
Peace with pirates sword in hand?
Not till right and wrong change natures;
Not till God forsakes our land.

Peace there is not for the wicked,
Save upon the bended knees:
When the South is soundly "lick-ed,"
Then 'twill do to prate of "peace!"

REBEL PRISONERS LEAVING BALTIMORE FOR FORTRESS MONROE.—[SEE PAGE 589.]

THE NAVAL BATTERY (REBEL) AT MANASSAS JUNCTION.—[See Page 587.]

THE OHIO LEVEE AT CAIRO.—[SKETCHED BY ALEXANDER SIMPLOT.]

THE TWENTY-SECOND INDIANA VOLUNTEERS AT ST. LOUIS.

We publish herewith a picture of the ARRIVAL OF THE TWENTY-SECOND INDIANA VOLUNTEERS, Colonel Jefferson C. Davis, at St. Louis, Missouri, from a sketch sent us by a member of the regiment. A letter accompanied the sketch, from which we make the following extracts (want of space alone prevents our giving more):

Our regiment, which was stationed at North Madison, Indiana, up to the 14th August, received orders on that day to proceed immediately to St. Louis, via Indianapolis, which having been made known throughout the camp was met with cheers and shoutings, all the boys being delighted at the chance of getting near to one of the seats of war. Having strapped on our knapsacks, canteens, and haversacks, we all fell in in companies, and, 1010 men strong, we left our old quarters in the highest spirits, and amidst the thousand greetings of sympathizing crowds marched to the depôt. The trains and engines were waiting for us, three in all, and "All aboard!" being the cry, we tumbled in, soon got rid of our knapsacks, etc., and started in due time.

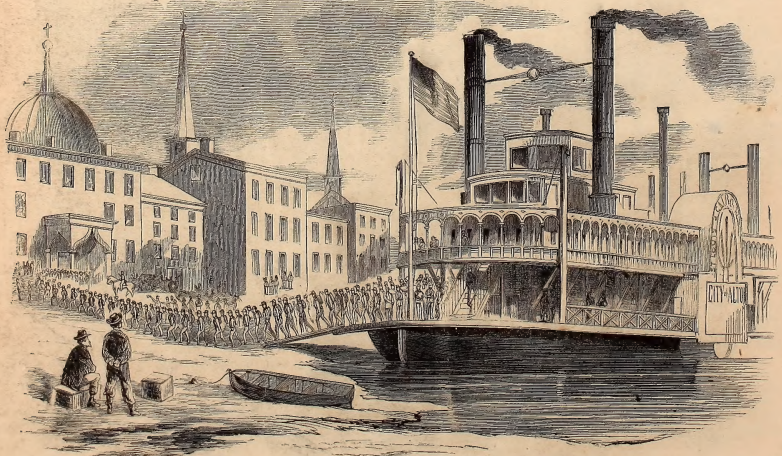
On the morrow, about ten o'clock, Colonel Woods inspected the new volunteers, and being approved of, the oath was administered, and all cheerfully went in for "three years or the war." The next day (Friday), after dinner, we struck tents, marched to the depôt, and, with three roaring cheers, were off once more for the far West.

On our arrival at the Mississippi we disembarked, fell in ranks, and marched to the *City of Alton* steamboat, which was to convey us across. Tents and all camp equipage were soon aboard, and slowly we steamed across to St. Louis, and in solemn silence, save the words of command, disembarked (see engraving), and the whole regiment drew up on the sidewalk by the levee. Nothing could enforce more strongly on the mind the sad effects of this fearful war than the desolate appearance of this levee. Crowded with boats, fires out, and, with a few solitary exceptions, all idle.

At length our Colonel appeared, and four abreast "double quick" up the hill went we, and after going some distance, "right face," "quick march," soon brought us to Washington Avenue to the cheering sounds of fife and drums. Here we halted. I may here mention, en passant, that, having asked a drink of water from two respectable women who were standing at a door-way to see the troops marching past, one of them kindly brought it; and having asked us two were we not Irishmen, we said yes! "Then," answered she, "you shall take something better from a countrywoman, for I feel proud to see ye all come forward so bravely for your adopted country." So off she went, and soon appeared with a tin-cup full of "good old rye!" We drank success to the ladies and the good cause in which we were embarked, and "saith a scorching sun, and choking with dust, we once more stepped forward briskly, and in about half an hour arrived at our camping ground at "Herzinger's Cave."

A SOUTHERN FAMILY COMING NORTH.

On page 583 we illustrate one of the most cruel consequences of the war—the exile of Southern families from their homes by the march of the contending armies. For some time past the boats on the Mississippi and the rail-cars running from Tennessee into Kentucky have been crowded with loyal men driven from their homes by the brutal soldiery in the service of the rebels. Many have left property and all they possessed, glad to escape with their lives. Our illustration represents a good old country gentleman leaving his home with his family and servants—all armed for their own protection, and journeying with their own cattle in search of peace.



ARRIVAL OF THE TWENTY-SECOND INDIANA VOLUNTEERS, COLONEL J. C. DAVIS, AT ST. LOUIS, MISSOURI.—[SKETCHED BY JAMES GUISE.]

AQUEDUCT OF THE CHESAPEAKE AND OHIO CANAL, AT THE MOUTH OF THE MONOCACY—PRESENT POSITION OF GENERAL BANKS'S ARMY.

A SOUTHERN FAMILY FLYING NORTH TO ESCAPE THE REBEL BANDITTI.—[SEE PAGE 582.]

Harriet Lane. Wabash.

DEPARTURE OF THE GREAT SOUTHERN EXPEDITION, UNI

ENERAL BUTLER, FROM FORTRESS MONROE.—[See Page 578.]

THE HUNDRED AND FIRST REGIMENT.

WHAT is a regiment? Every body looks upon it from his own point of view. The dictionary calls it "a body of military men." The country regards it as a faithful dog that hinders the neighbors from committing petty annoyances; orderly people pretend that it is unmanlikily; agitators will have that it is the sword of Damocles struck off in three thousand copies. Contractors consider it as an income of twelve hundred pounds per year; mathematicians, as an integral number reducible to vulgar fractions. For Bérenger it was the Sons of France; for the nursemaids of the Tuileries it is the Conservatoire of Sentiment. Mothers are sad when they see it pass; fathers are good-natured enough to fancy that it is gratuitous board and lodging which the government offers for the reception of their sons. To the school of cowards it is an enigma; to the women it is three thousand men. In all this it is possible that only the Dictionary are right.

The Hundred and First is a fine regiment. Separately, the men are not handsome; by no means. But put them together in a corps, and they are magnificent—and are they brave? Inquire of the whole army. 'Tis not along the Boulevards that you should see the Hundred and First pass; there you will think it stuck up and given to attitudinizing—two sad defects in a regiment. Here, on the high road, is the place to see it, with its cap on one side and its eye alert. It enjoys existence, laughing and singing, with its three thousand voices, at its favorite song. While it sings on its way let us have a good look at it. Take a chair. First come the supers.

To know what a super from another is a proof of remarkable perspicacity. Sappers resemble negroes in this respect, that if you know one you know all. The soldier—not to call him always by his name—with his hairy cap, his face to match, and his hatchet, reminds you of Robinson Crusoe. He wears a white gaiter, the emblem of his functions in the capacity of surenaud; you will see him soon taking out the colonel's little girl for a walk. His black and bearded head beams ineffable smiles on the little pink and white creature, who, far from being afraid of him, calls him "*papa dudy dearest*." If you listened to the stories which the soldier invents to amuse the child you would be highly edified. They overflow with unbridled wit. Unfortunately, the dénouement never varies. It is, to wit, the history of a little girl who, after being very well-behaved, very kind, very amiable, and very virtuous, marries at last—a general of division. Poor little thing!

Good gracious! what a handsome soldier! Pardieu! I believe so; 'tis the drum-major. I would wager my head, Sir, that you have heard that the drum-major of the Hundred and First is somewhat stupid? It is really the case; but the whole truth is, that he won't take the trouble to sharpen his wit, for he could do so when he'd they were sharp? "That sort of thing is beneath his position." Accustomed to behold humanity beneath him, he has come himself to love humanity. Envied by some, disdained by others, he remains alone—with his shoulder-belt. Even love can not regenerate him; he is loved solely for his feather and his cane. Of all the varieties of womankind he knows only the most insipid—the women who admire pay. Don't wish to step into his shoes, and stop your ears, for here are the trumpeters.

Handsome guy (three sous per day) and the certainty of making a noise in the world, render the drummer insufferably proud. In obedience to tradition, he slightly cocks his head on one side, to give himself a martial air. When he returns to his cottage, his daddy, and his pigs, he will cleverly insinuate that he renounced military honors to follow his vocation for agriculture.

The colonel is always serious and wearied out, which is perfectly comprehensible. To manage three thousand men is no trifle, and to head a regimental band play every day the same variations on Guillaume Tell is any thing but amusing. On his days of grace, with his back turned to the regiment, the colonel sees and knows every thing; what he does not know, he guesses. On returning to quarter he has enough to barracks for a couple of days number seven of the second rank, of the third company, of the second battalion, for tearing his cartridges too awkwardly; but his provincial severity will cease the moment he passes general of brigade.

The lieutenant-colonel speaks like the colonel, walks like the colonel, scolds like the colonel, laughs like the colonel, does every thing like the colonel. But he is an older man. How does this happen? Nobody knows; it lieth between Destiny and the Almanac.

The commandant of the third battalion, scarcely thirty years of age, won his epaulets and the officers' cross at the Legion of Honor in the Crimea, where he reaped glory by wagon-loads. He bears one of the most honorable names in France; he has an income of sixty thousand francs a year; and he has a young wife as fair as his fortune. Esteemed by his chiefs, beloved by the soldiers, a magnificent career is open to him. Here is more than enough to make him the happiest man in the world. Well; he is nothing of the kind. This poor commandant bears a serpent in his bosom—a chronic grief, an incurable pain. The serpent, the grief, the pain, lie in the fact that he is so much shorter than M. Thiers, the shortest of all known great men.

Among the officers of the Hundred and First is found the married officer who associates with nobody, not even with his married colleagues, because it "gives rise to gossip;" and, in the corps, half a word soon takes gigantic proportions. It is an unlucky day when Captain Michel calls on Captain Baudoin, and asks: "Captain, is it true that you said that I said my wife told me that Captain Laudry's wife had told her that her husband wore stays?" The cause of fortune has no fortune at all. The serious officer employs his time in studying theory, administration, and manœuvres. One type has all but disappeared from the French army; namely, the loud, braggart, coarse officer, finding fault with every thing in season and out of season. Every day Atticism is gaining ground. The Crimean war gave the last blow to boastfulness and insolence. Why need a man boast, when he has shown solid proofs of courage? What is the use of putting on threatening looks and staring right and left with an ever-knitted brow, when all the world knows how redoubtable you are if occasion require?

The sergeants constitute three categories: the *sergent* who has only seven years' service, the *sergent* who has fourteen, and the *chargent* who has one-and-twenty.

The *sergent* is a badly-drawn portrait, with a feeble outline of the features. He combines simperlotsism with presumptuousness. In the novelty of his relative superiority, he feels an immoderate craving to display his full authority; he worries the soldier. He is a martinet. Never does he come to the chamber without having punished his man. The French soldier never murmurs; he sings, which is his revenge. The *sergent* has the painter turned his heels, when the light breeze wafts to his ear the finale of the Vexed Sergeant:

> And, mmmaplan,
> To what you call
> Lieutenants two
> Are higher than you:
> So, while we can,
> Sing vivamaplan.

His looks are sombre, he bolls with rage, but he holds his tongue for fear of being taken for a vexed sergeant.

The *sergent* is quite a different person. A perfect trooper, serving for the love of the art, conscious of his value, nothing moves, nothing surprises, that which astonishes others only makes him roost at arms—pronounce *provoo*—he takes a part in every duel. In the regiment, they fight more readily than in the navy. "Ah, my dear, once again to another," "You are an awkward fellow!" it is sufficient. The proper steps are taken. Arrived on the ground, the *sergent* measures out the swords. Then one of them, laying his sword-guard on his heart, says, "Begin, *Monsieur*."

Certainly, he is the other, with courtesy.

"To oblige you," resumes the first, stretching his legs, almost wide enough to split himself.

The jacket flies over the point of crossing. The *sergent* advances, and gravely pronounces the following speech, which never varies:

"Gentlemen, I am about to begin you ought to know that, from the remotest times of antiquity, even as far back as the Romans, the diverse disputes of honor have always been decided by arms, notably by the foil, which is the noblest, without wishing here to humiliate the sabre in any way. But before proceeding to the use of the weapons of politeness, reflect that it is more beautiful to refrain from having to ask pardon of God. It is a pair of fault to have not committed it. It is a crime to have not committed it, and to avoid the greatest remorse in this worldly life. If you feel yourself to be in fault, humiliate yourself in the form of your adversary, that he may grant you pardon. In the other case, if your cause is good, fight till your very last drop of blood—remember, both fight till your very last drop of blood—remember, both fight till your very last drop of blood—remember, both

"I had rather have your word of honor."

"You have it, colonel; you have it."

On the day of the dinner the captain, in full uniform, presented himself at the colonel's, and bowed to every body without pronouncing a syllable. He ate like an ogre, to render silence less difficult. The third course was about to be succeeded by a dessert; the captain was eating a roasted woodcock; the colonel was congratulating himself at having escaped humiliating an old brother in arms.

All at once a horrible cry burst from the captain's lips. One of his grinders had been broken by a shot lodged in the woodcock's thigh.

"Sacré nom de millions de diables!" shouted the *proguard*, holding out with one hand the murderous shot, and with the other the woodcock's head. "This infernal brute didn't die of the measles!"

POLITICAL PRISON AT WASHINGTON.

We published in our last number a view of the political prison at New York. We now give THE POLITICAL PRISON AT WASHINGTON, where so many of the rebel sympathizers are confined. It is a building of no pretensions, and not very secure; but as yet we hear of no escapes from it.

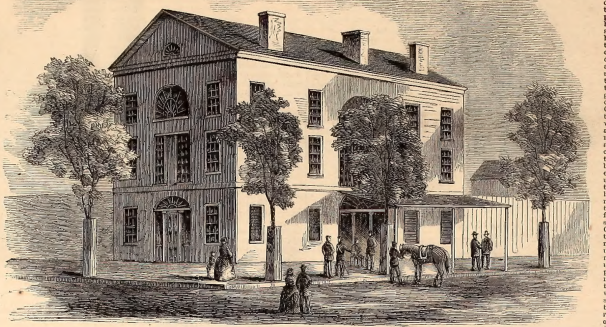
THE MARINE CORPS AT WASHINGTON.

We publish herewith a picture—from a sketch by our special artist in Washington—of the marines drawn up in front of their barracks at Washington.

The Marine Corps was established in 1798, and has since participated in all the wars in which the country has been engaged. It took part in all the naval engagements of the war of 1812, was engaged under General Eaton in the war with Tripoli, defended Washington under Commodore Barney, went through the Creek and Florida wars under General Jessup, was engaged in all the Mexican battles, from Vera Cruz to the City of Mexico, under Gen. Scott, attacked the Sumatra forts, and the Barrier forts in China in 1859, and assisted in the capture of the *Mirannon* steamer on March 7, 1860.

The force stationed at the Washington barracks at present consists of four companies, under command of the following officers, viz.: Company A, Captain Taylor; Company B, Lieutenant Nicholson; Company C, Lieutenant Meiere; Company D, Lieutenant Collier. Commandant of Corps, Colonel John Harris.

The numerical strength of the Marine Corps has been doubled since the war broke out.



THE POLITICAL PRISON AT WASHINGTON, CORNER FIRST AND A STREETS (NORTH).

CORRESPONDENCE.

CAPTAIN BENHAM.

WASHINGTON, *August* 7, 1861.

To the Editor of Harper's Weekly:

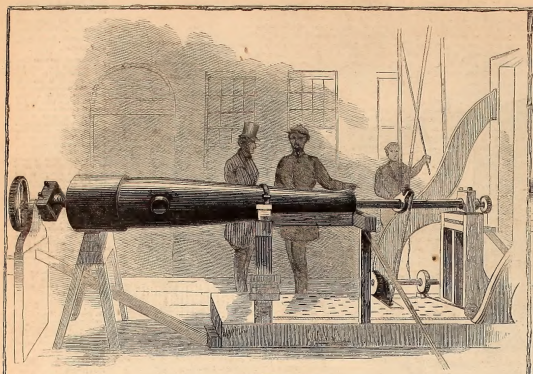
IN your late issue I find a picture "The Death of General Garnett." As the whole country has been under a misapprehension in regard to that affair, let me draw your attention to the following extract from Gen. Morris's report:

During all the time Captain Benham has had my full confidence in every thing relating to the conduct and management of the troops, and for a large portion of the time he has been in actual command of several regiments of the brigade, whatever separated from my immediate control. On three several occasions, when danger was anticipated at Philippi, I sent him up from Grafton to take command of those troops, and always to the great satisfaction of the colonels of the regiments there. On the march from Philippi to this place he led the advance with the skirmishers, and by his skilful management in this position the army was brought in here one or two hours earlier than could otherwise have been the case, and so as to effect a complete surprise upon the enemy. During the six days here he has had the direction under myself of all active operations, selecting positions for fortifying, in charge of scouts, reconnoissances, etc. On the march in pursuit of the enemy I gave him command of the advance column, the only troops that met the enemy, where his untiring perseverance in pursuit, and his judicious management in expelling the attack from the enemy, who made a stand in a strong position, was such as to effect the overthrow and route of the powerful army of Western Virginia, *Jeff. Davis the General*, taking his train and dispersing his entire force. He has during the whole of his services in my command exhibited abilities of the highest order, having never in a single instance committed an error, and showing qualifications eminently fit for a command of any grade that may be given him.

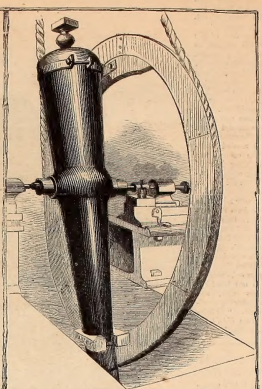
THE NAVAL BATTERY AT MANASSAS.

We publish on page 581 an illustration of the NAVAL BATTERY AT MANASSAS, of which mention has been made in the papers. This battery is manned by sailors, commanded by ex-officers of the United States Navy; the guns are the heaviest Dahlgrens, stolen from the Norfolk Navy-yard.

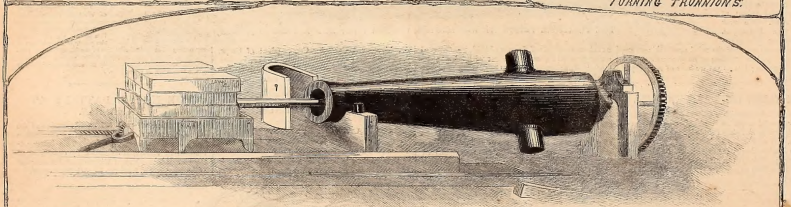
THE UNITED STATES MARINES AND MARINE BARRACKS AT WASHINGTON.



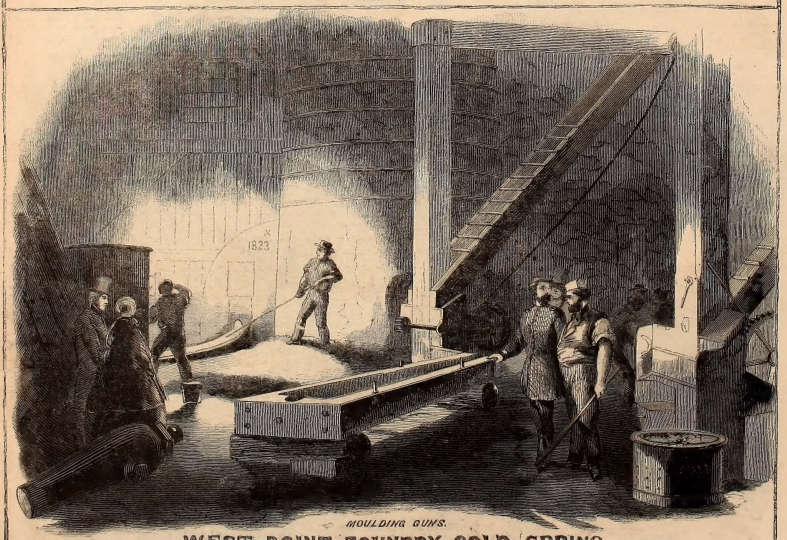
RIFLING A GUN.



TURNING TRUNNIONS.



BORING A GUN.



MOULDING GUNS.

WEST POINT FOUNDRY—COLD SPRING.

COLONEL TYLER'S CAMP, NEAR SUMMERSVILLE, VIRGINIA, SCENE OF THE FIGHT OF AUGUST 26.—[SKETCHED BY A MEMBER OF HIS REGIMENT.]

THE FIGHT AT SUMMERSVILLE.

We illustrate on this page the Camp occupied by Colonel Tyler, near Summersville, Virginia, where he was surprised by General Floyd on 26th ult. The *Tribune's* account of the affair was as follows:

On the 26th the Seventh Ohio Regiment, Colonel Tyler, while quietly breakfasting, their baggage train being about three miles in their rear, were suddenly surrounded, near Summerville, by a force of rebels, supposed to be commanded by General *Floyd*, numbering 3000 infantry, 400 cavalry, and having 10 guns. The attack on the Ohio boys was made on both flanks and in front simultaneously. After a brave fight, lasting some time, Colonel Tyler, finding the enemy too strong for him, ordered the approaching baggage train to be turned back toward Gauley Bridge. The regiment, numbering only 500 men, then fought their way out of the force that with such fearful odds hemmed them in, making terrible havoc among the rebels. The number of our killed we have not learned; the missing number 200. The loss on the side of the rebels must have been very great, as the slaughter was tremendous.

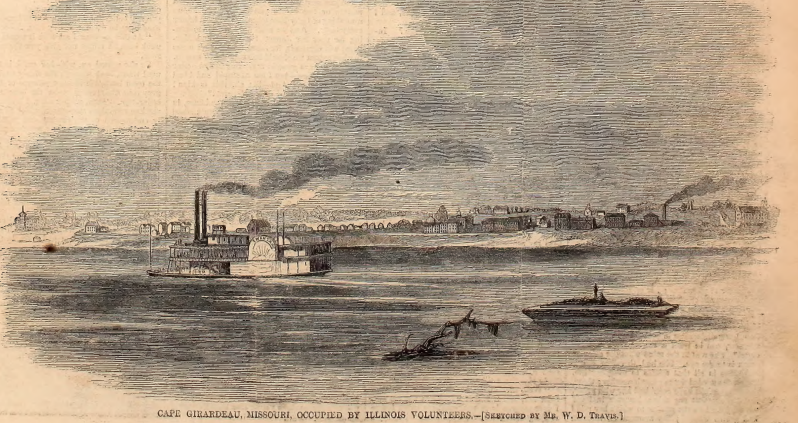
DEPARTURE OF REBEL PRISONERS FROM BALTIMORE.

We illustrate, on page 580, an occurrence which has given rise to much talk of late—we mean the RECEPTION AND DEPARTURE OF REBEL PRISONERS from Baltimore for Fortress Monroe. A Baltimore paper (the *Sun*) thus described the scene:

The fact having been announced that a party of Confederate soldiers, captured in Western Virginia, had reached this city, their head-quarters, the Gilmor House, was besieged early yesterday morning by persons who desired to administer to their comfort. Those of the party who were not well supplied with under-clothing were furnished, and those in more limited circumstances found plenty of gold in their pockets without knowing whence it came. They were generally well-educated and refined gentlemen, whose independence of character would forbid their acceptance of aid, but it was pressed upon them and put into their pockets without their knowledge. During the day they were visited by many belles of the city, each of whom took with her some little present for the comfort or convenience of the soldiers. Most of them visited various sections of the city, accompanied by citizens.

At four o'clock in the afternoon the vehicles were drawn up in front of the Gilmor House to convey them to the boat for Old Point, and a large crowd of persons were present to witness their departure. When they emerged from the house the people on the street cheered, and from almost every house in the neighborhood the handkerchiefs of ladies waved from every window. As they passed down Baltimore Street a large throng at the corner of South Street gave them three cheers. From every direction the people flocked to the wharf of the boat, until several thousands were assembled, covering the wharf, the sheds, and all the vessels lying near. The soldiers took their positions on the after-part of the upper saloon deck. At half past four o'clock the lines of the *Louisiana* were cast off, and as she left the wharf three cheers were given for the departing soldiers. Some of them have friends and relatives in Baltimore, and they expressed themselves delighted at the cordial reception that greeted them on every hand.

The public have commented with more freedom than kindness upon General Dix's conduct in this matter. It is said that such celebrations strengthen secession in Baltimore, and that General Banks would never have suffered them while he was in command there.



CAPE GIRARDEAU, MISSOURI, OCCUPIED BY ILLINOIS VOLUNTEERS.—[SKETCHED BY MR. W. D. TRAVIS.]

[Entered according to Act of Congress, in the Year 1861, by Harper & Brothers, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Southern District of New York.]

A STRANGE STORY.

By Sir E. BULWER LYTTON.

☞ Printed from the Manuscript and early Proof-sheets purchased by the Proprietors of "Harper's Weekly."

CHAPTER XVI.

IT was with a wrath suppressed in the presence of the fair ambassadress that Mr. Vigors had received from Mrs. Poynte the intelligence that I had explained Dr. Jones at Abbots' House, not less abruptly than Dr. Jones had previously supplanted me. As Mrs. Poynte took upon herself the whole responsibility of the change, Mr. Vigors did not venture to condemn it to her face; for his austere magistrate was in his heart as much in awe of that face as Authority, however legislative, always is afraid of the World, however erring, and declines to fly in the face of it.

To the mild Mrs. Ashleigh his anger was more decidedly manifested. He ceased from his visits; and in answer to a long and deprecatory letter, with which she endeavored to soften his resentment and win him back to the house, he replied by an elaborate consultation of writing and satire. He began by excusing himself from accepting her invitation, on the ground that *his* time was valuable, *his* habits domestic; and though ever willing to sacrifice both time and habits where he could do good, he owed it to himself and to mankind to sacrifice neither where his advice was rejected and his opinion contemned. He glanced briefly, but not hastily, at the reasons with which, for her kind heart, had deferred to his judgment, and the benefits which that deference had enabled him to bestow. He contrasted his husband's deference with the widow's contumely, and hinted at the evils which the contumely would not permit him to prevent. He could not repent to say what women of the world might think due to deceased husbands, but even women of the world generally allowed the claims of living children, and did not rest with levity where their interests were concerned. All lies where their lives were at stake. As to Dr. Jones, Mr. Vigors, had the fullest confidence in his skill. Mrs. Ashleigh must judge for herself whether Mrs. Poynte was as good an authority on medical science as he had no doubt she was upon shawls and ribbons. Dr. Jones was a man of caution and modesty; he did not indulge in the hollow boasts by which charlatans decoyed their dupes; but Dr. Jones had privately avowed him that though the case was one that admitted of no rash experiments, he had no fear of the result if his own prudent system was observed in. What might be the consequences of any other system Dr. Jones would not say, because he was too high-minded to express a sentiment of the rival who had made use of underhand arts to supplant him. But Mr. Vigors was convinced, from other sources of information (meaning, we may presume, the oracular presence of his clairvoyants), that the time would come when the poor young lady herself would insist on discarding Dr. Fenwick, and when "that person" would appear in a very different light to many who now so fondly admired and so reverentially trusted him. When that time arrived he, Mr. Vigors, might again be of use; but, meanwhile, though he declined to remove his seminary at Abbots' House, or to pay unavailing visits of mere ceremony, his interest in the daughter of his old friend remained undiminished, nay, rather increased by every passion; that he should silently keep his eye upon her; and whenever any thing to her advantage suggested itself to him, he should not be deterred by the slight with which Mrs. Ashleigh had treated his judgment from calling on her, and by that offence her conscience as a mother his ideas for her child's benefit, leaving to herself then, as now, the entire responsibility of rejecting an advice which he might say, without vanity, was deemed of some value by those who could distinguish between sterling qualities and specious pretenses.

Mrs. Ashleigh's was that thoroughly womanly nature which is compelled to lean upon others. She was a timid, trustful, meek, affectionate soul. Not quite justly had Mrs. Poyntz described her as "commonplace and weak," for though she might be so, the weak, it was not because she was commonplace; she had a goodness of heart, a sweetness of disposition, to which that disparaging definition could not apply. She could only be called commonplace, inasmuch as in the ordinary daily affairs of life she had a great deal of ordinary daily commonplace good sense. Give her a routine to follow, and no routine could be better adapted to it. In the allotted sphere of a woman's duties she never seemed at fault. No household, not even Mrs. Poyntz's, was more happily managed. The old Abbots' House had merged all its original antique gloom in the softer character of pleasing repose. All her servants loved Mrs. Ashleigh; all found a pleasure to please her; her establishment had the harmony of clock-work; comfort diffused itself round her like the quiet sunshine round a sheltered spot. To gaze on her pleasing countenance, to listen to the simple talk that lisped from her gentlest lips in even, slow, and silvery murmur, was in itself a respite from "eating cares." She was to the mind what the color of green is to the eye. She had, therefore, excellent sense in all that relates to everyday life. There, she needed not to consult another; there, the wisest might have consulted her with profit. But the moment any thing, however in itself trivial, jarred on the routine to which her mind had grown wedded, the moment an incident hurried her out of the beaten track of woman's daily life, then her confidence forsook her; then she needed a confidant, an adviser, and by that confidant or adviser she could be credulously lured or submissively controlled. Therefore, when she lost, in Mr. Vigors, the guide she had been accustomed to consult whenever she needed guidance, she turned, helplessly and piteously, first to Mrs. Poyntz, and then yet more imploringly to me, because a woman of that character is never really satisfied without the advice of a man. And where an intimacy more familiar than that of his formal visits is once established with a physician, confidence in him grows fearless and rapid, as the natural result of sympathy concentred on an object of anxiety in common between himself and the patient. Each opens its inered recess to his observant but tender eye. Thus Mrs. Ashleigh had shown me Mr. Vigors's letter, and forgotten that I might be not as amiable as herself, besought me to counsel her how to conciliate and soften her lost husband's friend and correspondent. Mrs. Poyntz was clothed him with dignity and awe in her soft forgiving eyes. So, smothering my own resentment, less perhaps at the slight of his insinuations against myself than at the arrogance with which this prejudiced intermeddler implied to a mother the necessity of his summoning a second child under her own care, I suggested a reply which seemed to me both dignified and placatory, abstaining from all allusion to my own offering the assurance that Mrs. Ashleigh would be at all times glad to hear, and disposed to respect, whatever suggestions Mr. Vigors might offer for her husband's would kindly submit to her for the welfare of her daughter.

There all communication had stopped for about a month since the date of my reintroduction to Abbots' House. One afternoon I unexpectedly met Mr. Vigors at the gate of the kitchen garden. I on my way to Abbots' House, and my first glance at his face told me that he was coming from it, for the expression of his face was more than usually sinister; the sullen scowl was lit into significant menace by a sneer of unmistakable triumph. I felt that I had what was needed in some machination against me, and with ominous misgivings quickened my steps.

I found Mrs. Ashleigh alone, seated herself in front of the House, under a large cedar-tree that formed a natural arbor in the centre of the sunny lawn. She was perceptibly embarrassed as I took my seat beside her.

"I hope," said I, forcing a smile, "that Mr. Vigors has not been giving you a fresh bill of his pet patient, or that she looks much worse than she did under Dr. Jones's care?"

"No," she said. "He spoke cheerfully that Lilian was grown quite strong, and said, without any displeasure, that he had heard how gay she had been; that change was beneficial, which is very kind in him—for he disapproves dancing, on principle."

"I can well believe it," said I, "for he has said nothing to vex or annoy you; and, to judge by his countenance when I met him in the lane, I should conclude that something was wrong between you before the confidence you so kindly repose in me."

"I assure you not; he did not mention your name, and was, as he always is, very civil when he him more friendly; quite like old times. He is a good man at heart, Mr. Vigors, very; and was much attached to my poor husband."

"Did Mr. Ashleigh profess a very high opinion of Mr. Vigors?"

"Well, I don't quite know that, because my dear Gilbert never spoke to me much about him. Gilbert was above talking of his friends, but from all trouble—all worldly affairs—and he left Vigors managed his estate, and inspected his stewards books, and I believe left him through a long lawsuit which he had inherited from his father. It killed his father. I don't know what we should have done without Mr. Vigors, and I am so glad he has forgiven me."

"Has Mr. Vigors forgiven you?"

"Yes, I suppose so."

"Then I infer that he has not yet forgiven me. Where is Miss Ashleigh? Indoors?"

"No; somewhere in the grounds. But my dear Dr. Fenwick, do not leave me yet: you are so very, very kind, and I am so anxious to have you to look on you quite as an old friend. Something has happened which has put me out—quite put me out."

She said this wearily and feebly, closing her eyes as if she were indeed put out in the sense of extinguished.

"The feeling of friendship you express," said I, with earnestness, "is reciprocal. On my side it is accompanied with a profounder gratitude. I am a lonely man, by a lonely fireside—no parents, no near kindred, and in this town, since Dr. Easter left it, no cordial intimacy till I knew you. In admitting me so familiarly to your hearth, you have given me what I have never known before since I came to this town—a glimpse of the happy domestic life; the charm and relief to eye, heart, and spirit which is never known but to a household centre. Do not, then, suppose that thus my sentiment for you and yours is indeed that of an old friend; and in any private confidence you show me, I feel as if I were no longer a lonely man, without kindred, without home."

Mrs. Ashleigh seemed much moved by these words, which my heart had forced from my lips. And after replying to me with simple unaffected warmth of kindness, she rose, took my arm, and continued then as we walked slowly to and fro on the lawn:

"You know, perhaps, that my poor husband left a sister, now a widow like myself, Lady Haughton."

"I remember that Mrs. Poyntz said you had such a sister, but I never heard you mention Lady Haughton till now. Well!"

"Well, Mr. Vigors has brought me a letter from her, and it is that which has put me out. I dare say you have not heard me speak before of Lady Haughton, for I am ashamed to say I had almost forgotten her existence. She is many years older than my husband was; of a very different character. Only came once to see him after our marriage. Hurt me by ridiculing him as a book-worm. Offended him by looking a little down on me, as his sister, with spirit and fashion, which was quite true. And, except by a cold and unfeeling letter of formal condolence after I lost my dear Gilbert, I never heard from her since I have been a widow, till to-day. But, after all, she is my poor husband's sister, and Lilian's aunt; and, as Mr. Vigors says, 'Duty is duty.'"

Had Mrs. Ashleigh said "Duty is torture," she could not have uttered the maxim with more mournful and despondent a resignation.

"And what does this lady require of you, child?" Mr. Vigors desire it your duty to comply with?"

"Dear me! what penetration you have! You have guessed the exact truth. But I think you will agree with Mr. Vigors. Certainly I had no option; you shall see for yourself."

"My penetration is in fault now. Do what? Pray explain?"

"Poor Lady Haughton, six months ago, lost her only son, Sir James. Mr. Vigors says he was a very fine young man, whom any mother would have been proud of; I had heard he was wild. Mr. Vigors says, however, that he was just going to reform, and marry a young lady Lilian has mentioned to me, for whom, unluckily, he would ride a steeple-chase, not being quite sober at the time, and broke his neck. Lady Haughton has been, of course, in great grief. She has retired to Brighton; and she writes to me from thence, and Mr. Vigors brings the letter. He gave it to me to-day."

"Goes back to Lady Haughton?—has been to her? What, is he then so intimate with Lady Haughton as to be with her brother?"

"No; but there has been a long and constant correspondence. She had a settlement on the Lisbey estate, and has only just come of age during Gilbert's life; and a very small part of the property went to Sir James, which part Mr. Ashleigh thought it would be wise to buy the rest of the estate, wished Mr. Vigors, as his guardian, to buy during his minority, and as it was mixed up with Lady Haughton's settlement, her consent was necessary as well as Sir James's. So there was much negotiation, and, since then, Ashleigh House came into the Haughton property, on poor Sir James's decease; so, that complicated all affairs between Lady Haughton and my husband, and it was just been to Brighton to see her. And poor Lady Haughton, in short, wants me and Lilian to come and visit her. I don't like it. But you said the other day you thought sea air might be good for Lilian during the heat of the summer, and she seems well enough now for the change. What do you think?"

"She is well enough, certainly. But Brighton is not the place I should recommend for the summer; it wants shade, and is much hotter than I——"

"Yes, but unluckily Lady Haughton foresaw that objection, and she has a jointure-house some miles from Brighton, and near the sea. She says the air is perfumed with pine trees, and the place is proverbially cool and healthy, not far from St. Leonard's Forest. And, in short, I was a fool to say I will come. So we must, unless, indeed, you positively forbid it."

"When do you think of going?"

"Next Monday. Mr. Vigors would have me fix the day. If you know how I hate moving when I am once settled, and I do so dread Lady Haughton, she is so fine, and so satirical. But Mr. Vigors says she is very much altered, poor thing! I should like to show you her letter, but I had just sent it to Margaret—Mrs. Poyntz—a minute or two before you came. She knows something of Lady Haughton. Margaret knows every body. And we shall have to go in mourning for poor Sir James, I suppose; and Margaret will choose it, I am sure I can't guess to what extent we should be supposed to mourn. I ought to have gone in mourning before—poor Gilbert's nephew—but I am so stupid, and I have never seen him.—And—but oh, this is kind! Margaret herself—the dear Margaret!"

We had just turned away from the house, in our up and down walk; and Mrs. Poyntz stood contemplating us from the door.

"So, Anne, you have actually accepted this invitation—and for Monday next?"

"Yes, I—I—I suppose so."

"What does Dr. Fenwick say? Can Lilian go with safety?"

I could not honestly say she might not go with safety, but my heart sunk like lead as I answered:

"Miss Ashleigh does not now need merely the safety, but more than half her cure has depended on keeping her spirits free from depression. She has found in the cheerful companionship of your own daughter, and other young ladies of her own age; a very melancholy house, indeed, for a young girl convalescent, without other guests; a hostess to whom she is a stranger, and whom Mrs. Ashleigh herself appears to deem formidable. Certainly there do not make that change of scene which a physician would recommend. When I spoke of sea air as good for Miss Ashleigh, I thought of our own much frequented coasts, at a later time of the year, when I could escape myself for a few weeks, and attend her. The journey, too, would be shorter and less fatiguing; the air more invigorating."

"No doubt that would be better," said Mrs. Poyntz, dryly; "but so far as your objections to visiting Lady Haughton have been stated, they are groundless. Her house will not be melancholy: she will have other guests, and Lilian will fi ? companions young like herself—young ladies of young gentlemen too!"

There was something ominous, something overpassionate, in the look which Mrs. Poyntz cast upon me, in controlling her speech, that in itself was calculated to rouse the fears of a lover. Lilian away from me, in the house of a worldly but able—such as I judged Lady Haughton to be—surrounded by young gentlemen, as well as young ladies, by admirers, no doubt, of a higher rank and more brilliant fashion than she had yet known! I closed my eyes, and with strong effort suppressed a groan.

"My dear Anne, let me satisfy myself that Dr. Fenwick really does consent to this journey. He may say to me what he may not to you. Pardon me, then, if I take him aside for a few minutes. Let me find you here again under this cedar-tree."

Placing her arm in mine, and without waiting for Mrs. Ashleigh's answer, Mrs. Poyntz drew me into the more sequestered walk that belted the lawn; and, when we were out of Mrs. Ashleigh's sight and hearing, said:

"From what you have now seen of Lilian Ashleigh, do you still desire to gain her as your wife?"

"Still? Oh! with an intensity proportioned to the fear with which I now dread that she is about to pass away from my eyes—from my life!"

"Does your judgment confirm the choice of your heart? Reflect before you answer."

"I need reflect, my judgment as I had before! I knew her world, and confirms, but opposes it. The nobler judgment that now expands all my reasonings, approves and seconds my heart. No, no; do not smile so sarcastically. That is not the voice of a blind and egotistical passion. Let me explain. I myself, I can. I concede to you that Lilian's character is undeveloped. I concede to you that, amidst the childlike freshness that innocence gives her nature, there is at times a strangeness, a mystery, which I have not yet traced to its cause. But I am certain that the intellect is there, naturally as rich as the heart, and that intellect and heart will ultimately—if under happy auspices—blend in the felicitous union which constitutes the perfection of woman. But it is because she does, and may for years, may perhaps always, need a more delicate watchfulness care than would be either judiciously sensitive, that my judgment sanctions my choice; for whatever is best for her is best for me. And who would watch over her as I should?"

"You have never yet spoken to Lilian as lovers speak?"

"Oh no, indeed."

"And, nevertheless, you believe that your affection would be unreturned?"

"I thought so once—I doubt now—yet, in doubting, hope. But why do you alarm me with these fears? Has Lilian said or done that in this visit I may lose her forever?"

"If you fear that, tell her so, and perhaps her answer may dispel your fears."

"What, now—already, when she has scarcely known me a month! Might I not risk all if too premature?"

"There is no almanac for love. With many women love is born the moment they know they are beloved. With Lilian tells us that a moment once gone is irrevocable. Were I in your place I should feel that I approached a moment that I must not lose. I have said enough; now I shall rejoin Mrs. Ashleigh."

"Stay—tell me first what Lady Haughton's letter really contained to prompt the advice which you so transport, and yet so daunt, me when you proffer it."

"Not now—later, perhaps—not now. If you wish to see Lilian alone, she is by the old Monks' Well; I saw her seated there as I came that way to the house."

"One word more—only one. Answer this question frankly, for it is one of honor. Do you still believe that my rival in the widow's affections would not be disapproved by Mrs. Ashleigh?"

"At this moment I am sure it would not; a week hence I might not give you the same answer."

So she passed on, and, in her quick but measured tread, took through the shady walk to the open lawn, till the last glimpse of her pale gray robe disappeared under the boughs of the cedar-tree. Then, with a start, I broke the irresolute tremulous suspense in which I had vainly endeavored to analyze my own mind, solve my own doubts, concentrate my own views, and went the opposite way, skirting the circle of that haunted garden as now, on the other side of the terrace, the houses of the neighboring city came full and close into view, divided from my fairyland of life but by the trodden numerous thoroughfare winding low beneath the lofted parapets; and as now, again, the world of men abruptly vaulted behind the screening foliage of luxuriant June.

At last the enchanted glade opened out from the verdure, with its borders of sweet perhaps, and rose, and woodbine; and there, by the gray memorial of the gone Golden age, my eyes seemed to close upon the only human being resting spell-bound on that image which had become to me the incarnation of earth's bloom and youth.

She stood amidst the Past, backed by the fragments of walls which man had raised to seclude him from human passion, locking under those skies so obscure the secrets of the only knowledge I asked from the boundless Future.

Ah, what mockery there is in that grand word, the world's fierce war-cry, Freedom! Who has not known one period of life, and that so solemn that its shadows may rest over all life hereafter, when one human creature has over him a sovereignty more supreme and absolute than Orient servitude adores in the symbols of diadem and scepter? What crest so haughty that has not bowed before a hand which could exalt or humble? What heart so dauntless that has not trem-

bled to call forth the voice at whose sound ope the gates of rapture or despair? That life alone is free which rules and suffices for itself. All life worfeit feiet when we love!

CHAPTER XVII.

How did I utter it? By what words did my heart make itself known? I remember not. All was as a dream but falls upon a restless, feverish night, and fades away as the eyes unclose on the peace of a cloudless heaven, or the bliss of a golden sun. A new morning seemed indeed upon the earth when I woke from a lifelong yesterday, her dear hand in mine, her sweet face bowed upon my breast.

And then there was that melodious silence in which there is no sound audible from without; yet within us there is heard a lulling celestial music, as if our whole being, made harmonious with the universe, joined from its happy deeps in the hymn that unites the stars.

In that silence our two hearts seemed to make each other understood, to be growing more near nearer, blending by mysterious concord into the completedness of a solemn union, never hence forth to be torn asunder.

At length I said, softly: "And it was here, on this spot, that I first saw you—here that I for the first time knew what power to change the world and to rule our future goes forth from the charm of a human face!"

And Lillian asked me timidly, and without lifting her eyes, how I had so seen her, reminding me that I promised to tell her, and never yet had done so.

And then I told her of the strange impulse that had led me into the grounds, and by what chance my steps had been directed upon the path that led to the glade; how suddenly her form had shone upon my eyes, gathering round itself the rose hues of the setting sun; and how wistfully those eyes had followed her own silent gaze into the distant heaven.

As I spoke her hand pressed mine eagerly, convulsively, and, raising her face from my breast, she looked at me with an intent, anxious expression. "That look!—twice before it had thrilled and perplexed me.

"What is there in that look, oh my Lillian, which tells me that there is something that Heaven lets you—something you wish to confide, and yet shrink from explaining? See how, already, I study in fair book from which alone the veil has been lifted, but as yet you must aid me to construe its language. "

"If I shrink from explaining, it is only because I fear that I can not explain so as to be understood or believed. But you have a right to know the secret of a life which you seem to link to your own. Turn your face aside from me: a reproving look, an incredulous smile, chill—and I shall guess not how fatally—but then—when I approach that which to me is so serious and so solemnly strange."

I turned my face aside, and her voice grew firmer as, after a brief pause, she resumed:

"As far back as I can remember in my infancy, there has been mingled with these what seems to full a soft, hazy veil between my sight and the things around it, thickening and deepening till it has the likeness of one of those white fleecy clouds which gather on the verge of the horizon when the air is yet still, but the winds are about to rise, and then this vapor or veil will suddenly open, as clouds open and let in the blue sky."

"Go on," I said, gently, for here she came to a stop.

She renewed, speaking somewhat more hurriedly

"Then, in that opening, strange appearances presented themselves to me, as in a vision. In my childhood these were chiefly landscapes of wonderful beauty. I could but faintly describe them then; I do not attempt to describe them now, for they are almost gone from my memory. My dear mother child me for telling her what I saw, so I did not impress it on my mind by repeating it. As I grew up this kind of vision—if I may so call it—became much less frequent, and was less distinct; I still saw the soft veil fall, the pale cloud form and open, but often what may there was my sacred was entirely forgotten when I recovered myself, waking as from a sleep. Sometimes, however, the recollection would be vivid and complete, sometimes it was the face of my last father; sometimes I heard his very voice, as I had seen and heard him in my early childhood, when he would lie down for hours beside him as he mused or studied, happy to be so quietly near him—for I loved him, oh, so dearly! and I remember him so distinctly, though I was but my sixth year when he died. Much more recently—only, indeed, within the last few months —the images of things to come are reflected on the space that I gaze into as clearly as in a glass. Thus, for weeks before I came hither, or knew that such a place existed, I saw distinctly the Old House, you trees, this sward, this moss-grown Gothic front, and, with the sight, an impression was conveyed to me that in the secret before me my old childlike life would pass into some solemn change. And when I came here, and recognized the picture in my vision, I took an affection for the spot; an affection not without awe; powerful, perplexing interest, as one who feels under the influence of a fate of which a prophetic glimpse has been vouchsafed. And in that evening when you first saw me, seated here—"

"Yes, Lilian, on that evening—"

"I saw you also, but in my vision—yonder, far in the deeps of space—and—and my head was stirred as it had never been before; and near where your image grew out from the cloud I saw my father's face, and I heard his voice, not in my ear, but as in my heart, whispering—"

"Yes, Lilian, whispering—what?"

"These words—only these—'Ye will need one another.' But then, suddenly, between my upward eyes and the two forms they had beheld, there rose from the earth, obscuring the skies, a vague dusky vapor, undulous, and coiling like a vast serpent, nothing, indeed, of its shape and figure definite, but of its face one irregular glare—a flash from two dread luminous eyes, and a young head, like the Medusa's, changing more rapidly than I could describe, and merged into a grinning skull. Then my terror made me bow my head, and when I raised it again all that I had seen was vanished. The dusky vapor still remained, even when I felt my mother's arm round me and heard her voice. And then, when I uttered the words that you have just spoken, the recollection of what I had seen—those eyes—that face—that skull—grew on me stronger and stronger. I trembled, and remembered no more till my eyes, opening, saw you by my side, an' in my wonder there was not terror; no, a sense of joy, peace, hope, yet still shadowed by a kind of fear or awe, in recognizing the countenance which had gleamed on me from the skies before the face of my last parent, and while my father's voice had murmured, 'Ye will need one another.' And now—and now—if you love me, if you have in your heart a secret in my being which I have told to no other—can not construe to myself?—only—only at last, do not mock me, do not scorn, do not believe me. Nay, turn from me no longer now: now I ask to meet your eyes. Now, before our hands join again, tell me that you do not despise me as untruthful, do not pity me as insane."

"Hush—hush!" I said, drawing her to my breast. "Of all you tell me we will talk hereafter. The scales of our science have no weights fine enough for the gossamer threads of a maiden's pure fancies. Enough for me—for us both —if out from all such illusions stare one truth told to you, lovely child, from the secrets I told to me, ruder man, on the earth—repeated by each pulse of this heart that woos you to hear and to trust, now and forever, through life into death—' Each has need of the other'—I of you—I of you! my Lillian—my Lilian!"

"THE LADIES' OWN DREAM-BOOK."

Of all those tempting books it is the function of thought to investigate, there are none, perhaps, possessing a more universal interest for all mankind than those which treat of the second immaterial world—the world of spirits, of omens, of superstitions, and dreams—becomes the subject of our speculations. What is not here contained of strange and inexplicable dreams? Who has not been pursued by such dreams during the day succeeding their occurrence? Who has not been guilty in such matters, on which profound dependence might be placed? Such a guide, confident, unerring, and authoritative, is "The Ladies' Own Dream-book."

In this precious volume the subjects on which we feel regulated are treated of and commented, or reflected to dream are found alphabetically arranged, so that the favored victim of nightmare, starting from his couch at midnight, has not even time to get to light a candle, and, turning to the subject of his dream, may put himself at once out of his misery, or into it, as the case may be. It would be useless to attempt to deny that, according to the opinion of "The Ladies' Own Dream-book," there are certain things which it is by no means desirable to dream about, and which augur all sorts of impending horror to the dreamer.

The very first word in the list (adders) is an instance of the kind. Let us see what we have got to expect if we should happen to dream about adders:

ADDERS.—To dream of these venomous reptiles are a bad omen: they signify you have enemies who are endeavoring to do you harm. To kill them, signifies the same thing, signifies you will experience some misfortune; but if you destroy them, you will overcome your enemies.

Under the head of "awning," let us see what we have:

AWNING.—To dream that you are sitting under an awning is a sign that you will shortly leave the country most likely for abroad. If you are walking under an awning out of the heat of the sun, that you will prosper there.

The use of a dream-book for the young person is very remarkable, and seems to imply that the dreamer will either abandon his country to be seized upon and appropriated by others, or that he will be in such a position as to bequeath his native land as a legacy to that portion of the globe. This is, indeed, giving prophecy a like an interpretation of a dream. If such results as these are to follow all dreams upon the subject of awnings, it will surely become necessary to appoint a select committee Mr. Edgington and all other tent-makers to keep their shutters up, and not expose longer to the public gaze any thing that could be made into a bale of canvas to the British dreamer. But we have not done with the letter A. Let us see what dreaming about ale-houses signifies. It is impossible, too, to name a time in the twenty-four hours when the visitation is more likely to occur than at the break of day.

We come now to a very remarkable announcement indeed, the latter part of which, especially, is environed with mystery:

ABUNDANCE.—To dream of abundance shows that you will experience great prosperity; and that your future husband will be true to you: and you will have many children, who will be a blessing to you; *but if you sell any part* you will be crossed in business.

Gracious Heavens! what *does* this mean? "If you sell any part you will be crossed in business?"

Let us approach this matter in a familiar manner. This is "The Ladies' Own Dream-book," and the lady here addressed is obviously supposed to be in business. It would be delightful to know in what branch. Is she in the clandlery line, or is it tobacco? It might be licensed victualling; but there is no end to conjecture on the subject. She is in business; she will be courted and won by an exemplary young man, who will be true to her, and by whom she will have many children; but if she sells any part she will be crossed in business. Sells any part of what? Her children obviously! "Crossed," too, in business; we have all of us heard of being crossed in love, but never, surely, in business.

Business, however, is forever in the mind of the distinguished compiler of "The Ladies' Own Dream-book," and, notwithstanding the spectacular subject of the work, is rather remarkable. The allusions, throughout, to business are continual, and of very pithy nature. We have already considered this in the case of the dream on abundance, but this is only one instance among many, as shall be presently shown.

BAKING.—To dream that you are baking bread is a good sign; *if you are in business*, you will most assuredly prosper: if you are not in business, the chances are the reverse; but should the bread be burned, it portends assault by enemies, perhaps loss by misfortune.

Thus we see how a dream, which commences hopefully, may, by a very small change in its course, become fatal to the dreamer—like the whole hinging on the question whether the loaf which he has engaged with in our dream should turn to the black-lead or to the brown. We find "business" again alluded to in another portion of our manual, but in this case the dream suggestion of another kind is forced upon our attention:

CROSSING.—To dream of cucumbers denotes recovery to the sick, and success to the unfortunate; but if you are in love, you will marry the present object of your affections: the same applies to melons.

Now does not a suggestion such as this open an enormous field of conjecture as to what may be done in the way of *cultivating* auspicious dreams? And the young man in love, for instance, who wishes to succeed in business, after reading the above, proceed straightway to get himself a gigantic cucumber. Let him, by way of contemplating it from every conceivable point of view, and, finally, let him eat the whole of it for his supper, and immediately retire to bed. Between the latent vals of indigestion the young tradesman is not unlikely to get a nap in the course of which he will the cucumber, which is reading his entrails, may dance for a moment before his mind's eye. Once this happen, and the thing is made. He wakes up dyspeptic, probably for life, but with a blissful consciousness that a "moderate success in trade" had what is termed "thrown itself upon him," and secured to him during the remainder of his career. If, however, the young tradesman could manage to introduce a melon into his little dream, there is no end to the prosperity which he might expect, for see what is said on this subject:

EGGS.—To dream you are buying eggs is a favorable omen, to denote that you are going in also lucky; you will be happy in marriage, have many children, and do well.

There are, however, some things which we should be as carefully refrain from our sleeping thoughts, as we should be to cultivate others. Let us, by all means, beware of Hares, for "to see hares is pain and agony." Hanging," again, "indicates generally misfortunes and chagrin." "Ravens denote disaster, adultery, death, and enemies;" while if "a person that you see hidden at work you may expect treachery and deceit. "Onions" denote much suffering; and as to comets:

COMETS.—To dream of comets is a sign of war, plague, famine, and sickness; but if *a business man* receive information of his hope; to the farmer, failure of his crop; and to the seaman, shipwreck. Advise all persons to change, if possible, your present place of residence.

This last piece of advice, given, as it appears to be, to persons on shipboard, seems somewhat crucial. There are many, doubtless, so situated, who would gladly change, provided; but where are they to go? The natural answer to the question is—overboard.

While on the subject of evil dreams, it may be well to mention that "needles are a sign of hatred; to thread a needle is loquietude;" while "to dream that you have lost a sin unlucky omen—it is a sign you will meet with many misfortunes."

Among the remarkable phenomena which strike one in perusing the pages of "The Ladies' Own Dream-book," may be classed the peculiar views held by the compiler as to the subjects which people are in the habit of dreaming of. Thus we are informed that "to dream you are sitting on the top of a church denotes vain hopes." *Does* any man ever dream of sitting on the top of a church? Does any one ever dream of coals, which, it seems, "is a sign of riches?" It is difficult, too, to say what is signified by a coffin, once for all, attention may be called to his peculiar grammatical idiosyncrasies, that "to dig up an iron pot a great earnest." Surely it is unnecessary to expose that any body ever dreams of digging up an iron pot. Did the reader, again, ever dream that he was a fool?

FOOLS.—To dream you are a fool is a very favorable omen, and imports much good to the dreamer; expect to be successful in your undertakings. If a maiden dreams that she is foolish, it is a certain sign that she will soon be married to the man she loves.

But perhaps, of all the outrageous things that a lady can be expected to dream about, the most unintelligibly unlikely is the one we look-done. Yet this contingency is thought by our sage to be worthy of especial notice:

To dream of the look-bees is a lucky omen—it denotes health and prosperity in all your undertakings; if you are in love, your sweet-heart will be faithful, and you are very happy; it also denotes that you will have many children, and be very happy. To dream you have swarm of bees on your back denotes that some legacy will fall to you, and that you will unexpectedly become rich; if you are in love, you will marry the object of your affections; if you are in business you will shortly see the woman who is to be your wife; and to a woman, that she will soon see the man destined to be her husband, and they will become lovers, and be very happy.

We will give a few mere quotations from our oracle for the reader's comfort and advantage, begging, in passing, to call his attention to the patriarchal manner in which this interpreter of dreams invariably connects happiness and a large family as inseparable things:

KITTENS.—To dream of kittens is a favorable dream, your marriage will be prosperous, and thus you will have many children.

DRUNKENNESS.—To dream you are drunk is loss in business; to see others in love; to a woman it denotes she will be beloved by a stranger; and to a man it denotes that he is beloved by a woman whom he does not at present think of.

FINGERS.—If you dream you have cut your fingers, if they bleed: is a good omen; you will be successful in love and get money when you least expect it; if you dream they do not bleed, then it denotes damage by a variety of accidents, and that lawsuits will attend you.

ARMY.—To dream of military prosperity: to join, unsettled life; to hear it play many tunes, that you will be happy; distinction, military honors.

RINGS.—To dream you ride with a company of men is very lucky and profitable, but with women it signifies misfortune and deceit.

SERVANTS.—To dream you are shaved denotes disappointment and crosses.

THIEF.—To dream your teeth fall out is good; to put them in, unlucky; to break them, vexation; decayed or rotten are good tidings; good teeth, troubles and sorrow; short teeth, prosperity.

ANTS.—To dream of this relation is a happy omen, provided she is not angry with you; but if she frowns on you, you must expect to be met with some misfortune.

UNCLE.—To dream you see your uncle, denotes in a great measure upon the temper you see him in; if he looks favorable upon you, it is a good dream; if on the contrary, you will have many trials to overcome.

We will now leave this portion of the interesting volume we have been considering, with one word of expostulation. Under the word "dressing," we find that "to dream you see any one beheaded" denotes, among other things, "that *if you are in prison* you will speedily gain your liberty." The insertion of this clause seems to have been an ill-considered proceeding, calculated to shake the readers confidence in the key, a work of research devoted to meet the exigencies of "ladies" who are committed for fourteen days to the House of Correction is scarcely calculated to find favor with the general public.

The concluding portion of "The Ladies' Own Dream-book" is devoted to matters of even greater importance than those we have been already engaged with. Arrived at his last page, the author, from having been what simply an interpreter of dreams, launches forth into a wider and deeper field, and displaying before his disciples the black mirror of destiny, bids them take courage and behold. The Book of Fate is printed on a single page, and shall be given entire, for the benefit of those who are not fond of the study of dream-truths.

Reader! On what day wert thou born? Peruse this page and tremble.

Concerning Children born on any day of the Week.

SUNDAY.—The child born on a Sunday will obtain great riches and be happy in the married state.

MONDAY.—Not very successful, irresolute, subject to be led away by others, and willing to do every thing to his power (nice fellow).

TUESDAY.—The person born on this day must guard starts of passion and be easily reconciled; and he will be in danger of dying by violence if he does not put a constant guard upon himself.

WEDNESDAY.—He will be given to study, *and exist to* Dorchester, during the usual day of the number of the Book of Fate.)

THURSDAY.—The child born will attain great riches and honor.

FRIDAY.—The child will be of a strong constitution and amorous.

SATURDAY.—In an unlucky day, but the child may come to good, though they are in general of an evil disposition.

Signs of a Handsome, Chill, and Ugly Person.

1. The forehead large, fleshy, plain, and smooth.
2. The hair thick, curling, and shining.
3. The countenance expressive of joy or content.
4. The voice sweet.
5. The motion of the body slow, etc.

Signs of a Churlish, Rough-hewn, and Ill-natured Person.

1. The form of the body both meagre and lean.
2. The hair thin, scanty, lanken, and wrinkled.
3. The eyes cast down and malicious.
4. The voice rough.
5. Walking a short, quick, and uneven pace.
6. Secret treachery and deceit. Equal to a wife.

The reader now knows the worst. He knows that if he were born on a Monday, a Tuesday, or a Saturday, he is not to be married at all; likewise, by close observation of himself, whether he is a civil and courteous, or a churlish and rough-hewn person, though he will know this last without much pain little. He knows that if he has "a nimble tongue" he had better hold it; that he must beware of a short, quick pace in taking his constitutional; and that he must not enliven his walk by "muttering to himself." He must cultivate, moreover, a *fleshy* forehead, and avoid eye, a slow motion of the body, etc., though what peculiar quality this same "etc." may indicate is less clearly shown than might be wished. Let us take our leave of this awful volume, heartily wishing the reader a fleshy forehead, a moist eye, and pleasant dreams about his or her back-bone.

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A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION.

VOL. V.—NO. 247.] NEW YORK, SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 21, 1861. [SINGLE COPIES SIX CENTS. $2 50 PER YEAR IN ADVANCE.

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the Year 1861, by Harper & Brothers, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Southern District of New York.

THE ARMY FORGE.—[SEE NEXT PAGE.]

THE ARMY FORGE IN CAMP.

AMONG the many appliances necessary to a complete battery of artillery or corps of cavalry in the field, none is more interesting or picturesque than the ARMY FORGE, a drawing of which we give on the previous page. It consists of a four-wheel carriage, containing in its various compartments all the tools and implements necessary for the outfit of a blacksmith, and can be set up and made ready for operation in the time necessary to cut a block of wood large enough to answer the purpose of a base for the anvil. The front portion, or *limber*, is precisely the same as the limber of the caisson or caisson, being simply a box about four feet long by two in width, in which is carried the anvil, tongs, and other implements, together with a limited supply of iron, etc., necessary for immediate use. On the rear wheels is mounted a box, in which is contained, as we believe, worked by a key on the outside. In front of this, and on the same platform, is a cast-iron ash-pan for the fire, from which rises a sheet-iron apron or back. On the stock is a vice large enough and of sufficient strength for all ordinary purposes. Back of the box is a receptacle for coal, which is strapped flat, but can be removed at pleasure. The whole is arranged in a very compact form, and when on the road occupies no more space than a cannon or caisson, and is drawn by four or six horses. The men ride upon the limber-box, and are members of the corps to which they are attached, being subject to the same discipline, and recipients of the same privileges and immunities. The convenience and advantage of such an attachment is obvious. Let us suppose that on the march a cannon, in crossing a ditch or traversing a rough road, is disabled by the breaking of some portion of the iron or wood work of the carriage. It is drawn to one side, the forge drives up, is unlimbered, and in less time than it takes to describe it, a smithy is improvised, a fire kindled, and the accident remedied without delay to the balance of the battery. When in camp a shoeing forge would be selected, and here the forge is unlimbered and the smiths set at work shoeing horses and repairing damages during the intervals of drill and discipline. In case of a sudden attack or the necessity of rapid movement the tools are gathered together, the forge limbered up and ready for the march as soon as any other carriage in the battery.

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 21, 1861.

THE WAY TO PUT DOWN THE REBELLION.

THE effect produced by the capture of the Hatteras forts should teach us that the expedition has been a blow struck in the right quarter. It seems to have spread consternation throughout Virginia and North Carolina. The papers are frantic with terror, and assist their readers to lose not a moment in hurrying their "portable property," *i. e.*, slaves, to the interior. It is very easy to advise this begin, but it will be difficult to act on the advice. For the planters of the whole sea-board are to convey their "portable property" into the interior, it will be necessary to give that "property" food. Slaves can not be conveniently fed away from the plantations; and if they are idle, the agricultural system which rests on slave labor must go to the wall. Peace at any price would be better for the Southern slaveowners than such a disturbance of their homes.

But if the blow that struck is to have this salutary effect, it must be followed up. There are other inlets—north of South Carolina—which should be occupied and closed up. Two or three points on the South Carolina coast invite early attention: a sharp blow struck at the mouth of the Port Royal River would be severely felt. There is a town of the same name in Georgia, Alabama, Mississippi, and Louisiana. It is not necessary that permanent landings should be effected. A point might be occupied to-day, and evacuated as soon as the enemy had gathered in force to resist the occupation. All that is necessary is that the rebels should be convinced of the inconvenience of carrying on the war; that it can be best impressed on their minds by the manœuvres of a flying squadron, here to-day, elsewhere to-morrow, every where swift, resistless, mobile, and full of danger to "portable property." A few months of this *régime* would convince the substantial men of the South that they had gained nothing by throwing off their allegiance to the Union.

If our leaders are guided by the principles of common sense they will attack the enemy where they are weak and not where they are strong. To march against their entrenchments and expose our infantry to the murderous fire of the guns they have stolen from us, is to attack them where they are strong. To molest their homes and jeopard their "personal property" is to attack them where they are weak. The Administration has now to choose between the two methods.

THE NATIONAL LOAN.

By the time these lines are before the public the new United States Treasury Notes, bearing 7.30 per cent. annual interest, will be offered for sale throughout the loyal region. We expect that they will be freely subscribed for.

There are several reasons why these Treasury Notes should be liberally taken.

In the first place, patriotism requires it. The present atrocious rebellion can not be put down without money. Money can not be had except by general subscriptions to these Treasury Notes. If they are not taken, the republic is gone, and all the interests of which it is the safeguard are worthless. We have no country, in fact, unless this rebellion is suppressed, or, in other words, unless the means of suppressing it are provided by the people. Every man who loves the Union, who desires to see it last, who has any property to be injured by the prevalence of anarchy among us, or who has any love for the old monarchy, the old flag, and the old nation, will best testify his regard for them by subscribing—to the extent of his means—to the United States Treasury Notes.

And, secondly, interest prompts to the general investment of money in these Treasury Notes. They offer an income of 7.30 per cent. on the sum invested. This is equivalent to 8 and 6 per cent. Such stocks as those of New York State, Pennsylvania, New Jersey, Connecticut, Massachusetts, New York City, Boston, etc., offer only 5 or 6 per cent. The mortgage bonds (firsts) of such leading railways as the Central and Erie do not offer quite 6 per cent. First-class railway mortgages only offer 7, and if the creditor wants his money, he must wait till the bond matures, and then go through a long and expensive hawk to obtain it. There is no investment in the market which offers as large an income as 7.30 per cent., with a reasonable security.

If, therefore, the people of the United States are patriotic, or if they are thrifty, they will take the new Treasury Notes. We believe they are both, and we therefore expect that before the award of the second instalment of fifty millions the whole of the first fifty will be placed.

THE LOUNGER.

POSTING THE BOOKS.

IF Jefferson Davis is dead, it is only one of many recent facts which must make sober men who are engaged in the rebellion sadly skeptical of their future.

The first is, that with such a tremendous start they have gone no further.

The second is, that their greatest success in the field was unknown to them at the time, so dearly did it cost them, and has not been of the slightest service since.

The third is, that the division at the North, upon which they securely counted, is more hopeless every day.

The fourth is, that the eager taking of the popular loan invests every man's private interest and the welfare of his family in the success of the Government.

The fifth is, that the Government becomes daily more vigorous, and is enabled to secure the triumph of every movement.

The sixth is, that the want of various necessaries of life will pinch more sharply as the winter advances.

The seventh is, that the cotton is further from a market then ever.

The eighth is, the deep conviction of every thoughtful man who studies the facts and who has human nature, that the longer the rebellion prolongs the war the more ruinous it will become to the vanquished party.

You may push on and name as many reasons as a Puritan preacher had heads to his discourse, and a very few are enough. The good sanity of the citizens who wish and mean that their Government shall be maintained have no intention of dividing the country and will resist their constitutional rights to an armed faction. If that faction can overthrow the Government it will establish itself over the whole country. But that inevitable result becomes more and more evident, the rebels can easily understand the scope of the war they have set themselves. They can readily infer whether the loyal citizens of the North are likely to give it up because they are tired. History does not record. They can see and feel whether there are any signs of fatigue or failure upon our side. They can ask themselves if the victories are to be of the Bull Run kind, how soon they are like to succeed in ruining our system. With their cease closing—with our blockade effectual—with nations of them upon the East and West—with their best privateers gone, and no more possible—with their leader dead (if it be so)—with the whole country unanimous and fully aroused against them—with the hope of English and French interference growing daily dimmer—with the spirit of every kind constantly diminishing, their credit gone, their money spent, and winter settling upon them, they may pray for the Day of Judgment for the year upon the 20th of December—the anniversary of South Carolina secession—or they may strike the balance for the half year since the President's proclamation to October 15, and even the famous financier Cobb would tell them, if he spoke truly, that the concern was bankrupt, dishonored, and dead.

A LETTER TO ENGLAND; NOT BY AN LL.D.

MY DEAR FRIEND,—I have at length succeeded in quietly making up my mind, that it is useless to expect any Englishman to understand our war. It would seem, at first blush, that people whose ancestors have always been engaged in civil war might easily see that a civil war here, of itself, neither proved nor disproved any thing. Your Jacobite troubles, the rising of '45, and the march of Prince Charlie upon Edinburgh, were not held, I believe, to prove that English system a failure, nor show that a monarchy is incompetent either to prevent or repress disaffection, treason, and rebellion. Cromwell's absolute success might have been considered tolerably strong evidence—but King Charles came back again. The landing and march of Monmouth in turn—in this country, at least—opposed to be a valid argument against monarchy; nor the expulsion of James, and happy coronation of the Dutch Prince as English King.

The nation is now, as yours has been constantly, engaged in civil war. The Government is maintaining its power by force of arms, assisted by those who dare every thing but fighting against their country. You in England tranquilly sneer, and say to us, "Why don't you give it up?" Why don't you let them have their way? Your principle is that people shall do as they want to."

No, my friend, you mistake. Your principle in England, I believe, is that every body shall do as he wants to, subject to the Constitution of England. Ours in America is precisely the same: with this advantage, that we know what our Constitution is, and you do not know what yours is, for it is only a series of precedents. The American principle is not individual license, it is Constitutional liberty; and we had always supposed that of England to be the same. But we had supposed, farther, that that community of political faith and practice was the deepest bond, with our community of race, between us. But it appears that this is no bond whatever, and there is not a thoughtful or humane man in the country who does not deeply regret it.

You say, "Why don't you give it up? For the same reason that England didn't give it up in any of her civil wars—the necessity of national unity.

You ask, "Why don't the rebels go?" For the same reason that you would not let London go, or Wales, or the County of Kent, even if a majority of them were to declare that they should seriously go. For the same reason, nationally, that would prevent you, individually, from suffering your body to be cut into pieces by a thirty-four piece.

If London or Yorkshire should defy the English Government, we should do exactly what you have done, if we were strong enough. And the rebels equally belligerents, and hold ourselves neutral, and in every way aware at the blundering crash of the impossible English monarchy, which from its beginning has been only awaiting this day. We might have sent sensation reporters to describe battles they did not see. We might have peered that, if the English Government were waging a war for the miners or the factory operatives, we should have had some sympathy, and a purely political war was perfectly decent, and futile, and stupid. If you will look at the street and most rabid reforms of every kind were dependent upon order and government, while every man's life, liberty, and property were menaced by anarchy, we might have stared at you, and said: "I dare say; but you've made your bed, and you mustn't squirm at lying in it."

These things, *mutatis mutandis*, you have done and do. Of course it is not every Englishman who says or writes as you do. Not every newspaper. Not your *Daily News*, and *Star*, and others have been no less eloquent in their statement than just in their appreciation of the case. But the great mass of the journals that we see in this country, and the official voice of your Government, all speak in this strain. We are constantly startled, I allow, to English criticism. Mr. Roebuck's late sneer at us is not without reason. But I think that you, or any other Englishman, will not, upon reflection, find it to be altogether an ignoble susceptibility.

This younger nation, striking for liberty under law, had a right to your sympathy. Doubtless we forgot that you might be unable at first to understand the bearings of the contest; and many of us were sure that you would see just how it was, your hesitating, deprecating, or worse tone would change. In that we have been disappointed. But the disappointment is yours. I think that you must feel very rich when you can afford to lose so lightly the treasure of a nation's sympathy and good-will. Good-by.

A NEW COMEDIAN.

IT is interesting to step out of the whirl of public affairs and look into an entirely different world, as the couple do in Mr. Boucicault's new piece at Broadway into the Winter Garden. Mr. Clarke has been playing there. You do not know the name of Mr. Burton? You had you passed an hour in the theatre you would never have forgotten it.

Mr. Clarke is a comedian fitted of unquestionable genius. He is a comic actor; but it is not genteel comedy, nor broad comedy, nor grotesque comedy, nor farce, but it has a touch of them all. It is pure nature: joyous, elegant, intellectual, and of the most delicate, sensitive, pure humor. The purity of his comedy is of the same quality as that which we find in Dickens or Irving. It is not clouded with a moral purpose: it is fun for the sake of fun; but so human and the moral will out.

Our late great comedian, Mr. Burton, was properly a *farceur*. His was grotesque. He was, in the good sense, a low comic. He was one of the direst men possible. No "Toodles" will ever excite so much and so continued laughter as Burton's. But he was not a comedian artist. You did not believe that rare, intellectual delight in seeing him which is the greatest charm whether of tragic or comic acting. You always knew about where he was coming. You knew about what he was going to do. There was a touch of disgust. Yet he was one of the most truly amusing actors who has ever played in New York; and he may be considered with Mr. Clarke simply to indicate a difference.

The remarkable quality of this gentleman's acting is its naturalness. Of course it is the naturalness of genius, but a genius of acute perception. No part could prove it more than that of Toodles. There are but two scenes in that sketch. The first is the interview between Mr. and Mrs. Toodles and the sailor, the other is the drunken scene. In the first you, who have been used to Burton's unctuous extravaganza, will be so surprised and delighted to find that it is possible to give an equally good and entirely new rendering of the flimsy part, will look on with sober and incredulous amusement. The famous P in Thompson passes unseen; but when Mrs. Toodles begins to tell the story "the *fond* a brother," and proceeds to hang him upon the forepaw of the rudder, Mr. Clarke's Toodles is unspeakably droll. The aching agony of astonishment which overpowers him—which makes him bend and double himself with his back to the audience, while every particle of his frame is as drunk with laughter as it is in the next scene with liquor, is one of the most comical scenes ever conceivable.

Then he is the best drunken man that we ever seen. There is a law even in the whim and incoherence of intoxication, and Mr. Clarke's Toodles is strictly bound by it. The deliciously funny drunkenness of Burton was directly addressed to the spectator. He poked the fun at you. Clarke's is in the nature of things. He is too drunk to have any consciousness of observation; except the glimmering light of sensibility and sense which any sober man who is not a mere sot, always has. It is not so laughable as he is true. Therefore, as a drunken man is more true to nature than any burlesquer of his conduct, altogether funny, but rather the cause of sobriety in the spectator, so you look at this man with a solid, and not a hollow, laugh, but a tear and sense of shame close behind. Burton's Toodles made believe drunk; but Clarke's is drunk indeed. It took the eloquent Gough with his own weapons. It is holding the mirror up to nature so exactly that you get just the impression which nature gives you of her weaknesses; and if the spectator can do you any good—*voilà!*

The same evening he played the farmer in "Speed the Plough." Supposing that he would not appear until the after-piece, we, who had no bill and had not looked on incautiously until the hearty, joyous repose and completeness of the personation showed that a most excellent artist was before us. Mr. Clarke's Dutch farmer has the play of humor, intellectual perception, and natural elegance, Mr. Clarke is a comedian of the best and truest school, and by far the most artistic that has been seen upon those boards since Rachel.

THE IRS IN THE WAY.

IF the late Democratic Convention at Syracuse had adopted as its platform the first three resolutions of its committee;

If it had not elaborately destroyed all their force by the resolutions that follow;

If it had nominated a ticket of men of all parties, who would gladly endorse those three resolutions;

If it had given no countenance to treason, and no sympathy, and moral aid to rebellion, as it did in several of its resolutions;

If Mr. Redfield had made such a speech as Mr. Ogden made;

If it had for one moment forgotten party in devotion to the country;

If the great mass of thoughtful citizens in the State had perceived no confidence in the leaders who manipulated the Convention;

If they could forget what these same leaders have used the war to play a desperate game for the aggrandizement of their party at the very moment that the existence of the Government is threatened;

If the great body of the people of the State were not resolved to repudiate all party purpose, postpone all party action, and renounce every party name and,

If those people had not made up their minds to intrust the government of this State at the next election to men whom they believe to be more or less worst of enemies, not friends in disguise, and who are therefore bent upon repressing the rebellion unconditionally and finally, why then there might be some chance that the purely partisan ticket of the late Democratic Convention would get several votes.

SELECT VARIETIES OF TREASON.

THAT Governor Magoffin, of Kentucky, is a friend of Mr. Breckinridge's of the same State, is fully proved by the message the former has recently sent to the Legislature. The principle which controls the political efforts of them is the most severe the enemy in the best way that circumstances allow.

If, for instance, you are an editor in New York, you must fill your paper with the most vivid pictures of the horrors of war, omitting to mention that and who began war, and so enforced either submission or resistance. If you are a Senator in Congress, you must denounce that you are for the most energetic measures for the speedy suppression of the motives of those who are defending their Government from destruction, than you are by packing up and going to Richmond where you belong. If you are Governor of a State, you are to refuse the requisitions of the National Administration because you call them unconstitutional. You are to declare your State neutral, while you give all possible aid and comfort to the rebellion. And finally, you are to assume and state the essential absurdity of secession, that a State is sovereign against the United States.

These are the parts for traitors within our lines to play. These are the parts they are playing and have played. This is Mr. Magoffin's philosophy which assumes that the rebellion is successful, that the Union is gone, that every State may follow suit, and where it pleases, which is the absurd and undeniable consequence of the other two positions), and that Maryland, to secure the commercial supremacy to which Baltimore is entitled, ought to go with the rebels.

They are assertions which force upon every honest mind the conviction that the National Government, within its sphere, is absolutely supreme over all the citizens, or it is not. If it be so, there is no such thing as State independence and neutrality, any more than county, or town, or individual neutrality. If it be not, the laws of the United States are waste paper and its Government moonshine.

Either that Government bears authoritatively upon every individual citizen in regard to the interests of the whole country, or it operates "by your leave," and when you do not choose to obey, the Government, so far as you are concerned, is at an end.

The Kentucky and Maryland Treaty is absolutely the theory of Jeff Davis and the conspirators; and the ninth resolution of the partisan Democratic Convention in this State is like unto it. Tho war thank Heaven! will clear up all that cloud. We shall come out of it a strong, united, undisputed and indisputable nation; or we shall come out of it a loose group of States that do not know whether they compose a nation or whether they are partners at pleasure. Absolute nationality or anarchy will be the result of the war.

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

MRS. ROCHEFOUCAULD'S MAXIMS.

HEARTLESS youths are most prone to vanity and self-sufficiency. So we have often seen older their whickers over a great deal of their cheek.

Men should never choose a flirt for a wife, be she fair as Venus. The sagacious housewife avoids the fruit that has been blown-off.

It is difficult to hide one's vanity; but it is more difficult still to avoid a grimace.

Refinement covers a multitude of impropriettes.

Some women blush to prove true that they have a little modesty left.

When a female friend asks your advice about a lover say that he is not worthy of her, and counsel her to reject him. She will surely refuse the compliment you pay her, and the lover may fall to your lot into the bargain.

There are a variety of sad mad sighing reasons.

A looking-glass never pays compliments, but it enables us to win them.

We are "very happy to see" people whom we detest, and "very much delighted" to perform acts from force or nuisance. We return thanks for the kind inquiries of acquaintances who have not the least interest in us, and when we rather dislike them otherwise.

A woman will tell a secret to you, "because you're different"—but to nobody else.

We triumph upon our fallen sister to show the world how firm of feet we are ourselves.

There is no bitterest enemy. He makes us wear caps.

Children are mile-stones that tell the world the distance a woman has traveled from her youth.

HOW THREE FISHERS WENT SALEERING.

Three Mothers sat talking, we lived at the Week—

The West end—at that oldest sun went down,

Each thought him the farthest that she liked the best,

For the girl who had watched him all over the Town.

For men must get women will weep—

And their dress is expensive, and many to keep,

And their Mothers are always wo-aing.

Three gentlemen lounged at their club-house door,

And they thought of those girls as the fonds went down;

They thought of their bankers and thought them a bore,

And of bills that came rolling in ragged and brown.

But men must pay or women will weep—

Though debts be pressing—still Mothers are deep,

And keep up a constant wo-oaing.

Three gentlemen lay in three separate cells—

The last season's "sensations" pulled them down—

And the women are weeping and ringing their bells,

For those who will never more show upon Town,

For men must pay or women will weep,

And the sooner you do it the sooner you'll sleep,

And good-by to the Mo- and her wo-s-ing.

A JOKE PICKED UP NEAR ST. GEORGE'S.—What is the difference between the Bridegroom at a wedding and the Pot-boy at a "Public?" Why, the one is a tip-y-maid, and the other, don't you see, is a low-maid position.

"LADIES' LIGHT DRESSES."—From the frequency with which it takes fire, we should say that Crinoline was entitled to be called, par excellence, "The Lady's Light Dress."

A little boy had lived for some time with a very penurious uncle, who was one day walking out, with the child at his side, when a friend accosted him, accompanied by a greyhound. The little fellow, never having seen a dog of so slim and slight a texture, clasped the creature round the neck with the impassioned cry, "Oh, doggie, doggie! and div ye live wi' your uncle, too, that you are so thin?"

A sailor who had served on board the *Romans*, with Sir Home Popham, after coming home from India, finding that wigs were all in fashion, bespoke a rat one, which he imported at Portsmouth, to the great surprise of its compatriots. On being asked the cause of the change of color in his hair, he said it was occasioned by his bathing in the Red Sea.

DO YOU GIVE IT UP?

My first is a bit of butter,
My next a bit of mutton,
My whole is a little master
Not bigger than a button.

Button.

If I were to bite off the end of your nose, what would the love of the land compel me to do?

To keep the piece (peace).

When do the lame and the tongue's prerogative?

When they are chattering.

Why ought the stars to be the best astronomers?

Because they have stucioil (studied) the heavens ever since creation.

Who took in the first newspaper?

Cain; he took a Bell's Life (a bell's life).

Why are your hats like olden tales?

Because they are legends (leg ends).

When is salt better than fresh children?

When it is made into little pots.

I'm a word that is made of three vowels alone,
And in battle and fight I'm the same;
Though I speak not a word I take sentiment known,
And to beauty by principal claim.

Eye.

What three words did Adam use when he introduced himself to Eve, and which read the same backward and forward?

Madam, I'm Adam.

What scent would a lady prefer who was going to marry a gentleman of the name of Hubbard?

Eau de Cologne (O Dick down).

ONE OF THE WESTERN OUTLAWS' NOTICES.—Mister Editor Tom Sand, we are sorry to think, has flunked. He departed this Life last munity. Jem was generally considered a nice fellow. He died at the age of 35 years old. He went ish without ery struggle; and sich is Life. To Dis we are a proper grate, mighty sorrowful. As Mercer we accept down like a cowcumber of the ground. Jem kept a nice stout, which his wife now waits on. His virchues was numerous to behold. Nenny is the things we bo at his grocery, and we are happy to state he be admirin world that he never cheated, sparkin by the wais of mankind, which we can well much sweet, and his service will is the same wa. We never knew him to put sand in his sugar, nor he had a big coal bar in front of he kentry, nor water in his Lickers, tho the Ohio River runs past his dore. Jem was a big member of the Brown Sch 8 children, a cow, 4 horses, a grocery stour, and other quodrupeds, to mourn his loss. But in the splendid hagrvigs of the pale, his loss is there eternal gane.

"It seems to me I have seen your physiognomy somewhere before," said a swell to a stranger whom he met the other day; "but I can not imagine where." "Very likely," replied the other; "I have been the keeper of a prison for the last twenty years."

A stingy fellow, in making love to a young lady, said that his affections were "riveted upon her." She told him then he must wait to have the rivetting with rivets or screws like him. Of course, after that the fellow didn't expect to mail her.

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

A LETTER FROM THE CLAN.

The Russian Minister, M. De Stoeckl, had an audience of the President on Saturday, and read to him the following dispatch:

"St. Petersburg, *July 31, 1861.*

"*M. De Stoeckl.*

"SIR,—From the beginning of the conflict which divides the United States, the Emperor has been desirous to make known to the Federal Government the deep interest with which our sovereign was following the development of a crisis which puts in question the prosperity and even the existence of the Union.

"The Emperor profoundly regrets to see that the hope of peaceful solution of the difficulties which the American colonies already in arms are ready to let loose upon their country is the most formidable of the enemies of political society in a civil war. For more than eighty years that it has existed the American Union owes its independence, its lowering rise and its progress to the concord of its members, always united under the auspices of its illustrious founder, by the union which have been able to reconcile the Union with every party. This Union has been faithful. It has established on the world the spectacle of a prosperity without equal in the annals of history. It would be deplorable that, after so marvelous an experience, the United States should by mutual fault of the solemn compact, which, up to this time, has made their power. In spite of the diversity of the constitutions and of their interests, and perhaps even because of their diversity. Providence seems to urge them to draw over the traditional bond which is the basis of the very condition of their political existence. In any event, in every case which they might impose upon themselves to maintain it are beyond comparison with those which dissolution would bring after it.

United, they perfect themselves; isolated, they are paralyzed.

THE EMPEROR ADVISES COMPROMISE.

"The struggle which unhappily has just arisen can neither be indefinitely prolonged nor lead to the total destruction of one of the parties. Sooner or later it will be necessary to come to some settlement. Whatever it may be which may cause the divergent interests now actually in conflict to cocrist. The American nation would then give a proof of high political wisdom in seeking in common such a settlement before a useless effusion of blood, a barren squandering of strength and of public riches, and acts of violence and reciprocal reprisals shall have come to deepen an abyss between the two parties of the confederation, to set definitely in motion the irremediable chain of the pain, perhaps irreparable, of their commercial and political power.

"Our august master can not resign himself to admit such deplorable extremities. His Imperial Majesty still places his confidence in that practical good sense of the American people, which appreciates so judiciously their true interests. His Majesty is happy to believe that the members of the Federal Government, and the individual men of the two parties, will entre all occasions and will unite on this point, to calm the effervescence of the passions. There are no interests so divergent that it may not be possible to reconcile them by observing to that end with firmness and moderation, in a spirit of justice and moderation.

HE WISHES THE UNION TO BE MAINTAINED.

"If, within the limits of your friendly relations, your language shall be conformable to the views of which I have just expressed, Sir, to the intentions of his Majesty the Emperor in developing to their fullest influence which Emperor in developing to their fullest influence which the Union is called to acquire during your long residence at Washington, and the consideration which legitimately your character as the representative of a sovereign always treated by the most friendly sentiments toward the American Union. The dislike of the Emperor, and of his government constitute the universal political equilibrium; he contributes to maintain it, and as for our august master and all Russia have pledged the most friendly interests for the two countries, and the prosperity and grandeur of the worlds, both in the ascending period of their development, appear rather as a natural necessity of their mutual and sympathies, of which they have already given mutual proofs to each other.

"I do not wish here to approach any of the questions which divide the United States. We are called upon to express ourselves in this contest. The preceding considerations have no other object than to extend the lively solicitude of the Emperor in the presence of the dangers which menace the American Union, and the sincere wish that his Majesty entertains for the maintenance of their great work in its integrity and which appeared to rich in its future.

"It is in this sense, Sir, that I desire you to express yourself, as well to the members of the General Government as to the Governors of States from you may have given them the assurance that in every event the American nation may count upon the most cordial sympathy on the part of our august master during the important crisis which it is passing through at present.

"Receive, Sir, the expression of my very deep consideration.

"(Signed) GORTSCHAKOFF."

THE EFFECT OF THE CAPTURE OF THE HATTERAS FORTS.

A dispatch from Fortress Monroe says: The rebels have abandoned their strongly fortified forts at Ocracoke Inlet. Hundreds of the inhabitants have been demonstrated their loyalty to the Government by coming to Hatteras Inlet to take the oath of allegiance. Colonel Hawkins reports that he administered the oath to between two and three hundred in one day. The steamer Fanny still lies in the Inlet and the *Susquehanna* outside. The *Susquehanna* has been to Ocracoke Inlet, and found the fortifications there completely deserted, and the white flag was everywhere exhibited.

On the following day the *George Peabody* arrived at the Fortress, from Hatteras Inlet, with a number of fugitive families from the mouth of Tar River, who had succeeded in escaping to the Inlet. They report that the lower counties of North Carolina are ready to hoist the National flag when assured of support. A prominent clergyman declaring that should a national force land near Beaufort, it would immediately be joined by at least two thousand North Carolina Unionists. A perfect reign of terror exists there at present. The secession of State troops have been recalled from Virginia.

SENSATION IN THE NORTH CAROLINA HOUSE.

The Hon. J. C. Ligon, Speaker pro tem Governor Clark, in a special message, announced to the Legislature the surrender of Forts Hatteras, and adds: "For the sake of the credit of the State we forbear to describe the effect which the announcement produced in the House."

HORRIBLE OUTRAGE IN MISSOURI.

The telegraph reports one of the most horrible episodes that ever disgraced modern warfare on the part of the rebels in Missouri, namely, the destruction of a railroad bridge on the Hannibal and St. Joseph Railroad over Platt River, nine miles east of St. Joseph, by which a whole passenger train, containing ninety-one hundred inoffensive peoplemen, women, and children—was precipitated into the river, and seventeen killed and others horribly mangled. It appears that the timber supports of the bridge had been nearly burned through, and the fire then extinguished, thus leaving no suspicious appearance about the structure, so that when the train entered the bridge at night the whole track gave way, resulting in the fearful consequences above stated. It was subsequently discovered that some other bridges on the road to St. Joseph were similarly disposed, and the track obstructed with logs in order to prevent succor being conveyed from the town to the wounded victims of this cowardly outrage. The atrocities, however, were overlooked, and help dispatched by physicians and others proceeded to the scene of the disaster.

OCCUPATION OF PADUCAH, KENTUCKY.

General Grant, with his own regiments of infantry, a company of light artillery, and two gun-boats took possession of Paducah at noon o'clock on this (Friday) 30, 1861. All rebel flags flying, but they were immediately torn down by the Union Volunteers on the hypothesis of the Union to be possession of the telegraph-offices, Marine Hospital, and other public buildings, and issued a proclamation to the people. The town was in great alarm at the rumored approach of 3500 rebel troops, which were in close proximity to Paducah.

ROSECRANS CROSSES THE MOUNTAINS.

From Western Virginia we have a piece of important character. General Rosecrans is reported as having crossed the mountains in full force, and the rebels had even been fired upon by the rebels at a distance of four miles from their main camp.

GENERAL M'CLELLAN ON THE SABBATH.

The following order has been promulgated:

HEADQUARTERS, NO. 2,
HEAD-QUARTERS ARMY OF THE POTOMAC,
WASHINGTON, *August 3, 1861.*

The Major-General Commanding desires and requests that in future there may be a more perfect respect for the Sabbath on the part of his command. We are fighting in a holy cause, and we should endeavor to merit the favor of the Creator. Unless in the case of an attack by the enemy, or other unforeseen necessity, it is expected and recommended to commanding officers that all work shall be suspended on the Sabbath; that no unnecessary labor or movements shall be made on that day; that the men shall, as far as possible, be permitted to go to church in parties; that they shall attend Divine service after the customary morning inspections, and that officers and men shall use their influence to insure the utmost decorum and quiet on that day. The General Commanding trusts that this is not the first time that he has issued orders in the interest of the Lord of Mercy and of Battles in our sacred duty.

By command of Major-General Commanding.
S. WILLIAMS, Assistant Adjutant-General.

THE DEMOCRATIC STATE CONVENTION.

The Democratic State Convention met at Syracuse last week. The Committee on Officers reported Hiram J. Redfield for President, with the usual number of Vice-Presidents and Secretaries. After an address from Mr. Redfield, the Committee on Contested Seats made a majority report in favor of the admission of the Tammany delegates from the City, and the exclusion of those from Mozart Hall. A minority report was made recognizing both delegations as representing the same constituency. Finally, a resolution was adopted by the Convention to admit both delegations with power to cast half a vote each. The Tammany delegates then withdrew for consultation, and after their return to the hall presented a resolution the Convention adjourned until the following morning. The morning session was commenced, and was made to reconsider the vote of the day previous, by which both delegations were admitted, and after refusing to allow Tammany delegates to withdraw their acceptance, 114 to 87, the Convention decided by the same resolution by which both delegations were admitted, and which was adopted the day before, that the resolution by which the Tammany delegation alone was admitted, by a vote of 114 to 87, and the Mozart Hall delegation withdrew. The Committee on Resolutions reported a series, which was adopted by a vote of a majority of more than the war, though censuring the present Administration for the conduct of the war. The next business was the nomination of a ticket for State officers, which was effected in due course.

STATE OF FEELING IN SOUTH CAROLINA.

Captain Welch, of the *Mary Alice*, captured July 29 by the privateer *Jeff Davis*, arrived in the city last Saturday morning, and furnishes some very interesting intelligence. After his capture, and while the vessels lay over the North Edisto, twenty-one miles south of Charleston, where he was detained for four days, numbers of vessels, and a very formidable masked battery at North Point. No trace of the Union Fleet could be seen. From Edisto City Captain Welch, with twenty-five other prisoners, was conveyed to Charleston, South Carolina, and Columbia, North Carolina, where the people had just heard of the brilliant defeat of Fort Hatteras, and where the fact of such a pitch that violence was offered to the prisoners. The authorities refused to allow the prisoners to pass through Richmond at night, with a strong military guard, to prevent mob law being administered.

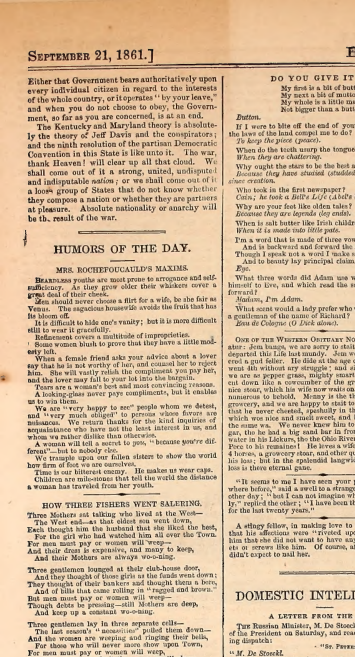
GRASS GROWING IN THE STREETS OF NEW ORLEANS.

The New Orleans *Bee* says the heavy growth of grass in some of the streets in that city "would pay the mower for his trouble."

THE UNION VOTE IN KENTUCKY.

The following is the official vote cast at the August election for State Treasurer in Kentucky:

J. H. Garrard, Union	88,161
Two secession candidates	68,668
Union majority	67,145



HITTING HIM IN THE REAR.

While old Mr. SECESH is on his way to take Washington, that mischievous boy BUTLER puts a fire-cracker in his tail.

FOREIGN NEWS.

ENGLAND.

MORE TROOPS FOR CANADA.

The London *Globe* of the last of August has a semi-official organ of the Palmerston Cabinet, and generally well-informed—states that twenty-one thousand five hundred British troops will be dispatched to Canada during the month of September. It is also asserted that Lord Monck is to succeed Sir Edmund Head as Governor-General of that province.

THE QUEEN IN IRELAND.

Queen Victoria has been in Ireland, and was most enthusiastically received at Dublin.

FRANCE.

THE EMPEROR AND THE POPE.

The *Independance Belge* publishes the substance of an autograph letter from the Emperor to the Pope, intimating that if the Holy Father's affairs be unsalvetrade the present *status quo* will be maintained.

ITALY.

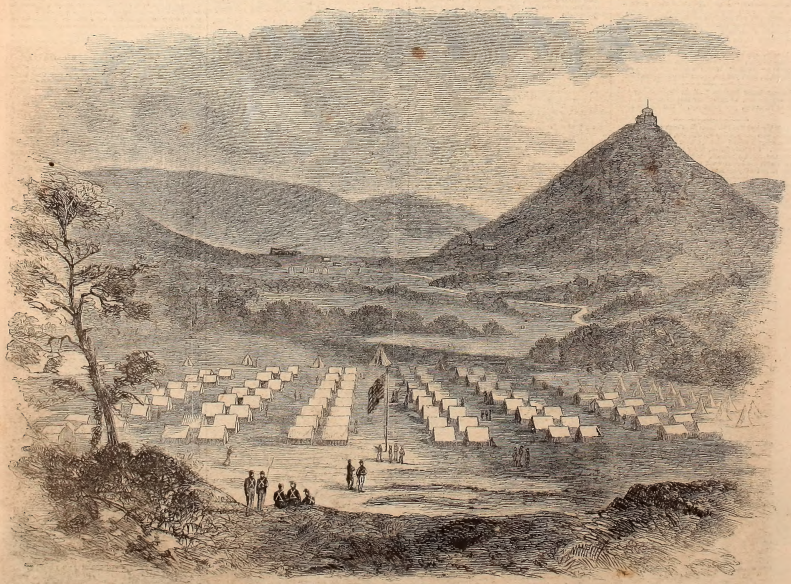
SETTLEMENT OF THE ROMAN QUESTION.

A pamphlet, just published, entitled "Rome," published in Paris, intimates that the people of Rome will be invited to choose a sovereign either by universal suffrage, and that if they vote for Victor Emmanuel the French troops will march from the city next day and will be replaced by Italian forces. This measure is to be accepted, as alleged, if the Pope persists in refusing the guarantee for the integrity of the Holy See proposed by Napoleon. Baron Bicasoli asserts, in an official circular, that the Brigandage now prevailing in Italy is instigated from Rome.

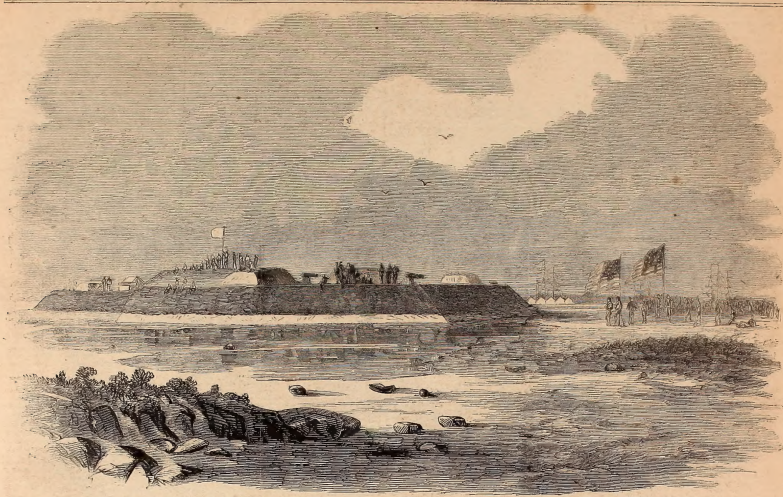
FIGHT BETWEEN SOLDIERS AND PEOPLE.

A terrible affair had occurred at Bombardelf. A company of Italian soldiers upon arriving there were received by the National Guard and people with applause, but while they were partaking of the refreshments offered them, the people turned upon them and massacred fifteen of them. The next day the troops surrounded the town, bombarded it, and destroyed it by fire. One hundred and fifty persons were burned or bayoneted.

HEAD-QUARTERS OF MAJOR-GENERAL FREMONT'S BODY-GUARD, AT ST. LOUIS, MISSOURI.—FROM A SKETCH BY A CORRESPONDENT.—[SEE PAGE 604.]



CAMP BLOOD, NEAR PILOT KNOB, MISSOURI.—FROM A SKETCH BY A CORRESPONDENT.—[SEE NEXT PAGE.]



VIEW OF FORT HATTERAS JUST BEFORE THE SURRENDER—COLONEL WEBER'S FORCE UNDER THE WALLS.—[SEE PAGE 559.]

CAMP AT PILOT KNOB, MO.

THE following letter, from our artist, referring to the illustration on page 596, explains itself:

On the right of the sketch is seen Pilot Knob, so named from its peculiar shape. It is, I believe, the largest known mountain of pure iron ore in the world. The rocks (not ore) which crown its summit are forty feet in perpendicular height. The perpendicular of the hill itself is rather more than five hundred feet. And the valley it overlooks is six hundred feet higher than the main street of St. Louis, which is distant by rail 56½ miles to the north. We are fifty miles west of the Mississippi River, obtainable by a road, part plank and part gravel. Pilot Knob is the terminus of the railroad. The Iron Mountain works take precedence of those at the Knob only because of their being first established. At the base of the Knob are seen the works for preparing and smelting the ore. The ore is brought down from the quarries near the summit by means of a wire cable and drum, there being cars attached constantly moving up empty and down laden. In the middle distance is a train of cars just starting from the terminus for St. Louis. The hill in the centre is called "Big Mountain." It has two peculiar rocks near the top surmounted by tall trees, which give it the appearance of a gate. The hill on the left is called the "Shepherd Mountain," and is rich in magnetic ore. It is much larger, as a hill, than the Knob. There are cannon planted on the Knob, which command the country for miles, heavy Columbiads on the different hills, and generally a force of six or eight thousand United States troops in the valley.

GALLANT EXPLOIT OF AID-DE-CAMP FISKE AT THE BOMBARDMENT OF FORT HATTERAS.—[SEE PAGE 609.]

FORT HATTERAS (INTERIOR).—SKETCHED BY A MEMBER OF COLONEL WEBER'S STAFF, AT 3 P.M. ON AUGUST 29, AFTER THE SURRENDER.—[SEE NEXT PAGE.]

FORT CLARK, AT HATTERAS INLET (INTERIOR).—SKETCHED BY A MEMBER OF COLONEL WEBER'S STAFF, AT 3 P.M. ON AUGUST 29, AFTER THE SURRENDER.—[SEE NEXT PAGE.]

FORTS HATTERAS AND CLARK.

We continue this week our series of illustrations of the brilliant achievement of Com. Stringham and General Butler at Hatteras Inlet. On page 598 we give a couple of pictures of the INTERIOR OF FORTS HATTERAS AND CLARK, from drawings made on the afternoon of Thursday, 20th, by Mr. Kaufmann; and on page 597 we give AN EXTERIOR VIEW OF FORT HATTERAS, and illustrate the GALLANT ACHIEVEMENT OF LIEUTENANT FISKE, who swam through the breakers at the risk of his life to deliver General Butler's orders to the forces.

Of the fort themselves the correspondent of the *Tribune* wrote:

Forts Hatteras and Clark were posts of great importance to the rebels, the former being by far the strongest and most extensive work, and correspondingly the most important of the two. Their construction was commenced about three months since by the State of North Carolina, and were planned with a good deal of engineering skill, and were built at great expense of labor and money. Fort Hatteras covers an area of between one and two acres, and, like Fort Clark, was laid out by Colonel William Bensertheus Thompson, of Virginia. It is an earth-work, mounting ten barbette guns, 32-pounders, five bearing toward the sea. It was designed to mount eight and ten inch Columbiads, but these do not seem to have arrived.

In the fort was a bomb-proof, which proved, however, not to have been proof against our bombs; for a shell struck the top of the work, penetrated through the forgart of sand covering, and entered the apartment below, next to the magazine, with only a board partition between—but it did not explode, however. Had it done so, the loss of life would have been terrible, as more than three hundred men had been forced and were closely packed in the subterranean chamber at the time. The shell filled the chamber or vault with dust and smoke, and the men supposing the magazine was on fire, a terrible panic ensued. The men rushed out, and nothing that the officers could do, even their threats to bayonet and shoot them, could restrain them within the fort. Shortly after another shell exploded on the bomb-proof, and it becoming evident that to ascertain but become the range and firing of the fort, the magazine would soon be exploded, and the white flag was hastily run up.

When I entered the fort, a considerable length of time before General Butler arrived, the interior was a complete wreck, and the wonder was that hundreds were not killed. They said that for the last half hour our shells, almost without exception, fell and exploded inside the fort. Two of the guns were disabled. The tents and shanties were a wreck, and there was scarcely room for the wounded.

The *Herald* correspondent thus speaks of Mr. Fiske's exploit, and of its consequences:

After the smaller fort had been silenced a boat was sent ashore with Mr. Fiske, rid to General Butler who swam through the breakers to convey to Colonel Weber's command the orders of the General, and information of the intended movements of the fleet. Upon entering the re-doubt called Fort Clark, he found upon the books and papers found there, among others an official documents and the letter books of the commanding officers. Mr. Fiske plunged this package upon his shoulders and swam out again to the only boat that was left sea-worthy, and carried them to the General, who was thus informed of what was going on at the moment of the appearance of the fleet off the Inlet. When the meeting was held on the *Minnesota* to arrange terms of capitulation, the rebel officers were utterly astonished at the accurate information of the General, and inquired anxiously how he knew what they were doing the day before, and who was the person among them to whom signals had been made from the fleet. The General simply replied that he possessed means of accurate information.

Hatteras Inlet is thus described in the *Herald*:

A geographical sketch of the spot where our naval forces have been so triumphant can not fail to prove interesting to our readers. Situated about twelve miles from Cape Hatteras lighthouse is the inlet in question. It is known to the mariner by a low sand island, which was formerly a round hummock, covered with trees on the eastern side of the entrance. The breakers seldom extend entirely across the entrance to the cove or harbor, but at nearly all times make on each side, and between them lies the channel. The bar should be approached from the northward and eastward, and vessels should keep in four or five fathoms of water along the breakers until up with the opening. The least water on the bar is fourteen feet mean low water, and the rise and fall of the tide but two feet. [illegible] inside the inlet [illegible] finds good anchorage in a hard sand bottom, except a few sticky spots at the head of the channel. The anchorage affords protection from all winds except those from the south-ward and westward.

As an entrance to Pamlico, Albemarle, and Currituck Sounds, the possession of Hatteras Inlet is of vast importance to the cause of the Union. With Ocracoke and Hatteras Inlets closed, North Carolina may be said to be completely shut in from the ocean. Privateers can no long[illegible] its sea through the [illegible] Canal and Albemarle Sound to annoy our commerce.

INTERIOR OF THE TENT OF A PRIVATE IN THE CAMERON CAVALRY.—[SKETCHED BY G. W. ANDREWS.]

THE BLOCKADE OF CHARLESTON.

MAJOR-GENERAL McCLELLAN, U.S.A.—[From Photographs by Brady and others.]

AMERICAN SPORTSMEN.

I FELT an anxious wish to visit America and see my brother once more. There were but two of us left out of a rather large family. I had been bred to the bar at home, but William had chosen the push his fortunes in the New World. He had hitherto chased the fickle goddess so hotly that the letters of his relatives usually reached him, and that his were seldom dated twice over from the same town or even from the same State. He had adopted the restless life of the true emigratory Yankee, whisking from Florida to Maine, speculating, mining, prospecting, land-jobbing, entering professions to abandon them half-tried, and leading that Jack-of-all-trades life so dear to our Transatlantic cousins. Yet Willy made money: he never complained, never asked assistance from the few surviving kinsfolk, and his elastic spirit swam like a cork in all waters of difficulty. When last I heard of him he was junior partner in a new bank at New Orleans: he had done well enough, and gave me a pressing invitation to visit him in the healthy season. He was housed in Broad Street, Cotton-square, and could introduce me, he said, to all the celebrities of the city compared with which even Pat Rice is tame and commonplace. Autumn came, and I went. I had written twice since I had made up my mind to the voyage, but had received no reply. This, however, disturbed me little. I made no doubt that I should find my brother in the bank parlor, safely anchored behind his ledger and cash-book. "Banking," said I to myself, "is a steady and a permanent pursuit, and I am glad that Willy has taken to so sober a mode of making a fortune. This is very different from his Californian land-jobbing, or his Texan mule trade, or his Oregon life assurance company." Well he did well my lad, and I shall find him at his post." I set off. I traveled by rail and steam, without the slightest adventure, to a certain well-known city on the Mississippi, where I embarked. The river boat I selected was a fine one, the *Benjamin Franklin*; she had been launched but a month before, and her cabins were radiant with tarnished and luxuriant, and dressed in garments of incongruous fashion, half dandy, half backwoodsman.

"Surely, steward," I ventured to say, "these can not be all Southern planters. Are they filibusters?"

"No, no, massa," grinned the black, very affably; "dem not Southern planters, sure, nor yet Yankee mudsellers, nowther. Massa must have heard ob de great diggins at Pike's Peak, hey?"

"Pike's Peak!" repeated I, rallying my wandering recollections.

"Iss, Sir, up 'mong de ole Rocky Mountains. Dere dem gemmen gwine to dig gold off as fast as can hurry. Pike's Peak shocking savage place, massa, not fit for Chris'en—oh dear no!"

I had heard in England of the reports of its immense wealth, varied by hideous tales of starvation, suffering, death, and cannibalism among the emigrants to Pike's Peak.

"But those gentlemen," said I, glancing toward a group of four well-dressed, well-behaved men, "can hardly be going to Pike's Peak."

"Which, massa?" said the affable negro. "Ah! I see; dem old fly-ebe white hands and de smart cravat round dere throat, and de shirt-cuff so clean and stiff, and all de bootiful rings and watch-guards. Certainly not, Sir; dem never go grubbing wid pick and spade, I'm sure, massa, sure."

"Those, then, are planters?" said I, with some interest.

"Cornelius, ye darned snow-ball, get me a julep!" bawled a fierce adventurer from among the diggers.

"Coming, Sir!" answered the steward, swishing his napkin, and then answered my query with, "He! he! he! Massa make comical mistake. Dem are great persons."

"But how—why?" I began, when the impatient digger assured Cornelius that he would "draw a head on his ugly carcass" with his revolver, unless the desired refreshment were instantly produced. The steward begged humbly to regard this threat as a mere flower of speech, for he hurried off, muttering between his teeth, but outwardly obedient.

I was left alone. Not for long, however. One of the gentlemen who had attracted my observation very closely, and whom I had set down in me as a stranger and an Englishman, to take a seat at their table.

"We may be able," said the American, "to afford you some reliable information respecting the productions and note-worthy points of the country we are sailing through. It is scarcely my duty to assist a traveler in forming a correct estimate of the South will be a pleasant task to us all."

Very civil indeed. I willingly complied, and met with a genial welcome. Two or three party were fine-looking men, of an appearance somewhat prepossessing, and evidently gentlemen. Others were with the bland suavity of citizens of the world. The others much younger, and had rather a haggard aspect, but their dress was faultless—at least, from an American point of view—and their display of jewelry and spotless linen was equal to that of their elder companions. "Well," thought I, "if all American sportsmen are as elegant in dress and deportment, it is plain that, in the New World at least, out-door amusements have a tendency to refine instead of brutalize." And I thought with a contemptuous pity of British fox-hunters, and still more of British turfites, as I surveyed these dandy Nimrods of the West. Still, I am bound to say that not one word of sport did I hear. On the contrary, my new friends conversed on politics, commerce, the cotton crop, the snags and sawyers of the river, the last revival, the last explosion, and the different routes between New York and London.

"You seem to know New Orleans well, gentlemen," said I, after listening to two or three anecdotes, the scene of which was invariably laid in the metropolis of the Western Delta.

"No place like it!" cried one of the younger men, with a sort of enthusiasm; it's right down, thorough-going, and all-k through, the cream of all creation! I'm quite at home there in all its places."

"So I have heard," said I, with a smile, but rather diffidently; "life, I understand, goes a good deal more merrily than is pleasant. In duels, I mean," added I, seeing that I was misunderstood.

"Sir," said another of the party, "you have been misinformed. Not that I insinuate that our fine citizens are slow to fight. Sir, they are not. But there is great exaggeration prevalent on the score of duels and fatal affrays, pretended to be of continual occurrence down South. We have drive, Sir! we have fire! but we air not the monsters we air depicted!"

I told him I had always understood that the State of Mississipi, in especial, was renowned for its lawless condition, and for the slight value set on human life. He smiled and shook his head. The gentlemen shook their heads with one accord.

"These air slanders," said one of the seniors of the party, "wholly unfounded slanders, I assure you, P. C. Jones—" these air slanders, I give you my sacred word of honor. We live, it is true, in a land where the bowie-knife is in use, but it is not yet wholly faded away; in a land where the luxurious beauty of airth sometimes attracts the spoiler and the rowdy; but assassination is unknown. It will you allow me to look at it? I have often wished to inspect a bowie-knife."

Mr. Alphonso P. Jones solemnly handed over the weapon in its sheepskin sheath, and I looked with great interest at the sharp and heavy blade, the strong cross-piece to increase the purchase in close conflict, and the silver-mountings of hilt and sheath. Meanwhile Mr. Jones discoursed on something about the necessity of self-preservation, and the number of Irish and Germans about.

"You must not think that this sort of thing useful in your mode of life," said I, poising the heavy dagger as I gave it back.

"What you call it, Sir, you might you mean?" Such were the questions rather fiercely propounded, and every brow was overcast. But I had spoken of assassination at the sharp and heavy ideal of surprising information on the subject of wood-craft. Suddenly my eye lit upon a remarkable object. This was the steward of the party, Cornelius, the black steward, now expressing, with its rolling eyes and open mouth, as much astonishment as the face of a negro can express, at me, gaping and glaring, first at me, and then at my companions, quite oblivious of the tray and napkin he carried. I inquired:

"What on earth is the matter, steward?" said I. The black drew me aside: "Me tell massa no lie! Yes British ask if me no free, and if gemmen wid lily-white hands and plenty gold rings—me say, sportemen. Den Cornelius come back, and find massa sit down along wid dem, as lick as thieves."

"And was not?" asked I, in bewilderment. "What possible objection could I have to such company? Or, indeed, what better company could I expect to meet with than these gentlemen, who, by your own account—"

"Carra hyar, you black-faced chatter-box!" thundered a voice from the group in front "one of the captain himself. "How's dinner to be true to time if you stand preachin' there? Free nigger or not, I'll make you jump!"

Off flew Cornelius, and I returned to my seat, puzzled but pleased with my new friends. A few more gentlemen had joined the party at the dinner, and then a game of cards was proposed, and a couple of packs seemed to appear, as if by magic, on the table. I was asked if I would take a hand at play, nor would he agree to any game, excepting for merely nominal stakes, quarter-dollar points, or the like. I have since learned that this was prudent, but I play a steady rubber at home, and I had no objection to make a fourth in a quiet way, the stakes being so small, and the other gentlemen being so disappointed at Mr. Jones's firm refusal. But scarcely had the second deal taken place before Captain Bell hurried off in high mirth and wrath on a stern countenance straight up to our table, on which he placed his clenched hand.

"Very sorry, gentlemen," said he, "but, as commander of this vessel, I am obligationed to say shut up!"

Mr. Jones remonstrated in a mild but dignified manner. "Surely, captain, we are as harmlessly employed as the chess-players yonder, or as those ladies who are making a tarnation clatter with the dominoes. I was not aware that your rules—"

"Then, Sir, you had oughter! To strutted up yonder in black and white, plain to read as a child's hornbook. Cyards air pro-hibited aboard any of our owner's kits o' hollow timber. So I say, gentlemen, shut up, or go ashore!"

There was no more card-playing, but I could not help magnifying with my new acquaintances in the oppressed indignation at this arbitrary interference with our recreations.

The evening passed fast down stream, and the bar a leven, or artificial embankments, of the Mississipi shore were visible on the left bank, while above them nodded the green crests of tall trees, not yet laid low by the woodman's axe.

"If you will do us the favor," said Alphonso P. C. Jones, after a little whispering conversation with his three friends, "to become our guest for a few days, it will please us much, and honor us excessively. We disembark at Grand Gulf, where the boat will stop some three hours hence, and where my residence is located. We can offer you but bachelor accommodation, Sir, consistent with such scholarship; but if you air not too proud—"

What could I do but accept so frank and well-meant an invitation? It was settled that I should be a short time to become the guest of my fellow-travelers. And now the metallic summons to dinner sounded, and then succeeded the usual crushing, elbowing, and pushing for places. I was swept away by the crowd, and found myself seated at the table at some distance from my new friends. On my left was a rosy clerical gentleman, an Episcopal bishop, I believe; and on my right was a gentleman in the office of literary taste, Mrs. Governor Gunn. Mrs. Governor Gunn had a husband somewhere about the ship: a small, long-haired person, whom I successively were eyed, and who had been Governor of some outlying State on Wisconsin, Florida, or Missouri—but had retired on account of his health. The consort of this puny dignitary was certainly the principal personage on board, the queen of fashion and arbitress of taste, and she had evidently set herself to converse with me in gracious and regal manner during the early part of the voyage. Now, however, the springs of Mrs. Governor Gunn's affability were frozen. She answered my remarks with icy monosyllables, frowned at me, rustled her ribbons at me, and gave me the cold shoulder. I was at a loss to know how I had given offense; but when I attributed this hostile behavior to feminine caprice, and turned to the bishop, that bishop was also cold. He became solder of visage and haskier of speech, lost his bland smile, and was no longer interested in my conversation. Religious principle, or desirous of information respecting the British hierarchy. It was very odd. What had I done? I was obliged to confine my attentions to the wild-turkey and venison-steaks, and presently the plentiful meal came to an end.

We all rose. Mrs. Governor Gunn, at the head of a bevy of flounced silks, swept off in dignified procession to the ladies' cabin, and nothing remained but to smoke and chat, to rejoin, and "liquor." The bishop edged away from me as soon as he could, and I was left among a knot of planters, overseers, and the like. But these yellow-faced gentlemen did not seem to see me in a more favorable light. They looked at me as every face and a sneer on every lip. I felt angry and uncomfortable, but I could scarcely demand an explanation. I did not even know for my new friends. I did not see them, so I went on deck. The hurricane-deck of a Mississipi boat usually presents a lively scene of promenade and stir. So it did on this occasion, but it curiously happened that wherever I joined a gossiping group, that group broke up and dispersed. The very boys leave me of the plague-stricken in a time of pestilence, so shunned was I, for no apparent reason. I felt puzzled and vexed. I was indignant, but I had suddenly become a leper. What was the reason? Never mind! My connection with the *Benjamin Franklin* was soon terminated, for the boat was approaching Grand Gulf; I saw the shingled roofs and the church belfries peeping over the tawny levee, and I was time for me to settle with the steward and to see about my baggage. I found black Cornelius as grim and sullen as a bear. He received payment and thanks with a dry "Tank you, Sir!" and did not permit his white teeth to shine upon me any more. I thought, too, there was a reproachful and somewhat resentful expression in his rolling eyes. But I had neither time nor patience to ask for an explanation. I was obliged to bustle off, for the shock, though a colored man with my bag and portmanteau. There I found Alphonso P. C. Jones and his company on with their effects, and I—all of a sudden—found myself left to myself.

"Good-by, Sir," said the Grand Gulf," said my hospitable inviter; "it is but a small city, but—"

Knock! The clear, sharp detonation of a rifle cut Mr. Jones short in his civilities, and then succeeded the bang, bang, of several fire-arms, and a shrill whistle, which was totally stilled. Mr. Jones looked at his friends; there was a haggard intelligence, a lurking apprehension, visible in every face. I remembered the usual calmness of mien cane back. I heard a by-stander remark, "Something amiss in Grand Gulf, I guess;" and I heard no more, for I was off like a shot.

We went on shore. A couple of lean and shabby German emigrants, with yellow hair and sunburnt skins, were coolly at work discharging from the baggage of the party; but, with the exception of these men, a couple of half-clad black children, and a few lounging idlers on the wharf was deserted. Nor was there any stir or sign of life among the timber-built stores and taverns, the tall guest house over which waved the stars and stripes, the wooden houses that stood back from the road in their plots of garden ground. It looked a mournfully desolate place. Grand Gulf; and I half regretted that *Benjamin Franklin*, as she sidled off from the landing-stage and anorted her course down stream.

Crack again! Bang, bang again! and a hoarse roar, inarticulate and menacing as the utterance of a wild beast's wrath, broke upon our ears, and then for a minute or two the rattle of fire-arms was continuous.

"What's going forward?" asked Mr. Jones, hastily.

The nearest of the German porters grinned humbly as he replied: "It is a pad business, mein herr, but it is only a street affair. It is not apout bolitics."

We were now in sight of a crowd of people, eddying wildly to and fro, who were gathered in front of a pretty house, whose smart verands and bright paint had an air of pretension unusual in that wretched town.

"By Jehosophat!" exclaimed one of the young men, excitedly, pointing out the scene, "it's our house they're a-pitching into!"

"Keep cool, keep cool," answered Alphonso P. C. Jones, who was pale but collected. "Stop out; good-by, Sir; we must go to our property."

On they went, still accompanied by me, though I was completely at a loss to account for the popular fury on the part of the crowd. We reached the crowd, and began to elbow through them.

"Who on airth may you be?" asked one fierce-looking woodsman as we pushed.

"More of the gang, I reckon," bawled a farmer, in homespun.

I was hanging back, but one of the party grasped my arm and urged me on, whispering, in a husky tone, "Get in-doors, stranger, if you don't want to chent the lamentablest consequences."

We were now in the garden, the gay flowers of which the mob were trampling down in a reckless way. I could see that the windows were open, but barricaded with logs and furniture, and that two or three gun-barrels were peeping through the chinks. We got close up to the door, and Mr. Jones knocked, uttering a peculiar sharp cry at the same moment. I looked round for our German with the luggage: they were not to be seen. After the lapse of a minute—the longest minute I ever spent—the door was cautiously opened, but not for its full extent. "Quick!" muttered a voice at my ear. In we went. There was a short and a rush; the people surged up to the door, fired angry shots, but the muzzles of two revolvers were thrust into the faces of the foremost, and they fell back, and we were inside the door was closed.

I was now, to all appearance, in a besieged place, and one of the beleaguered garrison. And yet I knew nothing of the quarrel, and had no share in it. Of all the strange spectacles this strange continent had hitherto afforded me this was the most inexplicable. In the midst of the hostile bustle and revelry, as bolts were shot, chains linked, and bars slipped across the door again, I asked repeatedly what was the matter, but in vain: "Thank your stars, stranger, for a whole skin," was all the reply I could elicit. And then every body went up stairs. In a front room, prettily decorated in French taste, we found five men fashionably dressed, bejeweled, and white-handed, like my inviters. But there was a similar confusion reigning there. The costly furniture had been piled up as a barricade before the windows, mixed with fire-wood, mattresses, and other impedimenta. The five occupants of the room were flushed and heated, with disordered hair, and faces already smeared with black stains from the powder. Several pairs of swords, fowling-pieces, pistols, ball-pouches, flasks, kegs, bullets, whips, and boots, all in confusion. One of the party was binding up his arm in an awkward way, as heavy gouts of blood ran trickling down his shirt-sleeve. The two gentlemen who had admitted us came in along with us, making a total of eleven, not reckoning myself.

"Fighting, Jones?" exclaimed Jolly "you brought on all this?" asked Mr. Jones, angrily.

"Keep your temper, Jones," answered the wounded man, with a faint smile. "No need to quarrel among ourselves, I guess. The Grand Gulf vagabonds will have all our scalps before sundown."

Jones shrugged his shoulders.

"How did it happen?"

Another of the group answered, "Oh, the old story: Hopkins's nigger tarnation saucy. He polished off young Edmonds, and they got to blows a few over the card-table, and Phillips gave him a Kentucky pill, and has brought the wasps about our ears."

"Young Edmonds! Do you mean the Judge's son?" asked Jones, with a long face.

"Yes," was the reply; they've taken him into the doctor's, with breath in him yet, and if he recovers—"

"It's all U. P. with us, misters!" cried another man, gazing from the window.

"Yes—I see. I was getting a terrible interest in the affair—pushed forward, and saw what haunts my memory still. Carried on a door by several strong men, I saw the dead body of a young man, quite a youth, partially wrapped in a gaudy Indian blanket. An old man, gray-haired and venerable of aspect, was weeping over the narrow form, while a crowd of angry men, with clenched fists and knotted weapons, surrounded it. Meanwhile, one tall fellow, carrying on a harangue as if it were some ganatly banner, the bloody shirt of the murdered man, and her haranguing a mass of human beings, above whose dark heads we saw the ominous glancing of axe-heads and rifle-barrels.

"See what we've brought on us, Jones!" cried Phillips, sullenly; "better keep your breath to try and chent the bungaran!"

There was a yell from the mob beneath, "Kill 'em! Burn the house over their heads! Forward, boys!" And twenty shots were fired, splintering the Venetian blinds and crashing into ceiling and wainscot.

Stand to it!" cried one of the boldest of the besieged. "Don't be cowards, gentlemen, or we shall beat 'em yet." The speaker fired a rifle at the broad mark of the crowd; a cry of pain succeeded, and then a more savage one.

In a moment there was firing enough on both sides. The reports were deafening, doors and windows rattled again, the room was full of smoke, and the sulphurous steam of the gunpowder hid choked me as I got my back against the wall in a recess between the windows, and awaited in comparative security the issue of the affray. I knew nothing of the quarrel. Texan and Yerian were alike to me, only I wished with all my heart that Mr. Jones had been less hospitable, or I less complying. The besieged fought hard, keeping incessantly with revolver and gun, while I heard Mr.

Jones encouraging them. But four were already down, wounded, on the floor; one of them mortally hurt, to judge by the blood that bubbled from his lips as he gasped for breath. I knelt beside the poor wretch, to offer such unskilful help as I could afford, when there was a crash, a whoop, and a rush, and the barricade was scaled or forced, and the citizens came pouring in, furious as a storming party. Borne down, trampled, sick, and giddy, I was dragged from the scuffle, and found myself in the street, pinioned, and a prisoner. Beside me were the majority of my new acquaintances, tattered, bruised, and their faces hardly to be seen through their masks of blood and gunpowder. They were all bound and captive.

"Drag 'em forward. Up to the big oak. The court sits there!" bawled fifty voices; and we were roughly hauled or pushed to a grassy space, where a huge solitary tree spread its branches, while under its shade stood a score of farmers and boatmen, well armed, and I saw with horror a rope and running noose to every branch strong enough to serve as an impromptu gallows.

"Silence for Judge Lynch!" bawled an amateur crier.

A gaunt farmer represented the redoubtable Judge, and addressed the assembly.

"Fellow-citizens, I'm no forky-tongued lawyer, nor yet no stump speaker, but it's easy to clap the saddle on the right hoss. We've had our hosses stole, our niggers 'ticed away, our liquor hocussed, and our dollars spirted out of our pouches. That's bad enough, but when it kem's to blood—"

Here a roar drowned the orator's voice. Next the crier shouted that the jury had been impanelled, and the prisoners must be put to the bar. I was thrust forward with the rest.

"Guilty, or not?" was the stern demand.

Some of them trembled very much. Jones and Phillips were calm, but it was the calm of desperation.

"Guilty, or not guilty?"

"Bring the farce to an end," cried Jones. "You've got us; more ass I to run back into the trap. Do your worst!"

"Are there ropes ready alott there?" Judge Lynch called out.

"All ready, Judge," was the rejoinder.

"Then, gentlemen of the jury, your verdict."

"Guilty! All guilty!"

The Judge exclaimed, "I kin pass but one sentence. Death! A halter apiece, and a good riddance to the city and State!"

A yell of approval broke forth: we were hustled beneath the tree, and a halter soon encircled every neck. Then I found my voice, and loudly appealed: protesting my entire innocence, and that I was a harmless traveler, an Englishman, and so forth. A peal of incredulous laughter decided my appeal.

"Britishers ain't licensed to rob and murder, ye'll larn to your cost," said an old farmer, who held me.

"Smother the hypocrite!" exclaimed a boatman.

"Did ye hear the cautin', cowardly skunk," cried another fellow.

"Can't ye take pattern by your captain, Jones there, and die like a man?"

My eyes following the man's pointed finger, I beheld the blackened face and staring eyeballs of my late acquaintance, as his struggling body dangled some yards above.

"Now for Phillips," was the cry; and I closed my eyes, not to see the wretch's execution.

"Morgan third; the Britisher fourth!" announced Judge Lynch. "Up with Phillips! Haul and holt."

"Tchick!" cried somebody, with an unfeeling laugh.

"Whisht! bawld your sneaking tongue, not to mock the dyin'y" sternly replied some honest Patlander hard by.

"Now, Morgan!" was the next summons.

"Hyur's the deputy-sheriff!" cried a voice, as a horse was heard galloping.

"What o' that?" replied another; "the sovereign people ain't to be cheated out o' their revenge. Besides, Willy Hudson's a good fellow."

Willy Hudson! All the blood rushed from my head to my heart, and back again, and I tingled from head to foot. *My* name was Hudson—my brother's name was William! One glance was enough, as a sun-browned horseman dashed into the crowd. It was Willy—the brother I had come to visit—just in time! I forgot exactly what was done and said. I only know that in about two minutes I was unbound, safe, free, arm in arm with my brother, and that the rough fellows who had been about to hang me were nearly wringing my hand off as they shook it, begging pardon for an awkward mistake. It was not only to me that Willy rendered service: I watched his sleeve, and begged him to do what he could for the miserable men, whatever their faults, still under sentence. He pushed me into a tavern parlor, shut the door, went out, and left me. I heard shouts, laughter, groans, the applause, the mutterings of a mob. After a long time Willy returned, wiping his face with a handkerchief, very much flushed and disheveled.

"Wagh!" he exclaimed, "what a tough job! But it's done now, though my tongue aches with the talking. I did it for you, George, my boy, and luckily I'm in favor here. Tar and feathers, instead of hanging, and nine-and-thirty with a cowhide, well laid on, will spoil their beauty for one while. But how came you to be with them?"

"First, Willy, tell me what brought you here? I thought the bank at New Orleans—"

"Pooh!" interrupted my Americanized brother; "an old story that! It broke down, paying assets and no more. I'm here, agent for a goods insurance company. I'm doing well, and I'm deputy-sheriff. Didn't you get my letter at New York? But how about your being with those rascals, of whom two have been hanged and four shot, I hear, eh?"

"Why, they told me they were sportsmen, Willy, and—"

"You green-horn!" said my brother, good-humoredly; "were you thinking of fox-hunting or partridge-popping? 'Sportsman,' in America, means sharper, gambler, thief, swindler, gallows-bird!"

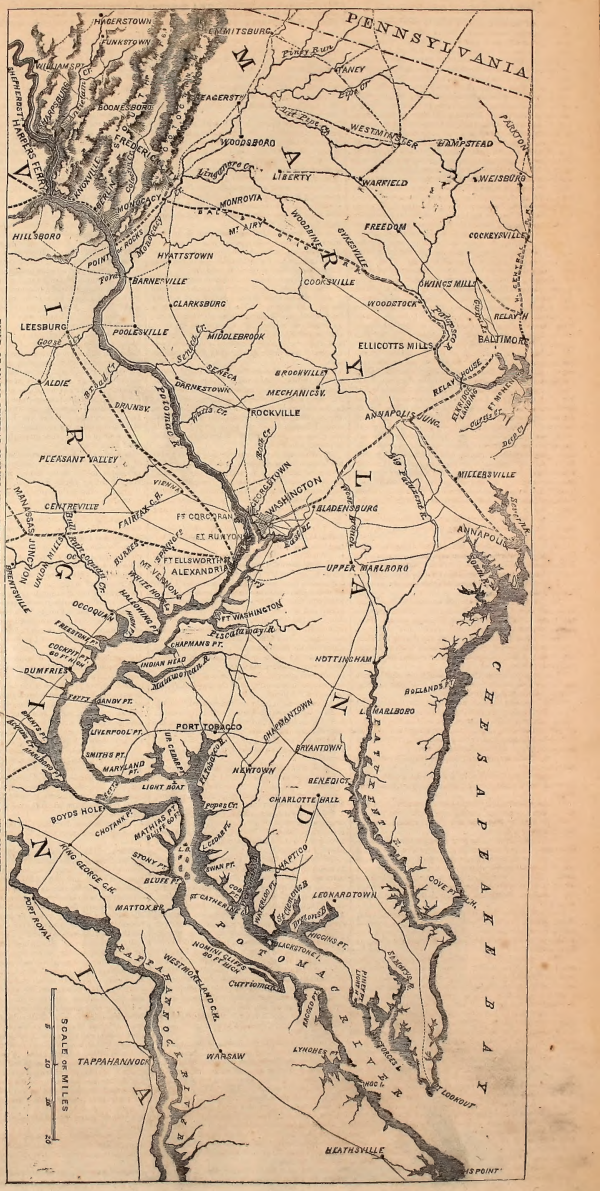
I did not stay long at Grand Gulf.

IOWA VOLUNTEERS.

PAGE 604 we devote to illustrations of the IOWA VOLUNTEERS. Our first picture, from a sketch by Mr. H. O. Ford, of Davenport, represents the RETURN TO DAVENPORT OF THE MEN OF THE FIRST IOWA VOLUNTEERS, who staid beyond their time in order to share the fortunes of the brave fellows who fought under Lyon at Springfield. A Davenport correspondent writes us as follows about their reception:

A procession was immediately formed, consisting of the 1200 soldiers then in Camp McClellan (the number has since been increased), the Fire Companies, Turners, and other associations, with many citizens, and thousands in attendance. They passed under the "Triumphal Arch," of which I send a hasty pen-and-ink sketch, which was erected at the corner of Main and Second streets, and through all the principal streets of the city; finally proceeding to the court-house yard, where they were addressed by Judge Dillon, and then partook of a splendid dinner prepared by the ladies.

Our other picture, from a daguerreotype by Mr. T. P. Sharman, of Des Moines, represents the DES MOINES CAVALRY COMPANY leaving for the war. They are to form part of the Second Iowa Regiment, and are a gallant body of men.



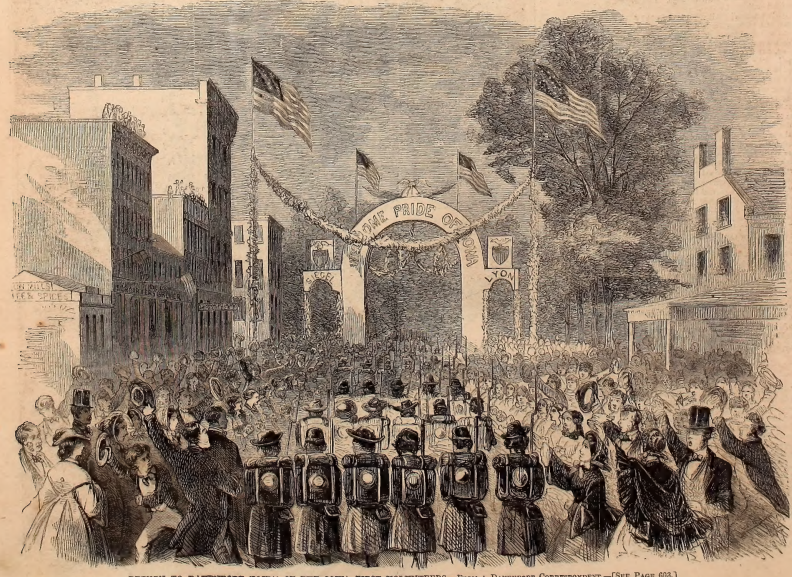
THE DES MOINES CAVALRY COMPANY LEAVING DES MOINES (IOWA) FOR THE WAR.—PHOTOGRAPHED BY T. P. SHERMAN.—[SEE PAGE 603.]

FREMONT'S BODY-GUARD.

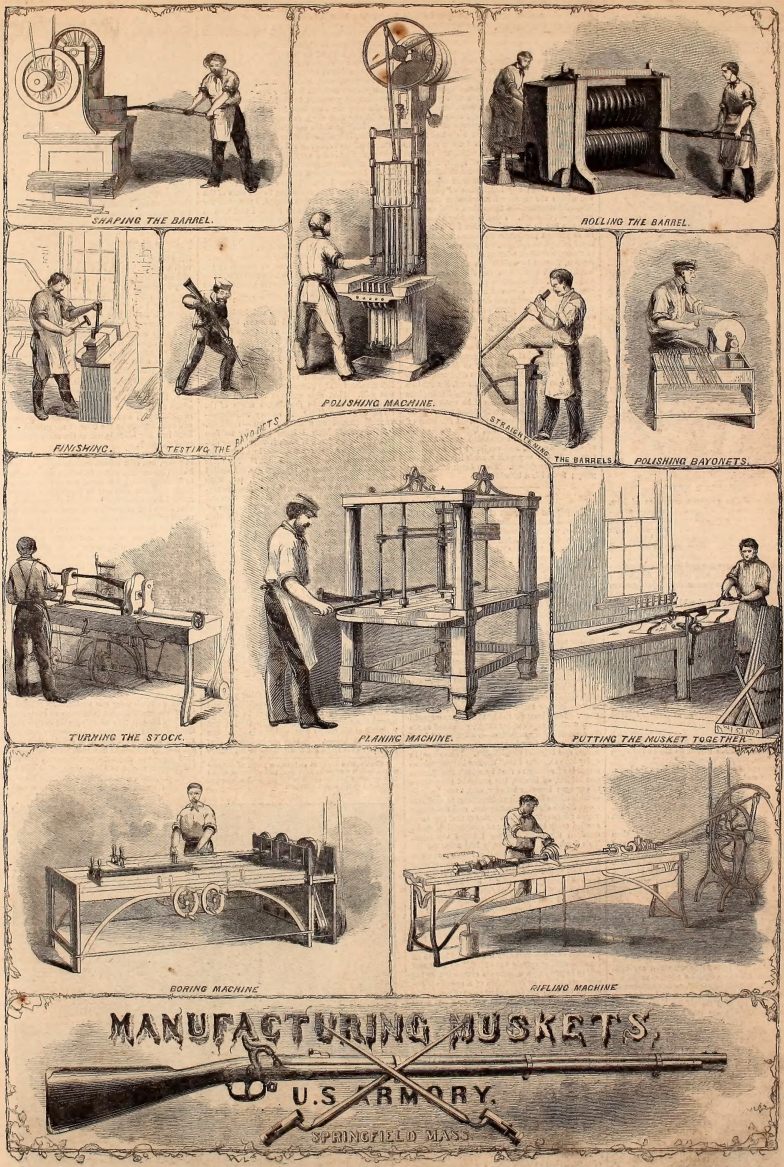
ON page 596 we illustrate the CAMP OF FREMONT'S BODY-GUARD, from an illustration sent us by a Volunteer correspondent from St. Louis, who writes:

ST. LOUIS, MISSOURI, *August 20, 1861.*

Inclosed please find sketch of Fremont's Head-quarters, Zagonyi's Camp. Fremont's Body-Guard is composed of three hundred picked men, under the control of Captain Zagonyi, a distinguished Hungarian officer, chosen by General Fremont as one of his aids. The camp is situated on the corner of St. Ange and Fourteenth streets—a prominent point, overlooking the entire city. Among the body-guard there is one company of one hundred men from Covington, Kentucky, commanded by Captain James L. Fetey, of Covington, a graduate of the Military Academy of Frankfort, Kentucky. The company is made up of the very best material Kentucky could afford; average height, 5 feet 11½ inches, and measuring 46½ inches around the breast. Perhaps a greater variety of talent can not be found in any regiment in the entire army. They have a number of lawyers, physicians, musicians, prominent merchants, school-teachers, ministers, State superintendents of Sunday-schools, a noted theatrical performer, and nearly every variety of the mechanical department. Among the notable features of this company is, that a chaplain is selected for each tent, and religious services are held every night, immediately after tattoo is called. The early part of the evening is spent in music from the whole company.



RETURN TO DAVENPORT (IOWA) OF THE IOWA FIRST VOLUNTEERS.—FROM A DAVENPORT CORRESPONDENT.—[SEE PAGE 603.]


SHAPING THE BARREL.
POLISHING MACHINE.
ROLLING THE BARREL.
FINISHING.
TESTING THE BAYONETS.
STRAIGHTENING THE BARRELS.
POLISHING BAYONETS.
TURNING THE STOCK.
PLANING MACHINE.
PUTTING THE MUSKET TOGETHER.
BORING MACHINE.
RIFLING MACHINE.
MANUFACTURING MUSKETS,
U.S. ARMORY,
SPRINGFIELD MASS.

[Entered according to Act of Congress, in the Year 1861, by Harper & Brothers, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Southern District of New York.]

A STRANGE STORY.

By SIR E. BULWER LYTTON.

☞ Printed from the Manuscript and early Proof-sheets purchased by the Proprietors of "Harper's Weekly."

CHAPTER XVIII.

IN spite of the previous assurance of Mrs. Poyntz, it was not without an uneasy apprehension that I approached the cedar-tree, under which Mrs. Ashleigh still sat, her friend beside her. I looked on the fair creature whose arm was linked in mine. So young, so singularly lovely, and with all the gifts of birth and fortune which bend avarice and ambition the more submissively to youth and beauty, I felt as if I had wronged what a parent might justly deem her natural lot.

"Oh, if your mother should disapprove," said I, falteringly.

Lilian leaned on my arm less lightly. "If I had thought so," she said, with her soft blush, "should I be thus by your side?"

So we passed under the boughs of the dark tree, and Lilian left me, and kissed Mrs. Ashleigh's cheek, then seating herself on the turf, laid her head quietly on her mother's lap. I looked on the Queen of the Hill, whose keen eye shot over me. I thought there was a momentary expression of pain or displeasure on her countenance; but it passed. Still there seemed to me something of irony, as well as of triumph or congratulation, in the half smile with which she quieted her seat, and in the tone with which she whispered me to go to the house or open sward, "So, then, it is settled."

She walked lightly and quickly down the lawn. When she was out of sight I breathed more freely. I took the seat which she had quitted, by Mrs. Ashleigh's side, and said, "A little while ago I spoke of myself as a man without kindred, without home, and now I come to you and ask for both."

Mrs. Ashleigh looked at me benignly, then raised her daughter's face from her lap, and whispered, "Lilian," and Lilian's lips moved, but I did not hear her answer. Her mother did. She took Lilian's hand, simply placed it in mine, and said, "As she chooses, I choose; whom she loves, I love."

CHAPTER XIX.

FROM that evening till the day Mrs. Ashleigh and Lilian went on the dreaded visit, I was always at their house when my avocations allowed me to steal to it; and during those few days the happiest I had ever known, it seemed to me that years could not have more deepened my harmony with Lilian's exquisite nature, made me more reverential of its purity, or more enamored of its sweetness. I could detect in her but one fault, and I rebuked myself for believing that fault it was. To see many who neglect the minor duties of life, who lack watchful forethought and considerate care for others, and we recognize the cause of this failing in levity or egotism. Certainly neither of those tendencies of character could be ascribed to Lilian. Yet still in daily trifles there was something of that neglect, some lack of that care and forethought. She loved her mother with fondness and devotion, yet it never occurred to her to aid in those petty household cares in which her mother centred so much of habitual interest. She was full of tenderness and pity to all want and suffering, yet many a young lady on the Hill was more actively beneficent—visiting the poor in their sickness, or instructing their children in the Infant Schools. I was persuaded that her love for myself was deep and truthful; it was clearly void of all ambition; doubtless she would have borne unflinching and contented whatever the world calls sacrifice and privation—yet I should never have expected her to take her share in the troubles of ordinary life. I could never have applied to her the homely but significant name of helpmate. I reproach myself while I write for noticing such defect—if defect it were—in what may be called the practical routine of our positive, trivial, human existence. No doubt this it was that had caused Mrs. Poyntz's harsh judgment against the wisdom of my choice. But this chiller shade upon her charming nature was reflected from my most unmixable selflove. It was but the consequence of that self-absorption which the habit of reverie had fostered. To the confidence she had won as to those visionary deceptions, in which she believed as the truthful impressions of spirit, if not of sense, I cautiously abstained from allusion. To me any approach to what I termed superstition was displeasing; any indulgence of phantasies not within the measured and beaten tracks of healthful imagination, more than displeased me in her—it alarmed. I would not by a word encourage her in persuasions that I felt it would be at present premature to reason against, and cruel indeed to ridicule. I was convinced that of themselves these mists round her native intelligence, formed by a solitary and musing childhood, would subside in the fuller daylight of wedded life. She seemed pained when she saw by my reticence that I shunned a subject still in her thoughts. She made one or two timid attempts to renew it, but my grave looks sufficed to check her. Once or twice, indeed, on such occasions she would turn away and leave me, but she soon came back—that gentle heart could not bear one unkindly shade between itself and whom it loved. It was agreed that our engagement should be for the present confided only to Mrs. Poyntz. When Mrs. Ashleigh and Lilian returned, which would be in a few weeks at furthest, it would be proclaimed; and our marriage would take place in the autumn, when I should be more free for one brief holiday from professional toils.

So we parted—as lovers part. I felt none of the jealous wish which had before so often accompanied, I had trembled at the thought of our separation, and conjured up irresistible rivals. But it was with a settled heavy gloom that I saw her depart. From earth was gone a glory; from life a blessing.

CHAPTER XX.

DURING the busy year of my professional career I had snatched intervals from professional treatises, which had made more or less sensation, and one of them, entitled "The Vital Principle; its Waste and Supply," had given me some speculation among the general public. This last treatise contained the results of certain experiments, then new and startling, which were adduced in support of a theory I entertained as to the reinvigoration of the human system by principles similar to those which, during its repose, to the replenishment of an exhausted soil, viz.: the giving back to the frame those essentials to its nutrition which the same has lost by the action or accident of time; or supplying the special pabulum or energy in which the individual organism is constitutionally deficient; and neutralizing or counterbalancing that in which it superabounds—a theory upon which some eminent physicians have more recently improved with signal success. But as the theory, slight and suggestive rather than dogmatic, I set no store. I had been for the last two years engaged on a work of much more ambitious design, and one by a much bolder ambition—a work on which I fondly hoped to found an enduring reputation as a writer and original thinker. This work is "An Inquiry into Organic Life," similar in comprehensiveness of survey to that by which the illustrious Müller, in Germany, has established the science of our age; however inferior, alas, to that august combination of thought and learning, in the judgment which that presumptuous title is the premise which adorns speculation. But at that day I was carried away by the ardor of composition, and I admired my work because I loved my labor. This book had been entirely laid aside for the last agitated month. Now that Lilian was gone, I set myself down to it as the sole occupation that had power and charm enough to rouse me from the aching sense of void and loss.

The very night of the day she went I reopened my MS. I had left off at the commencement of a chapter "Upon Knowledge as derived from our Senses." As my convictions on this head were founded on the well-known arguments of Locke and Condillac against innate ideas, and the reasonings by which Hume had resolved the combination of sensations into a general idea, to an impulse arising merely out of habit, so I set myself to oppose, as a dangerous concession to the sentimentalities or mysticism of a modish philosophy, the doctrine favored by most of our recent physiologists, and of which some of the most eminent of German metaphysicians have accepted the substance, though refining into a subtlety its positive form—I mean the doctrine which Müller himself has expressed in these words:

"That innate ideas may exist, can not in the slightest degree be denied; it is, indeed, a fact. All the ideas of animals, which are induced by instinct, are innate and immediate. Something presented to the mind, a desire to obtain which is at the same time given. The new-born lamb and foal have such innate ideas, which lead them to follow their mother and suck the teats. Is it not in some measure the same with the intellectual ideas of man?"

To this question I answered with an indignant "no." A "yes" would have shaken my creed of materialism to the dust. I wrote on rapidly, warmly. I defined the properties and meted the limits of natural laws, which I would not admit that a Deity himself could alter. I clumped and soldered dogma to dogma in the links of my trinkered logic, till out from my page, to my own complacency, grew Intellectual Man, as the pure formation of his material senses; mind, or what is called soul, born from and nurtured by them alone; through them to act, and with the machines they moored to perish. Strange, that at the very time my love for Lilian might have taught me that there are mysteries in the core of the feeling which, by my analysis of ideas could not solve, I should so stubbornly have opposed as moral all that could be referred to the spiritual! Strange, that at the very time when the thought that I might lose from this life the fellow-being I had known scarce a month had just before so appalled me, I should thus complacently sit down to prove that, according to the laws of the nature which my passion obeyed, I must lose for eternity the blessing I now hoped I had won to my life! But how distinctly dissimilar is man in his conduct from man in his systems! See the poet reclining under forest-boughs, confessing odes to his mistress; follow him out into the world; no mistress ever lived for him there!* See the hard man of science, so austere in his passionless problems; follow him now where the brain rests from its toil, where the heart finds its Sabbath—what child is so tender, so yielding and soft?

But I had proved to my own satisfaction that scent and sight are dead to us more, when the pulse beats no longer. And at that consolatory conclusion my pen stopped.

Suddenly beside me I heard distinctly a sigh—a compassionate, mournful sigh. The sound was unmistakable. I started from my seat; looked round, amazed to discover no one—no living thing! The windows were shut, the night was still. That sigh was not the wail of the wind. But there, in the darker angle of the room, what was that? A silvery whiteness—vaguely shaped as a human form—receding, fading, gone! Why I know not—for no face was visible, no form, if form it were, more distinct than the colorless outline—why I know not, but I cried aloud, "Lilian! Lilian!" My voice came strangely back to my own ear. I smiled and blushed at my folly. "So I, too, have learned what is superstition?" I muttered to myself. "And here is a succubus at my own expense (as Müller frankly tells us anecdotes of the illusions which would haunt his eyes, shut and open), an amorous fancy-piece when I come to my Chapter on the Cheats of the Senses and Spectral Phantoms." I went on with my book, and said what still the ghost waned in the gray of the dawn. And I said then, in the triumph of my pride, as I laid down to rest, "I have written that which silots with precision man's place in the region of nature; written that which will found a school—form disciples; and race after race of those who cultivate truth through pure reason shall accept my basis if they enlarge my building." And again I heard the sigh, but this time it caused no surprise. "Certainly," I murmured, "a very strange thing is the nervous system!" So I turned on my pillow, and, wearied out, fell asleep.

CHAPTER XXI.

THE next day the last of the visiting patients to whom my forenoons were devoted had just quitted me when I was summoned in haste to attend the steward of a Sir Philip Derval, not residing at his family seat, which was about five miles from L——. It was rarely indeed that persons so far from the town, when of no higher rank than this applicant, invoked my services. But it was my principle to go wherever I was summoned; my profession was not gain, my profession was healing, to which gain was an incident, not the essential. This case the messenger reported as urgent. I went on horseback, and rode fast; but swiftly as I cantered through the village that skirted the approach to Sir Philip Derval's park the evident care bestowed on the accommodation of the cottagers forcibly struck me. I felt that I was on the lands of a rich, intelligent, and beneficent proprietor. Entering the park, and passing before the manor-house, the contrast between the neglect and decay of the absentee's stately hall and the smiling homes of his villagers was diconsolately mournful.

An imposing pile, built apparently by Vanbrugh, decorated with pilasters, supporting a portico, with grand perron (or double flight of stairs to the entrance), enriched with urns and statues, but discolored, mildewed, stripped, half hid with unpruned creepers and ivy. Most of the windows were closed with shutters, rotting for want of paint; in some of the casements the panes were broken; the peacock perched on the shattered balustrade that fenced a garden overgrown with weeds. The sun glared hot on the place, and made its ruinous condition still more painfully apparent. I was glad when a winding in the park road shut the house from my sight. Suddenly, I emerged through a copse of ancient yew-trees, and before me there gleamed, in abrupt whiteness, a building evidently designed for the family mausoleum. Classical in its outline, with the blind iron door niched into stone walls of massive thickness, surrounded by a funereal garden of cocs and evergreens, fenced with an iron rail, parti-gilt.

The suddenness with which this House of the Dead came upon me heightened almost into pain, if not into awe, the dismal impression which the aspect of the deserted home, with its neighborhood, had made. I spurred my horse and soon arrived at the door of my patient, who lived in a fair brick house at the other extremity of the park.

I found my patient, a man somewhat advanced in years, but of a robust conformation, in bed; he had been seized with a fit, which was supposed to be apoplectic, a few hours before; but was already sensible, and out of immediate danger. After I had prescribed a few simple remedies, I took aside the patient's wife, and went with her to the parlor below stairs, to make some inquiry as to her husband's ordinary regimen and habits of life. These seemed sufficiently regular; I could discover no apparent cause for the fit, which presented symptoms not familiar to my experience. "Has your husband never had such fits before?"

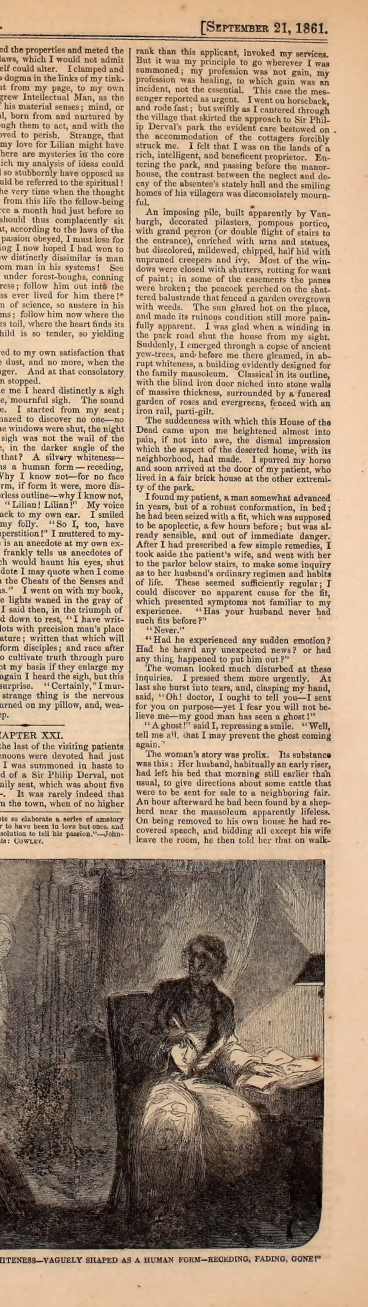
"Never."

"Had he experienced any sudden emotion? Had he heard any unexpected news? or had any thing, happened to put him out?"

The woman looked much disturbed at these inquiries. I pressed them more urgently. At last she burst into tears, and, clasping my hand, said, "Oh! doctor, I ought to tell you—I sent for you on purpose—yet I fear you will not believe me—my good man has seen a ghost!"

"A ghost!" said I, repressing a smile. "Well, tell me all that I may prevent the ghost coming again."

The woman's story was prolix. Its substance was this: Her husband, habitually an early riser, had left his bed that morning still earlier than usual, to give directions about some cattle that were to be sent for sale to a neighboring fair. An hour afterward he had been found by a shepherd near the mausoleum apparently lifeless. On being removed to his own house he had recovered speech, and bidding all except his wife leave the room, he then told her that on walk-



"A SILVERY WHITENESS—VAGUELY SHAPED AS A HUMAN FORM—RECEDING, FADING, GONE!"

* Müller's Elements of Physiology. Vol. ii., p. 184. Translated by Dr. Baly.

* Cowley, who wrote so elaborate a series of amatory poems, is said "never to have been in love but once, and then he never durst tell his passion."—Johnson's Lives of the Poets: COWLEY.

ing across the park toward the cattle-sheds he had seen what appeared to him at first a pale light by the iron door of the mausoleum. On approaching nearer, this light changed into the distinct and visible form of his master, Sir Philip Derval, who was then abroad—supposed to be in the East—where he had resided for many years. The impression on the steward's mind was so strong that he called out, "Oh! Sir Philip!" when, looking still more intently, he perceived that the face was that of a corpse. As he continued to gaze the apparition seemed gradually to recede, as if vanishing into the sepulchre itself. He knew no more; he became unconscious. It was the excess of the poor woman's alarm, on hearing this strange tale, that had made her so anxious to send for me instead of the parish apothecary? She fancied so astounding a cause for her husband's seizure could only be properly dealt with by some medical man reputed to have more than ordinary learning. And the steward himself objected to the apothecary in the immediate neighborhood as more likely to annoy him by gossip than a physician from a comparative distance.

I took care to lose the confidence of the good wife by parading too quickly my disbelief in the phantom her husband declared that he had seen; but as the story itself seemed at once to decide the nature of the fit to be epileptic, I began to tell her of similar delusions which, in my experience, occurred to those subjected to epilepsy, and finally soothed her into the conviction that the apparition was clearly reducible to natural causes. Afterward I led her on to talk about Sir Philip Derval, less from my curiosity, I felt in myself as to the absent proprietor than from my desire to re-familiarize her own mind to his image as a living man. The steward had been in the service of Sir Philip's father, and had known Sir Philip himself from a child. He was warmly attached to his master, whose splendid woman described as a man of rare benevolence and great eccentricity, which last she imputed to his studious habits. He had succeeded to the title and estates as a minor. For the first few years after attaining his majority he had mixed much in the world. But of late years Court his house had been filled with gay companions, and the scene of lavish hospitality. But this life was not in proportion to the grandeur of the mansion, still less to the expenditure of the owner. He had become greatly embarrassed. Some love disappointment (so it was rumored) occurring simultaneously with pecuniary difficulties, he had suddenly changed his way of life, shut himself up from his old friends, lived in absolute solitude, taken to book and scientific pursuits, and, as the old woman said, vaguely but expressively, "to odd ways." He had gradually, in economy both as to time and money, sold off his horses, his dogs, his guns, and finally quitted the country, and taken to a life of travel. He was now about forty-eight years old, and had been absent many years abroad. He wrote frequently to his steward, giving him minute and thoughtful instructions as to the employment, comforts, and houses of the peasantry, but apparently ordering him to spend no money on the grounds and mansion, and stating, as a reason why the latter ought to be allowed to fall to decay, his intention to pull it down whenever he returned to England.

I staid much longer than my engagements well warranted at my patient's house, not leaving till the sufficer, after a quiet sleep, had removed from her husband all his arm-chair, taken food, and seemed perfectly recovered from his attack.

Riding homeward I mused on the difference that education makes, even pathologically, between man and man. Here was a brawny habitant of rural fields, leading the healthiest of lives, not surrounded, as the family we call indignation, stricken down almost to death's door by his fright at an optical illusion, explicable, if examined, by the same obvious causes which had impressed me the night before with a moment's belief in a sound and a spectre—me, who, thanks to divine education, was utterly proof to any such few minutes after, convinced that no phantom, the ghoulliest that ear ever heard or eye ever saw, can be any thing else but a nervous phenomenon.

FAMISHING WOLVES.

I HAD been living for some months in a town on the Volga, in the centre of European Russia, forty versts from Jaroslav, the government-county town. To reach that town I must traverse a wild and uninhabited track, where there were only two small hamlets, at one of which the twenty-verst post-station was to be found, if not buried in snow, the team of three horses, commonly called in Russia "a troika," had been carefully selected from the various stabling establishments in the place, the cost for driver and horses to be three and a half roubles (or about half a guinea), the route of a hundred epecks being worth a half-penny or even more than three shillings), which was no great price for such a journey in such weather. Two wolves had been killed in our principal street only in a week. One I had shot in my own court-yard the day before I started, and many reports were current of their hunger and unusual boldness. It was even said that a small village, about thirty versts distant, had been attacked by them in force. These facts and stories made me careful about requisite defenses. My six-barrel traveling companion was carefully loaded, and placed in my left ready for use; a magnificent nine-inch bear-knife in a sheath, and a formidable black-thorn cudgel heavily weighted at the handle, belonged also to my armament. The family flask, bag of provisions, bottle of water, matches, cigars, and portmanteau having been stowed away, I was about to step into the open sledge, when a Russian neighbor came up and asked leave to join in the journey to Jaroslav. My neighbor, though a gentleman for whom I had much respect, was the last man I should have chosen as a traveling companion in a narrow sledge, for he weighed over twenty stone, had great difficulty in getting in, and, when once he was seated, almost required horse-power to get him up again. He was a phlegmatic, lazy, good-natured, muscular, and apparently fat gentleman who was not to be refused; so, his request granted, he rolled in on the right side and filled three parts of the sledge. My own three servants crossed themselves, whereby they meant, "God give you a safe journey!" The members of my own family cried out to the driver, "Now, sir!" and the driver having gathered up the rope reins, I jumped in, and with a noo-noo to the cattle, off we went dead against the setting sun.

Fat-sides having observed my weapons, grunted in his own Russian, of which he made the least possible use. "Pistols! Wolves. Shoot. Good."

"Have you any weapons?" I asked.

"No."

"Well, take this bear-knife."

"Good," he said again, and relapsed into his corner.

Daylight came struggling through the heavy morning clouds, and disclosed a cheerless waste of ridges and valleys of snow. The trees, which at wide intervals bordered the track, did not prevent us from often plunging into great pits of soft snow the moment our driver turned but a few feet from the track. This occurred so frequently, and gave us so much trouble in digging ourselves out, that it was noon before we had made sixteen versts—hardly ten miles—having been six hours on the way.

At this point in our journey the driver sent the blood dancing through my veins by the alarming cry of "Volki! Volki!" (Wolves! Wolves!) as I sprang from my seat, and, looking ahead, saw six great, gaunt, and no doubt hungry wolves, sitting exactly in our way, at the distance of about a hundred yards or less. Our horses had huddled themselves together, trembling in every limb, and refused to stir. I shouted and fired at them. The wolves also refused to stir. My fat friend, gathering a large handful of hay from the sledge bottom, rolled it into a ball, and was just handing it to me, saying, "Match," I understood him at once. The driver managed, by awful lashing and shouting, to get his horses forward, and we came within a short distance of our enemies. By this time I had succeeded in setting fire to the ball of hay, and threw it as far as I could, and then threw it in among them. It worked like a charm. Instantly the wretches parted, three on each side, and skulked off in the bright sagles, their tails dragging as if they were beaten curs. On dashed our brave team—lash, lash—noo, noo.

"Hurrah!" I shouted, with a frightened heart; "we are safe this time, thank God!"

"Wait. Look back," said Fat-sides.

I did so, and I saw the wolves, who had joined each other in council, evidently debating, or at least to deliberate. Our horses were going at their utmost speed, the driver standing up and using lash and voice with all his might to urge them on to the station, then only about a mile and a half ahead. Luckily the road or track, as far as we could see, was straight before us, so that no fear that we could gain the station before the wolves, should they pursue us. Looking back just as we passed a knoll in the track, I saw the whole pack in swift pursuit.

I had often been told that wolves will not attack a party unless they are driven by hunger, or in no large pack, yet here they were, coming up to attack us; there was now no doubt about that. Hunger therefore must be the only motive that could have made them daring. With the consciousness of an impending death-struggle, I prepared for the worst. My fat companion was equally on my side. "Keep your wife and children; for another, to the Great Dispeser of events. Then, throwing off my sheepskin coat, so as not to encumber the free action of my arms and legs, I sprang on the front seat beside the driver, but with my back to the horses, and my face to the enemy. I said to the driver, "They are coming, brother; drive fast, but steadily. I have six bullets in this pistol. Don't move from your seat, but drive right in the centre of the track." My fat companion sat still in his corner, and under-stood nor spoke; but I saw the blade of my bear-knife gleaming in his hand.

The track had become worse, so that the horses could not maintain their pace. In a short time the wolves ran beside the sledge, the horses strained and shot on, keeping their distance, but in forcing our way through a drift, we came to a walking pace, and the first wolf on my side made a dash at the horse next to me. I fired, and within a foot and a half of his head when I fired, and the ball went through his brain. I shouted my triumph in English; my companion echoed it with a "Bravo!" The second wolf received my second fire in the leg, which must have shattered the bone, for he dropped behind instantly. The driver, who had cried from the corner. But the same moment was the moment of our greatest peril. My pistol fell into the sledge, as I was dragged violently

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VOL. V.—No. 248.] NEW YORK, SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 28, 1861. [SINGLE COPIES SIX CENTS. $2 50 PER YEAR IN ADVANCE.

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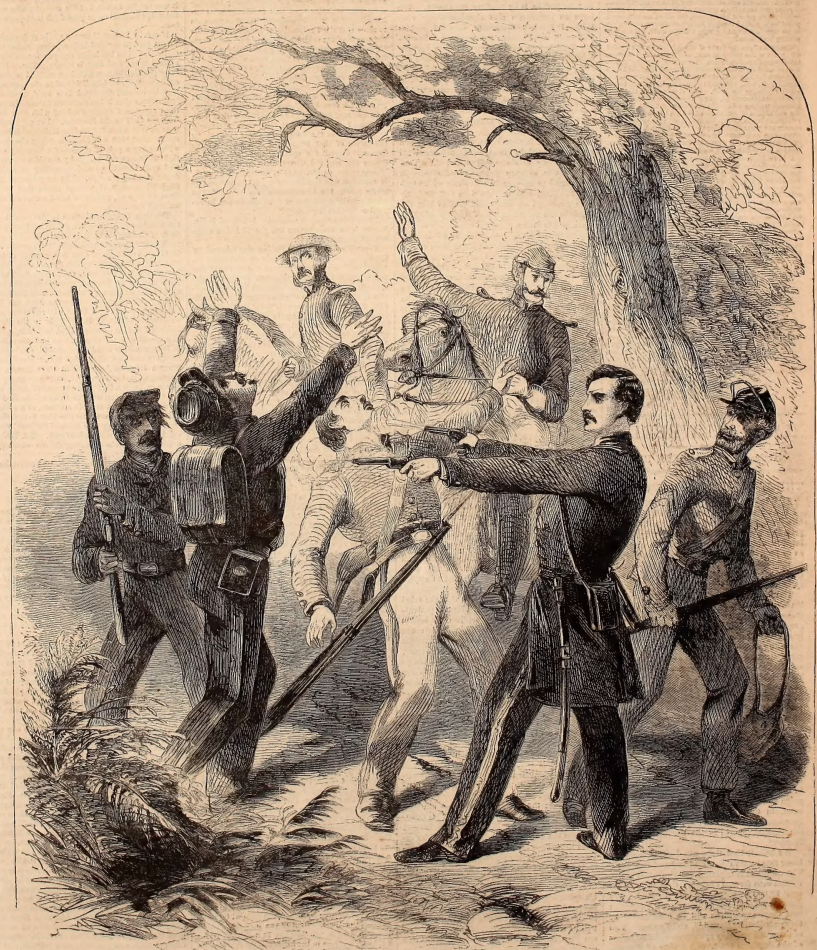


GALLANT EXPLOIT OF CAPTAIN STRONG, OF THE SECOND WISCONSIN VOLUNTEERS.—[SEE NEXT PAGE.]

CAPTAIN STRONG'S ADVENTURE.

THE scene depicted in the spirited illustration on the preceding page is described in the following letter:

WASHINGTON, *September 10, 1861.*

To the Editor of Harper's Weekly:

I herewith forward you an excellent photograph of Captain William E. Strong, Company F (Belle City Rifles), Second Regiment Wisconsin Volunteers, taken by Mr. John Golden, Whitehurst's Gallery, this city.

While on duty extending our line of pickets, three miles northwest of Chain Bridge, on Wednesday last, Captain Strong was taken prisoner. As he neared the river he left three men while, according to the orders of Major Lawrence, he reconnoitred, preparatory to assigning them positions. Having proceeded but a short distance, and when without discovering the slightest trace of the enemy, he returned by a slight diagonal course to avoid the ravine he had just passed over, when he suddenly was surrounded by six rebel pickets, secreted in a ravine and four behind. The Captain surrendered; and while they marched him about twenty-five yards themselves by ripping off the colored epithets, and grinning themselves the pleasure of a hanging bee. The Captain wondered their old not always have, but still did not see any way of escape until one of them, noticing the splendid gold of revolver, said they would relieve him of them. "Certainly, gentlemen," said the Captain, drawing them from his belt behind him, and seeking them silently: "here they are!" As he said this he struck his field each, and two men fell dead at his feet, while he wheeled and secured cover in some thick bushes, eluding the immediate pursuit of all except two who were of sufficient fleetness to threaten, the other, a small round pistol ball, gnarling through his left cheek and coming out of his mouth, without injuring a tooth, words, his slightly setting his tongue!

Emerging from the cover of the thicket, he was headed off by one of the mounted men, who presented his carbine close to the Captain's breast. Here the young man's presence of mind (or natural shrinking) saved him; for as the horseman fired he suddenly sheared, and the ball passing by his coat, vest, and shirt close along the bottom, and slightly grazing his back. The Captain will be remembered forward at this moment, Captain Strong returned the compliment, putting a bullet in the rebel's shoulder, and had the satisfaction of seeing him fall from his horse, one foot remaining in the stirrup, and striking the ground with a stump every time the affrighted horse jumped. In a moment more the Captain was by some of his pickets, who heard the firing, completely exhausted from the unusual exercise and the loss of blood from his wound.

I have been to-day using particulars of Captain Strong. He was born in Janesville, New York, and was but twenty years old on the 15th day of last June. For many years he has resided at Racine, Wisconsin, where his father and mother still reside. Two years ago since he was spending a few days at Andover with his uncle before going to Amherst to study Latin and Greek, while walking a rope at the gymnasium, he fell, breaking all his ribs on the left side, and his right arm near the wrist. From this he has never fully recovered. Without entering at Cambridge, he returned to Racine on crutches, prosecuting his law studies in the office of Messrs. Strong & Fuller, and at the succeeding bar of which he was admitted to the bar of Racine County. On the 15th, hearing of the first call, he opened a law-studying office, and on the same day his company—the "Belle City Rifles"—was full. At Bull Run he fought bravely, and narrowly escaped from being killed. One bullet carrying off his cap, another cutting his sword-belt; and though remaining in the battle to the last, still the retreat, from some apparent confusion, and pain from his old internal injuries, he had to be carried from the field to have dead men's shoes.

Captain Strong is reckoned one of the best shots in the West—at least one of the "Chicago Mechanics' Light" will show, and so many of his regiment who saw him shoot while in camp. He is a splendid rifle shot—for day and a fully laid his double-barreled gun on the ground about ten paces in front of him, three tow pigeons up in the air, turned a "hand-spring," seized his piece, and brought down both pigeons.

I can not close this narrative without paying a tribute due to the virtue of temperance. Like our lamented Ellsworth, Captain Strong never drinks intoxicating liquors.

Truly yours, S. WHITELEY.

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 28, 1861.

THE PLAN OF THE CAMPAIGN.

WE believe we may say that the Plan of the autumn and winter campaign has been determined, and that the leading generals are apprised of the parts they are to play in it. It involves operations of so extensive a character as to be without parallel in history, and to be morally certain of effecting their object—namely, the suppression of the rebellion before next spring.

The Plan presumes that the rebels will remain inactive at their present posts. Should General Beauregard attack Washington, a change in the programme might be the result, as it is confidently anticipated that he would meet with an overwhelming defeat, which would probably precipitate matters. Again, should General Johnston undertake an aggressive movement against Cairo, the Mississippi Expedition might proceed to work more speedily than is now intended. It is not believed, however, that either of these contingencies will occur. At Washington as at Cairo, an attacking force would fight at such enormous disadvantage that it is not supposed the experienced leaders of the rebel army would wantonly run the risk of a forward movement.

Assuming, then, that the rebels pursue the wisest course, and wait to be attacked in their intrenchments, we have reason to believe that, in the first or second week of October, the campaign will be simultaneously commenced on the coast, in the vicinity of Fortress Monroe, at Manassas, at Harper's Ferry, in Kentucky, on the Mississippi, and in the western portion of Missouri.

We believe that three naval expeditions are being fitted out in New England and New York. The camps at Hempstead and Sandy Hook are to furnish men for two of them; the third will recruit 10,000 volunteers in New England. We presume we shall not be far wrong if we predict that these expeditions will be commanded by Generals Butler, Burnside, and Lander. Two of them will probably operate on different points of the Southern coast, with a view of distracting the attention of the enemy from the line of the Potomac: one, for instance, may effect a landing at or near Port Royal, South Carolina, while the other, reinforced by the garrison of Fort Pickens, may reopen the excellent harbor of Pensacola to the commerce of the world. It is likely that the third, which will consist of at least 10,000 men, and will be commanded by General Burnside, will operate in the Chesapeake, landing so as, on one side, to flank the rebel army on the Potomac; and, on the other, to take Norfolk in the rear, in case the rebels should fall back from Manassas. All of these expeditions will be provided with ample artillery, and the landings will be effected under cover of heavy naval batteries. Ships, steamers, gun-boats, and launches are, we believe, being actively prepared for this service.

Simultaneously with the departure of these expeditions, we look for a forward movement on the part of General Banks. A glance at the map will show how General M'Clellan will operate with him. If the enemy resist him in force, M'Clellan will naturally attack Manassas at once. If he moves on without opposition, the attack will be deferred until he is in a position to take part in it by flanking the enemy. We have an intimation that simultaneously with General Banks's movement, General Sickles will cross the Potomac some twenty miles below Washington, with a view to gain a position between Manassas and Richmond. These details, however, are of course as yet undetermined; and the intimation is merely a shrewd guess. The main object—that Manassas shall be threatened on three sides simultaneously, while a column under General Burnside advances to cut off the retreat of the enemy—may be regarded as pretty certain.

Meanwhile, further West, General Anderson may be expected, by 10th October, to have raised such an army of the Mississippi as will, if necessaries as to keep Tennessee effectually in check, and to co-operate efficiently with General Fremont who by that time will probably have reduced Hattiesburg and driven all the rebels in the neighborhood of Springfield, Missouri, and to man a powerful expedition for the descent of the Mississippi. We do not look for naval operations on the Mississippi proper at first. The fortified points on that river will naturally be assailed by land. *Corps d'armée* will converge upon them from either shore, and reduce Island Hattiesburg—the key to which the thing is practicable, with the bayonet. The gun-boats will be useful in reconnoissance, and the river will prove valuable for the transportation of supplies; but after the fighting is done, it will be done on land. If the campaign in that region is to keep pace with that in the East, the rebel forces under Price, or M'Culloch, or whoever has succeeded them, must be driven from possession of Springfield, Missouri, and the vicinity, must be defeated and driven into Arkansas, or scattered altogether, before October 15. Whether this can be achieved, we have no means of estimations which are only known to Major-General Fremont.

Thus, if our information be correct, the battle will have begun along the whole line, from the Atlantic to Kansas, by the middle of October, and at least two points on the coast will be in the possession of or under bombardment by our forces. It is believed that the whole force employed will be not less than 350,000 men, exclusive of reserves and of home guards in Kentucky, Maryland, and Missouri. On that at every point attacked we shall probably outnumber the enemy. Our armies will be well supplied, well provisioned, well drilled, well equipped, and well commanded. Under such circumstances, it is not extravagant to expect success.

It is not reasonable to believe that the rebel troops from the Gulf will be sent forward unsupplied under arms in Virginia, while their homes are being assailed by expeditions from the North. Nor is it probable that troops deficient in equipment, clothing, shoes, arms, medicines, and supplies of all kinds—as the rebel troops are—will contend on equal terms with a force provided with those necessaries in profusion. Lastly, as it was proved at Bull Run, that whenever Northerners and Southerners met in a fair field, the former were the better men, it is not likely that an inferior Southern force will any where stand against a superior Northern force.

We therefore say that the Plan of the campaign evidently contemplates operations that must be remembered we are not fighting to subjugate the South, to abolish Slavery, or to conquer territory. Our object is merely to defeat and disperse the rebel armies engaged in overrunning the Southern States. This done, our work is achieved. Wherever we defeat and disperse the rebel armies the people will be invited to exercise their privileges as loyal members of Congress; the postal facilities will be restored to them; they will be protected from further spoliation by the rebel banditti, and restored to all the privileges of sovereign citizens of the United States. The recent elections in Maryland and Kentucky, and the late demonstrations in North Carolina, show how gladly the change will be welcomed. There will not be a Southern State in which a rebel ticket will stand any chance at the polls after Jeff Davis's armies are defeated in the field.

THE LOUNGER.

BLIND GUIDES.

MR. JEFFERSON DAVIS, in his message of the 29th April, says, that by the treaty with Great Britain after the Revolution "the several States were each by name recognized to be independent." The famous ninth resolution of the New York Democratic Convention is the popular version by way of aiding and comforting the eminent traitor. "In the treaty of peace which the States conquered from Great Britain, they were recognized as a separate nation, but of each separate State was acknowledged." In like manner, a newspaper which supports that convention and patriotic doctrine undertakes to rap the *Evening Post* over the knuckles for saying that the Constitution was not adopted by the States but by the people of United States. The *Evening Post* is quite able to fight its own battles, but the question involved is interesting to all of us.

Mr. Everett and Mr. Motley, among the later authorities upon this subject, are quite sufficient to satisfy the most persistent skeptic.

The first point remarks that the States were enumerated in the treaty for convenience; to designate what colonies upon this continent were acknowledged to be independent. He then proceeds to show that the Declaration of Independence calls the people of the colonies "one people," and quotes Charles Lowell, who says that "the act separate independence and individual sovereignty of the several States were never thought of" by the men in whose hands it was.

But even conceding to Mr. Davis and his friends of the Democratic Convention that the several States were recognized as so many separate sovereign powers, what then? How does that help secession? Granting that they were absolutely sovereign until the Constitution was adopted, by the terms of that instrument the people of the States abdicated the sovereignty of the State so far as it was delegated to the general government. The question, as Mr. Everett most cogently says, is not what was the form of a government in any State before the Constitution was adopted, but what are the provisions of the Constitution in regard to its own supremacy.

The whole subject is so admirably treated in Mr. Everett's address that no one should fail to make himself familiar with it.

But "the Federal Constitution was adopted by the States themselves, and by no other," that is accepted it," says the ninth resolution; and the newspaper defends the statement by quoting the seventh article of the Constitution: "The ratification of the Convention of nine States shall be sufficient for the establishment of this Constitution between the States so ratifying the same."

But it is matter of history that it was not adopted by the States, as such, but by the people of the States, who in their sovereign capacity called the General Government. Moreover, to destroy the State theory completely, the Constitution was not binding upon the people of any State, however unanimous the ratification, until the consent of the people of nine had been obtained. That constituted a sufficient majority of the people of all the States to warrant the organization and operation of the national Government.

"It appears," Mr. Everett says of the Constitution, "not to have emanated into by the States, but to have been ordained and established by the people of the United States, for themselves and posterity." The States are not named in it, nearly all the characteristic powers of sovereignty are expressly granted to the General Government, and expressly withheld to the States," etc., etc.

Mr. Motley still more pointedly declares: "The Constitution was not drawn up by the States: it was not proposed by the States: it was not adopted by the States: it was not ratified by the States. The States never acceded to it, and possess no power to secede from it. It was established, and ordained, and ever since by a power superior to the States—by the people of the whole land in their aggregate capacity, acting through Congress. Most of delegates were chosen for the purpose within each State, independently of the State Governments, after the project had been framed."

The point is, that the Constitution of the United States was framed by a Convention of the people from all the States, and submitted to the people of the people of all the States: and it was declared operative only when the people of nine States had accepted it. But when they had accepted it, it was not a compact between State and State, but the old Confederation—it was a supreme Government, which ignored States, and acted directly upon the people. The expression "between the States" is interpreted by the words of the instrument itself. It does not and can not express a dissoluble compact. It expresses that the people living in so many States have established a supreme law, and when you explore the terms of that law, you find that they have and can have *no States*, no power over it whatsoever.

The object of Mr. Davis, of the ninth resolution, and of the newspapers that support it, is to inoculate the idea that the Constitution is a compact between States, and not a supreme law of the people living in different States, and to be modified only as itself provides. This is the question which the war will forever settle. When that is over, we shall either be a nation or something less than a nation. The latter will be our fate if Jefferson Davis and the ninth resolution carry the day.

"HAPPY AS A SLAVE OF GALLIFET."

Two or three weeks ago we were speaking of slave insurrections as one of the natural "Consequences" of the rebellion of the masters, and alluded to the proverb "Happy as a slave of Gallifet," which occurs in the history of the San Domingo revolt, and is generally used to show that, while slavery may smother for a time the outbreak of the manhood it degrades, yet, when the pressure is removed, the revenge of that degradation is frightful.

This, indeed, furnishes one of the most hopeless and heart-sickening arguments to those who insist that slavery is irremediable. "If you free them they will rise and cut every body's throat. Look at San Domingo!" Yes; but why not look at Jamaica? In San Domingo it was the effort to enslave those already freed which occasioned the outbreak. In Jamaica, where eight hundred thousand were freed, the change was effected more peacefully than that of a ward election in New York; as tranquilly, in fact, as an act of worship, which indeed to most of them it was. For the African blood is not fierce. It is a mild, loving race, although like all men they may be stung to vengeance.

But is it I who am guilty when I strike the hand that would sell my child or dishonor my wife? The difficulty in emancipation was never yet the slave, but always the master. You may say that Jamaica does not grow so much cotton as she did with slavery. But if that mere fact were any argument, which of course it is not, how may set it off with the other fact that Barbadoes grows twice as much sugar without slavery. In Jamaica it was not the slaves, but the masters, who would not adapt themselves in good faith to the new system.

If servile insurrections are really so frightful as we are used to say and believe, there is always an easier way than the halter and powder and shot to repress them. And that is emancipation. If any body prefers the San Domingo method to the Jamaica method, let him hold fast to the system. It is only because the black is a human being, a broken race that it has not risen behind the rebellions army, and swept the land with fiery wrath from the Gulf to the Potomac. That is a good and patient as it is, when it does rise, it rises with deliberation. And then it is likely to flow as the charity which pays a pair of shoes and sends away every right of human nature. Why should we not? How God made them men; and our calling them things does not make them so. The very fear of their frightful revenge of wrongs should make us feel them to be men, and know what we would do if we were slaves.

This is a long introduction to the remark that the usual acceptation of the proverb "Happy as a slave of Gallifet" is entirely incorrect. The argument based upon it is therefore false. I know how kindly you treat them, even to a proverb of kindness, they will roast you alive, for all that. Therefore, at any rate, emancipation is the line the use made of it by the Lounger was to refute the inference of the contentment of slaves from their affection for their masters. But the fact is, as was pointed out to him by a friend who refers to a communication of Mr. C. K. Whipple to the Boston *Liberator and Commonwealth*, in the form of a speech of Mr. Everett's, who had also referred to the proverb as usually understood, Mr. Whipple shows from a history of the "Island of Hayti, formerly Saint Unveiled," printed at Cape Henry, San Domingo, in October, 1814, and written by the Baron de Vastey, that the treatment of slaves upon the Gallifet plantation was so atrocious that the proverb was only a terrible sarcasm, as a hanging father in child's necklace; so that to say that a man was "as happy as a slave of Gallifet" was to call him the most miserable of men. Mr. Whipple quotes some of the sickening details which gave rise to the saying.

It is a curious and most interesting correction of a very serious misapprehension.

LOUNGING ELSEWHERE.

DURING the last fortnight there have been a great many loungers at Syracuse, if one might judge from the crowds hanging around hotel doors and swarming through the streets—especially if he looked into that handsome hall, which has seldom been so thronged with such eager and earnest people. At one time, moreover, almost as if one lounger from Albany might hang out of the window. For in a Union Patriotic Convention, while the ex-governor Albany lounger was getting person was trying to speak, some one quietly said: "This Mr. Murphy spoke a fortnight ago at a peace meeting in my neighborhood, and tried to raise a white flag."

That was an extremely doubtful moment for Mr. Murphy. A Conventionist rose instantly, like an angry man. Mr. Murphy stepped from the floor upon a seat, while the excited crowd pressed upon him. He stood erect in the midst of storm unhammered. He came to the front of the platform, and raised both hands imploringly and menacingly. But as Mr. Lincoln remarks of Mr. Douglas, "The sea of people rose around Mr. Murphy. Mr. Murphy, after shaking his finger at the one who had mentioned the white flag, as if he would whip him the lie, stood quietly up, occasionally bending to try to make somebody hear. For full five minutes there was such a howling confusion, enough that no harm would befall the man. The Convention was not composed of the kind that throw riots or duels to fight in them; and after the excitement—one of the best possible officers—had skillfully suggested that he had heard no motion that the gentleman should not be allowed to speak, such was the common sense of two hundred lips, and the gentleman had leave to retire.

There was another gentleman who had walked straight out of Dickens. When the motion was made or resolution offered, this gentleman rose and gravely moved that it lie upon the table. His idea of a deliberative body evidently was that it was a body which laid things away to keep. He was incessantly running with a stone to block the wheels, but he dropped his block in front and stopped all progress. The Convention at length grew tired of his layings upon the table. But his courage and tenacity were equal to the task, and he would move that it lie upon the table.

There had been a Committee sent out. Anothe

er of two delegates was dispatched to find them. Suddenly an inspired member moved that our friend of the table should be sent for the two. It was a vote. He went and sought them in vain, and the Convention had peace. Suddenly he returned. At the first opening he rose and shouted "Mr. President." The President and the Convention heard, and sighed within. He stated that the Committee asked leave to report that it had been unable to discharge its duty, and asked to be relieved from further service. He sat gravely down, and another member jumped up and moved that the Committee be discharged with the thanks of the Convention: when from quite another part of the hall came a clear voice. "I move you, Sir, that the motion lie upon the table." There was a cheers of laughter, and the motion was put and unanimously carried. After which there were no more motions to lie upon the table.

There was a Lounger in the gallery who remembered that Emerson used to call Mrs. Abby Folsom "the fun of Conventions," and he could not help smiling to see that all Conventions might be troubled with fleas.

THE EVENT OF THE HOUR.

THERE is general expectation of a battle upon the Potomac. Before this paper is printed it may have taken place. It is even said that on Saturday last several persons went from New York to see the fighting. If it be so, let us hope that they each took a rifle, and meant to see the fight from the ranks and not from the rear.

If there be a battle, has every man considered the effect of its result? The Rebel beat, or we shall be beaten. In July we did not put the case so. In July we were to beat, and we had Bull Run. At this time, if there be an engagement it is along the line of the Potomac, it will be the greatest of the war. The rebels, at least, are not likely to assemble so strong an army again. Suppose we fight, and they beat us—beaten.

In that case they will doubtless withdraw from Virginia, and the campaign will close by the advance of our army to the occupation of the Rebel State that permitted itself to be made the battlefield. Meanwhile naval expeditions will have given us the occupation of a long reach of coast. The occupation of Virginia will strengthen and secure Kentucky, and Frémont's task in Missouri will be easier. With our advance the tone of England, which loves success, will be modified. The rebels will feel pinched by a thousand discontinuances: and they will cast up the year's accounts, and try in vain to find a balance in their favor.

But suppose we fight and that we are beaten. Are we likely to give up? In a strong Southern party likely to be developed at the North? Will England and France at once recognize the rebel Government?

For France and England none of us can speak very confidently: but we may assume that we know ourselves. And we know that, in giving it up, disastrous as the defeat may be, we shall rather nerve ourselves for the remaining struggle. We are by no means accustomed as yet to be, or are not yet as grimly in earnest as we shall be if defeated. Unquestionably we believe that we shall finally conquer; but we have come for it too easily. We feel that the time has come for him to go. If we are beaten upon the Potomac every man will feel that the time for one; he will see that this Government is gone unless he and all his friends hasten to its rescue. He will agree that self-defense knows no law, and that every weapon that can harm the foe may be hurled at him. We do not have no more squeamishness about the military necessity of emancipation, nor will the people suffer their Government to protect and further the system from which treason springs, and has always sprung in this country. No will the responsibility rest upon us. The rebels have abused the sword; they can not complain if they fall by it.

As for the strong rebel party among ourselves, it is less likely to be developed by our defeat than by our success. A defeated man or body is dangerous, but success makes us eager to protect our own. Mr. Ben Wood has not suspected his power. He would have been in a hundred-fold greater personal danger after a defeat than the Potomac. People are in the humor to hold their hero as fools and in the wrong when their kindred are lying dead upon the field. Maryland, of course, would try to rise. Baltimore would wrestle with Fort McHenry. But the line of Pennsylvania would be a line of fame, and New York would move as a giant to the battle.

If not, if this surmise is wrong, then we ought not to risk another battle. If we are so light of faith in our cause and ultimate victory that, with all our conditions and advantages known to us, we are willing to put our Government, and constitutional liberty, and civilization to the test of a single battle only, we are poltroons and murderers, and the sooner we shout aloud the surrender that is in our hearts the clearer will be our conscience hereafter.

THIEVES UPON "TREACHERY."

BRIGADE-GENERAL FLOYD and his friends began their exploits, as history relates, and will relate forever, by stealing. They stole guns, money, forts, arsenals, navy-yards, hospitals, ships, mints, postage-stamps; whatever, in fine, they could lay their hands on, they stole. But if the Government, that they stole now or the property, proceeded to take it or to try to take it, without informing the thieves, how, when, and where the effort was to be made, those virtuous gentlemen made the welkin ring with their cries of *Treachery! treachery!*

If the upright Floyd, in the intervals of pilfering, could find time to recreate his mind with light reading, we should recommend to his attention that pleasant passage of Gil Blas, in which the Brigadier-General Rolando tells his experience of treacherous interference.

"Meanwhile I committed all kinds of debauchery, in the company of other young men of the same disposition; and as our parents did not supply us with money sufficient to support such a delicious life, every one pilfered what he could at his own home; but that being also insufficient, we began to rob in the dark; when, unfortunately, the corregidor got notice of it, and would have caused us to be apprehended, had we not been informed of his treacherous design. Upon which we consulted our safety in flight, and resolved to conceal from our exploits to the highway. Since which time, gentlemen, God has given me grace to grow old in my profession, in spite of the dangers to which it is exposed."

HERMANN.

ALTHOUGH Clarke, the comedian, has gone, Hermann, the prestidigitateur, remains. If any intelligent man or woman wishes to know what that means, he or she should go to Mozart to learn. Mr. Hermann is a magician, a conjurer, a medicine-man, a professor of sleight-of-hand, a wonder-worker. He brings no testimonial which certify his great excellence in his way, and as there is always a peculiar interest in really admirable conjuring, and as he is the only man who has had a manner of magic, Mr. Hermann will probably find crowds who are anxious to forget for a moment the harassing cares of the times.

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

DISTINGUISHED ADDICTS TO LADIES OF A LITERARY TURN. Never suppose that you are idle. He is never time or other to put you in his books, and the consequence is, you will remain one of the most unnoticed specimens unlikely to preserved, as far and as dead as possible. Not a fraction of color will there be left in you, and you will only be known to the unlearned reader, by which you will be able to trace your original beauty. In fact, a wise to an author is not much book-maudlin to enable him to dress up characters with. To clothe others the wretch does not scruple to cut up his own coat.

A HOPEFUL SCHOOL.—"Eh? by *Jove*, Sir, a new lane?" Such was the exclamation of a sanguine old buck, who, being his toilet, was looking out of window with a double eye-glass, one black hair among his white whiskers.

AS AFFECTIONATE FACT.—Most will not keep in this hot weather, and even if they could, would not. Though we have seen the meat mis overnight, and were pleased to think it was still all right, upon breakfasting with it for the morrow's dinner, yet the next day every scrap would be found to have gone, and gone, too, beyond all hope of recovery. Meat never goes off by halves, but goes wholly. In fact, it goes infinitely quicker than it comes. Husbands who are fond of hot dinners, and cannot bear to see the cold joint for they will never see there by any chance a bit of cold meat for weeks on any occasion.

AS Edwin lounged on the pier to get a relish for his dinner after swallowing two monstrous bloaters for his breakfast, he said to his companion, "Tell me now, Caroline, my dearest, and so excite the exclamatory muscles of my disposition, for I have been deprived of them by the excitement of appetite."

"You fellow, as in duty bound, the wife of his fond bosom pierced for a brief moment to the seaward of the pier, and received information from the passing breeze that blew there, whispered, "Cand say, love, why the pleasant island of Ceylon is so favorite a one for mammoths and monkeys?"

Edwin, thus appealed to, scratched his nose and struck his whiskers, and then, with his wife sharpened by either of these processes, was forced to let his wife explain that it was because they were the only animals that ever grew to was full of Cingalese. Observing his blank looks, she added in answer to his look, "Because, dear, don't be stupid; can't you put an 'h' in, and pronounce it 'Single hee'?" Feeling it expedient to look as if he knew it before, but, alas! he could do little more than put up a faint giggle. Whereupon he immediately made another daring effort to excite his risibility, by asking, "Who is the most dangerous animal to be met with in the Zoological Gardens?" and he burst, "Why, of course, dear, a Lucinda."

Conscious of his error, Edwin, with his best to look as though he understood her, but, struggle as he might to look it, the picture of his ignorance was too plain for the hand his wisely puzzled brow, said Angelina, "You are indeed dull, dear boy. Can you not see? They divide this Christian name, and call it a *four-cinder*?"

THE HEIGHT OF A WARM IMAGINATION.—Throwing open the windows, lying generally at full length on the sofa, leaving perpendicular, and fanning yourself for half an hour you—and intending to the gentle tickling of the waterspout—as it is called—to do the rest, down the street: with the happy combination of so many luxuries, it becomes as easy as lying to believe that you are sitting pebbles into the sea, to fancy that one is doing the color *far niente* at the seaside. We do not believe that any other thing of a tropical imagination, to put on only a suitable costume, and to try it in place of a four-poster.

THE PERSIST OF JOKING UNDER DIFFICULTIES.—The Painters inside the house and the Paviors hammering away distinctly outside, and the Plumber solder and tinning away being attacked, beyond all power of stoppage, outrageously at the same time. On our word, it is enough to make a Knight cross!

SEVERE TRIAL OF TEMPER IN HOT WEATHER.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

A CHEERFUL OLD GENTLEMAN. A YOUNG PARTY.

Scene.—A Richmond Railway Carriage. *Time*.—Almost in noon.

CHEERFUL OLD GENTLEMAN (*panting, puffing, perspiring*). "Hot, Sir, Extremely hot!"

COOL YOUNG PARTY. "It is warm."

C. O. G. "Warm, Sir! I call it blazing hot. Why the glass is 98° in the Shade!"

C. Y. P. "Very hot much!"

C. O. G. "Much, Sir! Immense!"

C. Y. P. "Well, then, the heat is perfectly right."

C. O. G. "Right, Sir! I don't understand you, Sir. What do you mean by saying it is right, Sir?"

C. Y. P. "I mean that the glass is quite right to be as much in the Shade as it is, for it is warm weather."

CHEERFUL OLD GENTLEMAN *collapses*.

DO YOU GIVE IT UP?

What tree pinches the Jews?
The yew-gen-a-cea-ous tree!

Twice ten are six of us,
Six are to three,
Nine are but two of us,
What can we be?
Would you know more of us,
I will tell you more—
Seven are but five of us,
Five are but four.

The number of letters employed in each numeral.

Why is the letter A like the twelve o'clock?
Because it is the middle of day.

Why are unfortunates like geese?
Because they live upon the commons, they are crammed, they are plucked, and when they are plucked they are regularly sold.

What to ladies look for when they go to church?
The Beaus (Beaus).

Why is a egg overdone like an egg underdone?
Because it is hardly done.

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

THE REBELS FALLING BACK.

A RALLYING PROCLAMATION was issued on 14th at Washington developed the fact that not only had the rebels who made the dash up to the Union pickets near the Chain Bridge fallen back, but that also a very large portion of their main force had done likewise from the positions formerly occupied by them.

RECONNOISSANCE AT LEWINSVILLE.

A reconnoissance party started from the Chain Bridge on 13th at seven o'clock a. m. under the charge of Colonel Stevens, of the Seventy-ninth New York State Militia. As the skirmishers approached the rebel pickets retired behind Lewinsville, which is situated at about seven miles from the starting point. The object of the party having been accomplished, they began to retrace their steps, but the rebels were determined they should not do this without some suffering. They therefore sent a far superior force of infantry, cavalry, and artillery, to cut them off, while a line of battle was formed by the remainder of their forces. This was accomplished with skill, to which Captain Grilin replied. Several rounds were fired on either side, when a masked battery ceased fire, as to allow the rebels to advance out of the woods in which they were concealed. Before doing so, they threw on open order right. But to this the rebels would not agree, therefore a thirty-two pounder was put into action, the shot from which soon silenced the rebel battery. Captain Grilin again gave the order to charge, which had made their appearance on the road to Pell's Church, a specimen of his skill, and soon sent them flying, some with empty saddles, as the shells burst in their midst. The command then withdrew, and reached the Chain Bridge in good order.

GENERAL M'CLELLAN.

Governor Curtin presented colors to the Pennsylvania Regiments last week at Washington, in presence of the President and a number of officers. The *Herald* correspondent thus describes an incident of the affair:

"The rear ranks of each of the troops were allowed to gratify their desire to shake hands with General M'Clellan, while the General and his staff remained mounted on his men, and to have them know him, gratified them, and the feeling of confidence was restored. The President, Cabinet, Governors, and even the ladies, were lost sight of. General M'Clellan was the observed of all observers for the expanse of a private. He talked little, bowed to each man, and looked pleased all the time. Each man had the satisfaction of electing to say to the General. One man said, 'General, we're going to lick them rebels.' Another, 'You will allow us to do it soon.' 'Very soon, if the enemy stand long enough,' was the General's reply.

"At last Captain Barker, of the Chicago cavalry corps, stepped up to the General and said, 'Sir, we have come to the General to back, or shake his hand too much, as he has to ride all day.' The hand was freely, and much to the pig to do with the hand they were shaking. He promised that they would have their chance, and in only a few weeks to them. They instantly complied, when the General, removing his hat, rode through the ranks.

"'S SOLDIERS!—We have had our last retreat. We have seen our last defeat. You stand by me, and I will stand by you, and together we will win our efforts."

THE EMANCIPATION QUESTION IN MISSOURI.

The following letter from the President to General Frémont needs but little comment:

WASHINGTON, D. C., *Sept. 11, 1861.*

Major-General John C. Frémont, St. Louis, Mo.

GENERAL: Yours of the 8th, in answer to mine of the 2d instant, is received. I learned that you, upon the ground, could better judge of the necessities of your position than I could, and hence I wrote you that I would not order the modification of your proclamation of August 30 I perceived no general objection to it; the particular clause in relation to the confiscation of property and the liberation of slaves appeared to me to be objectionable, in that it forestalled the action of Congress, passed the 6th of last August, upon the same subject, and which, in my opinion, would operate better. The degree of said proclamation be so modified, held, and construed as to conform to the said act of Congress, and the instructions on the same subject contained in the act of Congress passed July 17, and now pending your vote for instructions, Congress proposes, approved August 6, 1861, and that said act be published by you for the information of all concerned.

"Your obedient servant, A. LINCOLN."

KENTUCKY THOROUGHLY LOYAL.

On September 9 the Kentucky Legislature met. Governor Magoffin issued the following proclamation:

"Fellow-citizens, Kentucky's peace and neutrality have been wantonly violated, her soil has been invaded, the rights of her citizens have been grossly infringed by the armed forces of the United States. This has not been done without cause; therefore—

"I, Beriah Magoffin, *Governor Assembly of the Commonwealth of Kentucky*, That the Governor be requested to call out the militia of the State to repel said invasion, and the invaders.

"*Resolved*, That the United States be invoked to give aid and assistance, that protection to invasion which is secured to the States by the 4th section of the 4th article of the Constitution of the United States.

"*Resolved*, That the United States Senators be, and he is hereby requested to cause immediately upon the active meeting of the Congress to the military district.

"*Resolved*, That we appeal to the people of Kentucky and to the people of the United States, by the ties of common interest and common defense, by the remembrances of the past, by the love of liberty, by our historical existence, to unite in repelling and driving out the wanton violators of our peace and security, all others connected with them.

MAGOFFIN TRIES TO BETRAY THE STATE, BUT IS FOILED.

On 13th' Governor Magoffin vetoed the resolutions. They were, however, immediately passed over his veto, and the Governor was ordered to require the withdrawal of the Confederates from Kentucky. Accordingly Governor Magoffin issued the following proclamation, in obedience to the resolutions:

"The Government of the Confederate States, the State of Tennessee, and all others connected, are hereby informed that Kentucky expects the Confederate or Tennessee troops to be withdrawn from her soil unconditionally."

REBELLION TO BE PUNISHED.

On 14th Mr. Hunton reported a bill to punish rebellion in the State. It was made a special order for Monday.

The bill will make it felony to aid the war by collecting troops for the purpose of levying war, or to do so, or by joining or patriating with any company with the intent to join the rebellion. The punishment proposed is death by any citizen as a Confederate soldier is punishable by death. This bill will not affect the rank and file but will be applicable to those who return to their allegiance within sixty days.

THE REBELS DEFEATED IN WESTERN VIRGINIA.

General Rosecrans succeeded in engaging the rebel forces under General Floyd, Wise, Heth, and other rebels, and after more than twelve hours of battle, the rebels began to retreat, and after dark they were driven from their position. They did under the cover of darkness. The engagement was a hard fought one, the rebels having the advantage of position, and also of greater numbers both of men and artillery. The Union loss is reported at about a rapid fifteen hundred. The rebel loss of men can not be ascertained, as they removed their dead and wounded. The great loss of material and baggage was heavy, all of which fell into the hands of General Rosecrans's brigade. Twenty-five of the prisoners, taken at the time that Colonel Tyler's force was attacked at Cross Lane, have been released. Floyd's force are said to be entirely driven from their stronghold and routed.

REPORTED WRECK OF THE "SUMTER."

Another pirate, the notorious Semmes, is reported to have been wrecked on the island of Trinidad, near Port of Spain, on or about the 29th of August. No further particulars have been received, and it is not known whether any of the crew were drowned or not.

PLAN OF THE HARBOR OF BEAUFORT, NORTH CAROLINA.

As naval expeditions are now leaving every few days to operate on the Southern Coast, we present above a Plan of a harbor which will certainly receive some attention—Beaufort, North Carolina. This is one of the best harbors on the coast; there are fifteen feet water on the bar. At the latest dates we were, it is said, four United States men-of-war off the mouth of the harbor. For Beaufort protects it, is very strong, and a large force of North Carolinians have been assigned to its defense.

ANOTHER BATTLE AT BOONVILLE.

Intelligence has been received at St. Louis of a battle fought at Boonville, resulting in a victory for the Union. The rebels, 1800 strong, were driven back by the Home Guard, with a loss of twelve killed and thirty wounded. The Union loss was only one killed and four wounded. Among the killed on the rebel side were Colonel Brown and Captain Brown, both reluctant secessionists.

AFFAIRS AT HATTERAS.

We learn from Fortress Monroe that all was quiet at Hatteras on 12th inst. The *Susquehanna* and *Pawnee* were still there. The schooner had been put in complete order, and the guns spiked by the rebels were ready for service. Four schooners, with provisions for the Union, had run into the inlet with merchandise for the rebels, not knowing of the change of sovereignty. They were, of course, captured.

DISORGANIZATION OF THE REBEL ARMY.

There seems to be a little trouble among the rebel troops. A whole Mississippi regiment is reported to have revolted on Saturday last, broken their muskets to pieces, and started for home. A complete demoralization of the army is apparent. The rebel Congress assembled with for their homes since the capture of the forts at Hatteras.

THE UNION AND REPUBLICAN STATE TICKET.

The Twenty-first Assembly District has adopted a brief declaration in favor of sustaining the Government in its efforts to quell the rebellion, and nominated the following ticket for the Legislature:

Assembly—Daniel S. Dickinson, of Broome.
Secretary of State—Norman Seaver, of Cortland.
Comptroller—Lucius Robinson, of Chemung.
Treasurer—W. B. Lee, of Kings.
Canal Commissioners—F. A. Aburger, of Erie, long term; F. A. Talmadge, of New York, short term.
State Prison Inspector—A. B. Tappen, of Westchester.
State Engineer—W. B. Taylor, of Oneida.
Judge of the Court of Appeals—W. B. Wright, of Ulster.

The Republican State Convention met at Syracuse the same day, and nominated the ticket for State officers, with the exception of their candidate for Canal Commissioner Talmadge, of Onondaga. The name of Benjamin F. Bruce, of Madison, was substituted for that of Mr. Talmadge.

PERSONAL.

Jefferson Davis is not dead. The silence of the Rebel organs on this subject has been broken by positive assertions of the reports of his decease.

Mr. Andrew Ellis, and his son, of Knoxville, Tennessee, are still under arrest, by order of General Zollicoffer.

FOREIGN NEWS.

ENGLAND.

MORE TROOPS FOR CANADA.

THE announcement is made that fifteen more regiments are ordered to Canada. They start about the middle of September, and will make the total of troops which have gone to New York, as advertised.

The *Times*, in an editorial, says that the Government may have private reasons for the movement, but that there are none apparent. If it is purely a defensive movement and a sense of cordiality between England and Canada, it hopes that Canada will not take it for more than it means, but that the military force should be needful, to protect herself. It is regarded as a wise guarantee against all complications, and calculated to strengthen her frontier.

FRANCE.

A FORTHCOMING SPEECH FROM THE EMPEROR.

Among other *on dits* in Paris, was one to the effect that, on the opening of the Emperor's approaching visit to Rochefort, a speech may be expected from him calculated to excite the most extraordinary and warlike intentions on the part of his Majesty.

ITALY

PROGRESS OF EVENTS.

The resignation of Minghetti, Minister of the Interior, had been accepted. Farini had been nominated to the vacancy with the charge *ad interim* of Foreign Affairs. Victor Emanuel had informally received the Prussian and the new French Minister. Additional successes were reported over the Neapolitan brigands. It was also reported that other successes had occurred between the Piedmontese troops and the Papal *gens d'armes*.

SPAIN.

SPAIN WILL NOT RECOGNIZE THE REBELS.

Mr. Tassara, the Spanish Minister, has called to assure the Secretary of State that the report from Charleston that the Captain-General of Cuba had issued a proclamation recognizing the rebel flag is untrue. What has happened is, that vessels from any port of the United States in possession of the rebels, coming into a port with irregular papers, are admitted *ex necessitate*, without notice of their irregularity, just as they have been admitted in all other ports since the rebels obtained possession of the custom-houses in the insurgent States. It is needless to say that no such vessels can be abroad without escaping the blockading force. There is no recognition of a rebel flag in Spanish ports or in any other ports.

THE REBEL GENERAL A. S. JOHNSTON.

THE telegraph announces that ALBERT SYDNEY JOHNSTON, late Colonel United States Army, and commander-in-chief of the army of Utah, has been appointed by Jeff Davis to command the rebel forces on the Mississippi. We publish his portrait herewith.

Albert S. Johnston was born in Macon County, Kentucky, in 1803, and is consequently fifty-eight years of age. After the usual school training young Johnston was adopted by the United States, and educated at their expense at their Military Academy at West Point. On graduating he entered the 6th Infantry, and was ordered to the West. During the Black Hawk war he acted as Adjutant General, President Lincoln being at the time a captain of volunteers. At the close of the war he resigned his commission, and resided first in Missouri, next in Texas. War breaking out in the latter State, he entered the Texan army as a private, and rose to high distinction. He afterward filled the post of Secretary of War. On the annexation of Texas to the United States Johnston raised a partisan troop, which he commanded, and accompanied General Taylor to Monterey. At the close of the Mexican war he returned to his plantation; but being in embarrassed circumstances, was glad to accept from the United States the post of Paymaster, which was generously bestowed upon him by the Government. Under Pierce, Mr. Jefferson Davis, then Secretary of War, made Johnston Colonel of the 2d Cavalry, and he subsequently received the command of the Southwestern Military District. At the outbreak of the war with Utah he was chosen, over many more skilled officers, to command the expedition which crossed the plains. He continued to fill that post—being, in fact, dictator in the country which he occupied—until the rebellion took place, when he traitorously abandoned his flag. He is believed to have made energetic attempts to induce California and Oregon to join the rebels, but to have been foiled by the common sense of our Pacific brethren and the sagacious measures adopted by Government. He is now, as we stated, in command of the rebels on the Mississippi, and will have to deal with General Frémont.

THE REBEL GENERAL ALBERT S. JOHNSTON, COMMANDING ON THE MISSISSIPPI.

THE "WINONA."

THE United States Screw Steam Gun-boat *Winona*, built by C. & R. POILLON, of which we publish a portrait on page 613, was launched—fully spurred and rigged, and with the propeller and main shafting fitted up in her—from their yard, foot of Bridge Street, Brooklyn, on Saturday, 14th inst., at 5 o'clock P.M. Her dimensions are, Length over all, 165 feet; breadth, 28 feet; hold, 10 feet; tonnage, 598 tons measurement. She is built of white and live oak, yellow pine and locust, and fastened in conformity to the Government system of building. By the terms of contract she was to be launched in seventy-five days, but was ready in forty-six working days from the signing of the contract. She is of good model, and in all her details exhibits excellence of workmanship and beauty of finish. After launching she was towed to the *Atlantic Works Dock*, where she will receive her boilers and other machinery, which consists of two back-acting engines with 36-inch cylinders and 18-inch stroke, and two tubular boilers of Martin variety. The screw propeller is of composition, nine feet in diameter. The engines will develop about 350-horse power, and the consumption of coal will be about eight tons per day. The total weight of machinery will be about 130 tons.

Four gun-boats like the *Winona* have been launched, viz.: *Ottawa*, *Pembina*, *Seneca*, and *Chippewa*, all of New York.

Eighteen are in the course of construction, and are more or less advanced, viz.: *Tahoma*, Wilmington, Del.; *Wanalancha*, *Sciota*, and *Iroca*, Philadelphia; *Unadilla*, New York; *Owasco*, Mystic River, Ct.; *Kaaseba*, East Haddam; *Cayuga*, Portland; *Huron*, *Chocura*, and *Sagamore*, Boston; *Marblehead*, Newburyport; *Kenaelee*, Thomaston, Me.; *Aroostook*, Kennebunk, Me.; *Kineo*, Portland, Me.; *Katahdin*, Bath, Me.; *Penobscot*, Belfast, Me.; and *Pinola*, Baltimore, Md.

TERRIBLE ACCIDENT AND LOSS OF LIFE AT THE CONTINENTAL THEATRE, PHILADELPHIA.—[See Page 623.]

THE UNITED STATES SCREW STEAM GUN-BOAT "WIDONA," LAUNCHED AT NEW YORK, SEPTEMBER 14, 1861.—[See preceding Page.]

THE UNITED STATES SLOOP OF WAR "JAMESTOWN" DRIVING THE "ALVARADO" ASHORE, NEAR FERNANDINA, FLORIDA.

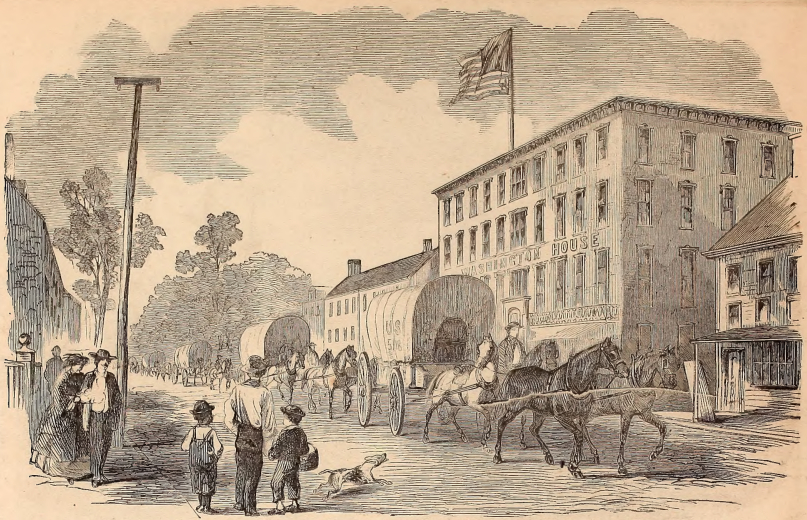
THE "JAMESTOWN" AT FERNANDINA.

WE are indebted to Mr. James Hoovere, of the United States sloop of war *Jamestown*, for the sketch which we reproduce herewith. The affair depicted is thus described by our correspondent:

FERNANDINA, FLORIDA, *August* 5, 1861.

—Early on the morning of the 5th inst. we saw a bark bearing in toward land, and under a heavy press of sail. Although the wind was light, we were going at the rate of some six knots per hour, and were evidently gaining rapidly on the strange vessel. As soon as we were perceived by those on board the bark they tried to run her on shore, and in this they succeeded, stranding her in three fathoms of water. They then took to their boats, taking with them all valuables worth the trouble, and made the best

REBEL INTRENCHMENTS ON THE MARTINSBURG TURNPIKE, NEAR WINCHESTER, VIRGINIA.



A UNITED STATES ARMY SUPPLY TRAIN PASSING THROUGH HAGERSTOWN, MARYLAND.—[SKETCHED BY OUR OWN ARTIST.]

train and his wife prisoners. By the time the boats of the vessel had reached the shore we got near enough to fire, and accordingly fired a round shot at her. By means of our glasses we could not perceive any one on the vessel's decks; but on looking toward land we found that the alarm had been given, and that crowds of people were flocking to the shore, anxiously waiting to see what we would do with the stranded ship. By this time bodies of armed men were seen defiling through an opening in the sand-hills; and shortly afterward horses drawing some pieces of ordnance, and accompanied by artillerymen, were noticed. The confusion on shore now became general; men marching in columns, horses with their riders dying hither and thither, and spectators to the number of some 200 or 300 lined the beach. The pieces of cannon were now placed in position on shore, so as to rake the boats if they were sent to take the bark, and every thing denoted the intention on the part of the Floridians of making a determined resistance. Our ship was distant some two miles from the prize; and as the sea shoals very suddenly here, we were afraid to venture in any nearer land. Our captain then tried to destroy her by shelling her with our batteries, but none of the shot reached the vessel. At this time the shore batteries opened, with the intention of shelling us that they could destroy any thing that approached for the purpose of boarding the bark. Finding that the only way of destroying the vessel was by means of boats, the launch, first and fourth cutters were called and manned. The first boat was officered by Lieutenant Flusser (who commanded the expedition); Lieutenant Haseltine, of the Mariner; and Assistant-Surgeon Cleborne. The first cutter was commanded by Lieutenant R. Phythian, accompanied by Mr. Chisolm, Master; and the other boat was in charge of Midshipman Tyson. All being ready the boats shoved off, and as they approached the vessel were received by a sharp fire from the shore batteries; some heavy shot was fired, which we afterward understood came from a masked battery near the light-house; and the field-pieces were fired in rapid succession—the cannon balls came whizzing over our heads and around us rather unpleasantly, I assure you. At last we reached the vessel, just in time to save our boat from a round shot which came whizzing over the vessel, and fell only a few feet behind us. Had we been struck by it, the boat must have instantly sunk. The other boats came on in good order, and fortunately unscathed; and as the launch touched the ship a dozen boarders clambered up her sides, headed by our second lieutenant, and followed by the other officers of the boat; but luckily no one had remained on board to contest the day, and we soon made ourselves masters of the contents of the vessel, which proved to be hemp, wool, and oil. While we were trying, without success, to get the vessel off, the surgeon and others were busied in securing the ship's papers, and securing every thing of importance which in the hurry had been left behind. The result was now hoisted on board the *Jamestown*, and a gun fired to warn us of an armed steamer which was seen approaching. It was then decided to burn the vessel; the stars and stripes were hoisted; and she was accordingly set fire to in three places so effectually that we had scarcely time to leave the ship's side when the flames burst out on every side. As we pulled for our ship the steamer neared us with the intention of running us down, but those on board the man-of-war had seen the design, and were bearing toward us broadside on, when the Secession steamer concluded not to come within range of our guns, and turned her head toward Fernandina again. The sight of the burning vessel was truly grand, and the scene was made more striking by the occasional firing of the batteries on our retreating boats; none of their shots were effective, though their line firing was excellent.

The bark was the *Adorado*, of Boston, commanded by Captain Whiting, and her cargo, I hear, was worth nearly $100,000. This is the true state of the case; so that the Secessionists did not make any thing of the prize but a burned-down hulk.

THE WESTERN WHARVES AT WASHINGTON, WHERE ARMY SUPPLIES ARE RECEIVED.

VIEW ON THE JAMES RIVER CANAL, NEAR BALCONY FALLS.—REBEL TROOPS GOING FROM LYNCHBURG TO BUCHANAN, ON THEIR WAY TO WESTERN VIRGINIA.

CROSSING THE MANASSAS GAP RAILROAD, AND THE ALEXANDRIA AND WARRINGTON TURNPIKE, AT WHITE PLAINS.—ARRIVAL OF REINFORCEMENTS FOR BEAUREGARD, AT THE CAMP OF THE TIGER ZOUAVES, OF LOUISIANA.

THREE STORIES.

ALL three shall be told exactly as I, the present narrator, have received them. They are all derived from credible sources; and the first—the most extraordinary of the three—is well known at first hand to individuals still living.

Some few years ago a well-known English artist received a commission from Lady F——— to paint a portrait of her husband. It was settled that he should execute the commission at F——— Hall, in the country, because his engagements were too many to permit his entering upon a heavy work till the London season should be over. As he happened to be on terms of intimate acquaintance with his employers, the arrangement was satisfactory to all concerned, and on the 13th of September he set out in good heart to perform his engagement.

He took the train for the station nearest to F——— Hall, and found himself, when first starting, alone in a carriage. His solitude did not, however, continue long. At the first station out of London a young lady entered the carriage, and took the corner opposite to him. She was very delicate looking, with a remarkable blending of sweetness and sadness in her countenance, which did not fail to attract the notice of a man of observation and sensibility. For some time neither uttered a syllable. But at length the gentleman made the remarks usual under such circumstances, on the weather and the country, and the ice being broken, they entered into conversation. They spoke of painting. The artist was much surprised by the intimate knowledge the young lady seemed to have of himself and his works. She was quite certain that he had never seen her before. His surprise was by no means lessened when she suddenly inquired whether he could make, from recollection, the likeness of a person whom he had seen only once, or at most twice? He was hesitating what to reply, when she added, "Do you think, for example, that you could paint me from recollection?"

He replied that he was not quite sure, but that perhaps he might try.

"Well," she said, "look at me again. You may have to take a likeness of me."

He complied with this odd request, and she asked, rather eagerly,

"Now, do you think you could?"

"I think so," he replied; "but I can not say for certain."

At this moment the train stopped. The young lady rose from her seat, smiled in a friendly manner on the artist, and bade him good-by: adding, as she quitted the carriage, "We shall meet again soon." The train rattled off, and Mr. H——— (the artist) was left to his own reflections.

The station was reached in due time, and Lady F——'s carriage was there, to meet the expected guest. It was long to the place of his destination, one of "the stately homes of England," after a pleasant drive, and deposited him at the hall door, where his host and hostess were standing to receive him. A kind greeting passed, and he was shown to his room: for the dinner-hour was close at hand.

Having arrayed himself, he toiled and descended to the drawing-room, Mr. H——— was much surprised, and much pleased, to see, seated on one of the ottomans, his young companion of the railway carriage. She greeted him with a smile and a bow of recognition. She sat by his side at dinner, spoke to him two or three times, and in the general conversation, and seemed perfectly at home. Mr. H——— had no doubt of her being an intimate friend of his hostess. The evening passed off very pleasantly. The conversation turned a good deal upon the fine arts in general, and on painting in particular, and Mr. H——— was entreated to have some of his sketches. He had brought down with him from London. He readily produced them, and the young lady was much interested in them.

At a late hour the party broke up, and retired to their several apartments.

Next morning, early, Mr. H——— was tempted by the bright sunshine to leave his room and stroll out into the park. The drawing-room opened into the garden; passing through it, he inquired of a servant who was busy arranging the furniture whether the young lady had come down yet?

"What young lady, Sir?" asked the man, with an appearance of surprise.

"The young lady who dined here last night."

"No young lady dined here last night, Sir," replied the attendant, briefly and at him.

The painter said no more: thinking within himself that the servant was either very stupid or had a very bad memory. So, leaving the room, he sauntered out into the Park.

He was returning to the house when his host met him and the usual morning salutations passed between them.

"Your fair young friend has left you?" observed the host.

"What young friend?" inquired the lord of the manor.

"The young lady who dined here last night," returned Mr. H———.

"I can not imagine to whom you refer," replied the gentleman, quite gravely and seriously.

"Did not a young lady dine and spend the evening here yesterday?" persisted Mr. H———, who in his turn began to wonder at his friend.

"No," replied his host; "most certainly not. There was no one at table but yourself, my lady, and I."

The subject was never reverted to after this occasion, yet our artist could not bring himself to believe that he was laboring under a delusion. On the whole were a dream, it was a dream in two parts. As surely as the young lady had been his companion in the railway carriage, so surely she had sat beside him at the dinner-table. Yet she did not come again; and every body in the house, except himself, appeared to be ignorant of her existence. He finished the portrait on which he was engaged, and returned to London.

For two whole years he followed up his profession, growing in reputation, and working hard. Yet he never all the while forgot a single lineament in the fair young face of his fellow-traveler. He had no clew by which to discover where she had come from, or who she was. He often thought of her, but spoke to no one about her. There was a mystery about the matter which imposed silence on him. It was wild, strange, utterly unaccountable.

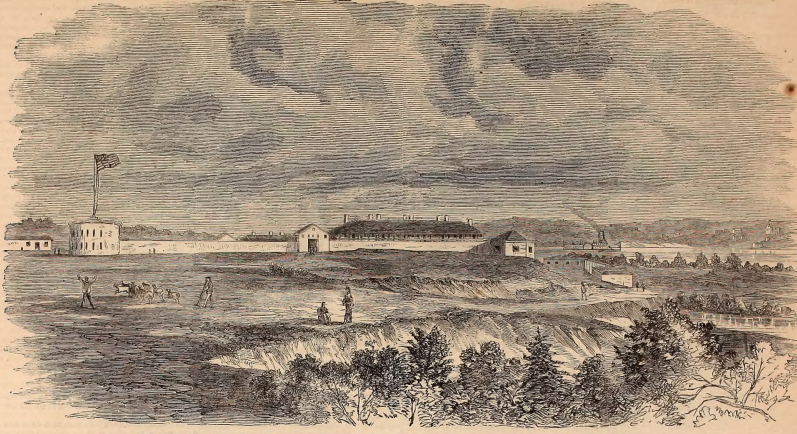
Mr. H——— was called by business to Canterbury. An old friend of his—whom I will call Mr. Wylde—resided there. Mr. Wylde was a bachelor, as to him, and having only a few hours at his disposal, wrote as soon as he reached the hotel, begging Mr. Wylde to call and see him. Mr. Wylde came up, pointed the door of his room opened, and Mr. Wylde was announced. He was a complete stranger to the artist; and the latter saw at once that he was a little awkward. It appeared, on explanation, that Mr. H——'s friend had left Canterbury some time; that the gentleman who had taken his place in the set was another Mr. Wylde; that the note intended for the absentee had been given to him; and that he had obeyed the summons, supposing some business matter to be the cause of it.

The first coldness and surprise dispelled, the two gentlemen entered into a friendly, pleasant conversation; for Mr. H——— had mentioned his name, and it was not a strange one to his visitor. When they had conversed a little while, Mr. Wylde asked Mr. H——— whether he had ever painted, or could undertake to paint, a portrait from mere description?

Mr. H——— replied, never.

"I ask you this strange question," said Mr. Wylde, "because, about two years ago, I lost a dear daughter. She was my only child, and I would have given half my property to have any affliction to me, and my regrets are the deeper that I have no likeness of her. You are a man of unusual genius. Is it possible that from a portrait of my child I should be very grateful."

Mr. Wylde then described the features and appearance of his daughter, the color of her eyes and hair, and tried to give an idea of the expression of her face. Mr. H——— listened attentively, and, feeling great sympathy with his friend, took a sketch. He had no thought of its being like, but hoped the bereaved father might possibly think it so. But the latter gave a cry on the sight of the sketch, and said, "No, it was not at all like." Again the artist tried, and again he failed. The features were not right, the color of her eyes and of her hair, and tried to give an idea of the expression of her face. Mr. H——— listened attentively, and, feeling great sympathy with his friend, took a sketch. He had no thought of its being like, but hoped the bereaved father might possibly think it so. But the latter gave a cry on the sight of the sketch, and said, "No, it was not at all like." Again the artist tried, and again he failed. The features were not right, the color of her eyes and



FORT SNELLING, MINNESOTA, RENDEZVOUS OF THE MINNESOTA VOLUNTEERS.—[SKETCHED BY W. J. WHITEFIELD.]

either by a night-breeze, or some ship with which we might act in concert, and so beat off this scoundrel, our doom must, in all human probability, be indeed a fearful one. But it was of no use to give way to despair; and darkness having now closed in, we extinguished every light on board, even in the binnacle, and enforced the strictest silence fore and aft in the ship. I need not say there was no sleep for any of us that night. Anxiety had "murdered sleep," and none even attempted to "turn in." Long and drearily passed the feverish hours of that terrible night; and by the first faint streak of dawning light every eye was strained to see if the pirate was still in sight. Alas! a glance was sufficient. Not only was the pirate there, but *another vessel* with him, evidently the prize he had captured the night before.

Our nerves had been so overstrained for many hours, that some now began to show signs of wavering and despair; under the circumstances, therefore, I thought it better to order a good allowance of grog to be served out to the poor fellows, and keep them employed in exercising the guns, etc., as much as our small stock of powder would admit. Thus passed another wretched day of suspense and misery.

As evening was approaching, we saw the pirate again making use of her sweeps, and she advanced this time so close to us, that with the naked eye we could see her decks swarming with men, and a "long Tom" (or large swivel-gun) amid-ships. I at once ordered every man to his station, as we all anticipated an immediate attack; but, to our astonishment, after a deliberate survey, she went about, and swept back again to her prize. She evidently thought we were too well armed and prepared for an easy prey during daylight, so we once more set ourselves for our long and anxious night-watch.

The lights were once more extinguished, and I was pacing the poop with silent and sorrowful steps, when suddenly I felt a cool air fanning my cheek. Yes, truly, it was no delusion; *a breeze had sprung up at last!* Thank God! Instantly springing down upon deck, I gave orders to set every stitch upon her "below and aloft," and to trim the yards so as to feel the full benefit of the breeze. All was now bustle and activity; and after altering our course, by the skipper's good advice, we once more heard the joyful ripple of the waters as they danced by the good ship's bows.

But our joy was short-lived, for just as we were congratulating ourselves on our deliverance, our destruction was almost accomplished.

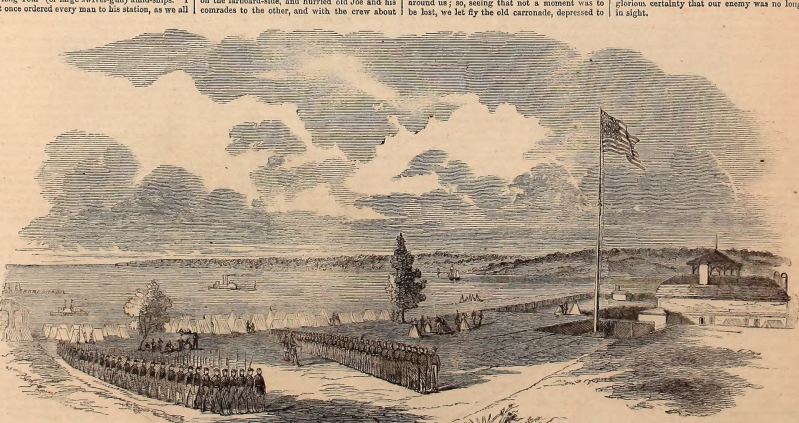
I was standing on the lee-quarter, watching what progress our ship was making, when I distinctly heard a sound that sent my blood tingling to my very extremities, and almost paralyzed me. *Muffled oars!* from one, two, three different points! Merciful God protect us! Silence was useless now, so I sprung among the crew, and shouting at the top of my voice, "Men, to your stations; the enemy's boats are alongside!" I rushed to the gun on the larboard-side, and hurried old Joe and his comrades to the other, and with the crew about equally divided between us, we silently awaited the attack, each of us being armed with a couple of cannon-balls in our hands. We had not long to wait, for, finding by the bustle on board that they were discovered, the pirates, with a yell, pulled boldly under the main channels, and in an instant were swarming up the ship's side. In another moment the savages would have been among us, but shouting to my men, "Let them have it, boys!" I hurled the heavy balls with all my strength into the boat, and prepared to defend myself with my sword. But the avalanche of cold iron had done its work, and the boat alongside was a mass of shattered timbers, with her ruffian crew already beaten down and struggling with the waters for their lives, except two fellows who were now in the rigging; a blow from my trusty sword disposed of one wretch, while a shot from one of our crew gave his quietus to the other.

Hearing a struggle on the starboard-side of the deck, I rushed over with my division, and I soon found we had enough and to spare still on our hands.

Old Joe and his party had given the other two boats much the same reception that our enemy had received, but not with such complete and smashing effect, for one of them appeared to have escaped damage altogether, and the other was only partially submerged, though fast sinking. The din of battle and the flash of small-arms were raging around us; so, seeing that not a moment was to be lost, we let fly the old carronade, depressed to the utmost, at the uninjured boat, which, from the cries and yells that succeeded the report, appeared to be so no longer. But in the mean time several of the pirates had succeeded in gaining the deck, and the darkness prevented our seeing the full extent of our danger; so retreating to the undischarged gun, we ran it in as quickly as possible, and slewed it round on to the ship's deck; we then threw a ball of blazing tow among the panic-stricken pirates, and gave them the contents of the old gun at only a few yards' distance, tearing our own bulwarks to pieces, but effectually exterminating the savages who had gained the deck.

Finding, on examination, that we were completely victorious, and sole masters of the deck, we had once more leisure to look around; and great was our joy and gratitude to God when we found that the brigantine had not herself followed up the attack; trusting, I suppose, to the number in the boats, and confident of success, she still remained in the same position as when darkness closed in, for I could distinguish her lights from her mast-head and main peak, intended as signals for the guidance of the pirates doomed never to return to her.

We dared not yet congratulate ourselves on being in safety, but squaring the yards we ran dead before the rapidly-increasing breeze for the rest of the night; but the morning broke dull and squally, and after one rapid glance around we came to the glorious certainty that our enemy was no longer in sight.



FORT PORTER, NEW YORK, WHERE THE SECOND BUFFALO REGIMENT IS QUARTERED.—SKETCHED BY A. R. BARTON.—[SEE PAGE 623.]

THE FISHERIES OF ALBEMARLE AND PAMLICO SOUNDS, NORTH CAROLINA.

ILLUSTRATED BY PORTE CRAYON.

GOING OUT.

"THE principal productions of North Carolina are tar, pitch, and turpentine," say the Geographies. The products of the immense "Piny Woods" of the Old North State amount to no inconsiderable sum. According to the *Cyclopædia of Commerce* they amount to 4,000,000 barrels of turpentine, worth—when distilled, rectified, and converted into naval stores and oils—nearly $40,000,000. Of this amount very little is consumed at home, nine-tenths finding a market in the Commercial States. Now that North Carolina, unwillingly dragged into rebellion, finds her coast blockaded and her ports locked up by the occupation of HATTERAS and other forts commanding the inlets to Pamlico and Albemarle Sounds, and by gun-boats cruising in these waters, we apprehend that the turpentine trade must be at a stand-still, for who will make an article which can not be eaten, worn, or sold? North Carolina has every thing to lose and nothing to gain by rebellion.

Among the minor resources of the State the shad and herring fisheries, carried on in the numerous bays and inlets of Albemarle and Pamlico Sounds, occupy no inconsiderable place. Every estate on these waters has its fishing shore, located where a line of smooth sand beach affords facilities for landing the fish, and fitted up with windlasses for hauling the seines, salting-houses, cooperings-sheds, and offices. The movable outfit consists of a pair of heavy boats and the seine, with its corks and lines of almost incredible extent. At one of the beaches the seine used was twenty-seven hundred yards in length and twenty-four feet deep. This enormous length of netting is packed upon the stern platforms of two ten-oared boats, which are rowed out together to a point opposite the landing, about a mile distant. Here the boats separate, moving in opposite directions, and the seine is payed out as they row slowly toward their destined points—the seaward boat following a course down the stream and parallel to the beach; the landward boat curving in toward the upper end of the landing, thus heading the shoals of fish as they journey upward to their spawning grounds. The top line of the seine is buoyed with numerous corks; while the bottom, which is attached to the lead-line, sinks with its weight. When the seine is all payed out, heavy ropes, made fast to the staves securing either end, are carried in to the great four-mule windlasses at the extremities of the beach, from eight to twelve hundred yards apart. The aggregate length of the seine, with these ropes, is about two miles and a half. As the circumference of this vast sweep is diminished, lines are attached to inner windlasses of less power, until the centre pair, of one-mule power and not more than a hundred yards apart, are put in motion. The circle of the net has now become so small that the inclosed shoals may be seen leaping, swimming with their back fins out, and churning the water in their affrighted movements. Presently the mules are discharged, and all hands called to handle the ropes. Fifty stalwart men rush into the water, waist-deep. The captains shout and swear, the gulls and eagles scream, and dashing into the melée, audaciously snatch their share of the spoil.

A few minutes of heavy dragging and the flashing, wriggling mass is rolled upon the beach; a line of wide planks is hastily staked up behind, the net withdrawn, and the boatmen again put off cheerily to repeat the haul.

The women and boys now rush knee-deep into the gasping heap. The shad are first counted into baskets and carried to the packing-house; while the herring are headed, cleaned, and thrown into tubs, ready for the salters—all of which is transacted with merciless coolness and the most wonderful celerity.

It requires from five to seven hours to complete a haul; and as there is no respite by day or night, three and four hauls are made within the twenty-four hours. The only time allowed for eating and sleeping is during the odd hours snatched by the different classes of workers when their especial branch of service is suspended. When the hauls are not heavy the cleaners and salters have an easy time between landings. The boatmen sleep while the mules wind in the net; the mules browse and bray while the boats are out.

A first-class fishery employs from eighty to a hundred hands, and a dozen or twenty quadru-

HAULING THE SEINE.

A NIGHT HAUL.

peds, and the labor during an active season of six weeks or two months is equal to that of a brisk military campaign in face of an enemy. Yet the free negroes of Chowan and the neighboring counties engage in it in preference to any other business; and although utterly indolent and worthless for other occupations, resort to the fishing beach as to an annual festival. The season on the Albemarle Sound lasts from about the 15th of March to the middle of May; and during that time the public mind is occupied with the subject to the exclusion even of politics.

It costs from five to ten thousand dollars to establish a fishery, and formerly the investment would often return cent. per cent., without counting the incidental advantages of salt-fish provision for an estate, and the enrichment of the land from the offal at the beaches. It was not uncommon to take a hundred thousand herrings, and sometimes as many as half a million, at a haul; at present a few hundred shad and five thousand herring are considered a good average. Thirty thousand was the largest number I saw taken at once.

Among the refuse fish the most common are sturgeon, rock-cats, trout, perch, mullet, gar, gizzard, shad, hog-fish, hog-choke (or flounder), lampreys, and common eels. The four first-mentioned species are good for the table; the rest fit for nothing but manure.

The rock-fish (striped bass) taken here are very fine and very numerous. It is not uncommon to see them of over a hundred pounds' weight; and I was credibly informed that, some years ago, a fishery near Edenton took twenty thousand rock, of large average size, at a single haul. It was impossible to land such a mass at once; but after

HEADING HERRING.

drawing the great seine as near shore as could be done safely, it was swept by smaller nets until the miraculous draft was landed.

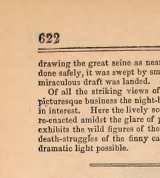
Of all the striking views of this exciting and picturesque business the night-haul is pre-eminent in interest. Here the lively scenes of the day are re-enacted amidst the glare of pine torches, which exhibits the wild figures of the fishermen and the death-struggles of the finny captives in the most dramatic light possible.

[Entered according to Act of Congress, in the Year 1861, by Harper & Brothers, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Southern District of New York.]

A STRANGE STORY.

By SIR E. BULWER LYTTON.

☞ Printed from the Manuscript and early Proofs purchased by the Proprietors of "Harper's Weekly."



CHAPTER XXII.

THAT evening I went to Mrs. Poyntz's; it was one of her ordinary "reception nights," and I felt that she would naturally expect my attendance as "a proper attention."

I joined a group engaged in general conversation, of which Mrs. Poyntz herself made the centre, knitting, as usual, rapidly while she talked, slowly when she listened.

Without mentioning the visit I had paid that morning, I turned the conversation on the different country places in the neighborhood, and then incidentally asked, "What sort of a man is Sir Philip Derval? Is it not strange that he should suffer so fine a place to fall into decay?" The answers I received added little to the information I had already obtained. Mrs. Poyntz knew nothing of Sir Philip Derval, except as a man of large estates, whose rental had been greatly increased by a rise in the value of property he possessed in the town of L——, and which lay contiguous to that of her husband. Two or three of the older inhabitants of the Hill had remembered him in his early days, when he was gay, high-spirited, hospitable, lavish. One observed that the only person in L—— whom he had admitted to his subsequent seclusion was Dr. Lloyd, who was then without practice, and whom he had employed as an assistant in certain chemical experiments.

Here a gentleman struck into the conversation. He was a stranger to me and to L——, a visitor to one of the dwellers on the Hill, who had asked leave to present him to its Queen as a great traveler and an accomplished antiquarian.

Said this gentleman: "Sir Philip Derval? I know him. I met him in the East. He was then still, I believe, very fond of chemical science; a clever, odd, philanthropical man; had studied medicine, or at least practiced it; was said to have made many marvelous cures. I became acquainted with him in Aleppo. He had come to that town, not much frequented by English travelers, in order to inquire into the murder of two men, of whom one was his friend and the other his countryman."

"This is interesting," said Mrs. Poyntz, dryly. "We who live on this innocent Hill all love stories of crime—murder is the pleasantest subject you could have hit on. Pray give us the details."

"So encouraged," said the traveler, goodhumouredly, "I will not hesitate to communicate the little I know. In Aleppo there had lived for some years a man who was held by the natives in great reverence. He had the reputation of extraordinary wisdom, but was difficult of access; the lively imagination of the Orientals invested his character with the fascinations of fable; in short, Haroun of Aleppo was popularly considered a magician. Wild stories were told of his powers, of his preternatural age, of his hoarded treasures. Apart from such disputable titles to homage, there seemed no question, from all I heard, that his learning was considerable, his charities extensive, his manner of life irreproachably ascetic. He appears to have resembled those Arabian sages of the Gothic age to whom modern science is largely indebted—a mystic enthusiast but an earnest scholar. A wealthy but singular Englishman, long resident in another part of the East, afflicted by some languishing disease, took a journey to Aleppo to consult this sage, who, among his other acquirements, was held to have discovered some secrets in medicine—his countrymen said in 'charms.' One morning, not long after the Englishman's arrival, Haroun was found dead in his bed, apparently strangled, and the Englishman, who lodged in another part of the town, had disappeared; but some of his clothes, and a crutch on which he habitually supported himself, were found a few miles distant from Aleppo near the roadside. There appeared to be no doubt that he, too, had been murdered, but his corpse could not be discovered. Sir Philip Derval had been a loving disciple of this sage of Aleppo, to whom he assured me he owed not only that knowledge of medicine which, by report, Sir Philip possessed, but the insight into various truths of nature, on the promulgation of which it was evident Sir Philip cherished the ambition to found a philosophical reputation for himself."

"Of what description were those truths of nature?" I asked, somewhat sarcastically.

"Sir, I am unable to tell you, for Sir Philip did not inform me, nor did I much care to ask, for what may be revered as truths in Asia are usually despised as dreams in Europe. To return to my story. Sir Philip had been in Aleppo a little time before the murder; had left the Englishman under the care of Haroun; he returned to Aleppo on hearing the tragic event I have related, and was busied in collecting such evidence as could be gleaned, and instituting inquiries after our missing countryman at the time that I myself chanced to arrive in the city. I assisted in his researches, but without avail. The assassins remained undiscovered. I do not myself doubt that they were mere vulgar robbers. Sir Philip had a darker suspicion, of which he made me secret to no one. I confess that I thought the suspicion groundless, you will pardon me if I do not repeat it. Whether, since I left the East, the English guest remains have been discovered, I know not. Very probably; for I understand that his heirs have got hold of what formed the bulk of his wealth—a generally supposed, but it was reported that he had buried great treasures, a rumor, however absurd, not altogether inconsistent with his reputed character."

"What was his character, and what was his name?" asked Mrs. Poyntz.

"His character was of a sinister repute. He was regarded with terror by the attendants who had accompanied him to Aleppo. But he had lived in a very remote part of the East, well known to Europeans, and, from all I could learn, had there established an extraordinary power, strengthened by superstitious fears. He was said to have studied deeply that knowledge which the philosophers of old called 'occult,' not like the sage of Aleppo, for philanthropic ends, but for malignant ends. He was accused of conferring with evil spirits, and filling his barbaric court (for he lived in a kind of semi-royalty) with charmers and sorcerers. I suspect, after all, that he was only like myself, a passionate antiquarian, and consequently made no scruple to call up spirit in order to secure his authority, and prosecute, in safety, researches into ancient sepulchres or temples. His great passion was, indeed, to discourage such researches in his neighborhood, with what result I know not, never having penetrated so far into regions infested by robbers and murderous tribes. His name, as I have said, was Derval, and always carried jewels about him. I came to the conclusion that for the sake of these jewels he was murdered, perhaps by some of his own servants, who then at once buried his body, and kept their own secret. He was old, very infirm; could not have got far from the town without assistance."

"You have not yet told us his name," said Mrs. Poyntz.

"His name was Grayle."

"Grayle!" exclaimed Mrs. Poyntz, dropping her work, "Louis Grayle?"

"Yes; Louis Grayle. You could not have known him?"

"Known him! No. But I have often heard my father speak of him. Such, then, was the tragic end of that strong dark creature, for whom, as a young girl, I was fanciful, I used to feel a kind of fearful admiring interest!"

"It is your turn to narrate now," said the traveler.

And we all drew closer round our hostess, who remained silent some moments, her brow thoughtful, her work suspended.

"Well," said she, at last, looking round us with a lofty air, which seemed half defying; "force and courage are always fascinating, even when they are quite in the wrong. I go with the world, because the world goes with me; if it did not—" Here she stopped abruptly, clenched the firm white hand, and then scornfully waved it, left the sentence unfinished, and broke into another.

"Going with the world, of course we must march over those who stand against it. But when one man stands single-handed against our march we do not despise him; it is enough to crush. I am very glad I did not see Louis Grayle when I was a girl of sixteen." Again she paused a moment, and resumed: "Louis Grayle was the only son of a usurer, infamous for the rapacity with which he had acquired an enormous wealth. Old Grayle desired to rear his heir as a gentleman; sent him to Eton; boys are always aristocratic. His birth was soon thrown in his teeth; he was fierce; he struck boys bigger than himself—fought till he was half killed. My father was at school with him; described him as a tiger whelp. One day he—still a fag—struck a sixth-form boy. Sixth-form boys do not fight fags—they punish them. Louis Grayle was ordered to hold out his hand to the cane; he received the blow, drew forth his school-boy knife, and stabbed the punisher. After that he left Eton. I don't think he was publicly expelled—too mere a child for that honor—but he was taken or sent away; educated with great care under the first masters at home; when he was of age to enter the University of Cambridge, he was dead. He was sent by his guardians to Cambridge, with acquirements far exceeding the average of young men, and with unlimited command of money. My father was at the same college, and described him again —haughty, quarrelsome, reckless, handsome, aspiring, but without any kind of creature interest you, my dears?" (appealing to the ladies.)

"I a!" said Miss Brabazon; "a horrid usurer's son!"

"Ay, true; the vulgar proverb says it is good to be born with a silver spoon in one's mouth; so it is when one has one's own family crest on it; but when it is a spoon on which people recognize their family crest, and cry out, 'Stolen from our plate!' it is a heritage that outlives a babe in its cradle. However, young men at college who want money are less scrupulous about decent than boys at Eton are. Louis Grayle found, while at college, plenty of well-born acquaintances willing to recover from him some of the plunder his father had extorted from them. He was too wild to distinguish himself by academical honors, but my father said that the tutors of the college declared there were not six undergraduates in the university who knew as much hard and dry science as will Louis Grayle. He went into the world, no doubt, hoping to shine; but his father's name was too notorious to admit the son into good society. The polite world is not very fastidious, and is very indulgent to wealth; still, when the polite world looks out of its club windows, and sees the son of a man who has pillaged its purse and seized its acres stalk by with an insolent crest, the polite world is revolted. In short, Louis Grayle claimed the right to be courted—he was shunned; to be admired—he was loathed. Even his old college acquaintances were shamed out of knowing him. Perhaps he could have lived through all this had he sought to glide quietly into position; but he wanted the tact of the well-bred, and strove to storm his way, not to wheedle it. Reduced for companions to needy parasites, he braved and he shocked all decorous opinion by that ostentation of excess which made Richelieus and Luxuzus the rage. But then Richelieus and Luxuzus were dukes! He now very naturally took the polite world into hate—gave it scorn for scorn. He would ally himself with Democracy; his wealth could not get him into a club, but it would buy him into parliament; he could not be a Luxuzus, nor, perhaps, a Mirabeau, but he might be a Denton. He had plenty of knowledge and audacity, and with knowledge and audacity a good hater is sure to be eloquent. Possibly, then, this poor Louis Grayle might have made a great figure, left his mark on his age and his name in history, but unfortunately the borough which he was sure to carry, he had to face an opponent in a real fine gentleman whom his father had ruined, cool and high-bred, with a tongue like a rapier, a sneer like an adder. A quarrel, of course; Louis Grayle sent a challenge. The fine gentleman, known to be no coward (fine gentlemen never are), was at first disposed to refuse with contempt. But Grayle had made himself the idol of the mob; and at a word from Grayle the fine gentleman might have been ducked at a pump, or tossed in a blanket—that would have made him ridiculous—to be shot as is a trifle, to be laughed at is serious. He therefore condescended to accept the challenge, and my father was his second.

"It was settled, of course, according to English custom, that both combatants should fire at the same time, and by signal. The antagonist fired at the right moment, his ball grazed Louis Grayle's temple. Louis Grayle had not fired. He now seemed to the seconds to take slow and deliberate aim. They called out to him not to fire—they were rushing to prevent him—when the trigger was pulled and his opponent fell dead on the field. The fight was, therefore, considered unfair; Louis Grayle was tried for his life; he did not stand the trial in person. He escaped to the Continent; hurried on to some distant uncivilized lands; could not be traced; reappeared in England no more. The lawyer who conducted his defense pleaded skillfully. He argued that the delay in firing was not intentional, therefore not criminal—the effect of the sun which the wound in the temple had occasioned. The judge was a gentleman, and summed up the evidence so as to direct the jury to a verdict against the man who had murdered a gentleman. But the jurors were not composed of gentlemen, and Grayle's advocate had of course excited their sympathy for a son of the people whom a gentleman had wantonly insulted—the verdict was manslaughter. But the sentence emphatically marked the aggravated nature of the homicide—three years' imprisonment. Grayle eluded the prison, but he was a man disgraced and an exile; his ambition blasted, his career an outlaw's, and his age not yet twenty-three. My father said that he was supposed to have changed his name; none knew what had become of him. And so in his old age this creature, brilliant and daring, whom if born under better auspices we might now be all fawning on, crapping to—after living out his age, no one knows how—dies, murdered at Aleppo, no one, you say, knows by whom."

"I saw some account of the death in the papers, about three years ago," said one of the party, "but the name was misspelled, and I had no idea that it was the same man who had fought the duel which Mrs. Colonel Poyntz had so graphically described. I have a vague recollection of the trial; it took place when I was a boy, more than forty years since. The affair made a stir at the time, but was soon forgotten."

"Soon forgotten," said Mrs. Poyntz; "ay, what is not? Leave your place in the world for ten minutes, and when you come back somebody else has taken it; but when you leave the world for good who remembers that you had ever a place even in the parish register?"

"Nevertheless," said I, "a great poet has said, finely and truly,

"'The sun of Homer shines upon us still.'"

"But it does not shine upon Homer; and learned folks tell me that we know no more who and what Homer was, if there was ever a single Homer at all, or rather a whole herd of Homers, than we know about the man in the moon—if there be one man there, or a million. Now, my dear Miss Brabazon, it will be very kind in you to divert our thoughts into channels less gloomy. Some pretty French air— Dr. Fenwick, I have something to say to you." She drew me toward the window. "So, Anne Ashleigh writes me word that I am not to mention your engagement. Do you think it quite prudent to keep it a secret?"

"I do not see how prudence is concerned in keeping it secret one way or the other—it is a mere matter of feeling. Many people wish to shridge, as far as they can, the time in which their private arrangements are the topic of public gossip."

"Public gossip is sometimes the best security for the due completion of private arrangements. As long as a girl is not betrothed she is engaged, her betrothed must be prepared for rivals. An-

"HE WAS RESTING ONE HAND CARELESSLY ON THE GOLDEN LOCKS OF A CHILD." ETC.

nounce the engagement and rivals are warned off."

"I fear no rivals."

"Do you not? Bold man! I suppose you will write to Lilian?"

"Certainly."

"Do so, and constantly. By-the-way, Mrs. Ashleigh, before she went, asked me to send her back Lady Haughton's letter of invitation. What for? to show to you?"

"Very likely. Have you the letter still? May I see it?"

"Not just at present. When Lilian or Mrs. Ashleigh write to you, come and tell me how they like their visit, and what other guests form the party."

Therewith she turned away and conversed apart with the traveler.

Her words had pleased me, and I felt that they were meant to do so. Wherefore, I could not guess. But there is no language on earth which has more words with a double meaning than that spoken by the clever woman, who is never so guarded as when she appears to be frank.

As I walked home thoughtfully I was accosted by a young man, the son of one of the wealthiest merchants in the town. I had attended him with success, some months before, in a rheumatic fever; he and his family were much attached to me.

"Ah, my dear Fenwick, I am so glad to see you; I owe you an obligation of which you are not aware—an exceedingly pleasant traveling companion. I came with him to-day from London, where I have been sight-seeing and holiday-making for the last fortnight."

"I suppose you mean that you kindly bring me a patient?"

"No, only an admirer. I was staying at Fenton's Hotel. It so happened one day that I had left in the room over my last week's copy of the Vital Principle, which, by-the-by, the bookseller assured me was selling immensely among readers as non-professional as myself. So I sent into the coffee-room again I found a gentleman reading it. I claimed it politely; he as politely tendered his excuse for taking it. We made acquaintance on the spot. The next day we were intimate. He expressed great interest and curiosity about your theory and your experiments. I told him I knew you. You may guess if I described you as less clever in your practice than you are in your writings. And, in short, he came with me to I——, partly to see our flourishing town, principally on my promise to introduce him to you. My mother, you know, has what she calls a *déjeûner dinatoire*; *déjeûner* and dance. You will be there?"

"Thank you for reminding me of her invitation. I will myself of it if I can. Your new friend will be present? Who and what is he? A medical student?"

"No, a gentleman at ease; but seems to have a good deal of general information. Very young; apparently very rich; wonderfully good-looking. I am sure you will like him; every body must."

"It is quite enough to prepare me to like him, that he is a friend of yours." And so we shook hands and parted.

CHAPTER XVII.

It was late in the afternoon of the following day before I was able to join the party assembled at the merchant's house; it was a villa about two miles out of the town, pleasantly situated, where the guests gathered into a dance on the smooth lawn; some seated under shady awnings; others gliding amidst parterres, in which all the glory of the year's glory yet more vivid under the flush of a brilliant sunshine, and the ripple of a soft western breeze. Music, loud and lively, issued from the drawing-room, where children, who formed much the larger number of the party.

Standing at the entrance of an arched trellis, that led from the harder flowers of the lawn to a rare collection of tropical plants under a lofty glass dome communicating, as it were, the familiar vegetation of the North with that of the remotest East), was a form that instantaneously caught and held my gaze. It was the entrance of the arcade was covered with parasite creepers in prodigal luxuriance, of variegated gorgeous tints—convolvulus, jessamine, and the fresh, idealized picture of man's youth fresh from the hand of Nature, stood literally in a frame of blooms. Such a form! Such human face so radiant as that young man's.

There was in the aspect an indescribable something that literally dazzled. As one continued to gaze, it was with surprise one was forced to acknowledge that in the features themselves there was no flagrant regularity; nor was the young man's stature imposing—about the middle height. But the effect of the whole was not less transcendent. Large eyes, unspeakably lustrous; a bright harmonious coloring; an expression of contagious animation and joyousness; and the form itself so critically fine that the welded strength of its sinews was best shown in the lightness and grace of its movements.

He was resting one hand carelessly on the golden head of a child that had nestled itself against his knees, and was looking up in his face in that silent loving wonder with which children regard something too strangely beautiful for noisy admiration; he himself was conversing with the host, an old gray-haired, gouty man, propped on his crutch-stick, and listening with a look of mournful envy. To the wealth of the old man all the flowers in that garden owed their renewed delight in the summer air and sun. Oh that his wealth could renew to himself one hour of the youth that stood beside him, lord, indeed, of Creation; its splendor woven into his crown of beauty, its enjoyments subject to his sceptre of hope and gladness!

I was startled by the hearty voice of the merchant's son: "Ah, my dear Fenwick, I was afraid you would not come—you are late. There is the new friend of whom I spoke to you last night; let me now make you acquainted with him." He drew my arm in his and led me up to the young man, who turned from the attracting flowers, and whom he then introduced to me by the name of Margrave.

Nothing could be more kindly cordial than Mr. Margrave's manner. In a few minutes I found myself conversing with him with familiar ease, as if we had been seated in the same home, and sported together in the same play-ground. His vein of talk was peculiar, off hand, careless, shifting from topic to topic, with a bright ripple.

He said that he liked the place; proposed to stay in it some weeks; asked my address, which I gave him, and promised a visit at an early hour, while my time was yet free from professional visits. I endeavored, when I went away, to analyze to myself the charm which this handsome young stranger so notably exercised over all who approached him; and it seemed to me, ever seeking to find out natural causes for natural effects, that it arose from the contagious vitality of that rarest of all rare gifts in highly civilized circles—perfect health. Perfect health is in itself the most exquisite luxury, which, finding happiness in the mere sense of existence, diffuses round it, by the simplest and most harmless hilarity of its bright animal being. Health, to the utmost perfection, is seldom known after childhood; health in its fullest sense can be enjoyed by those who overwork the brain, or admit the sure wear and tear of the passions. The physician of fashion, the student, the victim of youth in the golden age of the poets—the youth of the careless Arcadian, before nymph or shepherdess had vexed his heart with a sigh.

BEAT! BEAT! DRUMS!

BY WALT WHITMAN.

Beat! beat! drums!—Blow! bugles! blow!
Through the windows—through doors—burst like a fierce
of armed men,
Into the school where the scholar is studying;
Leave not the bridegroom quiet—no passage nor space
have your with his bride;
Nor the peaceful farmer any peace plowing his field or
gathering his grain;
So fierce you whirr and pound, you drums—so shrill you
bugles blow.

Beat! beat! drums! Blow! bugles! blow!
Over the roofs of cities—over the rumble of wheels in
the streets;
Are beds prepared for sleepers at night in the houses?
No sleepers must sleep in those beds;
No bargainer bargains by day—no brokers or speculators
Would they continue?
Would the talkers be talking? would the singer attempt
to sing?
Would the lawyer rise in the court to state his case before
the judge?
Then rattle quicker, heavier drums—and bugles wilder
blow.

Beat! beat! drums! Blow! bugles! blow!
Make no parleys—stop for no expostulation;
Mind not the timid—mind not the weeper or prayer;
Mind not the old man beseeching the young man;
Let not the child's voice be heard, nor the mother's entreaties. Recruit recruit!
Make the recruits sign—make mark upon the dead, where they
lie in their shrouds awaiting the hearses.
So strong you thump, O terrible drums—so loud you bugles blow.

FORT PETER.

ON pag. 619 we publish, from a sketch by Mr. H. R. Rocher, a view of Fort Peter, on the point of Lake Erie on the left, Niagara River, and the Canada shore. The following description of the work we quote from the London *Times*:

About the year 1839 surveys were begun for barracks and defensive works at this point.

In 1839, by order of Colonel Engineer Colonel J. G. Totten, now Brevet Brigadier-General and Colonel of Engineers, preparations were made for the progress upon which the fort is constructed were published, and in the following year the site was fixed upon, the contracts for the stone were issued, and the work began in 1841.

The work, in its general contologie, is set down as a block-house, or redoubt, and occupied three years in construction, being finished in 1844. The original plans intended the construction of a fortification on the south side of the creek, and the foundations for one curve some thirty-five yards of that, near the gate, for the purpose. The fort is formed by a quick and breast-work, the latter 260 feet in diameter, in which is the block-house, and the officers' quarters.

The exterior battery is arranged with traverse circles and pintle blocks complete for 28 guns, and the term plane upon the latter is sufficiently capacious for the heaviest pintle guns. The armament has a sweep of fire of about 110 degrees.

The block-house is situated in a square excavation, or ditch as it is called, between the outer palisades, and is 60 feet square and about 70 feet in height. It is bomb-proof, with the floor of one story above the ground and barrack, above which is an earth-work many feet in depth, with one platform of 100 feet square, and another platform of 60 feet at a breast-work, about five feet high, on to the term plane, to present the guns of the armament at the height of the external breast-work from pintle block to crest of glacis is five feet nine inches. The distance of the gun platform of the block-house to the crest of the glacis is 34 feet, with a plane inside of the parapet, and a slope outside to the crest of the counterscarp, about 30 feet in width.

The armament of the fort includes two kinds of gun-carriage, one for the heavy guns, which are intended to receive a part of the carriages when traversed. Those are upon the land side only. The others differ only in that there are no embrasures in the wall of the breast-work. The total armament of the fort consists of 28 guns for the exterior works, and four barbette guns. The latter are intended to be of the largest class.

The number of men required for an actual garrison is only 300, although about 1000 men could be employed within the breast-works for defense. At present the fort is without any armament, though there are a number of guns belonging to the Naval Department stored on the grounds.

Some guns were mounted on the fort years ago. They number twenty 32-pounders, and ten 64-pound Columbiads, for either shot or shell. There is also stored at the fort 143 64-pound shells, 100 64-pound solid shot, and 2473 32-pound solid shot.

Fort Porter is now one of the recruiting stations in the northern part of the State. Some 700 men are encamped there, mostly of the 2d Buffalo regiment.

SHOCKING OCCURRENCE AT PHILADELPHIA.

WE illustrate on page 612 one of the most shocking occurrences we ever heard of,—the burning of several ladies and girls at the Continental Theatre, in Walnut Street, Philadelphia. The *Herald* correspondent thus tells the story:

PHILADELPHIA, *September 18, 1861.*

An unfortunate accident occurred at the Continental Theatre, in Walnut Street, on Saturday night, by which the building was for a time inspected, and a number of dancing girls so badly burned that some have since died. The theatre has been leased by William Wheatley, an old Philadelphia actor, whose long association with John Drew and J. S. Clarke at the Arch Street Theatre, made him known among the profession throughout the country. He opened Saturday night in imitation of the Arch by Mrs. Drew, Wheatley leased and refitted the "Continental" formerly Cassidy's, Wemyss' National Theatre, and produced the "Tempest" on Monday night in splendid style. Ravel, Leon, formerly of Niblo's Garden, London, prepared the machinery, and an immense ballet corps was engaged to represent the shade of Ariel and other *show-scenes*.

On Saturday night the theatre was crowded people were present. The first act had gone forward uninterruptedly, and the ballet girls were busily preparing for the dress-rooms to appear in the ballet at the opening of act second. Preparatory to the disappearance of the Arch by Mrs. Drew, Wheatley leased and refitted the "Continental" formerly Cassidy's, Wemyss' National Theatre, and produced the "Tempest" on Monday night in splendid style. Ravel, Leon, formerly of Niblo's Garden, London, prepared the machinery, and an immense ballet corps was engaged to represent the shade of Ariel and other *show-scenes*.

On Saturday night the theatre was crowded people were present. The first act had gone forward uninterruptedly, and the ballet girls were busily preparing for the dress-rooms to appear in the ballet at the opening of act second. Preparatory to the disappearance of the Arch by the stage when the audience perceived several men, apparently stage carpenters, running backward and forward in their shirt-sleeves. Directly Leon adjourned to the stage was a young lady, all of an fire, was hurriedly to the side scenes, and at the same time a succession of piercing shrieks from the dressing-room localities distracted the repose of the audiences, and brought half the people to their feet. The cry of "Fire!" was heard from the galleries, and the fighting fight and confusion upon the stage left no doubt in the minds of the audience as to the reality of the danger. Wheatley directed the people to be quieted while he retired to the rear to see what was the matter.

It appears that Miss Cecilia Gale, one of four talented and handsome sisters, had caught fire herself in her ballet costume. She stood upon a settee to reach her dress, and supplied her friend in the act of gas, when it was instantly ignited. Before the young lady could recover from the fright her clothing was all ablaze, and her sisters and several of the ballet girls were in adjoining dressing-rooms rushing up to assist her, were in turn set on fire. About a dozen of these girls were thus enveloped in flames, and the fire ran over their gauze and among their underclothes, making them look like gigantic rockets or "lights" as literally burning to the bone. Their screams were thrilling, and the scene that ensued one that cannot be witnessed only by the terrible picture behind the scenes, and here the fire from the dressing-rooms blazed up in the ceiling, and singed the lashes and hair of the affrighted girls.

Miss Cecilia Gale, writhing and still in flames, darted from the dressing-room, and was caught by Mr. Ravel, a stage carpenter, who at once tore up the set cloth, a piece of canvas, and with it broke waves, and wrapped around her. He was much burned while doing this. The young lady was then taken to the hospital too observed.

Several girls leaped into the street through the second story windows.

The scene in the rear of the theatre, on Sansom Street, was most pitiful and agonizing in its character. Half-dressed ballet girls rushed out of doors, and poor women, whose daughters took part in the processions and showscenes, were screaming their names amidst confused rushing, excretion, and fear. Carriages and cabs were driven up up and down, but no cabs could be obtained upon the cushions and taken away, the crowd pressed up and touched. Several of the ballet girls were driven on Sansom Street were thrown open to the sufferers, and a few were so badly burned that they could not have been removed. There was a great deal of delay before help could be obtained; but after the fire department arrived all were summoned. Some of the burned were taken to the Pennsylvania Hospital, and others to their homes in remote parts of the town.

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SPORTING IN SPITZBERGEN.
ILLUSTRATIONS.—The Yacht.—Seal-Shooting.—Walruses on the Ice.—Chase of the Walrus.—She-Bear and Cubs.—Reindeer-Shooting.—Group of Reindeer.
OLIVE FARM. By ANTHONY TROLLOPE.—Illustrated by J. E. MILLAIS.
CHAPTER XXI. Christmas in Harley Street.
CHAPTER XXII. Christmas at Orley Farm.
CHAPTER XXIII. Christmas at Groby Park.
CHAPTER XXIV. Christmas at Groby in Heleat.
ILLUSTRATIONS. — The Church Door. — Blindman's Buff.
"MARRYING A BABY."
HOW I MADE A FORTUNE.
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DOLL JENNINGS'S HAIR.
TOO SENSITIVE.
LEAVES OF PRAISE. By ALEXANDER SMITH.
THE ADVENTURES OF PHILIP. By W. M. THACKERAY.
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CHAPTER XX. Course of True Love.
ILLUSTRATIONS.—Going to the Morning Greeting.—The Lovers.
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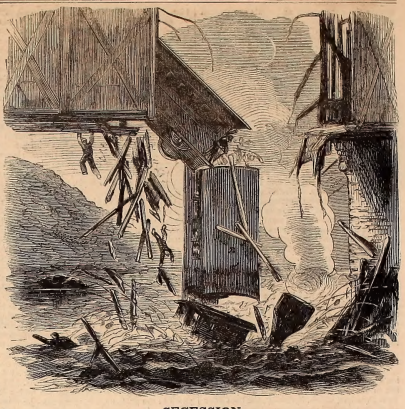
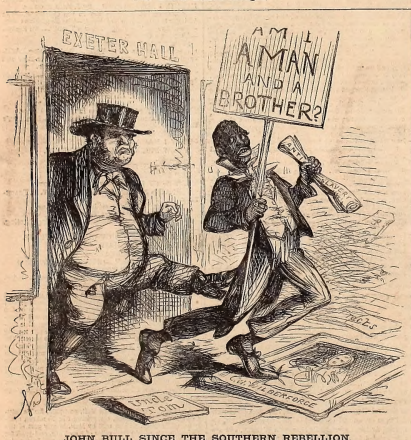
THE UNION
The Union Builds Bridges,

versus

and



SECESSION.
Secession Destroys Them.



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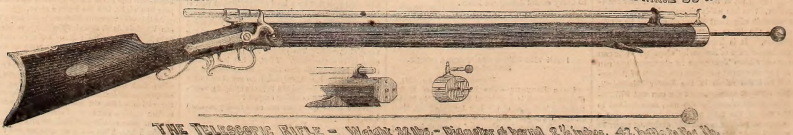


THE TELESCOPIC RIFLE. - Weight 21 lbs. - Diameter of barrel 2 ½ inches. 47 balls to the lb.

THE NEW HAMPSHIRE SHARP-SHOOTERS.—[See Page 630.]

THE LAST SUMMER BOARDER.

The very last boarder—alone I am left,
And I'm thinking 'tis certainly queer,
When Harry, and Jack, and their sisters have gone,
That I should be lingering here;
No breathing a sigh when Lizzie Montague
In the old yellow stage rode away,
Nor golden-haired Fanny went home long ago,
And Mary a fortnight to-day.

The big maple-tree, like a great auctioneer,
Hangs out its last wind its red flag,
"Going, just going!" the crimson tints say,
And yet—how hastily it lags.
That dear little mother of mine, I am sure,
Is anxious to find I don't come;
And "the governor's" grumbling I hear, I'm sure,
"Will, it is time you were home."

Yes, yes, I must go; and yet, Susie Gray,
I wonder if she would be sorry a bit?
Ah, then she is pretty, and very fond of the way
With some wonderful fabric to knit.
I've half minded to stay, but the little coquette,
But I know she would tease and say "No;"
Nay, if I should tell her I go away sorry,
She would only say "When do you go?"

Now what does it mean, this pain at my heart?
Say!—can it be that I love Susie Gray,
With a strap on his shoulder, a sword at his side?—
Why, the mind leans over her charms,
And she doesn't mind when his hearty mustache
Just touches her rosy cheek;
Oh! if I but had his cravat in my hand,
It would brush him slightly to speak!

Ah, Susie, my darling, my bonnie wild rose!
I don't learned it too late why I stay;
I have paid you to love you, yet love overmuch,
Oh, would I had gone yesterday!
When the sunny forest of the long summer dream
Yet snatched you its life and its charm—
They were from the window, they open the door—
How loving she clings to his arm!

They are coming. I know, though I don't look at all;
But I see in his brightness a tear,
Why, Susie, I thought!— Never mind what I said,
Colonel Gray, you are welcome here!
And the last boarder sealed with a first lover's kiss
Thus adieu 'neath the old maple-tree.

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

SATURDAY, OCTOBER 5, 1861.

THE PROGRESS OF THE WEEK.

WHEN the rebellion first broke out, each week, and often each day, brought to the household of every honest man its budget of disappointment and sickening despair. We failed, so it seemed, in every thing we undertook, and the rebels succeeded in every enterprise of treason. The seizures of arsenals and forts followed, in swift succession, the capture of revenue cutters and the whole navy of Mints; our troops only showed themselves in order to surrender in form; our officers only won high rank to betray us; we had only manufactured and surrendered cannon, rifles, and all other munitions of war in order to have them stolen by the rebels. In the history of those long black months—January, February, March, and April—there is little or nothing to cheer, and every thing to dispirit patriot hearts. In those dark days not a few honest men gave up the republic, and despaired of the soul of the Northern people. Even afterward, when the magnificent uprising of the North had proved that the American heart had not been petrified by sordid prosperity, when the word skill in our leaders, and the unsoundness of men in high places, caused many a faint heart to revert to its previous despondency, and many a craven to sigh for peace at any price of dishonor or injury.

Thank God, those days are over! Day succeeds day, and week succeeds week now, and we all feel that the cause of the nation is gaining, not losing, ground. Week by week brings to the reader of the weekly newspaper its budget, not of hopeless defeats and surrenders, but of victories and accessions of strength. Each week accumulates fresh proofs of the soundness of the American heart, of the strength of the Government, and of the gradual progress of the good cause.

Since our last paper went to press Kentucky has squarely taken her ground. She has compelled the traitor Magoffin to demand the withdrawal of the rebel troops, and has called upon General Anderson to defend the soil of Kentucky with Kentucky Volunteers. We can not help recalling, in this connection, an article which appeared in this journal on May 4, in which we took the ground that Kentucky would either muster her riflemen under our flag, or bear the brunt of the war on her peculiar institution. She has promptly chosen. In a few weeks thousands of gallant Kentuckians will be fascinating the State motto under the Stars and Stripes. It is hardly possible to exaggerate the importance of Kentucky's loyalty. She can not only keep Tennessee in abeyance, but can to a great extent paralyze the efforts of Arkansas and the rebels of the Lower Mississippi. With proper management she can and will furnish 50,000 troops for the war, men trained to the use of the rifle, and bred to know that a charge of powder is valuable, and must never be wasted. At the right time she will open her volunteers into Eastern Tennessee, and arouse to active life the latent Union sentiment in that region, as well as in the mountain section of Georgia and Alabama. Not the least important movement of the fall campaign will be that which takes its departure from Eastern Kentucky.

Since our last paper went to press, recruiting has received so vast a development that the apprehensions once entertained of the necessity of resorting to drafting under the Militia Act may now be dismissed. New York will furnish the 25,000 men required for the new levy in this season. Five or six thousand of them have already gone forward, and Governor Morgan is consolidating the various skeleton regiments in a practical, common-sense manner, so that every regiment will be willing to fight, and see an opportunity of doing so. By the middle of October, New York, Indiana, Illinois, and Ohio will have fully 175,000, if not 200,000 men in the field. Massachusetts will have her full share, and glorious Massachusetts—the home of all that is truly noble in our American spirit—is doing better than any other State. By the time the fall campaign commences, the United States will have, as we said in our last number, 350,000 men in the field, exclusive of reserves and Home Guards.

The loan progresses satisfactorily. About a million dollars per day is subscribed by the people, though the Treasury Notes are not yet ready for delivery, and only one half the Government agents have been appointed. In Western Europe render it certain that large subscriptions may be expected from thence. Vigorous efforts are being made by the British aristocracy to defeat Lincoln's policy, in order to accomplish the ruin of our Republic; but Englishmen, like other people, love income, and will get it where they can, regardless of the opinions of their aristocratic leaders. From all that we can learn, we think it safe to calculate upon a subscription of fifty millions from Europe between this and the meeting of Congress. A further ground for congratulation is afforded by the success of the demand notes which are eagerly taken and retained by the people as a currency. It is evident that the Government will be able to float a hundred millions of these notes during the war.

There has been no military movement of great importance since our last number went to press. But the reconnoissance of Manassas and Johnston have examined our fortifications at Washington, and have prudently decided not to attack them. They have retired from the advanced position they occupied after the first stroke. Furthermore, they have been foiled in their scheme of hocusing Maryland out of the Union, and raising the Ping-aties of Baltimore to the leading Maryland secessionists. At the time of Fortress Monroe and Fort Lafayette, where they will be much more useful to their country than they would be at home, and secession and treason are dead in that State. Powerful naval expeditions are being fitted out for service on the Southern coast, and many days will not elapse before blows are struck which will resound to the heart of the rebel confederacy. At the West matters remain much as they were. A series of skirmishes and small battles is reported from thence; but General Fremont is not ready to take the field, and consequently decisive has occurred. He has a very large and constantly increasing force under his command, and will be able to perform his work in due season.

Our naval force is swelling to the required proportions. One of the new gun-boats has made her trial trip, and nearly a dozen are afloat. By the last October most of them will be nearly ready for active operations. By or Nov Year we shall have, including the vessels purchased by the Navy Department, a fleet of 250 craft on the Southern coast. Nearly all of these vessels will be steamers, and all of them will be well armed and equipped. Most of them will be of such light draft as to enter all the Southern harbors; so that the system of the blockade be perfect, but we shall have ample force to conduct two or three simultaneous expeditions against various points on the Southern coast, or to bombard any forts which may be deemed worth reduction. Nothing—but scruples on the part of our Government—can prevent the occupation of two or three Southern ports by his forces, and the entire stopping to the commerce of the world. Our armories are turning out ordnance and arms of all kinds with such rapidity that by the beginning of winter we shall have more than we can use, and we had before we were robbed by the rebels.

This is a very different prospect from the one which we beheld in April, or even in June last. It ought to send a thrill of patriotic exultation to every sound American heart.

THE LOUNGER.

FROM THE LOUNGER'S SPECIAL CORRESPONDENT.

MIDNIGHT, *September*, 1861.

DEAR LOUNGER,—The little town of Weissnichtwo, which is mentioned by Carlyle in his interesting memoirs of the late lamented Dr. Teufelsdreck, is just now the scene of great excitement. It seems that the chief boarding-house in the place was attacked at an early hour to-night by a party of desperate burglars. When the alarm was given the guests hurried to defend the premises, and naturally turned to whatever weapon might be at hand to help themselves. Strange and suspicious to relate, however, they found their doors tied upon the outside, when they burst them open they discovered that the tongs and shovels and brushes, which might have done service upon the instant, were removed; that the chairs, when they seized them to hurl at the enemy, fell to pieces; that there were cords stretched across the passages, on which to trip; and holes cut in the stair carpets, so that they stumbled and fell headlong. The confusion may be imagined. The indignation was intense, and the determination to square accounts with the midnight marauders rose to enthusiasm.

These gentry, meanwhile, were battering away at the doors and windows with hideous yells and execrations, trying to fire the building, and shooting any person who dared to show clearly a question of life or death. If they pushed in it was evident that the house would be sacked and destroyed, and probably murdered. Of course, to save their lives, their families, their property, there must be no delay in taking the most summary measures, because, although the bandits were comparatively few, they had laid their plans well, and had fairly taken the house by surprise. There were one or two white-faced boarders who asked, with chattering teeth, if the robbers should not be asked what they would take to go away. Two or three others, lying flat upon their bellies, asked why the house was not armed with fire-arms. One or two others, who were famous bullies and gamblers, declared that, as Christians, it touched them to the quick to submit to such a dreadful way; that the boarders ought to reflect how sorely they had exasperated the robbers by locking up all the doors as they could not expect Heaven to smile upon such unnatural strife. "For our part," said they, "we are persuaded that those who draw the sword will perish by the sword."

"Fact; sure's you're living me," shouted the leader of the band. "These chaps who have taken up the blunderbuss are darned likely to perish by the rifle!" And he aimed from the window and brought down his man.

Meanwhile some of the pale people had slipped into the dining-room, and agreed upon the following resolutions:

"1. *Resolved*, That at this moment the watchword which should be in every mouth is, 'This house must and shall be preserved.'

"2. *Resolved*, That the duty of any person or persons to break the peace and destroy property at their will is ridiculous, and all sane people hold burglary, arson, and murder to be criminal.

"3. *Resolved*, That this ruthless midnight attack upon a peaceful household has forced every member to use every means in his power to put it to the duty of each one of us to do all he can, until the safety of the house and its inmates is assured beyond question.

"4. *Resolved*, That we hold next in guilt to the robbers who are attacking the house, those of the guests who refuse to assist in securing the doors and windows, thereby alienating thieves from honest men, foolishly insisting that there was an irrepressible conflict between robbers and disorder, which could only terminate in the predominance of one or the other.

"5. *Resolved*, That to the infatuation of these same people we can trace the catastrophes that have attended this attack. They might have pulverized with indifferent projectiles in the earliest hour; they have referred to robbers, and incendiaries, and murderers, whereby two or three persons who might have made terms for us with the robbers have not been called upon to do that service.

"6. *Resolved*, That as it was the duty of the master of the house and the guests to have called upon these persons, so it is their duty while resisting the robbers with fire and sword to offer them every inducement to leave, as they will only go away.

"7. *Resolved*, That peace ought to be made with all the robbers or none, and that any attempt upon the part of any to take all delights with which they strengthen themselves will be fatal to all hope of our success in beating them.

"8. *Resolved*, That it is the duty of the house to let us manage this matter.

"9. *Resolved*, That while we admit the right of self-defense, we do not contend against the assumption of the master and guests of this house to defend themselves at all hazards.

"10. *Resolved*, That while we dislike the way in which this house is defended we have a right to say so, whether it disheartens the guests and encourages the robbers or not.

"11. *Resolved*, That we thank the boarders who are defending their lives, and fortunes, and sacred honor with such unanimity, and it is our duty to protect them from the sophistries of sharpers and the bunting of spouters.

"12. *Resolved*, That the hopes of the house in this crisis rest upon us: that our management of the affair would be the most fortunate thing for every body: and that all who do not agree with us are treacherous knaves or deluded fools."

The fight was still going on when the courier left. The very latest news is, that the bandits had been driven off from them, when they heard the resolutions passed by the squad of pale people in the dining-room. The guests are laughingly discussing two questions. *First*, What is the connection between the first three resolutions and the rest of the list? and, *Second*, Who are they in the house who have helped the robbers by tying doors, hiding pokers, and cutting carpets?

When these questions are answered you shall hear the replies.

Yours,

DOUBLEDEDE.

P.S.—*Later*. They are laughing louder.

CAVOUR.

In the midst of our own tumult, the death of the statesman who rode the storm of Italy has passed with singularly small comment. We have indeed hardly paused to fling rosemary upon the grave of Mrs. Browning, who was so well known and so deeply loved among us. Cavour has could generate Italy so well as Cavour; and no woman could tell the story of Italian regeneration with such passionate eloquence as Mrs. Browning. It is curious that they died so simultaneously; and they will also be remembered together.

The one fact of Cavour's life is known enough. He united Italy. But the details of his life are not familiar, as they will be, when published in London by Mr. Dicey, can not fail of interest. As a boy, it seems that Cavour never played and never made friends. He was but a tolerable scholar, but learned whatever he wished to learn with singular ease, and busied himself with reading papers, political works, and histories. He was evidently so clever that he received his commission at sixteen, and was allowed to enter the army at eighteen, while twenty was the usual age. When he set out upon his travels he was already conspicuous although very young; and Austria, which hates youth and liberty, warned the police of Lombardy to beware.

Cavour had no very intimate friends. He was genial and frank to a certain point: then his temper was unpenetrable. He lived long in France and Switzerland. He visited England, but knew it rather by reading than by observation. He read English political literature very closely, and to the end of his life took the *Times*, the *Morning Post*, and the *Economist*, which latter paper was an especial favorite with him. The country where he found freedom and progress were the lands in which he loved to travel; and he traveled there with his eyes and ears open. Paris was doubtless, in the greatest men are; and he early set himself the task of his life. "In my dreams I see myself already Minister of the Kingdom of Italy," he wrote when he was twenty-four years old.

For nearly two years of his life of preparation he lived much in the gambling-houses of the south, and managed it so that he doubled the value of the estate and the rental. The only passion he indulged was a love of gambling. He once made gaming debts to the amount of four thousand dollars. The Marquis his father paid them out of the cavour's fortune share in the property, telling him that he would pay no more from that time. Cavour did not renounce gambling, but reduced his stakes. He was thought the best player at the Whist Club in Turin; and on the night when he was Minister to France, he played with Rothschild at a thousand francs points, and rose from table the winner of a hundred and fifty thousand francs. But gambling was rather a taste with him than a passion. His sole passion was for public life.

Cavour was in his element in office. He power was in seeing what was possible and doing it. In his domestic relations, as a rich bachelor, he was no better and no worse than the average Italian nobilanis of his time whose sole religion was the freedom of Italy. In his habits he was simple. Rising between four and five, he attended to the private affairs until six; then breakfasted lightly, and with the interval of half an hour's walking worked till two. Dinners were rare. He dined at home except when he gave state dinners, alone with his brother: then sat upon his balcony smoking a cigar, where the citizens of Turin saw "Cig. Count" as they passed. After a half hour's nap he worked again until midnight, when he went to bed. He sometimes drove with his brother in a little pony carriage known to all Turin. When he was very tired he went to the theatre and fell asleep. He enjoyed most strolling about his own estates at Levi or his brother's at Santena, and was fond of all rural nature, whose kindly sympathy drew all men to him.

This was the greatest Italian of many years. "He lived for one object only," says his biographer, "and having achieved it—died."

NOT OUT OF THE WOODS.

IT is to be hoped that we shall not about until we are out of the woods. That we shall not suppose the rebels are utterly discomfited and confounded because Mr. Franklin Minor, who is "first in position and intellect at the Court of Secessia Albenarle," says that Jefferson Davis ought to be spiked up where men can see him: and that we shall not believe the Richmond *Examiner* to collapse because the Richmond *Examiner* expects an opposition party to show itself among the rebels. There was much more reason to believe that we were going to fall when the *Tribune* belabored the Administration. Absolute unanimity is no more possible to the rebels than to their foes. A movement which has been contemplated and planned for thirty years, which has been secretly preparing for a year and openly organized for six months—a conspiracy of men who have been carefully alienated from the Government, and who have grown up with a generation which has been taught to hate the nation and love only a section—a war which is declared and felt by them to be a war to resist invasion, and to defend hearth, and shrine, and sacred honor—all this is not likely to break up and disappear in a night, like the ice in a river.

At this very moment Missouri is not safe; Western Virginia is doubtful; Kentucky is about to fight upon her own soil; Maryland is quieted only by military occupation; and our army on the Potomac is confronted by an army of rebels not less numerous. That we shall beat them at every point no sane man doubts. The conspiracy has not gained an inch since it started last November, and it has practically lost Maryland and Kentucky; while the nation, which six months ago had scarcely a soldier, and lay virtually at the mercy of an audacious foe, now stands erect and girt and fully ready for the fight. That we shall conquer and restore the supremacy of the Government no sane man

doubts. But it is not to be done without a blow, nor will it be accomplished before sunset.

A month ago there were many who were ready to relinquish all for lost, because the Secretary of War called for the troops to hasten to Washington. What has happened within that time to persuade them that the rebellion is a bubble? This rebellion springs out of the perception of sagacious political leaders that the interest of slavery, and with it their power, has forever lost control of the Government of the United States. They have supposed since 1812 and 1820 that it might, and it probably would, be lost control. They will resist, perhaps not on the Potomac, but wherever and however they can work most harm to the Government. For they are cunning and skilful and desperate. Don't believe any escaping officer from their army who says that they are only afraid of an attack from us. Don't let them invade our soldiers into any more masked batteries. Our present loose confidence is only the reaction of the terror of a month ago. We must force ourselves to be deceived we deserve to be beaten.

PATRIOTISM BEFORE PARTY.

It is not often that a great, dominant, united political party deliberately renounces its distinctive action, as the Republican party did at Syracuse. Those who have been in the habit of considering it peculiarly prejudiced, and even unpatriotic, can no longer deny that it has taken a more truly noble course than any political party ever before in history. Its Convention clearly perceived, what the Democratic Convention refused to allow, that in a moment of danger party principles and political and action must be subordinated to the national safety.

It is simply ludicrous to assume, as the Democratic Convention did, that the Democratic party creed and the national existence are of equal importance. The Democratic party creed is such, in the opinion of the Government he maintained; and to call it peculiarly the party of the Government is sure to provoke observation of the fact that the leading rebels are now at war against the Government were all in the fullest communion with that party. The one Convention made a party name the test of patriotism; the other recognized patriotism in every party. The first Convention said, "If you are a party Democrat, you are a patriot." The second said, "If you are a patriot, your party name is of no account." If the first be right, there is, as the election will show, but a corporal's guard of loyal men in the United States. If the second be right, the overwhelming mass of the citizens are patriotic, whatever their party sympathies may be.

The time will very much help to refresh the people. There are but two tickets to vote for. One of them will get the vote of every strict party man, and of all who honestly think that the rebels are more than half right. The other will take the votes of men of all parties who believe that the Government must be unconditionally maintained against ceaseless rebellion.

NEW REDOUBT UPON TRUANTS.

The city has a new school-house—in other words, the conscience and the brain—are said to be the symbols and the safeguards of our system. If at this moment the public is not meeting its duties to maintain the school element, there is no question that it will be put into its proper place, subordinate to the other two. This, at least, is clear: that without the church and the school-house the country-house is sadly unstable; and as all trade comes down at last to individual service, so all public prosperity is very fearfully upon private principle and intelligence. Take these away, and property begins to crumble. Establish them in any people, and that people is presently prosper.

This was always the New England doctrine. By an old law of Massachusetts Bay no dwelling-house was to be nearer than a mile from the meeting-house, and one of the earliest provisions of town meetings was always the support of the schools—the good old tradition survives unimpaired, as the city of New Bedford shows.

That city has lately passed an ordinance which has the interest of two hundred years ago. The law requires all children in the city between the ages of five and sixteen, and who have no regular and lawful employment, to attend some public or private school. All who fail to comply, and all children of the public schools who are habitual truants, shall be fined five dollars for each conviction. Those shall be held to be habitual truants from the public schools who, without sufficient excuse, are absent three or more times in one term. In place of the fine, the Justice may send the truants to the Farm School, where they are to be under the control of the Mayor and Aldermen, who are also to choose, every year, three persons who shall alone be authorized to make the proper complaint, and to carry the law into execution. If these truant-officers shall find any pupil of the public schools "loafing" during school hours, without proper excuse, they shall return the truant to the school, if they do not think fit to prosecute, and shall inform the parent or guardian. The Judge of Police is clothed with jurisdiction of truancy.

This is a simple, direct law. It may save many a boy from becoming a criminal, and the city and State from many an expensive burden. It is a very heavy blow at vagrancy of all kinds, and the best point of it is that it recognizes the duty of every civilized community to do what it can to help its individual members. When, as will surely be the case after this war, the Constitution of the United States is made one of the chief studies in our schools, this ordinance will compel every citizen to know something of the fundamental law; and so far will make it impossible for any man to say what a member of Congress once told the Lounger, that he believed there were at least fifty members of the House who had never read the Constitution.

New England may be prim, but she is patriotic. She may be very moral, but she is very mighty. To continue the alliteration, she may be sour, but she is sagacious. In a country where ignorance is penal, you may look for an unparalleled public and private welfare.

THE DEFENDERS OF THE UNION.

M. KNOEBLER, the successor of Goupil & Company, has issued a large and handsome lithograph with the title "The Defenders of the Union." It represents the leading Generals of the United States Army at a council of war. General Scott sits in the fore-ground, with his hand resting upon a map; McClellan is at the end of the table, Fremont at the side of Scott; while Generals Wool, Butler, Dix, Siegel, M'Dowell, Heintzelman, Commodore Hudginson, and others, are sitting and standing around the table. The likenesses are striking, and the execution spirited and elegant. It is much the best portrait-gallery of Generals that has yet come to our notice.

The *Liberal Institute* says that, in his recent valedictory address to the readers of *Bell's Life*, "Jem Mace, the Wood cognomen himself to Lazarus. 'Like him,' says Mr. Wood, 'I am not dead but sleeping.' Would have made the metaphor more perfect if he had only restricted it so as to include the remark made on the occasion stated by Martha to our Saviour, 'Lord, by this time he stinketh.'"

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

THE WAR IN KENTUCKY.

War has been declared by the Legislature of Kentucky, the Union Home Guards have placed under the charge of Brigadier-General Crittenden, and the troops under General Anderson, who has the supreme control of the State forces and ammunition.

The treasonable telegraphic news reporter of the Southern Associated Press, who has been the medium for the transmission of correspondence from traitors at the North to rebels in the South, has, with Governor Morehead and Reuben T. Marrett, cut the proprietors of the *Courier-Journal* out of their office, which has been forcibly taken possession of, and the paper stopped—been arrested.

The intelligence from Kentucky is of a most cheerful character. The people are represented as unanimously enthusiastic in favor of the immediate expulsion of all the rebels from the State. It is also stated that the existence of the Union forces from Indiana and the determination of the Kentuckians themselves, this object will soon be accomplished.

GENERAL ANDERSON'S PROCLAMATION.

The following proclamation has been issued in Kentucky:—

"Rebellions—Called by the Legislature of this, my native State, I hereby assume command of this department. I come to enforce, not to violate, the laws. I shall, with God's help, respect your rights in your lives. The enemies of the country have dared to invade our soil. Kentucky is to-day, as she has been, ready to meet the foe across her neighbors. Our State is now invaded by those who profess to be friends, but who are in fact our deadliest foes. No true son of Kentucky can longer hesitate as to his duty to his mother. Kentuckians, freemen, to arms! God willing, will be expelled. The leader of the hostile forces who are now on the soil of Kentucky is a Kentuckian, making war on Kentucky and Kentuckians. Let all such die forever accursed by mankind. Every one who now rallies to the support of our Union and our State is a friend. Rally, then, around the standard of the flag of fathers loved, and which has shielded us so long! I call on no arms but those which are to be used in support of what is dear to freemen! Let us trust in God, and do our duty as did our fathers.

Brigadier-General United States Army.

THE REBEL BUCKNER'S PROCLAMATION.

It is reported that a proclamation has been issued on Elizabethtown. General Anderson is believed to be advancing upon Bowling Green, where troops are gathering for our emergency.

The following proclamation has just been received:

TO THE PEOPLE OF KENTUCKY.

The Legislature of Kentucky have been faithless to the will of the people. They have refused to make your resolutions State resolutions, in which, under the guise of neutrality, the armed force of the United States might be excluded from the contiguous allies the people of Kentucky and the Southern States. It was not until after three months of every effort to prevent your action, and with large encampments of Federal troops on your territory, and a military occupation of your borders, that the United States met to regard your neutral position, engaged with a powerful force to seize its military control upon it your territory, which was of such vital importance to the defence of the Mississippi Valley and the rest of the Southern Confederacy, on the invitation of the people of Kentucky, and to maintain your part in your State. In doing so the commander announced his purpose to evacuate your territory immediately upon the withdrawal of movement on the part of the Federal forces, whenever the Legislature of Kentucky, or a majority of your people, should both belligerents the strict neutrality which they have so solemnly declared. Relying upon the faith of the Federal, at the head of a force, the advance of which is composed entirely of Kentuckians, I do not come to molest your citizens, whatever may be his political opinion. Unlike the agents of the Federal Government, who have proclaimed to the world the revocation of the civil rights of citizens in the State of Kentucky, I proclaim and declare that the claim of the President of the United States to declare martial law, to suspend the privilege of the habeas corpus, and to convert every barrack and prison in the land into a Bastile is nothing—is null and void. The people have not consent to undergo a free people. The Confederate States through Brigadier-General Pillow, in pursuance of the pledges of commanders of other columns of Confederate troops in your State, will occupy the position of the same conditions which will govern their movements. I repeat the pledge and the assurance that the force under my command will be used as an aid to the government of Kentucky in preserving her neutrality, and protecting her people, whenever they undertake to enforce it against the lawless invasion.

S. B. BUCKNER, Brigadier-General, C. S. A.

HEADQUARTERS, Sept. 18.

KENTUCKY TO BE CONQUERED BY THE REBELS.

The Memphis *Appeal* thus notifies Kentuckians of the purpose of their Confederate invaders:—"The Kentuckians here territory, and must have it, though at the price of blood or conquest."

INDIANA FOR SERVICE IN KENTUCKY.

The Governor of Indiana has gone into Kentucky, by way of Louisville, with guns and ammunition, to the Union men there, and to arm them to meet the foe on the frontier to hold themselves in readiness to follow. It is said that the demand for 10,000 men will be found by to leave Indiana at twenty-four hours' notice.

THE FALL OF LEXINGTON.

General Price entered Lexington, Missouri, with a large body of rebel forces, and on Monday, 16th, called on the citizens to surrender the place. This latter refused, and returned a very short but emphatic negative answer; consequently the rebels opened fire and the battle commenced in earnest, to which the Union troops replied vigorously. Reinforcements arrived on both sides during the day, and once from all parts, and it was for some time expected that Lexington would be taken by assault until they reached the Intelligence of a reliable character, however, reached Chicago on Saturday that Colonel Mulligan was compelled to surrender to the superior force of the rebel General Price on Friday, after a most determined resistance. Mulligan was without water, and was therefore reluctantly forced to yield from exhaustion. They had but 27 killed and 140 wounded, while the loss of the rebels is said to be very heavy.

AFFAIRS IN WESTERN VIRGINIA.

The particulars of the battle at Carnifex Ferry, between General Rosecrans's troops and General Floyd's rebels have reached us. The present campaign in Western Virginia is likely to be far more important than was at first imagined, and the movements of General Floyd and Garnett from General Reynolds may have the effect of determining a general engagement. The force of the latter was expected from him by officers men, and civilians.

A FIGHT ON THE MISSISSIPPI.

At Blue Mills Landing, on the Missouri River, on the 17th inst., a desperate fight took place between 500 of the 1st Iowa Regiment, under Lieutenant-Colonel Scott, and about 4000 of the rebels. After an hour's fighting, Colonel Scott succeeded in driving the rebels off, and Colonel Smith's command came to his aid, but night fell before the fighting could be renewed. The rebels left in the night, and retreated inland, and there was no one to strive more the enemy fled and retired. Our loss was 5 killed and 38 wounded, 6 missing.

WHAT PROPERTY IS LIABLE TO CONFISCATION.

A circular has been issued by Mr. Seward, explanatory of the Confiscating Acts. It concludes as follows:—

"It will be seen, from an inspection of these provisions of the acts of Congress, that no property is confiscated or subjected to forfeiture except such as is in transit or prepared for transit to the insurgent enemy through, or for the promotion of the insurrection. Real estate, bonds, promissory notes, moneys on deposit, and the like are, therefore, not subject to seizure or confiscation in the absence of evidence of such unlawful use.

"All officers, while vigilant in the presentation of the conveyance of property to or from insurrectionary States, or the use of it for insurrectionary purposes, are expected to be careful in avoiding unnecessary vexation, and coat by seizures not warranted by law.

"WILLIAM H. SEWARD, Secretary of State."

ANOTHER RAILROAD ACCIDENT CAUSED BY TREASON.

A sad accident, said to be the result of treason, occurred near Huron, Indiana, on the night of the 11th inst. A railroad bridge, 150 feet high, and having a series of sixty feet, gave way under a train of cars containing troops—a portion of the Nineteenth Illinois Regiment—precipitating nearly the whole of the cars into the bed of the creek below. Fifty-four persons were killed and about a hundred wounded. It is believed that the bridge had been maliciously undermined by one of the many secessionists who still remain in the country.

LIL. D. RUSSELL NOT TO BE EXPELLED THE COUNTRY.

The following letter from the Secretary of State is in response to a petition for the expulsion of the correspondent of the London *Times* from the country:

"DEPARTMENT OF STATE, WASHINGTON, *Sept. 21, 1861.*

"SIR—Your letter of the 19th instant has been handed to me by mesenick, seeking the attention of the Government to the subject expressed in your letter, and which, contained in a letter bearing the date of Washington, August 10, published in the London *Times*, and they express their opinion that the statements made in that communication are untrue, and that it is the design of the writer to excite the hostility of the bitter feelings of this country people in foreign countries.

"I am directed by the President of the United States to take no notice of representations, however objectionable, made in the press of foreign states, of even injurious utterances made by Ministers or other agents for foreign powers, in the discharge of their duties of their own affairs. The Government, on the contrary, has hitherto observed a policy of the most liberal duty the languages and the action of the Executive organs of foreign States.

"If it is true, as you state in your letter, that the opinion complained of, and I am quite sure that it has not arrested the confidence and favor of any other members of the diplomatic corps, and that the public, with urgent public affairs, is not disposed to attribute to the writer of the letter the influences of the writer may be, they nevertheless stand upon the same political authority, with the leading political Press of our own country is free, and is interested to receive false views, and to circulate them. The President decide not upon the favor or good-will of foreign nations, but upon the favor of the American people. He feels, and its fame seem to me now, more than ever heretofore, safe in their keeping.

"If it is the sentiment that the obnoxious paper may do harm here, is it not a sufficient reply that probably not a single copy of the London *Times* ever reaches the eye of our shores? If it be said again that the obnoxious correspondence is also regularly published in the United States, it seems to me a sufficient rejoinder that the censure of a correspondent is not necessarily the censure of the Press of his own citizens who reproduce the libel, rather than the original publication who wrote it and the first vessel publication.

"Finally, interference with the Press, even in the case of an existing insurrection, can be justified only on the ground of public safety. I do not say that any danger in the present case, even if one foreigner does pervert our publications, but the President thinks that foreign publications against us for a foreign Press. A hundred other foreign Presses, under such a situation, and as regardable as he is, are daily enrolling themselves in the Army of the United States, to devote their energies to the cause of the last hope of humanity in all countries and for all ages. Could I not be true to the mission of that great Press, and to the truth of our system, that error of opinion may safely be tolerated when reason is left free to combat it?

"I am, sir, your obedient servant,

"WILLIAM H. SEWARD."

DISSENSIONS AMONG THE REBELS.

The following article appears in the Richmond *Whig* over the signature of "A.," and will show how the gas of Franklin Misery:

"'A Word to the May Concern.—The following private letter to the editor is from an old personal friend, but long a resident of the North, and one of the first to be elected in the great county of Alabama. It was obviously not designed for publication, but the writer is so conversant with the better sign of things unseen, and the letter serve to indicate the Administration repugnance to the idea of public mind:

"'ALEXANDER, *August 19, 1861.*

"'DEAR MOSELEY.—I am utterly disgusted with your course. You are a traitor to your State, and I will prove it. If you will publish my speech I'll utter it.

"'I have a letter from Montgomery. Our troops there one day last week had nothing for breakfast but salt and water. Some were said quite miles at dinner, and had to raise corn, and got neither dinner nor supper when they came back to camp. Such is the fact. The reason is that our government is rotten in the head. Davis ought to be spiked up where men can see him. Toombs ought to be spiked up where no fruits from it. You have had great victories, but you have not followed them up. Your charge of the government for six months and more is a shameful one. Your army is fed, and clothed, on wagons, no any thing but salt and potatoes, and yet you sing out, that Government is doing every thing to provide for your people.' Now, it has no men, and I want to know which is the cost per a fat hog? Answer me. We must have it. The reason is your proposition to postpone the Presidential election. This is a revolution, and you must think that you may save us. If I were in Congress I would refuse one cent of appropriation till they brought it to me. Toombs Walker was turned out, and somebody put in his place with some enough to do the work. Why is it that you, and either Davis or Walker, but I have seen enough to relive contempt in the whole concern. Let me hear from you by the night place. Why, then, talk about the confidence of the people in the Administration? I don't feel any such confidence myself. I believe I am not singular in my disgust.'"

NEWS FROM THE GULF.

News from the blockading fleet of PORT ROYAL reports the Mississippi at Fort Pickens crowded. New Orleans is desolate, and its inhabitants are momentarily fearing an attack and bombardment. The most important news from the rebel army represents disease to be prevalent. The Fifth Louisiana Regiment is reported as somewhat improvable. The Wilson Zouaves were loyal and efficient.

FOREIGN NEWS.

ENGLAND.

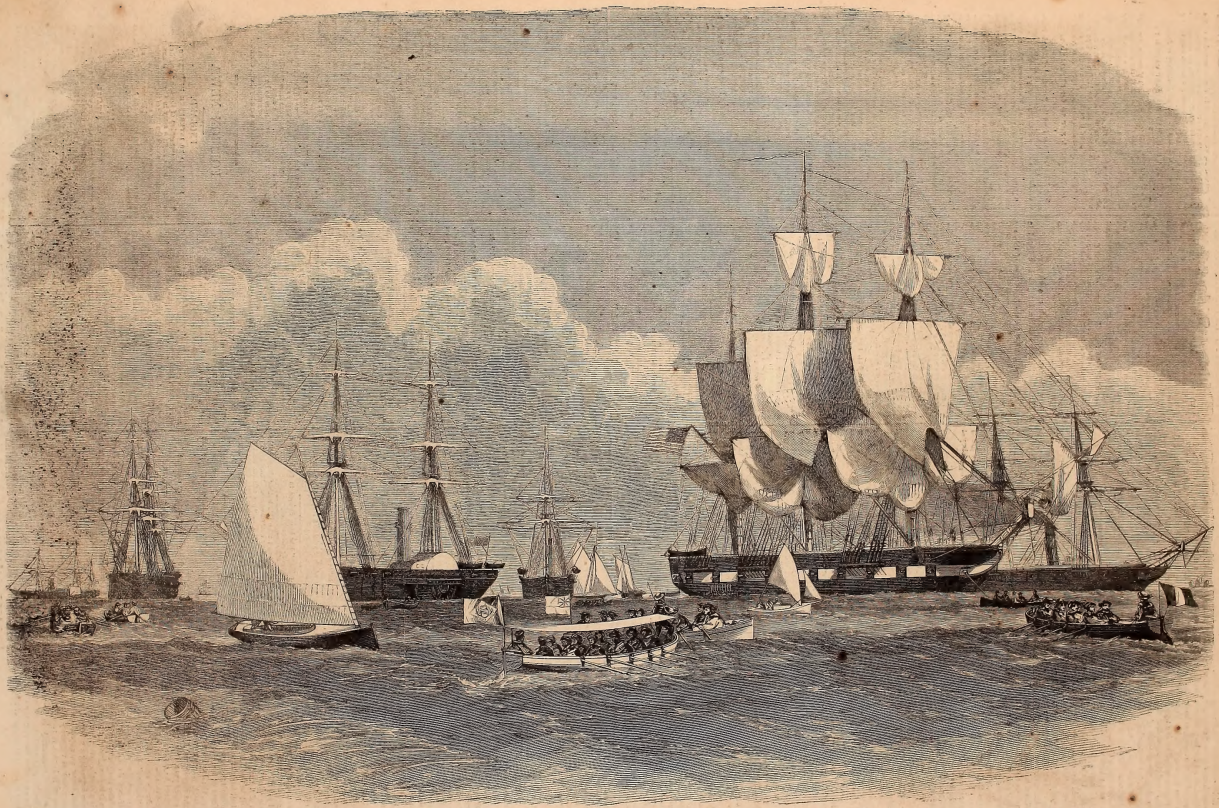
ENGLAND TO INTERFERE IN MEXICO.

The supposed determination of England sending reinforcements to the English army in Canada is announced contemporaneously with the news of the appointment of an extraordinary commissioner for armed intervention in the affairs of Mexico. England and France, it was said, were to make a demonstration by sea and land, while Spain was to forward troops from Cuba to the republic.

ITALY.

STATE OF AFFAIRS.

The aspect of the Italian question was again serious. The Papal government had flatly denied the statement of Horace Rimbault as to the evil influence in Italy, and most of the Paris journals supported it in the position. Garibaldi was in Naples with Victor Emanuel, but General Goyon had ordered the French troops in Rome and elsewhere to oppose by force any attempt of the troops of Garibaldi to enter the Papal territory. Fresh disturbances had occurred in Poland, and the repressive measures of the Russian army officers were of a very severe character. A meeting of the clergy at Warsaw had passed resolutions hostile to the



Jerome Napoleon (French) Cotinat (French). Robertine (Brazilian). Jamestown (United States). Steady (British).

THE MEN-OF-WAR IN OUR HARBOR.—[SEE PAGE 630.]

MUNSON'S HILL, THE ADVANCED POST OF THE REBEL ARMY ON THE POTOMAC.

MUNSON'S HILL AND BAILEY'S CROSS ROADS.

We illustrate on this page MUNSON'S HILL, the advanced outpost of the rebels on the Potomac, and BAILEY'S CROSS ROADS, where the nearest Union picket to MUNSON'S HILL is stationed. A correspondent of the Charleston *Mercury* thus describes the former:

Munson's Hill is a conical mound rising up abruptly some eighty feet above the surrounding level, and overtopping all its lofty neighbors on the front and rear. A regiment of Virginia troops from General Longstreet's brigade, occupies this position, and near the top of the hill a circular breast-work, with a dry ditch, has been thrown up for their protection. Unless artillery were employed in the attack their force could hold the post against five times their number. The country in front is too level for the use of mortars with any success, as no attempt to shell the place could be promptly thwarted by bringing up a few light rifled cannon, whose plunging fire would easily command the plain beyond. The enemy does not seem inclined, however, to dispute our possession, and has acquiesced, apparently without a murmur, in our Commander-in-Chief's decision, that they shall keep within their lines, immediately on the river, until we are ready to advance. By the time this reaches you the compliance will be a forced one, for disposition are now being made to prevent reconquation by the United States army of the advanced line, which has been selected as the base of our future operations.

A correspondent of the *Tribune* thus writes of and from Bailey's Cross Roads:

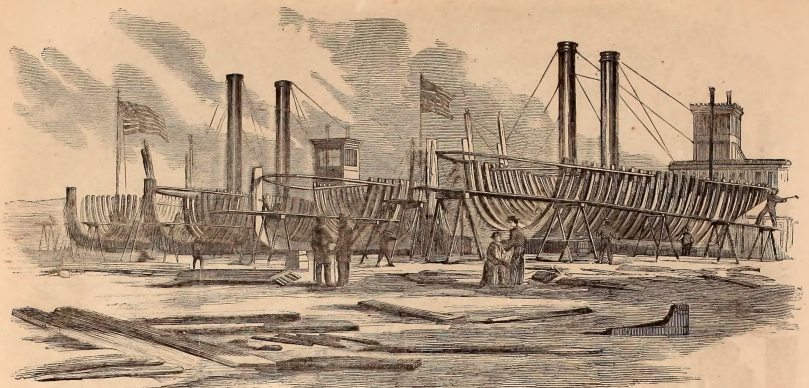
I always find Bailey's Cross Roads the most attractive point of the long line of army outposts, not because of the proximity of dusk wretched and insipicuous lucifers, Munson's Hill, but because of the brisk picket work that is generally carried on there. Our picket guards at this post are really of the first quality. They come from Michigan, and the best compliments I could frame for good spirits and unfailing courage I would bestow upon them. I do not speak with any claim to military judgment, and, for aught I know, the strict martial sense would criticise mine rigorously; but to the undiverted "civil" appreciation, nothing could be better worth enjoying than the handsome, manly, and sometimes droll and eccentric manners and behavior of these Michigan men. Let us look at them from this place. The first point of observation is a deserted blacksmith's shop, well ventilated with windows and filled cannon-shot holes, the latter inflicted some time ago by the rebels as a warning to Michigan men not to play improper tricks. The Michigan men had erected a furious looking piece of ordnance in the middle of the road, consisting of a stove-pipe and a set of wagon-wheels. The Confederate camp was thrown into consternation, and Bailey's Roads were studied vigorously until the real nature of the structure was discovered. The blacksmith's house was then perforated in such a manner as to afford excellent opportunities for observation on every side.

Just over the way, upon the piazza of a little dwelling-house, the Captain in command of the outpost sits serious and thoughtful. That is easy to understand. Of all the little force spread around he is the only really responsible man. His men are not under his eye, are not within call, and a good part of them can only be reached by messenger. The most remote pickets are nearly a quarter of a mile away, and who knows what may any moment happen to them? When the firing gets a little heavier than seems to him necessary, he becomes impatient, and sends out orders for less waste of ammunition. The answer always comes that the rebels fire on us, and we fire only in self-defense, which, if it does not convince, is hardly deniable, under the circumstances. Near the captain sits the surgeon, who is stationed here to attend to any wounded that may be brought in; but the wounded are not numerous, and there is a prevailing conviction that the attention of the surgeon has to be more frequently directed to corn, and its abuses, than to fractures or blood.

For the corn-fields are very rich hereabout, and the men can not possibly resist their seductions. Cookery is practiced with sentinels and dispatch in secure retreats. Corn is boiled and roasted in ample quantities. The biggest ears are gradually eliminated from the lot, and presented in form to the captain, who as gracefully accepts, and munches with dignity. Other ears, smaller, but not less sweet, are bestowed upon subordinate officers. Smoking politic are then taken to the outermost lines, and are welcomed with enthusiasm. The pickets at this station do not suffer for luxuries. "The chickens from the deserted farm-houses," says a lieutenant, "are very aggressive. They attack and bite our men, and our men are bound to resent it." So the odor of hot corn is not the only perfume that sometimes charges the atmosphere at Bailey's Cross Roads.

There is a certain hole in one side of the blacksmith's house which affords a comprehensive view of all the enemy's operations. The work on their defenses appears to have ceased for good, and the rebel soldiers do nothing but saunter and lie about upon the banks, until cool down to *their* picket work. Then they rattle down the hill as fast as you please while beyond range, but at a certain point they become cautious and adapt themselves to the irregularities of the ground. Nothing more is seen of them until they show furtively at the little huts on the boundary of their corn-field—for they, too, have a corn-field as well as we. They are very indistinct at this distance, and look much better at a nearer view.

BAILEY'S CROSS ROADS ADVANCED POST OF THE UNITED STATES ARMY, OPPOSITE MUNSON'S HILL.



UNITED STATES MISSISSIPPI GUN-BOATS BEING BUILT AT CARONDELET, NEAR ST. LOUIS, MISSOURI.

[SKETCHED BY ALEXANDER SIMPLOT.]

GUN-BOATS ON THE MISSISSIPPI.

WE publish herewith a picture of the GUN-BOATS which are now in course of construction near St. Louis, on the Mississippi, for the Federal Government. A St. Louis correspondent writes:

The work upon the four gun-boats at Carondelet, five miles below the city, is going forward rapidly, and Captain James B. Eads, who has the contract, is displaying great energy. The boats are built of oak, unseasoned, and are called respectively the *Nathaniel Lyon*, *John C. Frémont*, *Simon Cameron*, and—I fear the name of the fourth has escaped me, but if it is not *Jessie Frémont*, it ought to be.

The boats are to be delivered by 5th October. They are to be cased with iron plates 2½ inches thick.

THE REBEL STEAMER "PAGE."

THIS little steamer, of which we give a sketch herewith, was built by THOMAS COLLYER, of this city, about seven years ago. She has been employed in the passenger trade on the Potomac River since she was launched. She is an ordinary river boat. Since the rebellion she has been kept at Aquia Creek. Lately she has been fitted up as a war steamer, mounting two rifled cannon, one forward and the other aft. When the late Captain Ward shelled the batteries at that place he endeavored to sink the *Page*, but was unable to do so. She is a fast vessel, and could be made very useful by the rebels in transporting troops across the river, or in towing flat-boats containing troops from place to place. Her dimensions are as follows: Length, 128 feet; beam, 26 feet; depth of hold, 7 feet. Her draught of water is only about four feet.

THE MEN-OF-WAR IN OUR HARBOR.

ON page 628 we illustrate the men-of-war now (September 17) lying in the harbor of New York.

There are two French steamers—the *Catinat*, a side-wheel steamer, mounting about four guns, and the *Jerome Napoleon*, a screw steamer, of which we gave a portrait and description in a previous number, when she arrived here. Both vessels have turned their leisure in port to good account by painting their sides and trimming up their general appearance. They leave with the Prince Napoleon.

There are also two British steamers—the *Rinaldo*, a very handsome and fast screw steamer, clipper built, and bark rigged—she carries thirteen guns—and the gun-boat *Steady*, a handsome craft, which carries five guns, one of them a 68-pounder. Both of these vessels will have left by the time our picture reaches the public.

The Brazilian vessel is the steam corvette *Bokráe*, which carries seven guns. She, too, looks better now than when she arrived, and is really a very handsome model.

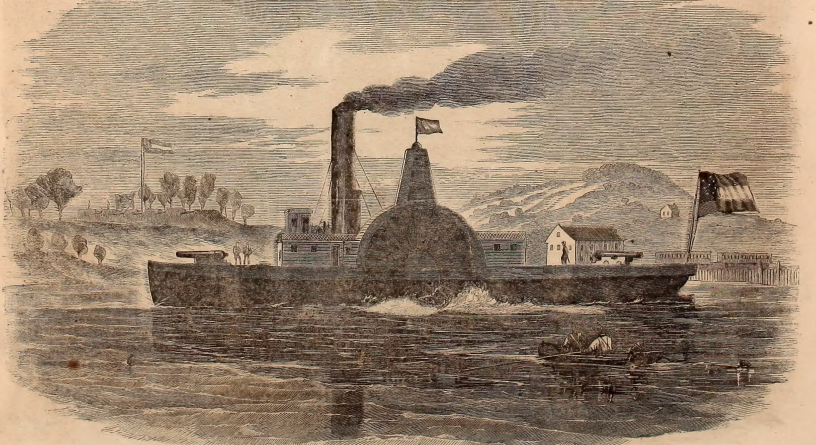
Finally, our own *Jamestown*, Commander Green, completes the group. We gave a picture of one of her exploits in our last number. She is an old ship, and her build is not the latest style; but she is stanch, and her crew are the men to make her name familiar to the public ear.

THE FORTIFICATIONS AT BALTIMORE.

WE illustrate on page 631 the fort now being erected on Federal Hill, Baltimore. The battlements are being rapidly completed. When the whole work is finished it will be one of the most impregnable fortifications in the country. Major Brewerton is in charge of the works, and gives employment to a large number of Union cartmen. When they are done, Murray Hill will next be fortified, and then Lafayette Park.

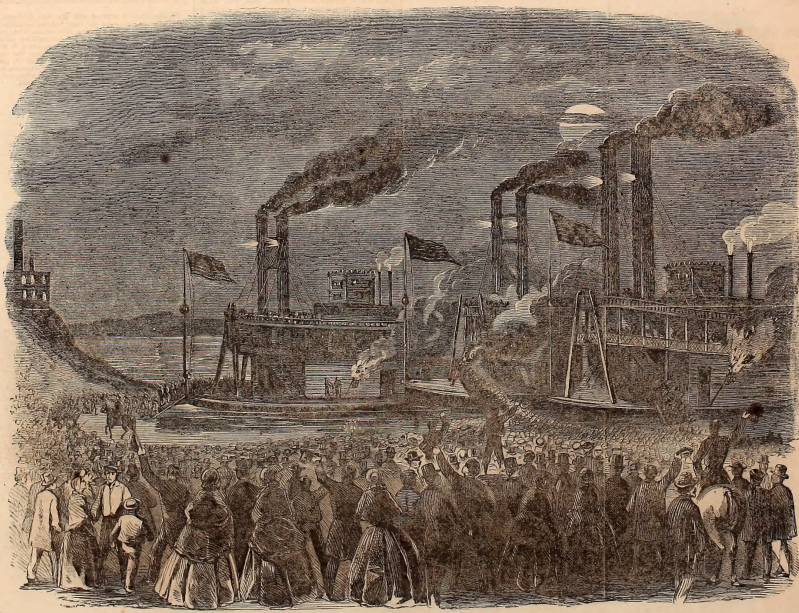
As some foolish stories are afloat with regard to General Dix's treatment of his prisoners, we subjoin the following from the *Tribune* correspondence:

No intercourse is suffered with the State prisoners at Fort M'Henry—not even are their families permitted to see them. The stories set afloat of harshness being used by the police in the capture of the prisoners are utterly untrue, for when required by the commandant of Fort M'Henry to reduce their charges to writing, the conspirators declined, saying that, perhaps, after all, their captors behaved with more than usual deference—as was really the case. The trouble was not in the police, but in the fact of the arrest, with those traitorous parties.



THE REBEL STEAMER "PAGE," NOW LYING AT ACQUIA CREEK.—[SKETCHED BY LIEUTENANT OSBON.]

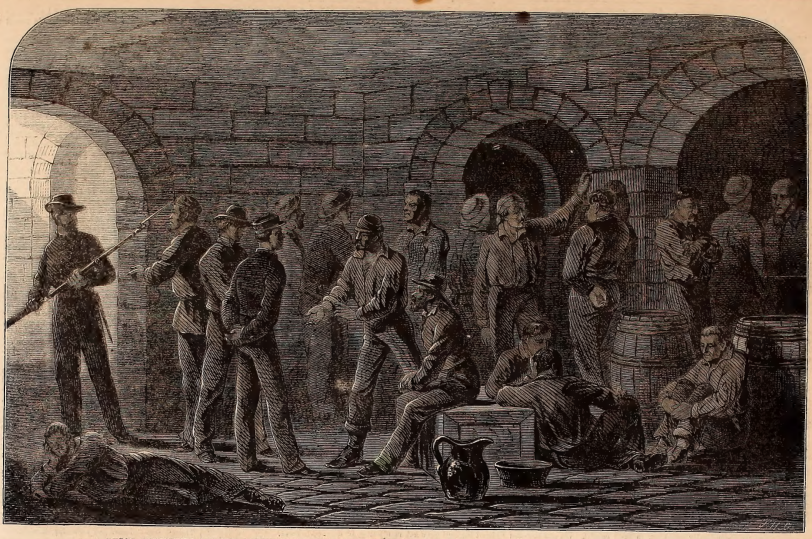
EARTH-WORKS NOW BEING CONSTRUCTED ON FEDERAL'S HILL, BALTIMORE, BY DURYEA'S ZOUAVES.—[SEE PAGE 636.]



DEPARTURE OF THE FIRST OHIO ZOUAVE REGIMENT FROM CINCINNATI FOR WESTERN VIRGINIA.—[SKETCHED BY HENRY MOSLER.]

RECRUITING FOR THE CONFEDERATE ARMY AT WOODSTOCK, VIRGINIA.

THE BIVOUAC FIRE AT THE OUTPOSTS OF OUR ARMY ON THE POTOMAC.



REBEL PRISONERS IN THE DUNGEON OF THE STATE HOUSE AT JEFFERSON CITY, MISSOURI.—[SKETCHED BY JAMES A. GUIRL.]

THE WAR IN MISSOURI.

WE publish herewith, from sketches by Mr. J. A. Guirl, a picture of THE REBEL PRISONERS IN THE DUNGEON OF THE STATE HOUSE AT JEFFERSON CITY, MO., and a picture of A REBEL SHOOTING A UNION PICKET. Mr. Guirl writes: "The large, rough man sitting on the floor, with plate, bucket, etc., before him, is a desperate fellow, and is confined in the dungeon most of the time. He is holding a cracker in one hand, and cursing the Unionists for not giving him something better to eat. The man with a cap behind the barrel is the son of Gov. Jackson. The guard standing with his gun at the door is in a very awkward position, but he was standing in that way when I sketched him."

A REBEL PROWLER SHOOTING A UNION PICKET NEAR JEFFERSON CITY, MISSOURI.—[SKETCHED BY JAMES A. GUIRL.]

LOOKING KENTUCKY.

WAITING for clients is not the most agreeable employment in life. If you have a good digestion you can take your quantum suff. of Chitty and Smith's leading cases, with an occasional quid of Coke upon Littleton; and having read yourself into a state of torpor, you can take a walk or a gallop on horseback; or if disposed to waste your time, you can do it by devoting an hour to some pretty maid or charming widow, taking care not to commit yourself unnecessarily. In this way I worried through my first year in Barrington, a large town in Kentucky, where I chanced to settle. For the first week I turned my head sharply when the door of my office opened, expecting to see a client. My nerves had ample time to become translquil, however, and after a few months I was so accustomed to solitude that I should have regarded an actual litigant, fee in hand, as a being for whom the sexton would presently come with a bateau corpse. The only person who commiserated me was the faithful Jake, who attended to my rooms Being naturally social, he thought a man shut up at work all day and most part of the night a churl.

"Massa Bill" (African for William Tompkins, attorney and counselor), "seems to me you powerful lonesome here in Barrington. Little women, too, 'most de chaps." (I had not then the handsome, crizzled beard which now adorns the lower part of my face.) "Law, don't I wish you knew any of dem massa Burr'l Burrs!" Jest to be dar 'bout hog killin' time, scare up a fox or two at night, drive a deer down from the knobs in de mornin', den eat 'roit round de country on barbecued pigs, see turkey shootin', an' de scrub races, an', maybe, do a little courtin' when it come handy."

It was a winning picture which Jake presented. I did know his master, though not intimately. I meditated.

"I should like to have a crack at a deer, Jake."

"Goe-a-mighty, massa, I'se nigger, and some folks tink dey don't know nuffin. But let Jake alone. I'll go 'way to Massa Burr'l's, case ole Sally she looks for me. Hi! Chasin' arter the dogs at sun-up through the black-jacks* is better 'n lashin in de dark-alley town."

It was Saturday; that night, armed with a pass against molestation by the patrol, Jake went home. I thought as much of the hunting, but amused myself next day as well as I could, making a synopsis of Brother Bunger's sermon. I had many times wandered about through the tangled thicket-bower of his periods; but I thought I would this time sweep down logically his premises, major and minor, with the conclusion, mathematically speaking, to reduce his vulgar fractions, with swelling denominators, to lowest terms. But did you ever wait for the settling of the froth of new ale?

I have heard some startling sermons in my time. Think of a man with cropped hair, groveling look, no manners, the action of a wood-sawyer, and the tone of a tall, gaunt rooster crowing for rain. "Brethren and sisters'n, I'm all the way from *Indiany*—when I left my wife'n six children—sh, to come over here an' preach to you the Gospel—uh! I ain't got no larnin', an' I don't want any. I'm not going to be set up taut as my lord an' master—ah, an' his disciples an' apostles—uh! If God wanted me to have larnin'—ah, he'd a given me larnin'." And so on for an hour. I [William Tompkins, counselor, etc.] am ready to make affidavit having heard this exercise—the *sole* exposition like a hundred others I was following on—one time during the woods, where, from a safe distance on horseback, I beheld the motley crowd that gathers on such occasions.

I do not believe, however, the story which my friend James tells of a young preacher, who, in the midst of the long career of the sermon-maker, and his gyre furtively upon his watch on the pulpit-cushion, and seeing that a considerable portion of the customary three minutes remained to be filled, went through every form of petition he had ever heard, including the restoration of the Jews to Palestine and the scattering of the unbelievers unto hell, and thinking of an expedient which had sometimes served him in eking out an unsatisfactory exhortation, exclaimed, "*And now, O Lord, I will relate an anecdote!*"

I repeat, I do not believe this story, although it has some degree of verisimilitude.

To return. On Monday Jake appeared with a knowing face. Presently the cause of his knowing expression came out. Colonel Barwell called. He was county court day, when every farmer of substance (and some without) came to town to do business. The colonel was in many respects a remarkable man. He was tall, six feet two, broad shouldered, and not too corpulent. His bonne hair fell back from a fine brow, while the lower part of his face was browned, and his cold chin thickly set with stumps of blue-black beard. A keen gray eye completed a picture worthy of Salvator. Two things you would be certain of: first, that Colonel Barwell had the most flourishing farm in the county; and, second, that his family (to his opinion) was beyond comparison the first and blest blooded that ever sprang from old Virginia. His country was everywhere sung in its stateliness. He had come to ask me to make him a visit. Jake's intervention was politely kept in the back-ground. His daughter, attending school in Barrington, was going to return with him that day, having, on a petition of a few weeks. My business was not trouble some, and would stand in the way of acceptance. In the afternoon Colonel Barwell called for me, and, having mounted our horses, we rode to the seminary. The daughter was already at the door in a riding-suit. Agreeing fellow came out, and, as I thought, exchanged a significant glance with her. The colonel beat his scowling regards upon the youngster as he walked away, but neither spoke or recognized the other.

"Come, our daughter," said Colonel Barwell, "Take to holding your horse."

* The black-jack is a species of stunted oak, abounding in Southern Kentucky.

As we rode away we took my place at her right, being beckoned there by her father. It was really a new sensation to me to come in contact with such a fresh and spontaneous nature. Very handsome, animated, vivacious, and natural, I really think she spoke just as she thought, and without a particle of policy or reserve. Nevertheless she did not once allude to the youth who had departed with the reflection of her smile on his face. And I suspected that her rapid and even brilliant talk was the result of effort.

In due time we traversed the sixteen miles which constituted our journey to Colonel Barwell's estate—our ride through the prairie land, covered here and there with stunted scraggy black-jacks, does not require any particular mention. Suffice it, I describe the house, the negro quarters, the kennels, and stables. Are there not tourists who do this? Nor shall I dwell upon the numerous entertainments, the old-fashioned Virginia dances, the morning rides, the exhilarating life in the open air, the freedom from ennui which makes a wealthy Kentucky farmer's house the most delightful place to visit in the (Western) world. Miss Celia was my constant companion, and a most faithful squire. But I could not forget that youngster, and I felt sure that Miss Barwell did not forget him either. And I could perceive that he met the hero of my own story. The youth had been beforehand with me.

Jake, however, drew conclusions rapidly.

"Powerful good girl, Miss Cely; eaze I know her from a pleanuttie. Carried her in my arms; reckon couldn't now, nuther. Colonel and Jake hegged, as continued: "Dere's only two o' 'em to sheer the property, Miss Cely an' Miss Amy; short division, hi! a mighty big farm an' lots o' niggers. Colonel Barwell, Miss Cely, and Massa Bill" [meaning me, William Tompkins], "I s'h'd like to t'long to you, I should to."

I had not failed to observe, as an investment in that species of live stock; but the frank avowal of confidence by Jake was a compliment to my good temper which I could not slight. And I told him that if I were his owner I would not whip him more than once a week; at which he haw-hawed, and showed his white teeth in full view.

Nothing could be more touching than the pride and affection Colonel Barwell felt in his daughter. He watched her every movement, every look, and followed her steps across the floor with all a father's fondness in his eyes. His wife was dead; he had no son; and this beautiful daughter, Anne, was plaintiff, and of a quiet turn.

I remained a week, and the hospitality was unbounded. Every day some new entertainment gave a proof of his astonishing skill with the rifle. Jake had gone home, carrying the carcass of a buck, and the colonel and I, with Celia, came home with four. It was a heavy gun: not the one he used for birds and squirrels; but nothing escaped him. Squirrels, which I could not see, came tumbling down to the trees; partridges and quails dropped among the low bushes; in every case the ball touched only the head. "Do you never miss in the body?" I would say. "Never, in this kind of game. If I should kill a bird or squirrel with a ball in his crop I should leave it in the bushes." I mentally determined to be more careful of my shots. Colonel Barwell as long as there was any other for him to shoot at.

On the morning when I was to return home my host expressed the customary satisfaction at the visit, in which I heartily joined; and he assured me that he would remember me in any legal business he might have.

Miss Celia (the prefix is universal in Kentucky) came to the side, and whispered to me, which I *afterward* remembered that I saw her slip something into Jake's hand.

I resume my former mode of life. A fortnight passed, when one evening, going to the hotel for tea, I heard that Colonel Barwell's daughter had eloped with young Manley, and been married. The marriage in Tennessee, it was supposed—and that the father was in hot pursuit.

I reasoned on the different modes of life. A fortnight passed, when one evening, going to the hotel for tea, I heard that Colonel Barwell's daughter had eloped with young Manley, and been married. The marriage in Tennessee, it was supposed—and that the father was in hot pursuit.

The next day I received a note from the father, requesting me to meet him at the house. But I don't believe that, possessing your senses, you will ever marry such a mean-spirited fellow as he has shown himself to."

Here Cockburn interrupted from the stair-way. "If you are fool enough to agree to that, Manley, then you are a mean-spirited fellow, and you don't deserve to have her."

"Who is this pitching in with his cock-a-doodle-doo?" inquired the colonel. "Come here, you, if you want your coat-tail!" And he took out a keen, glittering bowie-knife, and felt the edge with his thumb. Manley could not repress a shudder as he saw this unconcerned handling of the fearful weapon. He spoke, however, more calmly than before.

"Cockburn, I don't want any blood shed on my account—your blood least of all. As I said before, I did not steal the young lady, and to prove that I have no wish to control her against her will, I will leave it for her to decide. If she loves me, she will not leave me for her father's threats. If we are not lawfully married, it will be easy to have the ceremony lawfully performed. I shall not answer Colonel Barwell's threats as my father's husband. Recollect, I am the world considers myself a gentleman, and that they were by time probably man and wife. The inn-keeper added, that he expected them to return and pass the night at his house. There was no alternative; the baffled father sent his negro horses to the stable and waited for them.

Meanwhile the fugitives found the magistrate who generally tied the hurried knots for couples from Kentucky; unfortunately, he had no blank licenses ready, but he was willing to serve the present purpose he took one which had been used; erasing the old names and filling in the new. The ceremony performed in this irregular way, the young couple returned in high spirits, and soon reached the inn. A bountiful supper awaited them, and, when the bride had finished, she was shown to her chamber; Miss Celia was humming a song as she opened the door, but the notes froze in her throat when the light she carried fell upon the stern features of her father. He stood before her, just within the room; a thousand rebukes in his silent face.

"Father!" It was all she could say.

"Daughter!" And he stood with folded arms.

"So you came away," he went on at length, "came away, like one of the 'poor trash.' *My* daughter, who can marry whom she likes! I am not angry, but I am ashamed of you."

She did not speak. Proud and resolute as she was, she knew her master.

"Are you not glad?"

She bowed silently.

"According to law? Oh, you don't know! We'll say about that. Now, my daughter, you haven't but one life to live, and you have already wasted in experiments. When it is a proper time for you to marry I shall allow you a free choice; but you are a child now, and nothing more. You thought it would be funny or romantic to do this—as though it were something that could be undone! I shall not take you home with me, and you can then reflect. I don't believe you will disgrace yourself by choosing any such low-flung people. But, first of all, whose house was it, this running away, yours or his?"

"Mine," she answered, tremblingly. Perhaps not truly, for Celia was generous as he put the last question, and, knowing the violence of his wrath, she saw what a tempest was about to break on the unfortunate Manley.

"I shall see you again presently," said the father. He walked to the door, and, taking the key, went out and locked it. He had not far to go. Manley had heard voices, and was coming up when he encountered the man whom, of all men living, he had most to fear.

"Are you the fellow that has stolen my daughter?" asked the colonel. Now, whatever bravery Manley had, he was not prepared to look calmly on threatening muzzles, or to be cheerful in anticipation of having his bones broken. He had a theoretical acquaintance with them, but was so unlearned as it has sustained some very trembling knees on their way to the stake; but it was not of the kind needful in "scrimmage," when the natural means are exhausted, the bowie-knife comes in to settle the affair. So Manley, feeling an uncertainty in his legs, and a prodigious thumping at his heart, answered, in words that seemed to have the palsy:

"Yes, Sir—that is, I marry her—by her consent. She was—was not stolen."

"Oh! Not stolen. Now, Sir, I want to know about the ceremony. Tell me what was done—all about it."

Mr. Manley was not a man with a legal education, or he would have known better than to submit to any fifty-dollar J. P. as a fearful sort of frankness that is highly commended in story-books, but is very bad policy, especially in dealing with an antagonist who is armed himself. So he told what had happened, not omitting the mending of the second-hand license. A gleam of delight lighted up the colonel's face when he heard this.

"Caught in your own trap, you fool!" he exclaimed. "The marriage is not legal; not worth so much as a Continental dollar. You are from the beginning. My daughter is not your wife. Go home, you fool! Perhaps you can make a wagon-wheel. I think yourself lucky that I leave you with a whole skin."

Manley was roused by the taunts, and said something about protection from the law. But the colonel unlocked the door, and, standing on the threshold to keep the unmarried couple apart, said,

"My daughter, you have been imposed upon, deceived, betrayed. The marriage was a sham; it gives you neither the rights nor the protection of a wife. You are not married to him. I shall give you to stay three weeks. If at the end of that time you wish to marry this man you shall have an honorable wedding from this

less for a man to say that he don't care. They give the cue to the town, and every face is wreathed in smiles, every finger is pointed, every voice says, "Aha!"

No man can face a whole community long. Into such a nest of hornets came Manley and Cockburn. Every where the ludicrous end of the elopement was the theme of jeering conversation. Verses were extemporized upon it, and were sung by all the idle rowdies in town, black and white. Manley was treated to a mock serenade; horns were blown, kettles were beaten; one of the serenaders had a tune crow which caused in concert; another had a venerable goat that bleated when his beard was pulled; for Manley it was Pandemonium let loose. The cursing thoughts of bestowing similar delicate attention on Cockburn; but the more prudent remembered his revolver, and thought it best not to run the risk of being peppered.

Cockburn met Manley next day, and was surprised to see the change in his face. Though still pale and thin, his bloodless lips were sharply compressed, and his eyes, no longer humid and womanly, shone with a cold, steady lustre.

"You see now," said Cockburn, "we might as well be in the infernal regions. Something must be done. We can't kill all these fellows; they are too many. You have nothing left but your choice between three things: to run away, cut your throat, or go and get your wife."

"I will go and get my wife!"

"Good!" exclaimed Cockburn. "I begin to believe in you."

Their plan was speedily arranged. Cockburn undertook to engage two or three men to accompany them. They thought the display of force would intimidate the combat into submission.

Strange that any persons could have been found to go on so desperate an errand. Perhaps. But what enterprise, however foolhardy, has ever failed to draw followers from among the restless spirits of Kentucky? If Molino del Rey is to be stormed, Kentuckians are the first to scale the walls. If Buena Vista is to be won against seven-fold odds, Kentucky rifles and cavalry are ready. If Lopez needs men to be garroted or shot in a vain attempt upon Cuba, or if the little tyrant Walker calls for aid in establishing a slave republic in Central America, Kentuckians are eager to brave fever and vomito, hunger and thirst, poisonous reptiles and more deadly semi-savages, all for glory and the love of adventure.

Preparations were speedily and silently made, and next morning at daylight Manley and Cockburn with three friends, all armed to the teeth, set out for Colonel Darrell's estate. All of them wore cloaks or loose coats, to conceal their weapons; and as they had kept their intention secret, they expected to take the enemy completely by surprise.

But the proverbial "little devil" carried the news; in this case it was a black bird—namely, Jake. In some mysterious way he heard of what was going on, and at once came to me.

"Massa Bill, dere's trouble a brewin' for ole Massa Darrell. Dat yer Manley an' Cockbun is goin' to-morrer to fotch away Miss Cely, an' to shoot de ole man if he gits in de way."

Jake, for a negro, has all his race, had a mortal contempt for "po'r white trash;" and he was rejoiced beyond measure when his master came home victorious. He expected he was done shet* of dat po'r white-livered chap, an' dat Miss Cely 'd be 'shamed of stoopin' to de low-flung people for a man. Gor-a-mighty, I hope ole massa 'll git de whole crowd some lead to fotch back wid 'em! Don't you, Massa Bill?"

I had not made up my mind.

"But, Massa Bill, wouldn't you now be a frien' to ole massa, and jest ride over an' let him know, so 's they shan't jump on him cowarus?"

"Me! Go sixteen miles at night! I think I shall not interfere in the quarrel. Why don't you go yourself? Mind, I don't tell you to do it, nor advise you."

"Oh, massa, you're sartin lawyer enough to know dat nigger's word ain't good for nothin in court; an' if dere's any trouble ole massa maybe 'll want to show that he knowed de rascals was a comin'."

The astute Jake! To think that he was more far-seeing than I in my own field!

Notwithstanding, I kept my ground. I did not see any reason why I should desire that Manley, or even the hare-brained Cockburn, should be shot. But Jake was bent on his errand, and, after borrowing a dollar from me, set out and found some white man to accompany him. I neither helped nor hindered.

A little after sunrise Miss Celia was making her toilet, when she heard the tramp of horses; she looked out of window and recognized her lover and Cockburn. What she felt I don't pretend to say. For afterward, when it became a matter of great importance to know, she kept her counsel. A remarkably intelligent and self-possessed person she proved to be. But, at all events, she started up and ran down stairs in a great fright—to inform her mother? I did not say so. For any thing I know, she may have intended to run to her lover's arms. But in the hall her father was ready; his rifle on his arm, a double-barrelled gun in the corner; powder, balls, buck-shot, patches, and percussion-caps in a chair at his knee. She had not time to speak before he stepped forward, raised the rifle, and said, "Keep off! Don't open my gate, or I shall fire!"

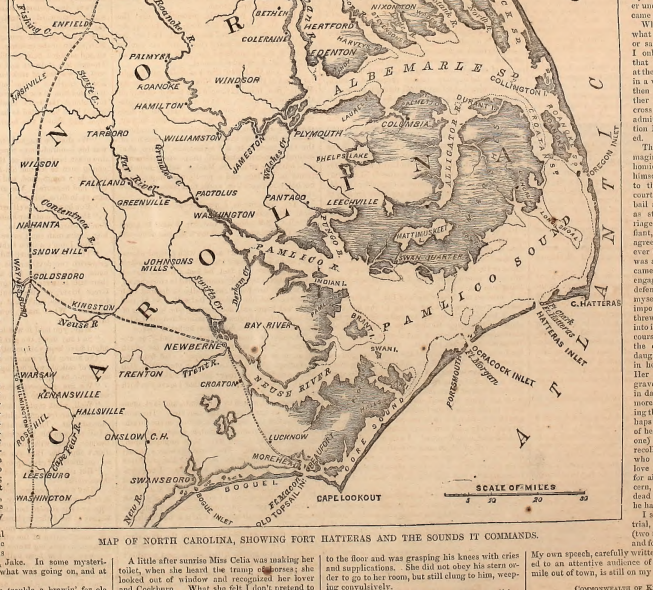
"Don't shoot! Keep cool!" some one answered.

The party were close together, and Manley in advance, was just opening the gate, a hundred yards or so from the porch where the colonel stood. The gate swung open, and the party coolly came on.

"Once more!" shouted the colonel, "I warn you!"

At the same instant the sharp crack of the rifle was heard, and Manley fell off his horse. His party responded with pistol-shots, but their fire fell short, and only enraged their antagonist. Quick as lightning he discharged a load of buck-shot from the other gun, and winged two of them; one was Cockburn, whose right arm fell powerless at his side.

The horsemen now halted for parley. These movements took place within ten seconds from the time when Celia came down. It was not until after Colonel Barwell had got down the second gun, still smoking, by the door, that he became conscious of his daughter's presence. She had fallen



MAP OF NORTH CAROLINA, SHOWING FORT HATTERAS AND THE SOUNDS IT COMMANDS.

My own speech, carefully written out, and rehearsed to an attentive audience of Jack-jokes half a mile out of town, is still on my files, indorsed

COMMONWEALTH OF KENTUCKY
vs.
JAMES BARWELL,
under indictment for murder.
Argument of W. T. for defence.

Of course our client was acquitted. Who ever knew a Kentucky jury to convict where they believed there was a fair fight?

Cockburn and the Manleys railed at the jury, as might have been expected; but a one-armed man might talk as much as he chose, since he could no take up the quarrel; and as for the Manleys, what matter was it what a set of poor "one-account" wagon-makers said?

"And Miss Celia?" She is married to a fi ne young planter in Tennessee. "Her father?" Lives on his estate, comfortable and respected.

"No poetical justice, then?" Not a particle.

* In Kentucky, *to be shut of* a man is to be rid of him.

PICKING HOPS.

On the hills of old Otsego,
By her brightly gleaming lake,
Where the sound of horn and hunter
Sylvan echoes love to wake,
Where the wreaths of twining verdure
Clamber to the saplings' tops,
I sat beside sweet Minnie Wilder,
In the great field picking hops.

Then the clusters green and golden
Binding in her sunny hair,
Half afraid, yet very earnest,
Looking in her face so fair;
Speaking low, while Squire Von Lager
Talked of past and coming crops,
Said I, "Minnie, should a soldier
Stay at home here picking hops?

"While the country, torn asunder,
Calls for men like me to fight,
And the voice of patriots pleading
Asks for hands to guard the right;
While from hearts of heroes slaughtered
Still the life-blood slowly drops,
Can I—shall I stay beside you,
Minnie darling, picking hops?"

Very pale the cheek was growing,
And the hand I held was cold;
But the eye was bright and glowing,
While my troubled thought was told;
Yet her voice was clear and steady
Without sighs, or tears, or stops,
When she answered, speaking quickly,
"'Tis women's work, this picking hops.

"Men should be where duty calls them,
Women stay at home and pray
For the gallant absent soldier,
Proud to know he would not stay."
"Bravely spoken, darling Minnie!"
Then I kissed her golden locks,
Breathed anew a soldier's promise,
As we sat there picking hops.

Now I go away to-morrow,
And I'll dare to do or die,
Win a leader's straps and sword, love,
Or 'mid fallen heroes lie.
Then when all of earth is fading,
And the flattering life-pulse stops,
Still 'mid thoughts of home and heaven,
I'll remember picking hops.

RICHFIELD SPRINGS. E. H.

THE REBEL GENERAL JOSEPH E. JOHNSTON.

THE REBEL GENERAL JOSEPH E. JOHNSTON.

We published in our last number a portrait of the Rebel General ALBERT S. JOHNSTON, who commands the rebel forces on the Mississippi: we now give the other JOHNSTON, JOSEPH E., who, with Beauregard, commands the rebel army on the Potomac.

JOSEPH ECCLESTON JOHNSTON was born in Virginia about the year 1804, and is, consequently, some fifty-seven years of age at present. After the usual school education, young Johnston was adopted by the United States, and was brought up in their Military Academy at West Point, at their cost, and under their flag. On leaving West Point he was appointed to the Fourth Artillery, and served in that capacity till 1836, when he became First Lieutenant and Assistant Commissary of Subsistence—a very desirable berth. In 1838 he was appointed First Lieutenant of Topographical Engineers, and served in that capacity through the Florida War, obtaining for his services the brevet of Captain. In 1846 he became full Captain, and served first with the Engineers, and next with a regiment of Voltigeurs, throughout the Mexican War, receiving two brevets for distinguished conduct. At the close of the war he was retained in the Topographical Engineers, and enjoyed a life of agreeable ease in the Government service, until last year, when he was placed at the head of the Quarter-master's department, with the rank of Brigadier-General. The appointment was made in June, 1860, when General Scott foresaw the trouble looming in the future. It is to be presumed that, in placing General Johnston in the responsible position of Quarter-master-General, he placed implicit reliance upon his loyalty. How that faith was requited may be inferred from the fact that, early in 1861, Joseph E. Johnston forswore his allegiance, deserted his flag, and made war against his country at the head of the Virginia rebels. General Johnston is second in command in Virginia, with the rank of full General.

THE WAR IN WESTERN VIRGINIA.

ONE of our artists has illustrated the following incident of the war in Western Virginia, described in the letter of a correspondent who writes from mouth of Twenty Mile Creek, August 29:

On the 24th, Companies B and H of the Ohio 12th Regiment, under command of Major Hines, started up New River, for Hawk's Nest, which we reached about three o'clock. Hawk's Nest is a rocky cliff, 1000 feet from the water's edge in New River. Here we took supper and cooked one day's rations, put them into our haversacks, and started up Gauley Mountain. We had to ascend single file, sometimes crawling and swinging ourselves. About ten o'clock we reached the Back Bone, or top of Gauley Mountain, where we slept soundly. We got up at four, walked a mile, took breakfast, waited an hour for the fog to get off, marched four miles and took dinner.

THE NEW HAMPSHIRE SHARP-SHOOTERS.

We publish on page 625 several illustrations of the NEW HAMPSHIRE COMPANY OF BERDAN'S SHARP-SHOOTERS REGIMENT, including a portrait of Captain JONES. The *Tribune* said of this Company:

These New Hampshire marksmen are all men of excellent moral character, more than ordinary intelligence, and of good social position. Quite one-third are farmers, the remainder being composed of mechanics and artisans who earn their $2 a day the year round. They are led by Captain A. B. JONES, a stalwart, handsome young man, who was offered the commission by the Governor on his graduation-day at college, and who sprang with alacrity from the study of Euclid and Herodotus to that of Hardee and Scott.

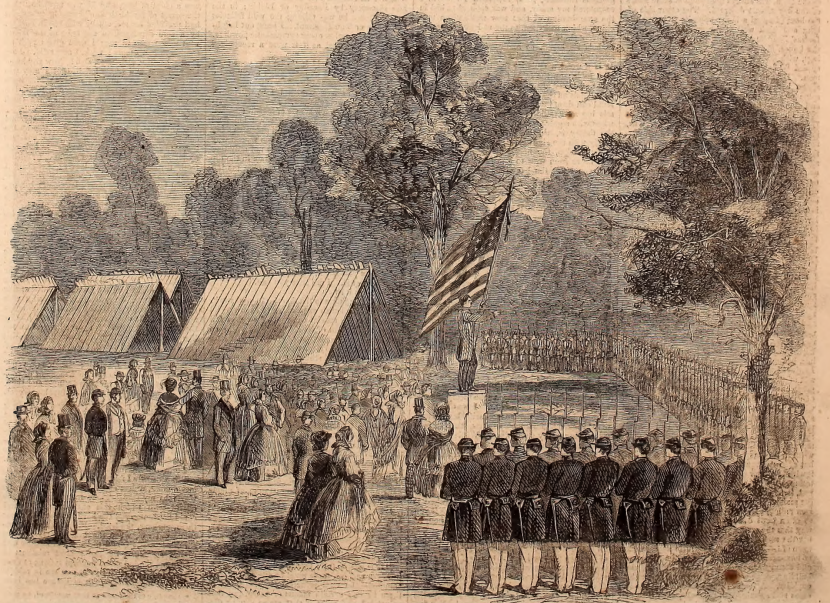
He is a wonderful rifle-shot himself, having made a ten-shot string of seven inches from a rest in a recent public trial of the men. This almost equals the marvelous exploit of Colonel Gordon Bunnell in the Wochawken exhibition, and is actually better than the champion string made in '43 in Kentucky. Let the Colonel look to his laurels! The best shot in the Company is one Brown, from Bow, New Hampshire, whose string measured fifteen inches; but the average of the whole hundred men is under thirty inches. Captain JONES, in recruiting the New Hampshire Company, advertised for candidates to come to head-quarters at Concord, bringing with them satisfactory certificates of good character and habits as their second qualification for admission. The result was that over 250 applications were made, nearly all of them by men who could "pass the string test." So that the 100 taken being deducted, there is material for another company of riflemen from the Old Granite State. New Hampshire has done well in this war in a good many ways, but she has nothing to be prouder of than the 100 whom she has sent to operate on the wings of an army under young Captain JONES. If any one's eyes give a good account of themselves, we think hereafter have no faith in strong arms, steady nerves, clear sight, or 40-pound rifles.

THE ASCENT OF GAULEY MOUNTAIN, IN WESTERN VIRGINIA, BY THE TWELFTH OHIO REGIMENT.

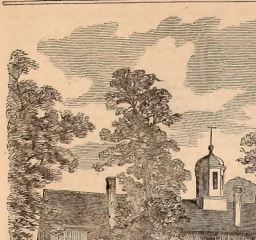
MAJOR-GENERAL M'CLELLAN'S BODY-GUARD (STURGES RIFLES).

GENERAL M'CLELLAN'S BODY-GUARD.

We illustrate herewith the corps known as the STURGES RIFLES, Captain Barker, who are serving as General M'Clellan's body-guard. They were recruited at Chicago, and took their name from the great grain merchant, Solomon Sturges, to whose liberality they were indebted for equipments. Before the outbreak of the war General M'Clellan had been connected with them as militia officer. When the war broke out they followed him into Western Virginia, and since then to Washington. They are a gallant body of picked men, all athletic, trained to endure fatigue, and all good shots. Their uniform is easy and comfortable, and is generally worn by General M'Clellan himself. Hitherto they have numbered one hundred and thirty-five men; they are now to be raised to one hundred and fifty-eight.



PRESENTATION OF A FLAG TO KENTUCKY VOLUNTEERS AT CAMP BRUCE, NEAR CYNTHIANA, KENTUCKY.—SKETCHED BY CAPTAIN FINCH.—[SEE PRECEDING PAGE.]



FAIRFAX COURT HOUSE, THE REBEL GEN. BONHAM'S HEAD-QUARTERS.—(PHOTOGRAPHED BY BRADY.)

[Entered according to Act of Congress, in the Year 1861, by HARPER & BROTHERS, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Southern District of New York.]

A STRANGE STORY.

By SIR E. BULWER LYTTON.

☞ Printed from the Manuscript and early Proof-sheets purchased by the Proprietors of "Harper's Weekly."

CHAPTER XXIV.

THE house I occupied at L—— was a quaint old-fashioned building—a corner house—one side, in which was the front entrance, looked upon a street which, as there were no shops in it, and it was no direct thoroughfare to the busy centre of the town, was always quiet, and at some hours of the day almost deserted. The other side of the house fronted a lane; opposite to it was the long and high wall of the garden to a Young Ladies' Boarding-School. My stables adjoined the house, abutting on a row of smaller buildings, with little gardens before them, chiefly occupied by mercantile clerks and retired tradesmen. By the lane there was short and ready access both to the high turnpike-road and to some pleasant walks through green meadows and along the banks of a river.

This house I had inhabited since my arrival at L——, and it had to me so many attractions, in a situation sufficiently central to be convenient for patients, and yet free from noise, and favorable to ready outlet into the country for such feet or horse exercise as my professional avocations would allow me to carve for myself out of what the Latin poet calls the "solid mass of the day," that I had refused to change it for one better suited to my increased income; but it was not a house which Mrs. Ashleigh would have liked for Lilian. The main objection to it, in the eyes of the "genteel," was, that it had formerly belonged to a member of the healing profession, who united the shop of an apothecary to the diploma of a surgeon; but that shop had given the house a special attraction to me; for it had been built out on that side of the house which fronted the lane, occupying the greater portion of a small gravel court, fenced from the road by a low iron palisade, and separated from the body of the house itself by a short and narrow corridor that communicated with the entrance-hall. This shop I turned into a rude study for scientific experiments, in which I generally spent some early hours of the morning, before my visiting patients began to arrive. I enjoyed the stillness of its separation from the rest of the house: I enjoyed the glimpse of the great chestnut-trees which overtopped the wall of the school garden; I enjoyed the ease with which, by opening the glazed sash-door, I could get out, if disposed for a short walk, into the pleasant fields; and so completely had I made this sanctum my own, that not only was the servant knew that I was never to be disturbed when in it, except by the summons of a patient, but even the house-maid was forbidden to enter it with broom or duster except upon special invitation. The last thing at night, before retiring to rest, it was the man-servant's business to see that the sash-window was closed and the gate to the iron palisade locked, but during the day time I so often went out of the house by that private way that the gate was often very seldom locked, nor the sash-door bolted from within. In the town of L—— there was very little apprehension of house-robberies—especially in the daylight—and certainly in this room, cut off from the main building, there was nothing to attract a vulgar cupidity. A few of the apothecary's shelves and cases still remained on the walls, with here and there a bottle of some chemical preparation for experiment. Two or three worm-eaten wooden chairs; two or three shabby old tables; an old walnut-wood bureau, with a lock into which odds-and-ends were confusedly thrust, and sundry ugly-looking inventions of mechanical science, were assuredly no attractions which a timid proprietor would guard with jealous care from the chances of robbery. It will be seen later why I have been thus prolix in description. The morning after I had met the young stranger by whom I had been so favorably impressed, I was up, as usual, a little before the sun, and long before any of my servants were astir, went first into the room I have mentioned, and which I shall henceforth designate as my study, opened the window, unlocked the gate, and shortened for some minutes up and down the silent lane skirting the opposite wall and overhung by the chestnut-trees, rich in the garniture of a glorious summer; then, refreshed for work, re-entered my study, and was soon absorbed in the examination of that now well-known machine, which was then, to me at least, a novelty —invented, if I remember right, by Monsieur Dubois Reymond, so distinguished by his researches into the mysteries of organic electricity. It is a wooden cylinder fixed against the edge of a table; on the table two vessels filled with salt and water are so placed that, as you close your hands on the cylinder, the forefinger of each hand can drop into the water; each of the vessels has magnetic plate, and communicates by wires with a galvanometer with its needle. Now the theory is, that if you clutch the cylinder firmly with the right hand, leaving the left perfectly passive, the needle in the galvanometer will move from west to south; if, in like manner, you exert the left arm, leaving the right arm passive, the needle will deflect from west to north. Hence, it is argued that the electric current is induced through the agency of the nervous system, and that as human Will produces the muscular contraction requisite, so it is human Will that causes the deflection of the needle. I imagined that if this theory were substantiated by experiment, the discovery might lead to some sublime and unconjectured secrets of science. For human Will, thus actively effective on the electric current, and all matter, animate or inanimate, having more or less of electricity, a vast field became opened to conjecture. By what series of patient experimental induction might not science arrive at the solution of problems which the Newtonian law of gravitation does not suffice to solve; and— But I must not suffer myself to be led away into the vague world of guess by the vague reminiscences of a knowledge long since wholly neglected, or half-forgotten.

I was dissatisfied with my experiment. The needle stirred, indeed, but erratically, and not in directions which, according to the theory, should correspond to the pressure. I was about to dismiss the trial with some uncharitable contempt of the French philosopher's dogmas, when I heard a loud ring at the house-bell. While I paused to conjecture whether my servant was yet up to attend to the door, and which of my patients was the most likely to summon me at so unreasonable an hour, a shadow darkened my window. I looked up, and to my astonishment beheld the radiant face of Mr. Margrave. The sash to the door was already partially opened; he raised it higher and walked into the room. "Was it you who sang at the street door, and at this hour?" said I.

"Yes; and observing, after I had rung, that all the shutters were still closed, I felt ashamed of my own rash action, and made off rather than brave the reproachful face of some injured housemaid, robbed of her morning dreams." I turned down that pretty lane—lured by the green of the chestnut-trees—caught sight of you through the window—and—and here I am! You forgive me?" While thus speaking he continued to move along the littered floor of the dingy room with the undulating restlessness of some wild animal in the confines of its den, and he now went on, in short fragmentary sentences, very slightly linked together, but smoothed, as it were, into harmony by a voice musical and fresh as a skylark's notes. "Morning dreams, indeed! dreams that waste the life of such a morning. Rosy magnificence of a summer dawn! Do you not think that he prefers to lie abed, and to dream rather than to live? What! and you, strong man, with those noble limbs, in this den! Do you not long for a walk through the green of the fields, a bath in the blue of the river?"

Here he came to a pause, standing, still in the gray light of the growing day, with eyes whose joyous hues forestalled the sun's, and lips which seemed to laugh even in repose.

But presently those eyes, as quick as they were bright, glanced over the walls, the floor, the ceiling, the plinth, the mechanical inventions, and then rested full on my cylinder fixed to the table. He approached, examined it curiously, asked what it was? I explained. To gratify him, I sat down and renewed my experiment, with equally ill success. The needle, which should have veered from west to south, describing an angle of from 30 degrees to 40 degrees, only made a few troubled undecided oscillations.

"Tut!" cried the young man, "I see what it is; you have a wound in your right hand."

That was true. I had burned my hand a few days before in a chemical experiment, and the sore had not healed.

"Well," said I, "and what has that matter?"

"Every thing; the least scratch in the skin of the hand produces chemical actions on the electric current, independently of your will. Let me try."

He took my place, and in a moment the needle in the galvanometer pointed to his grasp on the cylinder, exactly as the French philosopher had stated to be the due result of the experiment.

I was startled.

"But how came you, Mr. Margrave, to be so well acquainted with a scientific process little known, and but recently discovered?"

"I well acquainted! not so. But I am fond of all experiments that relate to animal life. Electricity especially is full of interest."

On that I drew him out (as I thought), and he talked volubly. I was amazed to find this young man, in whose brain I had conceived thought kept one careless holiday, was evidently familiar with the physical sciences, and especially with chemistry, from my own study by predilection. But never had I met with a student in whom a knowledge so extensive was mixed up with notions so crude and incorrect. A profane sentence he showed that he had mastered some late discovery by Faraday or Liebig; in the next astonished me by citing the wild fallacies of Cardan or Van Helmont. I burst out laughing at some paradox about sympathetic powders, which he announced as if it were a recognized truth.

"Pray tell me," said I, "who was your master in physics? Never pupil never had a more crack-brained teacher."

"No," he answered, with his merry laugh, "it is not a crack-brained. I am a mere parrot; just cry out a few scraps of learning picked up here and there. But, however, I am fond of all researches into science, and guess at her riddles. To tell you the truth, one reason why I have taken to you so heartily is not only that you looked worth caught up fancy in the day your published work caught my fancy in the shop (which I guess the contents (pardon me if I say dip, I never do more than dip into any book), but also because young * * * * tells me that you have actually met in this town confirm; viz., that you are one of those few practical chemists who are at once exceedingly cautious and exceedingly bold—willing to try every new experiment, but submitting experiment to rigid tests. Well, I have an experiment running which I am giddy mad of doing, and I want you, some day when at leisure, to catch it, fix it as you have fixed that cylinder: make something of it. I am sure you can."

"What is it?"

"Something akin to the theories in your work. You would not believe how sensitive to each special constitution the special substance that may fail to the equilibrium of its health. But you own that the electric current causes the best cure of disease is less to deal with the disease itself than to support and stimulate the whole system, so as to enable nature to cure the disease and restore the impaired equilibrium by her own agencies. Thus, if you find that in certain cases of nervous irritation the nitric acid is efficacious, it is because the nitric acid has a virtue in locking up, as it were, the nervous energy, and in concentrating all undue waste. Again, in some cases of what is commonly called feverish cold, stimulants like ammonia assist nature itself to get rid of a disorder that opposes her normal action; and, on the same principle, I apprehend, it is conceded that a large average of human lives is saved in those hospitals which have adopted the supporting system of ample nourishment and alcoholic stimulants."

"Your medical learning surprises me," said I, smiling, and without pausing to notice where it deals somewhat superficially with disputable points in general, and my own theory in particular, I ask you for the deduction you draw from your premises."

"It is simply this: that to all animate bodies, however various, there must be one principle in common—the vital principle itself. What if there be one certain means of recruiting that principle? and what if that secret can be discovered?"

"Pshaw! The old illusion of the medieval empirics."

"Not so. But the medieval empirics were great discoverers. You sneer at Van Helmont, who sought in water the principle of all things; but Van Helmont discovered in his search those invisible bodies called gases. Now the principle of life must be certainly ascribed to a gas.* And whatever is a gas, chemistry should not despair of producing! But I can agree no longer now —never can argue long at a stretch—we are wasting the morning; and, joy! the sun is up! See! One's nose can get out! and greet the great Life-giver face to face."

I could not resist the young man's invitation. In a few minutes we were in the open lane under the glinting chestnut-trees. Margrave was chanting, low, a wild tune—words in a strange language.

"What words are those? no European language, I think; for I know a little of most of the languages which are spoken in one quarter of the globe, at least by its more civilized races."

"Civilized races! What is civilization? Those words were uttered by men who founded empires when Europe itself was not civilized! Hush, is it not a grand old air?" and lifting his eyes toward the sun, he gave vent to a voice clear and deep as a mighty bell! The air was grand—the words had a sonorous swell that suited it, and they seemed to be jubilant and yet solemn. He stopped abruptly, as a path from the lane led us into the fields, already half-dried in sunlight—dews glittering on the hedge-rows.

"Your song," said I, "would go well with the clash of cymbals or the peal of the organ. I am no judge of melody, but this strikes me as that of a religious hymn."

"I compliment you on the guess. It is a Persian fire-worshiper's hymn to the sun. The dialect is very different from modern Persian. Cyrus the Great might have chanted it on his march upon Babylon."

"And where did you learn it?"

"In Persia itself."

"You have traveled much—learned much—and are so young and so fresh. Is it an impertinent question if I ask whether your parents are yet living, or are you wholly lord of yourself?"

"Thank you for the question—pray make my answer known in the town. Parents I have not —never had."

"Never had parents!!"

"Well, I ought rather to say that no parents ever owned me. I am a supernatural sun—a vagabond—a nobody. When I came of age I received an anonymous letter, informing me that in sum—the time of say what—but more than enough for all I need, was lodged at an English banker's in my name; that my mother had died in my infancy; that my father, who had through secret channels provided for my education and rearing, was also dead—but recently; that as I was a child of love, and he was unwilling that the secret of my birth should ever be traced, he had provided for me, not by will, but in his life, by a sum consigned to the trust of the friend who now wrote to me; I need give myself no trouble to learn more; faith, I never did. I am young, healthy, rich—yes, rich! Now you know all, and you had better tell it, that I may win no man's courtesy and no maiden's love upon false pretenses. I have not even a right, you see, to the name I bear. Hist! let me catch that squirrel."

With what a panther-like bound he sprang! The squirrel escaped his grasp only by the oak-tree; in a moment he was up the oak-tree too. In an instant I saw him rising from bough to bough; saw his bright face among the glittering teeth through the green leaves; presently I heard the sharp, piteous cry of the squirrel—echoed by my patient's merry laugh. Down, through that maze of green, Margrave came, dropping on the grass and bounding up as Mercury might have bounded with his wings at his heels.

"I have caught him—what pretty brown eyes!"

Suddenly the gay expression of his face changed to that of a savage; the squirrel had wrenched itself loose and bitten him. The poor beast! In an instant its neck was wrung —its body dashed on the ground; and that fair young creature, every feature quivering with rage, was standing over it, with its eyes gaze and again! It was horrible. I caught him by the arm indignantly. He turned round on me like a wild beast. Blood from its gums—his teeth set, his hand lifted, his eyes like balls of fire.

"Shame!" said I, calmly; "shame on you!"

He continued to gaze on me a moment or so—his eye glaring, his breath panting—and then, as if mastering himself with an involuntary effort, his arm dropped to his side, and he said, quite humbly, "I beg your pardon; indeed I do. I was not myself then. Forgive me. I can not bear pain!" and he looked in deep compassion for himself at his wounded hand. "Venomous beast!" And he stamped again on the body of the squirrel, already crushed out of shape.

I moved away in disgust, and walked on.

But presently he left my arm self-taken aside, and a voice, dulcet as the coo of a dove, stole its way into my ears. There was no resisting the charm with which this extraordinary mortal could fascinate even the hard and the cold; nor them, perhaps, the least. For as you see in extreme old age, when the heart seems to have shrunk into itself, and to leave but meagre and nipped affections for the nearest relations if grown up, the indurated egotism softens at once toward a playful child; or as you see in middle life some misanthrope, whose nature has been

* According to the views we have mentioned, we must substitute life to a gas, that is, to a fluid.—Liebig. Organic Chemistry, Playfair's translation, p. 362.

soured by wrong and sorrow, shrink from his own species, yet make friends with inferior races, and respond to the caress of a dog, so about this person there was the attraction of a beautiful child, of a graceful animal, half fierce and half docile.

"But," said I, with a smile, as I felt all displeasure gone, "such indulgence of passion in such a trifle is surely unworthy a student of philosophy."

"Trifle," he said, dolorously. "But I tell you it is pain; pain is no trifle—pain is the worst ill! I suffer. Look! Cure it, do!"

I looked at the hand, which I took in mine. The bite no doubt had been sharp; but the hand that lay in my own was that which the Greek sculptor gave to a gladiator; not large the extremities are never large in persons whose strength comes from the just proportion of all the members, rather than the fortitious and partial force which continued muscular exertion will give to one part of the frame, to the comparative weakening of the rest), but with the firm-knit joints, the solid fingers, the finished nails, the massive palm, the supple polished skin in which we recognize what nature designs the human hand to be—the skilled, swift, mighty doer of all those marvels which win Nature herself from the wilderness.

"It is natural," said I, thoughtfully; "that your susceptibility to suffering confirms my opinion, which is different from the popular belief, viz.: the pain is nervous rapidity; or must I mortify your pride by saying that they have some moral quality defective in you which enables them to rise superior to it?"

"The Indian savages," said Margrave, sullenly, "have not a health as perfect as mine, and in what I call vital vitality—the blissful consciousness of life—they are as sticks and stones compared to me."

"How do you know?"

"Because I have lived with them. It is all a mistake about their superior health, as I will explain to you some day; and in their fine perceptions of sounds, such do not come from exquisite equilibrium of system, but are hereditary attributes transmitted from race to race, and strengthened by training from infancy. But in a pointer stronger and healthier than a mastiff, because the pointer through long descent and early hunting creeps stealthily to his game and stands to it motionless? I will talk of this later; now I suffer! Oh, cure it—do do!"

It so happened that I had there me some roots of the white lily, which I meant, before returning home, to leave with a patient suffering from one of those painful local inflammations, to which that simple remedy often affords great relief. I cut up one of these roots, and bound the cooling leaves to the wounded hand with my handkerchief.

"There," said I. "Fortunately, if you feel pain more sensibly than others, you will recover from it more quickly."

And in a few minutes my companion felt perfectly relieved, and poured out his gratitude with an extravagance of expression and a beaming delight of countenance which positively touched me.

"I almost feel," said I, "as I do when I have stilled an infant's wailing, and restored it smiling to its mother's breast."

"You have done so. I am an infant, and Nature is my mother. Oh, to be restored to the full joy of life, the scent of wild flowers, the song of birds, and this air—mountain air—mother air!"

I know not why it was, but at that moment, looking at him and hearing him, I rejoiced that Lilian was not at L——.

"But I came out to bathe. Can we not bathe in that stream?"

"No. You would derange the bandage round your hand, and there is nothing like perfect rest for it."

"I obey, then, but I do so love the water."

"You swim, of course?"

"Ask me to cut off a limb. Ask the fish if it can escape me! I delight to dive down—down to plunge after the startled trout, as an otter does; and then to gasp among those cool, fragrant reeds and bulrushes, or that forest of emerald weed which one sometimes finds waving under clear rivers. Ah, man! could you live but an hour of my life you would know how horrible a thing it is to die!"

"Yet the dying do not think so; they pass away calm and smiling, as you will one day."

"I—! die one day—die!" and he sank on the grass, and buried his face among the herbage, sobbing aloud.

Before I could get through half a dozen words, meant to soothe and to cheer, he suddenly bounded, dashed the tears from his eyes, and was again hanging some wild, barbaric chant. I did not disturb him; in fact I soon grew absorbed in my own meditations on the singular nature, so wayward, so impulsive, which had forced intimacy on a man grave and practical as myself.

I was puzzled how to reconcile so passionate a childishness, so undisciplined a want of self-control, with an experience of mankind so extended by travel, with an education, desultory and irregular indeed, but which must have been at some time or other familiarized to severe reasonings and laborious studies. There seemed to be wanting in him that mysterious something which is needed to keep our faculties, however severally brilliant, harmoniously linked together—as the string by which a child mechanically binds the wild flowers it gathers, among them at choice into the garland or the chain.

A RUN FOR LIFE.

A RAILROAD ADVENTURE.

My father was an extremely clever and capable artisan, who possessed besides ability considerable prudence and no small share of ambition.

With such qualities it was only natural that he should rise in life; and he did so. Before I was sixteen years of age he held a lucrative and responsible position in the locomotive department on one of the great north country lines, and had he lived I think he might have made himself a name in the world. I was his only son, and he gave me a good education, deeply tinged with a mechanical coloring, in the hope that I should improve on his station. In this hope, if he were alive, he would not, perhaps, be altogether disappointed; but although I have no reason to complain of want of present prosperity and social position, it is none the less true that the spare hours and holidays of my school life were spent chiefly among work-shops, engineering establishments, and those young days I had a passion for the locomotive, and my boyish ambition was to become a master of all the mysteries of steam-engines and machinery. That I was forever loafing about the engine-house and getting an occasional trip with good-natured drivers more ready to please an inquiring youngster than careful to obey the company's regulations. In this way I early gained a tolerably complete insight into the management of that locomotive, and being a shrewd, self-confident lad, was already a profound belief in my capacity for discharging all the duties of a driver. I had, besides, an inseparable companion, named Ben Hibberd, the fireman's son, who followed the calling I thought I should so much adorn, and who delighted equally with me in pottering about engines, and in long expeditions in the short distances wherever the opportunity occurred. The elder Hibberd was an extremely daring and clever driver, and was considered, and deservedly, like too many of our very best artisans, given to occasional fits of drunkenness. This peculiarity had given me no trouble since or before the time of which I am speaking, but as on each occasion his escapades had been productive of no actual harm, and as he was the author of much valuable man, he was retained, but cautioned. Mark was quite as great a proficient as myself in the knowledge of engines, and more than half of both was to have our abilities properly recognized among the workmen who were our companions. In all our little excursions Hibberd was chief, however, was the leader; he inherited his father's skill and courage, and soon acquired, even among the men, a good reputation for coolness and steadiness. Such were young Hibberd and myself at about the age of fifteen; but in order that you may clearly understand the story of my story, I will at present say no more to explain the situation and peculiarities of our station and the neighboring line. Coulston is a large town on the —— Railway, standing midway between Derby, which is ten miles below, and Castleton, which is ten miles above it.

Attached to the station are the locomotive works already mentioned, and a very large engine-house. In the latter, the number of engines was generally considerable, and it was one of our favorite haunt, where we lurked at all hours, hoping for the chance of a run with some complaisant driver who, down to Monday, was much trusted by the cuapter of accidents and 'Shanks his mare,' for a return journey. The engine-house stood at a distance of about 200 yards below Coulston station, to which it was connected by a siding joining the main line, in a manner with which every one is familiar.

Allenby was a small place where few trains stopped, while our town was large and of rising importance. The nearest down station of any size was Littlecote, twenty miles distant—as happened one dark but clear November evening that Mark Hibberd and I were lounging about our favorite engine-house, chatting to one and another of the drivers who were busy oiling and cleaning their respective locomotives. Old Hibberd's 'Fire-fly' was there with others, and we were hanging round during the afternoon that Mark's father was to be in readiness to take a "special" down to Ilchester at eight o'clock precisely. Old Hibberd, who in fact there, though it was then half past seven, and Mark said casually, in answer to a question from old Bob Jackson, the driver of the 'Swallow,' that his father was not "on the lush;" but he had been down to the Railway Arms again that afternoon for the first time during the day, and was "screwed."

We were standing on the foot-plate as we talked, and steam having been up some time and the water filled, we were somewhat "blowing off" steam during the afternoon that Mark's father was to be in readiness to take a "special" down to Ilchester at eight o'clock precisely. Old Hibberd, who in fact there, though it was then half past seven, and Mark said casually, in answer to a question from old Bob Jackson, the driver of the 'Swallow,' that his father was not "on the lush;" but he had been down to the Railway Arms again that afternoon for the first time during the day, and was "screwed."

"Right you are, Mas'r Charley," said Bob; "but my word Mas'r Mark take her down to the points and back again while I light my lamps and fill my oil can."

"Do," said one of the little chances we delighted in. It wanted exactly twenty minutes to eight when Mark turned on steam, and we glided slowly out of the engine-house, leaving old Jackson trimming the "Firefly's" lamps. We had run backward and forward over the hundred yards of rails between the crossing and the house when Mark's evil genius prompted him to exclaim:

"I say, Charley, let's run over the points and down the line for half-a-mile or so; we can be back easy by eight o'clock."

So sooner said than done. When we reached the points I dropped off and opened the switches, thus shunting the engine on to the up-line, upon which we proposed to indulge ourselves in some two or three minutes' gallop, and then return.

Once in acting thus, you must understand that we did nothing whatever involving any danger from ordinary sources, and were in all human probability perfectly safe from mishap.

The run was a glorious success, not due at Coulston till 8·20, but which did not stop at Allenby. Nothing could possibly follow us from Ilchester for we were on the up line of rails, and as we should be back again before eight o'clock, there was of course no danger to be apprehended from the coming up of any train from our return, but only to ship his lamps and start on the down line for Lichester.

Our programme, however, was deranged in a way we little expected. Prudent if bold, we did not allow the delights of our gallop to detain us too long, and had commenced our return to eight-and-we passed the crossing on our way back to the engine-house; we had slackened speed on approaching the points, and were travelling slowly and quietly, when Mark shouted to me, "Put down the break, Charley, here's the big 'Swallow' coming out at a lick, and no mistake!" In a moment we had stopped and reversed the "Firefly," and began to move slowly ahead down the up-line again, greatly wondering what on earth brought the train, but not in the least alarmed for our safety, since we had only to allow the "Swallow" gradually to overtake us, and when she was by (which, as we had no fixed speed to set us easy) both engines might return together. Meanwhile the giant behind us came on at such a rapidly increasing speed that we were unwillingly obliged to travel faster as well. We shouted and tried to attract attention from her driver, but in vain, and we presently began to think that all was not right and to wonder. At length Mark whispered, "Charley, you may take my word for it that's the Governor, and he's mad drunk. I have seen him in that state before, and that came to hand, and don't know at this moment if he's on the up or down line or what he's doing—he's the only man I ever saw that's been drinking." Here was a pleasant situation.

It was just on the stroke of eight o'clock: in another ten minutes or a quarter by express would pass Allonby on its way to Coulston: before us therefore was the certainty of collision, and behind us an engine driver raving at a great speed, which increased with every minute, and driven by a man mad drunk—what was to be done? It was a case in which promptness, decision, and decision must be the work of a second of time.

"Let us run for Allenby," said Mark at once, with his hand upon the regulator. "Keep the whistle open, and they'll see us ahead in Providence they'll hear it and have time and sense to shunt us on to the "down" before the express runs through."

I was for less vigorous measures. Something assured me that Mark was right, and that the engine behind us was driven by Hibberd in a state of intoxication; but I fancied that however drunk he might be, he would yet not be so utterly insane as to persist in driving against certain destruction, provided we could make him understand his danger; so I proposed that we should slacken and let him overtake us, and then run on the "Swallow" and by pressure or force induce him to return. All this and much more passed between us in far fewer seconds than it has taken me to tell it; and in fact, the whole affair was a succession of such rapid action following upon decisions so swift that I find it impossible to give you the faintest idea of the startling suddenness with which the circumstances crowded on each other. For a moment Mark—thinking, doubtless, more of his father than himself—approved of my suggestion, and we slackened speed. By this time both engines were running at a perfectly frightful velocity, and the "Swallow" had come fairly within sight. No sooner did her buffers touch ours than Mark flung himself upon his father's engine. I watched him clamber along the tender till I lost the outline of his figure in the darkness. A minute of unspeakable suspense followed, during which the "Swallow" held on her rapid speed. I now did all I could to impede her progress. I shut off steam and screwed my breaks down till they were one blaze of fire, and reversed my father's engine more me forward. At length, after what seemed a whole hour to me, I heard above the din of the pace which we were going, of yells, mingled with hoarse curses. I closed the handle a moment to listen, and soon felt certain that a fearful struggle was going on between Mark and his son. I was caught at the "Swallow," pulled myself on to her, and climbed as fast as I could toward the footplate. Hibberd was driving the boiler I met Mark returning, reckless.

"On to your engine," he screamed, "and run for Allenby!"

This was enough for me; it was no time to ask or answer questions, and another second or two saw us both upon the "Swallow"—broke up, whistle open, and all steam on. We drew quickly away from our companion; but the few minutes of delay had frightfully increased our chances of safety.

It was so dark that I could not clearly see Mark's face, but I knew from the disturbed appearance of his clothes that there had been a tussle, and I said simply, "Well, Mark?" While speaking, I opened the fire-door, and as the red gleam burst out, I started in renewed horror, for his whole face, neck, and hands were covered with blood.

"It's my own, Charley," he whispered; and even while he spoke, with the dexterity of an engine driver, he wiped the noble fellow's eyes filled the foot-plate of the engine he found Hibberd alone, and raging drunk: that he had made no effort to reverse the "Swallow's" gear, and in order to do so put his hand upon the starting lever. This fairly maddened Hibberd, who flew upon him before he could accomplish his object, and cut across the brief but deadly struggle I had heard. Mark was powerless in his father's strong hands, and escaped almost by a miracle from being dashed off on to the line by a blow which felled him. In the fall his head was cut open against some of the iron work, and he was forced to return as I have described without gaining his end. But no kind of danger could make Jem Hibberd lose his coolness and his eyes darkened and his teeth set as, with hand upon the whistle, he strained forward for a glimpse of Allenby signals. As for me, I grew sick; I took up my watch for what I feared was the last time, glanced at the hands, and then sat down upon the foot-box, covered my face, and waited for the issue. I thought of the father at home who was so proud of me, and the mother whom I loved so dearly. A crowd of Mark's scenes passed me. I asked his old again, but could not read the figures: he took the watch from my hand, and his voice was quite steady as he said:

"Another two minutes for us, Charley, and there are Allenby signals."

We had been running only eight minutes since we first knew our danger, but what an age it seemed! I remember he was handing me back the watch when his hand touched mine, and I felt him start as if shot. The next instant he clasped me tight by the wrist, and whispered in my ear, "The red lamps! Life all over. God save my poor father." Again, though, he spoke cool and clear, "Hold tight to me, Charley, and when I say the word, jump for your life." We stood a moment poising ourselves upon the oscillating engine, then he shouted "Now!" and sprang. I was nervous, my foot slipped, and I fell along the footplate of the engine. In an instant there was a horrible grinding crash, a dazzling flash of light before my eyes, a huge leave upward and onward, then blackness of darkness and intense silly.

Six weeks afterward I was sufficiently recovered from fever—brought on by my injuries and the excitement of that night—for the narrative of the story. Beyond a broken leg and rib I had escaped unhurt. Violent inflammation, accompanied by delirium, had, however, greatly retarded my convalescence.

Hibberd and Mark were both dead. The former was given credit on the line for having established no visible injury beyond a comparatively trifling wound in the head, serious, it is true, but not sufficient to have caused death. He died from internal hemorrhage, and none but myself knew that the scalp wound had been the work of the lad's own father. Of the circumstances of that accident on the night express on the —— line at Allonby station in 184—, I dare say you remember the newspaper accounts—to-night I have tried to give you a true and faithful history of the causes which produced that disaster, and of which a necessarily vague and incorrect version passed current with the public.

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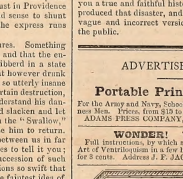

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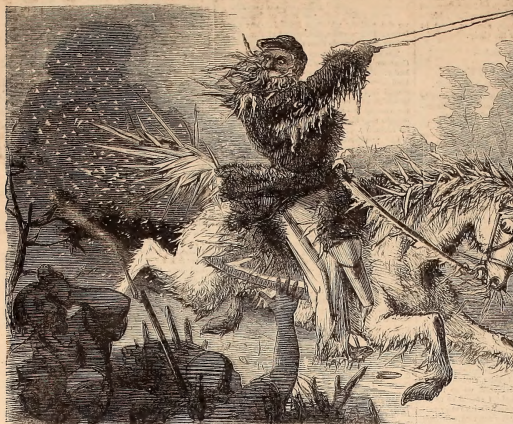
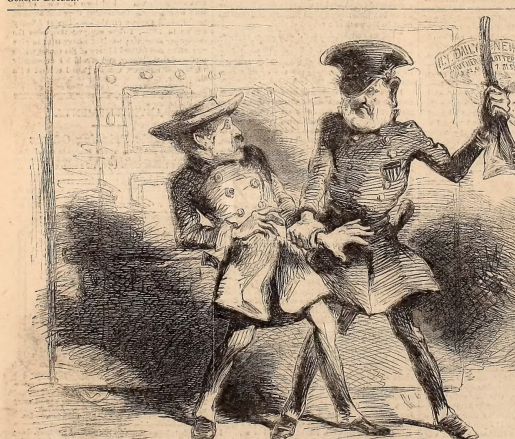


OUR NEW MAJOR-GENERAL.

"Our faithful old Ally of the North, GENERAL JACK FROST, shall come and clear away the Malaria of the South, and we shall march Southward from this place, and there shall be no footsteps backward until this Rebellion is crushed out of this Union."—*Speech of* Major-General BUTLER.



INFAMOUS PERSECUTION.

"We lay down our pen in the bitterness of despair, and await, for its resumption, the propitious hour when Persecution shall no longer strike the INSTRUMENT OF LABOR OUT OF THE HAND OF INDUSTRY."—*From the Last Number of the* DAILY NEWS.

AN ANECDOTE.

GENERAL SCOTT, in the commencement of this War, heard of a man who had an excellent Map of *Virginia* and *Maryland*, showing every city, town, wagon road, creek, run, etc.; but which was not to be found on any map in the camps or in Washington. He sent to the man and offered him $500 for the map, but the man, unpatriotically, thought he appreciated upon the necessities of the Government, and refused to take less than $800 for the map, which fact being communicated to General Scott, he sent a file of soldiers and took the map without paying the man any thing for it. The verdict of the public was "*Served him right!*"

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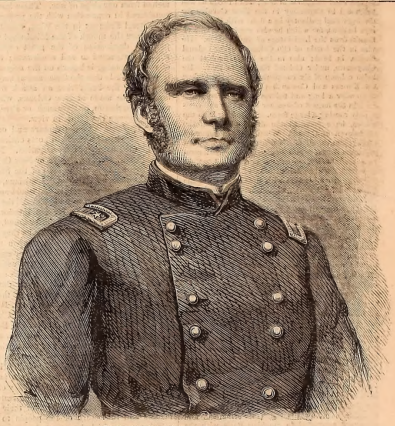
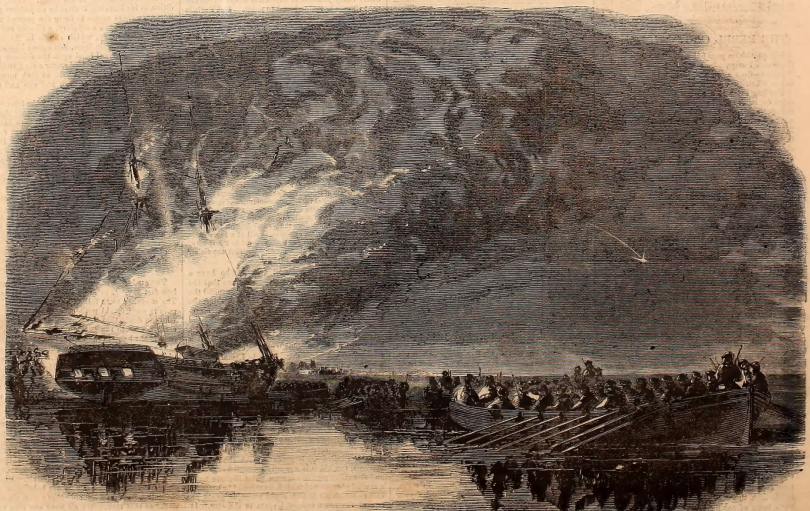
BRIGADIER-GENERAL STURGIS, U.S.A.—[SEE NEXT PAGE.]



THE REBEL GENERAL PRICE.—[SEE NEXT PAGE.]



THE BURNING OF THE PRIVATEER "JUDITH," AT PENSACOLA, BY UNITED STATES SAILORS UNDER LIEUTENANT RUSSELL, U.S.N.—[SEE PAGE 655.]

BRIG.-GEN. S. D. STURGIS.

ON page 641 will be found a portrait (from a photograph sent us by our Western artist) of this distinguished officer, who has lately been promoted from the rank of Major in the First Cavalry to a Brigadier-Generalship, and is now actively engaged in suppressing rebellion in Northern Missouri.

GENERAL STURGIS was born in Pennsylvania in 1822, was appointed a Cadet at West Point in 1842, graduated in the same class with General McClellan in 1846, and immediately proceeded to join the army under General Taylor in Mexico the same year. He was taken prisoner on the 20th of February, 1847, two days before the battle of Buena Vista, while reconnoitring the enemy with but one man. In the act of daring it attributed much of the success of the battle of Buena Vista, as it was the first reliable information General Taylor had of the exact whereabouts of the enemy, and caused him to fall back and take the strong position which saved him the battle. After the Mexican War Lieutenant Sturgis accompanied Major Graham's command to California, and was constantly on active service there. He was promoted First Lieutenant First Dragoons in 1855, and in 1858 he was promoted to Captaincy in the First Cavalry for distinguished gallantry in a fight with the Mescalero Indians, for which he also received a vote of thanks from the Legislature of New Mexico. He was in the battle of Ojo Caliente, under Colonel Cooke, in 1854; also in the battle against the Cheyennes, under Colonel Loring, in 1855. He led a column of six companies of cavalry against the Kiowas and Comanches in 1860, overtaking them at Rock Creek, and Indian match through the s in the hottest of weather for weeks, and constantly routing a large force. Returning from the Plains, he witnessed the difficulties upon the Ohio rokes neutral lands. When lately in command Fort Smith, all of his officers having resigned and gone South, with a garrison of two small companies of cavalry, no cannon or fortifications, he started a well-contrived plan of the citizens of Fort Smith, in connection with the Governor of the State, to take the post, without having previously had any positive information of their intentions. He got his small force ready, and about half an hour before the Governor's forces arrived from Little Rock with ten pieces of artillery, he without his command, having all that was valuable, including twenty-five wagons, commissary stores, etc., retreating 170 miles to Fort Washita. For this he received a letter of thanks from Colonel Emory. He was promoted to the rank of Major First Cavalry, May, 1861. He commanded the column which moved down from Fort Leavenworth and joined General Lyon on Grande River, July 7, 1861. At the battle of Springfield, General Lyon, wishing to have a permanent force that would not go well with him, told Major Sturgis to keep near him. When the General fell Major Sturgis assumed the command for three hours, after that desperate fight continued, his little command holding out against about seven times their number, before forcing the enemy to fall back, reposing all their desperate charges, he found his little army too much crippled to follow them without almost a certainty of losing every man. He therefore withdrew his force to Springfield, and afterward succeeded in reaching Rolla with the entire command and a train of commissary stores valued at over one million of dollars.

THE REBEL GENERAL PRICE.

WE publish on page 641 a portrait of the REBEL GENERAL PRICE, who has just taken Lexington, Missouri—from a photograph sent us by our artist in the West.

Sterling Price is a native of Virginia, and resided for some time in Prince William County in that State. From thence he removed to Missouri, where he has resided for the last twenty years. He is by profession a lawyer, but occupied the important positions in the State service, and has also represented it in Congress. He was Governor before Robert Stewart. During the Mexican war he served in the Volunteers and rose to the rank of Colonel of Cavalry, and subsequently to that of Brigadier-General of Volunteers. When the Rebellion broke out he avowed himself a traitor, and was appointed by ex-Governor Claiborne Jackson Major-General of the State Militia of Missouri.

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

SATURDAY, OCTOBER 12, 1861.

OPERATIONS IN THE GULF.

IT is generally understood that the Government has chartered the *Baltic*, *Atlantic*, some or all of Vanderbilt's steam fleet, and other steamships now lying in the port of New York. The event indicates the early departure of one or more of the expeditions to which we alluded in our last number but one. Common rumor asserts that two of these expeditions are to be fused together, and that a body of 12,000 men, with not less than 300 guns, will operate against a single point on the Southern coast.

Speculation is naturally rife on the subject of the point to be assailed. Not a few would be glad to hear that Charleston had been attacked and reduced. Our present troubles have arisen in great degree from the spite and malevolence of the people of Charleston. Unwilling to accept their own decline and fall as an inevitable fact, the people of South Carolina, in the vain hope of saving themselves, have involved the whole continent in bloodshed, and it would be only a righteous retribution if Charleston were bombarded and its harbor forever closed. An attack upon Savannah is recommended by the fact that there is a large Union party in Georgia, which would become active in the event of a landing being effected by our troops. Mobile, Pensacola, and New Orleans all invite attack. The occupation of any one of the three would probably reopen the cotton trade. Pensacola could be occupied under cover of the guns of Fort Pickens without difficulty and with a small force. Mobile and New Orleans would require more men and a more elaborate expedition. But the force now being fitted out in the Northern ports would suffice. A much smaller force would be adequate to seize Beaufort, North Carolina, or Port Royal, South Carolina, or Brunswick, Georgia, or any port in Florida or Texas.

Letters from the Gulf state that we have already occupied Mississippi City, and cut off the communication between New Orleans and Mobile. Various points at the mouth of the Mississippi have likewise been occupied by men detached from our ships of war. These landings, considered in connection with the preparations of General Butler at Fortress Monroe, would seem to indicate the mouth of the Mississippi as the probable destination of the great expedition which is expected to sail southward; though of course nothing is known for certainty, and it is quite likely that the Government may have encouraged the belief that an attack was intended to be made at New Orleans, when, in reality, Charleston, or Mobile, or Pensacola, or Mobile were the points in view.

The importance of the capture and occupation of one or more of these ports entirely depends on the nature of the occupation. If merely to hold Charleston, or Mobile, or New Orleans, and there administer the laws of the State of South Carolina, Georgia, Alabama, Louisiana, and not inconvenience the rebels, and would not tend to bring the rebellion to a close. All the rebels who could would leave for the interior; the others would submit under protest, and while trying to make as much money as they could out of our army, and devolving upon us the duty of doing their police duty at our expense, would hold themselves ready to assist all the rebels of the interior in expelling us as soon as it was safe to do so. In this country the interior does not follow the dominion of the seaboard. During the revolution Boston, Newport, New York, Philadelphia, and Charleston were generally in the hands of the British, and yet, from first to last their cause was desperate. If we are to gain any substantial advantage by the occupation of Southern ports, that occupation must involve intolerable inconvenience and suffering to Southern people; then they will begin to weigh the policy of submission to the Government; and overtures for reconciliation by the surrender of their ringleaders and the return of the people to their allegiance may fairly be expected.

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THE LOUNGER.

THE POST OF DUTY.

THERE seems at length to be a real effort to call men who are not necessary to business into the public service. Of course it is an incident of the war, nor is it likely to last forever. Yet we shall have hall a long time, and it will be remembered for a generation at least.

The names of well-known citizens are mentioned as probable candidates for the assembly, the Senate, etc. The nomination will be a test of patriotism. Men of large and various relations in life can not easily go to Albany. Merchants, bankers, lawyers, manufacturers of immense business, only go there at a sore sacrifice of time, money, and inclination.

But is not that the very sacrifice which the times demand? Can they show more plainly their lively devotion to the great cause, or their clear perception of its peculiar urgency at the moment, than by accepting the offices that may be offered them?

It has always been our national reproach that our best and wisest men abstained from active interest in public affairs. The political constitution of other countries compels the ablest men to be great proprietors, and invites, by every prize that it allures ambition, the services of gifted and capacious men. But with us political service, while it may readily be prostituted to venal ends, offers but an elusive prize to ambition. We must serve for duty's sake. It is the tax we must pay. And who loves to pay taxes?

Gentlemen who may be called upon to serve, and who recoil from the hard service, let your friends and constituents see, in your ready acceptance, that the great system we are all crying to save is fully worth saving.

IN PEACE PREPARE FOR WAR.

THE University of Michigan is the most amply endowed college in the West, and one of the most completely equipped in the country. It is situated delightfully at Ann Arbor, two or three hours west of Detroit, upon the Michigan Central Railroad. The head of the university is Dr. Tappan, an eminent scholar, and one of the most enlarged views, who has already impressed himself upon the history of education in this country. Dr. Brunow, one of the young professors who have made a name, fills the chair of astronomy. He was called to the Dudley Observatory upon the retirement of Dr. Gould to Chile, but is a man who goes for work rather than show, and the somewhat ornamental position at Albany was less agreeable to him than the post of duty at Ann Arbor, where he was not expected to discover a new comet every night. Andrew D. White is Professor of History and Belles Lettres—an eminent and elegant scholar, a devoted and beloved teacher, a generous and noble man. Professor Frieze is the accomplished teacher of Latin, and the college instructors are animated by the most intelligent interest in their pursuit. The situation of their University, the pioneer of letters upon the prairies, lends this band of scholars peculiarly close. The State of Michigan, with a liberality which is no less sagacious than patriotic, has made the university the crowning work in the country seems to the stranger full of life and energy as the University of Michigan.

The life of the students is necessarily simple. They are drawn to the college by the love of study of knowledge, and they willingly work their passage. There is a manly, robust quality which does not belong to all colleges, and most hands the impression of the university a little different from that of the Eastern colleges.

At an early period of the war the military spirit showed itself among the students. They were formed into a battalion, and every morning, already at the new hour, they were seen, rifle in hand, carefully fostered, and their manly discipline promoted by the teachers. And now, when it is evident to all that the call of the country must henceforth be, in some degree, military schools, the Board of Regents are considering a resolution to establish a permanent battalion of one company of artillery "under the conviction that this work" [of military training] "can be more economically performed for the State at large, where all the other studies, engineering, the higher mathematics, the modern languages, the natural sciences, and other studies connected with the profession of arms are now taught, than any where else in the State."

The plan is so admirable that it can hardly fail to be adopted in some form or other. That we are still men, although republicans—that Governments must be defended from traitors as well as foreign enemies—and that the most entirely disregarded the warning to prepare in peace for war, are points that will no longer be doubted or discussed. *How* to prepare for war is now the practical question; and the University of Michigan leads the way in the practical answer.

A ZONE OF FLOWERS.

ONE of the most delightful sights to a stranger in Paris is the flower market by the Madeleine. On the sunny spring mornings, as you stroll among the the plants and look at the church, you might easily fancy yourself in that ideal world which the poet Claude Lorraine loved to paint. But Paris is never contented with what it has accomplished. It must go on and fulfill its destiny of being the most magnificent metropolis and the most beautiful city in the world.

Monsieur Reydenouarde proposes now to girt Paris with a zone of flowers, without taking an inch of ground from the fields or church yard, but

The history of the past lies open to us all. And the charm of the fast-day sermons was the expression of the various views which honest thinkers will naturally entertain.

Not the least of the benefits of the war will be that true freedom of speech which for a long time this country has not known. Our condition since the danger of endeavoring to suppress any discussion in times of peace. Did this swift nation think to avoid danger by plunging its head into the sand? They only put the hammer of a pile-driving machine. It goes up, up, up, by rapid jerks, until suddenly some little thing touches a spring, and down it comes in one headlong, heavy, hopeless fall. Why be dismayed by the loss of Lexington? It was unavoidable that we should be beaten at first, and again almost every year. It ought not to be disheartening, and it would not be if we carried steadily in mind just what we are doing. We are building a navy, we are organizing an army to resist and destroy a rebellion which has been carefully organizing itself for years. When it crosses the Potomac or the Ohio, or when the black flag of the mad assassins of the nation floats unchallenged or unremoved upon a single rood of land beyond the section in which this rebellion sprung—then we may justly feel as if we were a little guilty of delay.

Meantime, while unrelaxing in effort, let us all be patient of inevitable waiting, of some inevitable mismanagement, and of many an inevitable disaster. But patient only so long as we feel that all that can be done to avoid waiting, mismanagement, and disaster, has been done.

KENTUCKY.

We had some hard words from friends in Kentucky, a few months since, for suggesting that she was trying to hold an impossible position. But the history of that time in that State shows clearly enough that there is no resting-point between the doctrine of absolute State independence and that of absolute national supremacy. If a State has the right to nullify the command of the Government for a national necessity, she has the right to secede at her pleasure. She takes the position of an entirely independent sovereign power; and that position is no more consistent with national supremacy than the total independence of a county is compatible with the supremacy of a State. The county has certain rights with which the State may not lawfully interfere; but in all that concerns the welfare of the State, the State is herself the judge and the subordination of the county must be unconditional.

If this, which is the simple and fundamental principle of the American system, had been adequately understood by the Union men in Kentucky, that State would be to-day either occupied and defended by national troops, or by her own citizens. But the loyalty of the border States has been a constitutional loyalty. Their nationality has been a modified patriotism. They have celebrated their own individual and limited glory much more than the splendor of the nation, from which all their separate distinction proceeds. Kentucky as a constituent part of this nation is an important and dignified State. Kentucky as a single independent power is utterly unimportant. And when the question was, shall we be a nation or are we not? when the question was to be decided by arms, Kentucky held aloof and said, "I must be counted out." But when the corn is burned in mill-stoves, when it is a question of meal or grain, of grinding or not grinding, you can not be counted out; you must be meal or corn.

Now the old State sees the necessity of the case, and she is rising and running to the rescue of the nation, in whose life is the blood of her own strength. The prayers and hopes of all loyal citizens go with her, but unless the citizens themselves go to Kentucky will pay the sad penalty of her toying with treason. Breckinridge and Burnett, Magoffin and James B. Clay, have done treason all the service they could by wearing a thin mask of technical loyalty until this time. It was doubtless expected for the rebels that the State should be paralyzed with "neutrality" until they were fully prepared to seize and hold her. They think they are so now, and the mask is dropped. Like Virginia, Kentucky is to be again a dark and bloody ground. The immediate result is perhaps hardly doubtful. No thoughtful man can doubt that the real sympathy of Kentucky is with the rebellion, while he will not be unjust toward the noble, patriotic hearts in the State who see that the great ultimate fatherland of America.

But whatever the present fate of the State may be, it will shake off the regnerating action of the country.

Public sentiment there as elsewhere will be purged by the purifying fire. And when the war is over, and the national honor is vindicated, that feeling of entire nationality which is to guide us in future, as it is to save us now, will inspire no State more fully than Kentucky.

PRESTIDIGITATING.

THE welcome which we hoped for Hermann has been heartier than any conjuror received here. When the vast Academy of Music has been thronged every evening and every morning when he has performed, is a question easy enough to answer if you regard only the surprising excellence of the performance, but very difficult if you reflect that Mr. Hermann was a mere name to us, and that the title, Prestidigitator, seemed such clap-trap as to be very unpromising. Think of it; Grisi, world-renowned, never fairly filled the building when she came with Mario and the glories of her fame. Hermann, a magician, unknown to us a month ago, begins with a crowd, and continues with an incessant crush. What is public opinion? What is the secret of public favor? If Robert Houdin had come we could understand it. Doubtless Hermann is better than Houdin; but why was it taken for granted?

Certainly nothing can surpass the elegance and the perfection of Hermann's conjuring. This particular Lounger has not seen him yet, but all the other Loungers in town have, and they tell the same story. So unanxious and unquestionable is the comfort, that it is no more permitted to doubt that Hermann is the greatest of living conjurors, than that Dickens is the greatest of living novelists. We have but a very loose kind of thing, probably, but not this thing. We have all seen men draw ribbons from their mouths and pound watches in mortars, and we have often untracked out of lovely woman's pocket handerchief. Oh yes, we have all heard Miss Pretty Dolly warble "Ah, now comes the" at all the musical evenings. But when we hear Jenny Lind or Alboni pour out that limpid, tender, heart-breaking strain—do we believe that we ever have heard it before?

If now we recur to the question Why this popularity, whence these crowds, that even famous artists have not attracted, would it not be a curious answer to say *Ullman's*. Let us suppose a case. There is an experienced manager of opera and other public amusements. The times demand a new and sharp sensation. The ingenious manager slips across the sea to Europe, and finds a magician. *Presto!* Fifth Avenue, New York are covered with brilliant placards, the windows glow with portraits, the newspapers sparkle with paragraphs, all foretelling the advent of a prestidigitator. The opening night arrives. The great theatre is crowded to see a conjurer hitherto unknown. Let us suppose that the ingenious manager knew by experience the mercantile value of a great crowd to a conjuror's success; that he consequently calls in the highly respectable known as dead-beats and fills up his house; and that he takes care every night that the crowd does not fall off. The result inevitably is long runs and all other lounges immediately ask, "Who is this magician that four thousand people go to see every night?" We shall all go to see. And all other people will go to see, and the audience, under such circumstances, is not likely to diminish. If you add that the performances is marvelous and masterly, will you be longer surprised at the crowd which is so suddenly evoked by Prestidigitation?

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

MEMBERS OF AN AUTHOR'S WIFE.—"James! James! (in a louder key) I have been calling you this last half hour, and dinner is getting cold." "Oh, is it? Well, you know I have just killed the cruel old uncle; his property, of course, goes to his nephew, Charles, and is mine by right of his death. Keep the mutton hot until the scene is over.—Punch's Pocket-Book."

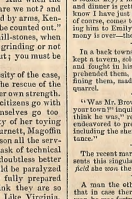
In a back township of Upper Canada, a magistrate, who kept a tavern, sold liquor to the people till they got drunk and fought in his house. He then issued a warrant, apprehended them, and fined them for an affray, besides fining them, made them treat each other to make up the quarrel.

"WAS Mr. Brown a very popular man when he lived in your town?" inquired a busy-body of his friend. "I should think he was," replied the latter, "for as many persons endeavored to prevent his hanging; and several of them, including the sheriff's deputy, followed him for some distance."

The recent marriage of a Mr. Day with a Miss Field produces this original remark, that although he gained the *field* she won the *day*.

A man the other day, on being asked his age, replied that in case there was no war he was forty-one—but it was the war forty-one.

THE latest Yankee invention is a new-fashioned traveling-bag, in which a man can sew himself upon a journey. He will travel without the bother of sewing himself on after a man for his fare. He places himself in the bag, and, taking it in his hand, passes for baggage.



SECRETARY CHASE'S BRIGADE.

When the celebrated Beau Nash was ill, Dr. Cheyne wrote a prescription for him. The next day the Doctor coming to his patient inquired if he had followed his prescription. "No, truly, Doctor," said Nash, "if I had I should have broken my neck, for I threw it out of a two-pair of stairs window."

"MR. Timothy," said a learned lady, who had been showing off her wit at the expense of a dangler, "you remind me of a barometer, that is filled with *nothing* in the upper story." "Divine Almira," meekly replied her adorer, "it is thankful I am that the fostering compliment let me remind you that you occupy my upper story."

A Boston editor, alluding to the long nose of Julius Cæsar, the Duke of Wellington, and other dignitaries, says that he recently saw a man in the street who had a nose so thin and straight, and nubbed at the end, and a foot long. In concluding, the writer seemed much chap-trap as to be very unpromising. Think of it; Grisi, world-renowned, never fairly filled the building when she came with Mario and the glories of her fame. Hermann, a magician, unknown to us a month ago, begins with a crowd, and continues with an incessant crush. What is public opinion? What is the secret of public favor? If Robert Houdin had come we could understand it. Doubtless Hermann is better than Houdin; but why was it taken for granted?

Certainly nothing can surpass the elegance and the perfection of Hermann's conjuring. This particular Lounger has not seen him yet, but all the other Loungers in town have, and they tell the same story. So unanxious and unquestionable is the comfort, that it is no more permitted to doubt that Hermann is the greatest of living conjurors, than that Dickens is the greatest of living novelists. We have but a very loose kind of thing, probably, but not this thing. We have all seen men draw ribbons from their mouths and pound watches in mortars, and we have often untracked out of lovely woman's pocket handerchief. Oh yes, we have all heard Miss Pretty Dolly warble "Ah, now comes the" at all the musical evenings. But when we hear Jenny Lind or Alboni pour out that limpid, tender, heart-breaking strain—do we believe that we ever have heard it before?

If now we recur to the question Why this popularity, whence these crowds, that even famous artists have not attracted, would it not be a curious answer to say *Ullman's*. Let us suppose a case. There is an experienced manager of opera and other public amusements. The times demand a new and sharp sensation. The ingenious manager slips across the sea to Europe, and finds a magician. *Presto!* Fifth Avenue, New York are covered with brilliant placards, the windows glow with portraits, the newspapers sparkle with paragraphs, all foretelling the advent of a prestidigitator. The opening night arrives. The great theatre is crowded to see a conjurer hitherto unknown. Let us suppose that the ingenious manager knew by experience the mercantile value of a great crowd to a conjuror's success; that he consequently calls in the highly respectable known as dead-beats and fills up his house; and that he takes care every night that the crowd does not fall off. The result inevitably is long runs and all other loungers immediately ask, "Who is this magician that four thousand people go to see every night?" We shall all go to see. And all other people will go to see, and the audience, under such circumstances, is not likely to diminish. If you add that the performances is marvelous and masterly, will you be longer surprised at the crowd which is so suddenly evoked by Prestidigitation?

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

THE REBEL ARMY FALLING BACK.

THE WORD has been received in every immediately in front of Washington has fallen back, nor could their exact position be ascertained. The batteries on the Munson's Hill and Falls Church have been abandoned, and are now occupied by the Union troops. The position of the rebels at these points appears to have been very formidable. There were two lines of guns—having been mounted; their defenses were simply rifle-pits, but were three miles in front of the main body of the army.

THE SECOND FIFTY MILLION LOAN.

The Associated Banks of New York, Boston, and Philadelphia met, this week, in the Merchants' Exchange, on Saturday, at the Bank of Commerce in this city, and accepted Hon. Mr. Secretary Chase, who was present, for the second loan of $50,000,000 of the National Loan, to date from 15th of October.

DRAFTING NOT TO BE RESORTED TO.

Secretary Cameron has addressed a paper to the Governor of Iowa in which he declares that, not only from policy the opinion that the patriotism of the people can safely be relied on for the raising of men.

PERSONAL.

Colonel F. P. Blair has been released from arrest by General Fremont, and has returned to Washington.

Thurlow Weed promises, if a regiment or brigade of printers can be raised, that he will shoulder his musket and march away to the war along with his brethren of the craft.

Professor La Mountain, of Troy, has been order to report, with his balloon, to General McClellan at Washington. He is hopeful that the will be attached to the Commanding General's staff.

James B. Clay, who has been arrested for treason, is the oldest son of the late Henry Clay. He is the present owner of Ashland, the famed residence of his father. About four years ago he tore down the old house, and sold the house and rafters of which it was formerly composed, to be converted into walking canes. He represented the eighth district of Kentucky in the Thirty-second Congress.

Ulysses C. Wainwright and Isaac Wilcox have been elected by convention in St. Louis on the charge of 21 crimes against the Government, and found guilty. They were sentenced to be confined in jail during the war, and never to have their property confiscated for the benefit of the Government. The sentences were approved and confirmed and carried into effect.

Governor Sprague, of Rhode Island, is raising three more batteries in that State, which will make eight in all. A battalion of cavalry is also to be raised.

Rose Winslow has at last come to the conclusion that it is not good to be open and above board in treason, and has determined, if not to be its friend, at least not to do anything which will be construed as being the friend of treason. He has accordingly, as we hear from Fortress Monroe, taken the oath of allegiance, and on Monday night left the fortress for his home in Baltimore.

Three more persons have been released from their confinement in the Carpenter's Hall, viz.: Wall, of New Jersey; George L. Bowne, of Florida; and Pierce Butler, of Pennsylvania. The first two took the regular oath of allegiance prescribed by the last Congress, and the latter pledged himself to do no act hostile to the United States, and not to visit South Carolina without a passport from the Secretary of State.

Ex-Governor Henry A. Wise and his son, Oliver Jennings Wise, have been indicted by the present Grand Jury of the United States District Court, at Wheeling, Virginia.

FOREIGN NEWS.

ENGLAND.

THE ATTITUDE OF THE BRITISH GOVERNMENT.

We read in the London *Star* of Sept. 6 that, while we have no wish to contradict, in the most positive manner, the statement made by some of the New York journals, and repeated by some of the correspondents of English newspapers, that Mr. Adams, the United States Minister at this Court, has received written home, expressing his belief that the British Government would recognize the independence of the Confederate States as a question of time and not of policy."

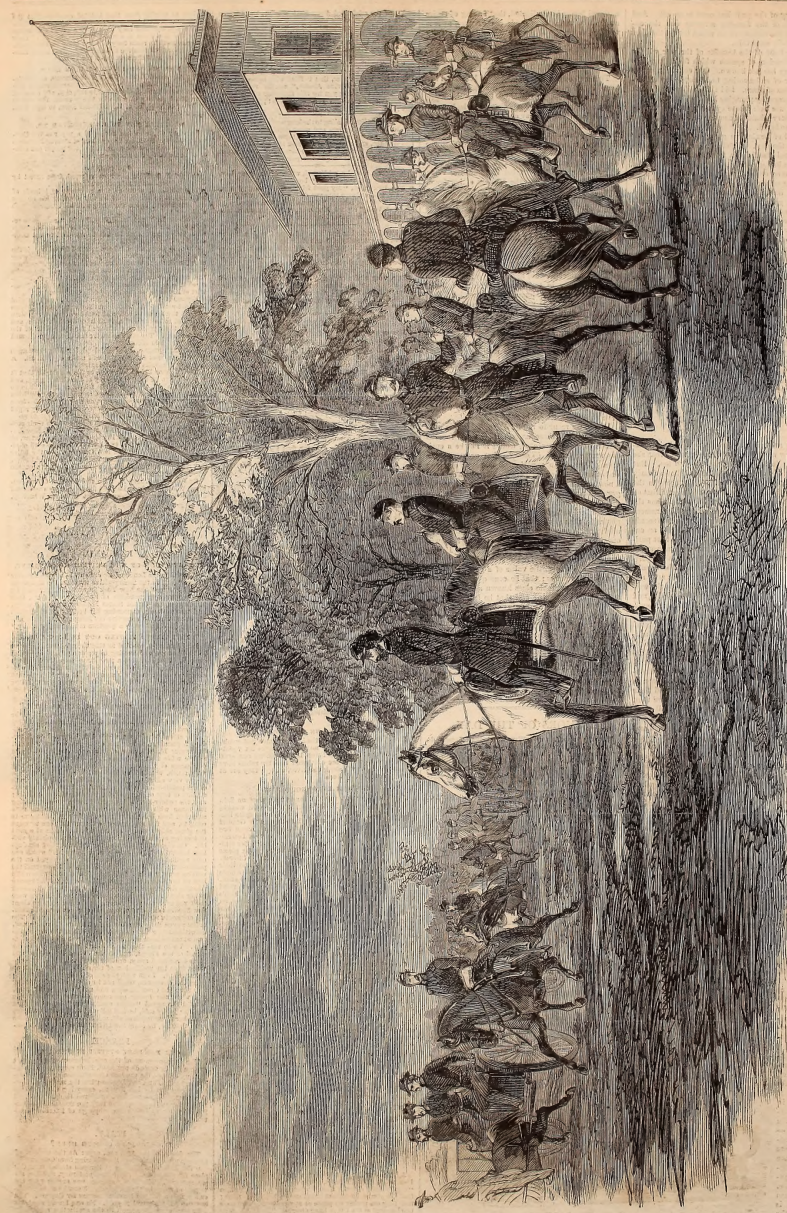
PRIVATEERS FITTING OUT IN ENGLAND.

Intelligence has been received so that the Government in England are endeavoring to procure privateers in that country. It is said that a new steamer, called the *Sumter*, built in Hartlepool and sailed for Plymouth, armed with six heavy guns, and fully manned. It was also reported that Mr. Fawcett had purchased two steamers, with rifling screws, which are now lying in the Victoria dock at London.

THE ACCIDENT TO THE "GREAT EASTERN."

Mr. Howard Paul, one of the passengers of the *Persia*, furnishes us with the following items concerning the Leviathan:

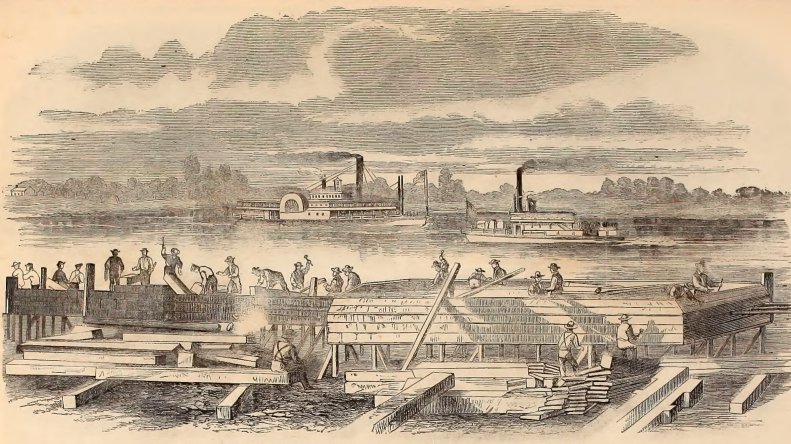
The steamship *Persia*, which left Liverpool on Saturday, September 7, and the *Great Eastern* on Sunday, September 15, at eleven o'clock A.M., two hundred and fifty miles out, met with a terrible accident, which for the passengers of the *Persia* observed that she was rolling very much, but had no idea of the accident which had occurred to the rudder. It was found that she had lost both of her paddle-wheels; the whole of the bottom of the engine of one had been carried away, and the other was ill or disabled; and the rudder-head being carried away, she was steering by the screw only. The paddle-wheels, *Engine* were stretched from bulwark to bulwark for the passengers to hang to, and the greatest rolling was found that one moment the great ship revealed the whole of her decks at a most alarming angle, and the next the keel was the only visible. On discovering the plight of the vessel Captain Cadman took a signal from the *Great Eastern*, which was only replied to by a large board being displayed on the paddle-box. The signal was, of course, incorrect, and the writing on it not be deciphered. The *Great Eastern* still kept on her course, making very little headway, for every minutes the *Persia* followed her in order to get an answer to her signal. The passengers of the *Great Eastern* were seated over the decks there were reported to be about one hundred and fifty on board. Some were observed leaning anxiously forward to catch a view of the *Persia*. The ladies were in the after-cabin, the saloon of the *Persia*, and, notwithstanding the extraordinary roll of the vessel, the utmost calm and quietness prevailed among them. Dinner was only replied to by a large board being displayed on the paddle-box. The signal was, of course



MAJOR-GENERAL FREMONT, U.S.A., AND STAFF INAUGURATING CAMP BENTON, AT ST. LOUIS, MISSOURI, BEFORE STARTING FOR LEXINGTON.—FROM A PHOTOGRAPH.—[SEE PAGE 646.]

BURNING THE PENSACOLA DRY DOCK, OFF FORT PICKENS, FLORIDA, ON AUGUST 31, BY LIEUT. SHIPLEY, U.S.A.—Sketched by Charles P. Allogger.—[See Page 655.]

CHARGE OF THE IRISH REGIMENT (COLONEL MULLIGAN) OVER THE BREAST-WORKS AT LEXINGTON, MISSOURI.—[See Page 646.]



BUILDING PONTOONS FOR MILITARY USE ON THE MISSISSIPPI.—[SKETCHED BY ALEXANDER SIMPLOT.]

THE WAR IN MISSOURI.

WE devote a large proportion of our space this week to illustrations of the War in Missouri. On page 644 will be found a picture of MAJOR-GENERAL FREMONT AND HIS STAFF INAUGURATING CAMP BENTON, which is located near the fair grounds, some two miles from St. Louis. The following are the names and rank of the members of General Frémont's staff:

Chief of Staff, Brigadier-General A. Asboth; Assistant Adjutant-General, Captain Chauncey McKeever; Military Secretary and Aid-de-Camp, Colonel J. H. Eaton; Chief Topographical Engineer, Colonel John Fiske; Chief of Ordnance, Colonel Gustave Waagner; Chief of Artillery, Lieutenant-Colonel James Totten; Judge Advocate, Major R. M. Corwin; Division Surgeon, Doctor T. Telkampf; Assistant Surgeon, Doctor John Cooper; Acting Assistant Q. M. General, Brigadier-General J. McKinstry; Deputy Paymaster-General, Lieutenant-Colonel T. P. Andrews; Commander of Body Guard, Major Charles Zagonyi; Musical Director, Captain A. Waldauer; Aids-de-Camp, Colonel A. Albert, Colonel Gustave Rheinec, Colonel J. P. C. Schaack, Colonel Owen Lovejoy, Colonel John A. Gurley, Colonel J. C. Woods, Major James W. Savage, Major Frank J. White, Major William Dorsheimer, Major H. Ramming, Major B. Rush Plumley, Captain J. R. Howard, Captain Leonidas Haskell, Captain Joseph Remingly.

The artillery seen in the picture are Totten's famous battery which did so much execution at the Battle of Springfield. The large building in the picture is the officers' quarters, the lower one the soldiers' barracks.

On page 645 we illustrate the CHARGE OF THE IRISH BRIGADE AT LEXINGTON. Every body has read the account of this splendid movement; how the rebels, outnumbering our forces in the proportion of four to one, had driven our outposts in, and were preparing to assault our intrenchments, when Colonel Mulligan mustered his Irishmen, sallied forth, and scattered the rebels at the point of the bayonet. Our artist has caught the spirit of the scene.

On this page we give a picture, from a sketch by Alexander Simplot, of the "NEW ERA," one of the new gun-boats built for Government service on the Mississippi; also, a picture of the PONTOONS NOW BEING BUILT ON THE MISSISSIPPI for the use of General Frémont's army. Pontoons are used for the passage of rivers by armies on the march. Latterly, in this country, our engineer officers have used vulcanized India-rubber pontoons, consisting of three cylinders connected together. From the appearance of the objects depicted in the sketch, we should judge that Frémont's pontoons are more like scows, which will not be taken out of the water, but will be floated down with the expedition which descends the Mississippi.

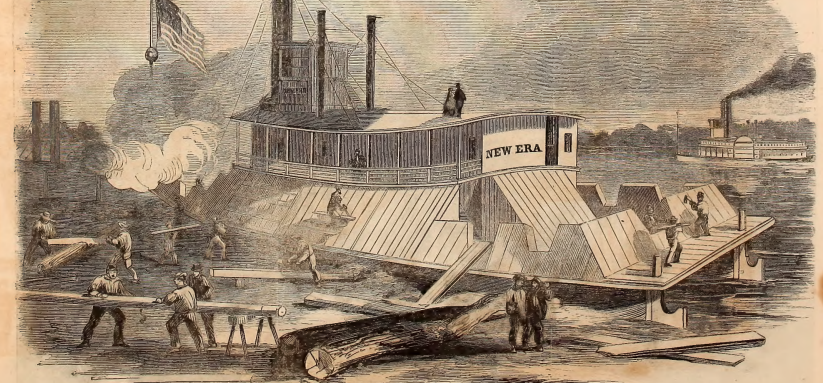
Finally, on page 653, we publish a fine picture of the BATTLE OF LEXINGTON, from sketches sent us by one of our Western artists who was in the place when it was attacked. By way of further description of the scene we give the following extract from the correspondence of the Chicago *Tribune*:

The situation of the Federal troops grew more desperate as day after day passed. Within their lines were picketed about the wagons and trains a large number of horses and mules, nearly three thousand in all, now a serious cause of care and anxiety, for as shot and shell plunged among them, many of the animals were killed and wounded, and from the struggles of these latter the danger of a general stampede was imminent. The havoc in the centre of the intrenchment was immense. Wagons were knocked to pieces, stores scattered and destroyed, and the ground strewn with dead horses and mules.

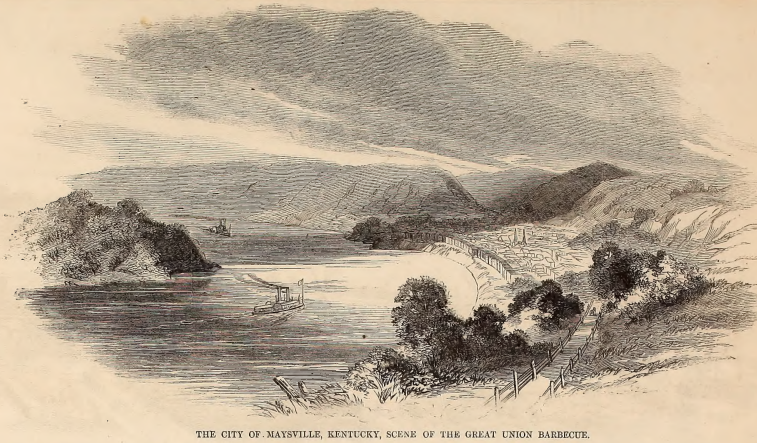
On Wednesday, the 12th, an evil from the first apprehended fell upon Colonel Mulligan's command. They were cut off from the river and their water gave out. Fortunately a heavy rain, at intervals, came greatly to their relief. But to show how severe the straits of the men, the fact may be stated of instances occurring where soldiers held their blankets spread out until thoroughly wet, and then wrung them into their camp dishes, carefully saving the precious fluid thus obtained. Famine also began to grow sheet. The fighting at this time, from the 10th to the 21st, knew little cessation. The nights were brilliant moonlight, and all night long the roar of the guns continued, with an occasional sharp rattle and skirmish without the works.

From the first but one spirit pervaded our troops, and that was no thought or word of surrender, except among some of the Home Guards, who had done the least share of the work and the fighting. The cavalry behaved nobly, and could the full details be written up, some of their charges, brave charges on the enemy's guns would shine with any battle exploits on record.

General Price sent Colonel Mulligan a summons to sur-



THE GUN-BOAT NEW ERA, JUST BUILT AT ST. LOUIS, MISSOURI.—[SKETCHED BY A CORRESPONDENT.]



THE CITY OF MAYSVILLE, KENTUCKY, SCENE OF THE GREAT UNION BARBECUE.

render, to which the gallant commander sent a refusal, saying, "If you want us, you must take us." But the defection and disheartenment of the Home Guards intensified daily, and on Friday, the 31st, while Colonel Mulligan was giving his attention to some matters in another portion of the camp, the white flag was raised at his own instance by Major Becker, of the Home Guards, from the portion of the intrenchment assigned to him.

Captain Simpson, of the Last Rifles, called Colonel Mulligan's attention to Major Becker's action instantly, and the Jackson Guard, Captain M'Dermott, of Detroit, were sent to take down the flag, which was done. The heaviest part of the fight of the day followed in a charge upon the nearest battery of the enemy, the Illinois cavalry suffering severely.

The Home Guards then left the outer work, and retreated within the line of the inner intrenchments, about the college building, refusing to fight longer, and here again raised the white flag, this time from the centre of the fortifications, when the fire of the enemy slackened and ceased. Under this state of affairs Colonel Mulligan, calling his officers into council, decided to capitulate, and Captain M'Dermott went out to the enemy's lines with a handkerchief tied to a ramrod, and a parley took place. Major Moore, of the brigade, was sent to General Price's headquarters, at New Lexington, to know the terms of capitulation. These were made unconditional, the officers to be retained as prisoners of war, the men to be allowed to depart with their personal property, surrendering their arms and accoutrements.

Reluctantly this was acceded to, and the surrender took place. At 4 P. M. on Saturday the Federal forces, having laid down their arms, were marched out of the intrenchments to the tune of "Dixie," played by the rebel band. They left behind them their arms and accoutrements, reserving only their clothing. The boys of the brigade many of them wept to leave behind their colors, each company in the brigade having its own standard presented to it by their friends. At the surrender the muster rolls of the companies were taken to General Price's head-quarters, the list of officers made out, and these ordered to report themselves as prisoners of war.

General Price is now in possession of Lexington, and Major-General Frémont has gone up the Missouri River to attack him; while General Sturgis and General Hunter are converging upon Lexington from the northwest and south.

THE WAR IN KENTUCKY.

We publish herewith, from a sketch by Mr. H. Mosler, a view of Camp Rosseau, near Muldraugh's Hill, Kentucky. This is a camp of Union troops, situated 31 miles north of Louisville, Kentucky, and 7 miles from Muldraugh's Hill, on the railroad to Nashville, Tennessee. Troops from Ohio, Indiana, and Kentucky are rapidly congregating here, and there is a strong prospect of an early brush.

We also give, from a sketch by another contributor, a view of Maysville, Kentucky. The artist writes us as follows:

Maysville, Kentucky, *September*, 1861.

Having attended the Grand Union Barbecue recently held near this place, I seized the opportunity to make a sketch of the beautiful little city. It was necessarily a hasty one, but will serve to give you an idea of the scenery and situation. It was through Maysville that the Government arms were first introduced into Kentucky which had so marked an effect in preventing "precipitation;" and near here, in the lovely woodland just behind the lofty, precipitous hill on the extreme right of the picture, around which you may see winding the magnificent Macadamized road that leads to Lexington, and within sight of *La belle Riviere*, was held the barbecue of which I spoke. This was the largest gathering I have seen for years. There were speakers from Kentucky, Ohio, and Tennessee. Among those from the last-named State was Hon. Horace Maynard. Colonel Charles Marshall, a prominent citizen of this county (Mason), contemplates the establishment of a camp in the vicinity of this place.

Before the introduction of railroads into the State Maysville was the grand gate-way of trade and travel between the South and East. It is still a town of considerable importance, but is principally remarkable at present for the gallantry and hospitality of its people, and the beauty of its situation and its women.

Bickets.

Telegrams dated Louisville, Kentucky, September 28, say:

Agents are now stationed along the Ohio River, to prevent the smuggling of arms into Kentucky.

The *Bulletin* says that 500 troops from Terra Haute, Indiana, have gone up Green River, Kentucky, and taken possession of locks Nos. 1 and 5. One shot was fired at them, and the fire was returned, killing their assailant. Many Union families have fled to Evansville from the Green River country.

A regiment of cavalry from Ohio has gone into camp near Covington, on the Lexington pike.

Cynthiana, Kentucky, is occupied by Federal troops. National flags were flown to the breeze from the Louisville Hotel and Gault House to-day.

Seventeen Secessionists, among them James B. Clay and Colonel H. C. Harris, of Madison, were brought to Louisville this afternoon and committed. A writ of habeas corpus in Clay's case has been issued, returnable before Judge Catron on Monday.

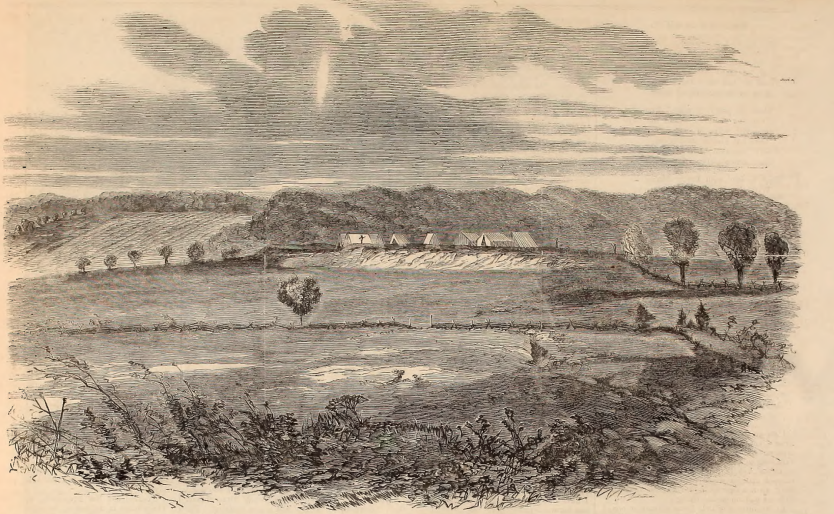
Benton Otterby, a lawyer of this city, was arrested, but released on taking the oath of allegiance.

CAMP OF GENERAL ROSSEAU'S BRIGADE, NEAR MULDRAUGH'S HILL, KENTUCKY.—[Sketched by Mr. H. Mosler.]

Butler.
Wool.
McCall.
Rosecrans.
McCook.
Anderson.
McDowell.
Sibley.
Bichker.
McClellan.
Scott.

Hunter. Siegel. Sprague. Prentiss. Mansfield. Tyler. Burnside. Banks. Frémont. Lander. Heintzelman. Dix. Curtis. Stone.

ALS.



SECTION OF THE EARTH-WORKS COMMANDING THE APPROACHES TO LEESBURG, VIRGINIA, ON THE SOUTH.—[SKETCHED BY A MEMBER OF GENERAL GORMAN'S COMMAND.]

TERRIBLE ACCIDENT ON THE OHIO AND MISSISSIPPI RAILROAD.

WE illustrate on this page the terrible RAILWAY ACCIDENT which occurred on 17th ult. on the OHIO AND MISSISSIPPI RAILROAD. The *Cincinnati Commercial* thus describes the event:

At ten minutes to nine on the night of 17th the train, consisting of six cars carrying about 250 men of the 19th Illinois Regiment, Colonel Torchin, had broken the bridge down under the following circumstances: The engine passed the bridge in safety, the first car was thrown off the track, but ran to a place twenty yards beyond the bridge; but the second car fell directly into the *creek*, hind end downward; the fourth and fifth cars ran on top of the third, crossing it flat as a board. In the third car was Company I, where the greatest mortality took place. The sixth and last car, containing the field-officers and their attendants, was not injured.

Those who escaped represent the scene as full of every conceivable horror. Fires were soon lighted on the banks, messengers dispatched for assistance, and the work of rescue begun. All the while the air resounded with the groans, prayers, and imprecations of the sufferers.

Before daylight eighteen bodies were recovered in addition to rescuing all the living. Lieutenant Whetten was caught by both legs between two platforms, and it required three-fourths of an hour to clasp and saw him out, every blow of the axe causing intense agony. A colored servant, caught in a similar though less painful situation, was two hours undergoing the operation of rescue. A brakeman, with an arm and leg both broken, crawled from under the bottom car to a place of safety.

Fortunately, both the regimental surgeons, their hospital steward, and Lieutenant Kellot, also physicians, were in the forward car and escaped without injury. Companies I and G were the greatest sufferers—the latter entire company, except Lieutenant Bridger and two corporals, were more or less injured. The Colonel, who is an old Mexican campaigner, Lieutenant Kellot, and Life-Major Moore, were accompanied by their wives. These ladies not only rendered great assistance in dressing the wounded, but even tore their under garments off their persons to make bandages.

It is not known whether the accident was the work of malice or misfortune.

EARTH-WORKS NEAR LEESBURG, VIRGINIA.

THESE are apparently but temporary breastheights, inclosing a small encampment erected subsequent to the construction of the works. They occupy the brow of an eminence some four miles distant from Edward's Ferry.

The accompanying view is telescopic, and was obtained from the summit of a mount in the neighborhood of the former place. Numbers of the insurgents are daily seen on and near the intrenchments, although their force is very limited.

TERRIBLE RAILWAY ACCIDENT ON THE OHIO AND MISSISSIPPI RAILROAD.

PRETTY MABEL.

SIDE by side with Pretty Mabel
Sate I with the sunshade down:
In the distance hummed the Babel
Of the many-footed Town;
There we sate with looks unstable—
Now of tenderness, of frown.

"Must we part? or may I linger?
Wax the shadows, wanes the day."
Then, with voice of sweetest singer
That has almost died away,
"Go!" she said; but tightened finger
Said articulately, "Stay!"

Face to face with Pretty Mabel,
With the gauzy curtains drawn;
Till a sense, I am unable
To convey, began to dawn;
Till the slant sun flung the gable
Far athwart the sleepy lawn.

"Now I go. Adieu, adieu, love!
This is weakness: sweet, be strong.
Comes the footfall of the dew, love!
Philomel is combining song."
"Go!" she said; "but I go too, love!
Go with you, my life, along!"

Hand in hand with Pretty Mabel,
Through perplexities of life;
Mid all other shiftings stable,
Quiet 'mid surrounding strife;
No mere forms of plight and fable,
But—a Husband and a Wife.

CADER IDRIS—THE CHAIR OF IDRIS.

I AM an old bachelor now, the object of an interest—not, perhaps, wholly unselfish—to my nephews and nieces. Be it so. They will not have long to wait. The one bright thread in the darksome web of my life was snapped, rudely snapped, many a weary year ago, and I am only sorry when a new spring-time comes round and finds me still among the living.

In the autumn of 1829 I was staying in one of the wildest and most secluded districts of Wales, not, as one's gray-haired, broken man, but young, happy, and rich in friends, in prospects, and, above all, in that elastic spirit of hopefulness that forms the best heritage of those who enter the world. Talglyn Hall, one of those moss-grown stone mansions whose weather-beaten masonry look old enough to be built with the eternal hills that overshadow them, was the place of my temporary abode. The Hall was the ancestral residence of a Welsh gentleman whom I shall call Griffith. It was his friend and guest; indeed we were distantly related, and I was to have been the husband of his youngest daughter. Dear, lost Ellen! with what painful distinctness, after all these years, does her gentle image rise before me, in all the bloom of that youthful beauty on which the hand of Time was never to be laid.

Mr. Griffith, a widower, had five children to cheer his hearth, and of these three were daughters. The two eldest were handsome enough, but Ellen, their younger sister, then scarcely seventeen, was a beautiful and winning as a fairy. No wonder that I admired her. Admired is a cold, pale phrase. She was born to be loved, and I loved her with a deep, strong, fervent love which time has never gained the mastery. I do not wish to linger on that happy period of alternate hope and fear, of tokens warmly eked out by glances, and all the petulant changes of passion. Suffice it that my love was returned at last, and that before my long visit was at an end Ellen had plighted me her simple troth. I went honestly to Mr. Griffith, and told him all. He was not displeased. He appeared, in fact, hardly to be surprised. Lovers, indeed, are generally very transparent in their wily stratagems for hood-winking the world, and even the most careless household is speedily aware of the progress of an attachment. But Mr. Griffith, though not averse to receiving me as a son-in-law, was not willing that his daughter should marry at seventeen, and was besides desirous that time should test whether we, the principal parties in the case, really knew our own minds. We both thought this decision very tyrannical and absurd. I am sure that it was right, and blind, and wise. For a year Ellen and I separated. I was to work busily at the bar, as before; the Griffiths were to travel, to visit watering-places and cities, and to vary their usual mode of life, in order that Ellen might see something of the world before she irrevocably fixed her fate in it. And, if all went well, and we were both continued of the same disposition, after the lapse of a twelvemonth, why then—

Then! How cruel seemed the suspense and the banishment when that short sentence was to then be unchanged a year hence, fifty years hence, my younger readers may think their own hearts. We obeyed. I not only obtained some credit as a rising junior at the bar, where I already possessed a certain feeling—not, I dare say, to circumstance its exact degree—to the eminent and probable of all—but I was to be match. And with the weary w[illegible] over, the year was out, and I was [illegible] again to claim my bride. I went out to fly with [illegible]. Ellen had the old loving look in her dear blue eyes; she had been excited and flattered, but no one had been able to win away her heart from me, and the Squire admitted that I had established a probation turned out more satisfactory than ours. All the family were kind, warm-hearted people; they welcomed me cordially among them; they were willing to half me as a brother though they did grudge a little at times that I should rob them of the light of their home, the darling of them all, for Ellen was but[illegible]. She had been very pretty a year before, but had now expanded like a flower, and was as sweet a type of the more fragile order of womanhood as ever existed. I was surprised to see how much she had developed in so short a time, but she loved me none the less for the greater experience of life which she had gained in the past year. Our wedding-day was fixed; the preparations were nearly completed, and my sisters, who were to be bridesmaids jointly with Ellen's sisters, were shortly expected at Talgiyn. And now but a few days intervened between me and the crowning happiness of my life—that happiness which was never to be.

I have painted nothing as yet but a picture of hope and happiness, a sunny tea and white-sailed pleasure-barks gayly gliding over the soft summer waves. Now comes the blacker sketch of wreck and storm. Ellen had one failing. She was too harsh a word, one flaw in her nature. She had a pretty waywardness, an impatience of contradiction that never degenerated into obstinacy, but became imperious, but which in one endowed with a less sweet temper would infallibly have done so. As it was, it rather took the form of a lively defiance, so winning, so full of grace, that you could scarcely have the heart to wish it away. But there were times when Ellen's petulant caprice became a source of terror to those who loved her best. I have known her persist in maintaining her seat on a plunging, kicking horse, full of vice and mettle, and which exerted every sinew and every artifice to hurl from the saddle its slender but unconquerable rider. Equally, I have seen her run, mocking our cowardice, along the brink of a fallen tree that bridged a cataract, slippery though that tree was with the washing of ceaseless spray, and perched at a fearful height above the rugged rocks and the dark pool below. And in a mountain excursion, no one, not even her dare-devil young brothers, ventured so often on the most dangerous precipices as Ellen did, laughing the while. Yet she was no Amazon, but when the whim was over, showed all a girl's timidity in fear of peril. It was contradiction that nettled her to rashness. One evening, after a happy day spent partly on the hills and partly in boating on the Talgiyn lake, the conversation turned, somehow, on the superstitions of Wales. One legend called forth another, and some of her relations, who had heard me hear these weird tales as Ellen, or told them so charmingly and simply. At last she related a particular story which I have had too much reason to remember, which has burned into my brain like a fiery brand, the story of the Lady of Cader Idris. The legend has reference to the Welsh pronunciation of that it is by some considered anterior to even Merlin, that "he who spends a night in the chair or Cader Idris will be found mad, or a poet, or a seer." Some relates that Merlin sat there, and that Taliesin also went through the dread ordeal that touched his lips with the fire of genius.

"You know," broke in young Herbert Griffith, "the gap cut in the live rock, on the high peak where the chair is, and which they call it. It looks like the throne of some queer old king. I showed it to you when we went shooting dotterels. Beg your pardon, Ellen."

Ellen went on to relate how, long ago, in the thirteenth century, the lady of the manor, a beautiful and wilful maiden, who had many friends the Lady of Cader Idris, had resolved to undergo this terrible trial in the hopes of becoming imbued with the spirit of poetry. Her lady-love, with all her usual courage and headstrong will, she had persisted in her resolve, in spite of the entreaties of her kindred, the prayers of her friends, and the remonstrance of her confessor. How she had gone up alone to the haunted hill-top, where, as legends tell, spectres keep a watch-fire, and where the mountain-winds and had faced storm, and darkness, and all the horrors of the visible and viewless. Finally, how she had been found on the following morning quite dead, seated in the rocky throne on blue Idris, with her long dark hair floating over the stones as she sat, in an attitude of repose, and with on her face an expression of awful fear stamped on her open eyes and fair pale face. The tradition added that, on account of the impiety of the lady's request to commands, the pitiless church had denied her poor body Christian burial, and that she had been laid, in silence and in secret, by the hands of her unhappy kinsmen, under a cairn of pebbles on the hill-top.

Then Ellen went to her harp, and sang or first the wild Welsh air that belongs to the legend, sweet in elder days, and then the polished verses which Mrs. Hemans had penned on the same theme. Nor was it till the last echo of her voice died away that my voice had long died away that we recovered from the impression of the weird and mournful tale, and began to express our admiration of the challenge in probability. I remember we all took part, in a sportive way, against Ellen and the legend. Her wish was, or seemed to be, to ridicule, by daring and spoiled child of the household, and also perhaps to atone to ourselves for having been for a time more completely under the spell of the genius than we could well unravelled. But to start a discussion is like rolling a stone down-hill. It starts gently, gliding down grassy banks and springing playfully from rock to rock, gaining in leaps with huge bounds, gaining force every instant, till it thunders from crag to crag, and crashes into the valley below. Ellen's opinion was grew warm and lively, almost bitter. Ellen was piqued and ruffled. She had called us one of her favorite tales, one which she had loved and dwelt upon, and which was grown to be almost a part of herself, and we had listened—and laughed. She had not the experience that ripe years impart, and which would have made her suspect that our derision was in a measure defensive and overstrained, and she was vexed, and showed it. She was quite angry with her jeering brothers, but I came in for the full weight of her indignation.

"Why was I incredulous? Did I think woman's nature so frivolous and cowardly that nothing brave or self-devoted could be looked for from a woman?"

To this I replied, with provoking gravity, "That I thought the story a pretty one, but that it was as improbable as the adventures of King Arthur and his knights, and that I never saw or heard of any female capable of confronting so much risk and discomfort." Finally, I declared the "Lady of Cader Idris" a pure invention of some crack-brained harper. Ellen's scornful eyes flashed, and she tossed her golden ringlets as she turned away. All might have gone well had not some mischievous fiend whispered to me to improve my victory. So I did. I waxed very witty and satirical, and the company applauded, and the Squire, who was asleep, and Ellen, who stamped her little foot angrily on the floor, exclaiming:

"I will prove that a woman dares do more than you fancy. I will go through this ordeal, that you believe impossible. We shall see who is right, you or I."

And she left the room at once. When she came back, half an hour later, she was quite calm and collected. She had had a conversation as usual, and spoke pleasantly of the projects for pike fishing in the Llyn, for a late picnic to some celebrated cascade, for a ball, and a ride to the county town. But there was a feverish restlessness in her air, and she broke off rapidly from talking on one subject to diverge to another. She sat down when asked, to harp or piano, but she played but a few bars, and then rose again, saying she could not remember a tune. This change of manner caused me some concern, and I went up to her, and said, in a low tone,

"Ellen, are you ill?"

"Ill? No," she answered, in an abstracted manner, and moved away.

"You are not offended with me?" I began. "I did not mean—"

"No, I am not offended," she answered, with some constraint, and then began to take the keenest interest in the pike-fishing that Herbert was trying.

We exchanged no other word until every one had retired to rest, and it came to my turn to wish her "Good-night." Then she took my hand between her own little white fingers, and for a moment gazed in my face with a strange look that has haunted me ever since—that will haunt me to my dying hour. Sorrow, reproach, affection, and an undercurrent of firm but hidden determination, were blended in that look, but the fatal that I ever received from those fond blue eyes that I had hoped would be a sunshine in my house from youth till age. I have too much reason to remember it.

"Good-night," as if it had a new meaning. She turned away.

"Ellen!" said I, springing after her, "one moment, Ellen!"

She did not seem to hear. She glided from me, and was out of the room before I stood motionless. False pride made me ashamed of my anxiety. Even then, after the loss of one precious moment, I should have followed her, but the Squire called to me, candle in hand, from his study door, to say something about to-morrow's pike-fishing, and the opportunity was lost. Alas! alas! that I should not then have been the magic power of one word of real kindness and contrition?—it might have altered the whole current of our future.

That has been one long and unavailing regret. But the word remained unspoken. I went to my chamber, a prey to a thousand of the wings, close of the gray turret where, beneath its conical roof of slate, the alarm-bell hung. A slowly undressed, and was about to turn in, when I stood motionless. False pride made me ashamed of my anxiety. Even then, after the loss of one precious moment, I should have followed her, but the Squire called to me, candle in hand, from his study door, to say something about to-morrow's pike-fishing, and the opportunity was lost. Alas! alas! that I should not then have been the magic power of one word of real kindness and contrition?—it might have altered the whole current of our future.

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My prediction that there would be a storm that night was fulfilled to the letter. A storm there was. It was ushered in by a peal of thunder that sounded in my sleeping ears as if the trumpet of the archangel were calling sinners to judgment. Crash upon crash, roar upon roar, till the vault of heaven was full of the grandest music, and the ancient mansion rocked like a living creature in fear. The blaze of the lightning, broad and bright, flooded the whole sky with a lurid splendor, and left between the stunning bursts of the thunder might be heard the howl of the wind and the battling of the hail and rain. I rose and dressed. A ship was shipwreck and ruin, and death of travelers on lonely moorland roads, and toppling down of gray steeples, and hail and rain and wind went on lashing and tearing at the casement.

I fell asleep, not a strange dream I had. I dreamed of the high peak of Idris, with its storm-lashed terrace of mossy stone, the cairn of loose pebbles, and the rocky chair, deep cut in the very brow of the horrid cliff, with a yawning precipice below. And the chair was not empty. No. It had a tenant, and that tenant bore a female shape. I could see the white robe fluttering through the blackness of night, and the loosened hair, and the hand that was pressed to the eyes, as if to shut out some ghastly sight of things unspeakable, while its fellow grasped the rocky rim of the throne. Then the thunder bellowed overhead, and the lightning flashed in fiery forks and hissing zigzags, ringing the hill-top with a flaming diadem, blazing, red, and menacing, through the abyss below, and illuminating with a dreadful light that solitary form, whose midst the wrath of the elements. The tempest broke in its might upon the peak of Idris; hail, rain, wind, swept the mountain as with a besom, and the pale form in the fantastic chair endured them all. Strange, unearthly shrieks were blended with the howl of the wind; wild and distant pageants trooped by amidst the driving mists and sheets of blinding rain; and by one lurid glare of the lightning I saw the figure remove the hand that hid its face. The face of a young girl—of Ellen!—but so ghastly with terror, so full of agony and nameless horror, that I awoke, trembling and unnerved, with great heat-drops on my forehead, such as excessive bodily pain might have called forth. The storm still raged, but more feebly. Yes, it was subsiding now. I sank back again, but this time into a heavy, dreamless slumber. I woke in the golden, brilliant morning: the sky was blue, the birds were singing gayly, and the verdure of the country seemed fresher and richer than before the storm. My spirits rose as I dressed; I was in the best of tempers, and I made a resolution that I would not chide Ellen for her wilful conduct of the preceding evening, but would let my very considerate and kind, and would even say I was sorry to have hurt her feelings by a careless word. I went down to the breakfast-room. The Squire was there, with his two elder daughters and his eldest son, while the young Herbert came in with his fishing-rod a moment later. But no Ellen. The old butler brought in the urn, after we had exchanged a few remarks, and then, for the first time, Ellen's absence was commented upon.

"She is not usually the last one," said her father. "Owen, you had up Miss Ellen's maid to let her know we are waiting breakfast."

The man went. We chatted on. But Owen came back with a blank look to say that she maid had found the door locked, and that she had knocked repeatedly, but without getting an answer.

This astonished us all.

"She must be ill!" cried Charlotte, the eldest sister, hastily leaving the room.

Soon, the two came back to say that she had called aloud at the door, but that Ellen would not reply a word.

"Perhaps she has gone out," said Herbert.

"The window in the oratory that opens out of her room leads right on to the terrace by the greenhouse, and I know there are steps to the garden."

"Nonsense," said the Squire, knitting his brows, "that door has been locked these 50 years, and the key lost too. Ellen has overslept herself. I am ill."

We all went up in a body. Two or three of the servants were on the landing-place.

"I am afraid, Sir," said the lady's maid, half crying, "something's amiss. We can't hear a sound. It's all as still as death."

Something of the kind shot across all our minds as we heard this speech.

We neared the door; the Squire tapped.

"Ellen! Ellen, love! answer, my darling; are you ill?"

No reply.

Mr. Griffith set his strong shoulder against the door, and by a violent effort dashed it in. We entered. The room was tenantless—empty.

"She has gone out, after all," cried Herbert, running to the old oratory, and pointing to the long disused door, now wide open.

"Miss Ellen must have gone out last night," stammered one of the women, "for the bed has not been touched."

Last night! In the storm! Impossible. Yet on tracking farther we found on the terrace a bow of ribbon, drenched and heavy with moisture. It had evidently been dropped by the wanderer all recognized it as Ellen's—on the previous night, before the rain began.

"She must be found, I say, poor child," grounded the Squire, "or is she playing us a trick? No, she never could have the heart to trifle with us in such a way!"

Suddenly a horrid thought flashed across my mind. My dream! the dispute of the previous night —the strange mysterious latter in which she took leave of me—all these came crowding back.

"I know where she is," I cried aloud. "I know it was no dream. She has gone up on Cader Idris, dead or mad by this, and I am the accursed cause."

"My poor fellow, your anxiety makes you talk wildly," said the Squire. "Cader Idris; how can she be there? Impossible!"

"She is there," cried I, in an accent of agonized conviction that none could resist; "she spoke of going through the ordeal of the rock-chair last evening; and I—I had that fearful dream. Oh! why was I so perishing in the tempest. Follow me, and waste no time. For Heaven's dear love be quick, and bring restoratives, if in mercy it be not too late!"

My vehemence bore down all opposition. In less than five minutes we were mounted and on foot of the mountain. But I outstripped them all. My heart was on fire, and my feet were gifted with unusual speed. Up, among the loose rocks and loose stones, up by bush and crag, by rock and water-course, and by tracks only trodden by the goat, and I stand panting on the terrace, at the foot of peak above, a yawning precipice below. My dream was too terribly realized. There, in the rock-hewn chair, with its low mantle of stone, a mantle of gay plaid, both of them drenched and stained with rain and earth, lay Ellen, cold and dead! Her large fair head half hid her pale face, and her little hands were tightly-clasped log-ther. I clasped her to my breast; I called wildly on her name; I parted the dank hair that hid her face, and as it I saw imprinted the same agony of fear, the same dark horror, as in my fatal dream. But she was dead, my dear, dear Ellen! and I think my heart must have broken then, as I saw her, forever. Since that day the world has been a prison to me,

GRAND CAVALRY AND ARTILLERY REVIEW AT WASHINGTON ON SEPTEMBER 24, 1861.

GRAND CAVALRY REVIEW AT WASHINGTON.

ONE of the finest displays of cavalry and artillery ever witnessed upon this continent was made on Sept. 24 on the parade grounds one mile east of the Capitol. There were two thousand cavalry and eight batteries of artillery in line. Each battery consists of six pieces, making forty-eight pieces. About an equal proportion of 32-pound howitzers, Parrot rifled cannon, James's rifled cannon, and Napoleon guns constituted the character of the ordnance. The cavalry was under the command of General Stoneman, and the artillery under the command of General Barry, both aids to General McClellan, and detailed to the several services named. The whole was reviewed by Major-General McClellan at four o'clock. The General was accompanied by General Van Vleet, Quartermaster of the Department of the Potomac, Inspector-General Marcy, Captain Sykes and Captain Hudson, of General McClellan's staff, General Mansfield and staff, General Andrew Porter and staff, General Fitz-John Porter, General Meigs, General Keyes, General Smith, General Hooker and staff, including Prince Salm-Salm, and the Prince de Joinville and son and two nephews. This entire party accompanied the commanding General in the grand review. It was witnessed by at least five thousand people, and was highly satisfactory to General McClellan, to guests, and to the spectators generally.

The Prince de Joinville, Prince Salm-Salm, and other experienced military gentlemen from the classic fields of Europe, who have witnessed many military displays in their own countries, express their admiration of the appearance of our men, especially when they learned how short a time they had been mustered into service, and do not hesitate to say that they never witnessed a spectacle equal to it in Europe. The character of the ordnance and precision of manœuvres of our men elicited their enthusiastic applause.

The companies of regular cavalry on the ground, though indifferently equipped, showed good drill, and the raw volunteer regiments evidenced much improvement upon their condition when brought here a month since.

THE BATTLE OF LEXINGTON, MISSOURI.—From Sketches by a Western Correspondent.—[See Page 646.]

THE DARKEST HOUR.

DESPAIR not, Poet, whose warm soul aspires
To breathe the exalted atmosphere of fame;
Give thy heart words, but purify its fires,
So that thy song may consecrate thy name;
Sing on, and hope, nor murmur that the crowd
Are slow to hear and recognize thy lay:
Thy time will come if thou art well endow'd;
The darkest hour is on the verge of day.

Despair not, Genius, wherever'e thou art,
Whate'er the lent and purpose of thy mind;
Use thy rich gifts with an unfailing heart,
And wait till Fortune deigneth to be kind.
The world is tardy in its help and praise,
And doubts and dangers may abound thy way,
But light oft pierces through the heaviest haze;
The darkest hour is on the verge of day.

Despair not, Patriot, who in dreams seblime
Sees'st the future nation glorious yet unborn,
And fain wouldst chide the laggard wings of Time,
Because they bring not the transcendent morn.
Be firm in devotion's hour by hour;
We seem to travel on a sunward way,
And what some fashions now may be as clear
The darkest hour is on the verge of day.

Despair not, Virtue, who in sorrow's hour
Sigh'st to behold some idol overthrown,
And from the shade of thy domestic bower
Sing'st some heroic dirge, some bird of promise flown;
God chastens but to prove thy faithfulness,
And in thy sadness he will be thy stay;
Trust and deserve, and He will soothe and bless;
The darkest hour is on the verge of day.

Despair not, Man, however low thy state,
Nor scorn the meanest thing that crosses thee full;
Learn to disdain the impious creed of Fate,
And own the Providence who governs all.
If then in toiling thou hast earned with,
Thy conscience clear, thy reason not astray,
Be this thy fulth and consolation still—
The darkest hour is on the verge of day.

[Entered according to Act of Congress, in the Year 1861, by Harper & Brothers, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Southern District of New York.]

A STRANGE STORY.

By SIR E. BULWER LYTTON.

☞ Printed from the Manuscript and early Proof-sheets purchased by the Proprietors of "Harper's Weekly."

CHAPTER XXV.

MY intercourse with Margrave grew habitual and familiar. He came to my house every morning before sunrise; in the evenings we were again brought together: sometimes in the houses to which we were both invited, sometimes at his hotel, sometimes in my own home.

Nothing more perplexed me than his aspect of extreme youthfulness, contrasted with the extent of the travels, which, if he were to be believed, had made him of the known world unexplored. One day I asked him, bluntly, how old he was?

"How old do I look? How old should you suppose I was?"

"I should have guessed you to be about twenty, till you spoke of having come of age some years ago."

"Is it a sign of longevity when a man looks much younger than he is?"

"Conjoined with other signs, certainly!"

"Have I the other signs?"

"Yes, a masculine beauty, perhaps a matchless, constitutional organization. But you have evaded my question as to your age; perhaps it was an impertinence to put it?"

"No; I came of age—let me see—three years ago."

"So long since? Is it possible? I wish I had your secret!"

"Secret! What secret?"

"The secret of preserving so much of boyish freshness in the wear and tear of man-like passions and man-like thoughts."

"You are still young yourself—under forty?"

"Oh yes! some years under forty."

"And Nature gave you a much grander frame and a much finer symmetry of feature than she gave to me."

"Pooh! pooh! You have the beauty that must charm the eyes of woman, and that beauty in its nature forms one of youth. Happy man if you love, and wish to be sure that you are loved again."

"What you call love—the unhealthy sentiment, the feverish folly—I left behind me, I think forever, when—"

"Ay, indeed—when?"

"I came of age!"

"Hoary cynic! and you despise love! So did I once. Your time may come."

"I think not. Does any animal, except man, love its fellow she-animal as man loves woman?"

"As man loves woman? No, I suppose not."

"And why should the subject-animals be wiser than their king? But, to return—you would like to have your youth and my careless enjoyment of youth?"

"Can you ask—who would not?" Margrave looked at me for my years with unusual seriousness, and then, in the abrupt changes common to his capricious temperament, began to sing still one of his barbaric chants—a chant different from any I had heard him sing before —made either by the modulation of his voice or the nature of the tune—so sweet that, little as music generally affected me, this thrilled to my very heart's core. I drew closer and closer to him, and murmured when he paused,

"Is not that a love-song?"

"No," said he, "it is the song by which the serpent-charmer charms the serpent."

CHAPTER XXVI.

INCREASED intimacy with my new acquaintance did not diminish the charm of his society, though it brought to light some startling defects both in his mental and moral organization. I have before said that his knowledge, though it had swept over a wide circuit and dipped into curious, unfrequented recesses, was desultory and erratic. It certainly was not that knowledge, sustained and aspiring, which the poet assures us is "the wing on which a man soars to heaven." So, in his feelings themselves there were singular inequalities, or contradictions. His power of memory in some things seemed prodigious; but when examined it was seldom accurate; it could apprehend, but did not hold together with a binding grasp, what metaphysicians call "the association of ideas." He seemed unable to put it to any steadfast purpose in the sciences of which it retained, vaguely and loosely, many recondite principles. For the sublime and beautiful in literature he had no taste whatever. A passionate lover of nature, his imagination had no sympathy with the idea by which nature is expressed or idealized; wholly unaffected by poetry or painting. Of the fine arts, music alone attracted and pleased him. His conversation was often eminently suggestive, touching on much, whether in books or mankind, that set one thinking; but it was rarely instructive. It rather uttered any of those noble or tender sentiments which come spontaneously to the lips of youth and blossom out from the wisdom which labor accords to genius.

In his character there seemed no special vice, no special virtue, but a wonderful want of joyousness, animal good-humor. He was singularly temperate, having a dislike to wine, perhaps from fastidiousness. Of late when living my health absolutely perfect. No healthful child likes alcohols, no animal, except man, prefers wine to water.

But his main moral defect seemed to me in a want of sympathy, even where he professed attachment. He did feel so much for himself, so much himself, he unmanned at the bite of a squirrel, and sob at the thought that he should one day die, was so callous to the misery of another as a deer who deserts and butts from him a wounded comrade.

I give an instance of this hardness of heart where I should have least expected to find it in him.

He had met and joined me as I was walking to visit a patient on the outskirts of the town, when we fell in with a group of children, just let loose for an hour or two from their day-school. Some of these children were gathered round him as having played with them at their homes; they ran up to him, and he seemed as glad as themselves at the meeting.

He suffered them to drag him along with them, and became as merry and sportive as the youngest of the group.

"Well," said I, laughing, "if you are going to play at leap-frog, pray don't let it be on the high road, for I shall be run over by some gig or draymen; see that meadow just in front to the left—off with you there!"

"With all my heart," cried Margrave, "while you pay your visit. Come along, boys."

A little urchin, not above six years old, but who was lame, began to cry, he could not run—he should be left behind.

Margrave stopped. "Climb on my shoulder, little one, and I'll carry you."

The child dried its tears, and delightedly obeyed.

"Certainly," said I, to myself, "Margrave, after all, must have a nature as gentle as it is simple. What other young man, so courted by all the allurements of the great himself from pleasure, would stop in the thoroughfares to play with children?"

The thought had scarcely passed through my mind when I heard a scream of agony. Margrave had leaped the railing that divided the meadow from the road, and in so doing the poor child, perched on his shoulder, had, perhaps from surprise or fright, loosened its hold and fallen heavily. Its cries were piteous. Margrave clasped his hands to his ears—uttered an exclamation of anger—and not even stopping to lift up the boy, or examine what hurt he was, called to the other children to come on, and was soon rolling with them on the grass, and pelting them with daisies. When I came up only one child remained by the sufferer—his little brother, a year older than itself. The child had fallen on its arm, which was not broken, but violently contused. The pain must be excruciating. I carried the child to its home, and had to remain there some time. I did not see Margrave till the next morning when he then called. I felt so indignant that I could scarcely speak to him. When at last I rebuked him for his inhumanity he seemed perfectly unable to comprehend what the circumstance, and then merely said—as if it were the most natural confession in the world—

"Oh, pshaw! my dear fellow, I told you that I hate discords. I am pleased with the company of children; but they must be children who laugh and play. Well! why do you look at me in that way? What have I said to shock you?"

"Shock me—you shock manhood itself! Go; I can't talk to you now. Go, I say!"

But he did not go; and his voice was so sweet, and his ways so winning, that disgust insensibly melted into that sort of forgiveness one accords (let me repeat the illustration) to the deer that forsakes its comrade. The poor thing knows no better. And what a graceful, beautiful thing *this* was!

The fascination—I can give it no other name —which Margrave exercised was not confined to me, it was universal—old, young, high, low, man, woman, child, all felt it. Never in Low Town had stranger, even the most distinguished by fame, met with a reception so cordial—so flattering. His frank confession that he was a natural son, far from being to his injury, served to interest people more in him, and to prevent all those inquiries in regard to his connections and antecedents, which would otherwise have been afloat. To be sure, he was evidently rich, at least he had plenty of money. He lived in the best rooms in the principal hotel; was very hospitable; visited the families with whom he had grown intimate; made them bring their children — music and dancing after dinner. Among the families in which he had established familiar acquaintance was that of the mayor of the town, who had bought Dr. Lloyd's collection of subjects in natural history. To that collection the mayor had added largely by a very recent purchase. He had arranged these various specimens, which his last acquisitions had enriched by the interesting carcasses of an ugly elephant and a still uglier hippopotamus, in a large wooden building contiguous to his dwelling, and which had been constructed by a former proprietor (a retired fox-hunter) as a riding-house. And being a man who much affected the diffusion of knowledge, he proposed to open this museum to the admiration of the general public, and to be ready to respond it to the Athenæum or Literary Institute of his native town. Margrave, seconded by the influence of the mayor's daughters, had scarcely been three days at L—— before he had persuaded this excellent and public-spirited functionary to inaugurate the opening of the museum by the popular ceremony of a ball. A temporary corridor should unite the drawing-rooms, which were on the ground-floor of the house, with the room contained the collection; and thus the fete would be elevated above the frivolous character of a fashionable entertainment and consecrated to the solemnization of an intellectual institute. Dazzled by the brilliancy of this idea, the mayor announced his intention to give a ball that should include the surrounding neighborhood, and be worthy, in all expensive respects, of the dignity of himself and his family. A night had been fixed for the ball—a night that became memorable indeed to me! The entertainment was announced with the usual interest, in which even the Hill condescended to share. The Hill did not much patronize mayors in general; but when a mayor gave a ball for a purpose so patriotic, and on a scale so magnificent, the Hill liberally acknowledged that Commerce was, on the whole, a thing which the Eminence might, now and then, condescend to notice without absolutely descending from the rank which Providence had assigned to it among the High Places of earth. Accordingly the Hill was represented by its Queen to honor the first magistrate of Low Town by a promise to attend his ball. Now, as this festivity had originated with the suggestion of Margrave, so, by a natural association of ideas, every one, in talking of the ball, talked also of Margrave.

The Hill had at first affected to ignore a stranger whose debut had been made in the mercantile circle of Low Town, but the Queen of the Hill now said, sententiously, "This new man in few days has become a Celebrity. It is the policy of the Hill at once to Celebrities, if the Celebrities pay respect to the Proprieties. Dr. Fenwick is requested to procure Mr. Margrave the advantage of being known to the Hill."

I found it somewhat difficult to persuade Margrave to accept the Hill's condescending overture. He avowed that he was unlike to all societies pretending to aristocratic distinction—a dislike expressed with a fierceness so unwonted that it made me suspect he had at some time or other been subjected to mortification by the supercilious airs that blow upon heights so elevated. However, I succeeded to my insistance, and accompanied me one evening to Mrs. Poyntz's house. The Hill was encamped there for the occasion. Margrave was accordingly civil to him, and after a few commonplace speeches bearing that he was fond of music, consigned him to the caressing care of Miss Brabazon, who was at the piano, the musical department in the Queen of the Hill's administration.

Mrs. Poyntz retired to her favorite seat near the window, and I followed to cheer her; and while she knitted in silence, in silence my eye glanced toward Margrave in the midst of the group assembled round the piano.

Whether he was in more than usually high spirits, or whether he was actuated by a malign and impish love of mischief, or whether, in spite of decorum by which the gayeties of the Hill were habitually subdued into a serene and somewhat insipid pleasantness, I know not; but it was not many minutes before the orderly aspect of the place was grotesquely changed.

Miss Brabazon began to come to the close of a complicated and dreary sonata, I heard Margrave abruptly ask her if she could play the "Tarantella, Lydia Languish's favorite air which is founded on the legendary belief that the bite of the tarantula excites an irresistible desire to dance. She replied that Lydia's excitement was that she was ignorant of the air, and had not even heard of the legend, Margrave said, "Let me play it to you." And before the astonished Miss Brabazon graciously yielded her place at the instrument. Margrave seated himself—there was great curiosity on his perfect features—and Margrave's fingers rushed over the keys, and there was a general start, the prelude was so unlike any known combination of harmonious sounds. Then he began a chant—song I can scarcely call it—words certainly not in Italian, perhaps in some uncivilized tongue, perhaps in impromptu gibberish. And the torture of the instrument now commenced in good earnest: it shrieked, it groaned: wilder and noisier. Beethoven's Storm, roused by the fell touch of a German pianist, were mild in compasison; and the mighty voice, dominating the anguish of the cracking keys, had the full dispason of a chorus. Certainly I am no judge of music, but to me ear the discord was terrific—to the ears of better informed amateurs it seemed ravishing. All were spell-bound; even Mrs. Poyntz paused from her knitting, as the Fates paused from their web at the lyre of Orpheus. To this fearless delight, however, soon succeeded a general desire for movement. To my amazement, I beheld these formal amateurs and sober fathers of families forming themselves into a dance, turbulent as a children's ball at Christmas. And when, suddenly desisting from his music, Margrave started up, caught the skeleton hand of Jean Miss Brabazon, and whirled her into the centre of the dancing, I could have fancied myself of a witch's sabbat. My eye turned in scandalized alarm toward Mrs. Poyntz. That great creature seemed as much astonished as myself. Her eyes were fixed on the scene in a stare of positive stupor. For the first time, no doubt, in her life she was overcome, deposed, dethroned. The awe of her presence was literally whirled away. The dance ceased as suddenly as it had begun. During which the gallanized mummy whom he had selected as his partner, Margrave shot to Mrs. Poyntz's side, and said, "Ten thousand pardons for quitting you so soon, but the clock warns me that I have an engagement elsewhere." In another moment he was gone.

The dance halted, people seemed slowly returning to their senses, looking at each other bashfully and ashamed.

"Good heavens! my dear," sighed Miss Brabazor at last, sinking into a chair, and casting he, deprecating, fainting eyes upon the hostess.

"Fever!" said fat Mrs. Bruce, wiping her forehead.

"Witchcraft!" echoed Mrs. Poyntz, "it does indeed look like it. An amusing and preposterous exhibition of animal spirits, and not to be endured by the Proprieties. Where on earth can that young rapscallion have come from?"

"From savage lands," said I. "So he says."

"Do not bring him here again," said Mrs. Poyntz. "He would soon teach us how to topsyturvy. But how charming! I should like to see more of him," she added, in an under voice, for the Hill seemed to me something moving, and not in the presence of those for whose Proprieties I am responsible. June must be out on her ride with Lieut. Colonel."

Margrave never again attended the patrician festivities of the Hill. Invitations were poured upon him, especially by Miss Brabazon and the other old maids of the Hill.

"Those people," said he, "are too tame and civilized for me; and so few young persons among them. Even that girl June is only young on the surface; inside, as old as the World or her mother. I like youth, real youth —I am young, I am young!"

And, indeed, I observed that he would attach himself to some young person, often to some child, as he did to cordial and genial favor, yet not more than an hour or so, never distinguishing them by the same preference when he next met them. I think that remark is made in reproof of his fickleness, one evening when he had found me at work on my ambitious book, reducing the old world measure the Laws of Nature.

"It is not fickleness," said he, "it is necessity."

"Necessity! Explain yourself."

"I seek to find what I have not found," said he; "it is my necessity to seek it, and among those I meet and disappointed in one, I turn to the other. Necessity again. But find it at last I must."

I suppose you mean what the young usually seek in the young; and if, as you said the other day, you have left love behind you, you now wander in search of God it."

"Tush! If I may judge by the talk of young fools, love may be found every day by him who looks out for it. What I seek is among the rarest of all discoveries. You might aid me to find it, and in so doing aid yourself to a knowledge beyond all that your formal experiments can bestow."

"Prove your words, and command my service," said I, feeling somewhat doubtful.

"Yet me told me that you had examined into the alleged phenomena of animal magnetism, and proved some persons who pretended to the gift which they denied to call second sight to be humbling impostors. You were right. I have seen the clairvoyants who drive their trade in this line of imposture; and my experience is stored, unknown to the possessor, undetected by the common observer; but the signs of which shall be as apparent to the modern physiologist as they were to the ancient priest."

"At least, as a physiologist, an ignorant of the signs—what are they?"

"I should despair of making you comprehend them by mere verbal description. I could guide your perceptions to distinguish them unerringly were living subjects before us. But not one in a million has the gift to an extent available for the purposes of science, and with the world ugly it. Many have imperfect glimpses; few, few indeed, the unveiled, lucent sight. They who have but glimpses are simpletons misled and dupe the minds that consult them, because, being sometimes marvelously right, they excite a credulous faith in their general accuracy: and as they are but translators of dreams in their own brain, their assurances are no more to be trusted than are the dreams of commonplace sleepers. But where the gift exists to perfection, he who knows how to direct and to profit by it should be able to discover all that he desires to know for the guidance and preservation of his own life. He will be forewarned of every danger, forearmed in the means by which danger is avoided. For

the eye of the true Pythoness matter has no obstruction, space no confines, time no measurement."

"My dear Margrave, you may well say that creatures as gifted are rare; and for my part, I would as soon search for a unicorn as to use your affected expression, for a Pythoness."

"Nevertheless, whenever there come across the course of your practice some young creature to whom all the evil of the world is as yet unknown, to whom the ordinary cares and duties of the world are strange and unwelcome; who from the earliest dawn of reason has lived to or apart and to music; before whose eyes visions pass unsolicited; who converses with those who are not dwellers on the earth, and beholds in the space landscapes which the earth does not reflect—"

"Margrave, Margrave! whom are you going to speak?"

"Whose frame, though exquisitely sensitive, has still a health and a soundness in which you recognize no disease; whose mind has a truthfulness that you know can not deceive you, and a simple intelligence too clear to deceive itself; who is moved to a mysterious degree by all the varying aspects of external nature—innocently joyous, or unaccountably sad; when, I say, such a being comes across your experience, you form me; and the chances are that the true Pythoness is found."

I had listened with vague terror, and with more than one exclamation of amazement, to descriptions which brought Lilian Ashleigh before me; and I now sat mute, bewildered, breathless, gazing upon Margrave, and rejoicing that at least Lilian he had never seen.

He returned my gaze steadily, searchingly, and then, breaking into a slight laugh, resumed:

"You call my word 'Pythoness' affected. I know of no other. My recollections of classic anecdote and history are confused and dim; but somewhere I have read or heard that the priests of Delphi were accustomed to travel chiefly into Thrace or Thessaly in search of the virgins who might duly administer their oracles, and that the oracles gradually ceased in repute as the priests became unable to discover the organization requisite in the priestesses, and supplied by craft and imposture, or by such imperfect fragmentary developments as belong now to professional clairvoyance, the gifts which Nature failed to afford. Indeed, the demand was one that must have rapidly exhausted so limited a supply. The constant stretch upon faculties unwearing to the vital functions in their relentless exercise, under the artful stimulants by which the priests heightened their power, was mortal, and no Pythoness ever retained her life more than three years from the time that her gift was elaborately trained and developed."

"Pooh! I find no classical authority for the details you so confidently cite. Perhaps some such legends may be found in the Alexandrian writers; but those mystics are no authority on such a subject. After all," I added, recovering from my first surprise or awe, "the Delphic oracle, ever proverbially ambiguous, and their responses might be rend either way, a proof that the priests dictated the verses, though their arts of duping unhappy priestess might throw her into real convulsions, and the real convulsions, not the false gift, might shorten her life. Enough of this idle subject! Yet no! I must question more. If you found your Pythoness, what then?"

"What then? Why through her aid I might discover the process of an experiment which your practical science would assist me to complete."

"Tell me of what kind is your experiment; and precisely because such little science as I possess is strictly practical, I may assist you without the help of the Pythoness."

Margrave was silent for some minutes, passing his hand several times across his forehead, which was a frequent gesture of his, and then rising, he answered, in weary, listless accents:

"I can say more now, my brain is fatigued; and you are not yet in the right mood to hear me. By-the-way, how close and reserved you are with me."

"How so?"

"You never told me that you were engaged to be married, or to leave town, when though I have won your friendship, to hear what concerns you so intimately from a comparative stranger."

"Who told you?"

"That woman with eyes that pry and lips that scheme, to whose house you took me."

"Mrs. Poynte! Is it possible? When?"

"This afternoon. I met her in the street—she stopped m and, after some unmeaning talk, asked 'if I had seen you lately; if I did not think you very absent and distracted; no wonder—you were in love. The young lady was away on a visit, and would by a dangerous rival.'"

"Wooed by a dangerous rival!"

"Very rich, good-looking, young. Do you fear him? You turn pale."

"I do not fear, except so far as he who loves truly loves humbly, and fears not that another may be preferred, but that another may be worthier than himself. But that Mrs. Poynte should tell you all this does amaze me. Did she mention the name of the young lady?"

"Yes; Lilian Ashleigh. Henceforth be more frank with me. Who knows? I may help you. Adieu!"

CHAPTER XXVII.

WHEN Margrave had gone I glanced at the clock—not yet nine. I resolved to go at once to Mrs. Poynte. I was not an evening on which she received, but doubtless she would see me. She owed me an explanation. How thus carelessly divulge a secret she had been enjoined to keep? and this rival, of whom I was ignorant? It was no longer a matter of wonder that Margrave should have described Lilian's peculiar idiosyncrasies in his sketch of his fabulous Pythoness. Doubtless Mrs. Poynte had, with unpardonable levity of indiscretion, revealed all of which she disapproved in my choice. But for what object? Was this her boasted friendship for me? Was it consistent with the regard she professed for Mrs. Ashleigh and Lilian? Occupied by these perplexed and indignant thoughts, I arrived at Mrs. Poynte's house, and was admitted to her presence. She was fortunately alone; her daughter and the Colonel had gone to some party on the Hill. I would not take the hand she held out to me on entrance; seated myself in stern displeasure, and proceeded at once to inquire if she had really betrayed to Mr. Margrave the secret of my engagement to Lilian.

"Yes, Allen Fenwick; I have this day told not only Mr. Margrave, but every person I met who is likely to tell it to some one else, the secret of your engagement to Lilian Ashleigh. I never promised to conceal it; on the contrary—"

I wrote word to Anne Ashleigh that I would therein act as my own judgment counseled me. I think my words in that hasty letter to Mrs. Ashleigh, written by Lady Haughton, and delivered by Mr. Vigors. That letter I will now state to you; but before doing so I must enter into a preliminary explanation. Lady Haughton is one of those women who love power, and can not obtain it except through wealth and station—by her own intellect never obtain it. When her husband died she was reduced from an income of twelve thousand a year to a jointure of twelve hundred, but with the exclusive guardianship of a young son, a minor, and adequate allowances for the charge; she continued, therefore, to preside over a house of the establishments in town and country; still had the administration of her son's wealth and rank. She granted his estates in order to maintain her ascendency over him. He became a brainless prodigal—spendthrift alike of health and fortune. She watched, and

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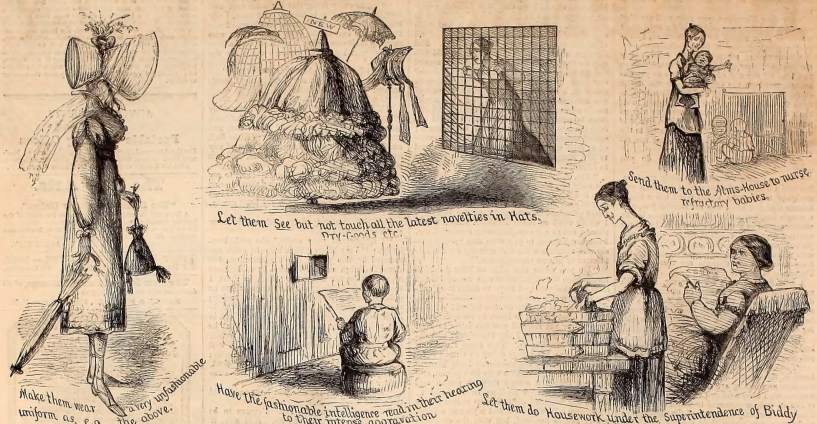

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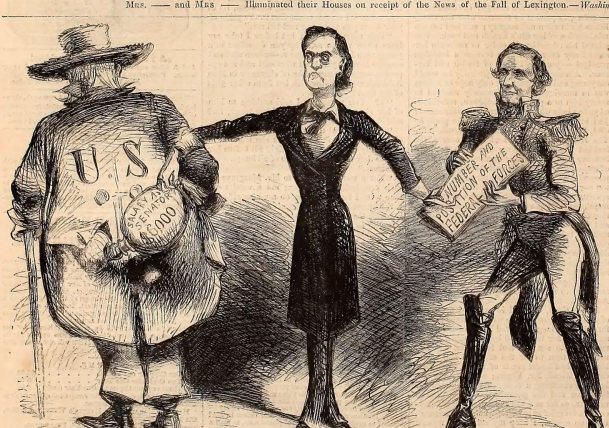

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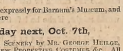

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Entered according to Act of Congress, in the Year 1861, by Harper & Brothers, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Southern District of New York.

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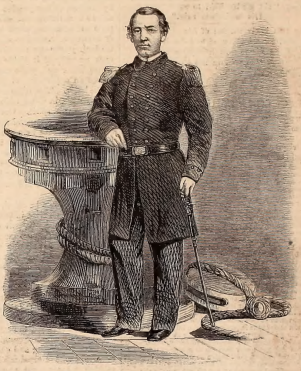

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THE REBEL EX-GOVERNOR JACKSON, OF MISSOURI, ADDRESSING COLONEL MULLIGAN'S TROOPS AFTER THE SURRENDER AT LEXINGTON.

SKETCHED BY O. R.—[SEE NEXT PAGE.]

DIED, ON THE BATTLE-FIELD.

FAR from his native home he died;
The clash of arms on every side,
The roar of cannon, and the tide
Of red blood flowing.

Around the dying and the dead
Lay on the field of battle, red
With carnage, while the sky o'erhead
Crimson was blushing.

Slowly the spark of life went out,
As rang the gallant shout,
Telling the foe were put to rout
By his brave comrades.

No gentle mother softly laid
On his hot brow her hand, or prayed
As his soul heavenward strayed—
Heavenward ascended.

But as the glorious field was won,
While rushed the conquering army on,
As blood-red sank the setting sun,
He peaceful lay, he perished.

Around his green and hallowed grave
Fond friends shall sadly mourn the brave,
Saying, "He gladly died to save
His land from ruin."

Over this lowly mound of his
All that he asked or wished for is
Graved on his narrow headstone this—
"DIED FOR HIS COUNTRY!"

LYNN, MASSACHUSETTS, 1861.

COLONEL MULLIGAN.

We publish on page 657, from a photograph sent us from the West, a portrait of the brave COLONEL MULLIGAN, whose gallant defense of Lexington we chronicled last week. The following biography of Colonel Mulligan is interesting:

Colonel James A. Mulligan was born in the city of Utica, New York, in the year 1829, and is consequently in his thirty-second year. His parents were natives of Ireland, his mother, after the death of his father, which took place when he was a child, removed to Chicago, where she has resided with us for the past twenty-three years. She married a respectable Irish-American in Chicago named Michael Lanahan, who stands very much by with a fatherly solicitude the expanding mind of the brave young soldier. He was educated in the Catholic College of Saint Chrisostom under the superintendence of the Rev. Mr. Rinsellor, now of New York city. He is a strict member of the Roman Catholic Church. In 1852, 1853, and 1854 he read law in the office of the Hon. John A. Knuddl, Congressman from the Chicago District. For a short time he edited the *Western Tribune*, a semi-religious weekly newspaper in Chicago. In 1856 he was admitted an attorney-at-law in Chicago. At this time had the position of Secretary of Commissioners in the Chicago Shields Guards, one of the companies attached to the Irish Brigade now in Missouri, and which has done so well at Lexington.

In the winter of 1857 Senator Fitch, of Indiana, tendered him a clerkship in the Department of the Interior. He accepted the appointment, spent the winter at Washington. During his residence in Washington he corresponded with the Utica *Telegraph* over the nom de plume of "Shiloh." After his return from Washington he was elected Captain of the Shields Guards. On the news arriving of the bombardment of Fort Sumter he tarried not nor rested till the Union cause. The Irish-American companies held a meeting, of which he was Chairman. Shortly afterward he went to Washington with a letter, written by the late Senator Douglas on his death-bed, to the President, tendering a regiment to be called the "Irish Brigade." He was elected Colonel, and immediately went to work with a will. The course of the Brigade up to the battle of Lexington is well known; it has safely, bravely, and honorably done its duty.

Colonel Mulligan is worthy of all praise. A poorer, better man does not live in the State of Illinois. Since he was able to tell the difference between an ale and water a glass of nightcaps or malt liquor has not passed his lips. He is a rigid temperance man, although he is jovial and wholesouled to a fault. He is five feet three inches in height, with a wiry, elastic frame, a large, lustrous, hazel eye, an open, frank, Celtic face, stamped with courage, pluck, and independence, surmounted with a bushy profusion of hair, fashioned after the Burnside in all relations, respected by all, he has won his way by untiring industry and unquestionable economy. On the 19th of October, 1857, he was married to Miss Marian Nugent by the Roman Catholic Bishop of Chicago.

THE WAR IN MISSOURI.

We continue to devote a large section of our space to the operations of the war in Missouri. On page 664 we publish a large view of JEFFERSON CITY, the present head-quarters of General FREMONT, and on page 663 a plan of the same, showing the Missouri River. Jefferson City, on the Missouri River, is, as every one knows, the capital of the State of Missouri. When the rebellion first broke out in Missouri Jefferson City was peaceably occupied by General Lyon, and Governor Jackson was expelled. The Union troops proceeded to erect fortifications, as to protect the State Capital, and ever since then Jefferson City has been a place of great military activity. There must be at the present time over 40,000 Union troops in the place, and between it and Lexington; and a battle in the vicinity is hourly expected. Troops continue to arrive daily, both by rail and by steamer.

Another picture, on page 667, from a sketch by Alexander Simplot, represents the EMBARKATION AT ST. LOUIS OF SIGOURNEY REGIMENT, under COLONEL KELTON, FOR LEXINGTON. The peculiar build of the Mississippi steamers will be recognized by all who have sailed on the Father of Waters. Colonel Kelton, we need hardly add, arrived too late to save the brave Colonel Mulligan.

On page 667 we give a picture of a scene which took place at Lexington after the surrender. The rebel General Jackson ordered Mulligan's brigade to be drawn up in solid column to hear a speech from him. He then addressed them in harsh language, demanding what business they had to make war in the State of Missouri, adding that when Missouri needed troops from Illinois she would ask for them. After upbraiding them for some length of time, this wretched traitor at last told them they might go home, when they dispersed with feelings which can be more easily imagined than described. If Governor Jackson falls into the hands of any of the Illinois Volunteers he will have a hard time.

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

SATURDAY, OCTOBER 19, 1861.

WAR AS A SCHOOLMASTER.

THE peace party has deafened us with commonplaces about the cost of war. No one denies that war brings great evils in its train, though there are still greater evils than they, and wise and good men often advise war and accept its mischiefs in order to escape the greater calamities of peace. Too little attention has, however, been paid, since the present conflict began, to the benefits of war in the abstract. Reflection will show that they are by no means insignificant.

Peace enervates and corrupts society; war strengthens and purifies. The chief danger against which all nations have been warned in this country has been the corruption pervading our society and our political institutions. Our aristocracy being exclusively mercantile, money has grown to be the sole idol worshiped by the bulk of our people; and those who worshiped it faithfully and successfully have been pardoned when they neglected every other object of reverence. Society accepts the fraudulent bankrupt; tolerates notorious cheats; winks at open rascality if it yields 20 per cent.; and where honor and profit are in conflict, never misses an opportunity of pronouncing in favor of the latter. This is the case to some extent in every nation, in direct ratio of the influence of the mercantile spirit. But nowhere has it been more intense and more general than that of European countries, because here the mercantile class is paramount, while there it is only one of many competitors for power. Everywhere else except the suffrage some votes are bought: it is only in a country where money is the sole exclusive idol that *all* offices are matters of bargain and sale.

If this evil can be cured, it must be done by raising up some rival influence to that of sheer dollars. Such a war will do. Nothing is so directly opposed to the mercantile spirit as the military spirit. The one calls into play the most sordid and the basest instincts of our nature: the other appeals to our noblest and purest impulses—courage, honor, patriotism, self-devotion, self-denial. In a mercantile point of view, it does not pay to be killed or wounded for one's country. Hence, therefore, soldiers are usually deem all traders knaves. The merchant's aim is profit, the soldier's, glory. The merchant's means are cunning and calculation, the soldier's daring and devotion. Each forms more opposite and antagonistic classes than soldiers and mercantile is ever hard to conceive. And the effect of the creation of a military class in our midst will necessarily have a counterbalance the mercantile influence now paramount, and to raise up honor as an idol in opposition to dollars. If the war achieves this result, it will not have been in vain.

The war will consolidate us as a nation. Nearly half a century has elapsed since the last appeal was made to the patriotism of the American people. Few persons have living who responded to that appeal. The present race of Americans have never known any thing practical of the common danger and common interest or the cost of national danger, and the patriotic sentiment has so nearly died out in them that men of intelligence and education are heard unblushingly to sneer at the idea of expending life for national existence. Half a century of undisputed peace and the pursuit of gain have rusted their hearts. The war will now develop the dormant principle of nationality. The bonds-men will revive to patriotism; the sordid will realize that private schemes can not thrive if the great public scheme fails. Men's hearts, from various motives, will expand largely in fact as in name, consolidated and homogeneous.

The war will prepare us for struggles, if any should come, with foreign nations. It is already evident that the British aristocracy can not submit to any ordinary sacrifice in order to have the rebellion succeed, in the hope that the catastrophe of American democracy might check the aspirations of the working-classes in Great Britain. No one can tell at what time this selfish oligarchy may delude England into a war with the United States. Nor can any one foresee the result of the complications which must grow out of the movements of Spain in St. Domingo, and of the maritime powers of Europe in Mexico. Before this war we were in no condition to contend with a power like Great Britain. When the war ends we shall be able to hold our own not only against England, but against any combination of foreign powers. We shall have a first-class army and a first-class navy, ample resources, and a thorough and complete military and naval organization.

But the chief advantage which the war will confer upon the country will be the diversion of at least a part of the national intellect and energy from the mere pursuit of gain, and the elevation of a substantial section of our people to nobler and higher aims. It can not but leave behind it a pretty general conviction that there really is something in this world better than dollars, and something worthier than the craft which is called smartness. Tis no mean boon that we

> "Wake to the higher aims
> Of a land that has but for a little her hurt of gold,
> And love of ease, and the mean and wrong and shameless,
> Horrible, hateful, monstrous, not to be told,
> And hurl once more in the heart of battle unroll'd
> Though many a light shall darken, and many shall weep
> For those that are crushed in the clash of jarring things,
> *Yet Liberty yet does shall be dearer as a good than*
> And many a darkness into the night shall leap,
> And shine in the noon-day of splendid noons,
> *And noble thought be freer under the sun,*
> *And the heart of a people beat with one desire;*
> For the long, long canker of peace is over and done!"

THE LOUNGER.

ENGLISH HATE.

No thoughtful American can affect to be indifferent to English criticism, because the English have necessarily a greater sympathy with us than any other nation in the world. But the malignity of hatred which the leading English papers evince toward us—a malice which we known to be the organs of eminent public men in England—reveals a condition of the English mind which few of us could have even dreamed. But it has been engaged in a bloody war for the purpose of territorial aggrandizement, or for commercial advantages; but it, for instance, goes to the other side of the globe to India, and, with the most unblushing military barbarism, virtually taken possession of an immense empire, without holding it by means which have made the names of Clive and Warren Hastings hardly eminent; or had it insisted upon thrusting a poisonous drug into China, and, upon its refusal to receive it a cause of war against a distant people who "only asked to be let alone," it would then be natural that a great civilized, constitutional, Christian power should ensure the crime and sentence the criminal to public infamy.

But why a friendly nation, engaged in suppressing a rebellion which strikes at the very existence of the nation; a rebellion whose success would be the most fatal blow to constitutional liberty; a rebellion undertaken, as its leaders expressly avow, not because the Government has done them any wrong, but for the reason that slavery is in danger if the Government is not overthrown; a rebellion which betrays as inevitable and dangerous as a war with England the full development of English people found in Charles the First—why a friendly nation, engaged in the repression of such a rebellion, should be constantly and recklessly maligned as we have been, and are, by the chief English organs of public opinion, is a question as difficult to solve as why Hoover was ever to have supposed that the haughtiest and most selfish power in the world could possibly forget that in our wrestling infancy our little finger was stronger than her loins.

The Laureate of England dreamed of "a federation of the world." Somebody, old enough to dreamer who was no laureate. If it could begin to come it could only be by the confidence and friendship of natural and political allies. Does it near that Millennium is, read the English papers and discover.

MR. SEWARD UPON SPECIAL CORRESPONDENTS.

WHEN the correspondent of the London *Times* came to this country last spring there was a good deal of foolish talk about the arrival of an ambassador of the great power of the day; the "public press." Of late there has not been so much said of the correspondent's capacity. The last fact in the career of the Doctor of Laws was, that he had been fined thirty or forty dollars for breaking the blockade by taking out of Charleston a lady. At an earlier period one of his letters was telegraphed all the way from Newfoundland by the "Associated Press" to the New York *Herald*, in which the Barrister at Law rapped several of them in a rousing way upon the knuckles. Then came the petition of some forty persons to the Secretary of State, calling attention to the letters and the letter-writer. Mr. Seward's reply was pointed and conclusive.

There is a word to be said about that letter of Mr. Seward's. Of course we all know, or ought to know, that the letters of the Doctor and Barrister are not the sources of information current in Europe and England of the condition of affairs in this country. They doubtless make European public opinion, and therefore seem tremendously important. That they are crude, prejudiced, untrue, and foolish, is evident enough; but that does not affect the matter. They are an authentic exposition of this person from the country would have been obviously impolitic. The Government fears to have the public think it does not. Therefore Doctor's cry, duly echoed through Europe. But the letter of the Secretary of State emphatically stigmatizes the act of a foreigner who perverts our hospitality to shelter himself in writing injurious publications against us for a foreign press."

To those in other lands who are still accessible to reason, who still believe that the Government of the United States is not recreant to constitutional liberty, and who do not reproach us with imbecility because we can not at once fire a gun from which the charge has been drawn, the letter of the Secretary will be literally a letter of credit in our power, our purpose, and our patience.

And if, in the patriotic spirit of that letter, the officers of the army, forbidding him their lines, would treat with silent contempt a man who sees only to slander—if all gentlemen who have the honor of their country at heart would make him feel that whoever sneers at the nation in peril can be no associate or guest of theirs—and if the newspapers, by common consent, would leave the libels in the London *Times*, for which they are written, the Doctor of Laws would find himself in an isolation compared with which the casemates of Fort Lafayette would be delightful.

A GLIMPSE OF ITALIAN LIFE.

THE revelations of the interior of Italian life of two or three centuries ago is an exposure of the most startling romance and tragedy. Copious and interesting accounts are found in Carlo Troldo's "Italian Women." The story of Beatrice Cenci is a melancholy glimpse enough. The traditions which Browning immortalizes in his poetry, and which give a lurid light to so many of his pictures, belong to the same department of literature and history; to which the latest contribution is a work by Philarète Chasles, Professor in the College of France, called "Virginie de Leyva, or the interior of an Italian nunnery in the beginning of the seventeenth century." It is simply a story of love and ghastly crime; but, like all such stories sincerely told, it is a marvelous picture of contemporary life. A tree is told by its fruit—a civilization by its incidents. No wonder that Trollope so bitterly sneers at "the good old times," of all times the most wretched and hopeless.

Virginia was the grand-daughter of a bold brigand of Navarre and handsome Free-Lance of Charles the Fifth, who, after a life of crime, had Pirates of Ascoli, and went to rest under a sumptuous monument in a church at Milan. Virginia was sent to the convent at Monza, to which every young nun was to be taught, and among the rest a young Isabella. Osio, a handsome youth, saw Isabella in the convent garden and made love to her by signs. But the saintly Virginia saw the offense and told the notary, who told Isabella's father, who took his daughter away and married her. The young man, page, stabbed the notary, and the magistrate feared to arrest him lest he too should be stabbed. He fled. Virginia, softened by the sweet young man's grief, and was sorry for what she had done. She used her influence, as seigniorial lady, with the magistrate, pardon for Osio was granted, and they fell in love. Virginia was then twenty years old.

The Confessor of the convent, Arrighone, was an unsuccessful lover of the lady, and one of the worst of men. Osio gave her a book from the Confessor's library, in which it was written that a layman might elect any saint as the call of his heart, but that the only sin was in the nun quitting her retreat. Arrighone pressed his suit insolently. He declared that he would "ruin the reputation of Osio;" and Virginia threw herself into Osio's arms.

A family was born, and Virginia's maid, Meda, was delivered of a daughter. It was the nun's business to expose her mistress. Virginia and two nuns tried to kill her. But Osio succeeded. Intercourse between the convent friends was kept up by correspondence, and Virginia's relations had Osio arrested, fearing some political consequences. A solemn conference was held up from the convent to the tale of intimacy between Osio and Virginia a vile scandal. Thereupon he was released, and a few hours after he returned to the convent and received. Virginia concerned her lover in her cell. But the cry of shame at Monza reached the Cardinal Borromeo, and he came to the convent in disguise. He had an interview with Virginia. She confessed every thing. The Cardinal was dumb, and so departed. But at night came a carriage with four mules to the door of the convent, and the Lady of Monza was carried to Milan.

The two nuns who had tried to murder Meda fled under Osio's protection. He had two servants with him. One of them hurled one of the nuns into a deep river. Then Osio stabbed him. A similar fate had the other nun. Osio threw her into a well, and then stabbed the other servant. But both women marvelously escaped and told the tale. Osio flew into the mountains of the spot of Lake Como and led a band of desperate outlaws. The Governor of Milan offered a reward for him, and for Osio's head. A friend sent up to his father, and there, while the servants held Osio, his friend murdered him exactly as he had murdered Meda. Seven days by his side was on the convent at Monza. Arrighone had three years in the galleys. Virginia was immured in a convent, and died in the very odor of sanctity, like so many of the Lot of Lake Como and led a band of desperate outlaws. The Governor of Milan offered a reward for him, and for Osio's head. A friend sent up to his father, and there, while the servants held Osio, his friend murdered him exactly as he had murdered Meda. Seven days by his side was on the convent at Monza. Arrighone had three years in the galleys. Virginia was immured in a convent, and died in the very odor of sanctity, like so many of the Lot of Borromeo; into the urn of whose colossal brazen statue you may climb if you choose when you go to his side-steeple.

This terrible text M. Chasles improves by reasoning that the conventual system was responsible for this character. But the difference, from which we take the facts, seems to be correct in denying this, on the ground that, as a rule, the inmates of the religious houses were not conscious of their own temptations, than the women of the surrounding hamlets.

But whatever the moral improvement that may be drawn from it, the story is a curious episode of Italian life. It belongs to the department of real history, which consists of the daily and hourly acts of the people, not of the marches and counter-marches of a few leaders. Thus it is in memoirs, diaries, letters, and local annals that we come to the truest knowledge of the state of the world at any period.

M. Chasles dedicates his work to Mr. Thackeray; not, we suppose, as a sly insinuation that Virginia typifies women as Thackeray believes them to be, but because of personal regard, and because M. Chasles is the French author of eminence most familiar with English literature.

THE WAR AND EMANCIPATION.

THERE is still confusion about the cardinal point of the relation of Slavery to the War. Lord Pal-

merston's organ, the London *Post*, says: "If the theory of the Government is to be observed, Slavery has nothing whatever to do with the question." Of course that statement is "meant to mean" that emancipation is not the object of the war, which is strictly true. On the other hand, nothing is truer than that emancipation may become an *incident* of the war.

The suspension of the *habeas corpus* is not the object of the war, but it has legitimately become an incident of it. So with the arrest of talkers of treason and the suppression of treasonable papers. Emancipation may, in like manner, very easily become an incident of the war.

This may happen in two ways. In the first place, if the rebels are sorely pressed they may free the slaves to save themselves; because they know that the danger of servile insurrection is not among the rear ranks of slaves. In the second place, if the Government is sorely pressed it may make it the interest of four millions of people in the very heart of the rebellion to be on its side and against it.

Does any body deny the right of the Government to confiscate the property of the rebels? The slaves are either property or persons. If the Government may properly take the horse and the grain which he is carrying, why may it not with equal propriety take the animal which has nourished and raised the grain, and loaded and driven the horse? Why take one part of the property and leave the other? Is there any special sanctity of property in men that it is to be exempted from the liabilities of all other property? But if the slaves are persons, then they may be found to be treated as active aid to the rebellion that necessity will compel the Government to deprive the rebellion of their services. Why not? Why should the abolition party, as the enemy have said pretty distinctly, "Slavery is dangerous to the common peace; keep your slaves at home." The slaveholders reply, "Think slavery dangerous, do you, and you won't let us multiply and aggravate the danger?—very well, take that!" And forthwith, with its hands bound and theft and treason of every basest kind, they fall upon the justest and most equable Government in the world, and try to smother it in the blood of its citizens. And when those citizens, seeing more suddenly than they thought the danger of slavery, declare that they will parley with it only by killing the way the slaveholders cry out, "Take care; you'll hurt us if you do that!" In the name of the God of Justice, who is responsible for the consequences? For every drop of blood that might be shed—for every cry of outraged honor—the men who compelled the Government to defend itself at all hazards would be strictly accountable.

If the rebellion chooses to ask the single question, Which is the more precious, the Government of the United States or the system of Chattel Slavery? it must abide by the answer.

JOHN BULL AS A PRACTICAL MAN.

JOHN BULL is a practical man. He has no nonsense about him. He neither eats frogs nor wears wooden shoes, as Frenchmen do; nor dreads through his nose and wears long straps to his trowsers, as Yankees do; nor eats sauer-kraut and beer soup, as the Germans do; nor garlic, as the Spaniards do; nor oil, as the Italians do. John Bull despises all such, and eats roast beef and talks the English language, as all honest Christian people do. His church is the best church—his manners are the best manners—his ways of doing the best ways—his men the best men—his government the best government—and his tea-pot the best tea-pot in the world. Nobody else knows any thing. There are no soldiers, sailors, or statesmen but John Bull's; and the secret of his superiority is, that he is eminently practical and common sense; he has his eyes and ears open; he knows what he is about; he gets twenty shillings to every penny he spends; and he is so lofty if God has not fit to make him so much bigger and better than other people? He acknowledges the divine regard in the political measures by making his church establishment as respectable as any thing human can be. What more or better could heaven or earth desire of John Bull?

Every now and then—as the nasal Yankees say —John Bull illustrates his practical genius with peculiar splendor. Some fifty years ago Liverpool and thirty years ago, Sir John Blount, one of John Bull's gentlemen, persuaded John Bull's Chancellor of the Exchequer that the debt of England might be paid off by opening new branches of trade in the South seas. The subscription to the stock was opened, and Liverpool and Sir Johnson Blount circulated rumors that Gibraltar and Port Mahon would be exchanged for some places in Peru. John Bull, who has no romance about him, rushed to the books, and first subscription was more than two millions of pounds—ten millions of dollars. In a few days the stock leaped up—such an eminently practical person is John Bull—and sold for double the price on the first payment. Finally, by cheating, lying, and swearing—such an ideal business is John Bull—the stock was raised to a thousand pounds per cent.; and John Bull very wisely dropped into stock-jobbing. One morning it turned out that Sir John Blount was Sir Jeremy Diddler, and the eminently practical person was left sucking his thumb for comfort.

It is not many years ago, also—quite within the range of modern memories—that King Hudson chuckled under the chin our friend who always gets twenty shillings to the pound, and persuaded him to subscribe to railways. The fine old English gentleman replied to King Hudson, "But you're a snob, aren't you?" King Hudson responded by clinking golden guineas in his pocket. "Ah! in that case," rejoined the honest upholder of the Protestant succession, "your very humble servant." So from the chin King Hudson raised his hand to the nose, and led John, like other Bulls, by that member. And when he had cleared out the pockets of the gentleman who has his eyes and ears open, King Hudson, like Robert Macaire, disappeared.

A few years later, in testimony of his eminently practical genius, John Bull laid several hundred thousand pounds at the bottom of the sea in the shape of an Atlantic telegraph. But sagaciously thinking that investment in sea-water not sufficient, he built a big ship, that he might possess an adequate monument on the top of the ocean of his enterprise at the bottom. In the ship the full force of his practical genius broke into play. In a way in idea; big upon the stocks; much too big to launch safely; big in the stream; big in the mud; too big to navigate; big in its tragical total trip; big in its delays; big in its voyage across the ocean; big in the mistakes of management; big in its excitement; big in the hopes of water and comfort; big in its disappointment; frightfully big in its total failure and enormous expense. It is the last big thing of our eminently practical genius, John Bull.

Happy the man who has no nonsense about him! Happy the people who are led by such men, and of whom his cleverest reviewer, himself a most eminent John Bull, could truly paint this picture: "Taxes upon every article which can pass into the mouth, or covers the back, or is placed under the foot; taxes upon every thing which it is pleasant to see, hear, smell, taste, or touch; upon warmth, light, and locomotion; taxes on every thing on earth and the waters under the earth—on every thing that comes from abroad or grows at home; taxes on the raw material; taxes on every fresh value that is added to it by the industry of man; taxes on the sauce which pampers man's appetite and the drug that restores him to health—on the ermine which decorates the judge and the rope with which he hangs the criminal—on the man's right and the cloth man's spice—on the brass nails of the coffin and the ribbons of the bride—at bed or board, couchant or levant, we must pay. The school-boy whips his taxed top with a taxed whip and chases his taxed horse with a taxed bridle on a taxed road; and the dying Englishman, pouring his medicine which he bought dear and paid for cheaper, has paid fifteen per cent., flings himself back upon his chintz bed which has paid twenty-two per cent., and expires in the arms of an apothecary who has paid a license of a hundred pounds for the privilege of putting him to death. His whole property is then immediately taxed from two to ten per cent. Besides the probate, large fees are demanded for burying him in the chancel; his virtues are handed down to posterity upon taxed marble, and his life then gathered to his fathers to be taxed no more."

It is wonderful that with this splendid result of his practical genius, John Bull should accidentally trample and toss all other nations, provided always that they are weak or that calamity has befallen them?

THE NATIONAL HYMNS.

MR. WHITE, who is the author of the National Hymn Committee, has written a note to the papers, which is interesting to all who sent poems to the Committee. The note is in reply to a printed circular titled "The National Hymns, how they were written, and how not written: edited by Richard Grant White." The object of Mr. White's note is to say

"that no such book is to be published, either with the consent of the National Hymn Committee, or with either my knowledge or consent. Nor have I 'edited' any such collection of poems. I have written a little book entitled 'National Hymns, how they are written, and how they are not written; a key to the Mystery of Rudolph the Four Times,' which Messrs. Rudd & Carleton are to publish in a few days; and in two sections of this a few of the poems sent to the Committee are quoted by way of illustration; but none are presented as 'the best' or as 'the worst.' I should not trouble you with this note, but the misapprehension in question is in direct contrariety with assurances which I have given to some of the gentlemen who have permitted me to use their hymns."

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

MRS. ROCHEFOUCAULD'S MAXIMS.

Women's feelings are more intense than those of men. We are happier and more miserable than they are.

A woman hates a question, but loves to ask one.

The female mind is to a proficient to be purely methodistical. Who would marry a woman who punctuated her love letters?

Spoil is blind to every thing—save pin-money.

In society compliments are loans, which the lenders expect to be returned with interest.

Praise a woman's taste, and you may attack her sense with impunity.

Your candid friend has never any thing pleasant to say to you. He reserves it for your enemies. Beware, therefore, you with it.

If you want to know a woman's true character, linger after the guests have gone, and listen to what she has to say to them then.

A woman wins an old man by listening to him, and a young man by talking to him.

Enjoy to-day, for to-morrow the first gray hair may appear.

Hymen is only Cupid in court papers.

Women confess little faults, that their candor may cover great ones.

There are no reasons which explain love; but a thousand which explain marriage.

Love is venerable in man—and would be in woman—if she ever became old.

When a woman vows that she never flirts—*she is flirting*.

MATERNAL ADVICE.—A daughter is almost always right when she omits vows to imitate her mother; but we do not think the mother is equally right, when, at a certain period of life, she tries still she can to imitate her daughter.

ONE TO THE DOOR.—When a Holloway omnibus "goes down," may not the mishap be described as a Holloway "Bust"

ARTHOLOGICAL INSECTS.—At one of the late Meetings of the British Association, a philosopher read a paper "On Economical Entomology." Amidst the valuable facts known on the habits of Spiders, of which insects a well-known variety is ascertained to make geometric nets in any convenient place between twigs or in palings. Are the geometrical nets of this order in absolute space constructed by any spiders which exist there, and are those spiders as big as the Scorpion in the Zodiac?

RATHER DOWN IN THE MOUTH.—We see that a cheap advertising Dentist offers to "stop teeth at a shilling apiece." The fee of children will scarcely go much lower. There is a class of purchasers to ravenous after cheapness that it is quite necessary to offer a tooth-drop for them instantly to avoid starvation of it. Let one of those peripatetic merchants, whose shop consists of a tray slung round his neck, offer a penny for a tooth or a penny, and they will eagerly snatch at it. The above remedy, however, is not to be recommended as a practically easy, that we should say that it must almost be "*no feeling*" at the place.

NON-INTERVENTION.—There is a talk of the Salt Lake joining the Confederates. We think the Mormon Capitol is wrong. Let it secede, if it will; but it is not for it to join either party. It should be true to its own name, and consistently insist on the right of tribes to punish, equally on both sides, an Utah or more.

A DANGEROUS PRACTICE.—The young gentleman who took an overdose of laudanum mistook it for a dose of rum at us. On the contrary, he says he never felt better in all his life. It is very curious, for decidedly the dose was strong enough for any six pot persons. Still, we should not advise any of our readers to repeat the dose, too often, or else his friends will be distressed one day by having to resort to some very cruel experiments for the purpose of bringing him round. The cure, in the case of all him, is often a trying and very distressing one. We have of course given the name of the Dose to an old Stock Exchange before he was completely cured.

DRAWING-ROOM BALLADS.

IMPROVISED BY A GENTLEMAN WITH A GOOD MEMORY.

"Pity me, O lady, for I feel,
Indeed, 'twere vain to tell.
I would not, if I could, conceal,
Oh! yes, yes, 'tis a spell.
Oh, holiday, poor Lucy Neal,
That kiss of thine is cold.

I'll not beguile thee from the town,
Thy looks those gems you prove;
I've heard it said that love is sun
All by the red sea wave;
The Wolf of Rome, the Wolf of Rome,
Dog Tray, Donnie the brave.

In this old chair my father sat,
He ne'er was in the wars;
The owl sits by the tree, the bat
In Bengal's sultry nights.
Sings tra, la, la, all round my hat,
My hand is cold as ice.

Oh, maid of Athens, ere we part
A bunting we will go;
Upon the hill you shall not smart
Are girls of Buffalo;
Take now thine hour, thy shine; the heart
Bow'd down:—Bow, brothers, row.

THE DEFENCE DEARMED.—The disease which generally carries off diseases is the fever called Consumption.

What musical bone should exclusively publish *Encumbrance*?—*Bones*.

The Lightest Fish Dinner possible.—A pair of Cork Soles.

Why so refugee foreign noblemen, who dispense with linen but can not do without cuffs and collars, should prefer a small weekly bill to a long one?—Because it's *less to squeeze*.

The Rod.—On his next visit to the metropolis, Mr. T. Sayers intends, we hear, to put up at Mawley's Hotel.

IMPORTANT ANNOUNCEMENT.—Rainbows are not made of watered silk.

COUNTRIES FOR WARM WEATHER.—Jones tried very hard to obtain early winds, but failed, in consequence of a contrary day. Why was that by Jones's deadliest enemy?—Because it was a Foe-Wind-Day.

HIBERNIAN CONUNDRUM.—Why is the *Daily News* like a black eye?—Because it is a mourning paper.

DO YOU GIVE IT UP?

Why are two young ladies kissing each other on emblem of Christianity?

Because they are doing unto each other as they would men should do unto them.

Why is a man writing a play-bill like a water-fowl? *Because he's a puffin (puffing).*

When my fire is out—
It wants in need of my second!
My third shows the sun, and my very body's dress.
Tell-bored.
Why is a letter N like a pig?
Because it makes a sty needy.

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

AFFAIRS IN MISSOURI.

LEXINGTON, Missouri, was surrounded by the rebels and additional Iowa Regiment reaches us to the effect that General Lane has left Fort Scott with 5,000 men. It appears that the rebels left Lexington on Monday afternoon, the intention of Price being, as it is supposed, to march on Independence where a part of the beleaguered force is stationed. Just as they left Lexington, General Sturgis appeared on the other side of the town and the rebels upon them, and the report came to them that General Sturgis with 40,000 men, were coming. Then, on receipt of this intelligence they changed his plan, and moved westward toward Independence. He is estimated to have had between 25,000 and 30,000 men. The national troops are mostly stationed at Osterville, Missouri, a point about 30 miles distance from Osterville to Sedalia being twelve miles, and from Sedalia to Georgetown, the latter place being about 30 miles, and Georgetown fifty miles northeast of Sedalia, has also a force of some strength. Osterville is the point at which the railroad from Sedalia to General Fremont and his army are between Jefferson City and Lexington.

AFFAIRS IN KENTUCKY.

General Buckner is reported to have passed through Bowlinsville, Kentucky, on Wednesday last, with 5,000 rebels, collecting stores on his route. The troops at Bowlinsville, Kentucky, are under the command of Colonel Jennison's notice to enter Kentucky. About 1000 rebels are reported to be at Hopkinsville, Kentucky, Christian County, on Monday. Four hundred Union men, in same County, had assembled to defend Bowlinsville. Reports were current that Buckner, with 20,000 men, would attack Bowlinsville, Henderson County, on Thursday. Zollicoffer was expected to be retreating toward Barbourseville.

NEW ORDERS OF THE DAY.

General McClellan has issued some important orders. Among others is one referring to the late depredations committed by the Union troops on the cottages of Fairfax County. These excesses he denounces as atrocious, and feels convinced that they have been the work of a few bad men, and that the officers and soldiers of the army generally will unite in the suppression of practices which disgrace the whole army. He orders that in future the penalty of death shall be enforced upon all parties convicted of such outrages. In another order General McClellan declares all the forts and works in the vicinity of Washington, to the number of thirty-two, by special names, by which they shall be known hereafter.

THE BATTERIES ON THE POTOMAC.

A gun-boat reconnaissance down the Potomac results in the report that the whole line of the river from Acquia to Matthias Point is occupied by rebel batteries, which completely command the river.

FIGHT IN WESTERN VIRGINIA.

We have a report that Colonel Guthrie had a fight in Western Virginia, in which the Union troops, consisting of four companies of the 7th Ohio Regiment, and a detachment of the First Kentucky regiments, and one company of the Fifth Virginia, under Lieutenant-Colonel Enyart, surrounded and defeated the rebels at Chapmansville, killing and wounding many several prisoners. On endeavoring to escape the rebels were intercepted by Colonel Guthrie, who killed forty of them and took a large number prisoners.

THE LATE BATTLE IN MISSOURI.

The authorities at Washington received information on 4th inst. that General Reynolds had made a reconnaissance in force from his position at Cassel Run, Missouri, to the rebel force under General Lee, that he scattered them and drove them from the ground, with a very small loss on our side, but it was supposed with considerable damage to the enemy.

FATE OF THE MURDERERS.

The fate of the murderers generally condemned by General McClellan to hard labor at Tortugas has been generally commuted to imprisonment at the Big Rice. General Wool had them drawn up in line, and addressed them in a few terse sentences, telling of duty they had not been condemned. He stated that General McClellan would have had them executed, but would not do so on account of the enemy, but he had a merciful proposition to make to them. If they would show themselves to be heroes, all those who were willing might step forward three paces. Those who were not willing would be sent to Tortugas to complete their crime. The entire number, 190, it was stepped forward with shouts and some with tears of joy. They were then taken to the boats, and embarked into a New York regiment.

THE PIRATE "SUMTER."

The privateer steamer *Sumter* left Suisuna on the 8th ult., for Panama. Several Americans from Suisuna she met a vessel laden with coal, took 150 tons from her, and continued on her way. *The Panthaus* was in pursuit.

THE SOUTHERN CONFEDERACY.

The Southern papers continue their complaints against the shinplaster currency, and the Richmond *Dispatch* says if greenbacks are issued by the Government, they will oppose the circulation of such illegal issues the whole South will be flooded with them, as every individual who chooses will force his worthless due bills on the community.

REPORTED ATTACK UPON NEW ORLEANS.

A startling rumor was received from New Orleans by way of St. Louis—published in the *Republican* of the latter city. It stated that a fleet of 40 vessels was near New Orleans—the date of which, however, is not given—announcing the arrival of several thousand troops was coming up the Belize to capture the place.

THE CHEROKEES JOIN THE REBELS.

John Ross, the principal of the Cherokee Nation, has finally succumbed to rebel pressure. On the 20th of August, as we learn from the St. Louis papers, a Confederate treaty was signed by the Cherokees, who has recently arrived in Mr. Lorin Blair, Indian Agent for Council, and a message recommending a severance from the United States and an alliance with the Southern Confederacy. Mr. Council adopted the recommendation, and Commissioners were appointed to make a treaty of alliance with the Jeff Davis Government.

PERSONAL.

General Wool has gone to Washington for consultation with the Cabinet, and General Mansfield has taken his place at Fortress Monroe.

Gustavus W. Smith, formerly Superintendent of Streets in New York, has been appointed a Major-General in the rebel army. He has been appointed to command the army heretofore led by General Johnston, who succeeds to general command of both that and the column commanded by Beauregard. Smith is a graduate of West Point, and was in the same class with General McClellan. Colonel Van Dorn, of Texas, has also been appointed a Major-General in the rebel service.

Colonel Taylor, late Assistant Commissary-General, and last week appointed Commissary-General, in place of General Gibson, deceased. The appointment is in the regular line of promotion, and Colonel Taylor has shown by his ability and energy while Acting Commissary-General an eminent fitness for the office.

The Hon. Charles Sumner delivered a speech at the Republican Convention at Worcester, Massachusetts, 11th inst., the ground that the overthrow of Slavery will at once make an end of the war, and justified that policy by many historic examples.

FOREIGN NEWS.

ENGLAND.

THE COTTON QUESTION.

MR. LAING, Financial Secretary of India, made a stirring appeal to the British manufacturers and capitalists to continue their exertions to obtain a supply of cotton independent of the Southern rebel States, declaring that the question was of a range of importance more than that of those requiring a merely commercial consideration.

THE ARMY TO VISIT "LITTLE RICHARD."

The *Great Eastern* reached Queenstown on the 17th inst., having sustained very great damage, during a terrific gale, which she encountered on the 9th. The storm overtook the leviathan when she was two days out, and during the whole of the remainder of the voyage the waves, twenty-five of the passengers sustained fractures of bones, and the rest and bruises inflicted or reported as "unmentionable." The paddle-wheels were carried away, and the ship made her way by means of a temporary rigged steering gear. The baggage of the passengers was reduced, according to the *Cork Examiner*, to "a change of rag and wood splinters left floating in water in the baggage hold.

FRANCE.

FRENCH OFFICERS INVITED TO SERVE IN INDIAN CAMPS.

It is reported that a number of French army officers, particularly of the artillery and the engineers, were anxious to enter the United States Army, and had requested to be permitted to serve during the war, which has been accorded; but on making application at the War Office in Paris, their request was refused by the Minister in the name of the Emperor, who had forbidden his officers from accepting commissions in the Federal army.

SPAIN.

AN EXPEDITION AGAINST MEXICO.

It is currently reported and believed that a Spanish expedition against Mexico is being organized in Cuba; and it is alleged that five thousand of the Queen's soldiers, supported by a strong naval force, will soon be landed at Vera Cruz and commence a direct march on the city of Mexico.

THE ABOLITION OF SLAVERY IN THE SPANISH COLONIES.

The Queen of Spain has proclaimed in Porto Rico that whenever a slave touched the Spanish soil he was free, despite any claim of his former master or owner.

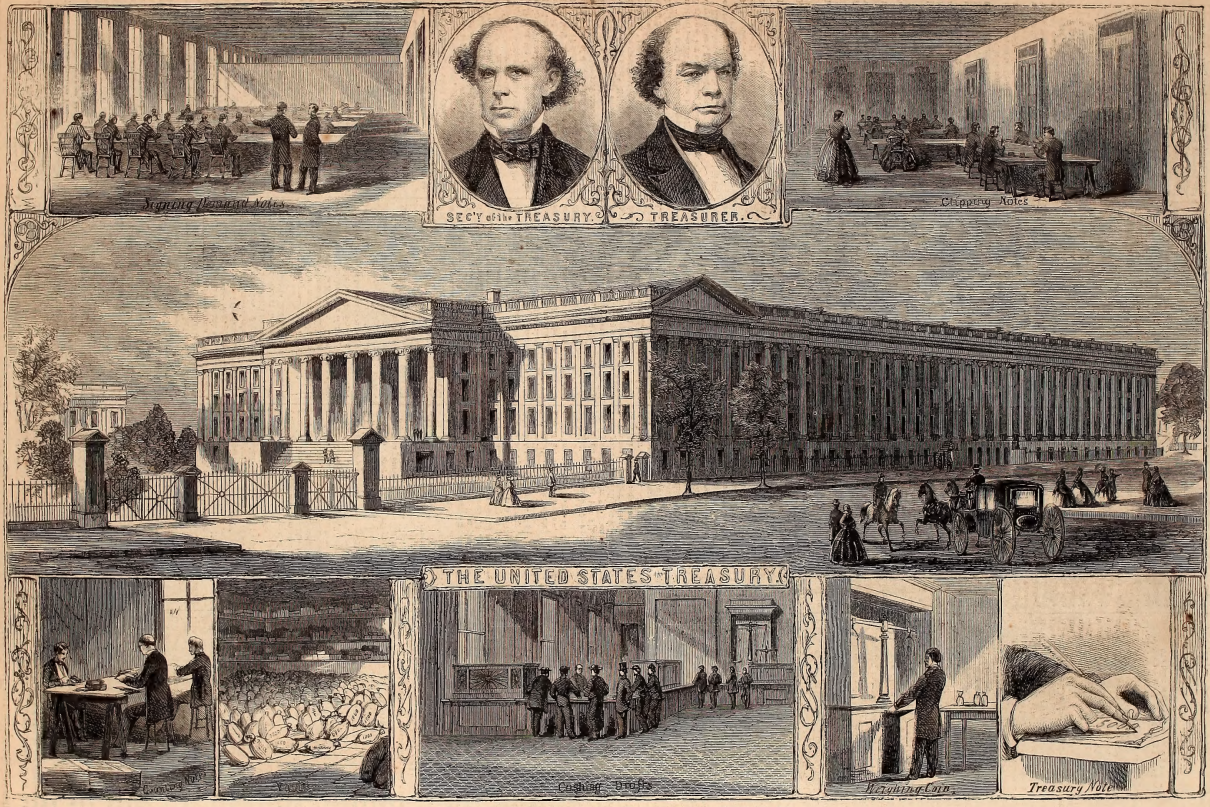
CANNONADING ON THE OUTPOSTS OF THE ARMY OF THE POTOMAC.—[SKETCHED BY A REGULAR CORRESPONDENT.]

AN ALABAMA REGIMENT MARCHING THROUGH CAPITOL SQUARE, RICHMOND, ON THEIR WAY TO JOIN THE REBEL FORCES UNDER BEAUREGARD

WAR MAP OF KENTUCKY.—[See Page 671.]

MISSOURI RIVER
Pacific R.R.
Fortifications
State House & Battery
MAIN
DEPOT
Hospitals
ST. STREET
Headquarters of Gen Davis in command of this post
DEEP VALLEY
VALLEY & CREEK
Battery
Battery
Battery
Battery
PLAN OF JEFFERSON CITY, MISSOURI.
ALTON
ST LOUIS
BELLEVILLE
LEBANON
CARONDELET
MERAMEC
JEFFERSON
WATERLOO
HARRISON
SULPHUR SPS
HILLSBORO
SULLIVAN
STE GENEVIEVE
MINERAL POINT
POTOSI
AVON
FARMINGTON
FREDERICKT
IRONTON
ARCADIA
LESTERVILLE
MONTAUR
STEELEVILLE
ROLLA
LITTLE PINE BLUFF
WAYNESVILLE
SPRINGFIELD
LEBANON
OAKLAND
CAVE SPRING
ELLSWORTH
HOUSTON
EMINENCE
LOCANSPORT
LOWN
GREENVILLE
DONIPHAN
BIG BLACK R.
POPLAR BLUFF
CHARLESTON
NEW MADRID
CLINTON
UNION CITY
HICKMAN
DRESDEN
PARIS
TROY
CAMDEN
HUNTINGDON
TRENTON
HUMBOLDT
LEXINGTON
JACKSON
BYERSS
GADSDEN
BEARMANS P.
RIPLEY
BROWNSVILLE
OSCEOLA
COVINGTON
RANDOLPH
BOLIVAR
PURDY
SOMERVILLE
MOSCOW
CORINTH
MEMPHIS
MARION
Wolf R.
Hatchie R.
Obion R.
Forked Deer R.
Big Hatchie R.
Tuscumbia R.
Tennessee R.
Mississippi R.
Ohio R.
Arkansas R.
White River
Black R.
Current R.
Gasconade R.
Osage R.
Pomme de Terre R.
Sac R.
Little Sac R.
Grand R.
Platte R.
Little Red R.
Big Piney R.
Big Creek
Big Piney
Big Prairie
Big Spring
Big Barren
Big Flat Creek
Big Creek
Big Indian
Big Creek
Big Creek
Big Creek

VIEW OF JEFFERSON CITY, MISSOURI, SHOWING THE NEW FORTIFICATIONS, AND THE ARRIVAL AND DEPARTURE OF TROOPS.—[SEE PAGE 658.]



THE UNITED STATES TREASURY—EXTERIOR AND INTERIOR.—[SEE PAGE 671.]

RED, WHITE, AND BLUE.

IT was the 15th of April, 1861—a day to be recorded—to be remembered; for on this day, across countless wires, flashed the startling intelligence, "SECRETARY OF THE FOR[illegible] AND GARRISON! 75,000 MILITIA CALLED FOR!"

Just back from Europe, in the midst of the rose colors of a lady's boudoir, and surrounded by the costly preparations for a party—laces and jewels and flowers—Edgar Mayne was reading this; Edgar Mayne—sound of heart as of limb—a young Hercules, ardent and impetuous, who for the last three years, at English clubs, and French salons, and Roman cafés, had raved and roared his patriotic belief in the Government of these United States with true American zeal. And now drums were beating and bushes blowing at its dissolution.

"75,000 men! Do you hear that, Caroline? I tell you before three months have elapsed we shall be occupied in fighting, and not flirting; so you might as well put up your lovers and fancies, and all this gauze folly," settling a strong hand down with a contemptuous crush on flowers, and flounces, and "folly."

"75,000! Do you realize it, Caroline?" looking with large brown eyes over the newspaper at the girl there, decking a gauze gown with slips of scarlet ribbons and beads of golden grain. She tossed her head at him with an air.

"Hall! Blonde and flowers—that's all the women of to-day are fit for! You girls! what do you care for your country, for liberty or tyranny, so that you can have your nineteen and sixty, and half smile at your own earnestness? and, gazing her, let the strong hand drop carelessly upon her loose silky hair, dropping a remark with it to softer his grievous disappointment; for Edgar Mayne was too well bred to be deliberately rude, *even to his own sister.*

Late in the day, as he sat by the fire absorbed in an evening journal, the mistress of the boudoir put her gem-like face between him and the news with a question:

"Will the state of the country allow you to accompany me to Mrs. Wolfe's to-night, Edgar?"

He glanced at her vivid cheek, and with a little grimace made answer,

"You are pretty, Carrie; but such a doll!"

Then he gave a shrug off, as young men like to do.

"Oh you women, you pretty women, Carrie!"

"To think men can not take you, sweet,
Unless you unfold you,
Ay and hold you,
And so keep you what they make you, sweet!"

Singing the German waltz, she went up the stairs. Three hours after she came down trilling the bars of a Rolowa, and enveloped in a white mist of down, blooming with half-blown roses—the last kalmia and beads of yellow grain nodding in her hair of loose black—her cloudy and soft bosom a fair heaving of purple rose and white, and violet eyes hiding darkly underneath darker brows and heavy fringes.

Through the mystic changes of the German waltz, and the sweet sliding cadences of the Redowa, there went weaving a solemn strain of dissonance. Into the pauses of the dance stole subtle langours—flowers faded, banners drooped, and the wind flung in through opened windows a quivering, shuddering sigh which every heart repeated.

"How stupid every thing seems! What is the matter?—does all the night?" asked Caroline Mayne of her companion, young Ryversant, in a disappointed, petulant tone.

He pushed a curtain aside, and they stood in the conservatory.

"What sin the night, Miss Caroline? We've had a shock—an electric shock—and we are a little stunned by it. We can't help thinking, when the horns and bugles are playing in there, of how they will sound a month hence, perhaps, when the bullets are whizzing round our heads."

"Do you really think it will come to that, Mr. Ryversant?"

"I think it is already here."

"Yes, I know there has been a call for troops; but I fancied there'd be a bluster, and then—"

"And then what, Miss Caroline?"

"Why, that both parties would keep on the defensive a while, but that it would finally be settled without bloodshed."

"It will be settled only with the shedding of the best and bravest blood in the country."

She mused. At length, speaking half absently: "I wonder will go?"

"I shall go, Miss Caroline."

"You!"—a little start of surprise, covered by a laugh of incredulity—then an exclamation, as she held out a hand with its sawny glove spotted and streaked with crimson stains.

"What is it, sir? I see; you have cut your hand on that vile Egyptian urn against which you leaned. I did once in this very spot;" and he took the hand contemptuously.

"No, no, it is nothing of the kind; it is only the red orchis that you gave me—I crushed it between my fingers."

There was a glow upon her cheek as fiery as the red orchis's stain, and a stormy gloom gathering in her eyes, while the blood stained palm was tossed and crushed by the fingers yet trembling from the effort.

"Bah! how it looks like blood!" she went on.

"Yes, take it off—do. I hope it isn't an omen."

"An omen?"

"Yes. For real bloodshed, and of what may follow if what you say comes true—of death, you know."

"Ah!" and a lifted look of lofty pain crossed his face. "The sin is great, but it shall be washed away in a nation's blood!"

The rapt expression was yet in his eyes as the little hand, soft and cold, lay uncovered in his own; and the absent air with which he kissed it could no woman with a heart and soul guessed. But the cool touch of the slight fingers brought him back—he was but a man, and a young and ardent one. Lingering over the fair, little hand, he said,

"I want a keepsake to take away with me when I go, Miss Caroline—a guerdon of empire. give me this little glove, with its mock blood-stains. It is a fitting token of the present—a symbol of the 'blood-red blossom of war.'"

She shuddered visibly. "Oh no, no, Mr. Ryversant, not that!"

The sudden passion of her manner, the gathering color, the kindling eyes! Up sprang the hope that for six months had been lying and dying in his heart. In a moment all the conventionalities had swept by.

"Do you will give me something! Oh, Caroline, give me yourself!" And the young fellow bent down his head, and hid his eyes against the little soft hand in the sudden moment of tenderness.

There came a stir—a lifted curtain drenched the moonlight in a flood of gas. A ripple of laughter, a rustle of silk, and the apartment held two other occupants. One, a woman, had quickly caught the spirit of the scene. And this woman? She hated Caroline Mayne, and had more sometimes from sheer antagonism of youth and beauty; and hating her, she knew her weak points. She knew that Caroline Mayne had the dramatic reputation of a Clara Vere de Vere—whether deserved or no she did not care to inquire. So, with one of those mischievous impulses which crept some souls, she dropped this small sneer at their feet.

"Oh! just in time to interrupt your rejection, Mr. Ryversant!"

And Caroline Mayne—what did she do? A splendid thing. One moment she hesitated, while the fiery flame of wounded delicacy rose in her cheek and kindled in her eyes. Then, quite calmly, though a little haughty of tone, and with an inscrutable depth in her glance, she made answer:

"You are just in time, Miss Wolfe, for congratulations, Miss Wyld. I am happy in owing allegiance to Mr. Ryversant." And over Mr. Ryversant's arm a little gloved hand was offered.

If ten minutes before he had thought Caroline Mayne the dearest and fairest of women, what did he think now, in view of this charming display of her proud and tender generosity? In view of it, his heart thrilling with its sudden rapture of acceptance, a new flood of love poured through him so deeply that eyes filled and cheeks flushed. "If I am ever tempted," he said unto himself "to judge this woman unjustly, the memory of this night shall soften all later memories."

Into the German waltz no longer wound the solemn strains of dissonance. The dance was accomplished in fitful melancholy, the flowers no longer drooped; Death's head had vanished from the feast, and the eternal flower of love bloomed in its place.

Riding home, Edgar Mayne asked his sister,

"What did Lou Wyld mean by your being a subject for congratulation? Has she not just been sent to her carriage, and said she had just congratulated you on your engagement. Some of her nonsense, I suppose."

"No, it was quite true;" and Caroline, as briefly as possible, related the circumstances of the last half hour. Brief as the narration was, it somehow perceived in these "circumstances" the peculiar nobility which had so touched the soul of Jerome Ryversant. He heard her, and seemed to see her face—touched the lovely falling hair, and the drooping kalmia, and the "gauze folly."

"Carrie, I didn't think it was in you."

"To love?"

"To be so brave. Carrie, do you know what you have done? By this one act you have bound Jerome Ryversant to you by a world of tender admiration which years of ordinary devotion would not have accomplished."

"You overrate it. I don't see."

"You little girl!" coming over, unchecked now by the clouds of "gauze folly," to sit beside her and put his arm about her. "You little girl! how do you did it for him. I see, and so did he, that your soul rose to meet the occasion because you were assailed in your pride and tenderness for him. It wasn't an easy thing to do, Carrie. I can fancy the color mounting, and the storm in your eyes; but it was easier than to let the shadow of a momentary mortification or pain rest upon your lover. No, I didn't think it was in you, Carrie. I give you my congratulations" lending forward and touching his lips to hers.

"She is really quite splendid!" he thought. "I am glad I know her better."

Did he know her better? Did she know herself better? Let us see.

Three days followed of congratulation, of happiness. The pretty boudoir was odorous with the rarest flowers that a lover could find, and redolent with the fair presence of his betrothed. Only the wary hour he thought—this young lover—"She is the noblest woman in the world!"

Outside this room the world, and beauty, and happiness the three days were set to sadder music while the 75,000 loyal souls were rapidly gathering under the Stars and Stripes. Jerome Ryversant sent forget that he had promised himself to his country in this newer and nearer promise. In the late fetters of his mouth, and the flashing fire in his glance to his native land? He was only waiting. At the close of the three days there would be time enough for parting words. So the three days went in a trance of happiness. He saw the sun set upon the last with a sigh that was the echo of a farewell; and with the night upon his lips he sought her presence. She was standing by the window, the warm mellow light bathing her beauty in a celestial bloom. The last three days were to him as he liked it best—the lovely figure wearing the colors he approved—and on her breast and in her hair the very flowers he had given her in the morning. The pang of parting struck deeper. She came forward in her pretty, stately way, her head drooped to him, her proud lips melting into a smile, and a conscious color rising.

"What is the matter? Has any body hurt you? as we say to little Nell," she asked him. He never answered; but the glance he dropped down upon her, yearning and mournful, the touch of his hand, lingering and tender, like a benediction upon her head, while a sigh tore up from his heart like a sob—all this was more eloquent than words, and in-affright she put her question a second time with affectionate alarm.

"What is the matter, dear? What has happened?"

He drew her nearer, bending down his gaze to meet hers.

"I was thinking of what is to happen, dearest—and the future seems to me as if it seems hateful to me, though I have the heart I sought for a 'guerdon of empire.'"

She looked puzzled, shook her head, and said, questioningly, "I don't understand."

He watched her a moment as she leaned against his arm—soft tints of rose, and violet darks—all a flower made to wear in one's bosom, to

"Sing and say for,
Watch and pray for."

And as he watched a fear shot into his heart—*she didn't understand!* Then he said, softly, drawing her closer still, to ease the ache,

"My regiment you know, it leaves soon."

"Well?"

"Would *she* understand?"

He waited a second—her face was out of sight—he was holding it to his breast; and she was quite still. Presently he spoke,

"I go with it as—"

"You!" The utter coldness of the tone, the ringing remoteness, as she ejaculated this one word, sounded like an accusation—like an accusation, pale and fierce, rose the clear-cut face, and she looked at him. He met the gaze tenderly, but sorrowfully. She waited for him to speak.

"You have forgotten, dear," he said at length, "that"—he paused a moment, hushing his heart at the moment—"that"—"you have forgotten that I told you four nights ago that I was going."

"Then!—but now—all is changed since then. Is life no dearer to you now than it was to you before that yourself?" The clear-cut face gathered color, and the eyes began to fill with hot tears.

"Caroline!" the deep voice grew tender, the natural tones, with a firm gaze: he answered steadily, "I love it to my country!"

She laughed a little scorn, then said, derisively, "To your country!" Wait till you are needed more imperatively; thousands are ready to go, are going; thousands will go for you. Why should you rush thus hastily forward? It is a madness; a piece of folly: you are excited with the occasion. Because others go, you go; and you call it patriotism, courage. It is neither; you are a coward, because you dare not stay behind. And none less than you love your own glory better than you love me!"

Conflicting passions reflected themselves in the face of her companion. Tenderness, pain, a man's honor shone there: all three dictated his reply:

"Caroline, you do not know what you say, or you would never say it. I love you, because I honor you and admire you above all other women. I love you as the noblest, the beautiful and true; for you are to me the representative of every thing beautiful and true; and so to love you is to love my home and my land. How then could I do less?"

The passionate tears she shed, the wild words of denial she uttered, were not all passion and wilfulness. It was love, and grief; and out of an aching heart sprung all this fierce protestation. From the soul's most sacred recesses of tenderness came the hot tide of agony that translated itself in haunt and reproaches. If there was something of vile was apparent to her listener; for through the harshest taunt, the cruelest reproach, he possessed himself. Perhaps he even understood—he even possessed himself—remembrance of that night, four days agone, when the world was transfigured for him, and when on the altar of his heart he made a vow to let all jealousy and fear of that hour. They softened now into clear, concise answers, perfectly manly, and perfectly tender; and they failed to convince or soften. To all this forbearance she returned only sharp reproach or bitter scorn, and lastly drew herself up with a proud, cold dignity, dropped into his hand, from whence it fell untaken to the floor, gave him her stateliest courtesy for a "good-by," and swept from the room, and out of sight! With the shock, the young fellow stood a moment gazing vacantly before him, murmuring, incoherently, "And this for the first day—for the end!"

It was thus Edgar Mayne found him. He went up to him asking the same question his sister had put a few minutes before under such different circumstances, "What is the matter?" but in that instant his eye caught the gleam of the diamond flash, and his quick glance fell upon the glove on the carpet. "Ah!" and he looked sadly into the face before him, as he lifted it—"A lover's quarrel." A dull blow for the young officer to bear, however. He would ask no questions; but all questions were anticipated, were answered in a few brief words.

Edgar Mayne was indignant.

"The girl is crazy!" he ejaculated, and was rushing to the door in search of her, to bring her down before them, in his impulse, when the calmer reason of Jerome Ryversant stayed him. But after, he was glad that his friend had gone straight, with tears in his eyes, and haunted by his suffering face, he sought her. He was not prepared for the pale look of open defiance that met him, and gently entered; but his errand was enough to rouse her, and something of the old scorn returned to her.

"Have you any thing to say, Edgar, impatiently, to her persistent accusations, "that he had pledged not only his word, but his heart and soul, for this cause in the very outset?"

"That was before!—that was before!" she exclaimed, with quick significance; "and after, when hundreds are pressing forward, and many rejected, why should he leave me, and so soon? No, do not argue with me—I am only secondary. I thought his finer than other men, but I was mistaken; it is their own glory first—then a woman's love. If I never marry I will not take a man who makes me second in his heart. I must reign there, the first consideration; his first honor and glory, the shall reign in mine."

"But—" He stopped, wise enough to see that only time could open her eyes to her error—time and remorse; that his words were wasted; and worse than that, adding still more to her determination.

As abruptly as he had entered he left her presence, left her to the sharp, burning pain, the consuming agony, that devastates such proud, concentrative natures.

Thus days went on in this wild inward war which gave no outward sign. In the time she asked no questions, she made no allusion to the past; but secretly and alone she devoured every remnant of information that the newspapers offered. She, who hated politics and newspapers!

One day, in a long list of names, she read one that sent every vestige of color from her cheek—Jerome Ryversant! If she had had any hope of his relenting, it was over now; but even here she gave no sign—she was still in outward calm.

Three days more and he would be gone. Gone! it was a bitter word.

The night of the third day came dreamily to many a heart—to none more drearily than to her, sitting apart and alone in a rose-hued boudoir. The stately scent of the flowers filled the room—his flowers. The curtain were undrawn; the chairs and couches still strewn with the trifles that had occupied them on days agone. All as he had left it. In this sepulchre the proud heart strug-gled on.

For these last three days her brother had caught no glimpse of her. But on the last night, somewhere between the hours of twelve and one, a little knock came outside his door, and her voice called him. He was dressing for writing, and somewhat startled, bade her come in. The face that greeted him startled still more. Its rose-bloom was gone—its beauty was fled. Where to have looked for touching was the sight that his eyes filled, and he received her with more kindliness than he had evinced for that first day of her grief. He bid her be seated.

She hesitated a moment, then told her errand. She would see Jerome Ryversant once more before he sailed, as a friend—a friend and no more! There was no time to lose, for at dawn they might leave left the city; but let him understand her! She must see him—must be with him as he took his knowledge that—it was no reunion, but *she would see him once again!*

Edgar Mayne considered unpardonable obstinacy. Edgar Mayne was again indignant; but another look at the pale, worn face, and he consented to unbend from his sternness.

To Jerome Ryversant he communicated the letter and spirit of her words. For a moment his eyes kindled, and his face was warm with sympathy. Then she memory of another night came up. He remembered her, proud and tender and brave for love's sake to sacrifice, and his face was cold, and he mitted his readiness to go to her.

The lights were all down but one in the "rose-Edgar Mayne looked through the purple glass, sent forth over the room a mystical radiance. Into this room Edgar Mayne conducted young Ryversant, and then left them alone.

As the two looked at each other after the door closed upon them, they realized, perhaps, something of the change suffering had brought. But to her it had wrought much more of change in these three days than the whole time had wrought in him. He was elated by the sublime knowledge of sacrifice, of patriotism, of right; plunged, too, into the midst of unparalleled excitements.

She, nursing an insane sense of wrong, born of her childish devotion as a woman—of her ignorance; alone, too, in the inaction of domestic life, had hung out the pale colors of distress. Seeing her, the lover's heart bled, and he loved him, and bled to the right. Seeing *him*, with a flush upon his cheek, uniformed and eager, she still less believed in love.

So her voice came coldly:

"I sent for you," she said, slowly, and with pained effort. "We parted angrily, which we must not wise well for what may be a final parting. In my view of your undertaking I yet hold the same opinion. I am as fearless as I was then, should."

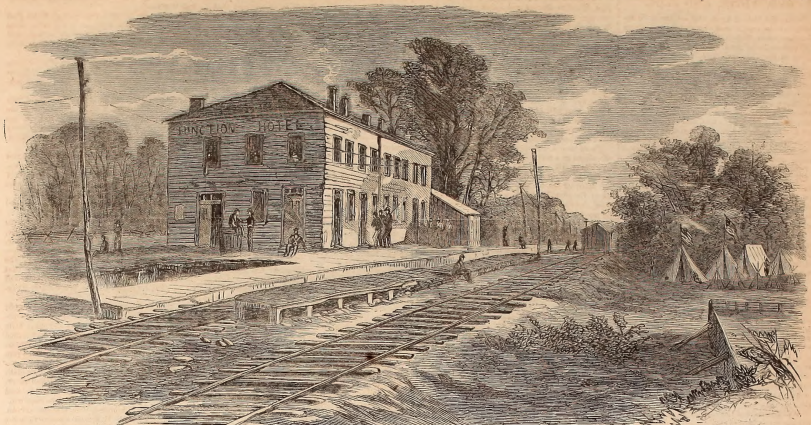
He came forward and took her hands. Once more he pleaded with her. She heard him sadly, not angrily, but with unbelieving. He leaned down upon the fair little hands he held, but his ring had never been repulsed. She was fearfully in earnest then—she was only a beautiful cruelty.

So, bending down, he dropped a kiss upon the two hands; and lifting his head, with a "God bless you, Caroline," he spoke about the pale, ghastly pallor of her face, the faint drooping of her figure, stayed him. She had no strength, nor any will to resist. He drew her to him, and kissed her passionately—one of those little silken emblems—a cockade of red, white, and blue. Last night it glistened on the breast of Jerome Ryversant. Almost at the very instant a boy's young voice ascended, lark-like, singing:

"With her flag proudly floating before her,
The boast of the red, white, and blue!"

Following this wound the notes of a bugle; then the long-rolling call of a drum; and the city was astir with the warlike preparations.

How that morning went she never knew, and other mornings came floating her saddened but



LEBANON JUNCTION, 29 MILES FROM LOUISVILLE, KENTUCKY, ON THE LOUISVILLE AND NASHVILLE RAILROAD, PRESENT HEAD QUARTERS OF GENERAL SHERMAN'S BRIGADE OF UNION TROOPS.—SKETCHED BY HENRY MOSLER.—[SEE PAGE 671.]

alert, with a serious watchfulness. A week after, when her brother announced his own determination to join in the struggle, she did not gainsay it.

On her table now, in place of romances, newspapers and books pertaining to the various struggles for liberty in other countries, and all manner of patriotic addresses that had gone forth from this, found place. She was learning a new lesson. It filled her soul with sorrow and perplexity, but it elevated and enlarged it.

So the days lengthened into weeks.

There came at last a day that will never be forgotten. In one portion of the land church bells were ringing and organ strains ascending on the summer air. In another,

"All into the valley of Death
Rode the six hundred."

Sitting in church that morning, through the solemn sweetness of the chants Caroline Mayne was haunted by one sentence—"I owe it to my country!" The organ strains sounded to her like the dirge of hope, and the hymn had notes of wailing in it. "I owe it to my country!" That noble life! Was he even then, perhaps, giving it up? She drooped her flushed face, lifting her handkerchief as a shield, when lo! there dropped from out its folds the little silken token he had left behind—red, white, and blue! At such times, to imaginative persons, such simple occurrences come like omens. As such it came to her; and there, in the summer warmth, she grew chill with her emotions.

When, shortly afterward, the awful news came of that vain struggle she felt that her soul had been warned. Then followed the uncertainty of life or death for the beloved. In silence and alone she waited.

One day the bells rang, the cannon roared, and shouts of welcome rent the air. At a sheltered window a fair figure stoled in white watched the returning heroes. Her watch is rewarded: but she can scarcely see for tears as a proud head lifts itself above the others to her vision; and in close company her brother—Edgar Mayne—both safe and before her!

When a bouquet, small and delicate, fell at Jerome Ryversant's feet, he did not doubt its source nor its meaning as he looked at it. A bunch of scarlet kalmias, and red orchis, and heads of golden grain surrounding one rose—a white rose, the heart's gift—and girding it all a circle of laurel. Thus she spoke to him from her sheltered window. Thus she made her confessions.

Later, when he held her to his heart, with the same noble simplicity which had so endeared her at first, she briefly said,

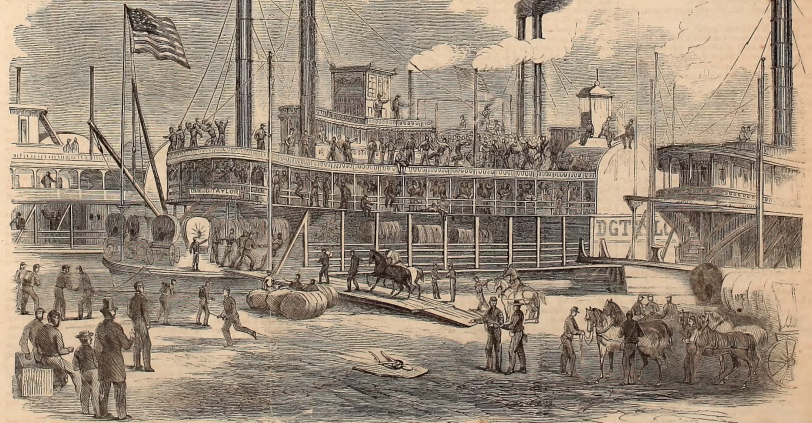
"I was wrong, and you were right; but I sinned through ignorance. Life has wider meanings to me now. This war has been my education."

How truly she said he began to realize as he saw with what clear perceptions she put mere personal ends away and flung her sympathies into the common cause.

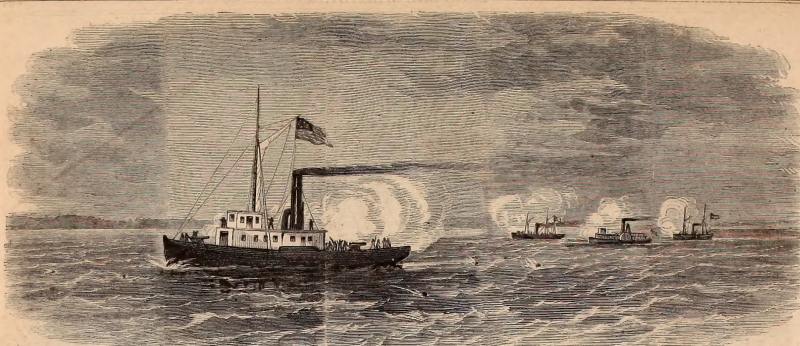
He realized it more fully when, a month later, sitting in the "rose-Eden," he put his future in her hands. Should he stay or go? A little lower dropped the head, a little colder grew the clasping hand, a little broken came the sweetest voice, as she answered:

"If three months ago the country needed the services of brave men, we know it needs them now. As you would give up for its cause what is dearer than your own life, I give what is dearer than mine."

While we await the result of this war to our country let us hope that its lessons have been thus nobly received, and that from the claims of pleasure, the fetters of fashion, other women may be able to renounce mere personal ends, and give up with such spiritual insight of love what is dearer than their own lives—what is dearer than any life—a country's salvation. And when they drape their rooms with banners and silken symbols, let them think of the meaning of this—"Red, White, and Blue."



EMBARKATION OF THE NINTH MISSOURI REGIMENT, COLONEL KELTON, AT ST. LOUIS, FOR LEXINGTON.—SKETCHED BY ALEXANDER SIMPLOT.—[SEE PAGE 658.]



CAPTURE OF THE UNITED STATES GUN-BOAT "FANNY," AT CHICKAMACOMICO, NORTH CAROLINA, BY THREE REBEL TUG-BOATS.

THE HOLOCAUST.

WITHIN our country's sacred fane
Low burns the altar's flickering light,
Trembling we watch it slowly wane—
That lost, what star shall guide our night?

Then gather round that holy flame,
And bring your choicest offerings here;
What dearest victims can ye name
For such a sacrifice too dear?

Pour forth your blood, pile up your gold—
'Tis well, but more than these we need;
No nation's life is bought and sold,
Nor saved alone by valorous deed.

Then here your cherished vices bring,
Your luxury's degrading ease,
The reckless pride with which ye cling
To wealth's most abject vanities;

Your worship of successful fraud,
Your want of faith in nobler aims,
Your blind self-seeking, and the broad
Ignoring of all loftier claims;

Your partisanship, which beguiles
To faction's aid its clamorous tools,
Your apathy, which feebly smiles
When power is gained by knaves and fools.

Come, offer in our solemn rite
Each sordid vice and low desire;
Rise up in manhood's simple might,
And naught shall quench our altar's fire.

L.

THE CAPTURE OF THE TRANSPORT "FANNY."

WE learn from Fortress Monroe of the capture of the Union gun-boat *Fanny*. She had on board twenty-five of the Indiana zouaves, including the Quarter-master and Sutler, all of whom were taken prisoners. The captain and a portion of the crew of the *Fanny* escaped. The capture was effected by three rebel tug-boats, which put out from Roanoke Island.

The master of the *Fanny* says:

"I left in the steamer *Fanny* at 6 o'clock A.M. [Oct. 1] for Chickamacomico, or Leggerhead Inlet, arriving there at 1 o'clock P.M. We anchored in about eight feet of water, and waited three 2½ hours before we got communication from shore. They then fetched a flat-boat off and loaded her with an assorted cargo, stores, tents, etc. When the boat had shoved off and got about two-thirds of the way on shore we saw a steamboat to westward about 4 o'clock P.M., which proved to be one of the enemy. She was standing to cut off our retreat, and in a short time two more appeared steering directly for us. The first one then stood in and commenced firing upon us, and as soon as the other two came up they did the same. We returned the fire with nine shots, striking one of the boats in the bow. Then Captain Hart of the Twentieth Indiana regiment, suggested that we should surrender, saying that it was no use fighting against such odds, and requested me to hoist the white flag. The mate of the boat and a few soldiers turned to and threw overboard some thirty cases of ammunition, and Captain Hart forbid them to throw any more overboard. He likewise requested the Sergeant to desist, which he refused to do, saying it would be worse for them if they were taken prisoners.

"Captain Hart then suggested that the chain be slipped and the boat run ashore, which was done. The white flag was then hoisted, and the crew of the boat left in their boats. We endeavored to get boats to carry the soldiers off the *Fanny*, but could not do so.

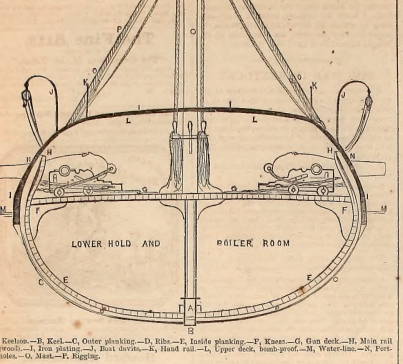
"To the best of my opinion they had plenty of time, from our arrival to that of the enemy's boats, to have got every thing on shore from the *Fanny*, if sufficient boats had been employed in the transportation of the stores, so that we could have destroyed the *Fanny* before she should have fallen into the hands of the rebels.

"We left there about 6 P.M., and arrived here about 7 A.M. on the 2d instant.

"W. H. MORRISON."

ARRIVAL OF THE FORTY-NINTH OHIO REGIMENT AT LOUISVILLE, KENTUCKY.—DRAWN BY HENRY MOSLER.—[SEE PAGE 671.]

THE IRONCLAD WAR-STEAMER NOW BUILDING AT MYSTIC, CONNECTICUT.—SECURED FROM THE ORIGINAL DRAWINGS BY R. S. OSGOOD.—[SEE NEXT PAGE.]



A, Keelson.—B, Keel.—C, Outer planking.—D, Ribs.—F, Inside planking.—F, Knees.—G, Gun deck.—H, Main rail (wood).—I, Iron plating.—J, Boat davits.—K, Hand rail.—L, Upper deck, bomb-proof.—M, Water-line.—N, Portholes.—O, Mast.—P, Rigging.

MIDSHIP SECTION OF THE IRON-CLAD SHIP.

THE NEW IRON-CLAD GUN-BOAT.

We publish on page 669 a picture of THE NEW IRON-CLAD GUN-BOAT, which is now being constructed at Mystic, Connecticut, by C. H. Bushnell, of NEW HAVEN. The following accurate description is from the *Herald*:

This vessel, the first one built in this country, will be about one thousand tons register. Her dimensions are as follows: Length over all, two hundred feet; extreme breadth, thirty-six feet six inches; depth of hold, twelve feet eight inches; draught of water, about eleven feet.

The keel is of white oak, sided fourteen inches, in depth fourteen inches. Garboard strakes six inches in thickness; bottom plank four inches thick; wales four and a half inches in thickness. The bottom plank is fastened with three locust tree-nails and one composition spike in each strake.

The engine and boiler keelsons will be of white oak and yellow pine, and of such dimensions as will be deemed proper by the engineer department.

The frame of the vessel will be entirely solid. Ordinarily large spaces are left between the ribs and timbers of vessels, but here they will be made solid with "filling." Some idea can be formed of the thickness of the vessel when we say that it is twenty inches from the outside to the inside before the iron plating is put upon her.

The beams are of yellow pine, twelve by nine and a half inches, and the deck plank will be of the same material, four inches in thickness.

The cabins, ward-room, and steerage will be fitted up similar to those in the new gun-boats just launched. She has one flush deck, which is the fighting deck. Forward and aft will be half decks for officers, etc., but the engineer and boiler-rs will of course occupy the midship portion of it. The fighting deck, as well as the two half decks, are of wood, till the upper deck is only the upper part of the bomb-proof which covers the gunners. There will be no houses or guns on this deck, and it will be only used for a promenade and to work the ship while under canvas. The companion-ways will give access to the deck from below. A series of iron stanchions are placed around this deck, on which are placed a wire netting to prevent persons from falling overboard.

She will be brig-rigged forward and schooner-rigged aft, so that she will in rig be a harmaphrodite brig. Those spars will be light, as she will depend principally on her steaming powers. She will have a small bowsprit, made of iron, but it will not project outside of the vessel more than four feet.

She will carry four boats at her davits, which hoist sufficiently high to be out of the way of the guns.

All the standing rigging will be of wire rope, which is less liable to be cut by fragments of shell.

The steersman will be located below decks, and a lookout forward will signal to him while at the after wheel, and when he is at the forward wheel he can see for himself.

[Entered according to Act of Congress, in the Year 1861, by Harper & Brothers, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Southern District of New York.]

A STRANGE STORY.

By SIR E. BULWER LYTTON.

☞ Printed from the Manuscript and early Proof-sheets purchased by the Proprietors of "Harper's Weekly."

CHAPTER XXVIII.

THE conversation with Mrs. Poyntz left my mind restless and disquieted. I had no doubt, indeed, of Lilian's truths but could I be sure that the attentions of a young man with advantages of fortune so brilliant would not dazzle her thoughts the contrast of the humbler lot and the duller walk of life in which she had accepted as sojourning a man removed from her by a mantle youth less by disparity of years than by gravity of pursuits? And would my suit now be as welcomed as it had been by a mother even so unworldly as Mrs. Ashleigh? It perplexed me, too, that neither mother nor daughter should have given me no cause in their letters to suspect that I had a rival in this favorite of fortune. Lilian's letters, it is true, touched but little on any of the persons round her—they were filled with the outpourings of an ingenuous heart, colored by the glow of a golden fancy. They were written as if in the wide world we two stood apart, alone, consecrated from the crowd by the love that, in linking us together, hallowed each to each. But Mrs. Ashleigh's letters had been more general and diffusive, detailed the habits of the household, sketched the guests, intimated continued fear of Lady Haughton, but had said nothing more of Mr. Ashleigh Sumner than I had repeated to Mrs. Poyntz. However, in my letter to Lilian I related the intelligence that had reached me, and impatiently I awaited her reply.

Three days after the interview with Mrs. Poyntz, and two days before the long-anticipated event of the mayor's ball, I was summoned to attend a nobleman who had lately been added to my list of patients, and whose residence was about twelve miles from L——. The nearest way was through Sir Philip Derval's park. I went on horseback, and proposed to stop on the way to inquire after the steward, whom I had seen but once since his fit, and that was two days after it, when he called himself at my house to thank me for my attendance, and declared that he was quite recovered; fearful, no doubt, that I might otherwise want to make a long bill out of him.

As I rode somewhat fast through Sir P. Derval's park, I came, however, upon the steward, just in front of the house. I reined up my horse and accosted him. He looked very cheerful.

"Sir," said Io, in a whisper, "I have heard from Sir Philip; his letter is dated since—since—my good woman told you what I saw; well, since then. So that it must have been all a delusion of mine, as you told her. And yet, well—we will not talk of it, doctor. But I hope you have kept the secret. Sir Philip would not like to hear of it if he comes back."

"Your secret is quite safe with me. But is Sir Philip likely to come back?"

"I hope so, doctor. His letter is dated Paris, and that's more than he has been for many years; and—but bless me—some one coming out of the house? a young gentleman! Who can it be?"

I looked, and to my surprise I saw Margrave descending the stately stairs that led from the front door. The steward turned toward him, and I mechanically followed, for I was curious to know what brought Margrave to the house of his quondam host.

It was easily explained. Mr. Margrave had heard at L—— much of the pictures and internal decorations of the mansion. He had by dint of coaxing (he said, with his enchanting laugh) persuaded the old housekeeper to show him the rooms.

"It is against Sir Philip's positive orders to show the house to any stranger, Sir; and the housekeeper has done very wrong," said the steward.

"Pray don't scold her. I dare say Sir Philip would not have refused me permission he might not give to every idle sight-seer. Fellow-travelers have a freemasonry with each other; and I have been much in the same far countries as himself. I heard of him there, and could tell you more about him, I dare say, than you know yourself."

"You, Sir! pray do then."

"The next time I come," said Margrave, gayly; and with a nod to me he glided off through the trees of the neighboring grove, along the winding foot-path that led to the lodge.

"A very cool gentleman," muttered the steward; "but what a pleasant way with him! You seem to know him, doctor. Who is he—may I ask?"

"Mr. Margrave. A visitor at L——, and he has been a great traveler, as he says; perhaps he met Sir Philip abroad."

"I must go and hear what he said to Mrs. Gates; excuse me, Sir, but I am so anxious about Sir Philip."

"If it be not too great a favor, may I be allowed the same privilege granted to Mr. Margrave? To judge by the outside of the house, the inside must be worth seeing; still, if it be against Sir Philip's positive orders—"

"His orders were not to let the Court become a show-house—to admit none without my consent; and I should be ungrateful indeed, doctor, if I refused that consent to you."

I tied my horse to the rusty gate of the terrace-walk, and followed the steward up the broad stairs of the terrace. The great doors were unlocked. We entered a lofty hall with a domed ceiling; at the back the grand staircase ascended by a double flight. The design was undoubtedly Vanbrugh's, an architect who, beyond all others, sought the effect of grandeur less in space than in proportion. But Vanbrugh's designs need the relief of ornament and movement, and the forms of a more pompous generation, in the bravery of velvets and laces, glancing amidst those gilded columns, or descending with stately tread those broad palatial stairs. His halls and chambers are so made for festival that they become inefficient desolate and gloomy amidst solitude and decay.

The housekeeper had now appeared—a quiet, timid old woman. I soon excused herself for admitting Margrave, not very intelligibly. It was plain to see that she had, in truth, been unable to resist what the steward had called his "pleasant ways."

As if to escape from a scolding, she talked volubly all the time, bustling nervously through the rooms, along which I followed her guidance with a hushed footstep. The principal apartments were on the ground floor, or rather a floor raised some ten or fifteen feet above the ground; they had not been modernized since the date in which they were built. Hangings of faded silk; tables of rare marble, and bordered gilding; comfortless chairs at drill against the walls; pictures, of which connoisseurs alone could estimate the value, darkened by dust or blistered by sun and damp, made a general character of discomfort. On not one room, on not one nook, still lingered some old smile of Home.

Meanwhile, I gathered from the old woman's rambling answers to questions put to her by the steward, as I moved on, glancing at the pictures, that Margrave's visit that day was not his first. He had been over the house twice before; his ostensible excuse that he was an amateur in pictures (though I knew, as I have before observed, that for that department of art he had no taste); but each time he had talked much of Sir Philip. He said that, though not personally known to him, he had resided in the same towns abroad, and had friends intimate with Sir Philip; but when the steward inquired if the visitor had given any information as to the absence, it became very clear that Margrave had been rather asking questions than volunteering intelligence.

We had now got to the end of the state apartments, the last of which was a library. "And," said the old woman, "I don't wonder the gentleman knew Sir Philip, for he seemed a scholar, and looked very hard over the books, especially those old ones by the fire-place, which Sir Philip, Heaven bless him! was always poring into."

Mechanically I turned to the shelves by the fire-place, and examined the volumes ranged in that department. I found they contained the works of those writers whom we may class together under the title of mystics—Pozhyry and Plotinus; Swedenborg and Behmen; Sandivogius, Van Helmont, and Cardan. Works, too, were there, by writers less renowned, on astrology, geomancy, chiromancy, etc. I began to understand among what class of authors Margrave had picked up the strange notions with which he was apt to interpolate the doctrines of practical philosophy.

"I suppose this library was Sir Philip's usual sitting-room?" said I.

"No, Sir; he seldom sat here. This was his study;" and the old woman opened a small door, masked by false book backs. I followed her into a room of moderate size, and evidently of much earlier date than the rest of the house. "It is the only room of the old mansion," said the steward, in answer to my remarks. "I have heard it was left standing on account of the chimney-piece. But there is a Latin inscription which will tell you all about it. I don't know Latin myself," said the steward.

The chimney-piece reached to the ceiling. The frieze of the lower part rested on rude stone caryatides; in the upper part were oak panels very curiously carved in the geometrical designs favored by the taste prevalent in the reigns of Elizabeth and James, but different from any I had ever seen in drawings of old houses. And I was not quite unlearned in such matters, for, as I have before said, my poor father was a passionate antiquarian in all that relates to mediæval art. The design in the oak panels was composed of triangles interlaced with varied ingenuity, and inclosed in circular bands inscribed with the signs of the Zodiac.

On the centre frieze supported by the caryatides, immediately under the wood-work, was inserted a metal plate, on which was written, in Latin, a few lines to the effect that "in this room, Simon Forman, the seeker of hidden truth, taking refuge from unjust persecution, made those discoveries in nature which he committed, for the benefit of a wiser age, to the charge of his protector and patron, the worshipful Sir Miles Dervel, knight."

Forman! The name was not quite unfamiliar to me; but it was not without an effort that my memory enabled me to assign it to one of the most notorious of those astrologers or conjurers whom the superstition of an earlier age alternately persecuted and honored.

The rest of the room was more cheerful than the statelier chamber I had passed, for it had still the look of habitation. The arm-chair by the fire-place; the knee-hole writing-table beside it; the sofa near the recess of a large bay-window, with book-prop and candlestick screwed to its back; maps, ceiled in their cylinders, ranged under the cornice; low strong safes, or cupboards, probably for papers and relic-deeds, skirting two sides of the room, with articles familiar to modern use on their ample shelves; a fowling-piece here; fishing-rods there; two or three simple flower vases; a pile of music-books; a box of crayons—all seemed to speak of residence and ownership—had the idiosyncrasies of a lone single man, it is true, but of a man of our own time—a country squire of plain habits but not uncultivated tastes.

I moved to the window; it opened by a sash upon a large balcony, within which a wooden stair wound to a little garden, not visible in front of the house, surrounded by a thick growth of evergreens, through which one broad vista was cut; and that vista was closed by a view of the mausoleum.

I stepped out into the garden—a patch of sward with a fountain in the centre—and parterres, now more filled with weeds than flowers. At the left corner, a tall wooden summer-house or pavilion; its door open. "Oh, that's where Sir Philip used to study many a long summer's night," said the steward.

"What! in that damp summer-house?"

"It was a pretty place enough then, Sir; but it is very old. They say as old as the room you have just left."

"Indeed, I must look at it, then." The walls of this summer-house had once been painted in the arabesques of the Renaissance period; but the figures now were scarcely traceable. The wood-work had started in many places, and the sunbeams stole through the chinks and played on the floor, which was formed from old tiles quaint-

"I LOOKED, AND TO MY SURPRISE I SAW MARGRAVE DESCENDING THE STATELY STAIRS THAT LED FROM THE FRONT DOOR."

ly tesselated and in triangular patterns, similar to those I had remarked in the chimney-piece. The room in the pavilion was large, furnished with old worm-eaten tables and settles.

"It was not only here that Sir Philip studied, but sometimes in the room above," said the steward.

"How do you get to the room above? Oh, I see; a staircase in the angle."

I ascended the stairs with some caution, for they were crooked and decayed; and on entering the room above, comprehended at once why Sir Philip had favored it. The walls were glazed all round, and on three sides commanded a magnificent prospect, for which I was wholly unprepared: the fourth side brought in full view the mausoleum, terminating the vista cut through the evergreens. In this room was a large telescope. A small balcony extended from the windows, which reached the floors; and on stepping into the balcony, I saw that a winding stair led from the balcony to a platform on the top of the pavilion—perhaps once used as an observatory by Forman himself.

"This gentleman who was here to-day was very much pleased with this look-out, Sir," said the housekeeper.

"Who would not be?" said I. "I suppose Sir Philip has a taste for astronomy."

"I dare say, Sir," said the steward, looking grave; "but he's most out-of-the-way things."

The position of the sun now warned me that my time pressed, and I should have to ride fast to reach my new patient at the hour appointed. I therefore hurried back to my horse, and spurred on, wondering whether, in that chain of association which so subtly links our present to our manhood by the impressions in childhood, it was the Latin inscription on the chimney-piece that had originally biased Sir Philip Derval's literary taste toward the mystic jargon of the books I had glanced at.

CHAPTER XXIX.

I DID not see Margrave the following day, but the next morning, a little after sunrise, he walked into my study, as was his ordinary habit.

"So you have something else than Sir Philip Derval?" said I. "What sort of a man is he?"

"Hateful!" cried Margrave; and then checking himself, burst out into his merry laughter. "Just like my exaggerations! I am not acquainted with any thing to his prejudice. I came across his track once or twice in the Times. Travelers are always apt to be jealous of each other."

"You are a strange compound of cynicism and credibility. But I should have fancied that you and Sir Philip would have been congenial spirits, when I found among his favorite books Van Helmont and Paracelsus. Perhaps you, too, study Swedenborg, or, worse still, Ptolemy and Lilly?"

"Astrologers? No! They deal with the future! I live for the day, only I wish the day never had a morrow!"

"Have you not, then, that vague desire for the something beyond; that not unhappy, but grand discontent with the limits of the immediate present, from which man takes his position for improvement and progress, and from which some sentimental philosophers have deduced an argument in favor of his destined immortality?"

"Eh!" said Margrave, with as vacant a stare as that of a peasant whom one addressed in Hebrew. "What heap of words is this? I do not comprehend you."

"With your natural abilities," I asked, with interest, "do you never feel a desire for fame?"

"Fame! Certainly not. I can not even understand it!"

"Well, then, would you have no pleasure in the thought that you had rendered a service to humanity?"

Margrave looked bewildered. After a moment's pause he took from the table a piece of bread that chanced to be there, opened the window, and threw the crumbs into the lane. The sparrows gathered round the crumbs.

"Now," said Margrave, "the sparrows come to that alms-giver that the bread that comforts their lives in this world: do you believe that one sparrow would be silly enough to fly to a homestop for the sake of some benefit to come hereafter, or to be chirruped about after he was dead? I care for science as the sparrow cares for bread; it may help me to something better for my own life, and as for fame and humanity, I care for them as the sparrow cares for the general interest and posthumous approbation of sparrows!"

"Margrave! there is one thing in you that perplexes me more than all else—human puzzle as you are—in your many eccentricities still self-contradictions."

"What is that one thing most perplexing?"

"That, in your enjoyment of nature you have all the freshness of a child, but when you speak of man and his objects in the world you talk in the vein of some worn-out and cynical cynic. At such times, should I close my eyes, I should say to myself, 'What weary old man is venting his spleen against the ambition which has failed, and the love which has forsaken him?' Outwardly the very personation of youth, and inwardly like a butterfly in the sunshine of the sun and the mist of the herbage, how have you none of the golden passions of the young? their bright dreams of some impossible love—their sublime enthusiasm for some unattainable glory? The sentiment you have just clothed in your parable of the sparrow is too mean and too gloomy to be genuine at your age. Misanthropy is among the dismal fallacies of graybeards. No man, till man's energies leave him, can divorce himself from the bonds of our social kind."

"Our kind—your kind, possibly! But I—" He swept his hand over his brow, and resumed, in strange, absent, and wistful accents: "I wonder what it is that is wanting here, and of which at moments I have a dim reminiscence." Again he paused, and gazing on me, said, with more appearance of friendly interest than I had ever before remarked on his countenance, "You are not looking well. Despite your great physical strength, you suffer like your own sickly patients."

"True! I suffer at this moment, but not from bodily pain."

"You have some cause of mental disquietude."

"Who in this world has not?"

"I never have."

"Because you own you have never loved; and certainly you never seem to care for any one but yourself; and in yourself you find an unbroken sunny holiday—high spirits, youth, health, beauty, wealth. Happy boy!"

At that moment my heart was heavy within me.

Margrave resumed:

"Among the secrets which your knowledge places at the command of your art, what would you give for one which would enable you to dely and deride a rival where you place your affections, which could lock to yourself and imperishably control the will of the being whom you desire to fascinate by an influence paramount, transcendent?"

"Love has that secret," said I, "and love alone."

"A power stronger than love can suspend, can change, love. Bid it love me, and, be the object or dream of your life, love is the rosy associate of youth and beauty. Beauty soon fades, youth soon departs. Love, in its nature and its means by which beauty and youth can be fixed into blooming duration—means that can arrest the coming, delay, repair the effects, of time on the elements that make up the human frame!"

"Silly boy! Have the Rosencrucians bequeathed to you a prescription for the elixir of life?"

"If I had the prescription I should not ask your aid to discover its ingredients."

"And is it on the hope of that notable discovery you have studied chemistry, electricity, and magnetism? Again I say, Silly boy!"

Margrave did not heed my reply. His face was overcast, gloomy, troubled.

"That the vital principle is a gas," said he, abruptly, "I am more convinced. Can that gas be the one which combines caloric with oxygen?"

"Phosoxygen? Sir Humphry Davy demonstrates it not to be caloric, as Lavoisier supposed, but light in combustion with oxygen, and he suggests, not decided that it is the vital principle itself, but the pabulum of life to organic beings."*

"Does he?" said Margrave, his face clearing up. "Possibly, possibly then, here we approach the great secret of secrets. Look you, Allen Fenwick, I promise you to put suitable trust, security from all the jealous fears that now torture your heart; if you care for that fame which in me as in you would be one of a flower, the balm of a breeze. I will impart to you a knowledge that, in the bonds of ambition, would dwarf into contemptible pigmies the mightiest of recognized science. I will do all this, if, in return, but for one month you will give yourself up to my guidance and my will, without to ask, no matter how wild they may seem to you."

"My dear Margrave, I reject your bribes as I would reject the money and the rank that a child might offer to me in exchange for a toy. But I may give the child its toy for nothing, and I may test your experiments for nothing some day when I have leisure."

I did not hear Margrave's answer, for at that moment my servant entered with letters. I took a hasty glance at the superscription of the first. It was the seal. Such a loving, bright, happy letter; so sweet in its gentle chiding of my wrongful fears. Lilian implied that, since her last, the delightful Summer had proposed, been refused, had left the house. Lilian and her mother were coming back in a few days. All the rest written in this letter were inclosed a few lines from Mrs. Ashleigh. She was more explicit as to my rival than Lilian had been. Her allusion to his intentions had been made to me before, it was from a delicate consideration for myself. Mrs. Ashleigh said that "Mr. Summer had heard from L—— of our engagement—disbelieved it;" but, as Mrs. Poyntz had so shrewdly predicted, had gone away in the belief that his own attachment, the offer of his own hand. On Lilian's refusal his pride had been deeply mortified. He had gone away in bitterness, in no slight degree of sorrow. Lady Delafield, dear Margaret Poyntz's aunt, had been most kind in trying to soothe Lady Hughden's disappointment, which was rudely expressed—so rudely, added Mrs. Ashleigh, "that it gives us an excuse to leave soon." Lilian had been proposed to, which Lilian very glad of. Lady Delafield feels much for Mr. Sumner; has invited him to visit her at a place she has near Worthing; she leaves to-morrow in order to receive him; promises to reconcile him to our rejection, which, as he was my poor Gilbert's friend, and was rejected by me first, would be a great relief to my mind. Lilian is well, and so happy at the thoughts of coming back."

When I lifted my eyes from these letters I was as a new man, and the earth seemed a new earth. I felt as if I had realized Margrave's idle dreams—that love could never chill, youth never fade.

"You care for no secrets of mine at this moment," said Margrave, abruptly.

"Secrets," I murmured; "none now are worth knowing. I am loved—I am loved."

"I bide my time," said Margrave; and as my eyes met his, I saw there a look I had never seen in those eyes before—sinister, wrathful, menacing. He turned away, went out through the sash door of the study; and as he passed toward the fields under the luxuriant chestnut-trees, I heard his musical, barbaric chant—the song by which the serpent-charmer charms the serpent—sweet, so sweet, the very birds on the boughs hushed their carol as if to listen.

THE WAR IN KENTUCKY.

WE continue our series of illustrations of the war in Kentucky with a picture of the ARRIVAL OF THE ROUTED TROOPS AT LOUISVILLE, KENTUCKY, on page 668; and another of GENERAL SHERMAN'S HEAD-QUARTERS at Lebanon Junction, on the railroad south of Louisville, on page 667, both from sketches by our correspondent, Mr. Henry Mosler.

A correspondent of the *Tribune* thus writes of the camps:

The States of Indiana, Ohio, and Illinois have sent many regiments and batteries of regiments to the United States encampment south of this city, on the railroad. I have not been able to preserve any regular estimate of the number, having been absent part of the time. But I can correctly be far wrong in saying that there are 12,000 to 15,000 men under command of General Sherman, including Home Guards. The force may exceed my estimate.

The reception of the Forty-Ninth Ohio at Louisville is thus described in the Louisville *Journal*:

A detachment of this force, under the command of Colonel Gibson, passed through the city this morning on their way to the seat of war on the Louisville and Nashville railroad. They paraded our streets, and their appearance was warmly greeted by the Union men and women of Louisville. They were under compliments to General Anderson at the Louisville Hotel, who appeared on the balcony, and, in a few feeling and eloquent remarks, thanked them for the compliment and welcomed them to Kentucky. He told them that they had come at a time when Kentucky needed their services, and that every true Kentuckian would properly and truly appreciate their motives in coming among us.

The response of Colonel Gibson was most touching. He alluded to the gallant manner in which Kentucky had come to the rescue of the Stars and Stripes in Jessamine Co., and said that Ohio designs now to show that she has not forgotten those kindly feelings, but is here with her blood to protect the constitutional rights of her neighbors.

Both General Anderson and Colonel Gibson were warmly applauded during their respective speeches. The detachment took up the line of march for the Nashville depot, from which point they embarked for General Sherman's head-quarters.

OUR MAP OF KENTUCKY.

THE southwestern portion of Kentucky and the western portion of Tennessee (of which we publish a Map on page 662) are mountainous; the middle portion is rolling and well-watered, through which the rivers run in deep channels, with high precipitous banks. In Kentucky this table-land breaks abruptly at the western edge of the Salt River and its tributary forks, which drain the plain westward to the Ohio River. The rise from this plain to the mountains land is about 200 feet, where the Louisville and Nashville Railroad ascends Mudrough Hill. At this point is a railroad tunnel 1,700 feet in length. The bridges of Rolling Fork were burned by the rebels. The Union forces, however, gained possession of the summit, and now hold that very important position, which is the key to the fertile and wealthy region of Northern Kentucky.

The Union and Rebel camps are designated on the Map.

SKIRMISHING ACROSS THE POTOMAC.

AS artist to whom we are indebted for many of the most interesting sketches we have published has sent us the picture which we reproduce on page 660. It represents a SKIRMISH WITH CANNON BETWEEN OUR AND SECESSION POSTS ACROSS THE POTOMAC, near Windsor. Here the cannon may be heard every day, and hardly a day passes without some dashing adventure on one side or the other. For the rest, the picture explains itself.

THE TREASURY BUILDING AT WASHINGTON.

IN view of the great success of the popular loan just issued by Government, we illustrate on page 665 the TREASURY BUILDING AT WASHINGTON, with vignettes of the most important offices.

Not in itself one of the most imposing and the largest buildings in the country. Its very appearance imparts solidity and stability to the Government which is beside it there seems to be no end to the long row of columns which stretch from Pennsylvania Avenue to a point parallel with the south side of Lafayette Square.

Our artist has shown us the Treasury Note at each stage. One picture introduces us to the clerks clipping the sheet of notes into the shape in which they reach the public; another exhibits the long rows of clerks who, by special act of Congress, are engaged to sign the notes; a third shows us a careful old gentleman counting the notes to see that none have disappeared in their travels through the building; and a fourth exhibits the note in its complete shape, with the last signature in the act of being affixed. Not less interesting than these is the vignette which introduces us to the vault where the coin is kept, and to the office where it is weighed. Since the war began the Treasury at Washington has done quite a lively business in specie. Before the war nearly all the bullion of the Government was kept in the Sub-treasury in this city.

The portraits of our excellent Secretary of the Treasury, MR. CHASE, and of the United States Treasurer, General SPINNER, of this State, will be recognized by who know those officials.

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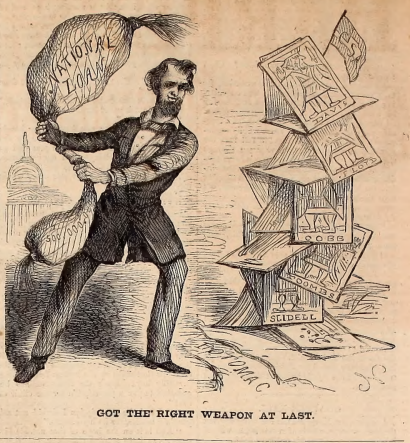
OLD SECESH CROSSING THE POTOMAC.

This River is hard to Cross. If I can keep my Head above Water, however, a little longer, some of my Foreign Friends will recognize me and lend a hand. Meantime, I can go neither Forward nor Backward.



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A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION.

VOL. V.—No. 252.] NEW YORK, SATURDAY, OCTOBER 26, 1861. [SINGLE COPIES SIX CENTS. $2 50 PER YEAR IN ADVANCE.

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the Year 1861, by Harper & Brothers, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Southern District of New York.

THE FIGHT AT CHICKAMACOMICO.

We publish herewith a portrait of LIEUTENANT BRAINE, U.S.N., commander of the *Monticello*, and on page 677 an illustration of the SHELLING OF THE REBELS near Chickamacomico, North Carolina, by the *Monticello*. The details of the conflict are thus accurately described in the *Herald*'s letter from Hatteras:

On the morning of the 4th instant, about daylight, the look-outs of Colonel Brown's encampment, consisting of about eight hundred men of the Twentieth Indiana regiment, located some thirty miles above this place, reported six rebel steamers, with schooners and flat-boats in tow, sailing straight for the encampment. There was no time to be lost, for it was evident their numbers were too great to resist without artillery, reported as they would be by the guns of the steamers. The Colonel immediately dispatched a courier to inform Colonel Hawkins, at Fort Hatteras, of his situation, stating that he would retreat to the light-house on the Cape, and there make a stand.

The steamers landed about fifteen hundred men three miles above Colonel Brown, and then came on down, throwing shells into the tents, destroying them, also a house which had been used as a hospital, killing what sick remained therein. They then passed on down and commenced landing troops below, intending to cut off all retreat, and, having them between their two forces, make sure, no doubt, of bagging Colonel Brown and his men at their leisure. But they were not quick enough; for Colonel B. hastily destroyed what he could not carry off with him, and left on the double quick, and succeeded in reaching the light-house about nine in the evening, having performed a rapid march through the heavy sand.

Colonel Hawkins, upon receiving the information from Colonel Brown, dispatched a note to Captain Lardner, of the *Susquehanna*, informing him of the condition of affairs, and then started on the double quick, with six companies of his Zouaves, to reinforce the retreating troops. Captain Lardner immediately got the *Susquehanna* under way, at the same time ordering the *Monticello* to do the same, and proceeded up and anchored in Light-house cove, about eight o'clock in the evening, within half gunshot of the light. At the request of Colonel Hawkins, Capt. Lardner remained at anchor to protect the troops against such superior numbers as were supposed to be in pursuit of them. He at the same time ordered the *Monticello* to sail out of the cove, and proceed close along the shore, and see if he could discover any traces of the enemy. He had proceeded but a short distance when the rebels were discovered in full plume and within half gunshot; the *Monticello* opened fire on them at once with shells that exploded with the utmost precision, scattering them in all directions, killing and wounding them by hundreds. The fire continued till night, when they escaped.

LIEUTENANT BRAINE, U.S.N., COMMANDING THE "MONTICELLO."
[PHOTOGRAPHED BY MORAN, OF BROOKLYN, N.Y.]

LIEUTENANT DANIEL LAWRENCE BRAINE was born in New York, May 18, 1829, therefore is 32 years of age. His mother was a Miss Hamilton, and father A. L. Braine, both New Yorkers. He entered the navy, as midshipman, May 20, 1846, at the age of 17; received his present commission in 1855. Of the fifteen years in the navy nearly twelve have been passed at sea. Was on board the *John Adams* at the bombardment of Vera Cruz; on board the *St. Louis* when Duncan N. Ingraham demanded the release of Koszta; on coast-survey duty at Charleston and James River, under J. N. Moffit's command, for two years; then ordered to the coast of Africa; returned with a slaver. Was a few months on board the receiving ship *North Carolina*, and was ordered from there to join the *Ironsides*, stationed at Aspinwall. He sailed in the *North Star* October 20, 1859, to join his ship. She ran aground, and Lieutenant Braine took a boat and went to Fortune Island for assistance to the steamer. He was two days in an open boat. Returned to the United States with the Japanese Embassy; and again received orders to the *North Carolina*, where he remained until last spring, when he volunteered to join Captain Ward's flotilla; but ere the flotilla sailed Lieutenant Braine was detailed by the flag-officer to take command of the *Monticello* at one day's notice, and the *Monticello* sailed for Fortress Monroe. The *Monticello* was in the expedition to Hatteras, where she got aground; eleven shots struck her, and she was sent to the Philadelphia Navy-yard for repairs. She has captured several vessels; and this last affair at Hatteras Inlet shows that her first lieutenant—now ordered by the Department commander of the *Monticello*—has ever been active and prompt.

Our portrait of LIEUTENANT BRAINE is from a photograph by Messrs. A. MORAND & CO., of 297 Fulton Street, Brooklyn, N. Y., whose establishment is one of the best and most extensive in the country.

A NIGHT RECONNOISSANCE ON THE POTOMAC.

THE "GREAT EASTERN" IN THE STORM.

On page 685 we publish a couple of illustrations of the "GREAT EASTERN" IN THE STORM which disabled her, from sketches by Mr. C. F. Hayward, F.R.I., of London, England. We have already mentioned the circumstance in our news columns, but in order that our readers may the better understand the state of affairs, we condense the following account from the Liverpool papers:

The rudder-pin having been broken, the ship fell into the trough of the sea. The passengers were cast down to shelter, and from that moment commenced a chain of breakages which lasted without intermission for three days. Every thing movable was destroyed. Furniture, fittings, services of plate, glasses, piano—all were involved in one common fate.

It may be known when the rudder was unmanageable.

About six o'clock the vessel had to be stopped again, owing to two cries of shoot hail, weighing one hundred weight each, which were in the engine-room, rolling about with every oscillation of the vessel with fearful force. These having been secured, another shot was made, when a transom-plate may be heard under the paddle-boxes, which had become twisted, and the floats were grinding against the side of the ship. The paddles were clipped, and therefore/and the scene is described as fearful in the extreme.

The ship rolled so violently that the boats were washed away. The cabin, besides undergoing the ravages of fire from the smoke and collisions which were constantly going on, had shipped, probably through the port-holes, a great deal of water, and the stores were floating about in utter confusion and ruin.

Some of the smokers fell down with a crash. A large mirror was smashed into a thousand fragments, rails of bulwsters, bars, and numerous other fittings were flung into numberless pieces. Some idea of the roughness of the night's labor may be gathered from the fact that the chain cables polished themselves bright with friction on deck. A spare hatch big gave way on the cable deck and knocked a hole through the ship's side. Two oil tanks also on the cable deck were so much damaged by another concussion that two hundred gallons of fish oil contained in them run into the hold, and continued during the rest of the unhappy voyage a most intolerable odor.

The baggage of the passengers in the lower after-cargo space was lying in two feet of water, and before the delivery of the ship was effected all the cabin baggage was reduced to rags and pieces of timber.

Two separate instances of limbs occurred from the concussions caused by the tremendous lurching of the vessel. Cuts and bruises were innumerable. One of the cooks on board was cut violently by one of the hatches against the paddle-box, by which he sustained fearful bruises on his arms, pulling it out of his power to protect himself.

Another lurch drove him against one of the machines, by which concussion one of the poor fellow's legs was broken in three places.

The baker received injuries of a very terrible character in vital parts; and one of the most striking incidents was the case of this poor, brave man crawling in his agony to extinguish some portion of the baking gear which at that moment had caught fire.

Two cows, with their cow-houses, and a swan were washed into the lower cabin, and added much to the terror of the lady passengers.

The final conduct of the great ship and her safe arrival at Queenstown have already been noticed.

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

SATURDAY, OCTOBER 26, 1861.

WHY THE WAR MOVES SLOWLY.

A GOOD deal of impatience is expressed by the people at the slowness with which the war progresses. Our excitable citizens would like at least a battle a week, and can not understand why nearly three months have elapsed since the affair at Bull Run, and nothing worthy to mention has been done by General McClellan to efface the stain of that day. These murmurs have found utterance in one or two of our city journals.

Many reasons—amply sufficient to account for our slowness—will at once occur to the candid reader. In April last, only six months ago, we had neither money, nor army, nor navy, nor commissariat, nor transportation, nor medical bureau, nor any thing else requisite for military operations on a great scale. Now the Government has as much money as it needs, a well-appointed army of 350,000 men, a well-armed navy of some 200 vessels, and transportation, commissariat, etc., in good condition and ample amount. To have created a large and good army and navy in six months is evidence not of slowness but of unparalleled dispatch. The great armies and navies of Europe are the fruit of years of toil.

But a still better excuse for the apparent slowness of our military and naval movements is derived from the extent of country covered by the war. It is safe to say that there never was a war before prosecuted on a line of such length. From Fortress Monroe, Virginia, to Lexington, Missouri, is over 1000 miles, and we may be said to be guarding every foot of this distance. Our pickets are almost within hail of each other along a line as long as from Havre, in France, to Gibraltan, in Spain, or from Vienna, in Austria, to Brest. If we compare this distance with that occupied by the lines of the great armies whose campaigns are written in history, we shall see how unprecedented our present circumstances are. The whole of the great Italian war of 1859—in which over 800,000 men were engaged—was waged in an area less than that of New Jersey or of Vermont, and neither belligerent ever occupied lines extending over 150 miles in length. The Crimean war of 1854-'5 was waged in an area about the size of Manhattan Island, and the lines guarded by sentinels seldom extended, on either side, beyond 20 miles front. Wellington, in the Spanish Peninsula, covered a front line of some thirty miles; and Napoleon, in Italy and Germany, about the same. Even the operations of the great French army of 1813 were narrow and contracted in comparison with those of the army under General Scott.

So with the navy. In the Crimean war the combined fleets of England and France devoted their whole energies to the blockading of three isolated sea-ports, and the assault of three isolated forts. In the old European wars there never was an attempt made to perfect a blockade of a long coast line. England never attempted to close, with ships of war, every French port. She blockaded a port here and a port there, and left the others to be looked after by flying squadrons. We have a close coast-guard extending along a line from 2000 to 3000 miles, and hermetically sealing at least twenty-five established ports of entry. The lines of our "blockade" would encircle all Europe, with the exception of Russia. When it is remembered that, at the outbreak of the rebellion, we had but one available ship of war in a loyal port, it must be confessed that this is doing pretty well.

Signs indicate that the impatient among our fellow-citizens will very soon be gratified by the occurrence of startling events. The day rapidly approaches which was long ago appointed for the commencement of active offensive operations by the Government. If, however, fresh delays should intervene, people must not institute disparaging comparisons between the movements of our armies and those of the European hosts which, in past times, have waged wars in holes and corners where the struggle could not relieve each other without jostling the enemy.

THE LOUNGER.

"THE ORNAMENT OF BEAUTY IS SUSPECT."

AT least the American people ought to insist upon fair play. General Washington was in New York when the battle of Brooklyn was lost, one of our most disastrous defeats: he was driven from the city, from the island, from the Hudson River, Fort Washington fell, and he retreated across the Hackensack, and the Raritan, and the Delaware: had not Rivington's New York *Gazette* been forcibly suppressed by the Sons of Liberty, it would have reveled in alone of him, and have scornfully challenged the friends of America to confess that they had been guilty of employing a military genius like this Virginian surveyor, all of whose military exploits had been upon the frontier.

But let us be more lenient, and, until then, his friend, Joseph Reed, to General Lee, deprecating Washington; the Conway cabal against him; the letters of Gates, of which, as he has published in London, could not shake him in his purpose, nor ruffle the pure current of his patriotism. His duty was to serve his country, and to satisfy a partial or ignorant criticism. He was not ignorant of these enmities; he sometimes spoke of them with deep feeling; and his letters to Reed, the President was to put upon record in the State Department a solemn denial of the letters shamelessly ascribed to him. There is no more established letter of Washington's in which he speaks in these calm words of blows that might easily have harmed more than himself, for they might have reached his country:

"We have some among us, and I dare say Generals, who wish to make themselves popular at the expense of others, or who think the cause is not to be advanced otherwise than by fighting: the peculiar circumstances under which it is to be done, and the consequences which may follow are objects too remote for their attention. But as I have the great end in view, I shall, against all the strokes of this kind, steadily pursue the means which in my judgment lead to the accomplishment of it, not doubting but that the candid part of mankind, if they are convinced of my integrity, will put the most favorable construction upon my imperfections and frailties. I will agree to be loaded with all the obloquy they can bestow if I commit a willful error."

Whenever in our history we shall see any other leader upon whose ability great hopes have been reposed, checked by circumstances which he could not control and will not explain, let us not at once throw to the winds all the confidence which we have gladly given him, but patiently wait until it shall be incontestibly proved that confidence was ill-founded. Nor then will every generous soul not a disappointed office-seeker, capacity, or rascal to an honest man his due because he does not seem to have the qualities which it is no shame to lack.

THE LONDON "TIMES" AND GARIBALDI.

IF some ingenious fellow should tell the London *Times* that President Lincoln was intriguing to succeed Jeff Davis as head of the rebellion, the London *Times* would instantly swallow the story and discharge a full broadside of horror at the awful duplicity engendered by American institutions and the fundamental principle of popular government. If another ingenious fellow should date from the city of Maine, in the State of San Francisco, and inform the same *Times* that the rights of civil liberty were prostrate in the dust beneath the heel of a worse than Asiatic tyranny, because some foolish scribbler had been arrested and put out of harm's way, the London *Times* would publish it in full, and gloat over the superior happiness enjoyed under a real despotism. The history and lying reports, and all the tragical detail of English poverty, so amply attest.

But a more ingenious fellow than either sent the word of a mare's nest to the London *Times*, and the Judicious and honeyed sheet straightway led off in this style: "As if despairing of native genius or enterprise, the President at Washington has actually sent to Garibaldi to accept the post of Commander-in-chief, throwing into the bargain the emancipation of the slaves. It costs an effort to take in the extravagant oddity and the humiliating character of this proposal." But the *Times* is perfectly capable of the effort, and away it flies into a judicrous programme of the possibilities and consequences of his acceptance.

There would certainly have been nothing remarkable or dishonorable in the offer of a position in our armies to one of our most illustrious naturalized citizens, and one of the most celebrated of living soldiers. It would in this case have been peculiarly appropriate, that Garibaldi is famous for his unwavering opposition to the efforts of despotism to destroy the unity and liberty of his native land, and may be supposed to cherish the warmest sympathy with the effort of his adopted country to maintain her unity and liberty. It was no reflection upon the valor or ability of Washington, or Gates, or Putnam, or Greene, that the Continental Congress offered a Major-Generalcy to Lafayette. The foreign officers in our revolutionary service were noble men and faithful friends, but it so chanced that they did not win the decisive battles.

The amiable slanderer of the American people and its government, which is so horror-struck by the thought that a gallant hero may have been summoned to fight the battle of constitutional liberty in this country, has not a word about the efforts of its friends the rebels and the foes of constitutional liberty to gain the support of the Indians. Why should it have? The London *Times* is the exponent of the British public opinion which allowed George Third to hire Hessians to fight his battles against the sons of Englishmen. It can of course only exhibit approval of the attempts, striving to destroy the safeguards of constitutional liberty, in order to make slavery the corner-stone of a new government raised upon its ruins, summon savages to their aid.

THE OPERA.

EVEN since the introduction of the Italian opera into England, the days when an enthusiastic admirer gave fifty guineas a thousand dollars for a single ticket, and a rapturous devotee of music could cry, "One God, one Farinelli"—ever since those days the opera manager has been one of the powers of fashion. We have no doubt in this country, but none who have worked more indefatigably for the public amusement than Mr. Ullman. That he has worked to make a profit as he has apparently hoped. Nobody was ever so churlish as to grudge Mr. Burnum the money he may have made by his Jenny Lind speculation.

But civil war and the opera are not friends. We hear frequently, indeed, that the Parisian theatres were never more crowded than now, is here. But it is Paris which supports those theatres, not the rest of France. With us it is different. The opera audiences of New York, Philadelphia, and of Philadelphia is recruited from the other parts of the country. This is particularly so in New York. The sailing ships of Liverpool, and Glasgow, and Sharon, and all the springs and shores, has annually left thousands of strangers tarrying in New York until the cold weather. But October and October and November has been a study of our varied nationality.

But this year the South, as a body, is in arms against us, and waging a bloody and cruel war against the common Government. The autumnal visitors are not here. But the Academy is open, and Mr. Ullman is here, and his lease is here. Of course he concluded his engagement with the authorities of the Academy with the expectation that the usual peace would prevail. In that he shared a very general error. In order, therefore, that he may help himself to pay his rent and fulfill all his promises—among which is that of Ristori for September, 1862—Mr. Ullman has proposed to the Directors of the Academy that they let the Academy, upon condition—or rather, with the hope—that every stockholder will dispose of a certain amount of tickets at one dollar each to the poor, for every share he may hold. The chorus, orchestra, employés, and several artists, volunteer their aid; the use, of course, will be a sacrifice. The actually will be small, and the income will—not to put too fine a point upon it—put Mr. Ullman upon his legs. There will be few performances in the year, upon the 17th of October, will have passed before this paper is published; the second will be on Monday evening, the 4th of November, when the comic opera, "now the rage in Paris," and an opera of Donizetti's, "Betty," never before sung in America, are to be produced by Madame Ponisi, Miss Kellogg, Miss Hinkley, Signor Briguoli, Signor Mancusi, and Miss Carlotta Patti, to whom the famous children is a guarantee of success. The manager's appeal, and calls upon the shareholders to show that, "despite the treasure promptly found to supply *** war's expensive requisites," there is enough left to support the opera.

The reasoning is good; and we sincerely hope that Mr. Ullman's benefit may be truly beneficial.

LIEUTENANT BRAINE.

THE late Mr. Secretary Toucey did his share in inaugurating the conspiracy against the Government by emptying the national ships to the ends of the earth, so that when we were compelled to turn to all our resources there were, thanks to the estimable efforts of that distinguished patriot, but six available ships at the service of the country. We have had, consequently, to create a navy. The old American renown upon the seas was to vindicate itself if it could: and Commodore Stringham and Lieutenant Braine have proved that it can.

The brilliant affair of six weeks and more since at Hatteras Inlet was beginning to pale in the public

appreciation, because it seemed only the beginning of a good thing which was not completed, and because of the capture of the *Fanny*, which seemed to indicate something like treachery. But the affair of Saturday week was an equal vindication of the pluck and skill of our naval officers. It was managed by a Lieutenant, and was a disastrous blow for the rebels.

Coming in force to recapture the forts, supported by sloops and steamers, they laid and are marching over the sand, driving a scant of loyal men before them. Suddenly the *Monticello* steamed around Cape Hatteras, and approaching the low shore opened a hail fire. The stricken and appalled enemy turned and fled—but the ship moved steadily along their flank, pouring in the deadly hail of shot and shell. The fated traitors took refuge in a wood; but the fiery storm smote them there, and they ran wildly to the beach. Then own ship's level to return the fire; but left helpless themselves, and they desisted. As they struggled at the boats they were still within range, and two of the boats were sunk by the terrible cannonade. The rout and slaughter are pitiful to hear of. But the victory was complete, and the lesson must tragically sobering.

Will they learn it? Will they see in those sad four hours upon the fatal sand spit the work and the fate that is before them? Or do they suppose that the hand which fell upon them there so heavy? Or is likely to be weakened as months pass? When the expedition is sailed—when the American navy is nibbling at their shores and the array is driving them back—when universal apprehension leads to the rule or law of any Confederate Congress can control—when the whole world, and even reluctant England, turn their backs, and declare that we have vindicated upon a certain result are more and more doggedly setting themselves to the work—then Lieutenant Braine's performance at Cape Hatteras will be seen to be but a promise and a symbol.

A FRIEND INDEED.

THERE is one newspaper which, during the bitter difficulties of the last few months, has been in less forcible and eloquent in stating and defending the cause of this nation than faithful to the great principle of constitutional liberty. Its course has endeared it to every patriotic American, and the name of the London *News* will be as much honored by our children as that of the London *Times* will be despised. Waywardness of opinion and profound ignorance are always to be expected of the *Times*, as upon every question of the past for the last dozen years known; but such deliberate, reckless, and malignant slander as has marked its course toward us we did not think even that paper had prepared us to anticipate.

The London *News* has done the inestimable service of placing the cause where it would fail. What might be said in our journals in reply to the *Times* and kindred prints could only be known to the English people through the representations which they might choose to make. But the *News* has sturdily stood our friend. And as, in the older day, Edmund Burke was the most eloquent as when he spoke for justice in America, so the *News*, which is always able, was never so brilliant and powerful as in its advocacy of American civil liberty, assailed by traitors at home and by the foes of liberty everywhere.

The latest and most striking illustration of the faithful friendship of the London *News* is the following. The London *Times*, speaking of the Russian letter, says:

"We shall be curious to see how this well-meant intervention will be received in the United States, for as yet nothing can be known of the contents of Mr. Seward's short dispatch. Were we to argue from the treatment to which England has been exposed, we should have little sanguine as to the result. Every thing we have done or omitted to do, every step we have had or not said, has been subjected to the same coarse misrepresentation and the most unprovoked insult. The press of the United States has never been weary of attributing to us designs which we never entertained, and recognitions in Southern States, the harboring their privateers, the breaking the blockade, and of otherwise treating that territory by their threats and insults, we had reluctantly given up our authorized title. Had Earl Russell been so unwise as to the Emperor as to us, he will receive a very ungracious acknowledgment for his well-meant intervention. We are, however, sanguine enough to believe that this will not be the case, and that the offer will be doing injustice to the people of the States if we should assume that the treatment which they have given to their border is to be the measure of their courtesy to foreign nations. On the contrary, we have reason to believe that we stand in the United States on the footing of the least favored people of the earth."

To this the London *News* answers:

"If any European counsel could have been of use to the United States, it would have been that of his Imperial Majesty. Under the circumstances, we should evidently disregard an opportunity of expressing to the Government and people of a friendly power which is with them the best interests of their rivals. In the case of the English Government this was manifestly impossible, if from no other cause than the mean and base motions which found prominent expression in a certain portion of the London press. But the American troubles, which have provided a malignant and unfailing entertainment to one phase of their development, and in the light of which every official manifestation would be judged."

THE RETURN OF DR. HAYES.

DR. HAYES'S Arctic expedition has returned, after an absence of fifteen months. The explorers were unable to penetrate much beyond the eighteth degree of latitude, and the detailed results of the voyage are yet to be learned. Probably it has added little to our previous knowledge; for the course of the expedition was not unusual, nor did it reach or touch at points not known others. It has no romance and the heroism are always the same, and every voyage does as the great service of destroying the terror which invests the silent world of ice.

The Hayes's expedition is saddened upon its return by the death of two of its members. In Mr. August Sontag we lose an artist and an enthusiast. His name was not unfamiliar to those who know any thing of our artists; and he entered with great ardor into the Arctic scheme in which he has perished. Whether he has left many sketches of northern scenery we have as yet no means of knowing. But the Doctor will doubtless prepare a volume of his adventures, and it will be naturally illustrated by such drawings as Sontag may have made.

The Arctic enthusiasm has doubtless died away for the present, both here and in England. It is periodical rather than persistent, like so many other great undertakings. Moreover, the alienation of national feeling, which will be the inevitable result of the conflict in which we happen to be in our dark day, will for many a year prevent any hearty co-operation in arduous enterprises, as it will sully with the foul blood and the tears of the days to the exist between England and America, and which, by our action, would never have been interrupted.

THE LAST STROKE OF THE BELL.

A GENTLEMAN who recently made his way to the North from the South was stopped in Nashville at the outset by the Vigilance Committee. A Vigilance Committee of rebels, whose chairman was John Bell, the late "Union" candidate, by disunion votes of the South and the Northern Democracy. Mr. Bell was desirous that the permit should be granted at once, but the Committee were not so courteous, and it was only after a close examination and due deliberation that it was granted.

There is something so pitiful in the position of this man that others who do not like Mr. Bell and the one national honor demands that the lesson of his example shall not be lost upon the young and aspiring men of the country. In 1860 Mr. Bell meant precisely what Mr. Stephens meant—the dominance of his section. The Chairman of the Convention was nominated upon that basis, and the great question which was the real issue of the last election—namely, the extension and confirmation of the power of slavery in the Federal Government—"a miserable abstraction." The Chairman differed in his views from the ablest men of all parties in the country. So little is the favorable abstraction was it, that it was vital enough to imperil the very existence of the Government.

If by "United" Mr. Bell had meant the nation, the Government, the Constitution, and the enforcement of the laws at every cost, against Jeff Davis, and Floyd and Cobb, and the whole crew of officers who might be false to their flag, and were trying to ruin the Government for the benefit of slavery, as well as against secession, he would have scientiously treat as criminals men whose only crime was the misfortune of being born—if this had been the Union which Mr. Bell stood upon ground where he could stand just as firmly to-day.

But Mr. Bell's doctrine was Mr. Buchanan's—that the Union existed by sufferance; thus it was very naughty to break it up, but it could not law-fully be forced to remain. Upon that basis Supose he had been elected President—where would this nation be to-day?

The moral is, that every man should clearly understand that there can be but two grounds; either the absolute unity of the nation and the unconditional support of the Government of the national affairs, or the absolute independent supremacy of the State governments. Between the two there is no holding. The position which Mr. Bell hoped to hold was exactly Jeff Davis's position. He thought that it was better for Mississippi to go out, but absolutely right for any one to do it by any national permission. So the citizens of Kentucky thought that it was better for her to stay in, not because she had no more right to secede from the nation than the city of Louisville has the right to secede from Kentucky, but by right of her own sovereignty. It is an error from which they seem to have nobly recovered. There are now no two sovereignties. Some of the attributes of sovereignty—such as the right of war, for instance, are retained by the State; but the great, final, supreme powers of sovereignty have been delegated by the people of the States to the national Government; and that Government has no power which they do not necessarily revert to the States, but to any number of people over those who can succeed in organizing and sustaining a new Government.

Mr. Bell has fallen as few public men fall. Deserted by his old friends, despised by his new, the last stroke of the bell to us as the appointed representative of patriotism, and, therefore, worthiest to be President of the United States, hastens to disunion, we greet him, and disappointed in the history of his country, the inefficient leader of a gang who seek their country's dishonor and destruction.

"GREAT EXPECTATIONS."

MR. DICKENS'S admirable tale "Great Expectations," which was introduced to the American public in the columns of *Harper's Weekly*, has been dramatized by Mr. Aiken, and will be played at Barnum's Museum. It is an effective play, and is having a good run. Plays based on Mr. Dickens's stories rarely contain high dramatic merit, but offend the most fastidious taste or the nicest sense of morality.

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

VERY LIKE A WHALE.—They had better have stuck to the naval Expedition to Port Royal. Seems, for it seems that the Shareholders are doomed to blubber.

A BRUTE.—Our cynical friend Snobgrass, whose antipathy to married ladies is only to be equaled by his admiration for ignorant ones, declares that the preference which strong minded women show for blue stockings serves entirely to the fact of their requiring less washing than white ones.

TO BE FACETED WITH, for the veriest trifle, a LONG AND LAMENTABLE EPISTLE.—Is a misfortune indeed quality. The advertiser can highly recommend it, as it has been in his possession now for the best three years, and has never left him, either day or night, for a single minute. The only motive for parting with it, is because the owner has recently joined a Choral Society, and he finds that his fellow-songsters strongly object to his practicing with them. Six dozen bones of rough lamegrass will be thrown in, as a warranty, with the whole. Immediate possession can be had, and a month's trial allowed for approval. Letters to be addressed to "A. HARDEN, Esq., care of the Secretary of the Tonic Sol-Fa-Fiddle-de-dee Association."

ANECDOTES FROM BATH.

BY OUR TRAVELING COLLECTOR.

The fascinating Miss ****, being taken to the Hippodrome, inquired the meaning of the incessant cry, by the riders, "*Stump it!*" She was informed that it merely meant "Come on." This young lady is one of the few who never forget any thing, not even themselves. Next day, the fifth, she exclaimed at the hotel * * * * was at once as much surprised as delighted at hearing a sweet voice, from an upper landing, cry, "*I can't stump it, young gal!, hoop it!*"

A London cockney passing the shop of M. Houtetour, Jun de Rivels, publisher of engravings, remarked that you would naturally go there for High Art.

The name unfortunately enough, having heard that heretofore is eaten at certain Parisian hotels, evinced the utmost horror, looking round, he cried, "I'm a Velluntary, I came to the *bon Garçons*. He says that a soldier of nation is the surest approach he can bear to equestrian viands.

In all the Roman Catholic churches are now put up placards inserted in a frame, thus printed: "But as every body passes them, Brown says that we are all denizens of the Strand, and therefore, we have a right to the notion.

"I see a paragraph, mon ami," said the *spirituel* Visconte de * * * * to an English friend, "I see a paragraph in one of your papers, which I quote in the eye of grace." "Yes," said his English friend. "Well, mon ami, I do not know what it is, but I am told that when you sit designing a line in a muddy river all day are gone in the eyes of grace." "Ah, then, to be sure," said the Englishman.

L'Argent fait Peur is the title of a new Parisian piece. Seeing the name on a bill, Jones remarked, "Ain't there? Why I'll take it, of course, if it's in English I should be a-dropped!" "Who care?" said his friend Robinson.

SECESSION.

BY CŒAR.

What fun dis hard secession am,
For olderry nigger, Pompy!—Yes, Sar!
Massar summon'd de Union Sun
'Pon you and me sumcode from Massar.

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

ADVANCE OF THE UNION ARMY.

THE Union army in front of Washington is now in possession of all the points lately occupied by the rebels—namely, Leesville, Bull Run, Fairfax Court-House, Taylor's, and Maxwell's hills, from which positions the enemy have retreated without showing fight. No rebels are visible within six miles of our front. The late heavy rains have rendered the roads impassable to fifteen days above a forbidden depth, thus rendering all movements of either army across the country impossible.

THE GRAND ARMY TO BE DIVIDED INTO CORPS D'ARMIE.

It is now understood that the army of the Potomac is to be at once divided into *corps d'armée*, each encamping from 30,000 to 40,000 men, the opposition has been made to this plan by the older Generals, but the counsels of M'Clellan, ultimately, will be prevailed.

AFFAIRS IN KENTUCKY.

The accounts of Buckner's strength are found to have been greatly exaggerated. He has not been so unfortunate as to be without arms and shoes, and but few of them are unarmed. Gallatin, on the northern border of the State, Tennessee by way of the Cumberland Gap, is known to have received a large force from Georgia—his original purpose probably being only the procurement of supplies in the section. He now numbers 15,000 men. On the other hand, the National forces are rapidly increasing, not only by the recruits now constantly arriving, but mainly by the re-enlistment of the Kentuckians themselves, who, seeing the necessity of the occasion, are now flocking to the National standard by thousands. An instance of the spirit which animates them may be found in a skirmish at Barbourville, in the mountains, which took place near Hillsborough, in Fleming County, ninety-one miles east of Louisville, a few days ago. A body of three hundred rebels were attacked by fifty Home Guards, and completely routed, leaving behind a number of Enfield rifles, sabres, pistols, and other articles of war.

RETURNED FROM THE FEDERAL ASSEMBLY.

The Louisville journals publish the documents referring to the retirement of General Anderson from the command of the Cumberland District, and to the appointment of General Sherman in his place. General Anderson deeply regrets that he is compelled to withdraw from the field, but feels health renders it necessary for him to do so, and the selection of Sherman is approved by his own recommendation, given his great satisfaction.

AFFAIRS IN MISSOURI.

General Fremont has advanced from Jefferson City toward Lexington. A scout has just arrived at Jefferson City, reporting that between Lexington and Independence there were only 1000 rebels at that place. He also learned that Hon. Hiram Walker, of Jackson County, with eight men, waiting for reinforcements from Arkansas. A large force of Kansas troops, under the command of Col. Jennison of William's creek, were with General Price at Lexington, and also with General Buckner. Ben M'Culloch expects to join General Price at Sac River about the 15th inst., when they will move from there on their march on Jefferson City. This information was credited at the Missouri capital.

AFFAIRS IN WESTERN VIRGINIA.

The position of General Lowenstein in Western Virginia is ascertained to be at Gauley Bridge, twenty-five miles from Gouley, in a very strong position. He had recently advanced as far as Cotton Hill, but finding that he could subsequently fall back in order to draw out the rebels, who were strongly posted at Big Sewell, and induce them to give battle, but they declined the invitation. General Reynolds reports that Floyd's force is still encamped in front of the position, have been driven back as far as Greenbrier River, and have lost their horses and provisions. They had destroyed nearly all their camp equipage, and the rebels are living upon the stalks of our troops on the Huntersville Road upon their retreat.

ACTION ON SANTA ROSA ISLAND.

A New Orleans correspondent writes that a copy of the *Natchez Daily Courier*, which has by some means reached Baltimore, states that a battle has been fought on Santa Rosa Island, from several Mississippi, Louisiana, and Alabama regiments, stationed on the mainland, near Pensacola, and in Wilson's pickets, and shortly afterward engaged the enemy's regiment. The *Secessionist* is credited with having fought with great bravery, and the rebels admit a loss of forty killed and about double that number wounded. Indeed, the dispatch indirectly indicates that the rebels eventually got the worst of the fight, although they claim to have spiked the guns of the Zouaves, destroyed all their camp equipage, and committed great slaughter among them.

THE SOUTHERN BLOCKADE.

Dispatches from Fortress Monroe state that the whole line of coast, from Galveston to the Florida reefs, is in a perfect state of efficiency. The garrison at Fort Pickens is in a position to attack Pensacola and the adjoining forts of M'Rae and Barrancas.

CONDITION OF NEW ORLEANS.

The Government has secured a rendezvous on Ship Island, and one or two other points in the vicinity of the city, where troops can be easily landed, and where depots for provisions and ammunition can be securely placed; and besides the regular blockading force, there are at the entrances to the Mississippi River two United States sloops of war, a large propeller gun-boat, the steamer *Water Witch*, an armed schooner, and a gun-boat, all of which are ready for active operations. It is reported that the Government is erecting batteries on the sand spit which commands the mouth of the Mississippi.

NO COTTON TO BE TAKEN TO NEW ORLEANS.

The fear of a descent upon New Orleans, and the desire to keep cotton out of the hands of the Yankees, have induced Governor Moore, of Louisiana, to issue a proclamation prohibiting the landing of any of the staple at that city after the 15th inst. He gives notice that, after that date, no cotton must be brought within the liner embracing that section of the State between the fortifications above Carrollton and those below the city, and extending back to Lake Pontchartrain. All cotton found, or other water-craft, arriving within the prescribed limits, will be seized by an armed force from the point indicated, whether the quantity of cotton carried by them be large or small; and summary steps will be taken to prevent a violation of the rule by the rebellion.

WHAT THE REBELS WANT.

The Richmond *Examiner*, on organ of the Rebel Government, says:

"Southern independence is already achieved; but the war can not be closed until we shall have recovered the Southern territory which was lately conquered to be the invader by Southern traitors. Until we shall have planted our standard upon the Potomac, and on the Ohio, the war must go on. Had this territory not been basely relinquished, the war would have ceased long since. All the lies, and treasure, and sickness, and suffering, which we shall henceforth cost our country, will be the property of the base men who betrayed their native soil, their homes, and their children, to the invader.

"It is idle to think of peace until we shall have reconquered the country which we held lying south of the boundary we have defined. Geographically, politically, and strategically, Kentucky is a part of the south, which can not afford to surrender to Northern control and jurisdiction. We can not afford to have imaginary lines and lines with the Yankees. The line of Kentucky and Tennessee is the mountain line to which the Confederate States, and 250,000 cartridges; 6000 pairs of shoes; 10,000 blankets; and 1,000,000 percussion caps; a large quantity of morphine, opiates, and other medical stores. The value of the whole is $1,000,000. The vessel is now lying out as a prize, to prey on the returning California steamers. It is said that the Government will take charge of her; also that two more iron-clad steam frigates are expected at Savannah from England by the 15th of the present month.

THE INDIAN FOR THE UNION.

Later intelligence from the Cherokee Nation contradicts the former statement relative to John Ross, who with 5000 Indians had gone over to the rebels. He, in short, has not taken place already between the revolted Indians and Ross's party.

CANNONADING AT CHARLESTON.

The Charleston *Mercury* of the 25th ult. says, that, late on the evening of the 24th, the Confederate forces on Sullivan's Island having ventured nearer than usual to the harbor, the interior of which is commanded by the guns of Fort Sumter, replied with spirit, but the distance being very great, the shots seem scarcely to reach the steamer and vessels named.

RETURN OF THE LAST POLAR EXPEDITION.

A dispatch from Halifax announces the arrival there of the Polar Expedition under Dr. Hayes, for which the United States sent two years ago. Two of the party have died during the absence of the vessel in search of it. The expedition spent last winter at Port Foulke, near Alexander, and proceeded thence on the last summer with dogs and sledges as high as lat. 81° 35'.

ACTIVITY OF COMMERCE AT THIS PORT.

From September 1st to 9th last there have been 229 sail of vessels arrived from foreign ports at this port. During the same time 230 sailed for the same places, also for foreign ports, of which 22 were for Liverpool, 11 for London, and 8 for Havre. There are now 35 sail up and loading for the port of Havre alone—all of which are loading breadstuffs.

THE SUTLER COMPETITION.

A Washington correspondent writes: "Secretary Cameron is taxing every nerve to relieve himself entirely of being a heavy owner in the Northern Central, to be charged with embezzling at the expense of the Civil road. Although the charge is unjust, he is anxious to avoid the semblance of any thing wrong or selfish, and will, it is said, insist upon the sale of his interest in the road at the earliest practicable moment for government purposes. The sutlers of the 3d Western Virginia, and of the Cameron gorge of the great West can come here by the way of Wheeling and Harrisburg, and thence to Baltimore. Every thing is obliged to pass over the Northern Central road, and such is the competition for the transportation of stores of goods, that not unfrequently a hundred dollars is paid for an ordinary freight car. So favored are they by the company, but to a shipper whose name stands first on the books."

FOREIGN NEWS.

ENGLAND.

THE INTERVENTION IN MEXICO.

The London *Times* having announced that the three allied Powers contemplated an invasion of the soil of Mexico, the Government organ, the London *Post*, contradicts the statement, and reports the resolution that a grand armed demonstration will induce the republic, and the execution of the customs revenues to payment of the debts, and a full indemnity to England, France, and Spain. The treaty was not signed at the latest moment, and the *Paris Pays* says that the allies have resolved to adopt the closing on. A French war-ship had been, however, ordered from Brest to the Gulf of Mexico. The London *Post* says that President Lincoln approves of the intended demonstration.

ITALY.

AFFAIRS IN ITALY.

From Italy we acquire the news here regarding the precipitous condition of the Pope's health. At Bologna turbulent demonstrations are made, and the people refuse to pay taxes or provisions. Several arrests had been made, and private money measures had been proposed. In a circular, addressed by Count Ricasoli to the Italian Consular Agents, he states that the national flag of Italy covers 800,000 tons of shipping, manned by 60,000 sailors.

CHINA.

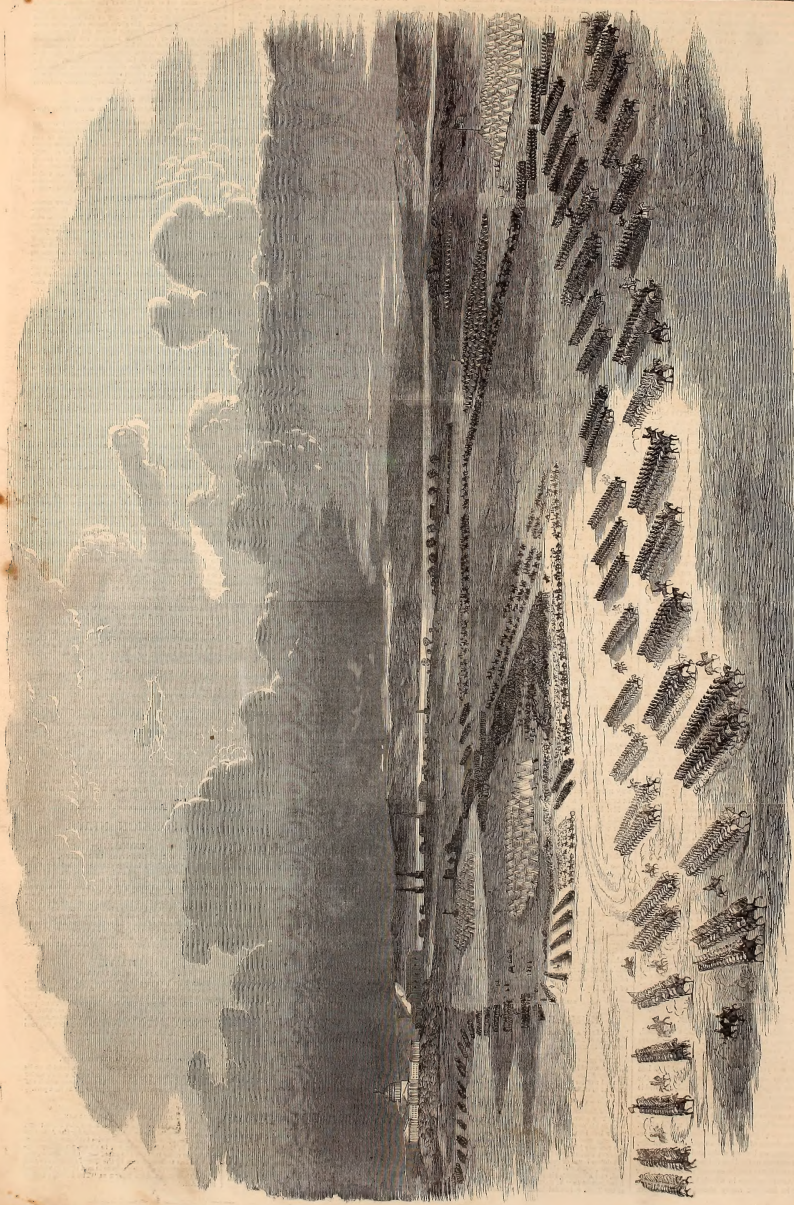
OUR SQUADRON COMING HOME.

The United States squadron on the China coast is on its way home. The steamer-of-war Powhatan, from Pekin, had gone to Shanghai to overhaul a schooner which was fitting out, it was said, as a rebel privateer in that port.

CANADA.

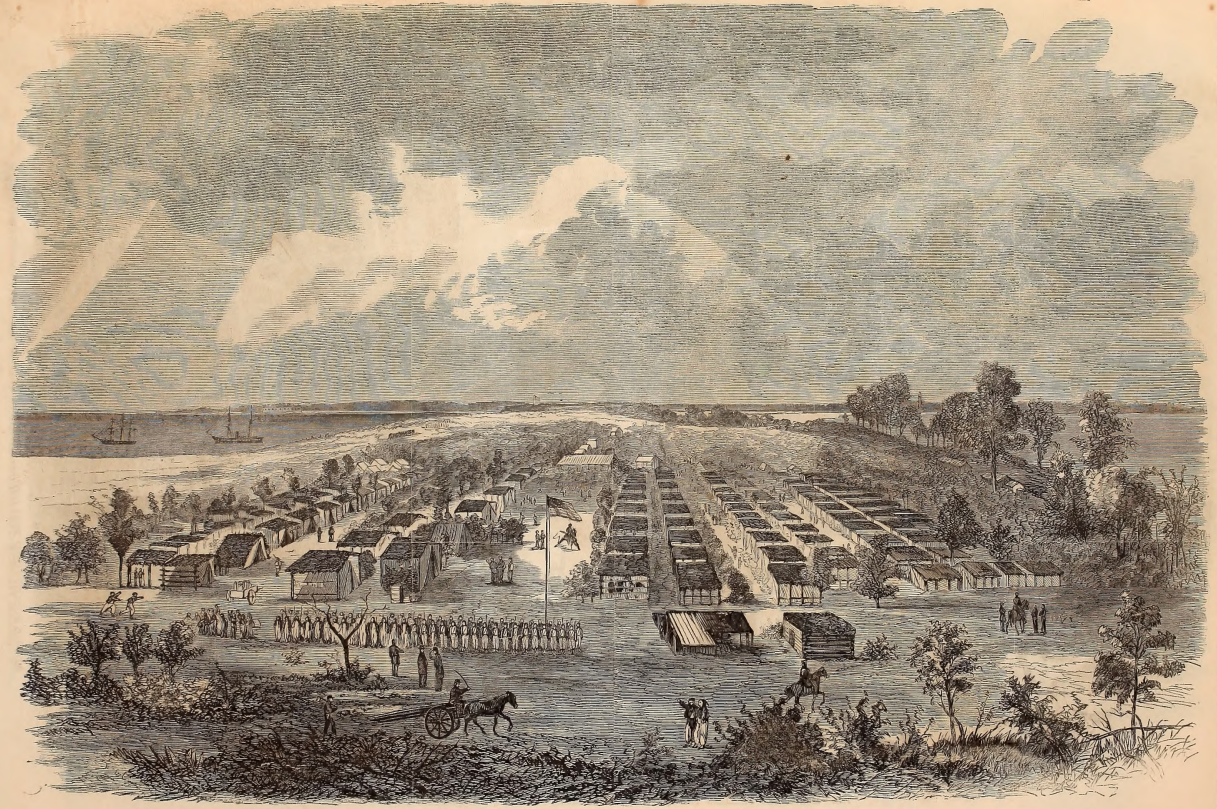
ARREST OF COLONEL RANKIN.

Colonel Rankin, member of the Provincial Parliament, has been arrested for enlisting recruits for the American army. The offense urged against him in the complainant's affidavit is, that he has agreed to accept a military commission to enter into the service of the United States, and that he has induced divers of the Queen's liegey to enlist in the same service. This offense is said to be in violation of the Canadian statute known as "The Foreign Enlistment Act."

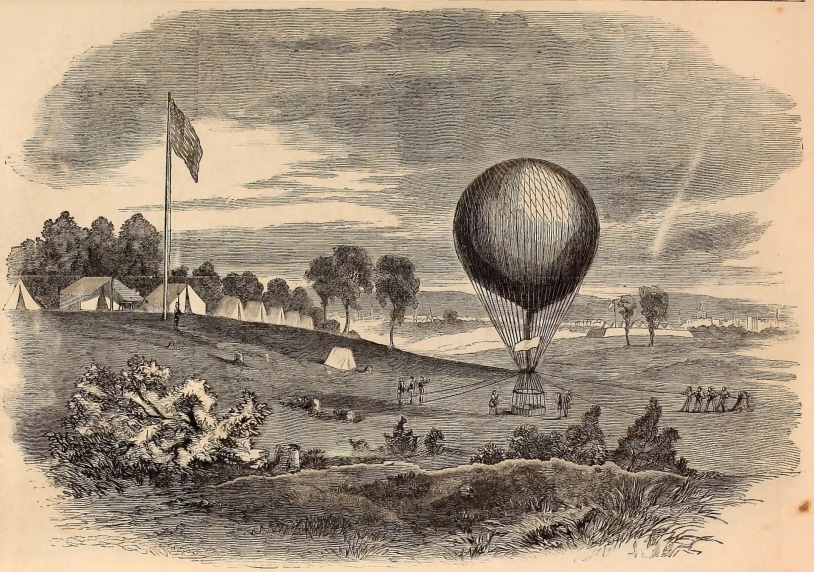


GRAND CAVALRY AND ARTILLERY REVIEW AT WASHINGTON, OCTOBER 8, 1861.—SECURED BY AN OCCASIONAL CONTRIBUTOR.—[SEE PAGE 667.]

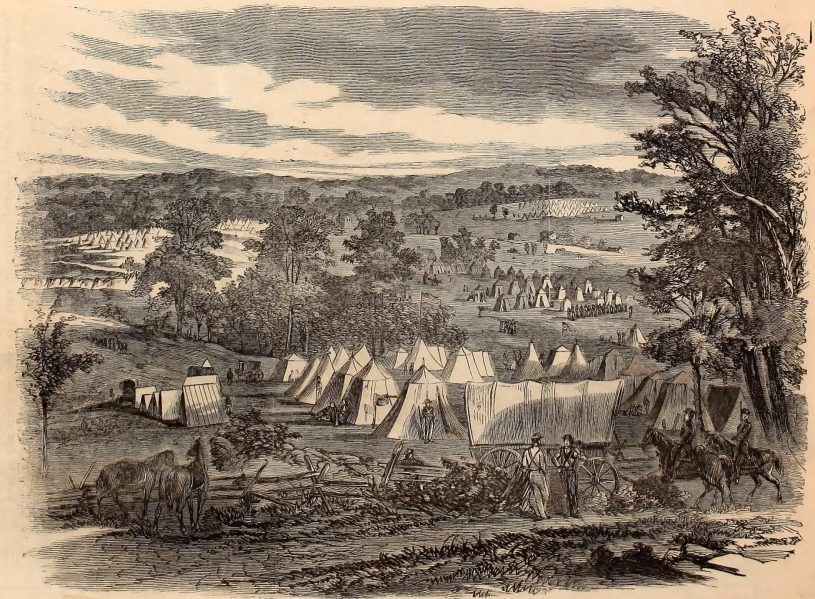
THE "MONTICELLO" SHELLING THE REBELS NEAR HATTERAS, OCTOBER 5, 1861.—[SEE PAGE 676.]



CAMP OF THE SIXTH REGIMENT NEW YORK VOLUNTEERS (WILSON'S ZOUAVES), ON SANTA ROSA ISLAND, FLORIDA, FORT PICKENS IN THE DISTANCE.—SKETCHED BY CHARLES F. ALLGOUER.—[SEE PAGE 687.]



THE WAR BALLOON AT GENERAL M'DOWELL'S HEAD-QUARTERS PREPARING FOR A RECONNOISSANCE.—Sketched by Ed. Pietsch.—[See Page 687.]



GENERAL FREMONT'S CAMP NEAR JEFFERSON CITY, MISSOURI.—Sketched by Alexander Simplot.—[See Page 687.]

Chippewa. Sciota. Huron. Ottawa.

OUR NEW

Nashville. Alabama. Quaker City. St. Jago de Cuba. Mount Vernon. South Carolina. Florida. Massachusetts.

MERCHANT STEAMERS CON

Seneca. Unadilla Sagamore. Tioga.

BOATS.

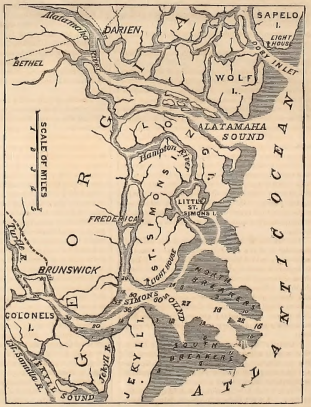
Augusta. James Adger. Monticello. Bienville. R. R. Cuyler.

TED INTO GUN-BOATS.

CHARLESTON AND BEAUFORT, SOUTH CAROLINA.

NEW ORLEANS, LOUISIANA.

MOBILE, ALABAMA.



BRUNSWICK, GEORGIA.

WILMINGTON, NORTH CAROLINA.

SOUTHERN HARBORS.

As it is well known that the United States Government is fitting out expeditions for the attack of one or more Southern ports, we publish herewith Charts of the harbors of WILMINGTON, N. Carolina, CHARLESTON, South Carolina, SAVANNAH and BRUNSWICK, Georgia, FERNANDINA, Florida, MOBILE, Alabama, and NEW ORLEANS, Louisiana. Of the only remaining harbor of any consequence in the Gulf States—Pensacola—we have published several charts during the past few months. The harbor of Beaufort, South Carolina, is shown on the chart of the harbor of Charleston.

Speculation is rife as to which of these harbors will be first attacked, but nothing positive is known on the subject. BEAUFORT, S. C., BRUNSWICK, Georgia, and PENSACOLA, Florida, are the only three harbors which large ships can enter. Beaufort was for a long time the rival of Charleston, and was only superseded by its more northern rival because before railroads existed the confluence of the Ashley and Cooper rivers gave Charleston a paramount advantage in regard to communication with the interior. Brunswick, Georgia, has an excellent harbor. Some years since it was proposed to establish a naval depôt there, and by constructing a railroad to build up a new cotton port. A landing there would develop the Union sentiment of Georgia. Of the advantages and the difficulties of landings at Savannah, Charleston, Mobile, and New Orleans, it is unnecessary to say anything. There is not water at any of these ports to float a ship like the *Vanderbilt* or the *Great Republic*. In fine weather, perhaps, these vessels might discharge their cargo of men, horses, cannon, and munitions of war, by the aid of small steamers and lighters, but in stormy weather, such as usually prevails at this season, the operation would be one of great hazard. It has been suggested that an expedition might be landed on the island which closes the mouth of Mobile Bay, or on the points now occupied by our troops at the delta of the Mississippi. These conjectures, however, are entitled to but little weight. But one thing is certain. The United States Government is going to cease to act exclusively on the defensive against the rebels who have attempted to destroy the freest and best government on earth. They are now going to feel the weight of its heavy hand in punishment where they are least prepared to resist it, and an example is going to be made which will be a warning to traitors forever hereafter.

SAVANNAH, GEORGIA.

FERNANDINA, FLORIDA.

LOU AND THE LIEUTENANT.

"Lou! Lou! Louisiana!" down the wall, and over the trappings, and round the mounted cannon the words went calling.

"Lou! Louise! Louisiana!" amidst twenty laughing treble, and tramping feet, and busy bugle-notes.

Again and again he called, hunting this way and that all the time; but to neither of the three variations upon the name came there any response. Presently the laughing face grew grave, then anxious, and earnestly now he only called, in quick tones, "Louise!"

"It is very odd—very odd! She was here but a moment since. Can she have lost herself in the galleries?"

An officer came down the parade toward them, touching his hat to the ladies of the group as he approached them.

"A child lost?" he queried.

The gentleman of the party—him who had called "Louise!"—stepped forward. "My sister, Sir," was all his explanation. "She was with us a moment since."

"Oh, very likely she strayed off into one of the galleries, and has become bewildered with the various turns in the darkness. Don't give yourselves any uneasiness, I will soon find her for you;" and he passed on under the arch—meeting a brother officer, who says, "Any thing wrong?"

"No; only a child strayed off."

Just here, as the brother was about to follow in the search, one of the ladies took it into her head to faint, and so *his* hands were full, and Lieutenant Glenn was left to do the drill day at the Fort—no matter what for; only bear in mind that it was just a year from this year—in 1860.

While Lieutenant Carrington's brother, then, was attending to Mademoiselle Lemare, and fretting inwardly at the detention, Lieutenant Glenn was pursuing his way in those dark passages known as covered ways. As he went on, he called at intervals, "Louise! Louise!" as he had heard young Carrington call before; and he seemed to meet with little better success—no Louise responded to his call.

"I wish people would take better care of their children when they bring them here," he muttered, still going on, and still at intervals calling, "Louise!" At last he began to get a little anxious, and to say, "It is very odd—very odd!" and he wondered she didn't scream and cry: "Children usually do under such circumstances." Still he went on, more carefully now, calling, "Louise!" He had nearly given it up, when a faint sob—my! it thrilled through the young hero's bosom—smote his ear. He stopped, and sent his voice out again, softly, clearly, "Louise?" Then from afar responded, in broken tones, "Charlie! Charlie!" He groped in toward the voice, answering, "Here I am: don't move from where you are; I will come to you."

Very soon just the faintest gleam of a figure was perceptible in the gloom. In another moment a little thing was trying to limp, a soft face all wet with tears lying against his hand, and a soft voice, broken with faint gasps, crying, "Oh, Charlie, Charlie! I was so frightened!"

"It's no use to tell her it isn't Charlie," he thought, "for she is nervous enough now;" so he said, comfortingly, "Well, never mind, dear; it is all over now, and you are safe."

Yes, I know, but oh—oh—it was so dreadful, Charlie!—I—I couldn't scream when I found I had lost my way, and I thought—" But the recaction was too much. What she thought he never knew, for tears fell like rain, and the voice became hysterical gasps. "Poor little child!" he murmured, bending tenderly over her, smoothing away the hair and tangles, with a "There, there!" until she became more composed. Then, with his arm about her, all quivering and faint with her fright, he led her on.

They came toward an opening, and he looked down in the revealing light. The vision that met his eyes made him start with amaze, with embarrassment, and consternation.

He had got himself into a pretty scrape. This was no child at all, but a woman, young to be sure, and a very elfin sprite in shape and size. In that moment horrible visions of feminine wrath and misrepresentation, and he cashiered flashed upon him. And at the climax he uttered an exclamation. Whereat the sprite looked up, and meeting the amaze, the astonishment, the consternation, all looking out of the strange face, which wasn't Charlie's, she started back, herself uttered an exclamation, and then asked half a dozen questions at once, no one of which could be answer relevantly. She was far too frank and innocent to misrepresent him as he thought, and altogether too absorbed in her present risk and relief to feel embarrassed yet. She gathered enough of the circumstances, too, to comprehend that he came for Charlie; but where was Charlie? And failing to answer clearly, she shook him impatiently, in a little excitement of pique, and then shook him with her love for wee white hands reaching up to the great strong arm. Over her face fell the curl tangles, and she was tossing her head and stamping a little foot, half crying still, just like a baby girl.

"Say, where is Charlie?"

At this tone Charlie he got his courage and self-possession back again; and so satisfied her where Charlie was, and very succinctly rendered an account of the way he came in the matter. A long-drawn sigh "Oh!" was her only response, and with the wee white hand still clinging to his coat sleeve, much as a child will cling to the skirt of a garment, she hurried him on. Her entire preoccupation relieved him greatly; he was not vain enough to feel disappointed by it.

As they came out into clearer light he regarded her more scrutinizingly, and with perfect ease, for she never so much as gave him a look. A little blonde beauty clearly. Brown-gold hair, blue, *blue* eyes, and red roses. Her little odd ways charmed him—her little cloe, frightened clutch upon his sleeve, so unfearing and simple, charmed him still more.

And thus led by this tiny Omphale, our military Hercules came out upon the waiting group upon the parade—Charlie and the rest.

Mademoiselle Lemare had just seen fit to recover, so "Charlie" was at liberty to come forward and meet "my sister," to ask a dozen questions, and to thank Lieutenant Glenn for his "trouble"(?), during which time he was brushing cobwebs, and dust, and mould, from his clothes, and adjusting her plumed hat, and even wiping the tear-stained face with his handkerchief, half laughing as he did it. Louise herself giving the Lieutenant a little nod and a tired absent "Thank you," with her brother's.

Going out, the Lieutenant accompanied the brother, while the sister, just ahead, chattered in French to Mademoiselle Lemare of "that horrid place."

She shuddered with a shrug of her shoulders as they passed the officers' quarters, and ejaculated vehemently, "Oh, Marie, I wouldn't live here for any thing! How can girls marry these officers! Bah!"—and another little shrug—"I never could see so much romance in a pair of epaulettes!"

Lieutenant Glenn heard every word she said, and half laughed, half sighed. It was a dreary place, he knew. At the gateway they parted, the gentlemen exchanging cards and shaking hands. But Louise was in such a hurry to be away from "that horrid place," that she was half-way down the road at this parting.

In returning to his quarters a subordinate met him, touching his cap respectfully, and tendering a bunch of blue ribbons and a tiny glove smelling of violets. He took them, glanced over the wall: the carriage was far down the road, and a cloud of dust—too late to restore her property: he would take them in charge and give them to her brother. He took them "in charge" by stowing them away in his breast pocket—and in mere pocket-and by forgetting (?) all about restoring them when her brother dined with him three days after. Those days he after that he found and the brother at their host.

Sitting in their parlor waiting, he heard—and it sounded very funny now—the same voice calling, "Lou, Louie, Louisiana!" At this time there came a response, a tender treble filled with merry wonder—

"I shall never come while you call me such names, Charlie!"

Presently, without the rustle of a warning, there appears a vision all in waving ribbons—blue ribbons—and breathing violet odors. She drops a little "courtesy" to Lieutenant Glenn, standing half-way down the room from the door, then comes forward and settles her myriad skirts of white muslin into a low large chair just opposite him.

So more the jealous pettiness of the child, the queer but delightfully simple preoccupation, but a young woman: easy grace of manner; not fervid and florid with the Southern fervor, but natural and refined, tempered with a certain fresh coolness, which did not amount to coldness, but which none the less deer little impression upon the keen herself and any other. He wondered if she would ever remember that interview under the ground, and in consequence get conscious and mortified. She gave no sign.

He had come to invite them to a dress drill, or something of the sort: it was to take place the next day; would they do him the honor? Young Carrington looked at his sister; but that young person shrugged her delicate expressive head, and declined. Lieutenant Glenn would excuse her, she knew, and not think her ungracious. She was very silly, to be sure, but she was a child next to her now. She might get over it in time, but somehow she had a very nervous notion in regard to it.

"Charlie" tried laughing her out of it; told her that was all nonsense, she would get all over it if she went again. But the young Lieutenant Glenn stopped him by saying, with uncommon sympathetic kindness for a man,

"Don't—don't be urging her to go, Mr. Carrington. I don't believe in people doing violence, one way or another."

He was certainly repaid, though he little expected it, by the bright look—it was scarcely a smile—which lighted her face. How was he enchanted when, in the course of the same second of a little dream by coming close up to him, clasping both these wee, wee hands he remembered so vividly, and exclaiming in a pretty exultation—

"I know what we will do. They shall all go, Charlie and our cousins; and after, you will return with them here, and we will have a dozen quiet *tête-à-tête* fashion. Will that suit, Charlie?"

The young fellow nodded, declaring his pleasure; and at that she bent up into the guest's face, asking, "Will it suit you?"

He too declared his pleasure, inly wondering—He was it for Charlie, the bright plan, or to ease her rejection of *his* plan?

There was no telling. A little slim sprite, full of strange surprises, was Louise Carrington.

The next night he came to tea—such tea as he had never drank, served out of tiny cups, thin as paper and glittering with fairy frost-work. But neither the infusion of delicate amber nor the fairy cups sent him home intoxicated: it was a subtler charm infused through his veins, more than sweet finger-tips dropped lumps of sugar into his cup—a charm that had held him close and fast from the day they first entered upon his arm in that "beloved darkness!"

All the next day, and the next, and the next he went round humming

"A bunch of blue ribbons to tie up her bonnie brown hair."

And deep down in a deep drawer there they lay—the bunch of blue ribbons that had tied her bonnie brown hair in that "beloved darkness"—the bunch of blue ribbons he was perpetually forgetting to return.(?) And by the ribbons a little glove, violet colored and odored.

Not a week after this they bade each other "good-by." He regretfully, and with the regret shining clear out of clear hazel eyes; she simply, politely, that was all—all at least apparent.

Holding her hand a moment longer than he needed to have done, he said, "I hope your adventure, or misadventure, at the fort that day will not make the whole place so distasteful to you that you will never come again."

"Oh no;" she should in all probability come again next year. It was Charlie's favorite resort, and she always went where Charlie went.

"Next year!" We all know what happened then—the year of our Lord 1861.

What is happening now every day—"war, war, and the rumors of war." It happened, too, that Louise Carrington and her brother were at the same place, just as they had been the August before. And here Lieutenant Glenn paid his respects to them.

This year that had produced such changes in the country had produced little change with them. The blonde beauty was a beauty still, after a whirl of winter dissipation in the shape of parties and opera goings. Charlie too, who had been "servant" since the April day, went on laughing and jesting with life; and Lieutenant Glenn, grave and in earnest always, was as much in earnest now over that "bunch of blue ribbons." Charlie, who had been "serving" as volunteer faithfully and well, was now promoted to the regular service, and was at present stationed somewhere under Glenn's First. This brought the three much more together than before, though even yet Louise could not decide "that horrid place" having all this power, or *after* all this time, Glenn was no nearer his object than a year since. He was not a man to woo and to win, and Miss Carrington was not a girl to be won without wooing. Affairs, then, in this direction looked rather unpromising for our military hero, and from day—over those fabulous "one days" which do sometimes act as pretty changes in the drama of life, as in the story-tellers sense—the train of circumstances wrought the wonder for which he hoped.

Charlie stood at the foot of the stairs calling of "Louisiana! Louisiana!"

Louise stood at the mid-time mediating vengeance on this calling of names, responded not.

"Louisiana! Louisiana!" he kept on. At last opening the door at—at mid-time appeared a vision "trailing clouds of splendor" in the skirt of a bright silk dressing-gown, and leaning over the railings exclaimed, now really wrathfully, and in earnest,

"Charlie, you ought to be ashamed of yourself calling me by such names, for the very reason that the writer had during that time been in Virginia with her Southern relatives. Opening this unexpected letter she found it to contain the outpourings of girlish gossip—"that delightful ball," and "that charming Mr. S. and M."—the whole new fashions of the season, and the state of the country, principally, it seemed, for the falling off of these dear follies. But woven up with all this was an idea of intelligence that startled her—a such vital importance to the country that the reader thrilled as she perused it. It was like a torch of flame in the hand of the breathless writer, in her careless gayety, little thought what it meant. Louise Carrington, deeper souled and better trained, read its importance. And now what to do with it. She started up, but Charlie had gone! Then she must go after him! She left there was no time to lose. Binding up the "bonnie brown hair" with a bunch of blue ribbons, disgularly enough, she dressed herself as speedily as possible, and, in her excitement, never thought of the possibility of Charlie's not being at the fort. He not only was not there, but was on some sort of military service that would detain him away from the place, as well as the fort, for several days.

"I must see Lieutenant Glenn, then," she said. Lieutenant Glenn also was not there, but expected back within the hour. She tore a scrap from an unwritten portion of the letter, penciled this brief message:

"Come to the —— House, if possible, before night. I wish to see you.

"LOUISE CARRINGTON."

And gave it in charge of the sentry in waiting, to be delivered immediately on Lieutenant Glenn's return.

Arrived at home she read "the letter," finding still more importance in it than at first.

One, two, three, four hours passed, and night was fast approaching without bringing her the desired visitor. Twilight passed, and the hours went by until nine o'clock came. She was by this time in a HOT impatience: he would not come now, she was sure, for unfortunately she had specified *before* night; and besides, it was raining heavily. A little knot in Virginia Glenn.

Standing by her parlor-window, trailing a little finger down the moist window pane, while she looked out upon the stormy night; perhaps, too, saying over a child's incantation:

"Rain, rain, stay away;
Come again another day!"

for she looked not unmeet for such pretty play, a low, hasty knock fell upon her ear. She flew to the door.

"Oh, I am so glad—so glad! I was afraid you were not coming!" and she drew him into the room with just that close clasp upon his arm he had never forgotten. He had left his outer cloak in the hall, but his hair was dripping rain, and his face was cold.

"How did he ever get so wet?" she asked.

He could procure no carriage, and so—

"You walked in all this rain!" she exclaimed, horrified. "How good!" and the little hand went stroking down his arm. He thought he could have walked twice as far for such pretty payment as this touch and tone.

She roused him by coming to the subject of the letter, forming down the mere personalities, which contained nothing of importance, to the give it into his hands. As he scanned it his brow seemed into deep wrinkles. At length, looking up, "Will you give me this?" he asked.

"If it will be of service, certainly."

Rising immediately with soldierly alertness, he simply said, "Good-night," and left her without another word.

Mademoiselle Lemare got a score of her fair friends would have been highly incensed at this insensible, ungallant behavior. How did Mademoiselle Louise take it? She gazed upon the door with wide eyes a moment after he had thus departed, then whirled round upon her little high heels, laughing out a soft amused laugh, and saying aloud, "I like him!"

In his haste he had left his gloves behind him. She picked them up all crushed and wet as they were, and stroked them out, soliloquizing, "How soldierly that was, so direct and one-thoughted!" he looked very finely to-night; I like black hair." Then the wandering off to the piano she sang to a little drum-leat accompaniment,

"There's nothing like a soldier boy."

Then it is to be presumed she wandered away to bed, for it was high time after racing about half the day in search of these same soldier boys. And I have no doubt she dreamed of red sashes and gold epaulets all night.

Just after breakfast the next morning a me, says one was at the door a card. "Lieutenant Glenn." Would she see him a few moments?

He came in half deprecatingly, stood a second before her at parade rest, and then said:

"I believe I treated you very rudely last night, and I have come to offer my apologies, and to tell you—"

"No, don't; I don't want any apologies; I liked it a great deal better so."

He half smiled, looking a little mystified over this.

"I was not only rude," he went on, "but unkind, in withholding you, without a word of thanks for your great service; but I was so intent upon communicating upon the matter with General ——— that I actually forgot every thing else."

"I understood it," she made answer, "and as I said, I like it better so. I get so tired of men that always think of every thing, and I liked your way a great deal better," she finished, laughing a little, and blushing a good deal. He hesitated only a moment, then spoke out the thought of a year.

"I wish you would like me better than any other, as I do you, Miss Louise."

She caught her breath at this sudden avowal, so straightforward and direct, covered her face with her hands a moment, and said, softly, in her little odd child-way,

"I want to think! I want to think!"

Half-way down her little dimpled chin: God send it may be tenderly," he said, fervently.

A little space, and down came the hands—the wee, white hands—

"Arthur—" He lifted her up like thistle-down before she got any farther; she had never called him by his name before. "Arthur, I have liked you better than any body all along." She finished.

This while afterward, sitting there beside him, she asked, "Was the letter of so much service, then?"

"Invaluable, Louise;" and lifting her chin up in his broad palm, he went on: "Louise, to think such acute perceptions lurked in that little head! I wonder you could have passed over it at first over without seeing the significance of those items of information, and you, my little loveling, found it out. With such keen wisdom, I have to confess to say, do not mention this matter to any one else, not even to Charlie yet."

"I will not, General ——— was at the fort. It was drill day, and Louise was among the visitors. She was standing apart from others, when Lieutenant Glenn came up with the command. "This is Miss Carrington, General ———"

"The little girl who has the wisdom and discretion which many an officer might envy," was the General's gracious words, bowing over the wee white hand. And then, "I hear she is to belong to Lieutenant Glenn. I have already congratulated her lieutenant, let me congratulate her, for he is a good fellow, this lieutenant." They both laughed, then "Glenn" was taking off his hat for the compliment, and the little heroine giving the General a shy smile as she dropped her head in acknowledgment.

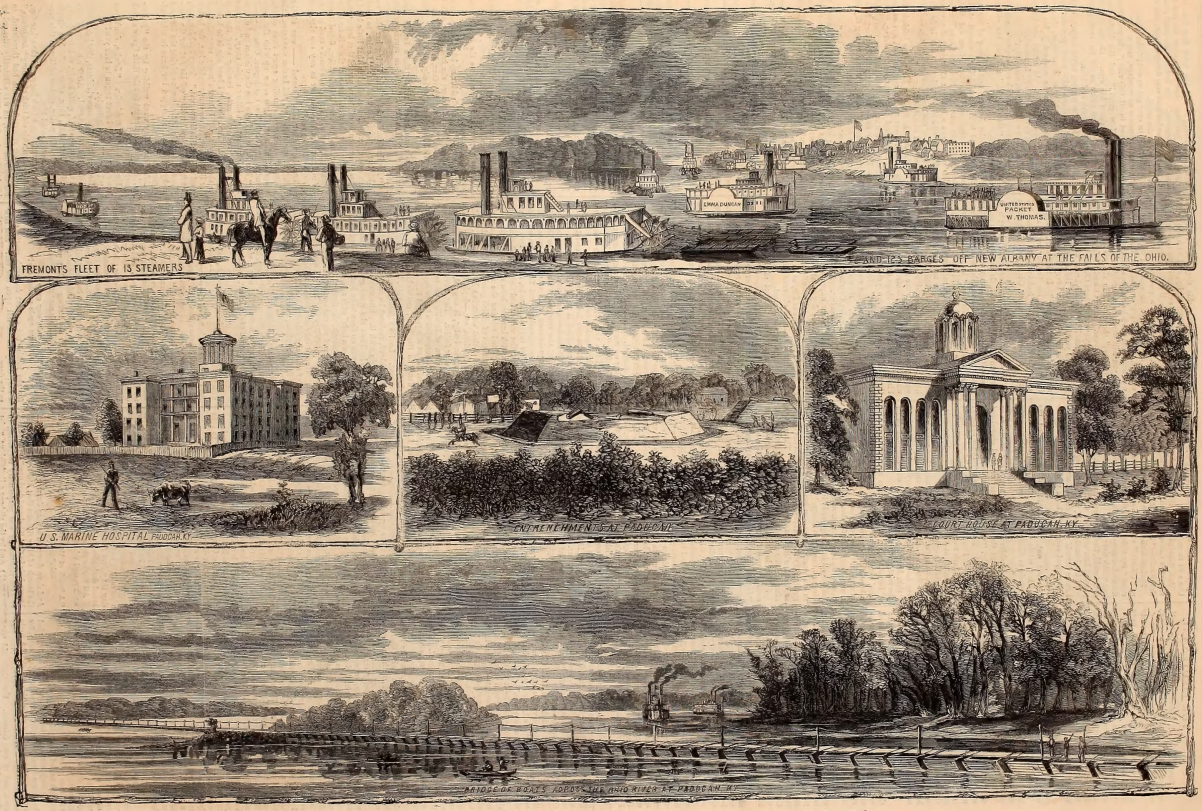
Afterward they went walking by the "galleries," and the Lieutenant felt the little figure shrink closer to him.

He bent down suddenly. "Louise, don't you know it was there I first began to love you?"

"There?" was wondering.

He recalled, with some vividness, that interview, and *then* she remembered. After a silence of several minutes she said, quite lowly, as if in a dream, "It is a dear dark, then, after all." The simple earnestness, the pretty, artless oddity in this confession, it enchanted him.

At her wedding, which happened the other day, Charlie began his old trick of calling "Louisiana," which being reported, as she had threatened, to his superior officer, he was effectually silenced by his brother-in-law's dubbing him immediately "Charleston."



THE WAR IN KENTUCKY—IN AND ABOUT PADUCAH.—Sketched by J. C. Beard and Bill Travis.—[See Page 685.]

GRAND SALOON OF THE "GREAT EASTERN" DURING THE GALE.—SKETCHED BY C. F. HAYWARD.—[SEE PAGE 674.]

OUR PADUCAH SKETCHES.

WE devote the previous page to illustrations of PADUCAH, KY., by Messrs. Beard and Travis. Mr. Beard writes, in explanation of his sketches:

The sketches I send are drawn on the spot from nature. The bridge at Paducah surpasses any thing of the kind ever before attempted in the United States. The river at the bridge is 2600 feet across. It is spanned by a hundred coal barges, strongly braced together, twelve feet apart, connected by trestle-work, and planked over; the planking is twenty feet wide. The bridge is constructed to carry the heaviest ordnance, at a point half a mile below the town. I also send you a sketch of Paducah, and the earthworks thrown up by our army on its outskirts. It is a beautiful little city, full of respectable and often elegant residences. It now wears, however, a deserted and melancholy appearance. Whole streets of tenantless buildings stretch from the landing to the intrenchments; and the few inhabitants who remain, although entirely unmolested and secure, look guilty and sullen. Some of our boys left the steamer Sunbury, and, wandering about the town, took possession of the deserted choir of a secesh church, and one of our number being a good organist, and most of us having assisted before on such occasions, we did our best to convince those within hearing that, although belonging to the "Northern rabble," we were not altogether heathen and benighted. Another of the sketches refers to the raising of the American colors in the little settlement of Alton, near Blue Creek, a characteristic sketch of the little river towns below Louisville. I must not forget to refer to the fleet of thirteen steamers, which, under Captain Phillips, brought down the material for the bridge, a rough sketch of which I obtained at New Albany.

Of the HOSPITAL, Mr. TRAVIS writes that it was built by the United States in 1850–51, at a cost of $50,000. Paducah is considered the most healthy place in the West, and hence the hospital has not had much business as yet. Dr. HAMILTON, Surgeon of the Ninth Illinois Regiment, mentioned to Mr. Travis that, on looking over the old books, he never found over sixteen patients reported on any one day. Paducah has been threatened by the rebels for some time, but has never been attacked, and probably never will be.

McCLELLAN.

So much thy Country loves thee, youthful Chief!
So wholly in thy Genius do we trust,
That all our hopes and fears on thee we thrust,
In one impulsive sweetness of belief.
So eagerly we drink the flattering tide,
Of all that thou art doing and hast done,
That on the wild wings of each Autumn gale
We list thy praises and beneath the sun
No man treads on this sacred soil to-day
Revered and loved as thou art. But we ask
A watch return for this great love: thy task
Is to reform thy Country! Hope and pray
And may the Great God, bending, smile on thine integrity!
He is our trust, and thou His chosen Instrument.
BLACKSTONE, MASSACHUSETTS, OCT., 1861.

DINING-ROOM OF THE "GREAT EASTERN" DURING THE GALE.—SKETCHED BY C. F. HAYWARD.—[SEE PAGE 674.]

[Entered according to Act of Congress, in the Year 1861, by Harper & Brothers, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Southern District of New York.]

A STRANGE STORY.

BY SIR E. BULWER LYTTON.

☞ Printed from the Manuscript and early Proofs purchased by the Proprietors of "Harper's Weekly."

CHAPTER XXX.

I CALLED that day on Mrs. Poyntz, and communicated to her the prospect of the glad news I had received.

She was still at work on the everlasting knitting, her firm fingers linking mesh into mesh as she listened to me. When I had done, she laid her skein deliberately down, and said, in her favorite characteristic formula,

"So at last—that is settled!"

She rose and paced the room as men are apt to do in reflection—women rarely need such movement to aid their thoughts—her eyes were fixed on the floor, and one hand was lightly pressed on the palm of the other, the gesture of a musing reasoner who is approaching the close of a difficult calculation.

At length she paused fronting me, and said, dryly,

"Accept my congratulations—life smiles on you now—guard that smile, and when we meet next may we be even firmer friends than we are now."

"When we meet next—that will be to-night—you surely go to the mayor's great ball the Hill succeeds to Low Tide—"

"No; we are oblig us affernoon—in less than hours—so shall be gone—a family engagement. We may be weeks away; you will excuse me, then, if I take leave of you so unceremoniously. Stay: a motherly word of caution. That friend of yours, Mr. Margrave! Moderate your intimacy with him, and especially after you are married. There is in that stranger, of whom so little is known, a something which I can not comprehend—a something that captivates, and yet revolts. I find him disturbing my thoughts, perplexing my conjectures, haunting my fancies—I, plain woman of the world! Lilian is imaginative: beware of her imagination, even when sure of her heart. Beware of Margrave. The sooner he quits L——, the better, believe me, for your peace of mind. Adieu. I must prepare for our journey."

"That woman," muttered I, on quitting her house, "seems to have some strange spite against my poor Lilian, ever seeking to rouse my own distrust of that exquisite nature which has just given me such proof of its truth. And yet—and yet—is that woman so wrong here? True! Margrave with his wild notions, his strange beauty!—true—true—he might dangerously encourage that turn for the mystic and visionary which distresses me in Lilian. Lilian should not know him. How induce him to leave L——? Ah—those experiments on which he asks my assistance! I might commence them when he comes again, and then invent some reason to send him for completer tests to the famous chemists of Paris or Berlin."

It is the night of the mayor's ball! The guests are assembling fast; county families twelve miles round have been invited, as well as the principal families of the town. All, before proceeding to the room set apart for the dance, move in procession through the museum—homage to science before pleasure!

The building was brilliantly lighted, and the effect was striking, perhaps because singular and grotesque. There, amidst stands of flowers and evergreens, lit up with colored lamps, were grouped the dead representatives of races all inferior—some deadly—to man. The fancy of the ladies had been permitted to decorate and arrange these types of the animal world. The tiger glared with glass eyes from amidst artificial reeds and herbage, as from his native jungle; the grizzly white bear peered from a mimic iceberg. There, in front, stood the sage elephant, facing a hideous hippopotamus; while an anaconda twined its long spire round the stem of some tropical tree in zinc. In glass cases, brought into full light by internal lamps, were dread specimens of the reptile race—scorpion and vampire, and cobra capella, with insects of gorgeous hues, not a few of them with venomed stings.

But the chief boast of the collection was in the varieties of the genus simiæ—baboons and apes, chimpanzees, with their human visage, mockeries of man, from the dwarf monkeys perched on boughs hooped from the arms of chandeliers, to the formidable orang-outang leaning on his huge club.

Every one expressed to the mayor delight, and to each other antipathy, for this unwonted and somewhat ghastly, though instructive addition to the revels of a ballroom.

Margrave, of course, was there, and seemingly quite at home, gliding from group to group of gayly-dressed ladies, and brilliant with a childish eagerness to play off the showman. These stuffed carcasses he appeared to animate into life by quick, short sentences of their habits when blood circled through their veins. Many of these grim fellow-creatures he declared he had seen, played, or fought with. He had something true or false to say about each. In his high spirits he contrived to make the tiger move, and imitated the lash of the terrible anaconda. All that he did had its grace, its charm; and the buzz of admiration and the flattering glances of ladies' eyes followed him wherever he moved.

However, there was a general feeling of relief when the mayor led the way from the museum into the ballroom. In provincial parties guests arrive pretty much within the same hour, and so few who had once paid their respects to the apes and serpents, the hippopotamus and the tiger, were disposed to repeat the visit, that long before eleven o'clock the collection was as free from the intrusion of human life as were the native haunts of its lifeless tenants.

I had gone my round through the rooms, and, little disposed to be social, had crept in to the retreat of a window-recess, and sat to think myself screened by its draperies—not that I was melancholy, far from it—for the letter I had received that morning from Lilian had raised my whole being into a sovereignty of happiness high beyond the reach of the young pleasure-hunters whose voices and laughter blended with that vulgar music.

To read her letter again I had stolen to my nook—and more than once had I raised its kiss it, I replaced it in my bosom. I looked through the parted curtain; the room was comparatively empty; but there, through the open folding-doors, I saw the gay crowd gathered round the dancers; and there again, at right angles, a vista along the refreshment-tables. Groups of the great elephant in the deserted museum.

Presently I heard, close beside me, my host's voice.

"Here's a cool corner, a pleasant sofa, you can have it all to yourself; what an honor to receive you under my roof! Lets no dog bark! You remember the quotation—Scott, I think. Where on earth is he? My dear Sir Philip, I am sure you would enjoy his conversation."

Sir Philip! Could it be Sir Philip Derval to whom the mayor was giving a flattering, yet scarcely propitiatory description of myself? Curiosity combined with a sense of propriety in not keeping myself an unsuspected listener: I emerged from the curtain, but silently, and reached the centre of the room before the mayor perceived me. He then came up to me eagerly, linked his arm in mine, and leading me to a gentleman seated on a sofa close by the window I had quitted, said:

"Doctor, I must present you to Sir Philip Derval, just returned to England, and not six hours in L——. If you would like to see the museum again, Sir Philip, the doctor, I'm sure, will accompany you."

"No, I thank you; it is painful to me at present to see, even under your roof, the collection which my poor dear friend, Dr. Lloyd, was so proudly beginning to form when I left these parts."

"Ay, Sir Philip—Dr. Lloyd was a worthy man in his way, but sadly duped in his latter years: took to mesmerism, only think. But our young doctor here showed him up, I can tell you."

Sir Philip, who had acknowledged my first introduction to his acquaintance by the quiet courtesy with which a well-bred man goes through a ceremony which custom enables him to endure with equal ease and indifference, now evinced by a slight change of manner how little the mayor's reference to my dispute with Dr. Lloyd advanced me in his good opinion. He turned away with a bow more formal than his first one, and said, calmly,

"I regret to hear that a man so simple-minded and so sensitive as Dr. Lloyd should have provoked an encounter in which I can well conceive him to have been worsted. With your leave, Mr. Mayor, I will look into your ballroom. I may perhaps find there some old acquaintances."

He walked toward the dancers, and the mayor, linking his arm in mine, followed close behind, saying, in his loud, hearty tones,

"Come along, you too, Dr. Fenwick, my girls are there; you have not spoken to them yet."

Sir Philip, who was then half-way across the room, turned round abruptly, and looking me full in the face, said,

"Fenwick, is your name Fenwick?—Allen Fenwick?"

"That is my name, Sir Philip."

"Then permit me to shake you by the hand; you are no stranger, and no mere acquaintance to me. Mr. Mayor, we will look into your ballroom later; do not let us keep you now from your other guests."

The mayor, not in the least offended by being thus summarily dismissed, smiled, walked on, and was soon lost among the crowd.

Sir Philip, still retaining my hand, reseated himself on the sofa, and I took my place by his side. The room was not deserted: now and then a straggler from the ball-room looked in for a moment, and then sauntered back to the central place of attraction.

"I am trying to guess," said I, "how my name should be known to you. Possibly you may, in some visit to the Lakes, have known my father?"

"No; I know none of your name but yourself—if indeed, as I doubt not, you are the Allen Fenwick to whom I owe no small obligation. You were a medical student at Edinburgh in the year * * *?"

"Yes."

"So! At that time there was also at Edinburgh a young man, named Richard Strahan. He lodged in a fourth flat in the old town."

"I remember him very well."

"And you remember also, that a fire broke out at night in the house in which he lodged; that when it was discovered there seemed no hope of saving him. The flames wrapped the lower part of the house; the staircase had given way. A boy, scarcely so old as himself, was the only human being in the crowd who dared to scale the ladder, that even then scarcely reached the windows from which the smoke rolled in volumes; that boy penetrated into the room—found the inmate almost insensible—rallied, supported, dragged him to the window—got him on the ladder—saved his life then—and his life later, by nursing with a woman's tenderness, through the fever caused by terror and excitement, the fellow-creature he had rescued by a man's daring. The name of that gallant student was Allen Fenwick, and Richard Strahan is my nearest living relation. Are we friends now?"

I answered confusedly. I had almost forgotten the circumstance referred to. Richard Strahan had not been one of my more intimate companions, and I had never seen nor heard of him since leaving college. I inquired what had become of him.

"He is at the Scotch bar," said Sir Philip, "and of course without practice. I understand that he has fair average abilities, but no application. If I am rightly informed he is, however, a thoroughly honorable, upright man, and of an affectionate and grateful disposition."

"I can answer for all you have said in his praise. He had the qualities you name too deeply rooted in youth to have lost them now."

Sir Philip remained for some moments in a musing silence. And I took advantage of that silence to examine him with more minute attention than I had done before, much as the first sight of him had struck me.

He was somewhat below the common height. So delicately formed that you might call him rather fragile than slight. But in his carriage and air there was remarkable dignity. His countenance was at direct variance with his figure. For as delicacy was the attribute of the last, so power was unmistakably the characteristic of the first. He looked full the age his steward had ascribed to him—about forty-eight; at a superficial glance, more; for his hair was prematurely white—not gray, but white as snow—soft, thick, rather long, and with a careless wave at the sides. But his eyebrows were still jet black, and his eyes, equally dark, were scarcely bright. His forehead was magnificent; lofty, and spacious, and with only one slight wrinkle between the brows. His complexion was sunburned, showing no sign of weak health. The outline of his lips was that which I have often remarked in men accustomed to great dangers, and contracting in such dangers the habit of self-reliance; firm and quiet, compressed without an effort. And the power of this very noble countenance was not intimidating, not aggressive; it was mild—it was benignant. A man oppressed by some formidable tyranny, and despairing to find a protector, would, on seeing that face, have said, "Here is one who can protect me, and who will!"

Sir Philip was the first to break the silence.

"I have so many relations scattered over England that fortunately not one of them can venture to calculate on my property if I die childless, therefore not one of them can feel himself injured when he shall read in the newspapers that Sir Philip Derval is married. But for Richard Strahan, at least, though I never saw him, I must do something before the newspapers make that announcement. His sister was very dear to me."

"Your neighbors, Sir Philip, will rejoice at your marriage, since, I presume, it may induce you to settle among them at Derval Court."

"At Derval Court! No! I shall not settle there." Again he paused a moment or so, and then went on. "I have long lived a wandering life, and in it learned much that the wisdom of cities can not teach. I return to my native land with a profound conviction that the happiest life is the life most in common with all. I have gone out of my way to do what I deemed good, and to avert or mitigate what appeared to me evil. I pause now and ask myself, whether the most virtuous existence be not that in which virtue flows spontaneously from the springs of quiet, every-day action; when a man does good without restlessly seeking it, does good unconsciously, simply because he is good and he lives? Better, perhaps, for me if I had thought so long ago! And now I come back to England with the intention of marrying, late in life though it be, and with such hopes of happiness in such a matter-of-fact man fern. But my home will not be at Derval Court. I shall reside either in London or its immediate neighborhood, and seek to gather round me minds by which I can correct—I fear I must not add, to which I can confide—the knowledge I myself have acquired."

"Nay, if, as I have accidentally heard, you are fond of scientific pursuits, I can not wonder that, after so long an absence from England, you should feel interest in learning what new discoveries have been made, what new ideas are budding the germs of discovery. But I beg pardon me if, in answer to your concluding remark, I venture to say that no man can hope to correct any error in his own knowledge unless he has the courage to confide the error to those who can correct. La Place has said, '*Tout a fini dans la chaine tenuese des vérités*;' and the mistake we make in some science we have specially cultivated is often only to be seen by the light of a separate science as specially cultivated by another. Thus, in the investigation of truth, frank exposition to congenial minds is essential to the earnest seeker."

"I am pleased with what you say," said Sir Philip, "and I shall be still more pleased to find in you the very confidant I require. But what was your controversy with my dear friend, Dr. Lloyd? Do I understand our host rightly, that it related to what in Europe has of late days obtained the name of mesmerism?"

"RESTING ONE HAND ON MY SHOULDER, HE POINTED WITH THE OTHER TOWARD THE THRESHOLD OF THE BALL-ROOM."

I had conceived a strong desire to conciliate the good opinion of a man who had treated me with so singular and so familiar a kindness, and it was sincerely that I expressed my regret at the acerbity with which I had assailed Dr. Lloyd; but of his theories and pretensions I could not disguise my contempt. I enlarged on the extravagant fallacies involved in a fabulous "clairvoyance," which always failed when put to plain test by sober-minded examiners. I did not deny the effects of imagination on certain nervous constitutions. "Mesmerism could cure nobody"—credulity could cure many. There was the well known story of the old woman tried as a witch; she cured agues by a charm; she owned the impeachment, and was ready to endure gibbet or stake for the truth of her talisman—more than a mesmerist would for the truth of his passes! And the charm was a scrap of gibberish sewn in an old bag and given to the woman in a fever by the judge himself when a young scamp on the circuit. But the charm cured? Certainly; just as mesmerism cures. Fools believed in it. Faith, that moves mountains, may well cure agues."

Thus I ran on, supporting my views with anecdotes and facts, to which Sir Philip listened with placid gravity.

When I had come to an end, he said, "Of mesmerism, as practiced in Europe, I know nothing, except by report. I can well understand that medical men may hesitate to admit it among the legitimate resources of orthodox pathology; because, as I gather from what you and others say of its operation, it must, at the best, be far too uncertain in its application to satisfy the requirements of science. Yet an examination of its pretensions may enable you to perceive the truth that lies hid in the powers ascribed to witchcraft: benevolence is but a weak agency compared to the energy of magnetism perverted to evil may solve half the riddles of sorcery. On this, however, I say no more at present. But as to that to which you appear to reject as the most preposterous and incredible pretension of the mesmerists, and which you designate by the word clairvoyance, I is clear to me that you have never yourself witnessed even those very imperfect exhibitions which you decide at once to be impossible. A very imperfect, because it is only a limited number of persons whom the eye or the passes of the mesmerist can affect, and by such means, usually by other means, it is rarely indeed that the magnetic sleep advances beyond the first vague, shadowy twilight dawn of that condition to which only in its fuller developments I would apply the name of 'trance.' But still trance is as essential a condition of being as sleep or waking. Both have privileges peculiar to itself. By means within the range of the science that explores its nature and its laws, trance, unlike clairvoyance, as you describe it, is producible in every human being, however unimpressible to mere mesmerism."

"Producible in every human being! Pardon me if I say that I will give any enchanter his own terms who will produce that effect upon me."

"Will you? You consent to have the experiment tried on yourself?"

"Consent most readily."

"I will remember that promise. But to return to the subject. By the word trance I do not mean exclusively the spiritual trance of the Alexandrian Platonists. There is one kind of trance—that to which all human beings are susceptible—which the mind has no share in, and of this kind of trance, and was of this I spoke, some of the inferior animals are susceptible; and, therefore, trance is no more a proof of soul than is the distance of the mesmerist, or the dream of our ordinary sleep, which last has been called a proof of soul, though any man who has kept a dog must have observed that dogs dream as vividly as we do. But in this trance there is an extraordinary cerebral activity—a projectile force given to the mind—distinct from the soul—by which it sends forth its own emanations to a distance in spite of material obstacles, just as a flower, in an altered condition of atmosphere, sends forth the particles of its aroma. This should not surprise you. Your thought travels over land and sea in your waking state; thought, too, can travel in trance, and in trance may acquire an intensified force. There is, however, another kind of trance which is truly called spiritual, a trance much more rare, and in which the soul entirely supersedes the mere action of the mind."

"Stay," said I, "you speak of the soul as something distinct from the mind. What the soul may be I am not pretend to conjecture. But I can not separate it from the intelligence!"

"Can you not! A blow on the brain can destroy the intelligence; do you think it can destroy the soul? It is recorded of Newton, that, in the decline of his life, his mind had so worn out its fleshly tenement that his own friends had become to him unintelligible. Can you suppose that Newton's soul was as worn out as his mind? If your soul not distinguish mind from soul, I know not by what rational inductions you arrive at the conclusion that the soul is imperishable."

I remained silent. Sir Philip fixed on me his dark eyes quietly and searchingly, and after a short pause said,

"Almost every known body in nature is susceptible of three several states of existence—the solid, the liquid, the aeriform. These conditions depend on the quantity of heat they contain. The same object at one moment may be liquid, at the next moment solid, as the next aeriform. The water that flows before your gaze may stop consolidated into ice, or ascend into air as vapor. Thus is man also susceptible of three states of existence—the animal, the mental, the spiritual—and according as he is brought into relation or affinity with that coeule agency of the whole natural world, which we familiarly call HEAT, and which no science has yet explained; which no scale can weigh, and no eye discern; one or the other of these three states of being prevails or is subjected."

I still continued silent, for I was unwilling discourteously to say to a stranger, so much older than myself, that he seemed to me to reverse all the maxims of the philosophy to-which he made pretence, in founding speculations ingenious and abstruse upon metaphorical comparisons that would have been fantastic even in a poet. And Sir Philip, after another pause, resumed with a half smile—

"After what I have said, it will perhaps not very much surprise you when I say that but for my belief in the powers I ascribe to trance, we should not be known to each other at this moment."

"How?—pray explain.

"Certain circumstances, which I trust to relate to you in detail hereafter, have imposed on me the duty to discover, and to bring human laws to bear upon, a creature armed with terrible powers for evil. The monster—for, without metaphor, monster it is, not man like ourselves —has, by arts superior to those of ordinary fugitives, however atrocious in themselves, hitherto for years eluded my research. Through the trance of an Arab child, who in her waking state never heard of his existence, I have learned that this being is in England—is in London—I am here to encounter him. I expect to do so this very night, and under this very roof."

"Sir Philip!"

"And if you wonder, as you well may, why I have been thus reticent, and, while exacting no reserve, know that the same Arab child, on whom I thus implicitly rely, informs me that it is intimately through reliance on your agency or aid that the fearful career of the monster I seek to unmask and to terminate will be brought to a close."

"By my agency or aid—your Arab child named me, Allen Fenwick?"

"My Arab child told me that the person thus instrumental to my search was he who had saved the life of the man whom I then meant for my heir, if I died unmarried and childless. She told me that I should find many hours in this town, which she described minutely, before you would be made known to me. She described this house, and your future visits and absences. In her trance she saw us sitting together, as now we sit. I accepted the invitation of our host when he unsolicitedly invited me on meeting the town, confident that I should meet you here, without even asking whether a per on of your name were a resident in London. Now you know why I have so freely unbosomed myself of much that might well make you, a physician, doubt the sanity of the mesmerist you describe. In the same infant, whose vision has been realized up to this moment, has warned me also that I am here at peril of my life, that the very arts I have declined to learn, as I have ever declined to ask from the future what affects only my own life on this earth. That life I regard with supreme indifference, conscious that I have only to discharge, while it lasts, the duties for which it is imposed on me to the best of my imperfect power; and aware that minds the strongest and souls the purest may fall into the sloth habitual to protectionless ills if fortune or position close to the present hour to be awed and paralyzed by some grim shadow on the future! It is only where, irrespective of the duties I have assigned myself, a light not struck out of my own reason can guide me to disarm evil or minister to good, that I feel myself encouraged to unfold those mirrors on which things, near and far, reflect themselves calm and distinct as the banks and the mountain peaks that are mirrored in the glass of a lake. Here, then, under this roof, and by your side, I shall behold him who— Lo! the monster for whom I behold him now!"

As he spoke these last words Sir Philip had risen, and, startled by his action and voice, I involuntarily rose too.

Resting one hand on my shoulder, he pointed with the other toward the threshold of the ballroom. There, the prominent figure of a gay group—the tall dame amidst a flutter-wave of silks and lawn, of flowery wreaths, of female laughter, and female frippery—stood the radiant image of Margrave, whose features were not turned toward us. He was looking down, and his light laugh came soft, yet ringing, through the genial air.

I turned my astonished gaze back to Sir Philip—yes, unmistakably it was on Margrave that his look was fixed.

Impossible to associate crime with the image of that fair youth! Eccentric notions—fantastic speculations—vivacious egotism—defective benevolence—yes. But crime! No—impossible.

"Impossible!" I said, aloud. As I spoke the group had moved on. Margrave was no longer in sight. At the same moment some other guests came from the ball-room and seated themselves near us.

Sir Philip looked round, and observing the deserted museum at the end of the corridor, drew me into it.

When we were alone he said in a voice quick and low, but decided—

"It is of importance that I should convince you at once of the nature of that prodigy which is more hostile to the human race than the wolf to the sheepfold. No words of mine could as present suffice to clear your sight from the deception which cheats it. I must enable you to judge for yourself. It must be now, and here. He will learn this night, if he has not learned already, that I am in the town. Dim and confused though his memories of myself may be, they are memories still; and he will know what cause he has to dread me. I must put another in possession of his secret; and who but yourself, through whom his career is to be ended? Another, and at once. For all his arts will be brought to bear against me, and I can not foretell their issue. Go, then; enter that giddy crowd—select that seeming young man—bring him hither. Take care only not to mention my name; and when here, turn the key in the door, so as to prevent interruption—five minutes will suffice."

"Am I sure that I guess whom you mean? The young light-hearted man, from whom in this house there is naught to fear? The young man with the radiant eyes, and the curls of a Grecian statue?"

"The same. Him whom I pointed out; quick, bring him hither."

My curiosity was too much roused to disobey. Had I entertained a doubt, even in the heat of youth, had committed some offense which placed him in danger of the law and in the power of Sir Philip Derval, the strength of the old bondeers' black-mail loyalty to have given to the man whose hand I had familiarly clasped a hint and a help to escape. But all Sir Philip's talk had been so out of the reach of common sense, that I rather expected to see him confounded by some egregious delusion than Margrave exposed to any well-grounded accusation. All, then, that I felt as I walked into the ball-room and approached Margrave, was that curiosity which, I think, any one of my readers will acknowledge is that, in my position, he himself would have felt.

Margrave was standing near the dancers, not joining them, but talking with a young couple in the ring. I drew him aside.

"Come with me for a few minutes into the museum; I have to talk to you."

"What about? an experiment?"

"Yes, an experiment."

"Then I am your man for service."

In a minute more he had followed me into the desolate, dead museum. I looked round but did not see Sir Philip.

COLONEL WILSONS CAMP ON SANTA ROSA ISLAND.

On page 677 we illustrate the CAMP OF THE SIXTH NEW YORK VOLUNTEERS, COLONEL WILSON, on Santa Rosa Island, from a sketch by Charles F. Allgouer of the Sixth Regiment. It will be noticed that the tents are all provided with shelters to protect the inmates from the blistering heat of the Gulf sun. A letter from the camp says:

"We have encamped quite extensively among the men dug and a mouth or two since. A fresh supply of tents has been given us, and they have covered them with logs for shelter them from the rains. A prize schooner, laden with boards, went ashore on the beach opposite the camp, and the Government gave it to the soldiers to appropriate as much as they needed to the flooring of their tents.

"Very little sickness has yet appeared in the camp. There are but twenty of our men in the hospital. Two cases of typhoid fever have occurred, but the patients are doing well under nursing. We have not lost a man since coming upon the island.

A BALLOON RECONNOISSANCE.

On page 679 we publish a picture entitled a WAR BALLOON PREPARING FOR A RECONNOISSANCE, from a sketch by Mr. Ed. Pietsch.

The balloon shown in our picture is that which is sailed by Mr. Lowe, and is stationed on Arlington Heights, close to the head-quarters of General McDowell. Every day or two, or whenever the scouts bring in intelligence of a movement by the enemy, an accurate and full and accurate information is thus obtained of the state of affairs. Professor La Mountain is serving with his balloon at Fortress Monroe; much valuable information has been obtained by him in his various ascents.

The use of War Balloons did not become general until the Italian war, in 1859. During that war Napoleon used them regularly, and when the rebellion broke out in this country, our accounts had of difficulty in obtaining employment from Government. The War Balloon is attached to the earth by a strong but fine rope. It ascends from day to day carrying a man in the air, and is hauled down when its aims have been fulfilled. The importance of gaining such a height for observation can be appreciated by all readers of military annals.

THE WAR IN MISSOURI.

WE publish on page 679, from a sketch by Mr. A. Simplot, a VIEW OF GENERAL FREMONT'S CAMP AT SEDALIA, MISSOURI. It is known that Fremont left this camp some time since. The following account of it, when he was there, is from a letter in the *Tribune*:

"All the hills and slopes around Jefferson are dotted with tents, and our forces now here are not far below 10,000. Gen. Fremont's headquarters are in the Lindell Cottage, a mile south of the Capitol. The telegraph wire has been laid out to the encampments on Bolduc, Ironton, Cape Girardeau, and St. Louis. The wires will follow him westward as far as Jefferson City. Troops have (many of them now) are subjected to severe and systematic drill. General Fremont has taken possession of the Penitentiary, using all its work-shops in outfitting our troops for the field, and in a short time the men will be thoroughly organized and equipped, ready for a general forward movement.

"The distance from Jefferson to Lexington by road is 115 miles. About 15,000 of our troops have already gone forward to the terminus of the railroad, 60 miles west of this city, and are waiting for the remainder of the army to join them. From 1000 to 2000 are going forward daily. General Siegel, of Carthage fame, is in command of the entire advance, with his head-quarters at Sedalia.

THE GRAND REVIEW AT WASHINGTON.

WE publish on page 676 an illustration of the GRAND REVIEW which took place at Washington on 8th October. It was sketched by one of our correspondents from the roof of the Alms-house, east of the Capitol, and looking west. The review was thus described in the Washington correspondence of the *Tribune*:

General M'Clellan reviewed a portion of the cavalry and artillery on the north side of the Potomac to-day, on the broad plain east of the Capitol. Fifty-five hundred cavalry, preceded by squadrons and regiments on the left, and eighteen batteries, each by itself, on the right, marshaled by a staff officer arrived with his staff was announced by a salute about 2 o'clock. After riding rapidly along the line, he took a position on a gentle rise of land, and the artillery first, guns and caissons in battery line, swept by, followed by the cavalry. Among the batteries, none received more praise than that from Massachusetts, which arrived only two days ago. There were five batteries from Massachusetts and five from Rhode Island. The latter, under command of General Barry, Chief of Artillery. The cavalry consisted of ten companies of the 6th, eight of the 6th, two of the 4th, and one of the 2d Regular Cavalry; 1st, 5th, and 3d Rhode Island Cavalry regiments, with four companies of the 4th; 1st New Jersey, 2d and 3d (Lincoln) New York, and four companies of the 4th, six companies of the 1st Indiana, and three companies unattached, all under the immediate command of General Stoneman. Nearly four times as many were reviewed as on the previous occasion. General M'Clellan expressed himself more than satisfied. He noticed a marked improvement. The display of artillery was particularly fine, the guns, horses, and men being in the best condition. In many squadrons of the cavalry all the horses were of one color, which will be universally the case as soon as General Stoneman, Chief of Cavalry, can accomplish it. He will also furnish the various regiments, and number them as volunteer cavalry, ignoring States. The President and Mrs. Lincoln, Secretary and Assistant-Secretary Seward, Generals Banks, M'Dowell, Sickles, Hooker, and Porter were present.

THE SOLDIER'S LAST WORD.

BY PARK BENJAMIN.

He lay upon the battle-field,
Where late the clash of arms was heard,
And from his pallid lips there came,
In broken accents, but one word.

"Mother!" was all the soldier said,
Who fell from his wounded side.
The hot blood flowed, and bore away
His life upon its crimson tide.

Bravest among the brave he rushed,
Without a single throb of fear,
And loudest mid the tumult pealed,
In clarion tones, his charging cheer.

"On to the contest, comrades, on!
Our country is the Union, for fame!
Who lives will win his country's praise,
Who dies will leave a glorious name!"

He fell amidst the clouds of strife
Among an undistinguished train,
Foremost upon the battle-field,
And first beneath the heaps of slain.

Dying, he turned him from the fray
Whose starry folds still onward waved;
Dying, he thought no more of fame,
Of victory won or country saved.

But of his home and her he loved
His sad, departing spirit sighed;
"Mother!" the soldier fondly said,
And, looking to the CROSS, he died.

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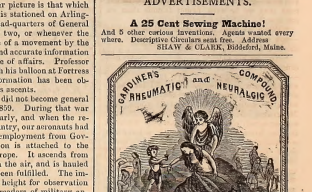

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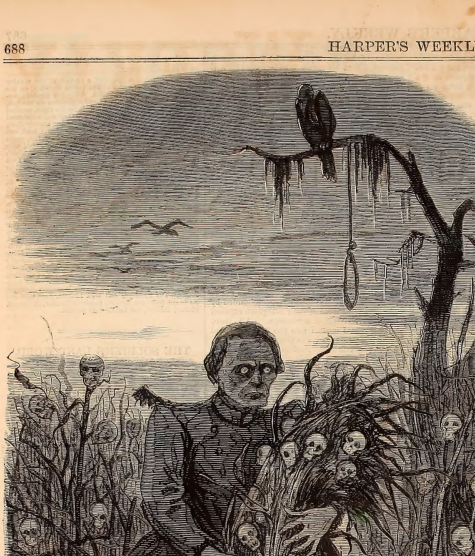

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CHAPTER XXVII. Commencement.
CHAPTER XXVIII. Mokkton Grange.
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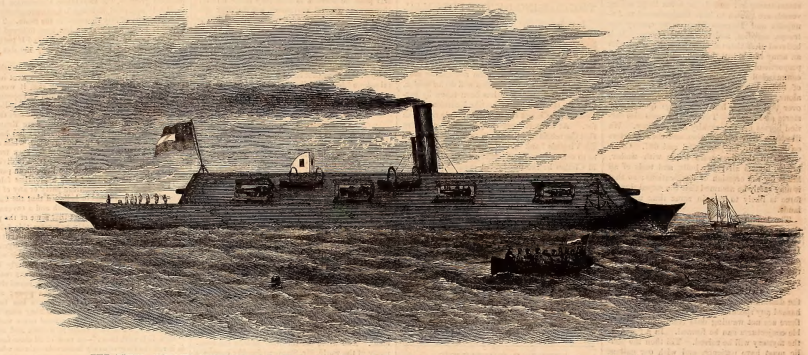

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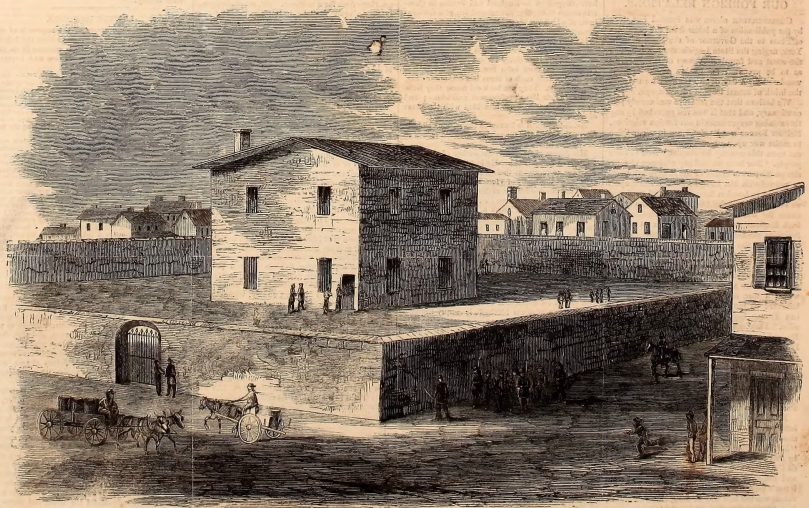
[SEE PAGE 699.]



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[SEE PAGE 703.]

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 2, 1861.

THE GREAT NAVAL EXPEDITION.

BY the time these lines are read by the public the GREAT NAVAL EXPEDITION will have reached its destination, and we therefore violate no rule by the Government in illustrating its departure on pages 696 and 697. What precise point it is intended to attack no one knows but its leaders and the members of the Administration; but we may rest assured that it will deal a blow where it will be felt, and that the rebel army on the Potomac will not hear of its landing without emotions of very lively concern.

Some twenty-two or twenty-three first-class steam-transports and six or seven large sailing vessels are known to have rendezvoused at Annapolis and Fortress Monroe to convey the troops, supplies, and munitions of war. It is believed that these vessels have departed with an army of not less than 30,000 men, with due proportions of cavalry and artillery, the whole commanded by Major-General Sherman, late of Sherman's Battery. The *Great Republic* alone, which was towed by the *Vanderbilt*, took over 900 horses, besides a large quantity of stores and forage. Two other vessels also carried horses for the cavalry and artillery. We illustrate their embarkation and their quarters on board ship on pages 696 and 697. Other vessels in the fleet were laden with timber, bricks, lime, all ready built, and tools of all kinds for the erection of fortifications; so that it may safely be assumed that the expeditionary force is likely to remain some time where it lands.

The landing will be effected under cover of the fire of a powerful fleet of men-of-war. No one knows what vessels will constitute this fleet. It is whispered, however, that not less than 300 guns of heavy calibre will be brought to bear on the landing-place—enough to overpower any resistance that can fairly be anticipated.

Every one is distressing himself to discover the destination of the expedition. We will not hazard any speculations on the subject; though there are not wanting data from which plausible conjectures can be formed. In a few days the mystery will be solved. Till then the public must have patience, and wish our gallant countrymen of the expedition most heartily GOD-SPEED!

OUR FOREIGN RELATIONS

CONSIDERABLE alarm was created last week by the publication of a letter from the Secretary of State to the Governor of the State of New York, urging the State Legislature to strengthen the coast and frontier defenses of the State, so as to be prepared for foreign wars. People wondered for a day or two whether we were on the brink of actual trouble with Europe.

We believe that the measure was merely precautionary, and that it was not provoked by any threatening occurrences in our foreign relations. Neither France nor England are in a condition to make war upon us, as they both find dependent upon this country for the daily food of their people. Nor have we had any evidence of a desire on the part of either of the two Governments to quarrel with Mr. Lincoln, though newspapers published in London have abused and maligned us in a very remarkable manner. Finally, no cause for war exists. The real trouble with both England and France is not now, we shall gladly revert to our old policy of raising money by revenue tariffs, and then Europe will receive the market she has temporarily secured; meanwhile, she should have exasperated our people beyond bearing.

It is asked why the letter was published if it was merely a measure of prudent precaution?

Mr. Seward's object in giving to the press a letter which, in the ordinary course of affairs, should have been kept secret, was probably to "head off" Messrs. Mason and Slidell, who are by this time arriving in Europe as the accredited Commissioners of the Rebel States to France and England. Whether the publication of a letter which, under the circumstances, implied a threat was the best way of achieving this object, is a question which may possibly involve some doubt. But Mr. Seward's fondness for *coup-d'état* and startling manifestoes is well known.

In connection with this subject, we may observe that much misapprehension exists in the papers on the subject of the combined French, British, and Spanish expedition against Mexico. This expedition will do immense good, and has, we doubt not, received the hearty assent of our Government. Its object is to put down the robbers and bandits who for many years have rendered all government impossible in Mexico; to enable the Mexican people freely and fairly to choose their own rulers; and to give to those rulers, after they have been chosen, armed support for a sufficient length of time to enable them to gain a solid footing in the country. The accomplishment of these objects will be as beneficial to the United States and the world at large as to Mexico herself. They would have been accomplished some years ago, but for the ambitious schemes of certain British politicians in Mexico on the one hand, and on the other the pro-slavery dreams of the Southern Junta at Washington. The time has now arrived when the right thing can be safely done, and it is going to be at least attempted.

THE CLOSING OF THE POTOMAC.

IT is known that the rebels have some fifteen miles of batteries on the south shore of the Potomac, and that every vessel passing for or pass is fired upon. Hence general alarm is felt throughout the North at the "closing of the Potomac," and loyal citizens are asking each other what General M'Clellan will do to-day.

If General M'Clellan has been taken by surprise by the erection of hostile batteries on the Potomac, he is not the man people take him for. At least we can only form the argument that the rebels had the power to plant cannon on the Virginia bank of the river, in such positions as to seriously menace passing craft. Whether M'Clellan be the slaughtering general people believe him to be, he was prepared for what has happened, and is provided with a remedy.

But there is no reason why the erection of batteries on the Potomac should be regarded as closing that river. Balls and shells are unpleasant things to come into contact with, no doubt. It is, however, the business of vessels of war to encounter them, and their captains can no more complain of being under fire than private soldiers. With one or two exceptions, the rebel batteries are in no case free from cannel. At this distance the most experienced gunners will not sink one craft in twenty. It will be time enough to consider the Potomac closed when every craft which tries to pass the batteries is sure of being sunk or destroyed.

THE LOUNGER.

A PRECIOUS PAIR.

MR. JAMES M. MASON and MR. JOHN SLIDELL have slipped off to England and France as Commissioners to implore the recognition of a Government of which the second in command declares the corner-stone to be slavery.

It is to be hoped that every gentleman in this country who has correspondents in either England or France will carefully inform them that these persons have not been Members of the United States, and that each of them has one distinction, and one only. They are both old men; they have been all their lives professional politicians; and there is but a single act identified with the name of each.

Mr. John Slidell is known to the nation solely in connection with the Plaquemine election frauds in Louisiana, in 1844.

Mr. James M. Mason is the author of the Fugitive Slave Bill of 1850. He is fitly chosen by the rebellion to represent their essential principle and purpose at the Court of Victoria.

"That the institution of Slavery is abominable in the eyes of Englishmen . . . is not for a moment to be doubted," says a late London *Times*. And how will Earl Russell, the Foreign Secretary, the descendant of Lord William Russell, who died for striking for liberty against a despotic English Government, look upon this man who strikes for slavery against the free and beneficent Government of the United States?

These gentlemen are not likely to be overtaken by the steamers which our Government has sent after them. But the Commissioners' instructions show its disposition to take every step. To maintain an absolute blockade is simply impossible; and when an injunction to prevent escape is the only possible measure is to dispatch another after it.

OUR INCREDULITY.

LAST spring, after Sumter, no more dismal a story was, the more readily we believed it. So after Bull Run there were those who really thought this Government was gone. But since our peaceful encampment along the Potomac our spirits have been gradually rising, taking stocks with them, until at last we have seen a drug face and so buoyant a heart to the war that a man might believe that all his neighbors had in his pocket confidential news of the overthrow of the rebellion.

Four bad reports came together last week. *Wilson's Zouaves had been cut up upon Santa Rosa Island. Yeah! yeah! Halleck had routed the Prairie Dogs and peppered the fleet at the mouth of the Mississippi.* Stuff! Hollins is a bragster. *The Nashville had gone to sea with Mason and Slidell.* Don't believe any such story. *The* Saranac *went ashore in a storm.* Canard!

It was truly refreshing to observe the airy way in which these stories were set aside, and the lie cheerfully given to Madame Rumor. "Dear Madame," said the public incredulity, "if you wish to be believed to our disadvantage, you will please speak through some other mouth-piece than a rebel newspaper.

Fas est et ab hoste doceri, as the Latin Grammar justly remarks. There is no harm in being taught by the enemy in any way. There is especially no harm in believing the worst he says. Above all things, it is of the utmost use to remember that the chances of war must often go against us. The rebels will sometimes run the blockade; they will sometimes surprise and overpower skirmishing and inferior numbers of our men; they will suddenly unmask batteries; they will occasionally sink and pepper our ships; they will occasionally poison wells and food which are likely to fall into our hands, whenever they can. We are very unwell, very united, and of overwhelming numbers and means. But the rebels will for a long time seem to live without food and buy without money. They will make forays and ambuscades. They will stop a train in Missouri; run the blockade at Charleston; make a dash at Hatteras, or fire from a battery on the Potomac.

These things we must expect, and we must anticipate a various fortune in them. But the central point to observe is that they make no very threatening general movement, nor do their motions indicate any grand design. Thus far it is fierce guerrilla skirmishing upon their part, except at Bull Run, where we were both beaten. Civil wars do not end in a few months, nor are the victories all on one side. We can keep an even temper, not supposing that a report is "a lie" because it is disagreeable; nor that Hollins can not drive a vessel ashore because he is a bragger; nor that Mason and Slidell can not escape to Europe because we do not wish them to.

SIDE-LIGHTS.

WHILE we are engaged in a great civil war occasioned by a few conspirators who say that the political power of the Slave States is passing away—a war made by them originally to found a new government, and now waged of necessity to destroy them—it is interesting to mark the movements of the rest of the world in relation to the original cause of this war. That cause is simply the old question of Despotism and Liberty. It reappears in the history of every nation. In European nations it has often come to open war between the friends of the multiple-power assault in England, and France, and Italy. But more agreeable is the spectacle of a Government yielding to the deepening sentiment of justice, upon which alone permanent power is founded.

It is humiliating that such things should have been said by an American to-day. Does it not merely touch the surface of which Russia is participating, we are waging a terrible war to prevent the destruction of the Government by a far worse slavery than the Russian? Russia! The most barbarous of civilized powers entrusts that which called itself the most enlightened not to fall a prey to despotism, but to the Russian Government makes the direct appeal, Spain, with expressive silence toward us, announces, by the letter of Marshal O'Donnell, the decree of the Queen Isabella, to the Governor of Porto Rico, "that her Majesty has been graciously pleased to declare that slaves entering from the United States shall be received with their masters must consider themselves emancipated without the consent of their owners being indispensable; that the freedom granted to such slaves, in virtue of the decision of the 25th March, 1836, is not revocable; and that they acquire by their entrance into the Spanish Country, without other act being necessary to confirm it, the quality of freemen, even should they return to a country where slavery is established by the laws."

So says Spain, the blue blood of national honor mantling once more in her withered cheeks. Hear now Alexander H. Stephens: "This, our new Government, is the first in the history of the world based upon this great physical, philosophical, and moral truth [of slavery]. This truth has been slow in the process of its development, like all other truths in the various departments of science."

Very slow, Mr. Stephens, but never quite so slow as at this present moment.

OLD TREASON WITH A NEW FACE.

ALL efforts to make the partisan political capital during the war are open aid and comfort to the enemy. No service is so grateful to a foe as sowing dissension in his camp. If he can divide or dispirit his enemy, he can conquer them. That is precisely what Jeff Davis would like to see among the friends of the Government at the North. It would cheer his melancholy soul, if he could see us so intent upon deciding what party is chiefly responsible for the war, that we forget to fight; or fighting, secretly wish him to conquer, that the party opponent may be made to suffer.

Simple justice requires any observer of the times to admit that the Republican party and papers have not been forward in this kind of treason. They have accepted the war, and have forborne to explore its proximate causes in our own neighborhood. They have frankly taken the ground that the Union was to be defended at all costs, and if emancipation should become a military necessity, then men and women held as property should not be allowed to be the rebellion any more than horses, grain, or any other property.

While this is true of their papers, Mr. Sumner is the only leading Republican statesman who advocates universal emancipation as the truest policy of the Government. And he takes care only to state his views, and to add that it is for the Administration as to the method in which, and the time when, the object he seeks shall be accomplished.

Still further, the party at large have been first to repudiate party divisions, and their offer of union being refused in this State by the Committee of the other great party, the people of both parties repudiated the Committee, held a Convention, and named candidates of all parties, which, with one exception, and that exception based mainly upon personal grounds, the Republican Convention immediately approved, although it had undoubtedly a clear majority of fifty thousand in the State. The patriotic policy of Syracuse has been followed in the county and local nominations; and if party-spirit rages any where, it is certainly not due to the action of the Republicans.

In full view of these facts, and of those other familiar facts, that the Republican party went into the Presidential election declaring that it would peacefully abide by the result, while its opponents declared in advance that if defeated with ballots it would appeal to bullets—in view of the fact that some of the leaders in the rebellion are Republicans, and that not a single Republican has been taken in arms against the Government, while all the papers that have been suppressed for treason and all the speakers who have tried to divide us, were strongly opposed to the Republican party—in view of the fact that it is a perfectly false-hold to say that the Republican party or any of its members have ever said or believed that the Constitution was a league with death and a covenant with hell—in view of the fact that some of the papers which most incessantly reiterate this falsehood were those which to support the cause of the United States only by fear of an indignant people which was murmuring beneath their winnowing; that the same papers publicly believed to have secession flags in their offices ready for display when the revolt, which they hoped they could secured in the city, should be ripe, and that the recent course of those papers has been such as to beget the suspicion that they were industriously trying to stab the national cause under the fifth rib, while they smile in its face and ask, "How is it with thee?"—in view of all these facts, is it not the duty of every loyal man to watch whether his party sympathies may have been, to bear his testimony against this covert treason? It is the expiring effort of that party for power which has brought the country to this condition, to destroy the Gover ment, and with it the hope of constitutional liberty.

LECTURE PROPOSALS.

THAT other evidence of the approach of the Lecture Season is evident enough from the following letter, which the Lounger commends to the careful deliberations of Committees and Lecture agents:

"DEAR MR. LOUNGER,—I will write a few words to you in the fullest confidence. I do not write this because I have doubts of my own ability, but for the reason that I desire an opportunity to make my powers widely known. A friend of mine, who understands, has advised me to enter the public lecturing. Will you have the kindness to ask me to send me a list of the Committees and the last prices?

"During the summer I have prepared a lecture upon the 'Internal Convulsions of Nature, and their Relations to the Progress of Society.' I think I am a man of intellectual reflection to produce a profound sensation upon a refined audience. I do not wish to speak to small towns or before shilling audiences. I do not desire to be invited out to 'tea,' and shown around like a show in a caged animal. I do not wish to write my name and a few sentiments in the album of every young lady and gentleman in the town. I do not wish to be introduced when I say 'epicurean' and do not mean 'slavery.' I do not wish to be called an 'infidel' because I write down not chime with the bell of every church. I have delivered this lecture once or twice in my native county, and they pronounced it sublime. Our newspaper has a fitful item within on my lecture (evidently written by me), and says that Beecher, Chapin, and Gough are small caddies compared to me. Yours, T. HARRISON BRISTLE."

THE LYCEUM LECTURES.

THE Lyceum, or our system of popular lectures, will doubtless last the present winter. This, at least, is understood that in most of the cities the usual course will be given. The lecturers ought to remember that the audiences are earnest, and they does not chime with the bell of every church. I have delivered this lecture once or twice in my native county, and they pronounced it sublime. Our newspaper has a fitful item within on my lecture (evidently written by me), and says that Beecher, Chapin, and Gough are small caddies compared to me. Yours, T. HARRISON BRISTLE."

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"I SHOULDN'T THINK IT WOULD, *October*, 1861.

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These days hang so heavy with results that the man who tries to turn the mind of his audience away from the great theme that enchains us all, under the plea of diverting them, will find that his instinct has been at fault. Let him play his tune in the key which circumstances have already set. Let him take his text from the times, and improve it as a wan and putrid and scholar should, wisely, earnestly, and fearlessly. Treat men as cowards, and they are so. Appeal to their heroism, and they are heroic. An audience relishes wit, humor, rhetoric, even fustian, upon occasion; but if you look at it closely the greatest orations are those of Demosthenes, and those are as simple heroic.

Probably neither Demosthenes nor Cicero, nor Chatham nor Mirabeau, will lecture in our Lyceum this winter. Even though they may say yes, we speak in the honesty and eloquence of orators who know that a nation of cowards is already moribund. It has been found necessary for the public welfare in some instances to suspend papers and restrict free speech. But in every case the papers were those which, in the sound tradition of our system, had endeavored to put down free speech by brute mob law. A wise man would have been sure, at any time during the last few years, that the papers which so struck at that sacred right would instantly prove traitors in the hour of national peril. There is no wonder that they have so proved: the surprise is that we did not see it before.

Let that free speech be heard in the Lyceum this winter, used with a sacred sense of its responsibility. Let every word spoken be a blow at the heart of treason, and the cause of the country shown to be what it is, the cause of mankind. Then they who speak will be justified in opening their lips at this moment. For whoever, by a timely word, shows another man the beauty of "the good old cause," fires his heart and nerves his hand to strike for victory.

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

EPIGRAM-ical.

GEORGE BLUNT and WARD BEECHER while journeying to Norridge,
Got off at Hyde Park to see "railway peerage."
The latter was hot but the sensible lover spoke: "*Ward* you like it?"
Fired was Blunt, "Pray, George, how would you speak it?"

Semicolonic the wrong of their 'tare and their 'tret?"
"Quite easy," quoth Blunt, "for 'tis said you do preach
A two-hours' sermon of Port Lafayette!"
"Ha, ha," cried the Priest, at the humorous duel,)
"Yet, hold, *that* won't do, since 'twill be illegal."
Adds Blunt: "for it would be what General Siegel
Inflicted on Price, *Sir—a punishment cruel!*"
"Quite! quite!" cried Beecher; "no more shall I carp,
Your sense should be changed from George Blunt to Jack Sharp!"

A KICK IN THE RIGHT DIRECTION.—What is Italy to do with his old Holiness the Pope? Surely she has had enough of him by this time. She must have the point and edge of him as long as he remains with her. Now that quarter-day has come, she has better let her house of him. The bad company he keeps is clearly quite enough of an excuse for getting rid of him. We think the Duke of Italy could not do better than set about the task in kicking out his Holiness Pope Pius.

THE NATION THAT TURNS OUT MOST NEGATIVES.—By the recent Census we are informed that in Paris there are no less than 75,000 persons who get their living from photography and the photographic process. An old fogey, who has never been able to get over the stupid prejudice against the French, upon being told of the above fact, exclaimed, in a tone of the greatest triumph, "Egad, it's just like 'em! I always said those French fellows were the cleverest dupes in the world for *making faces!*"

FAN, MOMUS, TOLCHESTER, AND CO.'S LIST OF NEW PUBLICATIONS.

"The Fight over the Skein of Silk." By the Author of "The Mill on the Floss."

"Indecencies of the Queen." By the Author of "Idylls of the King," etc.

"The Young Person in Pink." By the Author of "The Woman in White."

"The Tale of the Household." By the Author of "The Head of the Family."

"Wealth, Wile-Hunting, and Womanscrift." By the Authoress of "Health, Husband, and Handicraft."

"Droll Buildings." By the Author of "Gryll Grange," etc.

"Enormous Realizations." By the Author of "Great Expectations," and other works.

59 Fleet Street, E.C.

BRITISH LION SHOWS HIS TEETH.
SECRETARY SEWARD LOOKS UP HIS TOOTH EXTRACTOR.

A WARNING TO SERVANT-MAIDS.

A certain young woman in service did dwell;
The place Wolverhampton, a true tale to tell.
She was mingling, one Sunday, her master's door nigh,
When lo and behold a young workman came by!

He seemed a respectable sort of young man,
Going after his beer, as he carried a can.
He said unto her, "Why art thou stickin' there?"
She answered, "I'm not, sir, I should do better."
So after some talking and chaffing about,
She invited him in while her master was out.
How many there is as will open the door
To them as they never set eyes on before!

Down they went to the kitchen together straightway;
And he for himself had got so much to say,
That, in his persuasion inclining her ear,
He filled up his can with her master's own beer.

Thereafter he kissed her, which she did return;
And her master, who was in a mood also to be,
Whereupon he prevailed of her desk to get hold,
Containing the postal half a sovereign in gold.

He asked her to lend it; she answered him, "No!"
To which he remarked, "You'll be forced to do so."
Then away from her bound and her knife-bottle too!
Which having accomplished, he bade her adieu.

Upon the next Sunday she met him again,
And axed him to give back her property in vain.
He told her 'twas spent; she would see in no sense:
No doubt he'd served others the same way before.

So thinking it wisest to make a clean breast,
To her master she went, and he grieved and confessed:
He, missing his German pipe, found, to his grief,
The same had been likewise purloined by the thief.

Him, being detected, they had up in Court,
Or her, as a witness, the lawyers made sport:
But she was rewarded by the master's own vigor
With whom she was foolish enough to collogue.

Now all you young women whose masters is out,
Don't let in the first young man tempting shows,
For fear it should bring you to shame and disgrace,
And lose you your virtue, and answer your place.

GOLDEN SANDS IN TIDE'S HOUR-GLASS.—A strong-minded lady (a very light "blue") was asked what an "Educational Object" was? when she replied, "It need have not the smallest notion, my dear, but I conjecture that every Phase of Progress must be composed of nothing but Educational Minutes."

ADVICE TO MATCH-MAKING MAMMAS.—The first and only thing requisite is wealth; as Mrs. Glass very nicely says, "First catch your Hein."

NURSERY RHYMES FOR YOUNG AMERICA.

I.

He's a good boyey-poyey.
A pity he is so nosey;
He's a Secessionist
Show capital imps,
So crow along, boyey-poyey.

There was a boy of thriftiness who, being wondrous wise,
Put many in his copy-book a penny for to learn.
And when he found his cash was gone, with all his might
and main
He went and wrote another form and took it out again.

VERY THIN-SKINNED.—Why does a certain eminent novelist dislike Quakers?—Because he objects to any one being of but little style.

The late Mr. Pat Lalor, who sat in Parliament for a short time as M.P. for an Irish county, was as inveterate a joker as ever took his seat in the House of Commons. When a new Parliament was elected, Mr. Peave, the Quaker, and the late Mr. Edward Baines were among the members returned to the House. "Indeed, Ned," said honest Pat, in his comic brogue, to a friend on his right, "they're getting very particular when it comes to up some new members—in the shape of Pays and Baines."

The late Mr. Nicholas Aylward Vigors, some time MP. for Carlow, was an F.R.S. and an eminent naturalist, and for many years honorary secretary of the Zoological Society. Some fast-and-loose years ago he was ejected from the representation of that constituency by Colonel Bruen. He wished on Sir Dyonis Sampson's vacant friend remarked, *a propos* of the circumstances, that Vigors need not have gone very far from his favorite Zoological Gardens in the Regent's Park to see Bruin at the top of the pole.

James Smith ("Rejected Addresses") gave the following reason for the election of Gully, the boxer, for *Punch-Fruit*:

"You ask me the cause that made Punchfruit sully
The fame by returning a Pugilist Gully?
The etymological cause, I suppose, is
That he broke the bridges of many noses."

If you use a fire-arm, take care that in shooting off your arm you don't shoot off your head.

DO YOU GIVE IT UP?

Why are the bars of a convent like a blacksmith's apron?
Because they keep off the sparks.
Why should a quill pen never be used for writing secret matter?
Because it is apt to split.
When may oysters be said to be dump?
When it is one (one) in the morning, and missed (mist) in the evening.
When is love deformed?
When it is all on one side.
My first is the threshold of a door;
My second an article of food;
My whole is a thing we can do without:
My whole one of the United States?
Met-ap-tor-emphatic-ally-know.
Why is conscience like the check-string in a carriage?
Because it is an inward pull on the outward man.
Why is a short-waisted lady like a tall woman like an habitual going up Vesuvius?
Like a trying to get to the mouth of the crater (creature).
Why is a four-quart measure like a side-saddle?
Because it holds a gal-on (a gallon).
Why is a rose-bush like a poem on marriage?
Because he is averse (a verse) to matrimony.

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE

THE ENEMY RETIRING.

INFORMATION was received on the 15th that the entire rebel force lately stationed at Leesburg had been withdrawn, even to the sick and wounded. Tents and baggage with their pickets were withdrawn from Vienna and in front of Fairfax Court-House. A balloon reconnoissance on the 16th discovered no rebels anywhere this side of Fairfax, and but few there. The impression now is that Lee is believed to be with the right resting on the Potomac at Aquia Creek, and the left on the Blue Ridge.

A reconnoissance was made on 30th by a force of 2000 men from General Smith's division, with some of Meritt's and Ayres's regulars, to Pine's and Flint Hill, two and a half miles at this side of Fairfax Court House, where they found the rebel force (3,000 men) had been gone, leading to the belief that the main body of their reserve was close by. General M'Clellan, General Franklin, General Porter, Smith, and Hancock, accompanied the expedition, which proceeded as far as Vienna. The rebels had left on the right of that town, on the Leesburg turnpike, without discovering any signs of the enemy having been there.

THE POTOMAC CLOSED.

The Potomac appears at last to have been effectually closed by the rebels. The gun-boat *Mount Vernon*, which arrived at Washington from below on Wednesday night, reports that the rebels have erected strong fortifications, besides merchant vessels with coal, oysters, and other articles, were lying in the channel. Some twenty shots were fired at the *Mount Vernon* from the batteries at and near Shipping Point, but none of them struck her. The *Pawnee* and several other vessels were also fired at. There are three batteries at the lower point, mounting thirteen guns, and another has been discovered on Quantico Hill, a mile and a quarter from it. It is supposed that there is still another at the mouth of Quantico Creek. About seven miles from Shipping Point, shots were also fired upon, and the *Pawnee* was struck six times yesterday morning by rifle balls.

On Thursday night the Government steamboat *Cossack* and *Leon*, having the *Long Island* and *Reliance* barges in tow, left the steamers *Fairfax* and *Lady Alan* in tow, passed up and down the *Fairfax* locks here and drifted toward the shore, when the rebels in boats started out and captured the barges at the same time they were fired upon by the shore battery, and being unable to tender any assistance to the *Fairfax*, which was heavily loaded with hay. The *Reliance* finally proceeded, with the three steamers in safety, but was detained for the better part of an hour during which time shot a hundred and fifty shot and shell were fired at her. She, as well as the *Lady Alan*, was struck several times, but no one on board was injured. It is difficult to imagine how a chain of sufficient strength to stop the progress of a steamer could be stretched across the river without the knowledge of some one of the rebels. On Sunday the rebels allowed their coal-one vessels to pass up, only one of which they fired at.

THE ARREST OF BRITISH SUBJECTS.

A very important question in relation to the arrest—under the suppression of the *habeas corpus*—of British subjects, has arisen between the British Government and Mr. Seward in reference to the case of a Mr. Patrick, of New York, and a Mr. Thompson, a boy and servant here from Nassau. Both these parties were sent to Fort Lafayette, but the latter was subsequently released. Lord Lyons takes the ground that the Constitution of the United States does not authorize the arrest or the arbitrary seizure of British subjects except authorized by act of Congress, and he requests of Mr. Seward the British Government against the "irregular proceedings" adopted in these cases, under advice from the legal adviser of the Executive Majesty.

MR. SEWARD'S REPLY.

Mr. Seward replies that the proceedings of which the British Government complains are based in the principles men were taken upon information conveyed to the President by the legal police authorities of the country, and he was not constituted until after he had proceeded the *habeas corpus* which he found it necessary to suspend, in view of the perils of the State, he deemed necessary. For the exercise of that discretion he, as well as his chief advisers, is responsible *by law* before the highest judicial tribunal of the republic, and amenable also to the judgment of his countrymen and the enlightened portion of the civilized world. Mr. Seward further reminds Lord Lyons that, although the United States recognize the right of expatriation by the forming of the legal subjects of the British Crown, or the justice of the decision of her Majesty pays to them, nevertheless, the British Government will hardly expect that the President will accept their explanation of the Constitution of the United States, especially when the Constitution itself provides that the privilege of the writ of habeas corpus may be suspended by any law-making power in cases of rebellion or invasion, when the public safety may require it. Mr. Seward states that, in his opinion, the present emergency, the supreme law, and so long as the danger shall exist to all classes of society equally, *the decision and the citizen must cheerfully acquiesce in the measures which that law prescribes.*"

THE BELLIGERENTS IN MISSOURI.

General Price is said to have been reinforced by a large body of rebels under Ben McCulloch, and their combined forces are said to be at Osceola, which they have fortified, and where they are awaiting the approach of General Fremont, who, at last accounts (Friday night), was at Warsaw engaged in organizing his forces. However, our whole General Siegel's division had already crossed.

RECAPTURE OF LEXINGTON.

On the 13th October Major White, of the First Missouri Regiment, with one hundred and fifty of his men, surprised the rebel garrison at Lexington, and recaptured the piece and all the sick and wounded Union prisoners. Major White also captured two cannon, a quantity of guns, pistols, and other articles which the rebels in their flight threw away.

THE FIGHT AT BOLIVAR.

Early in the morning of the 16th the rebels showed themselves on Bolivar Heights, overlooking the ferry, and commenced an attack with cannon upon three companies of the Thirteenth Massachusetts, stationed there. Gould, stood on the north side of the river. The firing was kept up for about three hours, when the steamer Ohio and Wisconsin crossed the river, charged upon the enemy, and succeeded in capturing one of their cannon. A subsequently arrested in good order to the river, as they were relieved by the Seventeenth and Twenty-eighth Pennsylvania, and, under command of Col. Geary, charged again upon the enemy, driving them from their position, and recapturing the cannon—a Dunbar cannon—which they had formerly returned across the river. Our forces had but three pieces of artillery, two of them on the north side of the river, while the enemy had seven pieces, together with a force of infantry and five hundred cavalry. They were completely routed, and driven back some three miles. Our loss was about seven killed and seventy-one, with that of the enemy was more than one hundred and fifty, including Colonel Ashby, who was killed in action.

Parties who arrived at Baltimore on 18th from Harper's Ferry report that the rebels had renewed their attack on the Union forces at Point Lookout, on Leesburg and Bolivar Heights, and that the fight was still going on. Major Gould felt confident that he could successfully withstand all rebel reinforcements arrived.

REPORTED NAVAL ENGAGEMENT IN THE MISSISSIPPI.

Information reached us last week from rebel sources, via the Norfolk *Examiner*, of a naval engagement between the rebel vessels off New Orleans, under command of Captain Hollins, in the ram *Manassas*, and the United States blockading squadron, in which Captain Hollins claims that he sunk Farragut and drove the remainder of the squadron and sunk the sloop of war *Preble* with his iron-clad vessel. Captain Hollins claims the affair took place on the 12th, and reports that the fight lasted an hour, that he sunk the *Preble* with his iron-clad vessel, and destroyed them well."

The Petersburg (Virginia) *Express* publishes Captain Hollins's official dispatch, and then proceeds to give details of the action. It says that the fight took place on the 12th, ram against the *Preble* and sunk her without firing a gun. The whole fleet of Federal vessels are said to have come to injury to her iron-cased sides. She then turned on the other two vessels, and they left their fleet and went to the west aground. The *Preble*, it is said, can not be raised. According to the *Express* a large quantity of provisions, arms, and ammunition were taken by the Confederates. Fort Orleans surrendered on the night of the 14th in honor of the presumed victory.

ESCAPE OF THE "NASHVILLE."

The steamer *Nashville*, which succeeded to have run the blockade as Charleston and sailed for Europe, with James M. Mason, of Virginia, Confederate Commissioner to England, and John Slidell, of Louisiana, Commissioner to France, on board. It is reported by Robert F. Bunch, a grau, who was a lieutenant in the United States naval service, which he resigned in 1861, that the *Nashville* is a side-wheel steamer, 1120 tons burden, and was built in this city in 1853. She was originally owned by Charleston merchants, and has a pivot gun and seven broadside guns.

Per contra, it is stated in the Richmond *Enquirer* of the 19th that the *Nashville* sailed safely out of the port of Charleston in the *Nashville*, and that that steamer is still in the port of Charleston.

THE EXCHANGE OF PRISONERS.

Government has at last virtually, though not directly, consented to an exchange of prisoners taken in battle or rebels, in custody at Washington and in this harbor—a measure recommended by General Dix, and which was released at Richmond on parole, and sent home under a flag of truce by way of Fortress Monroe—leaving the rebels to take up arms against the Government. The proposition was submitted to Washington Wednesday night by the Government; those released here were selected by the officer commanding the post.

IMPORTANT ORDER TO GENERAL FREMONT.

The Secretary of War has issued an important order addressed to General Fremont, which matters connected with that officer's command in the Department of the West. In this order the Secretary directs us to make the following officers, and are not to be transferred to irregularities service, or to leave the State without permission of the President, and are not under bonds. In the next place, he directs that the order for erection of forts were erected St. Louis and Jefferson City to be discontinued. The erection of barracks is also forbidden, and the order also directs the attention of General Fremont is further directed to the fact that the officers of General Lane's command have been committing depredations upon Union people in Western Missouri.

OUR SEA-COAST DEFENSES.

Secretary Seward has addressed a circular to Governor Morgan, and the Governors of other States, and a special board, recommending that the State authorities take measures to protect the fortifications and other harbor defenses—the expenses to be reimbursed by the General Government at some future period.

A TELEGRAPH TO SALT LAKE CITY.

A telegraphic dispatch, sent on 18th from Great Salt Lake City, the capital of the territory of Utah, was published in the papers of 19th as received from Brigham Young by Hon. J. H. Wade, President of the Pacific Telegraph Company, in Cleveland. The great Apostle of the Saints announces the fact that the line is built, and has succeeded, but is firm for the Constitution and the laws.

FOREIGN NEWS.

FRANCE.

BREAD TROUBLES.

CONSIDERABLE agitation existed in some of the Paris faubourgs on account of the high price of bread. Seditious placards were numerous, and some arrests had been made. Very formal precautions are stated to be not of employment in Lyons, and the authorities were taking measures to provide for them. The Rhone was reported very low in a very uncertain state. A protracted Cabinet Council had been held, at which the Emperor presided, and at which grain and bread furnished the principal topics of discussion.

PRINCE NAPOLEON'S REPORT ON THIS COUNTRY.

Prince Napoleon is now engaged on a tour of observation in this country, is said to have transmitted to the French Emperor an important State paper relative to American affairs. The character of the paper is not precisely known.

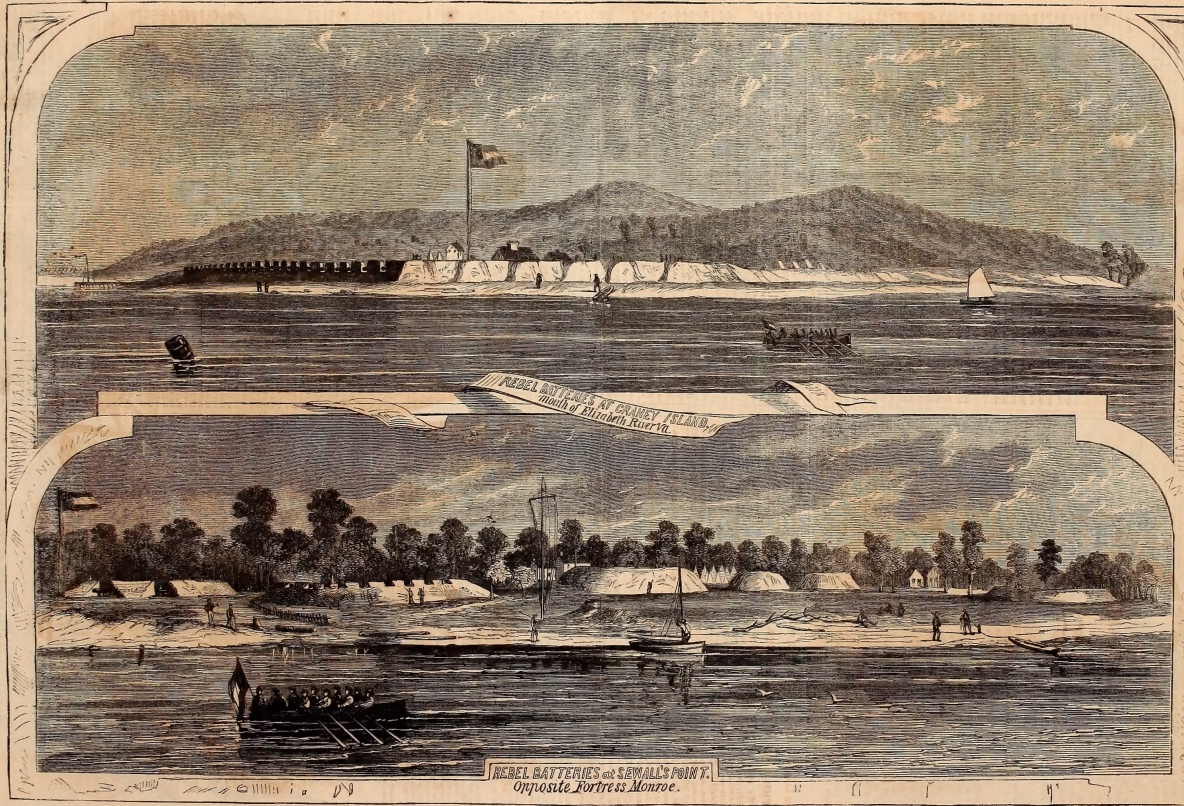
MOVEMENTS OF NOTABLES.

The King of Prussia has paid a private visit to Napoleon at Compiegne. The meeting is said to have been cordial. The King of Holland was expected in France on the 11th of October. Garibaldi has left Caprera, but his destination is unknown.

ITALY.

THE ITALIAN QUESTION.

From Italy we have the assurance that the relations of the Italian and French Governments are as satisfactory as possible, and that the delay in the settlement of the Roman question is due to the competency of the Pope on the part of France for a session of Italian territory. The Pope, at a recent Consistory, is said to have denounced compromise in the strongest terms.



THE REBEL BATTERIES ON SEWALL'S POINT AND CRANEY ISLAND.—FROM AUTHENTIC SKETCHES JUST TAKEN.—[SEE PAGE 699.]

THE LATE GENERAL E. D. BAKER, KILLED IN BATTLE OCTOBER 21, 1861.—[PHOTOGRAPHED BY BRADY.]

THE LATE GENERAL BAKER.

We publish herewith, from a photograph by Brady, a portrait of the late GENERAL BAKER, who fell gallantly at the head of his brigade, at the battle near Leesburg, on 21st October. General Edward D. Baker was a native of the State of Illinois, and a great personal friend of President Lincoln. He was a representative in Congress from Illinois during the years 1846 and 1847, and was subsequently Senator for the new State of Oregon. General Baker's military career shows that this is not his first campaign, for we find that in July, 1846, he was Colonel of the Fourth Regiment of twelve months' Illinois Volunteers in the Mexican war, and commanded the brigade of General Shields after his fall. He distinguished himself at the battle of Cerro Gordo. He received his discharge in May, 1847. In a military capacity he was not again known until the present troubles commenced, when at the monster meeting in Union Square he ascended the principal platform and boldly announced that, if he could get only a few followers, he would as boldly go forth and battle for the Union. How the words of the white-haired Senator told upon the loyal citizens of the North time has already proven. He organized the California regiment and led it to the field. When offered a Brigadier and even a Major Generalship, he refused both, preferring to lie at the head of the regiment he had organized; and although acting in this battle as a General, he was simply the Colonel of the First California Regiment which started from this city.

THE LATE COLONEL SMITH.

We publish herewith a portrait of the late COLONEL ALBE. SMITH, who commanded the Thirteenth Regiment New York State Militia during their recent three months' campaign, and who met his death so unexpectedly last week at Mechanicsville, in this State.

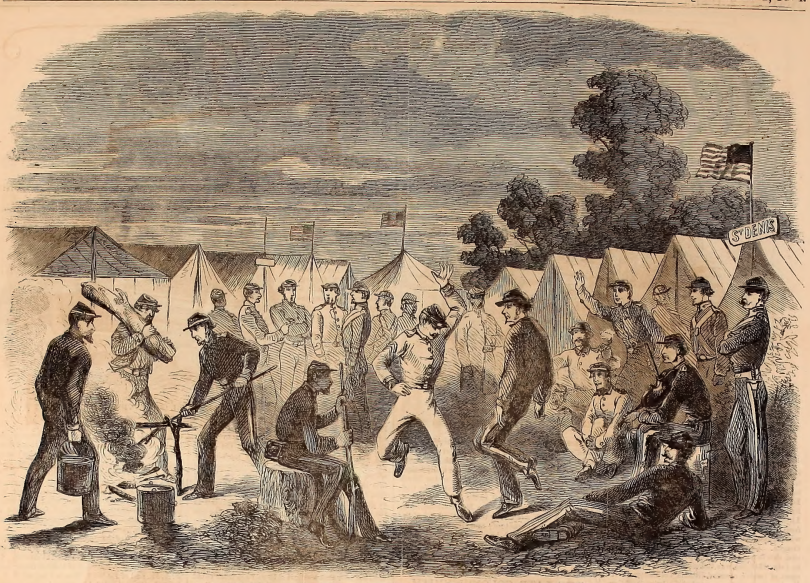
Colonel Smith was an old resident of Brooklyn, and was greatly respected. On his return from his three months' service he undertook to reorganize the Thirteenth Regiment for the war. We quote from the *Herald:*

"He was one of the first to respond to the call of the President, and proceeded to Annapolis with his regiment, of which post he was the commander for a time. He then, as on previous occasions, displayed great courage and discretion, and discharged his onerous duties to the entire satisfaction of the War Department. For several weeks past Colonel Smith had been actively engaged in reorganizing the Thirteenth Regiment, numbers of which, who were ardently attached to their Colonel, having rejoined his command; and it was in the act of rallying his men together that he met with the accident which, after a few hours of suffering, occasioned his death. The Colonel left New York last week for Whitehall, where a number of recruits were waiting to be conveyed to Brooklyn for his regiment. On reaching Mechanicsville, early on Friday morning, he got out, that place being but a short distance from where the friends of his wife reside. In getting into the railroad car, while the train was in motion, he slipped his foot, and the concussion was so great that terrible fractures were produced in the shoulder, arms, and legs. As soon as the car passed over he raised himself up, and supposing that he was not seriously injured, he tore his coat-sleeve off with the hand which was not injured, at the same time remarking, 'I guess I am not hurt a great deal.' He was immediately conveyed to the hotel near by, and though every thing was done for him that medical skill and kindness could suggest, he died in the afternoon of the same day. The mother of the late gallant Colonel Ellsworth was in attendance, and did all in her power to alleviate the sufferings of Colonel Smith—stimulated, no doubt, by the remembrance of the sad end of her noble son, whose memory will be ever green in the hearts of all true Americans. It is believed that the Colonel was unconscious during the time that elapsed between his being taken into the hotel and the moment he breathed his last. Intelligence of the accident was promptly communicated to his family, who reside in Lorimer Street, Williamsburgh, and his wife and son (Major Smith) proceeded to Mechanicsville, but arrived too late to see him alive. They accompanied his remains to Brooklyn."

THE LATE COLONEL SMITH, OF THE THIRTEENTH REGIMENT N. Y. S. M. [PHOTOGRAPHED BY L. S. HIGBY, WILLIAMSBURGH, L. I.]

The funeral of the deceased took place on Tuesday, October 22, from the residence of his family, corner of Lorimer and North Second streets. Colonel Smith was a member of Corner Stone Lodge F. A. M., and of De Witt Clinton Chapter R. A. M. Both bodies attended his funeral. His remains were taken to Cypress Hill Cemetery, the Fifth Brigade N. Y. S. M. acting as an escort. The Mayor and Common Council of Brooklyn and a large number of friends attended.

UNIFORM OF COLONEL GEARY'S ARTILLERY (GENERAL BANKS'S DIVISION).—[SEE PAGE 703.]



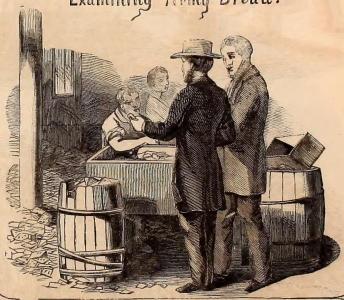
THE ARMY OF THE POTOMAC—SCENE IN CAMP AFTER EVENING PARADE.

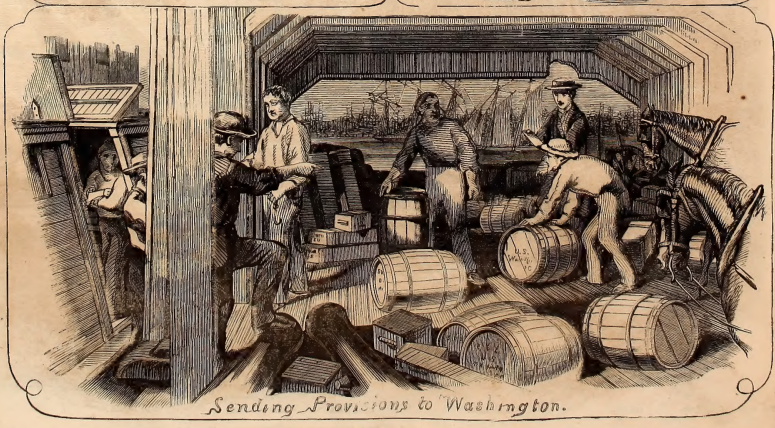
THE ARMY OF THE POTOMAC—THE PICKET-GUARD.

Testing and Weighing Salted Meats.

Baking Army Bread.

Examining Army Bread.





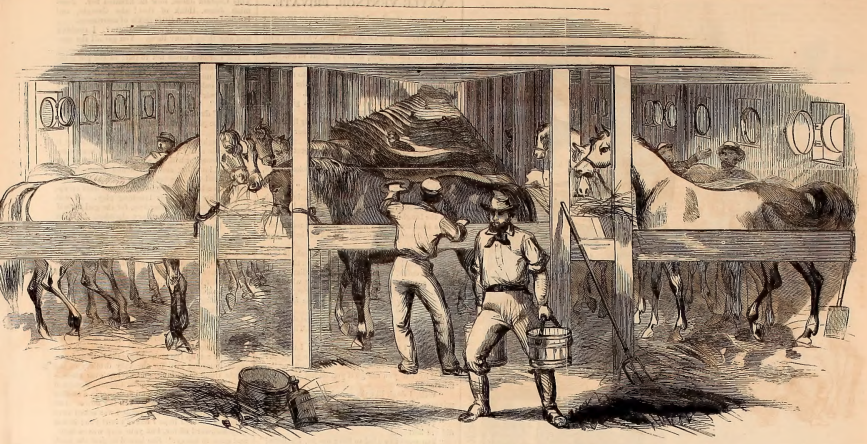
Sending Provisions to Washington.

PROVISIONS FOR THE ARMY.—[SEE PAGE 699.]

SHIPPING HORSES.

Curlew. Ocean Queen Oriental. Baltic. O. M. Pettit. Gem of the Seas. Great Republic. Wabas

THE GREAT N



HORSES IN STALLS BETWEEN DECKS

Seneca. Pembina. Connecticut. Mercury. Lindlin. Augusta. Alabama. James Adger.

L EXPEDITION.

CAMP OF GENERAL HUNTER'S AND GENERAL ASBOTH'S DIVISIONS (GENERAL FREMONT'S ARMY), AT TIPTON, MISSOURI.—[SKETCHED BY ALEXANDER SIMPSON.]

VAYLE VENTNOR, PRIVATE.

THE music wandered off from Flowtow to nearer home, playing the "Star-Spangled Banner" in bold breezy bursts. The large, long hall was filled with the sweet sharp shocks of the cymbals, the bright blowing of the bugles, and the great drum-beats rolling through.

People let their thoughts flow forth to meet the music, as suited them best, out upon the piazzas, in the parlors, or in the large, long hall.

Walking up and down the latter, a girl voice went singing the first line,

"Oh say, can you see by the dawn's early light?"

then ceasing, beating her palms together in time with the striking cymbals, she says,

"Oh, isn't it lovely?" lingering in a pretty drawl upon the "lovely."

The gentleman walking beside her looked down, smiling mischief, as he replied,

"Very lovely, Carlotta, sing it again."

"Nonsense! I do not mean my singing. Ah, but you know that I don't!" looking up laughing into the laughing face.

He bent lower, and more meaningly returned,

"But *mean* the singing. I like it better than the band."

"No, no, don't talk so, but listen—ah, it is divine! divine! better than any music in the world. I don't wonder, listening to it, that soldiers realize all the excitement and not the danger when they march to the battle-field to such inspiring strains. Raymond, how did you feel when the men were dropping round you at Manassas?"

"Oh, as most men feel; after the first shock and dread passes the nerves grow steady. Thus easily we get careless of human lives."

"Ah no, I do not think it is that; I think the soul rises to the occasion. But will you go again?"

"If I can get a commission, yes; if not, no."

"Why will you not go if you do not get a commission?"

"Well, I don't like the associations generally as private. It's too hard work, and if I risk my life I want to choose the way."

"Yes, I see," she answered, absently, as if she did not half see."

"You would be glad to have me go, Carlotta?" bending again, with eager interest. She knew what he meant, and a little color of crimson fused into the faint pink cheek, and she unfurled her fan with a quick, nervous slide, as she replied.

"I would be glad for every man to go that can, specially those without wives and children."

"They may have mothers; you forget that," he said, with an irritated, jeering sort of a laugh.

But she was very serious, almost solemn, as she returned,

"Yes, that is very true; I didn't forget. My brother went, you know; and he goes again, with *our* mother's consent."

"I know." That was all he said, but it was said in softer accents, under conviction.

Then in a moment more he began,

"And the tie of a lover, Carlotta." A little tinkling clash, and the pretty pearl fan was lying broken upon the floor, making grievous interruption. Swinging it to and fro, it had swung far out, and fell at a gentleman's feet who was sitting on one of the side couches. He brought it to her, and received a little airy "Thank you," and a smile of which her companion looked envious.

"I wonder who he is?" she exclaimed, watching the "gentleman" as he returned down the hall. "I've noticed him sitting there all the evening."

"*Have you?*" with satiric emphasis, to which she paid no attention, but went on heedlessly:

"Yes; and did you see what an air he has—how loftily he carries his head? Military, too, do you notice? He must be a new arrival."

"Very likely," was the reply, crossly enough now, and snapping two or three more sticks of the fan he had taken from her. Whereupon such a cunning little smile went flashing whiter pearls than he held into view, and a pair of merry brown eyes dropped their white curtains, for modesty's sake.

The gentleman who had been the innocent cause of all this, from his place on one of the side couches, observed the pantomime of the conversation with an odd smile curling his heavy mustache. It was evident that he understood.

On the next morning Miss Carlotta Delevan—in other words, Miss Charlotte, the sweet Spanish rendering being the work of her Cuban nurse—might have been seen, somewhere after breakfast, when the halls are mostly vacant, running her little finger down the list of arrivals, as she leaned over the office-desk.

There were Smiths, and Smythes, and aristocratic Howards, and Vans, and the Parisian De', but only one military Captain Jones; and following this, making it more noticeable from the sharp contrast of euphony, was one name, the last, Vayle Ventnor.

"Vayle Ventnor!" She ran it over in her mind. The oddest name in the world. But she had found what she sought; her military hero of the lofty carriage was Captain Jones. So, satisfied, she went sauntering out upon the piazza and met the military hero, "Captain Jones," sauntering too. She dropped her pretty head in pretty remembrance, and received a most graceful "reverence" in return; then with gentlemanly courtesy he turned off from his walk, leaving her alone.

So she sauntered slowly, thinking, "There's something fine about the man—not so handsome though as Raymond Mays; horrid name too, 'Jones!' Heigh-ho!" yawning; "I wish I had the morning's paper. Ah! there comes Raymond; I'll ask him. Raymond," nodding and smiling her greeting, "is that the paper you have? Yes? Thank you!" nodding again, and dropping into a chair to unfold and look it over, talking meanwhile to Raymond, who seated himself near.

Looking down a list of soldiers, what should she come upon but those two names again. First, among the officers, "Jeremiah Jones, Captain;" then, lower down, "Vayle Ventnor, Private." This Captain Jones, how he haunted her. Jeremiah Jones, think of that! she thought, and laughed outright, a little tinkle of merriment.

"What is it so funny, Carlotta? I couldn't find any thing funny there. You get all the sunshine of life. What is it?" bending over.

But Carlotta chose not to tell; so she put a little slim hand between his eyes and the paper, saying, with merry malice, "Curious?"

"No; only interested in what interests you. I want to catch your sunny way. Can't you teach me how?"

"Yes," demurely, "I'll teach you to catch it," rolling the paper into a ball, and tossing it lightly to him.

He caught the paper and the fun too, tossing it back again softly. And to and fro they kept it going a moment, until, in a backward bend of her head, all laughing and flushed and breeze-ruffled as the head was, she received a glance of admiration from a bearded face looking down from an upper window upon their laughing play. It was sheer admiration, nothing less, for the girl herself in all her bright momentary abandon. As she met it her color rose naturally; she dropped her eyes to raise them again furtively, but the gazer had withdrawn.

Captain Jones again. It was very funny.

And then there rushed over her mind—"CAPTAIN JEREMIAH JONES!" and another little peal of laughter tinkled forth.

"What does possess you, is Carlotta, this morning?" young Mays questioned, smilingly.

She drew a long face, and answered,

"Captain Jeremiah Jones possesses me, Raymond!" And flinging down the paper, she ran away, tinkling forth her laugh again to her hearer's utter mystification.

So she ran up the stairs, along the halls and passages, laughing still for the very drollery of the whole thing—laughing, and saying over gleefully, "Captain Jeremiah Jones, Captain Jeremiah Jones," when Captain Jeremiah Jones, in a sudden turn around a corner, nearly ran her down. Off came the plumed hat, and pardon was asked very humbly, with "I hope I haven't hurt you; it was very awkward of me, but your step was so light, and mine so heavy." She leaned against the wall, not hurt, but so startled that she couldn't speak for a moment.

She was hurt, then, he thought, and very gravely and respectfully he approached to offer some assistance, when she regained herself, and, explaining, sped away. Bursting into her room, the persistent oddity of the affair overcame her again, and she flung herself in another peal of laughter upon the bed. Her mother looked up in amaze, asking Raymond's question: "What does possess you, Carlotta?" With a little silver shout she answered, "Captain Jeremiah Jones possesses me, mamma;" and as soon as she was able to speak further she gave "mamma" a history of her adventures with the above gentleman. "Mamma" took the sunshine of life like her daughter; so there were a pair of laughers when she had ended.

The unconscious cause of all this, standing at the office lighting a cigar, heard the merriment, and, recognizing one voice, wondered what it was about.

After dinner a servant handed her a card: "Ward Wyman." She ran down gleefully, for Ward Wyman was an old friend, and there she found him in close conversation with Captain Jeremiah Jones, who was for turning away as the lady approached, but stood at the peremptory command of Mr. Wyman, and the words, "I want you two to know each other. Carlotta, this is my friend Ventnor—Vayle Ventnor, Miss Charlotta Delevan." The gentleman bowed lowly, "was very happy, etc.;" but Carlotta was too amazed to say a word, and all the while trying in vain to control the merriment that dimpled round her mouth. Through her mind went running, "Captain Jeremiah Jones!"

That night when Mays, Raymond Mays, came up to their hotel she had to tell him the whole story: it was too funny to keep. How he laughed! "Why, you little goose, can't you tell an officer's dress from a private's?"

"No, indeed; how should I?" she answered.

"Ventnor? Ventnor?" he repeated. "Ward"—to Wyman, who was just passing—"who is this fellow?"

"What fellow?"

"This Ventnor?"

Ward Wyman twinkled with suppressed amusement.

"This fellow, Mays, is the son of Richmond Ventnor, whose house you visited with me, in Paris, five years ago."

"The dickens it is! What in the world is his son serving merely as a private for?"

"You must ask him."

"Why his income must be a small fortune, and his associations in family advantages such that he might have almost any post. What does he mean?"

Thus, in his surprise, Raymond Mays ran on, unconscious that he was adding still more interest to the quondam Captain in the mind of Carlotta.

He saw his mistake by-and-by, when the hand struck up "Die Schonbrunner," and passing by, Vayle Ventnor, encouraged by the cordial smile that greeted him from Carlotta, approached and asked her, "Would she honor him with two or three turns?" adding, apologetically, "that he was exercising a fit cavalier for a lady in his rough soldi r's costume." But Carlotta thought differently, and said something very pretty and patriotic to him as she accepted the invitation. The fact was, Carlotta was wild with curiosity to know how such a Fortune favorite came to be in his present po ition, as "Vayle Ventnor, Private;" and so she determined to follow up the acquaintance till she had established her Eve-like propensity. It wasn't a pleasant waltz to one person there. Raymond Mays stood chewing the cud of bitter reflection. Poor Mays! he thought he was dying for Carlotta Delevan; and perhaps he was, but it would be an easy

death—because Mays never took any thing hardly, not even the small-pox, which once visited him, leaving one white mark on the side of his handsome nose.

It wasn't pleasant to see Ventnor's splendid sliding ease of step as he whirled past with Carlotta. If he had made a bungle of it he could have forgiven him, but that perfect movement defied criticism. After the waltz the two strolled out upon the piazza, and here suddenly the gentleman reeled, and would have fallen, had it not been for the slight little arm that was linked within his. He sat down, and presently explained.

"I have been ill, Miss Delevan, and the change of air after the exercise made me head sick."

"Oh, you are off on furlough, getting well?" she asked, with some satisfaction.

"Exactly," he replied, and a little amused at her direct simplicity, "off on furlough, getting well—that is just it, Miss Delevan."

She colored a little—had she been too curious? But his manner was very frank and kind, so her mind eased itself, and the talk flowed so readily that she found it was eleven o'clock before she knew it. Rising to go to, she said to him:

"Come to our private parlor, Mr. Ventnor, and let me present you to my mother: she will be glad to make you comfortable if you are an invalid, and to ask you about the army, for our Will's sake."

He thanked her lightly. He liked the cordial freedom of her invitation, and told her how glad he would be to come.

So it came to pass that morning after morning "Vayle Ventnor, Private," might be seen half-sitting, half-reclining, upon Mrs. Delevan's own particular lounge in her own particular private parlor. On one of these mornings Carlotta was enlightened.

It began in this way: She had picked up an old paper, and her eye fell upon the two names again in a roll-call—"Vayle Ventnor, Private," and "Jeremiah Jones, Captain."

She laughed with the gleeful memory—then told him the whole story; but the telling is too naive to lose.

To his question, "What is it so funny, Miss Delevan?" she replied,

"Why, you must know that when you first arrived, this paper was picked up by—by fun, you remember, I thought you were Captain Jeremiah Jones."

"You thought—how should you think that?"

"Well, you see, when you restored my fan that night I remarked to Raymond Mays, as you went back to your seat, that you were military. The next morning, as I was looking over the list of arrivals, I came upon the two names—'Captain Jones and Vayle Ventnor;' and I supposed, of course, that you were the officer, as I had no knowledge of military dress-distinction, and there was but one military prefix, and I remembered your coolly speaking to some regiment. Do you see?"

"Yes, I see," he answered, trying not to smile at her straight simplicity.

"But who in the world is 'Captain Jones'—Captain Jeremiah Jones?" she suddenly asked. "I haven't thought of the real Captain actually since I discovered my mistake—how funny!"

He returned the next day after his arrival—you probably didn't see him. He is from the Captain of my company—a good fellow, and an excellent officer. But let me ask another question: How did you happen this time to be 'private?'"

"Why, I saw it in a paper—like this," and she handed him the one she held to him—then followed other little remarks—as the morning or the stairs, etc., till at last Carlotta asked a plump question, coloring prettily all the time,

"I wish to know how you came to be serving as 'Private'—will you tell me?"

"Why not so especially?"

"Because Will says you are rich and aristocratic. Richmond Ventnor's son."

He laughed.

"Yes, it is very true. I am rich and aristocratic, as the saying goes, and Richmond Ventnor's son; but what has that to do with it?" he concluded, determining to clear her out. She made her eyes very round at this; and then repeated the usual objections—the usual reasons why rich and influential men do not serve as "privates"—Raymond Mays's objections and reasons.

He heard her through, then his whole face changed, and he broke it toward her, and his light laughing words of a moment since changed to perfect seriousness as he answered:

"Miss Delevan, I hear the news reached me of my country's peril I was in Paris at my father's house. A steamer sailed on the next day for America. I went, very precipitately and unlike it is. My life had been a student's life: I knew nothing whatever of military drill; but I was able and strong, from being a good gymnast—so I set myself to learn my new trade by enlisting as a private at once."

"But you have been serving three months—surely you have some experience now?" she interposed.

"It hasn't made a good soldier of me yet, at all events. I have much to learn before I shall think myself fitted to command in any degree. In the mean time, the country calls for a larger army, and because I am unfitted for an officer, shall I wait at such a time for a commission?"

"But you would not have to wait, with your connections in the military and political world," she said; not half seeing yet his modesty—his manliness.

"No, I would not have to wait, it is very true," he exclaimed, with some sarcasm. "Miss Delevan," sitting upright now, and lighting with scorn, "I am sick and ashamed of the shallow advantages of position—of the miserable presuming expectations that grow out of it. It is continually putting men in the wrong place, and building up gigantic errors—such errors as we are to-day striving to amend. It humiliates me to think that to my position in the world do I owe perhaps any advancement, instead of to my own strength and powers as a man. I long sometimes to throw off these 'circumstances,' and for a time to meet the world face to face, and on its own terms. But pardon me for boring you with my theories;" and he sank back upon the lounge again to silence.

So Carlotta was enlightened.

As she sat there in the silence she pondered what she had heard. This did not sound like Raymond Mays; yet, certainly this was a brave fellow, and a manly one. She had never heard any one talk like this before; but it struck an answering chord in her nature. Of course she liked him better for it. *He* thought she didn't understand—that he had bored her with his earnestness on what he supposed were to her dry subjects; but in fact he looked upon her as only a sweeter specimen of the young lady genus, that bloomed in fashionable society.

By-and-by she said, in a dreamy, absent manner, as she sat, with her cheek leaning in her hand:

"I wish you would talk in this way to Raymond Mays."

"Why to Raymond Mays?" he questioned, in surprise.

"Oh," still dreamily, thoughtfully, "he is waiting for a commission. He says he don't like the associations of a private"—that it is too hard labor, and too generalizing; that if he is going to risk his life, he means to do it in a manner that is most agreeable to him."

"Personal ambition! that is it; it stands in the way of the whole thing. Every man for himself, instead of a people—a million of men. . . . But are you anxious for Mr. Mays to go?" and he bore looked at her rather curiously.

"I am anxious for all men to go who can," as I told him.

"As you told him? But pardon me."

"I have nothing to pardon in that. But why do you ask it?"

"I was surprised."

"Surprised! I am not curious. What is there surprising in that?"

Miss Delevan, I wish you would let me ask you a blunt question."

"I will."

"Are you not engaged to Mr. Mays?"

"Engaged to Raymond Mays? No. What put such a thought in your mind?"

"I can hardly tell; but I somehow receive the impression."

"And that is why you were surprised that I told him I was anxious for all men to go! Mr. Ventnor, I have never talked very earnestly upon any matter with Mr. Mays; you, not because I have doubted your earnestness, but because I have met so few persons who feel just as I do upon many things that I do. I am not anxious for Mr. Mays to avowal a moment since, I know you will understand me when I say that, were I engaged to Mr. Mays, I could not tell him that I was anxious for this issue, even awaiting a commission," she concluded, smiling. He looked at her with a new expression. His was true, and he told her so.

"I don't know," she went on, thoughtfully. "Sometimes I think perhaps it is because I haven't been tried in that peculiar manner. Women whose husbands and lovers have gone, and to whom I have expressed this, say I am unwomanly, or that it is because I have no call upon them."

"It is because you are unselfish!" he exclaimed, with energy. "That is the mistake half the women make. They are selfish, because they are selfless and unselfishness, where the heart is concerned. And you, Miss Delevan, are the first woman I ever met who is not selfish."

The honest admiration with which he regarded her at this point was unmistakable. It pleased her, of course, and she showed it by saying, simply, "I am so glad you think so."

He gave a quick look into her face. Such a mixture of frankness, reserve, he couldn't make out Miss Delevan. He presently said,

"Carlotta!" Then, recollecting, "Pardon me, Miss Delevan."

She waved her hand at him deprecatingly, and interrupted with, "No, no; call me Carlotta. I like people to call me Carlotta."

What was she about to say? I like people—I like to call me Carlotta? He wished he knew.

"But as I was resumed, "what you were going to say to Carlotta."

"Oh, just a fact which may sound like mere complement, but which I assure you is not, viz: that to-day I thought you something sweeter than most young ladies; but now you stand to me as a type of what women should be."

"Oh, that is a great deal to say; but I think you mean it as you assert."

"Yes, I mean it, Carlotta; and more—go on as you have to me; talk out such sentiments. Be brave and honest and true to whatever convictions you may have, however unpopular they may be. Will you?"

He was very earnest—not gallant as Raymond Mays would have been—but in hearty earnest for the truth's sake.

"I will try," she answered. Then she thought, "He called me Carlotta—how sweet it sounds! He is certainly very fine, *and handsomer than Raymond Mays!*"

Alas for Raymond Mays! Two or three more days went by, and the band played, and the carriages rolled, and people took life gayly in sound of the guns, and of surging and retreating fleets of fashion. In this time "Vayle Ventnor, Private," became better acquainted with la Carlotta. From the text of that morning they had gone on into the deeper waters of existence—had talked finer and freer, and thus discovered much more of each other.

In the mean time Raymond Mays, handsome fellow!—much handsomer he is known than Vayle Ventnor—mean time he chafed and fretted inwardly at this ripening acquaintance, and outwardly conducted himself in a most disdainful manner toward the former gentleman.

"The girl's head is turned with his wealth and position!" he blustered one night to Ward Wayman.

"No, no, Mays, be generous; I don't think that of Carlotta: besides, you don't know Ventnor—you won't know him; that's all it. There was never a finer fellow in the world."

Mays sneered and turned away.

It happened that very night that he was present at a club-room, and heard a conversation between Ventnor and another, wherein Ventnor gave his reasons and opinions pretty much as he had done before Carlotta Delevan.

Still Mays sneered and scoffed.

The conversation was interrupted off, a lieutenant of the regular army suddenly said,

"Here is Mays now who is waiting, and with better reason than most. Mays was in the Crimea, you know."

"No, I didn't know."

"Yes, he was in Europe at the time, and joined the allied forces out of sheer blood-thirstiness, I believe. Isn't it so, Mays? Here, come out of your corner, and tell us all about it."

Mays "came out," saying there was nothing to tell, modestly and a little crossly.

But Ventnor, with a courteous, and genial and frank, there was no resisting; so Mays told them all about it" that he knew.

"Berge says you were the best-drilled soldier of all the volunteers, Mays," the Lieutenant went on, "and that you had at one time the temporary command of a regiment."

"Why, I should think it was easy enough then for you to get a commission," one said.

Mays shrugged his shoulders, and retorted, "Bah! I haven't influential friends in the right department, you know."

Vayle Ventnor put forth in the same indignant protest that he had brought forward upon another occasion, and when he had ended there was a disconcerted pause around his firm-set mouth that told of a purpose.

When Raymond Mays left the club-room that night it was with the intention to Friendly not to Ventnor's cordial "Good-night!"

A few days more and the furlough would have expired. "Vayle Ventnor, Private," was a sound, hearty man again. There was no excuse now for delay, though he had gone to the Schuylkill every morning, memorizing strains, and the Star-Spangled Banner rolled through the halls.

Whistling the latter tunfor to get the former out of his head, he was rushing up the stairs and round a corner—that fatal corner—when swift came a silk gown and flutter of lace. He opened his arms in a flash—into them he took silk gown and all—all the pretty, pretty wearer. He gathered her up with a little exulting laugh, and set her down, and then he poured forth his love in a torrent of words that he had said, "Carlotta, le my Carlotta, you little darling!" and she had promised that she would.

"So you are engaged, Carlotta?" Raymond Mays remarked, a short time after this.

"Yes, I am," Raymond answered."

"Well, I give you my congratulations. Carlotta, look here." He handed her an open letter. It was read—an appointment to a Captaincy in the 4th Regiment.

"Oh, I am so glad for you!" she exclaimed. "How came you here?"

"It came by Vayle Ventnor, Private, though he does not know my knowledge of his influence."

Then he told her of a former conversation at the club-room, and how directly after that he received this appointment, through Governor ——— and Colonel ———, with the kind regards of "Vayle Ventnor." "And now, Carlotta, I have offered you my congratulations, I am going to him for the same purpose. I call him friend. He deserves his happiness, for he is a good fellow; but I wish he never had come here after all, Carlotta."

"They say he never will leave got your commission," she answered, slyly.

"But," bending down, "shouldn't have got Carlotta?"

"Oh no, no; we were both too old acquaintances, Raymond. You'll like somebody else much better than you ever did me."

He stoutly denied this possibility; but all the time he was adjusting his spoiled sash with infinite satisfaction to himself, and unto herself, "I'll risk his heart while it leads under that uniform."

He held out his hand. "Good-by, Carlotta; I sail to-night." He tried hard to look miserable, but all in vain.

"Good-by!"

Then suddenly, in a quiet flash of feeling, he bent nearer. The "good-by" was a kiss. She laughed.

"How dare you, Raymond?"

"For old acquaintance' sake, and because next time I see you you will be Mrs. Vayle Ventnor—*Private.*"

REBEL BATTERIES IN THE CHESAPEAKE.

On page 692 we publish views of the new REBEL BATTERIES on the point at Mathias Point and on Cressy Island for the protection of Norfolk. They are thus described in a letter to the *Herald*:

The rebels are evidently acquiring some nerve. They are very busy at Sewall's Point; twenty large guns are mounted, and they are constantly adding to the number. Two will soon be put in place. At Cressy Island thirty-four guns have been mounted in their early batteries. This piece of work was built for the purpose of preventing shipping from coming up the Potomac. About twelve guns of the largest calibre bear on the approach to the mouth of the river, while seven bear directly on the passage up. It is almost an impossibility to pass this battery, which is beautifully constructed, and is certainly one of the finest pieces of earth-work I ever saw. With a proper force the rebels might be driven out by shell, but it would cost many lives and many vessels to do it. The batteries on Sewall's Point are composed of six distinct batteries—three facing the mouth and two guns in embrasures and one en parapet. The next seaside nine, all in embrasures, which are finished in fine style. The next battery is provided with three guns *en barbette*. Two of the batteries are built in rifle pits, each mounting one gun *en barbette*. The next battery mounts two guns *en barbette*. A heavy gun on a ship carriage planted on the beach completes the line of defence. With a proper management it would be a good matter, comparatively speaking, to drive the rebels out of this line of batteries.

The sawyer gun, on the kip Rogue, can trouble them very badly now. Although I have taken up this subject to-day, I do not wish to be understood that any active steps are to be taken in relation to these points; but as I have had an opportunity lately of having these batteries described to me, I thought it would be a matter of some interest to record the position of the rebels in this locality.

THE "MERRIMAC."

We publish on page 689 an illustration of the STEAMER "MERRIMAC," as she is at present. Our picture is from sketches by an officer who visited it in the following extract from the *Herald* correspondence from Fortress Monroe:

A mechanic who came over under a flag of truce last evening furnishes us with some very valuable information in relation to the steam frigate *Merrimac*. He says her hull has been cut down to within three feet of her lightwater mark, and a bomb-proof house built on her gun deck, and that she is not now looked as yet. Her bow and stern have been steel clad, with a projecting angle of iron for the purpose of piercing a vessel. Her armament consists of four eleven-inch navy guns on each side, with one Dahlgren Armstrong a rifle gun bow and stern. She has no masts, and only a pilot-house and smoke-tack are to be seen above the bomb-proof deck. Her draught now is three inches thick and made of wrought iron. He states that in his will say that they do not fear two vessels. The chains also to have worked upon her, and to have lived very near to him very much. He was taken as far as the Navy Yard and interrogated in relation to her, and gave his statement as above.

REBEL BATTERIES ON THE POTOMAC.

We illustrate on page 701 one of the fights which are now occurring daily on the Potomac. It is thus described in a letter in the *Herald* of 16th October:

The United States gun-boat *Seminole*, Commander F. Gillis, U.S.N., arrived this morning, bringing intelligence of the engagement with rebel rifled steam at Evanport, on the Potomac River, above Acain Creek. The *Seminole* left Washington yesterday with the *Penguin*, the latter being somewhat in advance of the *Seminole*. As the *Pembroke* passed the batteries at Evanport she received from a few rebels to see if the rebels would reciprocate, but they did not seem to heed it. But as the *Seminole* passed the batteries there belonging opened fire on her, throwing rifled shot and shell as hot as a tenemendous rate. She kept steaming on her way, and as soon as possible, throwing in shell among the rebels, verularly unsuspecting. During the engagement she was struck in several places. A heavy shell exploded close under the deck, and knocked a hole in the deck, throwing in large quantities. A ball passed through the rails over the engine-latch, another through the boiler-house, and several more in other parts of the vessel. A rifled ball struck the mainmast, and passed through it with the force of a cannon-ball. Fortunately, however, and will probably be in a few days. A few splinter wounds were all the casualties on board. Some of the rigging was cut by the shot. Captain Gillis reports that there were four boilers of troops marching up the river. Both of them were above Aquia Creek.

HOOPS ARE FED.

This public are but little aware of the extent to which the wants of our army are now supplied by the provision dealers of New York, and the illustration on page 695 will be viewed with interest. Clear it is that this class of our community must be profiting largely by the present state of the nation, whatever may be the amount of injury done to the business of other of our trade. Neither is the public aware of the sedulous care taken by the Government to secure the best class of provision or the precise way which this is effected.

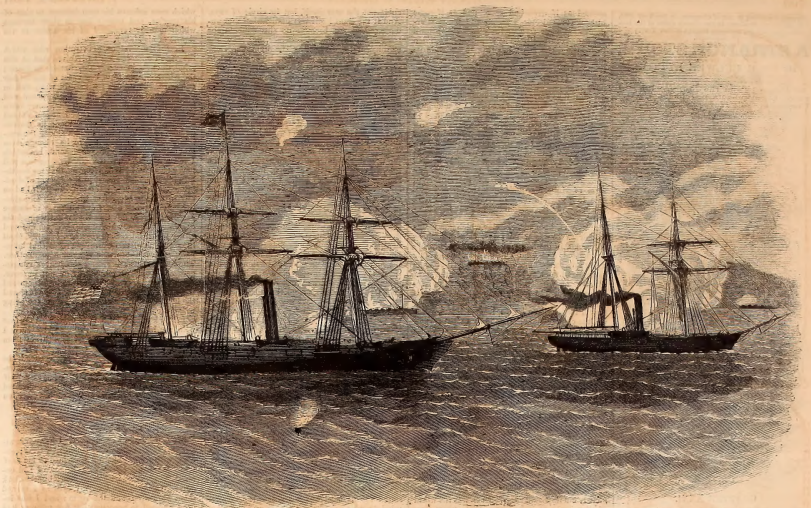
Major A. B. Eaton is the Commissary of Subsistence for the United States Army in the city of New York, and inspects, or causes to be inspected, every pound of cured meat, and each barrel of flour or army bread which is sent from this city to Washington. That this position is sincere may be judged from one fact alone. This is, that one baker who, at the commencement of the steps for the repression of the rebellion, was called on for only 50,000 pounds of army bread, or rather biscuit, per week, in isolated orders, is now fulfilling an order for 200,000 pounds per week, for the next two months. The salt pork is weighed and examined at Getty's yard, at the foot of Spring Street, by Major Eaton's agent; and we should not care to state the quantity which is daily subjected to his scrutiny, lest we might be accused of romancing.

In this way, however, mention that the whole of the meat is turned out of the barrel in which it is delivered there, and each portion scraped from the salt and carefully examined previous to its being packed again, subject to the orders of the Government. Beef, sugar, flour, and other necessary articles of daily consumption of our troops, are in contributed largely. From the care shown in the minute inspection of the provision, it must be obvious that any complaints so extensively raised by the volunteer regiments, respecting the quality of their provisions, can not have been attributable to the rejection of the meat or the refuse ground up with the flour that has been purchased in, and sent on from New York.

After the Commissary of Subsistence has fulfilled his duty and examined, or had the provisions purchased by him examined and packed under his supervision, they pass from charge in that of the Assistant Quarter-master General, Colonel D. D. Tompkins.

This officer has the superintendence of their transmission to Washington with the various military stores sent through New York to that city. He is able to give some idea of the amount of business which he has to do in these stirring times, we may say that the means of conveyance for army material and stores have, for the last five or six weeks, averaged two propellers per day. These boats sail from Pier No. 10 on the North River. Their average size is from 240 to 300 tons; so that we may say, on a rough estimate, somewhere about 3000 or 3500 tons of provision and military stores in bulk are transmitted weekly to Washington from New York alone. This fact may give some idea of the colossal nature of the internal struggle in which our Government is at present engaged.

WAR SCENES AT AND ABOUT WASHINGTON.



THE "SEMINOLE" AND THE "POCAHONTAS" ENGAGING THE REBEL BATTERIES AT EVANSPORT.—SKETCHED BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST.—[SEE PAGE 699.]

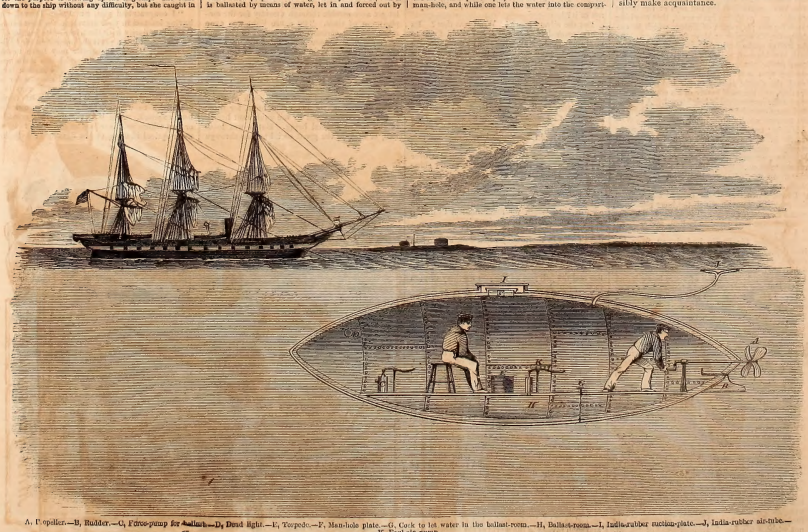
A REBEL INFERNAL MACHINE.

WE publish on this page an illustration of a REBEL INFERNAL MACHINE, with which it was attempted to blow up the flag-ship at Fortress Monroe a few days since. The following extract from a letter in the *Herald*, dated Fortress Monroe, October 12, will explain the affair:

Last evening a flag of truce came down, bringing sixty persons; among the number was a gentleman who brings the following intelligence: On Wednesday evening last an infernal machine was sent down from Sewall's Point for the purpose of blowing up the flag-ship. She came down to the ship without any difficulty, but she caught in the grapling always hanging from the jib-boom end of the ships. This was taken by those inside for the chain cable, and when they thought they were under the bottom of the ship they made preparations for severing the torpedo on the bilge, but, to their surprise, they found they were sadly mistaken, and they came near losing their lives as well as the machine. They, however, escaped, and worked themselves on shore on rebel ground, and the machine was carried back to Norfolk, to try the experiment at some future time.

From the gentleman who made the statement I learn the following particulars in relation to the machine. He states that it is built of iron, of a similar shape to the Roes Wimax cigar boat, of a sufficient capacity to accomodate two persons, who work it ahead by means of a small screw propeller. It is guided by a rudder, and it is ballasted by means of water, let in and forced out by means of a pump. A compass guides them, and a velocimeter shows how great a distance is run each moment. Bearings and courses are given the men, and they go on a hazardous voyage, with a large chance of accomplishment. An India-rubber tube, which is floated on the surface, furnishes them with fresh air, while a force-pump forces out the foul air. On arriving at the place desired, a grapple catches the cable of a vessel, and the machine is veered away until it is supposed to be near one of the magazines; the water-ballast is then pumped out, and the machine floats up under the ship's bottom. By means of an India-rubber sucking-plate this machine is attached to the bottom of the ship, while a man-hole plate is opened and the torpedo is screwed into the vessel. It is fired by the means of a time fuze. As soon as this is set in motion the men inside place a prepared sheet of rubber over the man-hole, and while one lets the water into the compartment to sink the machine, the other person screws up the plate, the grapple is let go, and the infernal machine is left to explode, while the machine is worked in shore out of harm's way. Commodore Goldsborough is informed of this article, and will of course take all the precautions to prevent an occurrence which would prove so disastrous to a fine ship and of so much importance to the enemy.

It is possible that before the time arrives for a fresh experiment with this machine the rebels at Norfolk may have occupation for their ingenuity nearer home. Commodore Goldsborough and his officers may perhaps have a little "infernal machine" of their own, with which rebeldom may possibly make acquaintance.



A, Propeller.—B, Rudder.—C, Force-pump for ballast.—D, Dead light.—E, Torpedo.—F, Man-hole plate.—G, Cock to let water in the ballast-room.—H, Ballast-room.—I, India-rubber suction-plate.—J, India-rubber air-tube.—K, Foul-air pump.

SUBMARINE INFERNAL MACHINE INTENDED TO DESTROY THE "MINNESOTA."

[Entered according to Act of Congress, in the Year 1861, by Harper & Brothers, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Southern District of New York.]

A STRANGE STORY.

By SIR E. BULWER LYTTON.

☞ Printed from the Manuscript and early Proof-sheets purchased by the Proprietors of "Harper's Weekly."

CHAPTER XXXI.

MARGRAVE threw himself on a seat just under the great ancunda; I closed and locked the door. When I had done so my eye fell on the young man's face, and I was surprised to see that it had lost its color; that it showed great anxiety, great distress; that his hands were visibly trembling.

"What is this?" he said, in feeble tones, and raising himself half from his seat as if with great effort. "Help me up—come away! Something in this room is hostile to me—hostile, overpowering! What can it be?"

"Truth and my presence," answered a stern, low voice; and Sir Philip Derval, whose slight form the huge bulk of the dead elephant had before obscured from my view, came suddenly out from the shadow into the full rays of the lamps which lit up, as if for Man's revel, that mocking tomb for the playmates of Nature which he enslaves for his service or slays for his sport. As Sir Philip spoke and advanced Margrave sank back into his seat, shrinking, collapsing, nerveless; terror the most abject expressed in his staring eyes and parted lips. On the other hand, the simple dignity of Sir Philip Derval's bearing, and the mild power of his countenance, were alike unconsciously heightened. A change had come over the whole man, the more impressive because wholly undefinable.

Halting opposite Margrave, he uttered some words in a language unknown to me, and stretched one hand over the young man's head. Margrave at once became stiff and rigid, as if turned to stone. Sir Philip said to me,

"Place one of those lamps on the floor—there, by his feet."

I took down one of the colored lamps from the mimic tree round which the huge anaconda coiled its spires, and placed it as I was told.

"Take the seat opposite to him, and watch." I obeyed.

Meanwhile Sir Philip had drawn from his breast-pocket a small steel casket, and I observed, as he opened it, that the interior was subdivided into several compartments, each with its separate lid; from one of these he took and sprinkled over the flame of the lamp a few grains of a powdery, odorless and sparkling as diamond dust; in a second or so a delicate perfume, wholly unfamiliar to my sense, rose from the lamp.

"You would test the condition of trance—test it, and in the spirit."

And as he spoke his hand rested lightly on my head. His form, amidst a surprise not unmixed with awe, I had preserved a certain defiance, a certain distrust. I had been, as it were, on my guard.

But as those words were spoken, as that hand rested on my head, as that perfume arose from the lamp, all power of will deserted me. My first sensation was that of passive subjugation, but soon I was aware of a strange intoxicating effect from the color of the lamp, round which there now played a dazzling vapor. The room swam before me. Like a man oppressed by a nightmare I tried to move, to cry out—feeling that to do so would suffice to burst the thrall that bound me—in vain.

A time that seemed to me inexorably long, but which, as I found afterward, could only have occupied a few seconds, elapsed in this preliminary state, which, however powerless, was not without a vague luxurious sense of delight. And then suddenly came pain—pain, that in rapid gradations passed into a rending agony. Every bone, sinew, nerve, fibre of the body, seemed as if wrenched open, and as if some hitherto unconjectured presence in the vital organization were forcing itself to light with all the pangs of travail. The veins seemed swollen to bursting, the heart laboring to maintain its action by fierce spasms. I feel in this description how language fails me. Enough that the anguish I then endured surpassed all that I have ever experienced of physical pain. This dreadful interval ended as suddenly as it had commenced. I felt as if a something undefinable by any name had rushed from me, and in that rush that a struggle was over. I was sensible of the passive bliss which attends the release from torture, and then there grew on me a wonderful calm, and in that calm a consciousness of some lofty intelligence immeasurably beyond that which human memory gathers from earthly knowledge. I saw before me that still rigid form of Margrave, and my sight seemed with ease to penetrate through its covering of flesh and to survey the mechanism of the whole interior being.

"View that tenement of clay which now seems so fair as he was when I last beheld it, three years ago, in the house of Haroun of Aleppo!"

I looked, and gradually, and as shade after shade falls on the mountain-side, while the clouds gather, and the sun vanishes at last, so the form and face on which I looked changed from exuberant grace into infirm old age. There discovered wrinkled skin, the bleared dim eye, the flaccid muscles, the brittle, sapless bones. Nor was the change that of age alone. The expression of the countenance had passed into gloomy discontent, and in every furrow a passion or a vice had sown the seeds of grief.

And the brain now opened on my sight, with all its labyrinth of cells. I seemed to have the clew to every winding in the maze.

I saw therein a moral world, charred and ruined, as, in some fable I have read, the world of the moon is described to be, in which all was a brain of magnificent formation. The powers abused to evil had been originally of rare order; imagination, and scope; the passions that made the faculties that discover. But the moral part of the brain had failed to dominate the mental. Defective proportion of the organs of reason and cynical disdain of what is right and just; in fine, a great intellect first misguided, then perverted, and now falling with the dark ruin of a once ghastly but imposing ruins. Such was the world of that brain as it had been three years ago. And still continuing to gaze intuition, I saw in three regular emanations of light; the one of a pale red hue, the second of a pale azure, the third a silvery spark.

The red light, which grew paler and paler as I looked, undulated from the brain along the arteries, the veins, the nerves. And I murmured to myself, "Is this the principle of animal life?"

The azure light equally permeated the frame, crossing and uniting with the red, but in a separate and distinct path; exactly as in the outer world a ray of light crosses or unites with a ray of heat, though in itself a separate individual agency. And again I murmured to myself, "Is this the principle of intellectual being, directing or influencing that of animal life; with it, yet not of it?"

But the silvery spark! What was that? Its centre seemed the brain. But I could fix it to no single organ. Sometimes it appeared through the system, it reflected itself as a star reflects itself upon water. And I observed that while the pale light was equally diffused in the whole, and the azure light was confused, irregular—now obstructed, now hurrying, now almost lost—the silvery spark remained single and undivided. So independent of all which agitated and vexed the frame, that I became strangely aware that if the heart stopped in its action, and the red light died out, if the brain were paralyzed, that energic mind smitten into idiotcy, and the azure light wandering aimless as a will-o'-the-wisp hovers over the morass—still that silver spark would shine the same, indestructible by aught that shatters its tabernacle. And I murmured to myself, "Can that starry spark speak the presence of the soul? Does the silver light shine within those recesses in which the immortal has been promised by Divine Revelation?"

Involuntarily I turned my sight toward the dead forms in the motley collection, and lo! in my trance or my vision, life returned to them all! To the elephant and the serpent; to the tiger, the vulture, the beetle, the moth; to the fish and the polypus, and to yon mockery of man in the giant ape.

I seemed to see each as it lived in its native realm of earth, or of air, or of water; and the red light played, more or less warm, through the structure of each, and the azure light, though duller of hue, seemed to shoot through the red, and communicate to the creatures an intelligence far inferior indeed to that of man, but sufficing to conduct the current of their will, and influence the cunning of their instincts. And in them, from the elephant to the moth, from the bird in which brain was the largest to the hybrid in which life seemed to live as in plants—in none was visible the starry silver spark. I turned my eyes from the creatures around, back again to the form cowering under the huge anaconda; and to see the animation which the carcasses took in the awful illusions of that marvelous trance; for the tiger moved as if scenting blood, and the eyes of the serpent the dread fascination seemed slowly returning.

Again I gazed on the starry spark in the form of the man. And I murmured to myself, "But if this be the soul, why is it so undisturbed and undarkened by the sins which have left such trace and such ravage in the world of the brain?" And gazing yet more intently on the spark, I became vaguely aware that it was not the soul, but the halo around the soul, as the star we see in heaven is not the star itself, but its circle of rays. And if the light itself was undisturbed and undarkened, it was because no sins done in the body could annihilate its essence, nor affect the eternity of its duration. The light was clear within the ruins of its lodgment, because it might pass away but could not be extinguished.

But the soul itself, in the heart of the light, reflected back on my own soul within me its ineffable trouble, humiliation, and sorrow; for those ghastly wrecks of power placed at its sovereign command it was responsible; and, appalled by its own sublime fate of duration, was about to carry into eternity the account of its mission in time. Yet it seemed that while the soul was still there, though so fettered and so guilty, even the wrecks around it were majestic. And the soul, whatever sentence it might merit, was not among the hopelessly lost. For in its remorse and its shame it might still have retained what could serve for redemption. And I saw that the mind was storming the soul in some terrible rebellious war—all of thought, of passion, of desire, through which the azure light poured its restless flow, were surging up round the starry spark, as in siege. And I could not comprehend the war, nor guess what it was that the mind demanded the soul to yield. Only the distinction between the two was made intelligible by their antagonism. And I saw that the soul, sorely tempted, looked afar for escape from the subjects it had ever so ill controlled, and who sought to reduce to their vassal the power which had lost authority as their king. I could feel its terror in the sympathy of my own terror, the keenness of my own supplicating pity. I knew that it was imploring release from the perils it confessed its want of strength to encounter. And suddenly the starry spark rose from the ruins and the tumult around it—rose into space and vanished. And where my soul had recognized the presence of soul there was a void. But the red light burned still, becoming more and more vivid; and as it thus reprieved and recruited its lustre, the whole animal form which had been so decrepit grew restored from decay, grew into vigor and youth. And I saw Margrave as I had seen him in the waking world, the radiant image of animal life in the beauty of its fairest bloom.

And over this rich vitality and this symmetric mechanism now reigned only, with the animal life, the mind. The starry light fled and the soul vanished, still was left visible the mind—mind, by which sensations convey and cumulate ideas, and muscles obey volition—mind, as in those animals that have more than the elementary instincts—mind as it might be in men, were men not immortal. And, my eyes, in the vision, followed the azure light, undulating as before through the cells of the brain, and crossing the vital and subtle labyrinth of the nerves, I perceived that the essence of that azure light had undergone a change; it had lost that faculty of continuous and concentred power by which man improves on the works of the past, and weaves schemes to be developed in the future of remote generations; it had lost all sympathy in the past, because it had lost all conception of a future beyond the grave; it had lost conscience, it had lost remorse. The being it informed was no longer accountable through eternity for the employment of time. The azure light was even more vivid in certain organs useful to the conservation of existence, as in those organs I had observed it more vivid among some of the inferior animals than it is in man—secretiveness, destructiveness, and the ready perception of things immediate to the wants of the day. And the azure light was brilliant in cerebral cells, where before it had been dim, such as those in which harbor mirthfulness and hope, for there the light was recruited by the exuberant health of the joyous animal being. But it was leadlike, or dim, in the great social organs through which man suborns his own interest to that of his species, and utterly lost in those through which man is reminded of his duties to the throne of his Maker.

In that marvelous penetration with which the vision endowed me I perceived that in this mind, though in energy far superior to many though retaining, from memories of the former existence, the relics of a culture wide, and in some things profound; though sharpened and quickened into formidable, if desultory, force whenever it schemed or aimed at the animal self-conservation, which ever made its master-impulse or instinct; and though among the remembrances of its state before its change were acts which I could not comprehend, but which I felt were dark and terrible, lending to a will never checked by remorse arms that no healthful philosophy was placed in the arsenal of disciplined genius; though the mind in itself had an ally in a body as perfect in strength and elasticity as man can take from the favor of nature—still, I say, I felt that that mind wanted *the something* without which men never could found laws, frame laws, bind together, beautify, exalt the elements of this world by creeds that habitually subject them to a reference to another. The ant, and the bee, and the beaver cooperate and construct; but they do not improve. Man improves because the future impels onward that which is not found in the ant, the bee, and the beaver—that which was gone from the being before me.

I shrank appalled into myself, covered my face with my hands, and groaned aloud: "Have I ever then doubted that soul is distinct from mind?"

A hand here again touched my forehead, the light in the lamp was extinguished, I became insensible, and when I recovered I found myself back in the room in which I had first conversed with Sir Philip Derval, and seated, as before, on the sofa by his side.

CHAPTER XXXII.

MY recollections of all which I have just attempted to describe were distinct and vivid; except, with respect to time, it seemed to me as if many hours must have elapsed since I had entered the museum with Margrave; but the clock on the mantle-piece met my eyes as I turned them wistfully round the room; and I was indeed amazed to perceive that five minutes had sufficed for all which it has taken me so long to narrate, and which in their transit had hurried me through ideas and emotions so remote from anterior experience.

To my astonishment now succeeded shame and indignation—shame that I, who had scoffed at the possibility of the comparatively ordinary influences of mesmeric action, should have been so helpless a puppet under the hand of the slight fellow-man beside me, and so morbidly impressed by phantasmagorical illusions—indignation that by some fumes which had special potency over the brain, I had thus been, as it were, coerced out of my senses: and, looking full into the calm face at my side, I said, with a smile to which I sought to convey disdain—

"I congratulate you, Sir Philip Derval, on having learned in your travels in the East so expert a familiarity with the tricks of its jugglers."

"The East has a proverb," answered Sir Philip, quietly, "that the juggler may learn much from the dervish, but the dervish can learn nothing from the juggler. You will pardon me, however, for the effect produced on you for a few minutes, whatever the cause of it may be, since it may serve to guard your whole life from calamities to which it might otherwise have been exposed. And however you may consider that which you have just experienced to be a mere optical illusion, or the figment of a brain

"WHEN I FOUND MYSELF IN THE STREET, I TURNED ROUND AND SAW MARGRAVE STILL STANDING AT THE OPEN WINDOW," ETC.,

supercocted by the fumes of a vapor, look within yourself, and tell me if you do not feel an inward and unanswerable conviction that there is more reason to shun and to fear the creature you left asleep under the dead jaws of the giant serpent, than there would be in the serpent itself could the woman return to its breath?"

I was silent, for I could not deny that that conviction had come to me.

"Hesitate not, then, you recover from the confusion or anger which now disturbs your impressions, you will be prepared to listen to my explanations and my recital in a spirit far different from that with which you would have received them before you were subjected to the experiment, which, allow me to remind you, you invited and defied. You will now, I trust, be fitted to become my confidant and my assistant —you will strive with me now, for the sake of humanity, we should act together against the incarnate lie, the anomalous prodigy which glides through this world in the image of joyous beauty. For the present I quit you. I have an engagement on worldly affairs in the town this night. I am staying at L——, and shall return for Derval Court to-morrow evening. Come to me there the day after to-morrow, at any hour that may suit you the best. Adieu."

Here Sir Philip Derval rose and left the room. I made no effort to detain him. My mind was too occupied in striving to recompose itself, and account for the phenomena that had seared it, and for the strength of the impressions it still retained.

I sought to find natural and accountable causes for effects so abnormal.

Lord Bacon suggests that the ointments with which witches anointed themselves might have had the effect of stopping the pores and congesting the brain; and thus impairing the sleep of the unhappy dupes of their own imagination with dreams so vivid that, on waking, they were firmly convinced that they had been borne through the air to the Sabbat.

I remembered also having heard a distinguished French traveler—whose veracity was unquestionable—declare that he had witnessed extraordinary effects produced on the sensorium by certain fumigations used by an African pretender to magic. A person, of known healthy a brain, subjected to the influence of these fumigations, was induced to believe that he saw the most frightful apparitions.

However extraordinary such effects, they were not incredible—not at variance with our notions of the known laws of nature. And to the vapor, or the odors which a powder applied to a lamp had called forth, I was, therefore, prepared to ascribe properties similar to those which I had in conjecture ascribed to the witches' ointment, and the French traveler to the fumigations of the African conjurer.

But as I came to that conclusion I was seized with an intense curiosity to examine for myself those chemical agencies with which Sir Philip Derval appeared so familiar; to test the contents in that mysterious casket of steel. I also felt a curiosity no less eager, but more, in spite of myself, intermingled with fear, to learn all that Sir Philip had to communicate of the past history of Margrave. I could but suppose that the young man must indeed be a terrible criminal, for a person of years so grave, and station so high, to intimate accusations so vaguely dark, and to use means so extraordinary in order to enlist my imagination rather than my reason against a subject in whom there appeared none of the signs which suspicion interprets into guilt.

While thus musing I lifted my eyes and saw Margrave himself there, at the threshold of the hall-room—there, where Sir Philip had first pointed him out as the criminal he had come to L——to seek and discern; and now, as then, Margrave was the radiant centre of a joyous group: not the young boy-god, Iacchus, amidst his nymphs and satyrs, in Grecian frieze or picture, have seemed more the type of the sportive, hilarious vitality of sensuous nature. He must have passed, unobserved by me, in my preoccupation of thought, from the museum and across the room in which I sat: and now there was as little trace in that animated countenance of the terror it had exhibited at Sir Philip's approach, as of the change it had undergone in my trance or my phantasy.

But he caught sight of me—left his young companions—came gayly to my side.

"Did you not ask me to go with you into that museum about half an hour ago, or did I dream that I went with you?"

"Yes, you went with me into that museum."

"Then pray what dull theme did you select to set me asleep there?"

I looked him in the face, and made no reply. Somewhat to my relief, I now heard my host's voice:—

"Why, Fenwick, what has become of Sir Philip Derval?"

"He has left; he had business." And, as I spoke, again I looked hard on Margrave.

His countenance now showed a change; not surprise, not dismay, but rather a play of the lip, a flash of the eye, that indicated complacency—even triumph.

"So! Sir Philip Derval. He is in L—— he has been here before. So! as I expected."

"Did you expect it?" said our host. "No one else did. Who could have told you?"

"The movements of men so distinguished need never take us by surprise. I knew he was in Paris the other day. Natural he should come here. I was prepared for his coming."

Margrave here turned away toward the window, which he threw open and looked out.

"There is a storm in the air," said he, as he continued to gaze into the night.

Was it possible that Margrave was so wholly unconscious of what had passed in the museum as to include in oblivion even the remembrance of Sir Philip Derval's presence before he had been rendered insensible, or laid asleep? Was it now only for the first time that he learned of Sir Philip's arrival in ——, and visit to that house? Was there any intimation of menace in his words and his aspect?

I felt that the trouble of my thoughts communicated itself to my countenance and manner; and, longing for solitude and fresh air, I quitted the house. When I found myself in the street, I turned round and saw Margrave still standing at the open window, but he did not appear to notice me; his eyes seemed fixed abstractedly on space.

LINES ON DEATH.

The phantom shade whom men call Death
Pursues each thing that draweth breath
On this fair earth;
He deems the man of pride and might,
And insects fluttering in the light,
Of equal worth.

He marks the man of many days,
Who bath grown old in the world's ways,
And his mate's one;
The summons dread must be obey'd,
Departure may not be delay'd—
That call is doom.

He tears the mother from her child,
No cry of grief and anguish wild
Will stay his hand;
But calm and still his victims lie,
No vital thing beneath the sky
May break their rest.

Full well he loves the battle-field,
Armor of proof and massive shield
He laughs to scorn:
The man of skill to forge the plate
That might avert the shafts of fate
His ne'er been born.

Where hosts encounter hosts he stands,
A skeleton with threatening hands
Do grasp a scythe:
While round about him raves the fight,
He views the fallen with delight,
And strong writhe.

Upon the sea he wanders oft,
And strikes the sailor who doft
Doth furl the sail:
Or on some shoal or rocky cape
He hurls the vessel, no stone escape
To tell the tale.

But not alone upon the wave,
Or on red fields where fall the brave,
Does Death appear:
He watcheth nightly by our bed,
And while we take our daily bread
He standeth near.

O Death! thou art a cruel foe,
With whom we battle here below
In weary strife:
The thought of thy sure victory
Would take away what joy might be
In our short life,

Did not within our bosoms dwell
A hope thy dart can never quell—
A glorious hope:
Yes, heirs of immortality,
We dare with such a foe as thee,
O Death! to cope.

J. S.

COLONEL GEARY'S ARTILLERY.

WE give on page 693 an engraving of the UNIFORMS OF THE OFFICERS AND PRIVATES OF BEVERIDGE'S LIGHT ARTILLERY, one section of which is with Colonel Geary, and is now doing good service in General Banks's Division of the Army of the Potomac. The corps originally recruited in Rahway, New Jersey, joined the Ninth Regiment Pennsylvania State Militia, and was attached to Colonel Stone's Brigade for a time, when it was raised to a full six-gun battery and armed with eight rifled cannon, which it has rendered efficient aid in guarding the fords of the Potomac at Conrad's Ferry, Monocacy, Sandy Hook, and Point of Rocks. The section of this battery, under Lieutenant J. W. Martin, is a portion of the "Colonel Geary's Artillery" so frequently spoken of in the reports from the seat of war as being engaged in skirmishing with the enemy at Darnestown, Point of Rocks, Sandy Hill, and in the recent affair at Bolivar. The officers of Captain E. B. Bunting, late First Lieutenant of the Seventh Regiment Engineer corps of this city, and Lieutenants W. M. Brumhall, J. C. Martin, Geary, Browne, Jun., and Moses P. Clark, all of Rahway, New Jersey.

THE PRISON AT RICHMOND, VA.

ON page 689 we publish an illustration of HENRICO COUNTY JAIL, at Richmond, Virginia, where some Union prisoners have been confined. Our picture is from a sketch by a prisoner who has been four months shut up in this jail, and who has lately made his escape. He describes the sufferings of the prisoners as severe, the food bad, and the treatment generally cruel. Every one has read the accounts of the Bull-Run prisoners who were confined in the tobacco warehouses of Richmond, and were shot by the sentries for merely showing their faces at the windows; also of the want of food and clothing, of the jeers of the populace of Richmond when the prisoners took the air; of the cruel sufferings of the wounded, etc., etc. When the war is over, this County Jail will take rank in history with the British prison-ships and the dungeons of the Revolution.

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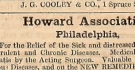

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CHAPTER XXV. Mr. Furnival again at his Chambers.
CHAPTER XXVI. "Why should I not?"
CHAPTER XXVII. Commences.
CHAPTER XXVIII. Changes.
ILLUSTRATIONS.—"Why should I not?"—Monkton Grange.

ERNST II. OF SAXE-COBURG-GOTHA. By BAYARD TAYLOR.

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CHAPTER XXI. Treats of Dunning, Dining, Dying.
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ILLUSTRATIONS.—At the Last.—A Quarrel.—The End.

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HARPER'S WEEKLY.

A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION.

VOL. V.—No. 234.] NEW YORK, SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 9, 1861. [SINGLE COPIES SIX CENTS. $2 50 PER YEAR IN ADVANCE.

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the Year 1861, by Harper & Brothers, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Southern District of New York.

TO THE READER.

Subscribers should cut this Number open cautiously, in order not to spoil the WAR MAP, which occupies four pages.

CAPTAIN DUPONT,

COMMANDING THE GREAT NAVAL EXPEDITION.

We publish herewith a portrait of CAPTAIN S. F. DUPONT, the naval commander of the Great Expedition which sailed from Fortress Monroe last week for parts unknown. Captain Dupont is a native of New Jersey, but was appointed from Delaware, of which State he is a citizen. He entered the navy in 1815, and has consequently served his country for over forty-six years. In 1859 Captain Dupont was appointed Commandant of the Philadelphia Navy-yard—a position that he has held until recently. The Commodore's staff-officers are —Fleet-Captain, C. H. DAVIS; Flag-Lieutenant, S. W. PRESTON. His ship is the *Wabash*, 50 guns. He has lately been promoted to the command of that division of our fleet which has charge of the coast from Hatteras Inlet to Florida.

CAPTAIN S. F. DUPONT, COMMANDING THE GREAT NAVAL EXPEDITION.
(PHOTOGRAPHED BY BRADY.)

THE FIGHT ON SANTA ROSA ISLAND.

We illustrate on this page an incident of the fight of 9th October on Santa Rosa Island—the REMARKABLE ESCAPE OF MAJOR NEWBY, of the Sixth New York Volunteers. The whole affair is thus described:

The fight occurred on the morning of October 9. The ZOUAVE camp was situated on Santa Rosa Island, about one mile from Fort Pickens, and was so distributed as to command all the approaches to the fort, and also to protect the batteries. The rebel force, 1500 strong, embarked from the Pensacola Navy-yard in three large steamers, and landed on the island, about four miles above the camp, soon after 2 A.M. The night was very dark. The rebels rapidly formed in three columns, and proceeded silently toward the Zouave camp, hoping to effect a total surprise. In this they were but partially successful. The picket guard, stationed about 600 yards from the camp, discovered and fired upon them. This gave the alarm, and saved the regiment from annihilation. The attack of the enemy's columns was simultaneous, and volley after volley was aimed at the volunteers, who were forced to fall back, leaving their camp in the hands of the rebels, which they immediately commenced burning. Fort Pickens was by this time thoroughly aroused, and three companies of regulars went to the assistance of the Zouaves. It was now our turn—the rebels commenced retreating to their boats, closely followed by the regulars and a small number of volunteers, keeping up a destructive fire upon them, killing and wounding a large number. The rebels finally succeeded in reaching their boats, but were not permitted to depart so easily. Their steamers were about five hundred yards from the beach, and our men poured volley upon volley into the crowded mass. Every bullet told, and from the shouts and utter confusion of the enemy it was clearly evident that we had obtained ample satisfaction.

The regular soldiers behaved nobly, and great credit is due to Captains Robertson and Hills, and Lieutenants Seely and Taylor, for the admirable coolness they displayed in manœuvring their respective companies. The volunteers were badly managed, and Colonel Wilson is very much censured for the inefficiency and want of skill displayed in the action. He did not arrive at the scene of action until all was over.

The camp of the Sixth Regiment was almost totally destroyed, officers and men losing every thing.

Major Newby had a narrow escape from capture. He was confined to his bed dangerously ill at the time of the attack, and having been assisted to dress by his servants, was on the point of leaving his quarters, when the rebels charged up to the door. One of his servants was instantly killed, and the other taken prisoner; the Major leveled his revolver and shot one of the rebels through the head, and then passing quickly out of the house, succeeded in mounting his horse, and rode safely through the storm of bullets showered upon him.

The Sixth Regiment lost ten killed, sixteen wounded, and nine prisoners. The regulars lost four killed, twenty wounded, and ten prisoners. The rebels lost, by their own statement, 350, killed, wounded, and missing. We took thirty-five prisoners, including three doctors, who were released.

ATTACK UPON THE CAMP OF THE SIXTH REGIMENT NEW YORK VOLUNTEERS (WILSON'S ZOUAVES), ON SANTA ROSA ISLAND, OCTOBER 9, 1861.

THE WOUNDED SOLDIER.

I'm wounded, Ellie, and they say I never can get well;
'Twas in the thickest of the fight that I got hurt and fell.
It seems to me like ages, yet it's but a month to-day
Since you promised that you'd wait for me though I were years away.

Do you remember—oh! how well it all comes back to me!—
Our sitting in the bright moonlight, under the maple-tree;
When first I said I loved you, and then told you we must part,
For not e'en you could keep me, when my country had my heart?

But I knew you did not wish it, so, your little hand in mine,
You did not try to stay me by any word or sign;
But trying to keep back the tears, although a few would fall,
You bade me trust in God, your God, whether I lived or died.

But all my bright ambitions hopes forever now are fled,
And the sunlight of to-morrow will fall upon me dead;
There'll be one soldier less to fight, one less on earth to love,
But there'll be another hand to strike the golden harps above.

I have a mother in the skies; I wonder if she'll know
The little baby that she left so many years ago.
But I'm weary, and I can not think; let this your comfort be,
For love has been the brightest thing in all the world to me.

W.

GOSHEN, Oct. 27, 1861.

HARPER'S WEEKLY

SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 9, 1861.

WANTED—A LITTLE PLUCK.

MANY of the papers are abounding in outcries about the affair near Leesburg, just as, a few months ago, they were full of fury about the repulse at Big Bethel. They demand a victim for the one as for the other. Brigadier-General Pierce was immolated to appease popular fury in the one case: the question of the day is whether the blame of the more recent defeat must be laid upon General Baker, who is dead, or General Stone, who is living. It seems that somebody must be sacrificed on the altar.

Now it is not altogether best to attempt to correct the popular notion that whenever we fight we must win. The notion itself is absurd, of course; but it has the advantage of spurring our troops on to do their whole duty, and this is a decided gain.

At the same time, when attempts are made to disperse the reputation of living soldiers like General Stone, or dead heroes like General Baker, it is well to bring a little common sense to bear on the matter.

It is altogether preposterous—between ourselves and our readers—to expect that we shall win every battle that is fought in this war, or that we shall escape losing a large number of men even in the battles which we do win. There never was a war in which victory did not alternate, more or less, between the contending armies, and there never was a general, from Alexander and Napoleon downward, who did not occasionally lose battles. Invincible generals and invincible armies are only heard of in books of fairy tales. Nor is it rational to argue that, because we have twenty millions of people, and the rebels less than seven, therefore we are at once carry every thing before us. It takes time in war for disparity of numbers to make itself felt. Slavery enables the South to bring a much larger army into the field than it could do if its labor were performed by freemen. And lastly, it must never be forgotten that the treacherous leaders of this conspiracy had been manufacturing their plot and preparing for the contest several years before the idea of a fight entered the mind of loyal citizens. These considerations must always be borne in mind in reading the varying history of the war.

We are engaged in a great war: no mere twopenny campaign for ephemeral principles or temporary rights; but a great contest to decide whether republican liberty or negro slavery shall be the ruling institution on this continent. To either this or that defeat will amount to ruin. The defeat of the United States will be the destruction of the republic and of all that we cherish most. The defeat of the South will be the ruin of the institution of slavery, which represents $2,000,000,000 of property, the destruction of which involves the annihilation and reconstruction of the entire frame-work of Southern society. With such a stake at issue, it must be expected that the contest will be fiercely waged on both sides.

If the Northern people intend to prosecute the war with the perseverance required by the nature of the conflict, they must get over the habit of whining and abusing their generals when they encounter defeats. Defeats are a necessary part of war. People must expect them and take them for granted. The United States enjoy no miraculous immunity from the ordinary fate of nations at war. They must expect to take as well as to bestow blows. The operation which resulted so disastrously at Leesburg was unfortunate, but not a blunder. Two careful reconnoissances developed no enemy. After they had been made, and our troops had landed, the enemy appeared in force and drove us across the Potomac. This was an ordinary casualty of war, and General M'Clellan shows his generalship by blaming no one for it. Let Washington. It would have been impossible to reinforce Lexington without hazarding the safety of Cairo or St. Louis, and the enemy was allowed to win a barren victory, which he improved by retreating instantly to the borders of Arkansas. Bull Run itself—which has cast a shadow over the fame of one of our truest, most chivalric, and most skillful soldiers in our army, Irwin M'Dowell—was an obvious necessity. Nothing but the event itself would have sufficed to convince the people that militia-men are not soldiers, and that time is needed to create armies.

Citizens of the United States, what our country needs of you now is pluck, a little pluck. It is not expected that you should emulate the citizens of Rome, who passed a vote of thanks to Varro, fresh from the overwhelming defeat of Cannæ, "for that he had not despaired of the republic;" but it is hoped that you will not allow two-penny reverses to dispirit you, or to turn your unanimity against your public leaders. It is rational to expect that, in the course of the war, all our generals will meet with reverses. What is wanted of the people is that they should not lose heart on this account: that they should not denounce a general because he has been beaten; that they should not heed the ignorant criticisms—often the fact—of bobbing editors who have never seen a battle-field: but that, with a large faith in the righteousness of our cause, and the ultimate triumph of law, order, good government, and democracy over anarchy, rebellion, and negro slavery, they should cheerfully submit to the stripes which fate may lay upon them, and should feel as confident of the truth of their principles under defeat as in success. If the people will vouchsafe this, the army will do the rest.

OUR WAR MAP.

WE break through our usual habits in this number, and devote the whole of the publication of a large WAR MAP of the Southern States. Without intending to disparage any of the maps in existence, we think this will be found more reliable, and more useful to the student of the war, than any other we have seen. It covers the whole area involved in the conflict, from Northern Missouri to Texas, and from the boundary of Kansas and the Indian Reserve to the Atlantic shores. It is printed clearly and legibly, and great care has been taken to mark every river and road in the sections now occupied by the armies.

Such of our readers as wish to keep "posted" on the progress of the war will do well to paste or otherwise fasten this map on the back board against a wall. A series of pins, alternately black and white, should be inserted at the various points occupied by the National and the rebel forces, and shifted as the latest authentic accounts of movements are received. Care should be taken, however, not to confound newspaper rumors with authentic intelligence. The adoption of this suggestion will at once order the otherwise confused accounts of the war in Missouri and Kentucky perfectly intelligible, and will shed a flood of light on the newspaper narratives of the Virginia campaign.

We may refer, in this connection, with a profit, to the large series of war maps published in this number. They will constitute already a valuable atlas—such a one as would cost, if purchased separately, more than the whole price of *Harper's Weekly*.

☞ MESSRS. J. B. LIPPINCOTT & CO. have published the *Revised Regulations of the Army of the United States* in a handsome octavo volume, with good paper and good type. Just now, when every man is either a soldier, or the friend or relative of soldiers, this work will be in great demand. We need hardly add that it contains a variety of new rules not contained in the old Army Regulations.

THE LOUNGER.

NEW ENGLAND NEVER RUNS.

THROUGH the terror with which friends and lovers read the story of Edwards's Ferry they can still smile upon the steadfast bravery of the Massachusetts boys. In the front of a fearful fire, with no means of retreat, with every chance against them, those young men stood serene, each man a hero—each man showing the quality of which invincible armies are made. Colonel Lee refuses retreat and is made prisoner. Major Revere and Lieutenant Perry share his fate. Lieutenant Putnam falls mortally wounded, Captain Drebar falls by his side, Captain Putnam loses his right arm, Captain Schmidt is dangerously wounded, Lieutenant Lowell is disabled. Lieutenant Holmes, said the first brief dispatch, "wounded in the breast;" not in the back; no, not in the back. In the breast is Massachusetts wounded, if she is struck. Forward she falls, if she fall dead. Of twenty-two officers of the Massachusetts Twentieth who went into the battle nine only returned.

And all New England boys are the bright peers of the Massachusetts. Rhode Island at Bull Run stood fast and fought through the whole; retired, when the word came, to rest upon their arms, as they supposed, and then renew the battle. "But when the order came to retreat," said one of them, "we were confounded, cursed M'Dowell, and wanted him hung."

At Edwards's Ferry the Rhode Island battery was said to have been deserted by its men. They were not there, it was reported, and Baker came to serve a gun. But they were not by the gun they were under it. They were at their post still —but the brave hearts should beat and the strong hand serve no more forever.

Not less ready, not less steady are the other sons of New England. From the pines of Maine, the granite hills of New Hampshire, the green hills of Vermont, and the soft valleys of the Connecticut they have marched to the battle-field, and every rifle in their hands is loaded and rammed down with an ease. They are not machine-soldiers: they are men-soldiers. And on the field their hosts are swelled with brothers from California, from New York, from Pennsylvania, from Ohio. They all stand there unbattled, and of stuff so tried and true that the sea might as hopelessly dash against Gibraltar as a rebellion against the Union.

From the day at Edwards's Ferry, which so so many loving hearts will be forever a day of sacred memory, to the last gallant and cheer which break joyfully upon every patriotic heart. Disaster, casualty, death, are inevitable. Brave hearts that weep, but will not fail! But the heroism of your darlings plucks the sting from sorrow, and conquers disaster. They fall—but their fall prophecies. They die—but, though dead, they speak, they smile. It is they who are "last in the trenches." It is they who teach us that the same old heart that has won the victories of history still beats. This time it is New England that points the truth. All are brave, thank God! New York and the West and Pennsylvania stands where Baker stood; the men of Pennsylvania bring arms of iron and nerves of steel. And the men of New England never run.

THE CITY ELECTION.

PATRIOTISM and the national peril may destroy parties, as they have destroyed them with us, but knaves of the baser sort still survive. The political bandits who live upon the spoils of intrigue are more alert than ever at such a time as this, as they always are before a fray; and at this very moment, when party lines are obliterated, and a dozen skeleton regiments are forties on the field, each claiming to be the genuine pure, original, and unswerving National Union Party, the people of the city of New York are in danger of falling a prey to a worse municipal government than they have ever known.

As fast as the new combinations have been formed there have been quick-paged dodges and unscrupulous politicians. A few men control at this moment, and for their own peculiar advantage, the various nominations made in the city. They are man of all the late parties; some of them shamefully notorious for conduct that should send them to prison as well as expel them from every decent house. They are men, many of them, without principle of any kind, who would rather make terms with traitors than with patriots, and who seek the control of the city government that they may plunder the citizens and enrich themselves under the forms of law.

If the public opinion under demands the names of these culprits, the reply is, that in politics much is known which it is difficult to prove. There are men whose conduct seems to be open enough to whom you might find it difficult to maintain even a charge of falsehood. There are men whom you refuse to employ in the street, whose infamy you could not personally establish.

The game of city politics in New York is played for the public money. The issue being the only one decent people go to primary meetings. The work is done there. The polls are a useless ceremony afterward. Even when the best effort of the people is corrupt or indifferent, the popular system is a failure. And a failure it unquestionably is in the city of New York, at least thing that has happened to us for a very long time was the new police system. Heaven forbid that any man should oppose that system! The best

[Entered according to Act of Congress, in the Year 1861, by Harper & Brothers, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Southern District of New York.]

A STRANGE STORY.

By Sir E. BULWER LYTTON.

☞ Printed from the Manuscript and on the Wood-blocks purchased by the Proprietors of "Harper's Weekly."

CHAPTER XXXIV

I WALKED on slowly and with the downcast head of a man absorbed in meditation. I had gained the broad place in which the main streets of the town converged, when I was overtaken by a violent storm of rain. I sought shelter under the dark arch-way of that entrance to the district of Abbey Hill which was still called Monkgate. The shadow within the arch was so deep that I was not aware that I had a companion till I heard my own name, close at my side. I recognized the voice before I could distinguish the form of Sir Philip Derval.

"The storm will soon be over," said he, quietly. "I saw it coming on in time. I fear you neglected the first warning of those sable clouds, and must be sensibly drenched."

I made no reply, but moved involuntarily away toward the mouth of the arch.

"I see by your cheeks a grudge against me!" resumed Sir Philip. "Are you, then, by nature vindictive?"

Somewhat softened by the friendly tone of this reproach, I answered, half in jest, half in earnest,

"You must own, Sir Philip, that I have some little reason for the uncharitable anger your question imputes to me. But I can forgive you on one condition."

"What is that?"

"The possession, for half an hour, of that mysterious steel casket which you carry about with you, and full permission to analyze and test its contents."

"Your analysis of the contents," returned Sir Philip, drily, "would leave you as ignorant before of the uses to which they can be applied. But I will own to you frankly, that it is my intention to put some confident among men of science, to whom I may safely communicate the wonderful properties which certain essences in that casket possess. I have your permission, may, your friendship, in the hope that I may find such a confident in you. But the casket contains other compounds which I have tested, could not be re-supplied; at least, by any process which the great Master from whom I received them placed within reach of my knowledge. In like manner, I have in my possession a rare carbonic acid gas, and that the only chemical difference between the costliest diamond and a lump of pure charcoal is a proportion of this gas—less than a ⅓₀₀₀ part of the weight of the substance—can the chemist make you a diamond?"

"Then, then, the potent, human, but also the more perilous of the casket's contents, shall be explored by no science, submitted to no test. They are the keys to unlock doors in the ramparts of Nature, which no mortal can pass through without rousing dread sentries never seen upon this side her wall. The powers they confer on secrets locked in my breast, to be used in my grave; as the casket which lies on my breast shall then be transferred to the hands of another till all the rest of my earthly possessions pass away with my last breath in life, and my first in eternity."

"Sir Philip Derval," said I, struggling against the appeals to fancy or to awe, made in words so strange, uttered in a tone of earnest conviction, and borne amidst the glare of the lightning, the howl of the winds, and the roll of the thunder—"Sir Philip Derval, you accost me in language which, in the experience of the poorest at your command, I should hear with the contempt that is due to the vaunts of a mountebank, or the ravings of the morbid beliefs of his dupe. As it is, I decline the confidence with which you would favor me, subject to the conditions which in return you would pause. My profession abandons to quacks all drugs which may not be analyzed; all secrets which may not be tested. Were I to can not visit you at Derval Court. I can not trust myself, volun tarily, again in the power of a man who has sets of which I have no knowledge in nature, by which he can impose on my imagination and steal away my reason."

"Before I will before you so decide," said Sir Philip, with a solemnity that was stern. "If you refuse to be warned and to be armed by me, your reason and your imagination will alike be subjected to influences which I can only explain by telling you that there is truth in those immemorial legends which depose to the existence of magic."

"Magic!"

"There is magic of two kinds—the dark and evil, appertaining to witchcraft or necromancy; the pure and beneficent, which is but philosophy, applied to certain properties in Nature remote from the beaten tracks of science, but which deepened the wisdom of ancient sages, and can yet unfold the myths of departed races."

"Sir Philip," I said, with impatient and angry interruption, "if you think that a jargon of this kind be worthy a man of your acquirements and station, it is at least a waste of time to address it to me. I am led to conclude that you desire to make use of me for some purpose which I have a right to suppose honest and upright, because all you know of me is, that I rendered to your relations services which can not lower me in character in your eyes. If your object be, as you have intimated, to aid you in exposing and disabling a man whose antecedents have been those of guilt, and who threatens with danger the society which receives him, you must give me proofs that are not reducible to magic; and you must repossess me against the person you accuse, not by powders and fumes that disorder the brain, but by substantial statements, such as justify one man in condemning another. And since you have thought fit to convince me that there are chemical means at your disposal by which the imagination can be so affected as to accept, temporarily, illusions for realities, so I again demand, and now still more decidedly than before, that while you address yourself to my reason, whether to convince or to refute, or to vindicate your charges against a man whom I have admitted to my acquaintance, you will divest yourself of all means and agencies to warp my judgment, so illicit and fraudulent as those which you own yourself to possess. Let the casket, with all its contents, be conferred to my hands, and pledge me your word that, in giving that casket, you reserve to yourself no other means by which chemical agencies can be brought to influences over physical organization which ignorance or imposture may ascribe to—magic."

"I accept your challenge, I trust your confidence, though I think the better of you for attempting to make them. If I live, you will seek me yourself, and implore my aid. Meanwhile, listen to me, and—"

"No; I prefer the rain and the thunder to the whispers that seem to me to issue from dark from one of whom I have reason to beware."

So saying, I stepped forth, and at that moment the lightning flashed through the arch and brought into full view the face of the man beside me. Soon by that glare, it was pale as the face of a corpse, but its expression was compassionate and serene.

I hesitated, for the expression of that holiest countenance seemed to me; it was not the face which inspires distrust or fear.

"Come," said I, gently; "grant my demand. The casket—"

"It is no scruple of distrust that now makes that demand; it is a curiosity which in itself is a fearful temptation. You have possess what at this moment you desire, how bitterly you would repent!"

"Do you still refuse my demand?"

"I refuse."

"If then you really need me, it is you who will repent."

I passed from the arch into the open space. The rain had paused, the thunder was more distant. I looked back when I had gained the opposite side of the street, and saw Sir Philip at the stood led to my own house. As I did so, again the skies lightened, but the flash wis compara tively slight and momentary; it did not penetrate the gloom of the arch; it did not bring the form of Sir Philip into view; but just under the base of the outer buttress to the gate-way I descried the outline of a dark figure, cowering down, huddled up for shelter, the outline so indistinct that at no other time, and in any other light, that I could not distinguish if it were man or brute. If it were some chance passer-by, who had sought refuge from the storm, and overheard part of our strange talk, "the listener," thought I, with a half smile, "must have been mightily perplexed."

CHAPTER XXXV

On reaching my own home I found my servant sitting up for me, with the information that Sir Philip Derval had immediately preceded. The little boy whom Margrave's carelessness had so injured, and for whose injury he had shown so little feeling, had been conveyed to the confectionment which the nature of the injury required, and for the last few days had been generally ailing. The faculty of the house a few minutes before I reached it, in great distress of mind, saying that his child had been seized with fever, and that the symptoms left no room to doubt that I was at the mayor's house, he had hurried thither in search of me.

I felt as if it were almost a relief to the troubled and haunting thoughts which tormented me to be summoned to the exercise of a familiar duty. The fatal illness of the poor widow of the little sufferer, and soon forgot all else in the anxious struggle for a human life. The struggle promised to be severe. The symptoms of typhus began to yield to remedies prompt and energetic, if simple. I remained at the house, rather to comfort and support the mother and the nurse, because my continued attendance was absolutely needed, till the night was well-nigh gone, and all cause of alarm for the present was satisfied. I then found myself once more in the streets. An atmosphere palely clear in the gray of dawn had succeeded to the tempestuous gloom of the stormy night; the street-lamps, here and there, burned wan and still. I was walking slowly and wearily, as tired out people walk, when I turned into my own thoughts, when, in a narrow lane, my feet stopped almost mechanically before a human form stretched at full length in the centre of the road, right in my path. The form was dark in the shadow thrown from the neighboring houses. Some superstitious fear seized I, and the humanity inseparable from my calling as a physician me to leave a fellow-creature thus exposed to the risk of being run over by the first heavy wagoner who might pass along the thoroughfare. I stooped to rouse and to lift the form. What was the horror when my eyes met the rigid stare of a dead man's! I started, looked again; it was the face of Sir Philip Derval! He was lying on his back, the countenance upturned, a dark stream oozing from the breast—murdered, by two ghastly wounds—murdered not long since; the blood was still warm. Appalled and terror-stricken, I stood bending over the body. Suddenly I was touched on the shoulder.

"Hollo! what is this?" said a gruff voice.

"Murder!" I answered, in hollow accents, which sounded strangely to my own ear.

"Murder! so it seems." And the policeman who had thus accosted me lifted the body.

"A gentleman, by his dress. How did this happen? How did you come here?" and the policeman glanced suspiciously at me.

At this moment other persons came up another policeman, in whom I recognized the young man whose sister I had attended and cured.

"Dr. Fenwick," said the last, lifting his hat respectfully, and at the sound of my name his fellow-policeman changed his manner, and muttered an apology.

I now collected myself sufficiently to state the name and rank of the murdered man. The policemen bore the body to their station, to which I accompanied them. I then returned to my own house, and had scarcely sunk on my bed when my own name over me, and I was asleep. Never till then had I known how awfully distinct dreams can be. The phantasmagoria of the unconscious brain revived. Life again awoke in the serpent and the tiger, the scorpion moved, and the vultures flapped its wings. And then was Margrave and there Sir Philip; but their position of power was reversed. And Margrave's foot was on the breast of the dead man. Still I slept on, till the hour arrived for me summons to attend on Mr. Vigors, the magistrate, to whom the police had reported the murder.

I dressed myself with care. As I passed through the street I found that the dismal news had already spread. I was accosted on my way by more than one by a hundred eager, tremulous, inquiring tongues.

The scanty evidence I could impart was soon given. Mr. Vigors, Sir Philip Derval, the mayor's house, our accidental meeting under the arch, my discovery of the corpse some hours afterward on my return from my patient, my professional belief that the deed must have been done a very short time, perhaps but a few minutes before I had chanced upon its victim. But in that case the murderer had passed by interval that had elapsed between the time in which I had left Sir Philip under the arch, and the time in which the murder must have been committed! Sir Philip could not have been wandering through the streets all those hours. This doubt, however, was not generally cleared up. Mr. Jeeves, who was one of the principal solicitors in the town, stated that he had acted as Sir Philip's legal adviser ever since Sir Philip came of age, and was charged with the exclusive management of some valuable house property which Sir Philip had possessed in L——; that when Sir Philip had arrived in the town late in the afternoon of the previous day he had sent for Mr. Jeeves, informed him that he, Sir Philip, was engaged to be married; that he desired to have full and minute information as to the state of the house property (which he had greatly increased in value since his absence from England), in connection with the settlements his marriage would render necessary; and that this information was also required by him in respect to a codicil he desired to add to his will.

He had accordingly requested Mr. Jeeves to have all the books and statements concerning the property connected with it ready at night, when he would call, after leaving the ball which he had promised the mayor, whom he had accidentally met on entering the town, to attend. Sir Philip had also asked Mr. Jeeves to detain one of his clerks in his office, in order to serve conjointly with Mr. Jeeves as witness to the codicil he desired to add to his will. Sir Philip had accordingly come to Mr. Jeeves's house a little before midnight, had gone carefully through all the statements prepared for him, and had executed the fresh codicil to his testament, which testament he had in like previous interview given to Mr. Jeeves's care, sealed up. Mr. Jeeves made search and found that such a document was there, with the usual great acquirements, was extremely eccentric, and in every peremptory manner, and that the importance attached to a proposition which Mr. Jeeves deemed so surprising occasion, did not surprise him in Sir Philip as it might have done in an ordinary client. Sir Philip also stated that he should devote the next morning to the draft for the wedding settlements, according to the information of his property which he required; and after a visit of very brief duration to Derval Court, should quit the neighborhood and return to Paris, where his intended bride was, and in which city it had been settled that the marriage ceremony should take place.

Mr. Jeeves had, however observed to him that if he were so soon to be married it was better to postpone any revision of testamentary bequests, since after marriage he would have to make a new will altogether.

And Sir Philip had simply answered,

"Life is uncertain; who can be sure of the morrow?"

Sir Philip's visit to Mr. Jeeves's house had lasted some hours, for the conversation between them had been chiefly on the actual business to various topics. Mr. Jeeves had not noticed the hour when Sir Philip went; he could only say that as he and his clerk left the street door, he observed, rather to his own surprise, that it was close upon daybreak.

Sir Philip's body had been found not many yards distant from the hotel at which he had put up, and to which, therefore, he was evidently returning when he left Mr. Jeeves—an old-fashioned hotel, which had been the principal one at L—— when Sir Philip left England, though now outrivaled by the new and more central establishment in which Margrave was domiciled.

The primary and natural supposition was, that Sir Philip had been murdered for the sake of plunder; and this supposition was borne out by the fact to which his valet deposed: viz.,

That Sir Philip had about his person, on going to the mayor's house, a purse containing notes and sovereigns; and this purse was now missing.

The valet, who, though an Albanian, spoke English fluently, said that the purse had a gold clasp, on which Sir Philip's crest and initials were engraved. Sir Philip's watch was, however, untaken.

And now it was not without a quick beat of the heart that I heard the valet declare that a steel casket to which Sir Philip attached extraordinary value, and always carried about with him, was also missing.

The Albanian described this casket as of ancient Byzantian workmanship, opening with a peculiar spring, only known to Sir Philip, in whose possession it had been, so far as the servant knew, about three years; when, after a visit to Aleppo, in which the servant had not accompanied him, he had first observed it in his master's hands. He was asked if this casket contained articles to account for the value Sir Philip set on it—such as jewels, bank-notes, letters of credit, etc. The man replied that it might possibly do so; he had never been allowed the opportunity of examining its contents; but that he was certain the casket held medicines, for he had seen Sir Philip take from it some small vials, by which he had performed great cures in the East, and especially during a pestilence which had visited Damascus, just after Sir Philip had arrived at that city on quitting Aleppo. Almost every European traveler is supposed to be a physician; and Sir Philip was a man of great benevolence, and the servant firmly believed him also to be of great medical skill. After this statement, it was very naturally and generally conjectured that Sir Philip was an amateur disciple of homeopathy, and that the casket contained the vials or globules in use among homeopathists.

Whether or not Mr. Vigors enjoyed a vindictive triumph in subduing me for the time of his authority, or whether his temper was ruffled in the excitement of so grave a case, I can not say, but his manner was stern and his tone discourteous in the questions which he addressed to me. Nor did the questions themselves seem very pertinent to the object of investigation.

"Pray, Dr. Fenwick," said he, knitting his brows, and fixing his eyes on me rudely, "did Sir Philip Derval, in his conversation with you, mention the steel casket which it seems he carried about with him?

I felt my countenance change slightly as I answered, "Yes."

"Did he tell you what it contained?"

"He said it contained secrets."

"Secrets of what nature, medicinal or chemical? Secrets which a physician might be curious to learn and desirous to possess?"

This question seemed to me so offensively significant that it roused my indignation, and I answered, haughtily, that "a physician of any degree of merited reputation did not much believe in, and still less covet, those secrets in his art which were the boast of quacks and pretenders."

"My question need not offend you, Dr. Fenwick. I put it in order to judge. Did Sir Philip Derval so boast of the secrets contained in his casket that a quack or pretender might deem much secret to you or to him?"

"Possibly he might, if he believed in such a boast."

"Humph—he might if he so believed. I have no more questions to put to you at present, Dr. Fenwick."

Little of any importance in connection with the deceased or his murder transpired in the course of that day's examination and inquiries.

The next day a gentleman distantly related to the young lady to whom Sir Philip was engaged, and who had been for some time in correspondence with the deceased, arrived at L——. He had been sent for at the suggestion of the Albanian servant, who said that Sir Philip had staid a day at this gentleman's house in London on his way to——from Paris.

The new-comer, whose name was Danvers, gave a more touching pathos to the horror which the murder had excited. In several letters and interviews which had swayed Sir Philip in the choice of his betrothed were singularly pure and noble. The young lady's father, a former intimate and friend—had been visited by a sudden reverse of fortune, which had brought on a fever that proved mortal. He died some years ago, leaving his only child penniless, and had bequeathed her to the care and guardianship of Sir Philip.

The orphan received her education at a convent near Paris; and when Sir Philip, a few weeks since, arrived in that city from the East, he offered her his hand and fortune. He knew, said Mr. Danvers, "from the conversation I held with him when he came to me in London, that he was inclined to this offer by the considerate desire to discharge the trust consigned to him by his old friend. Sir Philip was still too young to take under his own roof a female ward of eighteen without injury to her good name. He could only get over that difficulty by making the ward his wife. She will be as happy and happier with the man she will love and honor for her father's sake," said the chivalrous gentleman, "than she will be under any other. I could and for her."

And now there arrived another stranger to L——, sent for by Mr. Jeeves, the lawyer—a stranger to L——, but not to me—my old Edinburgh acquaintance, Richard Strahan.

The will in Mr. Jeeves's keeping, with its recent codicil, was opened and read. The will itself bore date about six years anterior to the testator's tragic death; it was very short, and,

[Continued on page 714.]

General Viele. Governor Hicks.

PRESENTATION OF COLORS TO GENERAL VIELE'S BRIGADE PREVIOUS TO THEIR DEPARTURE ON THE GREAT NAVAL EXPEDITION.—[SKETCHED BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST.]

PRESENTATION OF COLORS TO GENERAL VIELE'S BRIGADE.

WE illustrate on this page the Presentation of a Stand of Colors to each of the Regiments of General Viele's Brigade of New York Troops, which took place on 18th October at Annapolis, prior to their departure on the great Southern Expedition. A letter in the *Herald* thus described the scene:

A grand ceremony took place here yesterday in the presentation of a regimental standard to each of the five regiments, comprising General Egbert L. Viele's brigade. The banners, which were national regimental standards, were the united gifts of Mrs. Brigadier-General Viele and the Union Defence Committee of the city of New York. They are made of the heaviest Canton silk, on staffs superbly mounted and inscribed. The entire brigade, consisting of the Third New Hampshire Volunteers, Eighth Maine, Forty-sixth, Forty-seventh, and Forty-eighth New York regiments, each drawn up in columns by division, closed en masse on the College green, comprising sixty or seventy acres of ground. The weather was beautiful. The sun shone forth with full effulgence. The citizens of Annapolis, their wives and daughters, old and young, grave and gay, all appeared near the scene of the ceremonies, gayly dressed in holiday attire. There could not have been less than fifteen hundred spectators present.

Wabash. Florida. Augusta. Alabama. Ottawa. Seneca. Pembina.

A PORTION OF THE NAVAL EXPEDITION, AS IT APPEARED ON THE NIGHT OF OCTOBER 16, SAILING TO HAMPTON ROADS.—SKETCHED BY AN OFFICER ON BOARD.—[SEE PAGE 714.]

THE GREAT NAVAL EXPEDITION PREPARING FOR DEPARTURE FROM ANNAPOLIS, MARYLAND.—Sketched by Mr. Thomas A. Makibbin.—[See Page 714.]

[Continued from page 711.]

with the exception of a few legacies, of which the most important was ten thousand pounds to his ward, the wi- - of his property was left to Richard Strahan, on the condition that he took the name and arms of Derval within a year from the date of Sir Philip's decease. The codicil, added to the will the night before his death, increased the legacy to the young lady from ten to thirty thousand pounds, and bequeathed an annuity of one hundred pounds a year to his Athenian servant. Accompanying the will, and within the same envelope, was a sealed letter, addressed to Richard Strahan, and dated at Paris two weeks before Sir Philip's decease. Strahan brought that letter to me. It ran thus: "Richard Strahan, I advise you to pull down the house called Derval Court, and to build another on a better site, the plans of which, to be modified according to your own taste and requirements, will be found among my papers. This is a recommendation, not a command. But I strictly enjoin you entirely to demolish the mere ancient part, which was chiefly occupied by myself, and to destroy by fire, without perusal, all the books and manuscripts found in the safes in my study. I have appointed you the executor as well as the legatee of my property, because I have no personal friends in whom I can confide as I should like in the man I have never seen, simply because he bears my name and represents my lineage. There will be found in my writing-desk, which always accompanies me in my travels, an autobiographical work, a record of my own life, comprising discoveries, or hints at discovery, in science, through means little cultivated in our age. You will not be surprised that before selecting you as my heir and executor, from a crowd of relations not more distant, I should have made inquiries in order to justify my selection. The result of those inquiries informs me that you have not yourself the peculiar knowledge nor the habits of mind that would enable you to judge of matters which demand the attainments and the practice of science; but that you are of an honest, affectionate nature, and will regard as sacred the last injunctions of a benefactor. I enjoin you, then, to submit the aforesaid manuscript memoir to some person in whose character for humanity and honor you can place confidential reliance, and who is accustomed to the study of the physical sciences, especially that of chemistry, in connection with electricity and magnetism. My desire is that he shall edit and arrange the matter for publication, and that, wherever he feels a conscientious doubt whether any discovery, or hint of discovery, therein contained would not prove more dangerous than useful to mankind, he shall consult with any other three men of science whose names are a guarantee for probity and knowledge, and according to the best of his judgment, after such consultation, suppress or publish the passage of which he has no doubt. I owe this ambition which first directed me toward studies of a very unusual character, and which has encouraged me in their pursuit through many years of voluntary exile, in lands where they could be best facilitated or aided—the ambition of leaving behind me the record of a bold adventurer in those recesses of nature which philosophy has hitherto abandoned to superstition. But I feel, at the moment in which I trace these lines, a fear that the absorbing interest of researches which tend to increase to a marvelous degree the power of man over all matter, animate or inanimate, may have blinded my own moral perceptions; and that there may be much in the knowledge which I sought and acquired from the pure desire of investigating hidden truths, that could be more abused to purposes of tremendous evil than be likely to conduce to benignant good. And of this a mind disciplined to severe reasoning, and uninfluenced by the enthusiasm which has probably obscured my own judgment, should be the unprejudiced arbiter. Much as I have coveted and still do covet that fame which makes the memory of one man the common inheritance of all, I would positively rather that my name should pass away with my breath, than that it should transmit to my fellow-men my portion of a knowledge which the good might forbear to exercise and the bad might unscrupulously pervert. I hear about with me, wherever I wander, a certain solitude. I received this solitude with its contents, from a man whose memory I hold in profound veneration. Should I live to find a person to whom I can confide without betrayal of his character, after minute and intimate trial of his character, I should deem worthy of such confidence, it is my intention to communicate to him the secret how to prepare and how to use such of the powders and essences stored within that casket as I myself have ventured to employ. Further I have never tested, nor do I know how they could be resupplied if lost or wasted. But as the contents of this casket, in the hands of one not duly instructed as to the mode of applying them, would either be useless, or conduce, through inadvertent and ignorant misapplication, to the most dangerous consequences; so, if I die without having found, and in writing named, such a confidant as I have described above, I command you immediately to empty all the powders and essences found there in into any running stream of water, which will at once harmlessly disperse them. On no account must they be cast into fire!

"This letter, Richard Strahan, will only come under your eyes in case the plans and the hopes which I have formed for my earthly future should be frustrated by the death on which I do not calculate, but against the chances of which this will and this letter provide. I am about to revisit England, in defiance of a warning that I shall be there subjected to some peril which I refuse to have defined, because I am unwilling that any mean apprehension of personal danger should enfeeble my nerves in the discharge of a stern and solemn duty. If I overcome that peril, you will not be my heir; my testament will be remodeled; this letter will be recalled and destroyed. I shall form ties which promise me the happiness I have never hitherto found, though it is common to all men—the affections of home, the caresses of children, among whom I may find one to whom hereafter I may bequeath, in my knowledge, a far nobler heritage than my lands. In that case, however, my first care would be to assure your own fortunes. And the sum which this codicil assures to my benefactor's wife and child is yourself on my wedding-day. Do you know why, never having seen you, I thus select you for preference to all my other kindred? Because, Richard Strahan, thus, warms to your image? Richard Strahan, your only sister, many years older than yourself —you were then a child—was the object of my first love. We were to have been wedded, for her parents deceived me into the belief that she returned my affection. With a pure and noble candor she herself informed me that her heart was given to another who possessed not my worldly gifts of wealth and station. In resigning my claims to her hand, I succeeded in precipitating her parents to her own choice. I obtained for her husband the living which he held, and I settled on your sister the dower which at her death passed to you as the brother to whom she had shown a mother's love, and whose interest of which has secured you a modest independence.

"If these lines ever reach you, recognize my title to reverential obedience to commands which may seem to you wild, perhaps irrational; and repay, as if a debt due from your own lost sister, the affection I have borne to you for her sake."

While I read this long and strange letter Strahan sat by my side, covering his face with his hands, and weeping with honest tears for the man whose death had made him powerful and rich.

"You will undertake the trust ordained to me in this letter, Mr. Strahan," said the testator himself. "You will read and edit this memoir; you are the very man he himself would have selected, if such selection were possible. There is no doubt, and you have studied with success the sciences which he specifies as requisite for the discharge of the delicate duties."

At this request, though I could not be wholly unprepared for it, my first impulse was that of a vague terror at the responsibility I was thus becoming more and more entangled in a mysterious and fatal web. But this impulse soon faded in the eager yearnings of an ardent and irresistible curiosity.

I promised to read the manuscript, and in order that I might have the whole to myself with the object and wish of the deceased, I asked leave to make a copy of the letter I had just read. To this Strahan readily assented, and that copy I have transcribed, word for word, in this page.

I asked Strahan if he had yet found the manuscript; he said, "No, he had not yet had the heart to enter the papers. It cost him pain, he said, he would now do so. He should go in a day or two to Derval Court, and reside there till the murderer was discovered. On going, he soon must be through the vigilance of the police. Not till that discovery was made should Sir Philip's remains, though already placed in their coffin, be consigned to the family vault."

Strahan seemed to have some superstitious notion that the murderer might be more secure from justice if his victim were thrust, unavenged, into the tomb.

THE GREAT NAVAL EXPEDITION.

WE continue our illustrations of the GREAT NAVAL EXPEDITION. In this issue we give a picture of the PRESENTATION OF COLORS to the regiments of General Viele's Brigade before their departure from Alexandria. On page 725 an illustration of the FLEET AT ANNAPOLIS as they were leaving for FORTRESS MONROE; and on page 712 a view of PART OF THE SQUADRON at Sea, sailing to Hampton Roads.

The latter picture is from a sketch by an officer on board one of the vessels. It depicts the vessels as they sailed on the night of 16th October, en route for FORTRESS MONROE. These vessels steamed down Sandy Hook Bay in the following order, according to rank. In the evening, in obedience to signals from the flag-ship, the fleet formed in the shape of an inverted V, and in this order sailed through the night, the two gun-boats at the extreme ends of the lines being about five miles distant. The sketch represents the fleet as it appeared when answering the signals from the *Wabash*.

The other picture on page 713 is from a sketch by Mr. THOMAS W. KNOX, who accompanied, on his, looking out of the Seventh River into Chesapeake Bay. Keni Island is seen in the distance, and on the left hand of the picture is the fleet which lately destined by General Butler. The following, from the Washington *Star* of 21st October, relates to the departure of the expedition:

The expedition from Annapolis sailed yesterday. Among the troops comprising the portion of it thus embarked there are the following, viz.:

First Zouaves.—General Viele commanding. New Hampshire Third, on the *Adelaide*; New York Seventy-ninth, on the *Daniel Webster*; New York Forty seventh, on the *Boston*; New York Twenty-first, on the *Empire City*; Maine Eighth, on the *Ariel*.

Second Brigade.—General Stevens commanding. Rounded Pennsylvania, five companies Pennsylvania Fiftieth, on the *Ocean Queen*; five companies Pennsylvania Fiftieth, Michigan Eighth, New York Seventy-ninth, on the *Underhill*.

Third Brigade.—General H. Wight commanding. New Hampshire Fourth, on the *Baltic*; Connecticut Sixth, on the *Heroes and Parkersburgh*; Connecticut Seventh, on the *Ericsson*; Rhode Island, on the *Contoocook*.

Division and Staff, on the *Arago*.

In addition to these troops, we learn that quite as many more join the expedition at Old Point, having been quietly shipped to that end at New York, Boston, and elsewhere.

Where they are to strike no one outside yet knows.

The following extract from a private letter marks the progress of the expedition and the spirit of the men:

OFF FORTRESS MONROE, on BOARD THE *Vanderbilt*, Oct. 19, 1861.

DEAR FATHER,—We have just cast anchor here, and find one of the steamers that sailed from Annapolis to have just counted seventy-five vessels, large and small, and that number has not been here; but I got tired of counting. How long we will remain here, or where we are going, no person on board of this vessel can give, and which, I suppose, we have no business; as we must look upon ourselves only as machines. I heard a laughable illustration of this idea last night. A soldier was on sentry duty outside the cabin door, and when the hour arrived he was considerable sick of his life; he was warned of his hour for relief to parade, and his reply was, "Well, if I'm to be killed, it's their business, not mine; so, if I go, the Government will have a first-class article." The courage and spirit of the men have given rise to many a hearty laugh wherever it was repeated through the ship.

I take this opportunity of writing to you, as the Lord only knows when I may have another chance, if ever. Everything is quiet on board of this vessel, and I am told to that we might look out for sharp work, and that we were going to do it very shortly. Such is the excitement. Well, so let it be. Wherever he leads the Seventy-ninth will follow to the end.

If you can find out where the regiment is, will you be so kind as send me a paper once in a while—the *Herald*, if practicable. I like to see it very much, for 'tis said long as its familiar face seems like a visit from an old friend.

THE ATTACK ON OUR SQUADRON AT THE MOUTH OF THE MISSISSIPPI.

ON page 717 we illustrate the recent ATTACK OF THE FLEET COMMODORE HOLLINS ON OUR SQUADRON at the Southwest Pass in the Missippi River. The event, shorn of fictitious embellishments, is thus described:

An attack was made on the night of the 13th inst. on the United States fleet lying at anchor near the Southwest Pass by the rebel steamer consisting of a gun-boats, the bottering-ram *Manassas*, and a large number of fire-ships which filled them with fire and sent down. The United States fleet consisted of the United States steamers *Richmond*, *Preble*, *Vincennes*, *Water-witch*, *Preble* and *Vincennes*, and store-ship *Nightingale*. The fleet when attacked were all lying at anchor in the Southwest Pass. The ram *Manassas* came down and drifted foul of the *Richmond*, knocked away her bowsprit and stern, doing little further damage. To avoid the fire-ships the squadron immediately got under way and drifted down the river.

The *Richmond*, *Preble*, and *Vincennes* got ashore on the bar (the *Nightingale* and *Water-witch* escaped), and were attacked by the rebels, but without doing much damage to the vessels or crews. One of the gun-boats sunk, and that struck the *Richmond* on the quarter. The rebels were beaten off by the *Vincennes* with two guns, she having been overtaken the rest of her armament, with her chains, anchors, &c., by the others. The ram was very much exposed to the rebel fire.

The squadron have not been disabled or wounded. The *Richmond*, *Preble*, and *Vincennes* were towed off the next day by the steamer *Mississippi*, which opportunely arrived. She received considerable damage to her stern frame in getting them off. The *Nightingale* remained ashore with the *Water-witch*. It is expected that she would be got off next day by the aid of the steamers connected with the fleet.

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

THE URN OF PROSPERITY.—Prosperity has its "sweet uses" as well as adversity, for example, when a man once has a little money he instantly learns the number of his friends; whereas, if he remained poor, the chances are that he would never find out the real acquaintance of the fact.

MRS. BY A MISANTHROPE.—To enjoy a favor thoroughly, never carry it.

Why is the glance of a maternal parent like an Egyptian soldier?—Because it's a mammy-look.

THE APPLES OF VANITY.

O Vanity! thy lust of dress
Is more than I can bear;
No heart exceeds thy vast excess;
No pitiless, adorning, as
Horse-leech more section doth not crave!
Thou art insatiate as the grave

What bounds thy ravage can contain?
Our orchards must their fruit produce,
That Madam may her bonnet deck.
Thy cotton trappings with their juice:
So we shall have no fruit left.
And of our cider be bereft.

Then idiot Vice, whose mean delight
Lies in thought of being seen,
In gay habiliments bedight,
Disheaded by thy Crinoline
What is there thou wouldst not devour
Just in thy hat to stick a flower?

Ah! coldest thou, from the very grape,
Squeeze out a novel purple dye
To color thy confounded crape
So as to catch the public eye,
Then'dst spoil the true Burgundian vine
Rich, and to us of one mine.

HUMILIATING SPECTACLE.—The following remark was made by a Scull inspecting through his eye-glass a very small infant exhibited to him, at the instance of its father, by its nurse: "Welcome, little Shwangsee! Baby, simple specimen of man. It was once a baby myself. Ought to make a fella humble—the ideaw of having ewaw been a baby, don't you know?"

A SCOTCH JEST, at his death, left his property in equal shares to his two sons, who continued to live very amicably together. Their mother died at length one cold to the north. Tam, we're quitting auld now; you'll tak' a wife, and when I die you'll get a share of the property." "Ay, ay, mither," says the youngest and most active, you'll tak' a wife, and when I die you'll get my share." "Od," says John, "I'll no' be that way wi' you when there's ony thing to be got."

"Dinglee, dear," said a wife, appealing to her husband in a small feminine fluster, "do you think I am generally bad-tempered?" "No, my dear," says he, "I think you are particularly so."

"Jim, I believe that Sam's got no truth in him." "You don't know, niggy; there's more truth in dat nigga dan in all de rest ob de plantation." "How do you make dat?" "Why, he never lets any out."

OPPOSITES IN LOVE.—Love is made up of *contraries*; a fair woman, they say, best loves a dark man; a tall man generally selects a little woman for a wife; and the portly dame submits to tuck a pigmy spouse beneath her sheltering arm; the bald and timid girl turns with delight to the bold and sparkling lover; the ancient crone sighs for the blooming youth; and the wisest seek in the society of the weakest the pleasing relaxation from the austere duties of the law, the senate, or the state.

"Does your dog take to the water?" said a gentleman to a trustie, who had a water-spaniel following him. "Why, you, Sir, if they put meat in it," was the reply.

CANDIDATES FOR MATRIMONY.—On a recent occasion, at the marriage ceremony was about to be performed in a church in town, the clergyman desired the bridegroom to be married to rise up, a large number of the ladies immediately rose.

'Tis a very ancient saying,
Time till now has proved it true
"Do unto all your neighbors
As you would have them do to you."

But another saying now prevails,
Which is entirely different, I ween:
"Be sure and do your neighbor,
Or they'll certainly do you."

The boy who lost his balance on the front door fell on the ground shortly afterward.

"Let me collect myself," as the man said when he was blown up by a powder-mill.

A ragged little urchin came to a lady's door, asking for old clothes. She brought him a vest and a pair of trowsers, which he thankfully received in a comfortable fit. The young sarge-grace took the garments, and examined each; then, with a disconsolate look, said, "There ain't no watch-pocket!"

When is a lane very unlike an action at law?—When you can see the end from the beginning.

The celebrated old stage saying, "If you make love to a widow who has a daughter twenty years younger than herself, begin by declaring that you thought they were sisters."

IS INSANITY SOMETIMES FEIGNED?—The early dawn, when it breaks in the windows.

The value of spiritous liquors is always overrated, but every body knows that water naturally finds its level.

"Goodness me!" cried a nice old lady, the other day, "I'm afraid I shall not live to see another year, when shall I do for small?"

"I think," said a gentleman to his footman, "I have been very much deceived in your master to you, John." "Very moderate, Sir," said John.

We pity the family that sits down to a broil three times a day.

A country paper says—"A cow was struck by lightning and instantly killed, belonging to the village physician, who has dreamed of losing a cow for five days past."

A "SETTLER," in Australia, was taken before a justice very drunk, and instead of answering the questions put to him, he began to sing the splendid old song, "Your Home is very—wire-y-y-our Home is very wise." Being unable to get from him any other reply, the magistrate was to be locked up till next day, when he was again brought up. "Now, Sir," said the justice, "you were drunk as well as a beast yesterday. When I asked you any questions, the only answer I got was, 'Your home is very wire-y-y-wise.'" "Did I say so?" quoth the defendant? "then I must have been drunker than I thought."

TWO DUTCHMEN, living opposite each other, who had for many years been in the habit of smoking by their doorsides in silence, occasionally broke into the following dialogue: "What sort of weather you think it will be to-morrow, neighbor?" "Vell, I don't know; what sort of weather you think it will be?" "Vell, I don't know; what sort of weather you think it will be?" "Vell, I don't know; what sort of weather you think it will be?" "Vell, I don't know; I tink it will be weather as you tink it will be." The oldest, on questioning, "Well, I tink so too."

A PRETTY ACCOMPLISHMENT.—Dr. A——, physician at Newcastle, being summoned to a vestry, in order to reprimand the sexton for drunkenness, dwelt so long on the sexton's misconduct as to raise his choler so as to draw from him this expression—"Sir, I was in hopes you would have treated my feelings with more gentleness, or that you would have been the last man alive to appear against me, as I have *covered so many bloodey graves!*"

A bad-tempered judge was annoyed by an old gentleman who had a very chronic cough, and after repeatedly desiring that he would leave the court, at length angrily told the offending gentlemen that he would fine him £100 if he did not cease coughing. "Make it a hundred with me," replied the old gentleman, "and I'll cough it for you."

Some days ago a pretty, bright little juvenile friend, some five years of age, named Ross, was teased a good deal by a playful boy visitor named Rose. The family wound up by saying, "Ross, I don't love you." "Ah, but you've got to love me," said the little boy. Mother asked her remonstrate. "Why," answered Ross, "the Bible says you must love them that hate you, and I am sure I hate you."

DO YOU GIVE IT UP?

What pupil gets most punishment?
The pupil of the eye for it is continually washer the lash.

"My first denotes a brilliant place,
Where belles and jewels shine;
My second is a part of man's stones,
Or produce of the mine;
Sweet pleasure in my whole abound
Apart from worldly strife,
By simple and virtuous I'm always found
The happiest part of life.
Courtship.

Those who have me not, do not wish for me;
Those who have me, do not wish to lose me;
Those who gain me, have me no longer.
Love-suits.

Why is a laundress the greatest traveler in the world?
Because she is constantly crossing the line, and going from pole to pole.

Why is Aunty Lind like a good austien-chop?
Because she is a settler (prime) tidy-an sell bony (Alsono).

Why are very old people necessarily prolix and tedious?
Because they dilate into diffuse.

Where is happiness always to be found?
In the dictionary.

Why should a tailor have all sorts of filth thrown to him?
Because he is a common sewer.

Why ought a man to be unable to starve in the deserts of Egypt?
On account of the sandwiches (sand'which is) there.

But how came the sand which is there?
Because Hamet was there, and his descendants mustered out brood (mustard and bread).

WORCESTER, Oct. 21, 1861.

To the Editor of Harper's Weekly:

DEAR SIR,—I saw in your paper a few weeks ago the following:

"What is the difference between the Emperor of Russia and a beggar?—One knows his manifestoes, and the other manifests his toes."

This is good as far as it goes, but there is not enough of it. "Tis like!

Now here his manifestoes, and the other manifests his toes without his shoes. Yours, etc., READER.

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

SAILING OF THE GREAT NAVAL EXPEDITION.

The great naval and military expedition which has been for some time preparing and assembling from different points, and of which we have published several illustrations, sailed from Hampton Roads on 27th for its destination. The squadron is composed of no less than a hundred vessels. The naval portion is under the command of Commodore Samuel F. Dupont, and the military portion is commanded by General Thomas W. Sherman. The appearance of this fleet as it left Fortress Monroe is described as one of the most magnificent scenes in the annals of American history.

SPRINGFIELD RETAKEN.

Springfield was again occupied by the National troops on Saturday evening, and the retreat of the rebel Price, with his army, is thus cut off, and he will be forced either to give battle, with the certainty of defeat, or to surrender. The occupation of Springfield is preceded by one of the most brilliant achievements which have yet marked the progress of this war. Major Sigurist, at the head of General Fremont's body-guard, made a charge upon a body of the enemy, upward of two thousand strong, drawn up in line of battle to check their march near the town, and routed them, and cleared them from the vicinity, after which he hoisted the stars and flag on the court-house, and then rallied temporarily, to await a reinforcement which soon joined him.

AFFAIR AT ROMNEY.

General Kelly, the hero of Philippi, having sufficiently recovered from the severe wound received there to resume active operations, has again made his mark against the rebels. Leaving Cumberland on Friday, he Hampshire County, on Friday night last, and attacked the enemy at Romney on Saturday afternoon, routing them after an exhausting many prisoners, together with three pieces of cannon and all their wagons and camp equipage. The rebels, in their precipitate retreat, took the road toward Winchester. The National loss was but trifling.

EXTENSION OF OUR LINES.

Gen. Hooker's division, whose Division constitutes the extreme left, resting on the Potomac, is pushing and extending his pickets further toward the rebel positions down the river, while Kearney occupies the line on the other side of the river, is making a corresponding movement.

CLOSING OF THE POTOMAC.

The rebels have now a continuous line of batteries from Matthias Point to Freestone Point, and the navigation of the Potomac is closed for the present. Emboldened by the success of the rebel batteries in interrupting the navigation of the Potomac by all national vessels, the rebel steamer *George Page*, which has for months been lying up Aquia Creek awaiting her opportunity, has now ventured out upon the Potomac. She was cruising between Shipping Point and Occoquan on Wednesday afternoon, overhauling men, and ran over to the Maryland shore once, throwing a couple of shells into the camp of the Pennsylvania Brigade. All the Government transports, it is understood, have gone down to Annapolis, and supplies will now be awaited to Washington from that point.

It is asserted, as we write this record, that the rebels have no batteries at Matthias Point.

THE HABEAS CORPUS SUSPENDED IN THE DISTRICT OF COLUMBIA.

On 24th the President instructed the Marshal for the District of Columbia not to serve writs on the Provost Marshal, but return them to the Court with the explanation that the President has, for the present, suspended the privilege of the writ of habeas corpus in cases relating to the military for reasons of public necessity..

ZOLLICOFFER DEFEATED.

On 20th Colonel Dumont defeated Zollicoffer made an attack on Camp Wild Cat, about forty miles below Camp Dick Robinson, in Kentucky. Zollicoffer's force numbered 4000 infantry, 1500 cavalry, and one battery of artillery. The first attack was made at 7 o'clock in the forenoon, at two points, and was gallantly repulsed by the National Camp under Colonels Garrard and Schaft. Another attack was made about 1 o'clock in the afternoon which was at a regular fight, and a skirmishing fire was kept up until 3, when Zollicoffer drew off. The National forces numbered only 1000, but had a decided advantage in the position.

BATTLE NEAR PILOT KNOB.

A rather important battle took place last week at Fredericktown, near Pilot Knob, in Missouri. Colonel Plummer, with detachments of infantry, cavalry, and artillery, attacked and completely routed 5000 rebels under Generals Jeff Thompson and Parsons. The latter was killed, together with a large number of the enemy—how many it is not stated. The rebel loss in the fight was killed, five prisoners wounded, and twenty slightly wounded. The National troops captured eight wagons, each detachment striving to excel the others in acts of bravery.

CONVICTION OF A PRIVATEER.

The trial of Philadelphia of Wesley B. Smith, one of the crew of the late privateer *Jeff Davis*, captured on board the *Enchantress*, was concluded on 28th, and resulted in his conviction of the crime of piracy. The Jury was out but half an hour.

REGULARS COMING FROM THE PACIFIC.

The *Alta Californian* of October 2, notices the receipt of orders by General Sumner to dispatch at once to the East the entire force of regulars on the Pacific coast. This force numbers 5000 men. It will take a month to collect it from its scattered posts. Volunteer forces are to garrison the forts from which they are withdrawn.

THE ELLSWORTH AVENGERS.

The People's Fifteenth Regiment, Colonel Stryker, arrived in Washington on 25th from Albany. The regiment numbers 1000 rank and file, and is fully armed, equipped, and uniformed. None of the men are over thirty years old, and all of them are unmarried.

STRENGTH OF THE UNION ARMY.

From reliable sources the *Herald* has compiled a table showing the number of troops each loyal State has now in the field or on their way to the seat of war:

States.	Infantry.	Cavalry.	Artillery.	Total.
Connecticut.....	4,188	100	—	4,288
Maine.....	8,000	8,000	—	16,000
Indiana.....	30,000	5,000	500	35,500
Iowa.....	16,100	1,000	—	17,100
Kansas.....	4,000	1,000	200	5,200
Massachusetts.....	20,000	—	350	20,350
Maine.....	8,000	1,200	300	9,500
Michigan.....	13,734	2,000	350	16,084
Minnesota.....	5,000	—	—	5,000
New York.....	80,000	5,000	2,000	87,000
New Jersey.....	9,000	—	500	9,500
New Hampshire.....	3,000	—	200	3,200
Ohio.....	65,000	8,500	600	67,100
Pennsylvania.....	51,000	4,000	800	55,800
Rhode Island.....	2,673	—	750	3,573
Vermont.....	6,000	—	300	6,300
Wisconsin.....	10,000	1,200	1100	12,300
Total.....	314,370	35,500	6,950	475,500

In addition to these there are the State and Government troops in Kentucky and Missouri, which may be estimated as follows:

	Government.	State.
Missouri.....	15,000	25,000
Kentucky.....	8,000	20,000
Total.....	18,000	45,000

There are also five thousand volunteers raised in California, five thousand in Maryland, one thousand six hundred in Delaware, and two thousand in the District of Columbia, besides ten thousand regulars, which, added together, will show the Union loyal forces to number *five hundred and twelve thousand men*.

THE NEW STATE OF KANAWHA.

The people of Northwestern Virginia (the 19 counties now openly adhering to the Union) voted last week on the question of being set off from the Old Dominion and formed into the new State of Kanawha. So far as we have returns, a large majority voted for the new State.

COMPLETION OF THE PACIFIC TELEGRAPH.

The Pacific Telegraph was completed to San Francisco on 24th, and messages are now sent freely between New York and that distant point on the Pacific coast. The first dispatch sent over the line was from Stephen J. Field, Chief-Justice of California, to President Lincoln.

UNION FEELING IN NORTH CAROLINA.

Rev. Mr. Conway, Chaplain of the Ninth New York Volunteers, arrived in Washington on 26th, from Hatteras Inlet, whence he was dispatched by General Williams to the President, informing him of the loyal feeling of the citizens of Hyde County, North Carolina, and bringing with him a declaration of independence of the people of that county, announcing themselves forever free and independent of the Rebel Confederacy, together with a request for arms for their defense. They are represented as suffering intensely from the point of starvation—from the despotism of the rebel army.

REBELS GOING HOME.

Reports from Kentucky, by way of Cairo, inform us that a large portion of the rebel forces lately at Columbus, under General Polk, are leaving for New Orleans and Mobile, in anticipation, probably, of a descent upon those points by the national expedition which has already sailed, or is about to sail.

THE DEFENSES OF NEW ORLEANS.

A Doctor Bradley, a Southern refugee, just arrived at Washington reports that great preparations are making at New Orleans in anticipation of a visitation by the National forces. Four 32-pounders had been planted on the Custom-house, which commands the entrance to the harbor, and guns of smaller calibre had been placed upon the roofs of other buildings, all strongly constructed. Light draft boats had been assigned to duty on Lake Pontchartrain. Dr. Bradley states that Confederate currency in many parts of the South has already depreciated thirty per cent.

WHEREABOUTS OF MESSRS. SLIDELL AND MASON.

A vessel just arrived from the West Indies brings intelligence that the rebel emissaries, Messrs. Slidell and Mason, at Cardenas, Cuba, direct from Charleston, with Mason and Slidell on board, on the 7th inst. The French Consul and family were also in the *Theodora*.

FOREIGN NEWS.

FRANCE.

MOVEMENTS OF ROYAL PERSONAGES.

The King of Prussia enjoyed a very agreeable reception from Napoleon and Eugenie. King Frederick the Second (ex), of Naples will not be represented at the coronation of the King of Prussia. The Queen of Madagascar is dead. Her son has been proclaimed King, and he has formally demanded a French protectorate.

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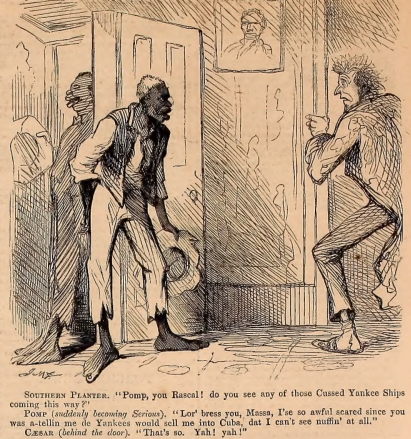
JACK FALSTAFF HOLLINS (*in the Bar-Room of the St. Charles at New Orleans*). "I've Peppered Two of them; One, I am sure, I have Sunk. I tell thee what, if I tell thee a lie, spit in my face, call me horse. Four came all a front, and mainly made at me. I made no more ado, but took all their seven fires in my Iron-clad Craft; they followed me close, and with a thought Seven of the Eleven I ran aground."

[*Compare* SHAKSPEARE, *First Part Henry II., Act II., Scene* 4.



SOUTHERN PLANTER. "Pomp, you Rascal! do you see any of those Cussed Yankee Ships coming this way?"

POMP (*suddenly becoming Serious*). "Lor' bress you, Massa, I'se so awful scared since you was a-tellin me de Yankees would sell me into Cuba, dat I can't see nuffin' at all."

CÆSAR (*behind the door*). "That's so. Yah! yah!"

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Click—click—click—
Before I have scarcely begun!
Oh! shame on the girls, I say,
Who now would their duty shirk,
And waste their time in dressing and play,
If sums is needie work!

"Click—click—click—
How the magic needle flies!
Click—click—click—
I can scarce believe my eyes!
Seam, and gusset, and band,—
Band, and gusset, and seam,—
I really could almost work asleep,
And stray away in my dream!

"Click—click—click—
Say, it sews whatever you choose,—
From the finest piece of tender gauze
To a cloak or a pair of shoes!
Click—click—click—
As I watch the merry thing
In fancy oft, within my sight,
To life it seems sporting!

"Oh! men with sisters dear!
Oh! men with mothers and wives!
How should you bless the men who thus
Gladden our precious lives!
Whose genius can make home so bright,—
Who chase our cares away
By making woman's duties light,
And turning toil to play!

"Then go,—at once—and get
A machine exactly like mine;
Others are good, but above them all
FISHLE AND LYON'S shine;
Buy at 628 BROADWAY,
And you'll get one there so nice,
That many a long day to come
You'll be glad of my advice."

With fingers nimble and fine,
With features gladsome and gay,
A lady sat in her pretty boudoir,
Joyfully working away—
Click! click! click!
In comfort she sat—like a queen,—
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HARPER'S WEEKLY.

A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION.

VOL. V.—No. 255.] NEW YORK, SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 16, 1861. [SINGLE COPIES SIX CENTS. $2 50 PER YEAR IN ADVANCE.

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the Year 1861, by Harper & Brothers, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Southern District of New York.

THE RETIREMENT OF GENERAL SCOTT.

We publish on this page a picture of the last interview between GENERAL SCOTT and the CABINET on the day of his retirement. On 31st October the following letter from him was received by the President:

HEAD-QUARTERS OF THE ARMY, WASHINGTON, Oct. 31, 1861.

The Hon. SIMON CAMERON, *Secretary of War.*

SIR,—For more than three years I have been unable, from a hurt, to mount a horse or to walk more than a few paces at a time, and that with much pain. Other and new infirmities—dropsy and vertigo—admonish me that repose of mind and body, with the appliances of surgery and medicine, are necessary to add a little more to a life already protracted much beyond the usual span of man.

It is under such circumstances, made doubly painful by the unnatural and unjust rebellion now raging in the Southern States of our so lately prosperous and happy Union, that I am compelled to request that my name be placed on the list of army officers retired from active service. As this request is founded on an absolute right, granted by a recent act of Congress, I am entirely at liberty to say it is with deep regret that I withdraw myself, in these momentous times, from the orders of a President who has treated me with much distinguished kindness and courtesy, whom I know, upon much personal intercourse, to be patriotic, without sectional partialities or prejudices, to be highly conscientious in the performance of every duty, and of unrivaled activity and perseverance. I remain, Sir, with high respect, your obedient servant,

WINFIELD SCOTT.

It was decided that General Scott's request, under the circumstances of his advanced age and

THE LAST MEETING BETWEEN GENERAL SCOTT AND THE CABINET.

infirmities, could not be declined. General McClellan was thereupon, with the unanimous agreement of the Council, Winfield Scott ordered to be placed, and hereby is placed, upon the list of retired officers of the army of the United States, without reduction in his current pay, subsistence, or allowances.

The duties of the Body-Guard through Springfield is described in the following dispatches:

HEAD-QUARTERS, IN THE FIELD,
NEAR SHERRINGTON, MISSOURI, SEPTEMBER 30, 1861.

CAPTAIN MCKENNEY, ASSISTANT ADJUTANT-GENERAL:

Yesterday afternoon Major Seagonyne, at the head of my Guards, made a most brilliant charge upon a body of the enemy, drawn up in line of battle, and their camp, at Springville, 1,000 strong. The charge, completely routed them, cleared them from the town, hoisted the national flag on the Court-house, and retired upon a reinforcement which he has already joined. Our loss is not great.

The second charge against my very large odds is a noble example to the army. Our advance will occupy Springfield to-night. J. C. FREMONT,
Major-General Commanding.

The following is a special dispatch to the St. Louis *Republican*:

The following dispatch has been received, announcing the most brilliant victory at Springfield by General Frémont's Body-Guard, under Major Seagonyne:

FIVE MILES OUT OF SHERMAN, OCT. 30—8 A.M.,
GENERAL,—Report respectfully that yesterday, at four P.M., I met in Springfield about 1000 rebels formed in line of battle. They were in very strong position, but my Guard, with one feeling, made a charge, and in less than three minutes the enemy was completely routed by one hundred and fifty men. We cleared the city of every rebel and retired, as usual, at night, and not feeling it safe to keep the place with so small a force. Major Whitney remained did not participate in the charge. I have no casualties, but such brilliant bravery I have never seen, and did not expect. Both officers and men—"Frémont and the Union!"—broke out like thunder.

CHARLES SEAGONYNE,
Major Commanding Body-Guard.

General Frémont's Body-Guard numbers three hundred.

Of Frémont's bridge across the Osage the correspondent of the *Times* says:

The Osage at this point, from bank to bank, is perhaps two hundred yards wide; but now, owing to low water, there is a wide bar in the middle, leaving only a narrow stream of water over the ford in width on either side. These two streams are the ones which are now being bridged by General Frémont for the passage of his army. Piers have been built and erected, stringers stretched across these, and upon them is placed a covering of hewn logs, to obtain which General Frémont has torn down several log-houses. The work is a very substantial one, and will be finished to-day or to-morrow at furthest.

OUR WAR MAP.

We have the pleasure to state that we have republished separately

The Admirable War Map

which appeared in the last Number of *Harper's Weekly*, and that we are prepared to furnish it,

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at SIX CENTS per copy, with the usual discount to Agents. This Map is generally admitted to be the MOST COMPLETE WAR MAP IN EXISTENCE.

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 16, 1861.

GENERAL SCOTT.

FULL of honors; full of years; beloved and trusted as few men have been, the old soldier stands erect before his country, raises his hand, and for the last time gives us the parting salute. His life is a part of American history. His name is identified with our struggles and triumphs; nor shall it be counted other than a glory to him, that the height of his wild rebellion against the national existence—when the energy, the activity, the ready recuperation of youth are essential to the chief military commander—has passed away, and left nearly all our veteran General; and with simple dignity he takes the step which shows that patriotic duty is still his only inspiration. *Finis coronat opus*: the end crowns the work. It was the motto on Washington's seal. It will be the legend of Scott's life.

As we all read in the papers of his interview with the Cabinet and retirement from public service, it was impossible not to recall that other scene, of eighty years ago, in the old building still standing at the corner of Broad and Pearl streets, in the city of New York. It was at noon of the 4th of December, 1782, that Washington met all his officers at the inn where he lodged. The meeting. From that delusion they have not been spoken; and at length Washington arose, and, filling a glass of wine, turned to his officers, and spoke the words that we all remember. He then asked them to come and take his hand; and, in sacred tears and silence, he so bade them farewell.

But this time, as our other venerated soldier speaks to the President a few words of farewell gushing from the heart, it is the whole country that says to him, with emotion, as Washington said to his Generals: "With hearts full of love and gratitude we now bid you adieu. In the most devout joy wish that your latter days may be as prosperous as and happy as your former ones have been glorious and honorable."

THE DISAPPOINTMENTS OF THE TRAITORS.

THE traitors who are now in arms against their country are not to be envied. In their case the stings of conscience must be quickened by a consciousness of their wrong even at the first that Providence is against them. Every thing they have tried has failed; every project they set their hands to has resulted disastrously. Even on the day their friend, the honey dotard Buchan ana, vacated the post he disgraced, the hand of God has lain heavily on them and theirs.

They began with their eyes open with the notion—encouraged somewhat by presses and persons here—that a substantial portion of the North opposite would side with them in their rebellion. From that delusion they have never fully awakened by imposing masters of Northern Democrats in support of the Union, and by the ignominious surrender of such pseudo-Democrats as Breckinridge and Wickliffe, who promised for a time to abet them in their treason. They know now that twenty millions of freemen—aided by the majority of the people of Maryland, Kentucky, Delaware, and Missouri—are decidedly against them.

They believed—as the letters of the special correspondent of the *Herald* show—that neither Great Britain nor France would suffer the cotton ports to be blockaded. Europe, they boasted in their meanness, would come to their relief, and would raise the blockade. At this they have been most egregiously disappointed. Neither England nor France evince the slightest tendency to interfere with the blockade. In fact, they have no motive for doing so; for their trouble is not so much the want of cotton as the want of a market—at the North—for their manufactured goods. Cotton they can dispense with if they can not sell cotton cloths. The "fluffy potentate" has been ejected from his throne. His power depended upon the readiness of the North to consume the products of the looms of Manchester and Lowell. The North has ceased to consume, and the tyrant, whose sovereignty rested upon the slavery of four millions of human beings, tumbles helplessly to the earth. England and France will not disturb the blockade—and this the South knows by this time.

The traitors were satisfied that they would this summer hold Washington. One Walker, who figured as "Secretary of War" of the rebels, announced in April that they would seize Washington by May, and the Creole Beauregard declared that by the middle of June as the time when he would be in possession. The arch-traitor, Jefferson Davis, sent word to keep his pew in church for him, as his family would want it this summer. So long as Buchanan was President there was some ground for these expectations. That miserable old man labored so strenuously on behalf of the rebels, and there were so many other traitors in every Government office, that it was natural the insurgents should hope to win possession of the capital. That prize is now beyond their reach. No city in the world is so well fortified as Washington. All the fighting men in the South can not take it. This must be a bitter disappointment.

It was confidently announced that the secession of the entire States would be the ruin, commercially and financially, of the North. The fact is that stocks have risen 10 to 20 per cent. since the war began; business has improved in every direction; our banks hold twice as much specie as they did a year ago; our exports are increasing and our imports are diminishing; money is plenty, and food is cheap, the demand for labor is in excess of the supply, and the great cities of the North, New York, Chicago, Cincinnati, Boston, Buffalo, Philadelphia, etc., were never more prosperous. They are at present. It is now evident that our Northern people have accommodated themselves to the war. They have made up their minds to the temporary loss of the Southern markets, and they find they can get along without them. The North is really richer to-day than it was twelve months ago. That is a bitter disappointment.

These failures must operate rather unpleasantly upon the spirits of the leaders of the Southern treason. They will produce no effect upon their followers—except the black—because Southern newspapers are not suffered to tell the truth. But such men as Davis, Toombs, Stephens, Benjamin, Hunter, Brown, etc., must begin to see that their case is desperate. They have succeeded in nothing but in alienating their Northern friends, weakening slavery in the Border States, impoverishing the entire South, dooming the slaves to years of emancipation, destroying the credit of Southern States, ruining forever the political power of the slave institution, stimulating the growth of cotton all over the world, teaching the North its independence of the South, and imbuing the whole civilized world with a thorough conviction of the brutality, baseness, and meanness of a society "based on the corner-stone of human slavery." In every thing else they have failed. How long will they persist in the failure?

THE LOUNGER.

JUSTICE TO OUR GENERALS.

IT does not follow because General Frémont is an honest and able soldier that he is therefore a competent director of the Department of the West. But it certainly does follow that, if the Administration is convinced of his competency, it should remove him and not revile him. The Department of War, in authorizing, as the *Tribune* says that it did, the publication of General Thomas's memoranda of his Western tour, surely exposes its own incompetency quite as positively as General Frémont was exposed by publishing.

For either the report had convinced the Secretary that Frémont was incompetent, or it had not. If it had, it was his duty to ask his removal. If not, if the effort were unavailing, it was his duty not to injure the service by taking the public into his confidence. It is the business to appeal to the public against the President.

But if it had not convinced him, what honorable motive can be suggested for the publication of a document which generally demoralizes the entire Western Department at its most critical and perilous moment?

We may not complain of blunders, for they must occur in our situation, and every man of common sense will expect them. But when a blunder evidently involves bad faith, every man of common sense ought to speak out. In the cloud of uncertainty which rests upon the whole campaign in Missouri, and in the unfortunate quarrel between General Frémont and Mr. Frank Blair, it has been impossible to see clearly enough to express any decided opinion, except of perfect faith in General Frémont's honesty and earnestness.

But this document of General Thomas's is not at all clear. It states facts and rumors prejudicial to the ability of General Frémont. If he is to be heard upon them, the dishonor of their publication before his answer is patent. If he is not to be heard upon them, their publication can have no other conceivable result than to aid and comfort the enemy. We say again, the report may have justified his removal. That is a question for the Commander-in-chief. But nothing can justify its publication.

Grant that Frémont is incapable—does any body suppose him to be a traitor, or treacherously inclined? But does any body doubt that Patterson was morally responsible for the disaster of Bull Run? Then why is not the same charitable silence allowed to fall upon honesty and loyalty, however unavailing, that so closely envelops conduct which you may qualify as you will?

If the President thinks Frémont incompetent, let him remove him. We shall all acquiesce; and if the newspapers choose to wrangle about him, let them wrangle. But if the President is not yet persuaded, then, in the name of the national honor, of his own dignity, and of the justice due to a brave and noble man who is busy with the enemy in front and in silent and powerful assailing in the rear, let the President of the United States and Commander-in-chief of the army show that the good name of every faithful soldier, whether high-placed general or private, is his peculiar care, and that the public shall have no official hints to his injury.

THE ARMADA.

Our great Armada has sailed away. Whither? The question may be answered before this piece is printed. It may be answered in victory which shall cheer the heart of every lover of liberty in the world. It may be answered in disaster that shall give those hearts a pang. It is announced now that "on Saturday" the point of destination will be safely told! What babies we still are! If all the newspapers in the land were as loyal as they ought to be, they would positively refuse to publish any such "authentic information." Perhaps they will!

But they may be pardoned if they only repeat the "authentic information" which has been enjoyed by so many thousands for the last month. Every man knew where he had gone, and how it was going; and every other man had reason to know that it was a different point. Every possible point from Mobile Bay to Orleans has been suspected and supported by the most incontestable considerations. Certainly the Administration deserves infinite credit for fitting out such an expedition, and, in these days of treason and telegraphic reporters, for keeping its secret so fast. Every body knows, of course. But fortunately nobody has the least idea.

There is one point in the order to General Sherman from Secretary Cameron which shows great good sense, and that is to use every man who can who is friendly and can be serviceable to the United States. Should such persons prove to be slaves under any local law and slaves of loyal masters, they are to be accounted for: they are not to be sent back. This, of course, is for two reasons. In the first place, nobody could be sent where they were or were not the slaves of loyal masters; and, secondly, if they were so proved, the army of the United States has been directed by Congress that its business is not slave-hunting.

The great Armada has sailed away. Our hopes and hearts sail with it. The business of the country: our hearts for the friends, and brothers, and husbands, and sons, and lovers, whom it carries. Let while we wait for news, if news shall not have come before this morning, then let us hope reasonably, not wildly, nor trust the future to a single chance. We lavish our love freely upon persons and things: we believe so implicitly that General This knows every thing and General That can do every thing, that our despondency is ever whining when they prove to be only men.

Let every body make up his mind to one thing. If you mean to support the success of this expedition as decisive of the war—the moment it is defeated, should defeat be in store for us, go over straight to the enemy. Do not say here mourning and mumbling, and wringing your hands. But if you mean to view its success or defeat as a man and a patriot should, then, if all seems going, prepare for another blow; remembering that with the true spirit which is now getting soberly to work, even at the worst, the more we are beaten, the more we shall beat.

And so calm waves! swift winds! and victory!

NATIONAL HYMNS.

MR. WHITE will names his little book upon the writing of national hymns in general, and upon our recent efforts in that direction in particular, a typical title of the times. He is a lover of art, a scholar and a musician, and will fill a quaint niche in our literature. The work is, properly, in three parts: first, a treatise upon national hymn writing, and upon music as the popular vehicle of such a hymn; second, a brief and admirable account of the two great national hymns, the Marseillaise and the Marseillaise; and, third, a history of the doings of the late Committee upon the subject, with specimens of some of the best and worst contributions offered to them.

The book is "thrown off;" but Mr. White is so familiar with the whole discussion, and with its aspects of poetry and music, that it is the "throwing off" of an accomplished scholar, musician, and gentleman—the throwing off of a composition of a master in the matter. The appointment of a committee for such a purpose can never be regretted, since the result is this pleasant volume.

No one, of course, knew better than Mr. White that popular songs do not come for the asking. The National Hymn was asked to be a song for the Army of the Rhine, and he shut himself up in his room for a night, and came out with the Marseillaise in the morning. But the writer of a tremendous contest over fellow-citizens began to sing; and somebody said if any body happens to write or sing a song that seems to a dozen gentlemen worthy to be a national hymn, he shall have five hundred dollars. That was the origin of the National Hymn Committee; and it would have been very churlish on the part of any gentleman asked to decline to give twelve hundred of his fellow-citizens a chance of getting so handsome a sum.

But it was those gentlemen, and not the twelve hundred, who were on trial. They were to say to

the country, "Here is a hymn which we think ought to be the national hymn." But suppose that the country had not thought so! The sole satisfied person would then have been the one who received the cash premium.

It should be said also, in regard to the book which Mr. White has prepared, that the Committee expressly reserved the right to publish the songs which seemed to them aptly good, even if not entirely suitable for the purpose, in case there were no objection upon the part of the authors. They expressly did not bind themselves to give any prize; nor to give a prize to the best offered; nor to refrain from publication of such as should be selected. If any author sent a hymn for competition without first consulting the conditions, it was certainly not the fault of the Committee.

The book vindicates the final action of the Committee. Whatever may be the merit of the specimens published, it is evident that none of them are likely to be taken by the popular heart as the song of the nation. That such will come is possible. That it will not be an answer to any other advertisement than the standing advertisement which consists of the natural desire and love of good poetry and stirring song is probable. That some chance-comer, like Dixie or Yankee Doodle, may be whistled, and sung, and toted, and ground all over the land, until it is in a manner national, is a fact of experience. And when we have had for a long time an organized army; when the spirit of the country is as military as for many years it is likely to be, then the "tune" which is most popular, and which is universally played by all its bands, at all its posts, and along all its lines, and which is accompanied with some act of heroic daring and triumph, will doubtless become the melody of a national hymn.

JOHN BULL.

One of the most striking passages in Mr. White's book upon National Hymns is that in which he speaks briefly of the personification of the British genius in John Bull. Mr. White finds that this type came in with the Revolution of '88. John Bull was neither the gentleman of the Tudors nor the Cavalier of the Stuarts; but he dates from the Georges and the Hanoverian succession. He is the representative rural Englishman, the prize farmer, and country squire. He typifies profound selfishness, slow wit, inveterate prejudice, insular jealousy, and the vulgarity of wealth.

The vein in which Mr. White speaks is certainly worth working. It would be a curious national "study for the times" to see how justly John Bull typifies the average British character. A waggish friend of Mr. White's—if the author be not himself the wag—sends him this parody, which is a palpable hit:

"God save me, great John Bull!
Long keep my pockets full!
God save John Bull!

Ever victorious,
Haughty, unglorious,
Snobbish, unconscious,
God save John Bull!

"O Lords, our Gods, arise!
'Tax' all our enemies!
Make 'Tariffs'
Confound French politics,
Frustrate all Russian tricks,
Get Yankees in a 'fix.'
God 'bless' them all!
Sinistra manus.]

"Thy choicest gifts in store,
On me, me only, pour,
Me, great John Bull!
Maintain supreme laws,
Frown down the poor man's cause,
So sing with heart and voice,
I, great John Bull!"

THE ASTRONOMER SONTAG.

A LATE article of the Lounger's confounded the astronomer Sontag, who died upon the Hayes' expedition, with Sontag the painter. The following note is from "a friend of the deceased Dr. August Sontag:"

"You mistake the person who acted at Fort Foulke for the artist and landscape painter Sontag. August Sontag, a native of Alfeld, Hanover, was an astronomer and naturalist. He obtained at an early age the academical honor of a Doctor Philosophiæ. The desire to enlarge his knowledge bro't him to the country shortly before the Mexican war, during which he was attached to the corps of topographical engineers. He was an active and valuable member of the first Grinnell expedition in search of Captain John Franklin; joined afterward the expedition of the lamented Dr. Hayes to explore Ysabella and the great volcanic mountain chain of Mexico, and obtained, finally, a situation in the Dudley Observatory, whence he again connected himself with the expedition under Dr. Hayes.—He was not much of an artist and draughtsman, and you would in vain expect sketches from him. Sontag the artist and Sontag painter is still alive, and not a thousand miles from New York."

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

A YOUTHFUL INDISCRETION.—What is the difference between spermaceti and a school-boy's heel?—One is the wax produced by the whale, and the other is the wail produced by the whacks.

SOLUTION OF A CURIOUS PROBLEM.—Those who watched the great chess match between Mr. Paulsen and his ten opponents at the Cigar Divan have particularly admired the coolness with which the German played his game. Very proper, too, for we all know how dangerous it is to receive a check during a perspiration.

FEMALE CURIOSITY (*Yankee Division*).—Why is a man unable to walk because his leg is broken like a door that won't open and won't easily? Because both cases are the result of a *huge* array.

ENCHANTMENT LENDS DELL.—What circumstance will always prevent an Englishman from becoming an Irish property?—Because he will be gone there to buy land he can only go to *Ireland*.

A NEW EMPLOYMENT.—Mr. Brown met an acquaintance the other day, who was sketching a figure sitting on a rock pace, as if he had the business of a nation depending upon his rapid haste. "You appear to be in a hurry," said Brown; "what business pursues?" "Oh, sir, how are you?" said he friend, "I've a day of matters to look after. I'm in the employ of Leggett, Walker, and Doolittle, an important firm! they employ no less than a thousand clerks just at this time." "What is your department?" "Why, principal proprietor!—Secretary to the corporation." The fact, Brown's friend was a walking gentleman out of employment.

BEN SMITH, "a character" in more ways than one, and especially noted for the flights of eloquence, spoke as follows upon the question: Which is man's greatest sufferings, that which he has to endure in the absence of theology; and after pronouncing an affecting eulogy upon that noble science, he descended to universities, and "brought down the house," by the following brilliant passage: "Suppose for a moment the essential oil of a man was cleaning: and suppose, Sir, that night was to overtake you, and you must have to sneak up some dark, boozling whitemen! and in the black midnight, when you had but to step in the arms of Morpheus, a flea, pointer, or some other venomous insect, was to spring upon you, what good would you do you then? But your dog would have said to you by his forewarning lamentations, 'Take heed! there will be a coming!'" Decision in favor of the "Dog-watch!"

THE WIND-AWAKE PRINCE.—"The Doctor," a famous jockey, who had the contract to furnish thirty horses for the suite of the Prince of Wales throughout the tour, at eight dollars each per day, drove Prince Alfred to the Falls of Montmorenci. "The Doctor" remarked to Alfred, "I drove the Prince of Wales here." "Did you?" said the Prince. "Yes, and his Royal Highness gave me this gold watch." "You are a lucky fellow," replied Prince Alfred; "that is more than he ever did for me." The "Doctor" subsided.

A HEROIC LASS.—A young woman had laid a wager she could walk a mile in less than a half hour in the night, and bring from these a skull. The person who took the wager lost provoking his himself in the vault, and as the girl seized the skull, cried, in a hollow voice,

"Leave me my head!"

"Then it is," said the girl, throwing it down and catching up another.

"Leave me my head!" said the same voice.

"Nay, nay," said the heroic lass, "you can not have two heads!—I must have one, and you no longer."

As Charles II. was dining in state, he made the celebrated and witty Grammont the remark that he was served upon knees, while the Duke of York was served in other courts. "I thank your Majesty for the explanation," answered Grammont, "for I thought they were begging pardon for giving you so bad a dinner."

Jones has discovered the respective natures of a distinction and a difference. He says that "a little difference frequently makes many enemies, while "a little distinction" attracts hosts of friends to the one on whom it is conferred.

A SAILOR'S NOTION.—A sailor who had been for several years on a foreign station, when he arrived home, had invited him it was good. "It is good for hogs, ma'am," said the doctor. "Then pray," said the lady, "let me help you to some more."

OLD GIBE. "I should like Thick Braids in front, and Curls and a Loop at the Back!"

SERRY INDIVIDUAL. "I tell you what, Mrs. Indigo, I can't pay your bill; but I'll marry your daughter and end up a school."

MOTHER. "No, indeed!"

SERRY INDIVIDUAL. "Well, then, give me a receipt and I'll marry you, and set up a wholesale business!"

DO YOU GIVE IT UP?

Before a circle let appear
Twice twenty-five and five in rear,
One-fifth of eight join, if you can,
And then you'll form what compass man.

Love.

We are little airy creatures,
All of different voice and nature;
One of us in glass is set,
Another you shall find in jet,
Another you will see in tin,
And a fourth a box within;
If the true form you find,
It will never fly from you.

The words

Why is a waiter like a race-horse?
Because he fly-vors runs for a plate.

What proof have we that King Charles wished to be beheaded?
Because they axed (asked) him whether he would or no.

Why is a conceited woman like a singing-book?
Because she is full of airs.

Why is a dandy like a bunch of venison?
Because he is fit for a buck.

When is a bank-note like wrought-iron?
When it is forged.

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

ANOTHER VICTORY IN WESTERN VIRGINIA.

PRESS DISPATCHES announce the defeat and the forces of General Rosecrans on the Gauley River; but the accounts thus far received are so meagre that it is quite uncertain what has really been done. We have intelligence sufficiently accurate, however, to show that the National forces are still successful, and do not at all hope that the rebel and traitor Floyd is fairly entrapped.

It appears that, on Friday, Floyd opened fire from two points opposite Gauley Bridge, and succeeded in sinking a forty-ton, rebel steamboat, which had been sunken the same night. No one was killed on our side during the fire, though two cannon balls and eight bullets struck, and few were wounded. He had cut a road around a hill where Rosecrans' pickets were posted, and, marching by fire, soon silenced two of the batteries, and was at the rebel service and another fort before he knew it. Our loss, rear, so that it was expected that he would be entirely surrounded in a few hours.

On Saturday there was no fighting; at that time the position of the two armies on either side was as follows: The rebels held possession of the west bank of New River; General Cox occupied the east bank. The main body and location of the Gauley and New rivers; General Cox's brigade and Gen. Lowe's command are at the junction, between the rivers, and General Benham was below the junction. It was believed that Floyd's force was divided, the main body on the river above and below Floyd, who has 1000 men, and is cut off from the north bank. We look with interest for further intelligence.

OUR NEW COMMANDER-IN-CHIEF.

Major-General M'Clellan has issued the following order:

HEADQUARTERS OF THE ARMY,
WASHINGTON, *November* 1, 1861.

GENERAL ORDER, No. 15.—In accordance with General Order No. 94 from the War Department, I hereby assume command of the armies of the United States.

In the midst of the difficulties which encompass and divide the nation, I shall devote my best energies to the accomplishment of so vast a responsibility; but, confiding as I do in the patriotism and the courage of our troops, and believing, as I do, that Providence will never turn an ill-cause to triumph, I have the most earnest will crown our efforts and sacrifices.

The army of the Union will be the feeling of regret that the weight of many years and the effect of increasing infirmities contracted and intensified in his country's service, should cast me from my post. I have no higher soldier of our nation; the hero who, in his youth, raised high the reputation of his country in the fields of Canada, which he sanctified with his blood; who in more mature years proved by his counsels that the spirit and valor could repeat, if not eclipse, the exploits of Carter in the days of the Revolution; and who, when the hour came, rallied to the service of his country; whose efforts have been directed by genius and by wisdom, and whose courage, in life, a warrior who earned the selfish glories of the battle-field when it has been necessary as a veteran could be employed more profitably for his country; a citizen whom his lifelong years have endeared to his fellow-men; a public instance of loyalty, in disregarding all ties of birth, and clinging still to the cause of truth and honor. Such has been the career and character of Winfield Scott, whom it is no long term of service to the nation to know, both as a man and a soldier. While we regret his loss, there is one thing we can do, and that is to set a high example for his and for our emulation. Let us all hope and pray that his declining years may be crowned in peace and happiness, and that they may be cheered by the success of the country and the cause he has fought for all his life so well. Beyond all that, let us do nothing that can cause him to blush for us; but, on retiring from the post of honor and responsibility, bid for his last years, but let our victories illuminate the close of a life so grand.

GEORGE B. M'CLELLAN,
Major-General Commanding.

GEN. SCOTT'S DEPARTURE FROM WASHINGTON.

General Scott left Washington on Saturday afternoon, and reached Harrisburg at 10 o'clock, on his way to this city, where he arrived during the night. Notwithstanding the inclemency of the weather, a large crowd gathered at Harrisburg to greet the veteran.

A SPEECH FROM GENERAL M'CLELLAN.

The following is the speech of Major-General M'Clellan on the presentation of a sword by the Committee of the City Councils of Philadelphia:

"I ask you, sir, to give my warmest and deep thanks to the honorable body you represent for this entirely unmerited compliment. I could not have asked for more than I deserved it, but I do not feel that I do. Nothing that I have yet performed entitles me to receive this compliment. It is for the future to determine whether I shall realize the expectations and hopes that have centered in me. I trust and feel that the day is not far distant when I shall be able to place the donors of all this, and to me, there to spend the balance of my life among the people from whom I sprung, and who loved me well. *The war can not be long. It may be desperate. And in the future fix to-morrow, and confidence.* Then those we can accomplish all; and while I know that, in the great events which may agitate our hearts, Pennsylvania will not play the least, I trust that, on the other hand, she will play the highest and noblest part.

"I again thank you, and again ask you to convey to the Councils my most sincere thanks for the sword. Say to them that it will be my ambition to deserve it hereafter. I know I do not now."

REPORTED REMOVAL OF GENERAL FREMONT.

The Washington correspondents all state positively that the order, transferring the command of the Western Military Department from General Frémont to General Hunter, has been sent to the former, and has probably reached him. The order is stated to be absolute and unconditional, and based upon a thorough conviction of Frémont's incapacity as a General, and of his profligacy in the expenditure of the public money.

THE ENEMY AT CENTREVILLE.

Intelligence was received at Washington on 1st from a fugitive that the rebels had erected strong fortifications at Centreville, and that their camps, numbering 50,000 men, extended from Manassas to within two miles of Fairfax Court House, having 10,000 at MANASSAS.

FREMONT'S ADVANCE.

The advance of the grand army of the West still continues in the direction of ARKANSAS. General Fremont's head-quarters on the 25th ult. was located at Camp Lyon, Springfield, several portions of his command having arrived there and by the previous day. There were no professed rebels in the neighborhood—at least none were found. The Stars and Stripes were now waved over the town, and the troops were enthusiastically received by the inhabitants.

On 29th the advance was at Cassville.

OUR BATTERIES ON THE POTOMAC.

Our batteries on the Potomac are going on rapidly to completion. On this point a number of guns were tried on the rebel steamer *George Page*, with what result it could not be ascertained. The *Resolute*, arriving at Washington on 4th, reported that seven of the crew had been wounded by the shot and shells from the batteries at Shipping Point.

THE BATTLES OF THE 21ST.

Monday, the 21st of October, was a disastrous day in history of the present rebellion as an eventful day. While our brave troops were being slaughtered at Ball's Bluff, in Virginia, the rebel General Zollicoffer, with 4000 armed Tennessee secessionists at his back, made three separate attacks on Camp Wildcat, in Kentucky, and each time was driven back by General Garnett, with twelve hundred Union men. On that day, also, two thousand five hundred Union troops, under command of Colonel Plummer, encountered a body of rebels estimated at five thousand, commanded by Generals Thompson and Lowe, at Fredericktown, Missouri, and completely routed them.

THE CASE OF THE PRIVATEERS.

The trial of the captain and crew of the little privateer *Savannah* by the grimy—extended last week, the result being that the jury, after a consultation of twenty hours, brought in a verdict upon a verdict, four of the crew of the twelve being in favor of an acquittal, the remainder considering the prisoners guilty, and some of the counts.

A TEST CASE UNDER THE CONFISCATION ACT.

The Government, in accordance with its determination to punish the leading men of prize of the rebellion belonging to secessionists, has instituted an action in the case of Thomas Pratt, Commissioner of Washington, who, some months ago, removed with his family to Richmond, where he has been holding an office, and, consequently, with the great rebellion against the authority of the Government. The property of Mr. Pratt in Columbia has been declared to attach the real and personal property of the said Shields, and has been libelled in the District Court. In not proving any thing about it, to appear and show cause why the same shall not be confiscated. It is understood that this is to be a test case.

THE ELECTION IN MARYLAND.

General Dix, in addressing the disloyal district of Baltimore, has issued a proclamation, calling upon the municipal authorities, and the police commissioners, the police who have been participants, directly or indirectly, in the disloyal proceedings of Tuesday, and all others, to be concertains, intend to use their influence at the coming election for the purpose of furthering the interests of the rebels.

SEIZURE OF MASON AND SLIDELL.

Messrs. Mason and Slidell, the Ministers of the rebel Government to England, were taken from the mail-steamer upon exception in Cuba. It is said that the British Consul at Havana waited on them in full costume, and presented them to the Captain of the steamer. The *Theodora*, which took them to Cardenas, is reported to have sailed again for Charleston with a cargo of coffee, sugar, and provisions, together with about twenty passengers. Messrs. Mason and Slidell were bound to take passage for Europe in the British mail steamer of the 6th of November.

RESIGNATION OF THE TRAITOR BECKINRIDGE.

John C. Breckinridge has published a Manifesto to the People of Kentucky. It is dated at Bowling Green, and begins by saying that he has first examined the explanation from home that he could place his feet on the soil of Kentucky. He resigns his seat as senator of the Senate of the United States, saying, "I exchange, with proud satisfaction, a seat for six years in the United States Senate for the musket of a soldier." The address is very long, and is made up of personal explanations and excuses. He says "there is no longer a Senate of the United States under the Constitution and spirit of the Constitution;" the United States no longer exists—the Union is dissolved."

REBEL GENERALS.

General A. S. Johnston has been placed in command of all the rebel forces in Missouri, and has issued a proclamation declaring the property of rebels to be confiscated.

General Van Dorn has been made the recipient of a sword, a medal, magnificent horses, and a service of silver, of the admiration and gratitude of the people of Texas.

When General Lovell arrived in New Orleans, he issued an order that no rebel soldier should, "under any circumstances, keep your powder dry, and spend it on the enemy."

General Lovell has been succeeded by Major-General in the rebel army.

THE UNION PRISONERS IN BOSTON.

Eight hundred rebel prisoners from Fort Lafayette arrived in Boston on 1st inst., and were received at Fort Warren by Colonel Dimmick, who commands at that station.

THE TENNESSEE COTTON GROWERS IN TROUBLE.

A petition to the Legislature is being circulated in Panola County, Tennessee, praying that body to pass a law for the purchase of the cotton crop of the State, and that payment in whole or in part be made by treasury notes; that the cotton be pledged for the redemption of the notes. The petitioners further ask that, if this can not be done by the State at large, that it be done for the county of Panola.

FOREIGN NEWS.

FRANCE.

INTERVENTION IN MEXICO.

It is understood that France and Spain have agreed on a programme of common action against the republic of Mexico. According to this plan, an allied land force, numbering six thousand men, is to penetrate into the interior of the country, its commanders having orders to endeavor to penetrate to the capital. Should their single satisfaction is not given for all the past alleged injuries committed by the inhabitants of Mexico against the subjects of the Emperor and Queen. It appears as if the English Government would not participate in or support this movement by a strong naval demonstration in the Gulf. All the money claims of the executive or people of the three governments must be paid by Mexico.

GERMANY.

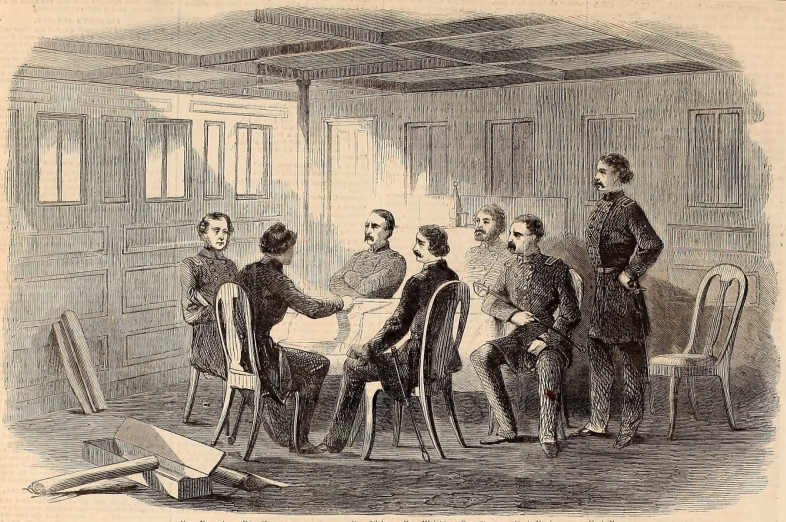
CORONATION OF THE KING OF PRUSSIA.

The King of Prussia was crowned with great pomp and splendor at Königsberg, on the 18th ult. At the conclusion of the ceremony his Majesty delivered a very impressive and animated address to the Kings Executive with the Emperor at Compiegne exercises the British papers very seriously.

POLAND.

PROGRESS OF DISTURBANCE.

Affairs in Poland grow more and more threatening. On the occasion of the late Kosciusko demonstration in Warsaw the military made a descent upon the churches where the people were assembled, and arrested all who refused to leave them. Many were subsequently released, but it was asserted that at least two thousand men had been retained in custody, and were to be divided into different regiments for the military service. The clergy had closed the churches, on account of their profanation by the military.



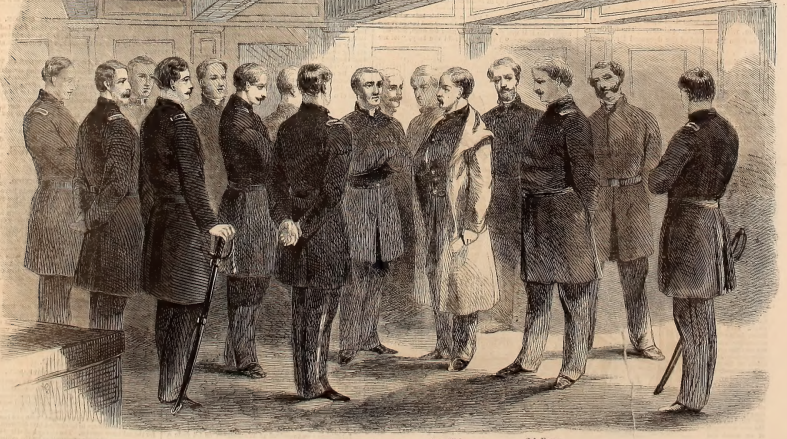
Com. Dupont. Gen. Sherman. Gen. Viele. Gen. Wright. Gen. Stevens. Capt. Davis. Capt. Rogers.

THE GREAT EXPEDITION—GENERAL SHERMAN GIVING HIS FINAL ORDERS TO HIS BRIGADIER-GENERALS ON BOARD THE "WABASH."—[SKETCHED BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST.]

THE GREAT NAVAL EXPEDITION.

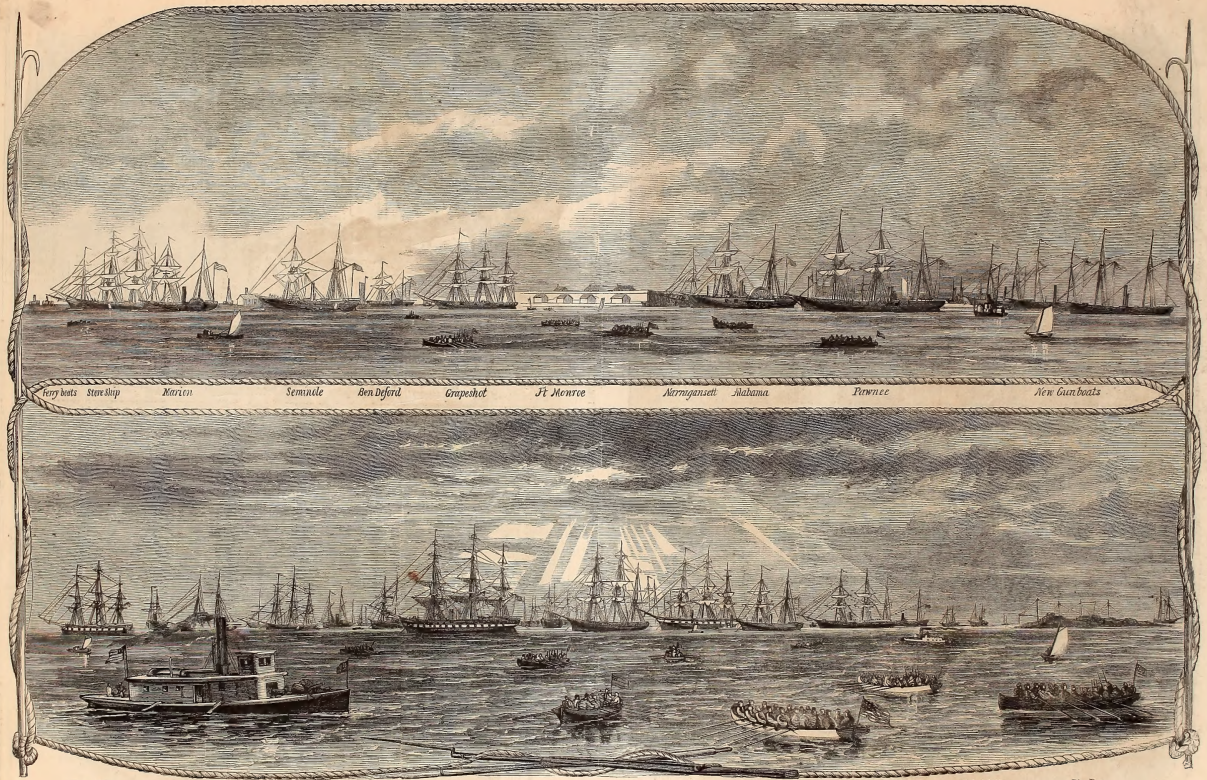
WE continue our series of illustrations of the Great Naval Expedition. Above we give a picture of the final conference between General Sherman, who commands the Expedition, and his principal officers on board the *Wabash*; and below we present an engraving of a similar conference between General Viele, commanding a brigade, and the Colonels and staff officers under his command. The large picture opposite will convey to the reader some idea of the vessels composing the Expedition as they lay at anchor at Hampton Roads, between Fortress Monroe and the Rip Raps, previous to their departure. The captain of the *Thomas Swan*, who arrived here on 30th, states that on Monday afternoon at five o'clock the sailing vessels were getting under way, and when the *Thomas Swan* left the steamers were also preparing to take their departure. At midnight of the 28th, off Hog Island, he passed four steamers bound south. We also, by telegraphic dispatches, learn that the great fleet sailed on Tuesday morning, the *Wabash* taking the lead at daylight, when the gun was fired as a signal, and the *Cahawba* bringing up the rear. The vessels, about fifty in number, formed in line a few miles down the Roads, and went out between the Capes in splendid style. The *Baltic* had the *Ocean Express* in tow, the *Vanderbilt* the *Great Republic*, and the *Illinois* the *Golden Eagle*. The morning was the most beautiful of the season, and the scene the finest ever witnessed on this continent.

Previous to the departure General Sherman removed his quarters from the *Atlantic* to the frigate *Wabash*. He took with him Assistant Adjutant-General Captain Pelouze, and a number of others. —At the hour this page goes to press we have no news from the Expedition later than Saturday evening, at which time the fleet was seen pleasantly sailing toward Bull Bay, 25 miles north of Charleston, S. C., by Lieut. Braine, of the *Monticello*, who arrived at Old Point with the news on the afternoon of 4th. One vessel only, the *Belvidere*, had been injured by the gale, and had returned to Old Point. Lieut. Braine feels certain the Expedition landed on Sunday morning. The coast there is not strongly fortified.

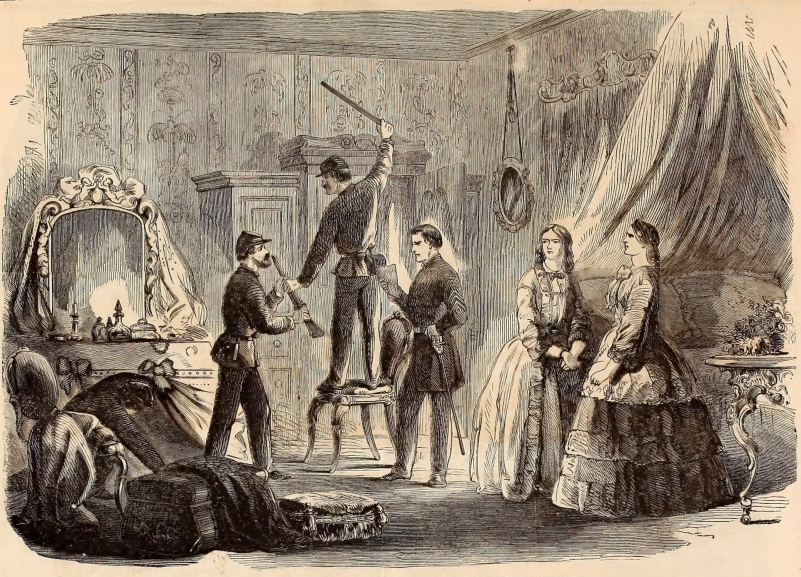


Gen. Viele. Col. Ferry.

CONSULTATION BETWEEN GENERAL VIELE AND THE OFFICERS OF HIS BRIGADE BEFORE THE DEPARTURE.—[SKETCHED BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST.]

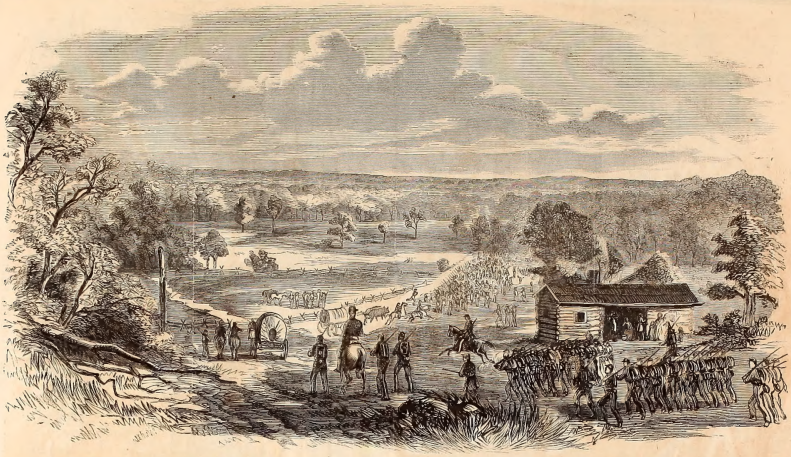


THE GREAT EXPEDITION—THE VESSELS AT ANCHOR AT HAMPTON ROADS PREVIOUS TO THE DEPARTURE.—[SKETCHED BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST.]



SEARCHING FOR ARMS IN A REBEL'S HOUSE IN SOUTHERN MARYLAND.

THE ARMY OF THE POTOMAC—A SCOUTING PARTY.



GENERAL FREMONT'S ARMY ON THE MARCH THROUGH SOUTHWESTERN MISSOURI.—SKETCHED BY MR. ALEXANDER SIMPLOT.—[SEE PAGE 722.]

BUILDING GENERAL FREMONT'S BRIDGE ACROSS THE OSAGE.—SKETCHED BY MR. ALEXANDER SIMPLOT.—[SEE PAGE 722.]

BRILLIANT CHARGE OF GENERAL FREMONT'S BODY-GUARD THROUGH THE TOWN OF SPRINGFIELD, MISSOURI, ON OCTOBER 24, 1861.—[See Page 722.]

GENERAL SIEGEL CROSSING THE OSAGE.—SKETCHED BY ALEXANDER SIMPSON.—[SEE PAGE 732.]

SAVING A PATIENT.

I HAD saved between three and four thousand dollars. A practice was for sale. It was offered to me, and I snapped at the offer. Dr. Titus Whilking, of Morgan Town, wanted to dispose of his connection, and move on to New Orleans. I agreed to purchase the connection, and, after some haggling, the bargain was struck. Dr. Titus Whilking solemnly introduced to all the notables of Morgan Town, as his successor, your humble servant, Ambrose Mylner, M.D. I took the Doctor's furniture at a valuation. I rented the Doctor's house. My brass plate supplanted his upon the mahogany door. I hired a negro boy and an old black woman as cook, and my establishment was complete. Morgan Town had practice for only one physician. There was, to be sure, a practice in good repute, but we did not clash at all, and were good friends. The planters were kind and hospitable, and the townspeople friendly enough. One sunken rock, lying in the way of my popularity, I had been forewarned against. This was the fatal subject of negro slavery. Western Virginia was never, in heart and soul, an integral portion of the slave States. Many of the farmers and mechanics have been immigrants from Pennsylvania and other Northern States; the blacks are few in number, and properties are small when compared with the long-settled estates of the Old Dominion. I, who so happened that Morgan Town, on the very frontier of the free commonwealth, was a red-hot focus of pro-slavery politics. I have been in Carolina, Georgia, and the Gulf States, but I can safely say that I never met with fiercer zealots on behalf of the "domestic institution" than in the thriving little neighborhood of Morgan Town. This gave me great trouble at first. A stranger in the land, I had scrupulously kept aloof from political and social discussions; and while I had several friends and many well-wishers, I do not believe I had an enemy in the place.

Thus two years passed, during which I throve sufficiently to be enabled to set up my carriage. This was a light, well-hung vehicle, drawn by a pair of mettlesome Virginian horses, and driven by a negro coachman. I did not become its owner through any spirit of ostentation, but because I was enabled to attend patients at a much greater distance than when my visits were paid by the help of a mountain pony, my first purchase after I had given up my livery practice. Hoy pleased was I, more for Jane's sake than for my own, when I first became the proprietor of a genuine equipage! It was an unusually autumn, too. A fever was uncommonly rife: my services were in constant request; and I wrote frequently to my patient, Doctor, responded to Calcutta Lodge, Highgate, Surrey, in a strain of hope and confidence. I was making money rapidly. In a couple of years more, if matters went on well, I could return with dollars enough to buy a respectable London practice—a practice that would do to marry upon.

On a chilly afternoon of that short autumnal period which Americans call the "Indian summer," my negro lad came into the garden to summon me. He told me that Mr. Asphet Clay, a wealthy Quaker farmer, residing about five miles off, wished to see me.

"Very well, Sam," said I, "tell Mr. Clay I am coming."

I had no choice but to re-enter the house, where I found the tall old Quaker, formally clad in drab cloth, as usual, but with a look of anxiety perturbing his usually calm face.

"What can I do for you, Mr. Clay?" said I, shaking hands with him.

"There is one sojourning beneath our roof," he said, "who is not only ill at ease, but in some danger."

"Fever?" I exclaimed.

The Quaker evaded the question. His eyebrows twitched nervously, and he replied: "If thou canst conveniently pay an early visit to our lone dwelling, called by man the Holt, I will inquire for the Honorable Abram Green (so called), my wife and daughters will bring thee to the sufferer's presence; and, truly, I trust thy skill may be profited to his deliverance from calamity."

So saying, the Quaker prepared to depart.

"I would come up at once," said I, my sense perplexity, "but my horses are tired with a long morning's work. These fever cases don't allow of delay. I will borrow Major Blight's gig, and ask one of the neighbors for the loan of a gig, or—stay—if you will give me a seat in your carryall, Mr. Clay, that will be best of all."

The old gentleman hesitated. "Gladly would I drive thee back with me to my abode, where I hope thou wilt spend the night, but—but I have business at the four-mill, and I must go to some stores, and the bank—and, in fact, friend Mylner, would it suit thee to walk on as far as David Leap on the road, that I may there overtake thee?"

I acceded, though I was a little puzzled as to the reason why.

Taking a few needful drugs and instruments, which I placed in the leathern hunting-pouch I wore in my country rambles, I set off on amateur to the place where Mr. Clay has to pick me up.

"I fear, friend Mylner, I have tarried long; thy patience will be exhausted," said honest Mr. Clay, as he pulled up.

He was now in a much more equable frame of mind than an hour before, and we shortly pleasantly enough as we wound our way through the woodlands. The Quaker gave me to understand that the sick visitor was a new acquaintance.

"It may be a good thing, carnally speaking, for thee, friend Mylner, to have attended such a patient," said he; "these legislators and men of note at Washington can often give valuable recommendations. Wouldst thou like to be physician to a legation in Europe, friend? Wouldst thou prefer a good practice in New York or Boston?"

"Of course I would."

We were now in sight of the Holt, a neat, well-built timber house, with very extensive yards and farm-buildings. Several blacks, whose carelessness in laughter and display of white teeth contrasted oddly with the precise bearing and solemn gravity of their employer—employer, not owner—came bustling out to meet us, as well as a troop of yelping dogs. Giving up the mules to the care of these serving-men, we entered, and were met almost on the threshold by Mrs. Clay, who seemed extremely glad to see us.

How was the patient?

"Much the same. Much the same. Not overly strong. The hot fit was not upon him. Would the Doctor go up at once?"

I was ushered into a bedroom; small, but a model of neatness and comfort. The sun was shining, and but little, through the screen of the handsomely-closed blinds, so that I could hardly distinguish the features of the sufferer. An intelligent, handsome face, it seemed to be, though blanched by sickness; but I saw with surprise that while the eyes were bright and clear the hair was quite gray, and imparted a venerable aspect which would otherwise have been wanting. The patient was propped up with pillows; he was evidently quite sensible, and much better than I had expected to find him.

"This, friend Green, is friend Mylner, the physician from the old country, of whom my husband told thee," said the kind Quaker matron, smoothing the pillows with a dexterous hand.

"Ah! Dr. Mylner, I am glad to find of you to come so promptly, valuable as your time is," said the Honorable Abram Green, speaking rather hoarsely and with a nasal twang; "I am better already, thanks to kind nursing."

So he seemed to be. His pulse was quick, but not by any means high in the scale of accurate. His skin had lost the burning harshness of fever. It was evident that a crisis had taken place, and that, even without medical aid, the patient had taken a favorable turn. Having asked and received replies to a few questions, I wrote my prescription, and recommended caution, lest a relapse should supervene.

I noticed at supper that my host and hostess were somewhat disturbed in mind. Besides their two daughters, Ruth and Rachel, were in excellent spirits. Never had I seen those demure Quaker maidens so lively and talkative. Rachel was a look of sly and suppressed mirth in their blue eyes which contrasted strangely with their formal dress of dove-colored silk, and the severe arrangement of their shining braids of hair. I could only conclude that they were amused by the presence of a visitor from the great world, under their parents' roof—a most unvented event in the calm of their monotonous existence. I would not accept a bed, however, though it was late, although the watery power of the Holt pressed me to stay all night. I declined, borrowed a pony—there are always plenty of ponies about a Virginian farmstead—rode home through the balmy air of night, and beneath the lustre of a broad yellow moon.

Next morning, as I sallied out to pay my usual round of calls among my patients, I encountered Major Blight, with an open newspaper in his hand. The little Major looked yellower than ever, in his unknown quantity of bile. His hatchet-like eyes were redder and fiercer, and he was muttering to himself as he read.

The Major, always a most choleric of men, was working himself up into a towering passion. I tried to pass him with a bow, but he intercepted me.

"Good-morning to you, Doctor! Seen the *Gazette*, eh? No! Then, Sir, you are yet in felicitous ignorance of the foulest conspiracy that ever was on outrage, and scandal, and disgrace, Sir, that ever was inflicted on a community of white gentlemen!"

The Major—he was only a militia officer, but he was dreadfully warlike—had now run himself out of breath, and was compelled to stop. Then he recovered speech he went on at great length, and his statement, disencumbered of verbiage, was as follows: A certain Abolitionist, named Randolph, residing in one of the southern counties of Eastern Virginia, had a valuable slave. This slave was a young man, a very handsome mulatto—more properly, a quadroon, since there was but a trace of African blood in his veins. His name was Cato Hammond. This Cato had been allowed by the late proprietor of the estate, Mr. Randolph's uncle; had received some education, in spite of law and precaution; had been employed in various mechanical bias. In fact, during the life of his old master he had been employed as a kind of substitem engineer, in connection with the Holt estate, etc., and had given much satisfaction. This slave had married a girl of nearly the same shade of color as himself, and had by her two children, who were consequate the young couple, at any rate, in his will. But he had died and left no will—at least, no will formally executed; and the live chattels had passed with the estate to the nephew, a person of very different character. Major Blight may tell the rest of the story:

"So, Sir," said the Major, "my friend, Paul Randolph, was not the man to encourage the abscense and cowardice of his slave Cato. The octoroon land was mostly worn out, and a spec of mining didn't answer; and Paul, my friend, Sir—known him from a boy—was not the sharpest fellow he is—was pressed for money. So, knowing there was a good demand for light mulattoes in New Orleans, he sold Cato, and his wife Desdemona, for four thousand dollars, to a dealer from the Gulf States. This fellow, Cato, he goes on his knees and begs that he may not be sold away from Dolor of honor, too, so there's no help for it.' Gentlemanly conduct on Paul's part, I call that—exhilarating and all to his own nigger, eh?"

"What happened then, Major?" asked I, getting interested.

"Why," said the little officer, "those nigger scoundrels are the most artful, treacherous whipsnakes in creation, and the most ungrateful to boot. Seems this scamp of a Cato had hoarded up a lot of money he'd earned by building and surveying. Old Randolph's time, meaning to set up in business with it when he should be set free. High three thousand dollars! A pretty penny for a colored vagabond to earn! He gave most of this to the dealer, on condition he'd sell Betsy to respectable folks to Richmond City, stead of taking her to New Orleans. And what does the gal do but hide off to Canada—helped off along underground railway by some of those pesky abolitionists, I guess."

Here the Major paused to expectorate, and then a few oaths as a safety-valve to his fiery temper.

"And the husband?" asked I.

"Oh, Paul's agent, he making tracks to join his wife in British territory, and he'd no mind to be robbed that way. Yet he didn't like to sell the gal, handsome as she was, and a credit to the estate. So he jest cowhided him a bit, by way of warning, and put him in irons every evening at sundown, in the overseer's cottage, to make all safe. With all this, my gentleman gives his master the slip; files his irons with a watch-spring saw; goes off to his dandy cottage; takes coach at Richmond City, and passes for a white man—confound his impudence!"

The Major went on to say that it had been ascertained that the fugitive had not yet escaped over the border of the nearest Free Commonwealth, and that he was supposed to be lurking in Western Virginia. A large reward had been offered for his seizure, dead or alive, so incensed was Mr. Randolph at his conduct. And so important did it seem to make an example that should strike terror to the hearts of all "clever niggers," as the more atrocity and ingratitude of the offence, that one was called. It was conjectured that the runaway had white friends, who were concealing him, and who would endeavor to get him passing the lines under any line, on his way to rejoin his wife in Canada.

"I only wish," said the Major, grimly, as he finished his story, "that we could lay a hand on these philanthropists! We'd make 'em a caution to all the rest of the breed. Tain't tar and feathers will serve for 'em, I guess. They're for my figure for a rail-riding. A load of brush-wood and a lucifer-match will be about their mark, I calculate. I must leave you, Sir, for the meeting of citizens is convened to organize for catching this black thief."

And the Major went away to attend the meeting.

As I went on my way home to breakfast my sickness yet lingered, I could not but think over the strange story I had heard. Prudence bade me suppress my sympathy with the runaway. Philanthi soil could help siding in his heart with the oppressed fugitive whose only crime was his color. And yet the sympathy which I could not control for the ruling race been warped by the long habit of trampling on the rights of their dusky fellow-men! Here was Major Blight, callous and pugnacious, certainly a kind neighbor and an honorable man in social intercourse—who was yet unable to comprehend that "niggers" could have any more feeling or privileges than cattle in the field! However, I got through my town visits, and looking at my watch, I saw that it was time to drive out to my wealthy patient at the Holt, the Honorable Abram Green. I drove out accordingly, and again I was ushered into the darkened chamber. Again I applied eyes, though bright, were weak, and any thing like strong sunshine distressed them. Mr. Green was better—better, but very weak. I had a most pleasant conversation with my patient, whose voice was much more clear than on the previous evening, and who seemed disposed to talk, but which I would permit.

A very well-informed intellectual person is Mr. Green," said I, as I took leave of the Clays, after tasting my host's tea and cakes which they hospitably pressed upon me; "a very superior man, and it does good to a recluse like myself to chat with one who knows the world—the world of statesmen and diplomatists so thoroughly."

Mrs. Clay assented smilingly, but her youngest daughter Ruth seemed inclined to bet angrily, as to another a very unaccustomed and unquakerlike air of audible giggling.

"Ruth, Ruth," said her mother, reprovingly.

But girls may have exuberant spirits, and may laugh at trifles light as air, even in the Society of Friends, I suppose. I thought little of the circumstance. I called two or three times, on consecutive days, at the Holt. Mr. Green's convalescence made me aware that he did gain strength by degrees, and I was always delighted by his conversation. Now and then he threw out a hint that I was in a place of the Western Town; that I should be appreciated at my just value elsewhere; and once said something about a fair field and no favor, which I could comprehend with his medical adviser.

Evidently my distinguished patient had taken a fancy to me, and would give me the benefit of his recommendation among his powerful friends. He was mending visibly, and began to fret against the restraint of the sick-room, and to long for fresh air and motion. The Clays, all of them, husband, wife, and children, seconded this wish—not from any inhospitable desire to rid of their guest, but from pure kindness. (There may, perhaps, have been another motive which I did not then guess.) "I am sorry, Cato, but I owe the money.

my head on my pillow to dream of England and Jane.

Next day, at the appointed hour, my carriage came round to the door, and I took my seat in it. Pompey, the free black coachman, wore his Sabbath coat and glossy hat: for was I not going to take out the Hon. Abiram Green for his first drive? The horses were in high condition; they tossed their heads gayly, and displayed plenty of action as we drove swiftly off. We were soon clear of Morgan Town along the Buck's Leap. A heavy fog, or mist, keeping as much among the trees as possible, darted by us here, and vanished in the forest. Surely by the half-dead again!

He had his hat slouched over his eyes, and never turned his face, but I recognized him as he shot by. In and to say we were at the Holt. Mr. Clay came from the farm-yard to greet me; his wife and daughters bustled to the door. The Hon. Abiram Green was pretty ready. Down he came, muffled up to a needless extent, and leaning heavily on the arms of two negro servants. I could hardly catch a glimpse of his face, so enveloped was he in shawls and cloaks.

"We will amend this to-morrow," said I to myself, with a smile.

To-morrow! A few civil speeches, a good deal of anxiety on Miss Clay's part that the invalid was properly propped up with pillows and cushions, and we drove off at a gentle pace. The whole Quaker household waved their hands and handkerchiefs as we rode out of sight.

"Drive slowly and carefully, Pompey!"

The convalescent at my side gave an involuntary groan. I looked through the forest. It had opened to bear the cracking of a stick, and to look quickly to one side. From among the bushes was protruded a long barrel: I recognized the long black rifle-locks, the sinister-looking eyes, the coppery complexion. The Indian man-hunter again!

Quick as thought, the gun rose. A report followed. After I heard the tramp of a horse receding from the spot. Poor Mr. Green at my side winced as if in pain.

"My dear Sir," said I, "I fear the motion is inconvenient to you. Pompey, drive—"

I was going to say more, but I went more slowly; but Mr. Green pulled me back into my seat with a vivacity that surprised me.

"I beg your pardon," said the sick man, "I enjoy the pace above all things."

We were now out of the lanes, and bowling along the turnpike road for the Monongahela Ford. Two miles off was the river which formed the boundary between Virginia and the Free State of Pennsylvania. I had a hundred dollars in my pay very near to the ford. We rolled pleasantly along. But I did not derive the entertainment I had expected from Mr. Green's companionship. He was silent and restless. Twice he thrust his head out of the window, in spite of my warnings not to incur the risk of catching cold. He answered me impatiently, almost snappishly.

"Doctor," said he, "how far are we from the river now?"

"Three miles and a half," I said.

"Those white houses on the hill, then, are in Pennsylvania?"

I answered in the affirmative.

Five minutes after he seemed to listen attentively, and suddenly said,

"Do you tell the coachman to go faster! Please do!"

Very reluctantly I complied. Pompey quickened the pace of the powerful horses.

"Ah!" said this odd invalid, with a sigh of satisfaction. Soon after he exclaimed that he "heard horses galloping;" and he *would* thrust his head out of the window, and looked back along the road. He uttered a loud exclamation. I, too, looked out. At two, three hundred yards were advancing at furious speed, and evidently following us. They were mounted. One of them led two hounds in a leash—blood-hounds.

The man-hunters!

Instantly the Hon. Abiram Green dropped back into his seat, and the wrappings and shawls fell as if by magic to the bottom of the carriage. A young, active, and intelligent man of Spanish complexion, and wearing black velvet, was full of help and advice, and was by my side in the place of the Hon. Abiram Green.

"Dr. Kit!" he cried, "I can carry on the deception no longer. I am Cato Hammond. Those men are on my trail."

I sat stricken and helpless. The metamorphosis took away my breath. A loud shout came on the wind; Pompey cheered the horses, and turned round his head to say, "All right." I sprang the fugitive, dashed down the glass of the front window, and confronted the coachman. There was a revolver in his hand. He had drawn it from his breast.

"Push on, my friend," he cried, in a commanding tone, "I am flying for my life from those fiends behind. Drive for life and death to the ford! Dash on to Pennsylvanian ground. You are a negro. You should be a negro slave. On!"

This command, enforced by the sight of the pistol, produced its effect. Pompey flogged the horses; the spirited team plunged forward, whirling the carriage like a feather up and down the slopes at a mad gallop. Cato took a long look from the window at the pursuing party, and said, in a low deep voice, "You know my story. I am sorry to involve you in trouble, but my disguise is useless now. I must go on. Once at Union Town, in a free State, I shall be safe, and can rejoin my wife on British ground. You are an Englishman, and can feel for a slave escaping from unjust bondage. I will not be taken alive!"

I fully believed him. His firm lips, his frowning brow, and sparkling eye, confirmed his words. Pompey obeyed his orders, lashing, whipping, and jerking the reins, until the horses were stretching out at their utmost speed. It was a terrible race. I could see, when I looked back, the negro-hunters pursuing and flogging their steeds. Their cells and imprecations were horribly distinct. Once they were clearly gaining upon us. The river was in sight. Across it lay free soil and comparative safety. Safety for Cato Hammond; but what for me? How could I ever face Morgan Town again? I, caught in flagrant delict of smuggling away an escaped slave! Oh cruel Quaker family —perfidious Clays—who had made me their instrument and scapegoat! Oh, my lost wife and child! Bang! A rifle was fired; the ball perforated Pompey's hat, but did no harm. And now the foaming horses rushed down with a rush into the ford, struggled through, dashing the water to left and right, panted up the slope, and galloped toward Union.

"Doctor, I owe you more than life. I am a free man!" said the runaway.

I looked back. Those negro hunters, ill-mounted for such a chase, were giving up the pursuit. I saw their furious gestures, and heard their shouts of rage as they reined up at the river's edge. In an hour we were in Union, where Cato left me with many excuses and thanks. I answered not a word, but I was the most miserable of men. I dared not go back to Morgan Town, where, indeed, I was burned in effigy in the same fire that consumed all my effects. What happened to the Clays I never heard. Cato Hammond rejoined his wife in safety, and is now a thriving engineer at Montreal, in Canada. My wife and children were supported by a subscription or "testimonial" from the abolitionists of Philadelphia and Boston; so that I was actually enabled to purchase a house in a good practice, and become a Benedict, a whole twelvemonth earlier than I had pictured in my wildest dreams.

THE TUBEROSE.

A STORY OF THE WAR.

IT was an evening in May. A soft, spring shower had fallen, and the leaves of the trees in Washington Parade-ground were yet wet with rain-drops which glittered in the moon-beams. There were few people in the Park. Two figures only seemed to be passing leisurely and quietly, in spite of the tragedy, through the scene, a man and a young woman. Their conversation was in a subdued tone, and yet an occasional gesture of impatient quickness showed some excitement.

"Jessie, I told you weeks ago that you should decide this for me; alone and friendless as you are in this great city, my home must be to you. I shall not go if you wish me to remain."

A sigh fluttered out before his companion answered. "I cannot, Edward. My sick mother's daughter can have no alternative in such a position. Though my heart fails me, I have been too well schooled to shrink. You say, Edward, you must go!" but her hand clasped his arm closer, and her lips were pressed together to stop their quivering.

He bent down and kissed her without a word, and they walked on silently, with thoughts which neither could utter.

Jessie had not come to this decision for the first time. Since the call for troops to defend our national honor and government upon the necessity for her lover's going. Her father had been an army officer—a Southerner by birth, but with the highest sense of duty to his country. His health had been very feeble for years, and at the first angry feeling between the two sections of the country was manifested he had prophesied the end, but his heart was deeply saddened by Edward's decision much so, that when his relatives at the South refused to show him any affection if he remained loyal to the North, he died on Sunday. Day by day watching by the bedside of one who, in spite of all the temptation that affection and interest could offer—for the old man was wholly poor, and dependent on her own exertions at his death—still remained faithful to the Federal Government. In constant hearing of the bugle-calling, his daughter had become thoroughly imbued with her father's spirit. Early motherless, her life had been principally passed, but the first year of her young life of Fort Sumter, and she had vowed to offer no hindrance should Edward decide to volunteer; and tearfully had she performed the impossibility of his death stared her in the face, and many a night of anguish had paled her thoughtful brow and saddened her clear, gray eyes which looked so lovingly at her dearest friend.

They reached the house where Jessie and her mother had boarded since the latter stay in the city. Edward again kissed her, and, with blessings for her noble conduct, was bidding her good-night, when, pausing a moment, he said,

"But, Jessie, will it not be better that we should be married before I go?"

"No, dear, no: when the war is over, not before. You must go free, with no responsibility."

"But I have it whether or no. You are mine, just as much now as if we were married, only then I can have the right to call you so."

"It will be better to wait," said Jessie, with manful reluctance, and again she said "Good-night!"

Edward had no knowledge of her slender resources or he would have taken "Yes" for an answer. Her father's salary had been enough, with the trifling sum she had gained from a few scholars, to provide for their inexpensive wants. The salary had stopped with his death, and Jessie had only the income above-mentioned, for when does an army officer die other than penniless?

The day came when Edward said his last good-bye. This day he added, as a parting gift, to her flower-stand, all blossoming with precious souvenirs, a tuberose, rich in stalk if not in blossoms. "And, Jessie, when this blooms, we must have our wedding; for you know how like stars its flowers will look in your brown hair:" and he stroked the beautiful head, which was drooping like a blossom on his shoulder. She choked the rising sob, the tears only crept slowly down the pallid cheek as with a wreet, and smile she graced up at him.

"Jessie, darling! I am wrong: we are both wrong. I ought not to have volunteered."

"Wrong, and have no country. I honor you; I love you better for going." "Do not let my weakness make you waver," she said, after a pause. A long embrace, and he was gone—perhaps forever.

The heavy tramp of men, the beat of drums, the cheers of the crowd, all came to dull ears; the stupor of grief fell on her, she had conquered until now. Her landlady, with officious kindness, brought food which came and went untouched; even her flowers were neglected, and this at last roused her—they were the link between her and Edward. Weeks came and went. Edward's letters were full of courage and devotion. She was not so desolate as at first, and the city was not in a state of such painful excitement; but another source of anxiety arose. How was she to live? Her pupils had all gone out of town; her board must be paid. It would have been very natural had she told Edward of her trouble, but her pride would not allow her.

As is customary in the education of girls, that which is most useful is most ornamentally and practically had been omitted in her course of instruction. Such a feat as the making of a dress was to her quite an impossibility. Nevertheless she must undertook it, and after patient cutting and fitting, and refitting of the cheapest material, she succeeded in making a garment, however proud she might be of her own achievement, no one else would have been willing to wear garments of her making. She could not afford a seamstress, and out of the question—at least until she could have served as apprentice, and her wants were much too pressing for that. Day by day, something valuable have been quite possible had she friends; her voice was sweet and clear, and her appreciation of Shakspeare thorough, and it was a real treat with great attention to her reading; but ah! a father's ear is far quicker and kinder than the public's. Besides, she shrank from publicity.

Not a line from her relatives ever came to her. Her grandfather's southern house, its hospitality and lavish luxuries, the old negroes who had played with in childhood, her old nurse, black as with Africa's best blood, and the tropical beauty of the landscape, were all vivid in remembrance as if seen yesterday. It was a keenness of emotion which can only be shared by one forgotten and neglected she bowed her head and wept. She had been sitting sewing by the window. Her dress in rising—the dress she had made, of plain black stuff, with a fold of crape around her fair throat, serving as a collar—had overturned in the flowers-stand, and nearly upset a rose-bush full of flowers. A thought, a brilliant thought flashed its light upon her through her tears and bouquets. Yes, she could make them and sell them—but where? Would it be safe to do so in the street? Could she bear the gaze of strangers? Could she offer her flowers without timidity and shrinking?

Her washer-woman came in at that moment, and her little daughter Jessie ran to carry the basket. Perhaps she might hire her to assist her.

"Mrs. O'Connor, how would you like your daughter to carry a basket of sewing flowers about in the street?" She thought herself very diplomatic in thus putting the question.

"Selling flowers, miss! Where do ye mane?"

"Yes, that is what I mean."

"Indade an' ye'll never see the likes of her doing that," with a contemptuous toss.

"Why not? it is very respectable."

"Not while I can keep her out of it."

"Ah well, good-by, Mrs. O'Connor."

"But, Miss Jessie, sure there's no need of her doing it while I can wash; don't ye think she's dressed well? I send her to school nearly every day."

The woman's pride seemed touched, and Jessie concluded that she would not interfere with it; she soothed her as well as she could, and assured her that she was in every respect neat and nicely-looking.

Shaking, she said she had made no confidante of the woman, and now she determined to undertake the business herself. Procuring twine and silver paper, she cut her beautiful roses and made tiny nosegays of them with slips of geranium and heliotrope: how well she looked at her landlady, who was too busy to wonder at the request, she started down town. The day was a beautiful one in the latter part of June—the air was warm, but Jessie trembled with chilly excitement; she repeated to herself "our doubts are traitors, and make us lose the good we oft might win by fearing to attempt." She nerved herself to this unusual, and, she feared, too bold resolve, and she was glad when she reached a part of the city where more crowd would not mind; but she saw no place where she dared stop—no place that she could hide in and yet offer her little store. Oh, what wild, fearful fancies: what a vague desire to fly away to a wilderness, to hide like a hunted deer! She imagined every one looked curiously at her. She drew near the Jefferson House, unattentive throng, and had almost determined to go home again, when, with a determination that sprang from her despair, she put near the steps of a hotel and uncovered her basket. She leaned against the cold stone blocks with a faint sinking at her heart, but with a fixedness of purpose that a soldier might have envied. She hardly knew how long she had been there with a cluster of nosegays in her hand, when a child bounded to her side.

"Mamma, mamma, do give me a bouquet; please buy me some flowers!"

The lady stopped and looked with an admiring glance at her basket: "How much are they?"

"As much as you think they are worth," she answered, hastily.

The lady glanced with smiling surprise at the unusual answer. As she placed a small sum in Jessie's hand she noticed her paleness.

"You are not well?" she asked.

"Thank you, I am better now."

They passed on, and Jessie felt stronger for the casual word of inquiry and look of sympathy.

She felt stronger, and when the next customer stopped she had the price ready to name. She did not look up to see who purchased, but she sold her flowers, and with a quick beating heart retraced her steps homeward. She had made a dollar; or rather, had received for all this agitation and humiliation one hundred cents!

She had not always such success, and yet not a day passed that her flowers did not bring her a trifling sum, more than she could have made by sewing. And she was happier; her face was not so pale, there was a tinge of brown and red on her cheeks, and her eyes sparkled more frequently than tears. Had the insinuation that she was shy the less a lady from her occupation been made to her she would have resented it proudly, and she was very thankful no one knew of her fresh, as the world might term it. She had been obliged to renew nothing for her own pet plants and purchase them of a florist. It was a lady-like task at least, so she said to herself, to arrange the flowers, dewy and fragrant. Taste and love of their beauty helped her in their arrangement, and her nosegays were very tempting. Edward's letters were frequent, and she always asked if she wanted any thing —if he could serve her.

One August day no one stopped to buy flowers; the knots of talkers, the eager and excited faces, spoke of some great occurrence. A great gilt dining spread with lightning speed from city to city. A great battle had been fought and lost. Who were the dead? who the maimed and crippled for life? were the questions that with sickening dread were asked by many. Women, wailing and weeping, besieged the news and telegraph offices—but a name had feared to know all, not a heart that did not beat with anxiety. And how did Jessie bear it—she, the lonely orphan, friendless, homeless? As when lightning strikes a tree through the centre, leaving it standing though deprived of life, so she stood through this tempest of woe. The first news struck with one scathing blow, and not a moan escaped her. She locked herself in her room with a newspaper, whose list of dead and wounded was said to be reliable, but she could not look at it. When she tried she became dizzy, the letters danced over the page, and she threw it down. At last she calmed herself, and with throbbing temples managed to scan the list. Edward's name was in neither. Though his regiment had suffered severely, His colonel was dead; and it was thought through the foulest treachery, that of raising the national flag by the rebels.

Days of suspense that seemed like weeks followed, and weeks that seemed like months passed, and no letter came, but she hoped in the silence that he was a prisoner, and finally it was so announced.

She had given up all exertion; had pined and drooped till she seemed but a shadow of herself. Again she started out with her basket of flowers. A very sorrowful face her effort; in the sweet, pale face was no doubt the reason why so many bought her flowers—so refused, so touching in its expression, had the sorrow come to her, and if a gray was sometimes disagreeable she soon forgot it, so absorbed was she in thought. September came and went, and Jessie's household wakeful, the least sick of and the chill air which Jessie was so much exposed to penetrated beneath her thin shawl, and racked her slight frame with pain.

Her faith in God was unshaken, but sorrow and anxiety had worn upon her. She found herself unable now and then to rise; the color of hope was flickering—it had been blown upon by so much uncertainty and suspense. Her landlady had nodded her silver, had pressed her to see a doctor, had offered her every delicacy, but appetite was no longer to be cajoled. She knew a physician could not minister to her heart-sickness, and she closed her eyes with a sad longing to be at rest—to be in the world where parting and sighing are unknown—to be where war and rumors of wars can not reach—where the wicked cease from troubling. She had lain hours in this passive unrest, when, opening her eyes, for the first time noticed her tuberose all in bloom; its rich fragrance, which is of itself a love-story of passionate beauty filled the room. She remembered Edward's words about it, and she prayed that God would either give him to her or take her to Him. She was weak with death longing, and her soul peace and willingness to submit to any fate that He should choose for her at last filled her soul, and she slept.

"Jessie, my own Jessie!" were the words that awakened her, and Edward was beside her, his arm around her head, his lips speaking love and tenderness. "Jessie, darling! I could wait no lon, ger. I feared you never would waken. Oh, my own Jessie, how pale your dear face is! And I could not come to you all this weary time; but I have you at last, darling!" It was a long story; Edward's wounds, imprisonment, and final escape. His wounded arm, too, was yet in a sling; but he came with new honors; he was a Captain now in the regular service, and very fast he looked to his new uniform. The joy of reunion was new life to Jessie. Health came slowly back to her, but almost left again when she found her seriously hurt was Edward at her account of her flower-selling. He could not be angry, but he was wounded more painfully than by the sabre-thrust he had received. He made her promise never to reveal what he chose to consider a mad, wild freak; though, when she told all she had suffered, he clasped her to his heart, with the belief that she was nobler and better than any other woman in the world.

The tuberoses glistened like stars in her soft brown hair, under the delicate lace of her wedding veil, and Edward will never again let his Jessie do penn upon flowers for support.

BRIGADIER-GENERAL KELLEY, OF VIRGINIA.
[FROM A PHOTOGRAPH FURNISHED BY MR. G. ANTHONY, OF NEW YORK.]

GENERAL KELLEY.

WE publish above a portrait of the gallant GENERAL KELLEY, of Virginia, whose recent exploit at Romney we noticed last week. General Kelley is a native of New England, who settled in Western Virginia some twenty years since, and became a wealthy and a leading citizen. When the war broke out he at once volunteered, and obtained the command of the First Virginia Regiment. At the battle of Philippi he was severely wounded, and for some time his life was despaired of. He has since recovered, and is doing gallant service again under the Stars and Stripes. He is now in command at Romney.

GENERAL M'DOWELL M'COOK.

BRIGADIER-GENERAL A. M'DOWELL M'COOK, whose portrait we publish above, was born in Columbiana County, Ohio, April 22, 1831, was appointed to West Point in 1848, and graduated in 1852. He was appointed Brevet Second Lieutenant in the Third Infantry, and ordered to the Department of New Mexico. He took an active part in all the prominent Indian campaigns in that department up to February, 1858, when he was ordered to West Point, where he served as principal assistant instructor in infantry tactics, and also in the art of war, until the fall of Sumter. He then applied for permission to take the field, and was ordered to his native State to muster in volunteers for the three months' service. On his thirtieth birthday he was elected and commissioned Colonel of the First Ohio Volunteers. He commanded this regiment at the battle of Bull Run, where it formed part of Schenck's brigade. He returned to Ohio with the regiment, mustered it out of the service, and recruited it again at Dayton, Ohio. He was appointed Brigadier-General of Volunteers September 3, 1861, and ordered to the Department of the Cumberland, and he now commands the advance in front of Buckner.

He has five brothers in the army, a sixth having been killed at the battle of Bull Run. One of them is Colonel of the Ninth Ohio, now in active service in Western Virginia.

BRIGADIER-GENERAL A. M'DOWELL M'COOK.
[SKETCHED BY MR. H. MOSLER.]

SLAVE-HUNTERS IN TROUBLE.

ONE of our Missouri correspondents, Mr. Bill D. Travis, has sent us the sketch which we reproduce below. It seems that two slave-hunters—fellows of evil mien and seemingly bad repute—had been rendering themselves very obnoxious to the troops at Bird's Point, Missouri, by entering the camp and kidnapping negroes, under the pretence that they were runaway slaves. They had been turned out of camp once or twice, and warned not to return. One day in October they were, nevertheless, discovered in the camp of the Twenty-second Illinois Regiment; they even attempted to carry off an unfortunate negro whom they pronounced to be a slave, but who protested that he was free. The soldiers attempted to argue the point, but were brutally denounced by the slave-hunters as "bloody abolitionists," negro thieves, etc. This sort of thing at last roused the Illinois boys beyond bearing, and they proceeded to punish the foul-mouthed rascals. Our correspondent thinks, no doubt justly, that their career might have been cut abruptly short had not the noise of the affray reached the ears of Colonel Dougherty, who immediately had the slave-hunters sent out of camp under guard of a file of soldiers. They are not likely to be caught there again.

It is one thing to make rules for the guidance of Generals, and another to get our troops to execute them. When General Sherman gets down into the South, and is molested by night attacks from the rebels, led by negro guides, we fear that all the rules in the world will not suffice to persuade his troops to aid or tolerate any way "hunters for slaves."

A SCOUTING PARTY.

WE publish on page 736 a very striking illustration of one of the most exciting duties which now devolve upon our troops—scouting. Every day each brigade, and often each regiment, sends out a small party of tried soldiers under an officer selected for his courage and coolness, to ascertain what, if any, changes have taken place in the position of the enemy. The duty is one of no inconsiderable danger, as the enemy's sharp-shooters are always on the look-out for such expeditions, and, lying concealed in thickets, not unfrequently manage to shoot several of the scouts before they are detected. At and near Fortress Monroe these scouting expeditions have proved unusually disastrous, having cost many valuable lives. The very danger and enterprise of the duty, however, renders it attractive to young soldiers and to ambitious subalterns.

TWO SLAVE-HUNTERS EXPELLED FROM THE CAMP OF THE TWENTY-SECOND ILLINOIS VOLUNTEERS AT BIRD'S POINT, MISSOURI.—[SKETCHED BY MR. BILL TRAVIS.]

BEEF FOR THE ARMY CROSSING THE LONG BRIDGE AT WASHINGTON.

(Entered according to Act of Congress, in the Year 1861, by Harper & Brothers, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Southern District of New York.)

A STRANGE STORY.

By Sir E. BULWER LYTTON.

☞ Printed from the Manuscript and early Proof-sheets purchased by the Proprietors of "Harper's Weekly."

CHAPTER XXXVI.

THE belief prevalent in the town ascribed the murder of Sir Philip to the violence of some vulgar robber, probably not an inhabitant of ——. Mr. Vigors did not favor that belief. He intimated an opinion, which seemed extravagant and groundless, that Sir Philip had been murdered for the sake not of the missing purse but of the missing casket. It was currently believed that the solemn magistrate had consulted one of his pretended *clairvoyants*, and that this impostor had gulled him with assurances to which he attached a credit that perverted into egregiously absurd directions his characteristic sagacity and zeal.

Be that as it may, the coroner's inquest closed without casting any light on so mysterious a tragedy.

What were my own conjectures I scarcely dared to admit—I certainly could not venture to utter them. But my suspicions centred upon Margrave. That for some reason or other he had cause to dread Sir Philip's presence in L——was clear, even to my reason. And how could my reason reject all the influences which had been brought to bear on my imagination, whether by the scene in the museum or my conversations with the deceased? But it was impossible to act on such suspicions—impossible even to confide them. Could I have told to any man the effect produced on me in the museum, he would have considered me a liar or a madman. And in Sir Philip's accusations against Margrave there was nothing tangible, nothing that could bear repetition. Those accusations, if analyzed, vanished into air. What did they imply?—that Margrave was a magician, a monstrous prodigy, a creature exceptional to the ordinary conditions of humanity. Would the most reckless of mortals have ventured to bring against the worst of characters such a charge on the authority of a deceased witness, and to found on evidence so fantastic the awful accusation of murder? But all men, certainly I—a sober, practical physician—was the last whom the public could excuse for such incredible implications—and certainly, of all men, the last against whom any suspicion of heinous crime would be readily entertained was that joyous youth in whose sunny aspect life and conscience alike seemed to keep careless holiday. But I could not overcome, nor did I attempt to reason against, the horror akin to detestation that had succeeded to the fascinating attraction by which Margrave had before conciliated a liking founded rather on admiration than esteem.

In order to avoid his visits I kept away from the study in which I had habitually spent my mornings, and to which he had been accustomed to so ready an access; and if he called at the front door I directed my servant to tell him that I was either from home or engaged. He did attempt for the first few days to visit me as before, but when my intention to shun him became thus manifest, desisted—naturally enough, as any other man so pointedly repelled would have done.

I abstained from all those houses in which I was likely to meet him, and went my professional round of visits in a close carriage, so that I might not be accosted by him in his walks.

One morning, a very few days after Strahan had shown me Sir Philip Derval's letter, I received a note from my old college acquaintance, stating that he was going to Derval Court that afternoon; that he should take with him the memoir which he had found; and begging me to visit him at his new home the next day and commence my inspection of the manuscript. I consented eagerly.

That morning, on going my round, my carriage passed by another drawn up to the pavement, and I recognized the figure of Margrave standing beside the vehicle, and talking to some one seated within it. I looked back, as my own carriage whirled rapidly by, and saw, with unpleasure and alarm, that it was Richard Strahan whom Margrave was thus familiarly addressing himself. How had the two made acquaintance? What is not an intimate with Sir Philip Derval's memory that the heir he had selected should be thus apparently intimate with the man whom he had so sternly denounced to me as one more impatient to read the memoir; in all probability it would give such explanations with respect to Margrave's antecedents as, if not serving to eliminate him of legal offenses, would at least effectually terminate any acquaintance between Sir Philip's successor and himself.

All my thoughts were, however, diverted to channels of far deeper interest even than those in which my mind had of late been so unwillingly led along; when, on returning home, I found a note from Mrs. Ashleigh. She and Lilian had just come back to L——, sooner than she had led me to anticipate. Lilian had not seemed quite well the last day or two, and had been anxious to return.

CHAPTER XXXVII.

LET me recall it—softly—softly! Let me recall that evening spent with them in the evening, the last before darkness rose between us like a solid wall.

It was evening, at the close of summer. The sun had set, the twilight was lingering still. We were in the old monastic garden—garden so quiet, so cool, so fragrant. She was seated on a bench under the one great tree—the tree that casts ombre in the midst of the grassy lawn, with its little parachute of flowers. I had thrown myself on the sward at her feet; her hand was carelessly lay in the clasp of mine. I see her still—how young, how fair, how innocent!

Strange, strange! how inexpressibly English is thoroughly the creature of our sober, homely life! The pretty delicate white robe that I touch so timorously, and the fibbon that binds the hair so well become the soft color of the fair cheek, the wavy silk of the brown hair! She is murmuring low her answer to my trembling question—

"As well as when last we parted? Do you love me as well still?"

"There is no 'still' written here," said she, softly, pressing her hand to her heart. "Yesterday is as to-morrow in the Forever."

"Ah, Lilian! if I could reply to you in words as akin to poetry as your own."

"Fie! you who affect to care for poetry."

"That was before you went away—before I missed you from my eyes, from my life—before I was quite conscious how precious you were to me, more precious than common words can tell!" Yes, there is one period in love when all men are poets, however the penury of their language may belie the luxuriance of their fancies. What would become of me if you ceased to love me?"

"Or of me if you ceased to love me?"

"And somehow it seems to me this evening as if my heart drew nearer to you—nearer as if for shelter."

"It is sympathy," said she, with tremulous eagerness; "that sort of mysterious sympathy which I have often heard you deride. Ah! I, too, feel drawn nearer to you, as if there were a storm at hand. I was oppressed by an indescribable terror in returning home, and the moment I saw you there came a sense of protection."

Her head sank on my shoulder; we were silent some moments; then we both rose by the same involuntary impulse, and round her slight form I twined my strong arm of man. And now we are winding slow among the lilacs and acacia that belt the lawn. Lilian has not yet heard of the murder, which forms the one topic of the town, for all talk of violence and death ceased under her as they affect a fearful child. Mrs. Ashleigh, therefore, had judiciously concealed from her the letters and the journals by which the dismal news had been carried to herself. I need scarcely say that the grim subject was not touched by me. In fact, my own mind preoccupied from the events which had of late so perplexed and tormented it; the tranquility of the scene, the bliss of Lilian's presence, had begun to chase away even that melancholy foreboding which had overshadowed me in the first moments of our reunion. So we came gradually to converse of the future—of the day, not far distant, when we two should be as one. We planned our nuptial excursion. We would visit the scenes endeared to her by song, to me by childhood—the banks and waves of my native Windermere—on her brief holiday face life returned to labor, and hearts now so disquieted by hope and joy settled down to the calm serenity of home.

As we thus talked, the moon, nearly rounded to her full, rose amidst skies without a cloud. We paused to gaze on her solemn haunting beauty, as where are the lovers who have not paused to gaze? We were then on the terrace walk, which commanded a view of the town below.

Before us was a parapet wall, low on the garden side, but inaccessible on the outer side, forming part of a straggling irregular street that made one of the boundaries dividing Abbey Hill from Low Town. The lamps of the thoroughfares, in many a line and row beneath us, stretched far away, obscured, here and there, by intervening roofs and tall church towers. The hum of the city came to our ears, low and mellowed into a lulling sound. It was not displeasing to be reminded that there was a world without, as close and closer we drew each to each—worlds to one another! Suddenly there caroled forth the song of a human voice—a wild, irregular, half-savage melody—foreign, uncomprehended words—air and words not new to me. I recognized the voice and chant of Margrave. I started, and uttered an angry exclamation.

"Hush!" whispered Lilian, and I felt her frame shiver within my encircling arm. "Hush! listen! Yes; I have heard that voice before—last night—"

"Last night you were not here; you were more than a hundred miles away."

"I heard it in a dream! Hush, hush!"

The song grew louder; impossible to describe its effect, in the midst of the tranquil night, chiming over the serried roof-tops, and under the solitary moon. It was not like the artful song of man, for it was defective in the methodical harmony of tune; it was not like the song of the wild bird, for it had no monotony in its sweetness: it was wandering and various as the sounds from an Æolian harp. But it affected the senses in a powerful degree, as in remote lands and in vast solitudes I have since found the note of the mocking-bird, suddenly heard, affect the listener half with delight, half with awe, as if some demon creature of the desert were mimicking man for its own merriment. The chant now had changed into an air of defying glee, of menacing exultation; it might have been the triumphant war-song of some antique barbarian tribe. The note was sinister; a shudder passed through me, and Lilian had closed her eyes, and was sighing heavily; then with a rapid change, sweet as the coo with which an Arab mother lulls her babe to sleep, the melody died away. "There, there, look," murmured Lilian, moving from me, "the same I saw last night in sleep; the same I saw in the space above, on the evening I first knew you!"

Her eyes were fixed—her hand raised; my look followed hers, and rested on the face and form of Margrave. The moon shone full upon him, so full as if concentrating all its light upon his image. The place on which he stood (a balcony to the upper story of a house about fifty yards distant) was considerably above the level of the terrace from which we gazed on him. His arms were folded on his breast, and he appeared to be looking straight toward us. Even at that distance the luminous youth of his countenance appeared to me terribly distinct, and the light of his wondrous eye seemed to rest upon us in our lengthened, steady ray through the limpid moonshine. Involuntarily I seized Lilian's hand, and drew her away almost by force, for she was unwilling to move, and as I led her back, she turned her head to look round; I, too, turned in jealous rage. I breathed more freely. Margrave had disappeared.

"How came he there? It is not his hotel. Whose house is it?" I said aloud, though speaking to myself.

Lilian remained silent; her eyes fixed upon the ground as if in deep reverie. I took her hand; it did not return my pressure. I felt cut to the heart when she drew coldly from me that hand, till then so frankly cordial. I stopped short: "Lilian, what is this? you are chilled toward me. Can there be sound of that man's voice, the mere glimpse of that man's face, have—" I paused; I did not dare to complete my question.

Lilian lifted her eyes to mine, and I saw at once in those eyes a change. Their look was cold: not haughty, but distant. "I do not understand you," she said, in a weary, listless accent. "It is growing late; I must go in."

So we walked on no longer arm in arm, nor hand in hand. Then it occurred to me that the next day Lilian would be in that narrow world of society that there she could scarcely fail to hear of Margrave, to meet, to know him. Jealousy seized me with all its imaginary terrors, and amidst that jealousy a nobler, purer apprehension for herself. Had I been Lilian's brother instead of her betrothed I should not have trembled less to foresee the shadow of Margrave's mysterious influence passing over a mind so predisposed to the charm which Mystery itself has for those whose thoughts fuse their coolness in fancies, whose world melts away into Dreamland. Therefore I spoke.

"Lilian, at the risk of offending you—alas! I have never done so before this night—I must address to you a prayer which I implore you not to regard as the dictate of a suspicion unworthy you and myself. The person whom you have just heard and seen at present much courted in the circles of this town. I entreat of you not to permit any one to introduce him to you. I entreat you not to know him. I can not tell you all my reasons for this petition; enough that I pledge you my honor that those reasons are grave. Trust, then, in my truth as I trust in yours. Be assured that I stretch not the rights which your heart has bestowed upon mine in the promise I ask, as I shall be freed from all fear by a promise which I know will be sacred when once it is given."

"What promise?" asked Lilian, absently, as if she had not heard my words.

"What promise? Why to refuse all acquaintance with that man; his name is Margrave. Promise me, dearest, promise me."

"Why is your voice so changed?" said Lilian. "Its tone jars on my ear," she added, with a peevishness so unlike her that it startled me more than it offended; and, without a word further, she quickened her pace and entered the house.

For the rest of the evening we were both taciturn and distant toward each other. In vain Mrs. Ashleigh kindly sought to break down our mutual reserve. I felt that I had the right to be resentful, and I clung to that right the more because Lilian made no attempt at reconciliation. This, too, was wholly unlike herself, for her temper was ordinarily sweet—sweet to the extreme of meekness; saddened if the slightest misunderstanding between us had ever vexed me, and yearning to ask forgiveness if a look or a word had pained me. I was in hopes that before I went away peace between us would be restored. But long ere her usual hour for retiring to rest she rose abruptly, and complaining of fatigue and headache, wished me good-night, and avoided the hand I sorrowfully held out to her as I opened the door.

"You must have been very unkind to poor Lilian," said Mrs. Ashleigh, kissing me, earnest, "for I never saw her so cross to you before. And the first day of her return, too!"

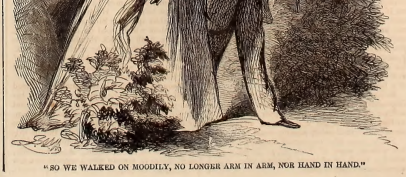
"The fault is not mine," said I, somewhat sullenly; "I did but ask Lilian, and that as a humble prayer, not to make the acquaintance of a stranger in this town against whom I have reasons for distrust and aversion. I know not why that prayer should displease her."

"Nor I. Who is the stranger?"

"A person who calls himself Margrave. Let me at least entreat you to avoid him?"

"Oh, I have no desire to make acquaintance with strangers. But, now Lilian is gone, do tell me all about this dreadful murder? The servants are full of it, and I can not keep it long concealed from Lilian, as she is hopes that you would have broken it to her."

I rose impatiently: I could not bear to talk than of an event the tragedy of which was associated in my mind with circumstances so mysterious. I became agitated and even angry when Mrs. Ashleigh persisted in rambling woman-like inquiries—"Who was suspected of the deed? Who did I think had committed it? What sort of a man was Sir Philip? What was that strange story about a casket?" Breaking



"SO WE WALKED ON MOODILY, NO LONGER ARM IN ARM, NOR HAND IN HAND."

from such interrogations, to which I could give but abrupt and evasive answers, I seized my hat and took my departure.

CHAPTER XXXVIII.

LETTER FROM ALLEN FERWICK TO ELIJAH ASHLEIGH.

"I have promised to go to Derval Court to-day, and shall not return till to-morrow. I can not bear the thought that so many hours must pass away with one feeling less kind than usual resting like a cloud upon you and me, Lilian, if I offended you, forgive me! Send me one line to say so!—one line which I can place next to my heart and cover with grateful kisses till we meet again!"

REPLY.

"I scarcely know what you mean, nor do I quite understand my own state of mind at this moment. It can not be that I love you less—and yet—but I will not write more now. I had glad tidings that not most for the next day or so, and then I hope to be quite recovered. I am not well at this moment. Do not ask me to forgive you—but if it is I who am in fault—forgive me, oh, forgive me, Allen."

And with this unsatisfactory note—not worn next my heart, not covered with kisses, but thrust crumpled into my desk like a creditor's unwelcome bill—I flung myself on my horse and rode to Derval Court. I was naturally proud; my pride came now to my aid. I felt bitterly indignant against Lilian, so indignant that I resolved on my return to say to her, "If in those words, 'And yet,' you implied a doubt whether you loved me less, I cancel your vows, I give you back your freedom." And I could have passed from her threshold with a firm foot, though with the certainty that I should never smile again.

Does her note seem to you who may read these pages to justify such resentment? Perhaps not. But there is an atmosphere in the letters of the one we love, which we alone—we who love—can feel, and in the atmosphere of that letter I felt the chill of estrangement.

I reached the park lodge of Derval Court late in the day. I had occasion to visit some patients whose homes were scattered many miles apart, and for that reason, as well as from the desire for some quick bodily exercise which is so natural an effect of any disturbance of mind, I had made the journey on horseback instead of using a carriage, that I could not have got through the items of daily duties by which alone the work set to myself could be accomplished in time.

Just as I entered the park an uneasy thought seized hold of me that the strength which is ascribed to presentiments. I had passed through my study (which has been so elaborately described) to my stables, as I generally did when I wanted my saddle-horse, and in so doing had doubtless left open the gate to the iron palisade, and probably the window of the study itself. I had been in this careless habit for several years, without ever once having cause for self-reproach. As I before said, there was nothing in my study to tempt a thief; the study shut out from the body of the house, and the servant sure at nightfall both to close the window and lock the gate; yet now, for the first time, I felt an impulse, urgent, keen, and disquieting, to ride back to the town and see those precautions taken. I could not guess why, but something whispered to me that my neglect had exposed me to some great danger. I even checked my horse and looked at my watch; too late!—already just on the stroke of Strahan's dinner hour as fixed in his note; my horse, too, was fatigued and spent; besides, what folly! what boastful man can believe in the warnings of a "presentiment." I pushed on and soon halted before the old-fashioned hall door of that hall up to the hall. Here I was accosted by the old steward; he had just descended the stairs, and as I dismounted he thrust an ominous nine unceremoniously and drew me a little aside.

"Doctor, I was right; it was his ghost that I saw by the door of the mausoleum. I saw it again at the same place last night, but I had not the courage to pass on his murderer! Blood for blood!"

"Ay!" said I, sternly; for if I suspected Margrave before, I felt convinced now that the inexpiable deed was his. Wherefore conceal? Simply because I now hated him more, and hate is so easily convinced. "Lilian! Lilian!" I murmured to myself that name; the first time my hate was fed by my jealousy. "Ay!" said I, sternly, "murder will out."

"What are you twice about?" said the old man, querulously; "days pass on days, and no nearer the truth. But what does the new owner care? He has his rents and acres; what does he care for the dead? I will never serve another master. I have just told Mr. Strahan so. How did I know whether he did not do the deed? Who else had an interest in it?"

"Hush, hush!" I cried; "you do not know what you say so wildly."

The old man stared at me, shook his head, released my arm, and strode away.

A laboring man came out of the garden, and having unhooked the saddle-bags, which contained the few things required for so short a visit, I consigned my horse to his care, and ascended the person. The old housekeeper met me in the hall, conducted me up the great staircase, showed me into a bedroom prepared for me, and told me that Mr. Strahan was already waiting dinner for me. I should find him in the study. I hastened to join him. He began apologizing, very unnecessarily, for the state of his establishment. He had as yet engaged no new servants, the housekeeper, with the help of a housemaid, did all the work.

Richard Strahan at college had been as little distinguishable from other young men as a youth neither rich nor poor, neither clever nor stupid, neither handsome nor ugly, neither audacious sinner nor formal saint, possibly could be.

Yet to those who understood him well he was not without some of those moral qualities by which a youth of mediocre intellect often matures into a superior man.

He was, as Sir Philip had been rightly informed, thoroughly honest and upright. But with a strong sense of duty there was also a certain latent hardness. He was not indulgent. He had outward frankness with acquaintances, but was easily roused to suspicion. He had much of the thriftiness and self-denial of the North Countryman, and I have no doubt that he had lived with calm content and systematic economy on an income which made him, as a bachelor, independent of his nominal profession, but would have left him, in itself, for the life-long maintenance of a wife and family. He was, therefore, still single.

It seemed to me, even during the few minutes in which we conversed before dinner was announced, that his character showed a new phase in the change from the simple and unostentatious style of the duties of station and the woes of wealth. He seemed to be very much afraid of speaking, and still more appalled at the idea of being cheated. His temper, too, was ruffled; his steward had given him notice to quit. Mr. Jeeves, who had spent the morning with him, had said the steward would be a great loss, and a steward, at once sharp and honest, was not to be easily found.

What riches can embitter the possession of great goods! Strahan had taken a fancy to the old house; it was conformable to his notions both of comfort and dignity, and Sir Philip had expressed a desire that the old house should be pulled down. Strahan had inspected the plans for the new mansion to which Sir Philip had referred, and the plans did not please him; on the contrary, they terrified.

"Jeeves says that it could not build such a house under seventy or eighty thousand pounds, and then it will require twice the establishment which will suffice for this. Is it not ruined?" cried the man who had just come into possession of at least twelve thousand a year.

"Sir Philip has given you to pull down the old house; he only advised you to do so. Perhaps he thought the site less healthy than that which proposes to build on. Strahan was aware of some other drawback to the house, which you may discover later. Wait a little and see how you like it."

"But, at all events, I suppose I must pull down this curious old room—the nicest part of the whole house."

Strahan, as he spoke, looked wistfully round at the quaint old chimney-piece; the carved ceiling; the well-built walls, with the large mullion casement, opening so pleasantly on the sequestered gardens. He had conceived himself in Sir Philip's study, the chamber in which the once famous mystic, Forman, had found a refuge.

"So cozy a room for a single man!" sighed Strahan. "Near the stables and dog-kennels, too! But I suppose I must pull it down. I am not bound to do so legally; it is no condition of the will. But then I know one ought not legally not to disobey poor Sir Philip's positive injunction."

"Of that," said I, gravely, "there can not be a doubt."

Here our conversation was interrupted by Mrs. Gates, who informed us that dinner was served in the library. Wine of great age was brought from the long-neglected cellars; Strahan filled and refilled my glass, and grew mild into hilarity, began to talk of bringing old college friends around him in the winter season, and making the cud-free ring with laughter and song once more.

Time wore away, and night had long set in, when Strahan last rose from the table, his speech thick and his tongue unsteady. We returned to the study, and I reminded my host of the special object of my visit to him—viz., the inspection of Sir Philip's manuscript.

"It is tough reading," said Strahan; "better put it off till to-morrow. You will stay here two or three days."

"No; I must return to L— to-morrow. I can not absent myself longer from patients. And it is the more desirable that no time should be lost before examining the contents of the manuscript, because I may then be able to give some clew to the detection of the murderer."

"Why do you think that?" cried Strahan, startled from the drowsiness that was creeping over him.

"Because the manuscript may show that Sir Philip had discovered the author of the crime; my could have had a motive for such a crime? Come, bring forth the book. You of all men are bound to be alert in the search which may guide the retribution of justice to the assassin of your benefactor."

"Yes, yes," I will offer a reward of five thousand pounds for the discovery. Allen, that wretched old steward had the insolence to tell me that I was the only man in the world who could have an interest in the death of his master; and he looked at me as if he thought that I had committed the crime. You are right, it becomes me to act. Yes, I will act." The assassin must be found."

While thus speaking Strahan had risen, unlocked a desk which stood on one of the walls, and drawn forth a thick volume, the contents of which were protected by a clasp and lock. Strahan proceeded to unlock the clasp, and took a bunch of keys, which he said had been found on Sir Philip's person.

"There, Allen, this is the memoir. I need not tell you what store I place on it; not, between you and me, that I expect it will warrant poor Sir Philip's high opinion of his own scientific discoveries. That part of his letter seems to me very queer and very flighty. But he evidently set his heart on the publication of his work, in part if not in whole. And, naturally, I must desire to comply with a wish so distinctly intimated by one to whom I owe so much. I beg you, therefore, not to be too fastidious. Some valuable hints in medicine, I have reason to believe, the manuscript will contain, and those may help you in your profession, Allen."

"You have reason to believe! Why?"

"Oh, a charming young fellow, who, with most of the other gentry resident at L——, called on me at my hotel, told me that he had traveled in the East, and had there heard much of Sir Philip's knowledge of chemistry, and the cures it had enabled him to perform."

"You speak of Mr. Margrave. He called on you?"

"Yes."

"You did not, I trust, mention to him the existence of Sir Philip's manuscript."

"Indeed I did, and I said you had promised to examine it. He seemed delighted at that, and spoke most highly of your peculiar fitness for the task."

"Give me the manuscript," said I, abruptly, "and after I have looked at it to-night I may have something to say to you to-morrow in reference to Mr. Margrave."

"There is the book," said Strahan; "I have just glanced at it, and find much of it written in Latin; and I am ashamed to say that I have so neglected the little Latin I learned in our college days that I could not construe what I looked at."

I sat down and placed the book before me; Strahan fell into a doze, from which he was wakened by the housekeeper, who brought in the tea things.

"Well," said Strahan, languidly, "do you find much in the book that explains the many amazing riddles in poor Sir Philip's eccentric life and pursuits?"

"Yes," said I. "Do not interrupt me."

Strahan rose to go to bed, and the housekeeper asked if we should want any thing more that night, and if I thought I could find my way to my bedroom.

I dismissed her impatiently, and continued to read.

Strahan woke up again as the clock struck eleven, and finding me still absorbed in the manuscript, and disinclined to converse, lighted his candle, and telling me to replace the manuscript in the desk when I had done with it, and be sure to lock the desk and take charge of the key, which he took off the bunch and gave me, went up stairs yawning.

I was alone, in the wizard Forman's chamber, and bending over a stranger record than had ever excited my influence before, or, in later years, provoked my skeptic smile.

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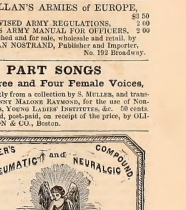

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HARPER'S WEEKLY

A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION.

VOL. V.—No. 256.] NEW YORK, SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 23, 1861. [SINGLE COPIES SIX CENTS. $2 50 PER YEAR IN ADVANCE.

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the Year 1861, by Harper & Brothers, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Southern District of New York.

THE WAR IN MISSOURI.—GENERAL JIM LANE'S CAMP, NEAR HUMANSVILLE, MISSOURI.—SKETCHED BY MR. ALEXANDER SIMPLOT ON OCTOBER 20, 1861.—[SEE NEXT PAGE.]

GEN. LANE AND HIS ARMY.

OUR artist with the army in Missouri, Mr. Alexander Simplot, lately visited the Camp of General Jim Lane, the famous Kansas General, the terror of Missouri, and has sent us the sketches which we reproduce on the preceding page. The correspondent of the New York *Times*, who accompanied him, thus describes the General, the Indian Scouts, and the Camp:

LANE is a man of some fifty years of age, of medium height, and of that slight rather compressible build of figure so slight, his head wide at the top and narrowing down to the jaw, that an inverted pyramid is how wide and high; his eyes small, black, and overhung by cliff-like eyebrows; his mouth somewhat, and, combined with a gleam of fun in his eyes, has an expression of great good-humour and enjoyment that what one irresistibly to the conclusion that he is the best fellow in the world. His hair is thin, slightly tinged with grey, and shaved away from his head in every direction, so if he had just come in from running breakneck against a strong wind. Its conservation he is ready, full of a rollicking sort of humor; and, in short, in his whole style of conversation, he reminded me of some Joe Bagstock New Rolling and laughing over this bursting of some Minerotten Rome.

Proceeding a few hundred yards below Lane's encampment, I came upon another of a different character. Flags flew blazed up, throwing great flashes of light upon the brown autumn woods, and making a play-ground for fantastic shadows across the prairie and the woodland, around which lay in supreme indolence, or sat comfortably inhaling the fragrant weed, a motley crowd of aborigines. I soon had the honor of shaking by the hand a copper-colored gentleman, who, stretched upon his right side before the genial fire, was inhaling tobacco-smoke through the bowls of his tomahawk, and who replied to me in the very choicest of Wa-no-pach-kugh. He replied to my "Good-morning, Sir," glad and happy to make your acquaintance," with a guttural "Ugh!" and the Indian salutation "How." After addressing a few remarks to him, he which he answered with perfected attention. I found that he did not know a word of English, and turned my attention to the braves. I next had the honor of an introduction to a gentleman in unbuttoned black, with a frill of grey hair, from which hovered upward a dozen peacock and goose feathers, who, I was informed, was John Conner, Esquire, chief of the Delawares. Mr. Conners indulged in a slight knowledge of English, and, after the usual commonplaces, I left him, and was presented to a little, good-looking young fellow in elfinere dress, who, I was informed, was Mr. Blackbird Conner, interpreter of the Delaware braves. John Johnny-cake, Esq., is said to be a young gentleman of great intelligence and modesty, and who spoke most excellently both English and French, and I regret to learn also other Indian vernacular.

He informed me that Wa-no-pach-kugh was war-chief of the Delawares; that there were 54 of his tribe in the field; that they were armed with tomahawks, scalping-knives, and rifles; that their principal business was scouting; and that about 30 of the 54 were head and good horses, and had accompanied General Frémont once before in search of the enemy across the plains and over the mountains. Mr. Johnnycake (whose Indian name I did not learn) added that a much larger force from his tribe would soon take the field, and that delegations from various other Indian tribes in Kansas would soon unite their arms and lives with the Union cause.

GENERAL HUNTER.

COMMANDING OUR ARMY IN MISSOURI.

WE publish on page 741 a portrait of GENERAL HUNTER, who has succeeded General Frémont in the command of our army in Missouri. General Hunter is about sixty years of age. He graduated at West Point in 1822, the twenty-first in a class numbering forty, and was appointed Second Lieutenant in infantry. Having risen to a First Lieutenancy, he was in 1833 made Captain of cavalry, but shortly after resigned. In 1842 he rejoined the army as Paymaster, in which position, with the rank of Major, the present Administration found him. He accompanied Mr. Lincoln from Springfield, on his tour to Washington, as far as Buffalo, where, owing to the pressure of the crowd, he suffered a dislocation of the collar-bone. Shortly after he was made Colonel of the Third Cavalry, and then Brigadier-General. He commanded a leading division at the battle of Bull Run, but was wounded early in the day.

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 23, 1861.

THE STARS AND STRIPES IN SOUTH CAROLINA.

AT length we have the pleasure to report that the Stars and Stripes float once more over the disloyal soil of South Carolina. Though we are without direct or authentic intelligence from the fleet, the reports which reach us through hostile channels agree too well to be the result of fraud or mere baseless rumor. There is no reason to doubt that at this time General Sherman is in possession of the town of Beaufort, South Carolina, and of the forts which guarded the entrance to Port Royal Inlet.

It will be time enough to discuss the important considerations suggested by this event when the full report of the affair reaches us. Meanwhile three thoughts force themselves on the mind:

It was known at New Orleans as long ago as 17th October, long before the Northern public knew any thing about the expedition, that it was destined for Port Royal, and that it would consist of the vessels which actually sailed. The first authentic statement of the destination of the fleet was contained in a Richmond paper published about the end of October. The rebels were therefore thoroughly warned and prepared. If our expedition was nevertheless successful, what can the rebels expect hereafter?

The occupation of Port Royal will test the amount of Union feeling which lingers at the South; will verify the statement that the planters will not ship cotton; and, finally, will teach the rebels the practical danger which they court by making war upon the North wh e holding 4,000,000 slaves.

Lastly, the occupation of Beaufort is the first step toward a geographical redistribution of population, trade, and industry in the Southern country. The Government of Messr ns. Jinquish Beaufort. It will be an open port and a place of trade and activity long before the seals are loosed from the harbors of Savannah and Charleston. People will fly to Beaufort from the two latter cities, which will decay and die out just as the cities of ancient Chaldea have perished—a memorable monument of the cost and folly of treason.

ABOLITIONISTS AT THE SOUTH

MR. MEMMINGER, Secretary of the Treasury under Mr. Jefferson Davis, advises the Southern planters to abandon the culture of cotton, and to devote their land to the production of food. Similar advice is urged upon them by the leading journals of New Orleans, New Orleans, and Memphis. It is very justly argued that, pending the blockade, cotton will be useless, while corn, wheat, and pork will be inestimable.

Such sensible counsel the planters can not well disregard. They have on hand at present nearly three million bales of cotton, much of which can only be sent abroad to market for want of bagging, and none of which can be sold at a price which would pay the planter for growing it. It would rejar great folly on their part to increase their stock under such circumstances.

This diversion of land and labor, however, from the culture of cotton to that of cereals must produce a great change in the whole Southern mind on the questions which have led to the pending rebellion.

Negro Slavery in our Southern States depends directly on the production of cotton. It does not pay to raise any thing but cotton with slave labor. Wherever cotton is not raised slavery can not be maintained for the profitable purpose of supplying the cotton-fields with fresh hands. Experience has shown that this is a mere question of figures. The price of slaves at the South depends upon the price of cotton. It is usual to say that male field-lands are worth one hundred dollars for every cent the pound of middling uplands commands. When middling negro lands is worth ten cents—as was the average last year—good field-hands could not be bought for less than $1200. If middling uplands fell to six cents, good field-hands could be bought for $600. If middling uplands could not be sold at all, there would be no market for slaves. This is precisely the condition of affairs at the South at present.

Its political significance arises from the fact that, when the price of slaves falls below a certain point it ceases to be a gain, and becomes a loss, to be a slave-owner. When, thirty years ago, male adult slaves fell to $400 in Virginia, the leading men of that State became emancipationists, and slavery would have been abolished if the decline of prices had continued at the far South had not suddenly created a demand for negro labor, and caused the price of slaves to advance one hundred per cent. in a few years.

The blockade is now producing precisely, over the whole revolted section, the state of things which existed in Virginia in 1830. There is no market for cotton, and consequently none for slaves. It is becoming a burden to be a slaveowner. Instead of rating men's wealth by the number of their slaves, as usual hitherto, Southern society will estimate those possessing the richest who have the fewest slaves to support in these trying times. And the estimate will be sound. If the North only persevere in its purpose for a year or two, no Southern man will be found at the end of that time rich enough to own slaves. The system will break down of its own weight. The planters will pray for the abolition of slavery as the only means of rescuing the richest who have the fewest slaves from starvation.

Growing corn and wheat with slave labor is like manuring the earth *with gold de fole grras*. The harvest will be fine, no doubt; but every ear of corn will cost its weight in gold.[1] Mr. Memminger is the most radical abolitionist of the day.

[1] Mr. Memminger is the most radical abolitionist of the day.

THE LOUNGER.

GENERAL FREMONT.

THE right of the President and Commander-in-Chief to remove any subordinate officer is unquestionable. The officer so removed, when he is persuaded of the dishonesty or incompetency of any such officer, is equally clear. Obedience is the indispensable point of discipline, and discipline is essential to military success.

While therefore, every loyal citizen will acquiesce in the removal of General Frémont from the Western Department, every thoughtful man in the country can not but consider the moment chosen for his removal most unfortunate. If a battle once followed the fall of Lexington, it would have been received in silence: with regret, indeed, for a noble man who was thought inadequate to a peculiar peril, but without any general impression of undue harshness.

But two months have essentially changed the aspect of affairs in Missouri. From the moment the General left St. Louis his course has been onward. Lexington was retaken, and to-day there is in ours once more. Operations which military men pronounced impossible have been quietly accomplished by Frémont. He has crossed rivers safely. His has moved a large army without apparent means. His body-Guard, which is simply the name for a picked body of men, like Scott's Body-Guard in Mexico, has achieved a brilliant victory, due alike to military skill and to personal courage. With his army flushed with conscious power, and devoted to him with that enthusiasm which incites honorable success; with the enemy before him, and an attack momently expected, the General in whom he was to lead it—has been superseded during the last few weeks had silenced even slander—who, for some reason, had been selected as the scape-goat for complaints and discontents—is summarily removed.

He does what every faithful soldier and patriot should do. He receives the order, obeys the command; addresses a few earnest words of satisfaction and sympathy, of encouragement, and of patriotic appeal to his soldiers, who, dismayed and indignant, threaten insubordination, remonstrate, at the request of the officers, to lead the army about the battle he offered that night; then returns with the same manly simplicity which has marked every act of his life.

For the honor of the country and for his own honor, General Frémont will, of course, at the proper time, demand a Court of Inquiry. And the honor of all good citizens is involved. Are charges of incompetency to be lightly entertained in support, of which the obvious tendency, if not intention, is to ruin the military character of a general, and to destroy the value of his services, unless there is a want of public confidence, to come to the newspapers? In regular course from the War Department with authority to go to the country. Letters any authorized statement of the removal of the General has been made? The authorization by the War Department of the publication of the *ex parte* memoranda of General Thomas against General Frémont is a more flagrant dereliction of duty than any of those measures of charge against the General. And if such statements, so many of which have been already shown to be erroneous, have been the grounds of removal, is the Commander-in-Chief of Western Department, how many such brazches of good faith with our soldiers are necessary to furnish adequate grounds for the removal of the Secretary of War?

The nation, which confides implicitly in the honesty and intelligence and purpose of the President, will acquiesce in his action in this case. But it has a vital interest in knowing why a leader of its armies so dear to the people, should, from whose path the mists of doubt were rolling away, and who stood with all the prestige of triumph before a dispirited and retreating enemy, was disgraced upon the very eve of battle. It is a just curiosity which nothing but the revelations of a Court of Inquiry can satisfy.

REUTER'S TELEGRAMS AND MASON'S COMMISSION.

THE telegraph for American news in England is in the hands of Messrs. Reuter and Havas, and Reuter serves up precisely such news from America as England desires. His bulletins are the unfiltered essence of the Governmental journals of the United States. Rebellion flashes rosy along his wires. The inevitable consequence is that the English have an impression of our condition is constantly conveyed.

One of his latest performances was the announcement that "Colonel Mansfield of the Army was surprised by General Mansfield at Fort Monroe. This is the all-important fact which commandes the entrance to the port of Pensacola, and which the Federalists have held so long."

This is the kind of news which is read by those who have the ear of the masses. And, as it has favorable change of sentiment, even in the newspapers, is very marked. There is, however, one thing to be borne in mind in all English discussions of our affairs; and that is, that they are made matters of party argument. Of course, the present condition of the country is held by Tories to be "a settler" of what Major Beresford calls "the horrible reform mania." Let us do the Major the justice to say that he has been most strict neutral.

In fact, those who are clamorous for open interference by England are too few to be noticed. The large and busy class of the rabble—that of foreign—is withering away. When Mr. Mason, the author of the Fugitive Slave bill, distinguishes in the streets of London, and is held by Tories to be a "

glad; I didn't know your honor. But, ——, if I'd known it was you I'd have saved you all the same." This is the true soldier's spirit. Lastly, I would impress on the volunteers the necessity of drill, practice, exercise, brigade movements. Garibaldi's volunteers did excellently in guerrilla movements; they failed before a fourth-rate regular army. Our brave volunteers will never know what real war is: but they must make themselves a reputation to be feared by the enemy, in order not to lose enemy ever at their own hearth-stones.

"FLORENCE NIGHTINGALE."

WAR SONGS AND HYMNS.

The debate upon National Hymns being in order, the blogger has received this suggestive word from *Barbarossa*:

"Why is it that these songs (the "Marseillais," "Mourir pour la Patrie," or "Rule Britannia") have the power to fire a man's heart, brace his nerves, and make the timid courageous? Why can not "The Star-Spangled Banner," or "Hail Columbia," or "Yankee Doodle," or "God save the King," do it as well? Simply because the latter are only assortions of known facts and pious wishes, while the former, in words and music, contain a determination to act, to go ahead. And this is my opinion—the time we need most at present. Hymns will do after the battle is over, but while it lasts.

"After the battle of Leuthen, a few of the victorious Prussian soldiers erected a solemn hymn, in which every one who sung joined, and the dogs, fell mates brought tears to the eyes of Frederick the Great; but had it been sung before the battle, it is questionable whether it would have brought tears to Frederick's eyes or victory to his army."

ONE VICTORY.

THERE is one unexpected but most beneficent result of the war. It is gradually leading us all to discuss *the question* with good feeling and in good temper. Of course we all know, and say in perfectly good faith, that the war is solely for the supremacy of the Government. But we all know equally well that it must affect slavery somehow. It must help hurt it.

In truth, the question is now passing from its first stage into the second; from the eloquent appeal necessary to arouse the people to the calm consideration necessary to secure them. We all want peace—permanent peace—peace with honor. We shall therefore gravely consider this question. Whoever tries to shirk it is justly open to suspicion. He may have an unappeasable prejudice against the name Abolitionist. But this is a time, and the inevitable future is a time, in which we must "conquer our prejudices," as Mr. Webster said, upon quite another occasion. We must discuss our own and our prejudices. We must secure the national tranquility.

We shall all readily admit that it is a delicate question—a difficult question in some respects, and if not justly settled, a very dangerous question. For these reasons it will be most frankly discussed. Whatever in a time of peace can not be discussed in this country can not be honorably tolerated. The Tariff is a grave question; the Bank was a grave question; the old points of Federal and Republican difference were grave questions; and if discussion of them had been suppressed, as of late years the discussion of slavery has been, they would have brought us to war. Free talk is our only talisman of national safety. And until the mind and conscience of the people can be stopped, of what use is it to try to stop their mouths?

Or again, is the most vital of all our public questions the one we may most safely shirk? Is it not clear that if we had not hitherto so strenuously tried to avoid it, if there had not been an amusing if inconsistent effort made to appropriate the word "national" to the interests of a single class in one section of the country, we should have talked by the war and into a permanent peace? For the Government of this nation to publish opinion. The only way by which the policy of the Government can be directly fairly discussed. When disloyalty is fairly persuaded that opinion, it will lawfully indicate the change. That is all that any voter, however great or humble, has. And the voters are the great mass of the people. Those who are technically known as Abolitionists are, upon principle, non-voters, believing with unquestionable sincerity that the Constitution is fatal to human rights.

If you read the debates in the Constitutional Convention, in the first Congress, and in the first administration of Missouri, and in 1833 at the commencement of the moral anti-slavery appeal, and indeed the whole history of the country for sixty years, does it not seem incredible that a subject whose mere mention was so frantically exciting was not felt to be the very one which common candor could not be safely omitted for a day? If there is a spot in your body so morbidly sensitive that the least touch causes you to bind your head with a cloth, you must not be looked at, or is that the very one which the wise surgeon will thoroughly examine, even though he may have to bind you to that he may cut?

Taught by experience and common sense we shall no longer insist upon making the ostrich our symbol for discussing and hiding his head in the sand. Henceforth it shall be the eagle, in fact as well as in name, soaring heavenward and gazing at the sun.

OUR SOLDIERS.

"ABRAHAM HEAVEY" writes to the Lounger a very clever and very sarcastic letter from Washington upon the late heroic but hapless battle at Ball's Bluff. At the close he says:

"I trust, my dear Lounger, you would set me right, for brother Ben is a Republican, and won't listen to my arguments; saying that civilians don't prate, I suppose, is what he means—as we have no opinion whatever about military affairs, unless they tether to the militia or are amateurs."

Let us spare our sarcasm, Abraham, in the presence of heroism, unhappy though the result was. Perhaps those who were to blame exploited the error by dying on the field. The bitterness of feeling which bursts out in sarcasm is natural. But let us rather ponder with secret pride this extract from General Stone's report of the battle. Upon the retreat "the smaller boats had disappeared, no one knew whither. The largest boat, rapidly and too heavily laden, swamped some fifteen feet from the shore, and nothing was left to the gallant soldiers but to swim, surrender, or die. With a devotion worthy of the cause they are serving, officers and men, while quarter was being offered to such as would lay down their arms, stripped themselves of their swords and muskets and hurled them out into the river to prevent their falling into the hands of the foe, and saved themselves as they could by swimming, floating on logs, and concealing themselves in bushes and forests to make their way up and down the river, back to the point of crossing. The instances of personal gallantry of the highest order were so many that it would be unjust now to detail particular cases. Officers displayed for their men, and men for their officers, that beautiful devotion which is only to be found among true soldiers."

OUR BATTLE-CRY.

THERE is some justice in the complaint that we have no inspiring war-cry. The rebels shout for independence. They cry out against invasion. They declare their homes and shrines and property in danger. They will fight, can you oppose them? Our cry of "Constitution" to that of "Home?" How can you kindle enthusiasm by demanding the enforcement of the laws? What, even, is the cry of "Union," when mistaken men thrill their own hearts and their neighbors' by appeals for wife and child, although it is they who are the assailants?

If we are a nation—and, if not, what are we fighting for?—if we are a great people, with a collective individuality, the cry which will command is the word of all victorious patriotic enthusiasm flame upon our lips as it burns in our hearts. When the very air is electric with the sense of near charging line, it is a burst of music in which each soldier's heart hears separate strains. Wife, parent, child; their peaceful home; the old and sacred shrines of prayer; the glory of the Past, the promise of the Future; the hopes of Humanity given to our keeping; the fair fame of Freedom; the peace and prosperity, of justice and liberties;—for these they fight, for these they fall, whose bubbling cry of Death or Victory is the honor of their country.

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

A RUSH OF ROBALS.—Amidst the mob of monarchs that have lately been trying to find a precipice which to society, we think there is one king whom of all others the stop to plunge is the King of Naples and Two Sicilies this year, and certainly his presence would be the most welcomed by the unanimous Press in England—for that is KING COTTON, from America.

DIFFERENCE OF TASTES.—In taking a new house the first thought of the woman is, where shall the piano be? Of the man, where shall the bar be established?

SPECIMEN OF A SCHOOL EXAMINATION.

SCHOOLMASTER. "What do you call the Cotton-Tree?"
PATRIOTIC PUPIL. "A branch of Treason."
SCHOOLMASTER. "What is Slavery?"
PATRIOTIC PUPIL. "Slavery."
SCHOOLMASTER. "What is to be sold like?"
PATRIOTIC PUPIL. "Sedition."

(*The Pupil is plainly sent to bed, and presented with a hundred-blanket bonne-bouche by way of prize.*)

We see there is advertised a "Rotary Umbrella." This may be useful in the event of losing one's property, for there may be a circumbendibus chance then of its coming round again to its original owner.

SOME FRIENDS ARE NEVER SATISFIED.—A poor simpleton was complaining to a friend that a present that he had lost through a friend, when the companion, into whose sympathetic ears he was pouring his grief, replied, "Why still retained his friend? Upon being answered in the affirmative, the friend exclaimed, "Then you must be content, my dear fellow; you can't expect to have both your money and your friend!"

HUMORS OF THE WAR.

One evening last week Secretary Cameron was at the —— Club in New York, and was conversing with some members on the subject of Colonel Ellsworth. Another Secretary, "that Stone should have acted thus: his appointment was urged on the Government by very leading men in New York."

"I never recommended it," instantly replied Mr. M——, of the —— Bank.

"Nor I," stated Mr. V——, of the ——.

"Nor I," said another.

"Oh! somebody must have recommended it," blandly retorted the Secretary. "I remember the names perfectly, for they were the same as I noticed on the petitions I received about my appointment."

The mention in the —— Club can be imagined.

Why can not the rebels ever *dress well?*—Because they've proved, by deserting their flag, that they have no duty for the clothes to cover.

One of the Massachusetts prisoners taken at Bull's Bluff was being "chaffed" by his captors at Richmond. "Say, Yankee," said one, "what do you think your sunny regiment has Massachusetts in the fields?"

"Bull thirty or forty," was the reply.

"Reckon she won't send any more," said the Southerner.

"Massachusetts will be in the field as long as the sun rises up, "still send a regiment a day so long as the war lasts, and it shall work do' and do' for you."

THE BEST JOKE OF THE SEASON.—The New England woolen manufacturers protesting that our troops had better go half clad rather than that any woolen cloths should be bought outside of their shop.

Why do we know that the Union would be preserved? Because it is a patch-y nation.

The late Mr. John Jones being asked by a friend "how he kept himself from being involved in quarrels?" replied, "By letting the angry person have all the quarrel to himself."

A man with a large family was complaining of the difficulty of supporting all them. "Ah!" said a friend, "you have some pig enough to earn something for you now." "The difficulty is," said the man, "they are too big to work."

"Mamma," said little Nell, "might governess to fig me for what I've not done?" "Why, my child, what do you mean?" "Cause she fogged me to-day when I didn't do my sum."

At the Newcastle bazar a gentleman lingered for some time at one of the stalls, which was attended by a very handsome young lady. "The charge of your inspection of my wares," said the fair dealer, "is half-a-crown, Sir." "I was admiring your beauty, ma'am, and not your goods," replied the gallant. "That's five shillings," responded the lady with great readiness; and no demand, perhaps, was ever more cheerfully complied with.

THE BATTLE OF LIFE.—Courtship is the engagement or skirmish; the proposal is the assault; and matrimony the victory.

DO YOU GIVE IT UP?

Ever eating, ever eloying,
All-devouring, all-destroying,
Never finding full repast,
Till it eats the world at last.

Fire.

Why is cold cream like a good chaperon?
Because it keeps off the chaps.

What fish could be called in church without shocking the congregation?
John Dorse and Ann Chovie (John Dory and Anchovy).

When was B the first letter of the alphabet?
In the days of Noah (A) and (Ark).

Why are doctors' prescriptions good things to feed pigs on?
Because there are grains in them.

No rose can boast a livelier hue
Than I can when my birth is near,
Of shorter life than that sweet flower,
I bloom and fade in one short hour;
Like Marplot, eager to reveal
The secret I would fain conceal,
A blush.

Why is a fen like a railway-engine?
Because it mouses over ditches.

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

THE GREAT EXPEDITION.

At the hour of going to press we are still without news direct from the Great Expedition. Enough dribbles continue to reach us through the telegraph to be enough to indicate the success of the enterprise. Intelligence has been received by way of Hatteras Inlet, brought by Fortress Monroe by the steamer *Spaulding*, and by way of Cairo, through Memphis papers received there.

A person has arrived at the Inlet from the main land in a small boat, and communicated the information that two forts at Port Royal entrance had been taken; that a large National force had been landed; that Beaufort had been occupied; that Fort Pulaski, down had been bombarded and that our troops had advanced and taken possession of the Charleston and Savannah Railroad, and were marching on Coosahatchie—capturing a large quantity of stores. No doubt can be felt that Beaufort is one of the best harbors of the South, and that the capture of Pulaski and the occupation of the railroads mentioned to be most valuable.

Deserters from the rebels, who have reached Newport News from Yorktown, state that the utmost consternation exists in the rebel army, and that a number of regiments have refused to march to the front, and are hooted to the bogus Confederacy. The Memphis papers received at Cairo complain bitterly of the Secession fully confirming the loading of our forces and the capture of *three* forts—this is the first intimation we have had of the capture of the rebels—at Fort Royal, Hilton Head, and Bay Point. The statement that the National troops had possession of the town of Beaufort is also confirmed, and the losses of the rebels are admitted to be heavy.

THE BLOCKADE AND OUR VESSELS.

The report of the wreck of the steamer *Union* is confirmed by the gun-boat *Albatross*, which has arrived at Hampton Roads from the blockade on the North Carolina coast. She went ashore on the 6th inst., about eight miles to the south of Cape Hatteras. The crew of the *Union* and *Scott* is said to have been in company with her, and it is conjectured that they were also on board. This has been by no certainty about it. The rumor of the loss of the steamer *Ocean Express* is also confirmed.

GREAT VICTORY IN KENTUCKY.

It appears that a body of Union troops, under General Nelson, who are stationed in the interior of the United States Navy, fell in with the rebels at Pikeville, Pike County, on the 8th inst., and after a severe contest of four hours defeated them. While he was approaching them, Colonel Luke Moore, with 300 rebels, attacked a camp of Union men, at Prestonburg, with 600 men at the Second Ohio Regiment, met Harris, with 600 men of the Second Ohio Regiment, met Harris, with 600 men, and after a brief struggle put them directly in the midst of Nelson's brigade: then pressing in on all sides, the Union troops had the victory at their mercy. The fight is said to have lasted two days, and resulted in the total annihilation of the rebels. Four hundred of them were killed and two thousand taken prisoners, including the whole staff of Humphrey Marshall. Williams and Hawes, both of them formerly United States officers.

UNION MOVEMENT IN TENNESSEE.

The Union men in East Tennessee are giving vigorous evidence of their loyalty. By a dispatch from Fortress Monroe we learn that they have burned and destroyed several railroad bridges and telegraph lines on the East Tennessee Railroad, thereby causing transportation of rebel troops. Four bridges on the line north of Knoxville have been demolished, and another at Charleston, Tennessee.

THE BATTLE OF SANTA ROSA ISLAND.

It is reported by a letter received on 13th, in Washington, from Lieut. Com. Porter, of the *Niagara Sentee*, off Galveston, the 25th ultimo, that the privateer *Sumter* had been captured by the boat-howitzer of the *Niagara*. The privateer vessel, and had approached too close when she discovered her error. The gun-boat, however, turned upon the privateer, and in a short time captured her officers and crew prisoners. They were subsequently transferred to the *Niagara*.

FIGHT AT GUYANDOTTE.

On Sunday night, 3d inst., at Guyandotte, Virginia, situated on the Ohio River, was attacked by six hundred rebels, who were driven off by the National troops stationed there, all but fifty were killed or taken prisoners. The rebel force afterward beat a hasty retreat, and nothing has been heard from them. The loss on the side of the Union troops has been sent in pursuit. Our troops afterward fired the town of Guyandotte, which was entirely destroyed.

AFFAIRS ON THE POTOMAC.

A reconnoissance was, on Sunday, made to Pascoe's Hill, in front of Washington, and the rebels and their forces of the rebels were found, not one was seen. The pickets at Falls Church were driven in, and the mouth of the Accotink, up the Accotink Ridge, ten miles in front of Fort Lyon. The rebels fled in all directions, leaving their camps within the National lines. Affairs appear to be unchanged along the Upper Potomac and Harper's Ferry.

RECONNOISSANCE UP THE RAPPAHANNOCK.

The United States gun-boat *Reserve*, on Thursday last, left Fortress Monroe and proceeded up the Rappahannock River as far as Urbana Creek, off the mouth of which she encountered a large number of rebels. Boats and munitions of war were removed, and the vessel then burned. Returning down the river, a masked battery was opened, but the battery was completely silenced, and subsequently every place along the river, which was supposed to harbor rebels, was shelled.

AFFAIRS AT NEW ORLEANS.

A letter in the New Orleans *Delta* from the United States steamer *Cuyler*, on blockade duty at the mouth of the Mississippi, gives interesting information of the state of affairs in the City of New Orleans. The ruin of the South is the universal view. A specie currency is the almost complete. The levee, formerly so busy with the traffic of the Mississippi, is the deserted scene of desolation. Many of the stores have been closed, and there is no other employment than that of soldiering. Corn has at the city mart for sale, and that is scarce, poor, and dear; flour is sold at eighteen dollars per barrel, and sweet potatoes fourteen dollars per barrel, and sweet potatoes about the same. A free market for the poor was established some time ago, the supplies being furnished by voluntary contributions from the farmers; but there was a prospect that it would soon be closed for want of means. There is undoubtedly a strong Union element in the population, which only awaits a properly opportunity to exhibit itself.

THE REMOVAL OF FREMONT.

On 3d November General Fremont received an unconditional order from Washington, relieving him at once from his command. The intelligence spread like wild-fire through the camps, and created indescribable excitement. General Fremont spent much of the time expostulating with the officers and men, urging them by their patriotism and their personal regard for him to abandon their posts. He also issued the following address to the troops:

HEAD-QUARTERS, WESTERN DEPARTMENT,
SPRINGFIELD, MO., *Nov. 3, 1861.*

SOLDIERS OF THE MISSISSIPPI ARMY!—Agreeably to orders received this day I take leave of you. A hostile army has been of sudden growth, we have grown up together, and I know the peculiar wile of its brave and generous spirits which you bring to the defense of your country, and which makes me anticipate for you a brilliant career. Continue as you have begun, and give to my successor the same cordial and enthusiastic support which you have encouraged me. Emulate the splendid example which you have already before you, and let me remain, as I am, proud of the noble army which I have been for a short time honored to lead.

Soldiers! I regret to leave you. Most sincerely I thank you for the regard and confidence you have invariably shown me. Indeed I feel sorry to leave you before the war is over, and before the victory which you are just about to win; but I shall claim the right to share with you in the joy of every triumph, and trust always to be personally remembered by you. JOHN C. FREMONT.

Major-General.

On 5th General Hunter issued his first address to headquarters at Springfield, announcing his assumption of the command of the army, and reviewing the movements of the divisions and brigades to report to him at once.

General Fremont left the day before for St. Louis with his body-guard.

THE BATTLE OF BELMONT.

There was a battle at Belmont, Missouri, opposite Columbus, on 7th. An expedition numbering about 3200 men, and including the Twenty-seventh Illinois regiment, Colonel Smith, and Thirty-first Illinois Regiments, the Seventh Iowa Regiment, Taylor's Chicago Artillery, Dollman's and Delano's Cavalry, proceeded down the river on steamboats, accompanied by the gun-boats *Tyler* and *Lexington*. It landed on Thursday morning, and made the attack on the rebels, three thousand strong. About 11 o'clock the engagement strongly interested, and being so much superior in numbers, made a strong movement to flank us. We were driven out of their camp, which was destroyed, and their battery, consisting of twelve pieces, was captured, and all the guns being brought away. Their camp and baggage were destroyed, their tents were struck and burned. Quite a large number of them were taken prisoners. The object of the expedition having been accomplished, the National forces were retiring to their boats when they were attacked reinforcements from Columbus, on the opposite side of the river, and were compelled to fight their way to places, which continued until our forces were all withdrawn. The loss in killed on the rebel side must be very large indeed. How much the rebels suffered in this respect is not known with certainty, but the number is estimated at 1500. We, in killed, wounded, and missing, are estimated at three to five hundred—probably the latter number. The expedition was commanded by Generals Grant and McClernand.

STATE ELECTIONS.

The New York Municipal Election took place on 5th, and resulted in the success of the People's Union ticket. The vote in the city was not passed off quietly, and the vote is probably about one-half what it was last year.

The Massachusetts election for Governor took place on 5th, resulted in the re-election of Governor Andrew, and a strong Republican Legislature. The vote throughout the State was remarkably small—probably not more than one-half of the full vote.

The Maryland State Election took place on 6th, and resulted in the overwhelming triumph of the Union party.

THE NEW STATE OF KANAWHA.

The ordinance for dividing the old Commonwealth of Virginia, and forming a new State out of the western part of the Alleghany mountains, has been adopted by the voters by a majority of 18,408 votes. It now goes before Congress, and a new Convention, the members of which have just been chosen, will assemble at Wheeling on 26th inst., to ratify the action of the people. The new State will be called Kanawha, and will contain a population of two hundred and eighty-two thousand, and will elect eight thousand slaves.

THE STORM AT HATTERAS.

The storm of 1st November at Hatteras Inlet was very severe, and the recent high tides and northeast gales flowed the space outside the fort; and, as a new channel is forming between the fort, it is apprehended that they may wash away the fort entirely, and render the position of the Twentieth Indiana regiment had been landed from the U. S. *Spaulding* and the steamer *Adelaide*, and were met with tremendous severity, and it was washed away, together with many of the tents.

Colonel Hawkins, who commands at Hatteras, arrived in Washington on Sunday, and reported the nature of affair protecting their position from such heavy gales as had at Friday and Saturday, and proceeded to Fortress Monroe. It appears that, in addition to the destruction of Government property, the encampment of portion of the Twentieth Indiana regiment were drowned in the breakers during the storm.

It is decided to strengthen the garrison at Hatteras.

PERSONAL.

A correspondent of the *Cincinnati Gazette* states that Mr. Brockinridge has received the reward for his services in the shape of a commission as Major-General, and that he is now in the rebel army at Bowling Green.

Mr. KOSSUTH, the Hungarian, the ex-Governor and ex-member of Parliament, of England, has been admitted to practice in the United States Supreme Court.

Colonel Mulligan, who was captured by the rebels at Lexington, Missouri, was in Richmond on 7th inst.

Major Doubleday, of Fort Sumter fame, is now an assistant of Brigadier-General Casey, in the Provisional Army of the Potomac, and is in charge of the artillery brigade of the Reserve on the Virginia side of the Potomac.

The foundation for the rumor that Beauregard had resigned his command in the rebel army may perhaps be found in the fact that he has been appointed to Charleston, in view of the possibility of an attempt to capture that place by the national forces.

General Tom Thumb, who is at present making the tour of the Canadas, had a narrow escape from serious injury at St. Catherines on the 4th inst. The carriage in which he was going from his hotel to the railway station capsized in consequence of the axle breaking, and the General was thrown out. Several of his suite were severely injured, but he received only slight bruises.

FOREIGN NEWS.

ENGLAND.

THE BLOCKADE NOT TO BE INTERFERED WITH.

A correspondence has been taken place between the British Secretary for Foreign Affairs and a Mr. Hayman, a prominent merchant of Liverpool, on the subject of the blockade. The mercantile interlocutor represents himself as one of a number of persons who are anxious to trade to the Southern ports; and desires to know what protection they are to receive from British Government in running a blockade they regard as illegal. Earl Russell assures him they will receive no protection whatever; that they will be violating obvious principles of international law, and that the British Government will certainly have them to suffer all the penalties of their offence.

FRANCE.

PRINCE NAPOLEON FOR THE UNION.

Unofficial communications from loyal citizens of the United States, residing in Paris and London, say that in Paris, and in the provinces of all France, and declared that the insurrection can not prevail, and other letters say that secession is out of fashion, if not unpopular in France.

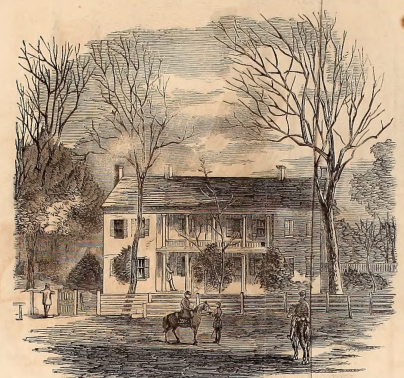
CAPTURE OF A REBEL PICKET NEAR SHREVE'S FARM, VIRGINIA.—SKETCHED BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST.—[SEE PAGE 747.]

DEPARTURE OF TROOPS FOR PORT TOBACCO.

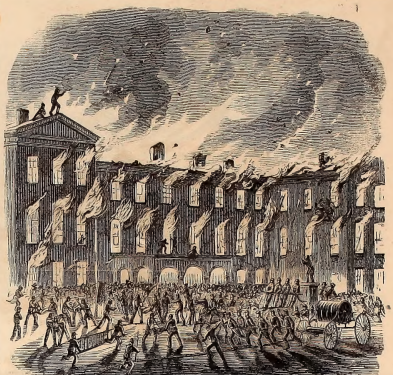
OUR special artist with the army of the Potomac happened the other day to be present at one of the mysterious movements which are taking place daily in General M'Clellan's army; viz., the departure of reinforcements for General Sickles's Brigade at Port Tobacco on Sunday morning, November 3. He sketched the scene, and we reproduce it on this page. The troops represented are the New Hampshire Fifth, the Rhode Island Fourth, and the Pennsylvania Forty-fifth. They had previously been encamped at Camp Union, near Bladensburg. They are a fine body of men, and will doubtless do good service on the Lower Potomac when the right time comes.

We are assuming the offensive on the Lower Potomac, and have heavy batteries erected in positions which command the rebel batteries. These troops are sent down to support the gunners, and perhaps when the right time comes they may pay Aquia Creek a visit one of these days. The river is now thoroughly commanded by our batteries.

DEPARTURE OF TROOPS FROM CAMP UNION, AT BLADENSBURG, MARYLAND, TO JOIN SICKLES'S BRIGADE AT PORT TOBACCO, NOV. 3.—[SKETCHED BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST.]



HEAD-QUARTERS AT CAMP DICK ROBINSON, NEAR BRYANTSVILLE, KENTUCKY.
[SKETCHED BY MR. ALFRED E. MATTHEWS.]



BURNING OF THE GOVERNMENT HOSPITAL IN E STREET, WASHINGTON, NOVEMBER 4—RESCUE OF THE SICK AND WOUNDED.—[SKETCHED BY OUR SPECIAL CORRESPONDENT.]

THE WAR IN KENTUCKY.

WE publish on this page two illustrations of the WAR IN KENTUCKY, from sketches sent us by Mr. Alfred E. Matthews. He writes as follows:

CAMP DICK ROBINSON, KENTUCKY, *Nov. 1*, 1861.

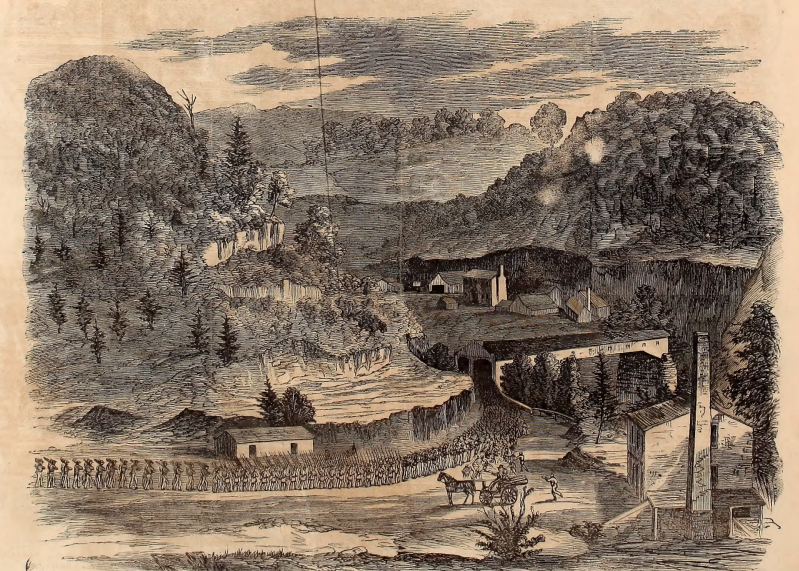
Herewith I send you two sketches of the campaign in Kentucky. One represents the Ohio Thirty-first Regiment crossing the Kentucky River at Boone's Knob. Additional interest is given to this locality from the fact that it is a prominent place in the life of Daniel Boone. It was here he escaped from the Indians, who were pursuing him down the river in canoes, by paddling up a small creek near the knob on the left. He secreted himself in this knob five days. From this circumstance it is called "Boone's Knob." It stands isolated from the other bluffs, and at that time, the river being very high, was entirely surrounded by water, so that he paddled round it in his canoe. The other sketch is Dick Robinson's House, which is head-quarters at CAMP DICK ROBINSON.

BURNING OF A MILITARY HOSPITAL.

ON this page we illustrate the DESTRUCTION BY FIRE OF THE MILITARY HOSPITAL in E Street, Washington, which took place on 4th inst. The sketch was taken by our special artist correspondent, who happened to be there at the time. The Washington *Star* thus relates the affair:

This morning, at a very early hour, the E Street Hospital, better known as the Washington Infirmary, was discovered to be on fire. It contained at the time from ninety to one hundred sick and wounded soldiers, and a considerable number of other Government patients. The fire is believed to have originated in a defective flue from the furnace, which was located in the cellar under the addition which projected from the centre of the main building in the rear. The rooms of the Sisters of Charity were in this addition—over the furnace—and the three medical cadets had a room on the floor above. The rooms of the Sisters were filled with smoke about half an hour after midnight, and the Sister Superior first gave the alarm. They had barely time to hurry on their clothing and escape, leaving every thing but the clothing they had on in the burning building. Their cries brought in the guard, and soon the alarm became general. Doctors Rodman, Hutchins, and Allen, the cadets above alluded to, lost all their personal effects, with the exception of the clothing which they hurriedly put on to leave the burning building. The Metropolitan police were soon upon the ground, and ran through the house arousing all the inmates; and about this time the scene was awful in the extreme.

All of the sick and wounded able to rise wrapped the bed-clothing around them and escaped from the building, and the shrieks of those unable to do so were terribly piercing, and thrilled the hearts of all who heard them. The citizens present, the officers of the institution, and the Metropolitan police were all active in rescuing the weaker patients, who had to be taken up bodily and brought through the smoke and flames to a place of safety. Some were carried to the City Hall, some to the school-house on Judiciary Square (a hospital for some time past), some to the former quarters of Griffin's battery, some to Old Trinity Church on Fifth Street, and many to private residences in the neighborhood. It is believed by the officers of the institution that all the patients were rescued. An aged woman, named Mrs. Hussey, who was sent to the infirmary some time since by the Commissioner of Public Buildings, has been missing, but has since been found.



THE THIRTY-FIRST REGIMENT OHIO VOLUNTEERS (COLONEL WALKER) CROSSING THE KENTUCKY RIVER AT BOONE'S KNOB, OCTOBER 2, 1861.
[SKETCHED BY MR. ALFRED E. MATTHEWS.]

The bold soldier boy
Hail to the Chief
THE GIRL I LEFT BEHIND M
GLORY HALLELUJAH

THE WAR.

[Entered according to Act of Congress, in the Year 1861, by Harper & Brothers, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Southern District of New York.]

A STRANGE STORY.

By SIR E. BULWER LYTTON.

☞ Printed from the Manuscript and early Proof-sheets purchased by the Proprietors of "Harper's Weekly."

CHAPTER XXXIX.

The manuscript was written in a small and peculiar handwriting, which, though evidently by the same person whose letter to Strahan I had read, was neither from haste nor some imperfection in the ink, much more hard to decipher. Those parts of the memoir which related to experiments, or alleged secrets in nature, that the writer intimated a desire to submit exclusively to scholars or men of science, were in Latin—and Latin which, though grammatically correct, was frequently obscure. But all that detained the eye and attention on the page necessarily served to impress the contents more deeply on remembrance.

The narrative commenced with the writer's sketch of his childhood. Both his parents had died before he attained his seventh year. The orphan had been sent by his guardians to a private school, and his holidays had been passed at Derval Court. Here his earliest reminiscences were those of the quaint old room in which I now sat, and of his childish wonder at the inscription in the chimney-piece—who and what was the Simon Forman who had there found a refuge from persecution? Of what nature were the studies he had cultivated, and the discoveries he boasted to have made?

When he was thirteen Philip Derval had begun to read the many mystic books which the library contained, but without other result on his mind than the sentiment of disappointment and disgust. The impressions produced on the credulous imagination of childhood vanished. He went to the University—was sent abroad to travel; and on his return took that place in the circles of London which is so readily conceded to a young idler of birth and fortune. He passed quickly over the period of his life as one of extravagance and dissipation, from which he was first drawn by the attachment for his cousin to which his letter to Strahan referred. Disappointed in the hopes which that affection had conceived, and his fortune impaired, partly by some years of reckless profusion, and partly by the pecuniary sacrifices at which he had effected his cousin's marriage with another, he retired to Derval Court, to live there in solitude and seclusion. On searching for some old title-deeds required for a mortgage, he chanced upon a collection of manuscript much disordered, and in part eaten away by moth or damp. These, on examination, proved to be the writings of Forman. They were the chronological observations and predictions of what were upon the nature of the Cabala—upon the invocation of spirits and the magic of the Dark Ages. He had a certain interest, for they were interspersed with personal remarks, anecdotes of eminent actors in a very stirring time, and were composed as Colloquies, in imitation of Erasmus; the second person in the dialogue being Sir Miles Derval, the patron and pupil; the first person being Forman, the philosopher and expounder.

But along with these shadowy lucubrations were treatises of a more uncommon and a more startling character; discussions on various occult laws of nature, and detailed accounts of analytical experiments. These opened a new, and what seemed to Sir Philip a practical field of inquiry—a true border land between natural science and imaginative speculation. Sir Philip had cultivated philosophical science at the University; he resumed the study, and tested himself the truth of various experiments suggested by Forman. Some, to his surprise, proved successful—some wholly failed. These lucubrations first tempted the writer of the memoir toward the studies in which the remainder of his life had been consumed. But he spoke of the lucubrations themselves as valuable only where suggestive of some truths which Forman had accidentally approached without being aware of their true nature and importance. They were debased by absurd puerilities, and vitiated by the vain and presumptuous ignorance which characterized the astrology of the Middle Ages. For these reasons the writer intimated his intention (if he lived to return to England) to destroy Forman's manuscripts, together with sundry other books, and a few commentaries of his own on those studies which had for a while misled him—all now deposited in the safes of the room in which I sat.

After some years passed in the retirement of Derval Court, Sir Philip was seized with the desire to travel, and the taste he had imbibed for occult studies led him westward to those Eastern lands in which they took their origin, and still retain their professors.

Several pages of the manuscript were now occupied with minute statements of the writer's earlier disappointment in the objects of his single research. The so-called magicians, accessible to the curiosity of European travelers, were either but ingenious jugglers, or produced effects that perplexed him by practices they had mechanically learned, not of the rationale of which they were as ignorant as himself. It was not till he had resided some considerable time in the East, and enjoyed a familiar knowledge of its current languages and the social habits of its various populations, that he became acquainted with men in whom he recognized certain cultivators of the love which tradition ascribes to the colleges and priesthoods of the ancient world men generally living remote from cities, and seldom to be bribed by money to exhibit their marvels or divulge their secrets. In his intercourse with these sages Sir Philip arrived at the conviction that there does exist an art of magic, distinct from the guile of the conjuror, and applying to certain hitherto concealed powers in nature a philosophy akin to that which we receive in our acknowledged schools, inasmuch as it is equally based upon experiment, and produces from definite causes definite results. In support of this startling proposition, Sir Philip now detailed, from time to time, the steps in the detail of various experiments, to the process and result of which he pledged his guarantee as the moral operator. A few of these I shall select—experiments appeared to me wholly inexplicable, and as all of them were unfamiliar to my practical experience, and to which I have not as yet satisfied by tests that would require no inconsiderable amount of time and care, I passed, with little heed, the pages on which they were recorded. What I was impatient to arrive at that part of the manuscript which might throw light on the mystery to which my visitor had alluded. What were the links which connected the existence of Margrave with the history of Sir Philip Derval? This knowledge, even after page, I tardily forward the end of the volume, came upon a name that arrested all my attention—Haroun of Aleppo.

He—he who has read this narrative—will to me in my trance may well conceive the thrill that shot through my heart when I came upon that name, and will readily understand how much more vividly my memory retains that part of the manuscript to which I now proceed than all which had gone before.

"It was," says Sir Philip, "in an obscure suburb of Aleppo that I at length met with the wonderful man from whom I have acquired a knowledge immeasurably more profound and occult than that which may be tested in the experiments to which I have devoted so large a share of this narrative. Haroun of Aleppo had, indeed, mastered every secret in nature which the nobler, or the meaner, magic seeks to fathom.

"He had discovered the Elixir of Life, which had hitherto baffled the subtlest anatomist:—provided only that the great organs were not irremediably destroyed, there was no disease that he could not cure; no decrepitude to which he could not restore vigor; yet his science was based on principles so simple that expounded by the best professional practitioners of medicine—viz., that the true art of healing is to assist Nature in her own efforts—that the physician, as it were, the whole system to eject the enemy that has fastened on a part. And thus, his processes, though sometimes apparently in the means employed, all combined in this—viz., the reinvigorating and recruiting of the principle of life."

No one knew the birth or origin of Haroun; no one knew his age. In outward appearance he was in the prime of life—that of mature manhood. But according to testimonies in which the writer of the memoir expressed a belief that, I need scarcely say—so ridiculously and grossly credulous, Haroun's existence under the same name, and known by the same repute, could be traced back to the days of the Crusades. He told Sir Philip that he had thrice renewed his own life, and had resolved to do so no more—he had grown weary of living on. With all his gifts, Haroun owned himself to be consumed by a profound melancholy. He complained that there was something wanting to his happiness as a possessor; he had tired out all the affections and all the passions of the human heart; he was in the universe as in a solitude. In a word, Haroun would often repeat, with mournful solemnity, "The soul is not meant to inhabit this earth, and in fleshly tabernacle, for more than the period usually assigned to mortals; and when by art in repairing the walls of the body we so retain it, the soul pines and frets within, or rejected. He only," said Haroun, "would feel continued joy in continued existence who could preserve in perfection the sensual part of man, with such mind or reason as may be independent of the spiritual essence, but whom soul itself has quitted! Man, in short, as the grandest of the animals, but without the sublime discontent of earth, which is the peculiar attribute of soul."

One evening Sir Philip was surprised to find at Haroun's house another European. He paused in his narrative to describe this man. He said that for three or four years previously he had himself foregone the study in the cultivators of magic of an Orientalized Englishman engaged in researches similar to his own, and to whom he ascribed a fuller knowledge in those branches of the art which, even in the East, are condemned as instrumental to evil. Sir Philip here distinguished at length, as he had so briefly distinguished in his conversation with me, between the two kinds of magic—that which he alleged to be apart from sin as any other sciences of experimental knowledge, and that by which the agencies of witchcraft are invoked for the purposes of guilt.

The Englishman, to whom the culture of this latter and darker kind of magic was ascribed, Sir Philip Derval had never hitherto come across. He now met him at the house of Haroun; described, enacted, bowed down with infirmities, and racked with pain. Though little more than sixty, his aspect was that of extreme old age, but still on his face there were seen the ruins of a once singular beauty, and still in his mind there was a force that contrasted the decay of the body. Sir Philip had never met with an intellect more powerful and more corrupt. The son of a nonconformist minister, heir to immense wealth, and endowed with the talents which justify ambition, he had entered upon life burdened with the odium of his father's name. A deity, to which he had been provoked by an ungenerous taunt on his origin, but in which a temperament fiercely sensual had led him to violate the usages prescribed by the social laws that regulate such encounters, had subjected him to a trial in which the jury convicted either by a flaw in the technicalities of legal procedure or by the compassion of the jury,* but the moral presumptions against him were sufficiently strong to set an indelible brand on his honor, and an insurmountable barrier to the hopes which his early ambition had fixed in the career. After this trial he had quitted his country to return to it no more. Thenceforth much of his life had been passed out of the circumference of civilized men, in remote regions and among barbarous tribes. At intervals, however, he had reappeared in European cities, dissipated by and shunning his equals, surrounded by parasites, among whom were always to be found men of considerable learning, but whose powers were paralyzed by the influences of his wealth. For the last nine or ten years he had settled in Persia, purchased extensive lands, maintained the retinue, and exercised much of the power of an Oriental prince. Such was the man who, prematurely worn out, and assured by physicians that he had not six weeks of life, had come to Aleppo with the gaudy escort of an Eastern satrap, had caused himself to be borne in his litter to the head-hut of Haroun of Aleppo, and now called on the magician, in whose art was his last hope, to reprieve him from the—grave.

He turned to Sir Philip when the latter entered the room, and exclaimed in English, "I am here because you are. Your intimacy with this man is known to me. I took your character as the guarantee of his own. Tell me that I am no credulous dupe. Tell him that I, Louis Gordon, am not a credulous dupe. Tell me of his wisdom; assure him of my wealth."

Sir Philip looked inquiringly at Haroun, who remained seated on his carpet in profound silence.

"What is it you ask of Haroun?"

"To live as I live—to be every year of

* The reader will here observe a discrepancy between Mrs. Poyntz's account and Sir Philip Derval's narrative. According to Mrs. Poyntz's story he was tried in Italy for a murder committed in England, and sentenced to three years' imprisonment, which his flight enabled him to evade. According to the latter, he was tried and acquitted, and obtained a verdict of acquittal. Sir Philip's account must, at least, be nearer the truth, for Mrs. Poyntz's informant, Mrs. Gryste could not, according to English law, have been tried on a capital charge without the presence of the body. The whole history on a woman generally does tell a story—save to the practiced lawyer, who can detect the assertion of fact—unconsciously perhaps to herself—the Woman of the World would give facts in her narrative so as to save the personal dignity of the hero, who has captivated her interest, and from the moment of a great crime, but the debasing position of a prisoner at the bar. Allen Ewelick, no doubt, purposely or unconsciously, misrepresented effective statements, or to unmask'ert on the mistake of Mrs. Poyntz's. But the world absorbs Mrs. Poyntz's. It is consistent with some of the objects for which Sir Philip Derval has left his manuscript, to invite the reader to draw his own inference from the conflicting accounts. Mrs. Poyntz's most commonplace matter (and how much more in any tale of wonder!), a fact stated by one person, and denied by another, is contradicted by another. The rapidity with which a truth becomes distorted in passing from the mouth of one to travels from lip to lip, is illustrated by an assessment at the time among the Italians, that the assassination was the party of eight or ten persons, let one whisper to another an apparently trivial circumstance—the assertion of leaving or going visiting to absent persons, dead or alive; let the person who hear this person whisper to another, and let us exactly as he can remember what he has just heard, to the next person, and so on from one to neighbor, and so on, till the tale has run the round of the party. Each narrator, as each hearer, is perfectly honest, and yet the most important feature of the whole narrative is altogether unheard—unwritten. Is human altogether wrong, purposely absurd, has been added. At the close of the experiment one is tempted to exclaim, "How, after this, can any of those pictures of history which the chronicler has left us be relied on?" But, above all, does not every particle of scandal which has passed, not through the lips, but only through the thoughts of Howard, John, has reached us, become quite as perplexing to him who would get at the truth, as the assertions are to the bewildered reason of Fenwick the Skeptic?

life he can give me I will load these floors with gold."

"Gold will not tempt Haroun."

"What will?"

"Ask him yourself; you speak his language."

"I have asked him; he vouchsafes me no answer."

Haroun here suddenly roused himself as from a reverie. He drew from under his robe a small vial, from which he let fall a single drop into a cup of water, and said, "Drink this. Send to me to-morrow for such medicaments as I may prescribe. Return hither yourself in three days; rest before I resume."

When Grayle was gone, Sir Philip, moved to pity, asked Haroun if indeed it were within the compass of his art to preserve life in a frame that appeared so thoroughly exhausted. Haroun answered, "A fever may so waste the lamp of life that one pulse more gust of air could extinguish the flame, yet the sick man recovers. I think sick man's existence has been one long fever; this sick man can recover."

"You will aid him to do so?"

"Three days hence I will tell you."

On the third day Grayle revisited Haroun, and, at Haroun's request, Sir Philip came also. Grayle declared that he had already derived unspeakable relief from the remedies administered; he was lavish, in the profusion of gratitude, promised large gifts on Haroun, and seemed gained when they were refused. This time Haroun conversed freely, drawing forth Grayle's own irregular, perverted, stormy, but powerful intellect.

I can best convey the general nature of Grayle's share in the dialogue between himself, Haroun, and Derval—recorded in the narrative in words which I can remember in my memory in repeat in detail—by stating the effect it produced on my own mind. It seemed, while I read, as if there passed before me the convulsions of Nature—a storm, an earthquake. Outcries of rage, of scorn, of despair; a despot's vehemence of will; a rebel's defiance of authority. Eye, ear and mouth, some swell of lofty thought, some burst of passionate genius—abrupt variations from the vaunt of superb defiance to the wail of intense remorse.

The whole had in it, I know not what, of uncouth but colossal—like the chant, in the old Pictet records, of one of those mythical giants, who, proud of descent from Night and Chaos, had held sway over the elements, while still rude and intelligent to be overthrown under the rocks, upheaved in their struggle, as Order and Harmony subjected a brightening Creation to the milder influences personified and throned in Olympus. But it was not till the later passages of the dialogue in which my interest was now absorbed that I could distinctly trace how the latter response lost a gloomy pathos, not the less impressive for the awe with which it was mingled. Grayle, when it seemed to me that in that tempestuous nature there were still broken glimpses of starry light; that a character originally lofty, though undue and fierce, had been embittered by early and continuous war with the social world, and had in that war become animated and distorted by the under happier circumstances, its fiery strength might have been disciplined to good; that even now, where remorse was so evidently poignant, evil could not be irredeemably confirmed.

At length all the dreary compassion previously inspired vanished in one unqualified abhorrence.

The subjects discussed changed from those which, relating to the common world of men, were within the scope of my reason. Haroun led his wild guest to boast of his own proficiency in magic, and, despite my incredulity, I could not overcome the shudder with which I heard, however extravagant, that deal with that dark Unknown abandoned to the chimeras of poets, and, at night and in solitude, we imagine to be the veins of men the least accessible to imaginary terrors.

Grayle spoke of the power he had exercised through the agency of evil spirits—a power to fascinate and to destroy. He spoke of the aid revealed to him by the love for Isa, which, if still alive, could afford, not only to a private revenge, but to a kingly ambition. He had acquired the knowledge he declared himself to possess from the fetishes of the deserts which he had explored, and from

lengthen the term of the Pestilence, or profane the secrets of Nature to restore vigor and youth to the failing energies of Crime?"

Grayle, as if stunned by the rebuke, fell on his knees with despairing entreaties that strangely contrasted his previous arrogance. "And it was," he said, "because his life had been evil that he dreaded death. If life could be renewed he would repent, he would change; he retracted his vaunts, he would forsake the arts he had boasted, he would re-enter the world as its benefactor."

"So ever the wicked man lies to himself when appalled by the shadow of death," answered Haroun. "But know, by the remorse which preys on thy soul, that it is not thy soul that addresses this prayer to me. Couldst thou hear, through the storms of the Mind, the Soul's melancholy whisper, it would dissuade thee from a wish to live on." While I speak I behold it, that SOUL Sad for the stains on its essence, awed by the account it must render, but dreading, as the direst calamity, a renewal of years below—darker stains and yet heavier accounts! Whatever the sentence it may now undergo, it has no hope for mercy in the remorse which the mind vainly struggles to quell. But darker its doom if longer retained in earth, yoked to the mind that corrupts it, and enslaved to the senses which thou bidst me restore to their tyrannous forces."

And Grayle bowed his head and covered his face with his hands in silence and in trembling.

Then Sir Philip, seized with compassion, pleaded for him. "At least could not the soul have longer time on earth for repentance?"

And while Sir Philip was so pleading Grayle had prostrated his brow in the dust of death. When he recovered his head was leaning on Haroun's knee, and his opening eyes fixed on the glittering vial which Haroun held, and from which his lips had been moistened.

"Wondrous!" he murmured; "how I feel life flowing back to me. And that, then, is the elixir! it is no fable!"

His hands stretched greedily as to seize the vial, and he cried, imploringly, "More, more!" Haroun replaced the vessel in the folds of his robe, and answered:

"I will not renew thy youth, but I will release thee from bodily suffering; I will leave the mind and the soul free from the pangs of the flesh, to reconcile, if yet possible, their long war. Myself I may afford the morsel yet for repentance; seek in that interval to atone for the evil of sixty years; apply thy wealth where it may most compensate for injury done, most relieve the indigent, and most aid the virtuous. Listen to thy remorse. Humble thyself in prayer."

Grayle departed, sighing heavily, and muttering to himself.

The next day Haroun summoned Sir Philip Derval, and said to him:

"Depart to Damascus. In that city the Pestilence has appeared. Go thither thou, to heart and to wise. In this casket are stored the surest antidotes to the poison of the plague. Of that essence, undiluted and pure, which tempts to the undue prolongation of soul in the prison of flesh, this casket contains not a drop. I curse not my friend with so mournful a boon. Thou hast learned enough of the art to know by what samples the health of the temperate is easily restored to its balance, and their path to the grave smoothed from pain. Not more should Man covet from Nature for the solace and weal of the body. Nobler gifts far than aught for the body this casket contains. Herein are the essences which quicken the life of those duplicate senses that lie dormant and coiled in their chrysalis web, awaiting the wings of a future development—the senses by which we can see, though not with the eye, and hear, but not by the ear. Herein are the links between Man's mind and Nature's; herein are secrets more precious even than these—those extracts of light which enable the Soul to distinguish itself from the Mind, and discriminate the spiritual life, not more from life carnal than life intellectual. Where thou seest some noble intellect, studious of Nature, intent upon Truth, yet ignoring the fact that all animal life has a mind, and Man alone on the earth owns a soul, and has asked, from the hour his step trod the Earth and his eye sought the Heaven, 'Have I not a soul—can it perish?'—there, such aids to the soul, in the immense vision vouchsafed to the mind, thou mayst lawfully use. But the treasures contained in this casket are like all which a mortal can win from the master he explores—good or ill in their uses as they pass to the hands of the good or the evil. Thou wilt never confide them but to those who will not abuse; and even then, thou art an adept too versed in the mysteries of Nature not to discriminate between the powers that may serve the good to good ends, and the powers that may tempt the good—where less wise than experience has made them and me—to the ends that are evil; and not even to thy friend, the most virtuous—if less proof against passion than thou and I may become—will thou confide such contents of the casket as may work on the fancy, to defraud on the conscience and imperil the soul."

Sir Philip took the casket, and with it directions for use, which he did not detail. He then spoke to Haroun about Louis Grayle, who had inspired him with a mingled sentiment of admiration and abhorrence, of pity and terror. And Haroun answered. Repeating thus the words avoided to him, as far as the case runs, in regard to them—as to all else in this marvelous narrative—to a memory habitually tenacious even in ordinary matters, and strengthened to an almost extent of its power by the strangeness of the ideas presented to it, and the intensity of my personal interest in whatever admitted a ray into that cloud which, gathering fast over my reason, now threatened storm to my affections:

"When the natural deliverance of man himself or the spirits of evil, he surrenders the citadel of his being to the guard of its enemies; and those who look from without can only dimly guess what passes within the precincts abandoned to Powers whose very nature we shrink to contemplate, lest our mere gaze should invite them. This man, whom thou priest, is not yet everlastingly consigned to the fiends, because his soul still struggles against them. His life has been one long war between his intellect, which is mighty, and his spirit, which is feeble. The intellect, armed and winged by the passions, has benefited and spoiled the soul: but the soul has never ceased to repine and to repent. And at moments it has gained its inherent ascendency, persuaded revenge to drop the prey it had seized, turned the mind astray from hatred and wrath into unwonted paths of charity and love. In the long dissect of guilt there have been spots and fountains of good. The fiends have occupied the intellect which invoked them, but they have never yet thoroughly subdued the soul which their presence appalls. In the struggle that now passes within that breast, amidst the flickers of wrong mortality, only Allah, whose eye never slumbers, can aid."

Haroun then continued, in words yet more strange and yet more deeply graved in my memory:

"There have been men (thou mayst have known such) who, after an illness in which life itself seemed suspended, have arisen, as out of a sleep, with characters wholly changed. Before, perhaps gentle and good, and youthful, they now become bitter, malignant, and false. To the persons and the things they had before loved they evince repugnance and loathing. Sometimes this change is so marked and irrational that their kindred ascribe it to madness. Nor in madness which affects them in the ordinary business of life, but that which turns into harshness and discord the moral harmony that results from natures whole and complete. But there are dervishes who hold that in that illness, which had for its time the likeness of death, the soul itself has passed away, and an evil genius has fixed itself into the body and the brain, thus left void of their former tenant, and animates them in the unaccountable change from the past to the present existence. Such mysteries have formed no part of my studies. I tell you the conjecture received in the East without hazarding a comment whether of incredulity or belief. But if, in this war between the mind which the fiends have seized and the soul which implores refuge of Allah; if, while the mind of your traveler now covets life lengthened on earth for the enjoyment it had perverted its faculties to seek and to find in sin, and covets so eagerly that it would shrink from no crime, and revolt from no fraud, that could promote the gift—the now shudderingly implores to be saved from new guilt, and would rather abide by the judgment of Allah on the sins that have darkened it than pass forever irredeemably away to the demons: if this be so, what if the soul's petition be heard? —what if it rise from the mind around it?—what if the ruins be left to the witchcraft that seeks to rebuild them? There, if demons might enter, that which they could not gain by the mortal consultation of man, might unhallowed reminiscences gather all the arts and the charms of the sorcery by which fiends tempted, the soul, below expelled, through the passions of flesh and the cravings of mind: the Thing, thus devoid of a soul, would be diabolically perfect in cunning, doubtless, but an instrument that of itself could not design, invent, and complete. The demons themselves could but work permanent hell on the perishable materials. They might enter it for some gloomy end which Allah permits in his inscrutable wisdom; but could not, save in the trace where they pass from it, because there is no conscience where soul is waiting. The human animal without mind, but endowed with personality, might in its mere vital organization, might ravage and destroy, as the tiger and the serpent may destroy and ravage, but could not after, would pass away in the sunlight harmless and rejoicing, because, like the serpent and the tiger, it is incapable of remorse."

"Why startle my wonder," said Derval, "with so fantastic an image?"

"Because, possibly, the image may come into palpable form." I know, while I speak to thee, that this miserable man is calling to his aid the evil sorcery over which he boasts his control. To gain that knowledge he must pass through a crime. Sorcery whispers to him how to pass through it, secure from the detection of man. The soul struggles, but is weak against the tyranny of the mind to which it has submitted so long. Question me no more. But if I vanish from thy sight, if I seem hear that I am dead within, to my sorrow and in my foolishness I have failed to recognize as the merciful minister of Allah, I commend me at last to flee from the earth, believe that the Pale Visitant was welcome, and that I humbly accept as a blessed release from the poor human bondage. To Sir Philip went to Damascus. There he found the pestilence raging—there he devoted himself to the cure of the sufferers—no single instance —so, at least, he declared—did the antidotes stored in the casket fail in their effect. The pestilence stayed its pace, and predominance were exhausted, when the news reached him that Haroun was no more. The sage had been found, one morning, lifeless in his solitary home, and, according to popular rumor, marks on his throat betrayed the murderous hand of the strangler. Simultaneously Louis Grayle had disappeared from the city, and was supposed to have shared the fate of Haroun, and been secretly buried by the assassins who had deprived him of life. Sir Philip hastened to Aleppo. There he ascertained that on the night in which Haroun died Grayle did not disappear alone; with him were also missing two of his numerous suite—the one, an Arab woman, named Ayesha, who had for some years been his constant companion, his pupil and associate in the mystic practices to which his intellect had been debased, and who was said to have acquired a singular influence over him, partly by her beauty, and partly by the tenderness with which she had nursed him through his long decline; the other, an Indian, specially assigned to her service, of whom all the wild retainers of Grayle spoke with detestation and terror. He was believed by them to belong to that murderous sect of fanatics whose existence as a community has only recently been made known to Europe, and who strangle their unsuspecting victim in the firm belief that they thereby propitiate the favor of the goddess they serve. The current report in Aleppo was that if these two persons had conspired to murder Haroun, perhaps for the sake of the treasures he was said to possess, it was still more certain that they had made away with their own English lord, whether for the sake of the jewels he wore about him, or for the effect of treasons and doubtful than those imputed to Haroun—and of which the hiding-place would to them be much better known. "I did not share that opinion," wrote the narrator; "for I assured myself that Ayesha sincerely loved her awful master; and that love need excite no wonder, for Louis Grayle was one whom if a woman, and especially a woman of the East, had once loved, before old age and infirmity fell on him, she would love and cherish still more devotedly when it became her task to protect the being who, in his day of power and command, had exalted his slave into the rank of his pupil and companion. And the Indian whom Grayle had assigned to her service was allowed to have that brute kind of fidelity which, though it recoils from no crime for a master, refuses all crime against him.

"I came to the conclusion that Haroun had been murdered by order of Louis Grayle, for the sake of the elixir of life—murdered by Zema the Strangler; and that Grayle himself had been aided in his flight from Aleppo, and tended, through the effects of the life-giving drug thus murderously obtained, by the womanly love of the Arab woman Ayesha. These convictions (since I could not, without ridiculous and the wildest of dupes, even hint at the vital elixir) I failed to impress on the Eastern officials, or even to communicate to the people whom I chanced to find at Aleppo. They only arrived at what seemed the common-sense verdict—viz., Haroun might have been strangled, he might have died in a fit (the body, little examined, was buried long before I came to Aleppo); Louis Grayle was murdered by his own ruffianly dependents. But all trace of the fugitives was lost.

"And now," wrote Sir Philip, "I will state by what means I discovered that Louis Grayle still lived—changed from age into youth; a new form, a new being; realizing, I verily believe, the image which Haroun's words had raised up, in what then seemed to me the metaphysics of romance—a disembodied, without consciousness of crime; the dreadest of the mere animal races, an incarnation of the blind powers of Nature—beautiful and gorgeous, wanton, and innocent, and destroying! Such as ancient myths have personified in the idols of Oriental creeds; such as Nature, of herself, might form man in the moments of favor, if man were wholly the animal, and spirit were no longer the essential distinction between human and brute! The race to which I appeal for information and subtler perceptions he would still be the king.

"But the being is yet more dire and portentous than the mere animal man; for in him are not only the fragmentary memories of a pristine intelligence restored to no mind, unaided by the presence of soul, could have originally compassed, but amidst that intelligence are the secrets of the magic which is learned from the sly agencies of spirits to our race the most hostile. And who shall say whether the fiends do not enter at their will this void and open mansion, now that the soul has departed, and use as their tools, passive and unconscious, all the faculties which, skillful as sorcery, still place a Mind at the control of their malice?

"It was in the interest excited in me by the strange and unique fate that befell an Armenian family with which I was staying a year after the murder of Haroun for the sake of the elixir of youth.

"In this Armenian family there were three daughters, and one son—

I had just read thus far when a dim Shadow fell over the page, and a cold air seemed to breathe on my cheek. I—a man who had long halted in my veins as if suddenly frozen! Involuntarily I started and looked up, sure that some ghastly presence stood in the room. And then, on the opposite side of the wall, I beheld an unsubstantial likeness of a human form. Shadow I call it; but the word is not strictly correct, for it was luminous, though with a pale shine. In some exhibition in London there is shown a colored appearance of a human being: at the end of a corridor you see, apparently in strong light, a human skull. You are convinced it is there as by your approach it grows, you only a reflection from a skull at a distance. The image before me was less vivid, less seemingly permanent, than is the likeness of a skull. I was not deceived. I felt it was a spectrum, a phantasm, but I felt no less surely that it was a reflection from an animate form—the mind and the face of Margrave: it was there, distinct, unmistakable. Conceiving that he himself must be behind me, I sought to rise, to turn round, to examine. I could not move; limb and muscle were overmastered by some incomprehensible and dreadful power; my senses forsook me—I became unconscious as well as motionless. When I recovered I heard the clock strike Three. I must have been nearly two hours insensible; the candles before me were burning low; my eyes rested on the table; the dead man's manuscript was gone!

"WHEN HE RECOVERED HIS HEAD WAS LEANING ON HAROUN'S KNEE," ETC.

CAPTURE OF A REBEL PICKET.

On page 740 we publish an illustration of the CAPTURE OF A REBEL PICKET by our troops near Fall's Church. The Washington *Star* thus describes the affair:

General Butterfield dispatched Brigade Quarter-master Norton with ten wagons and escort of fifty men, to Forty-fourth to Shreve's farm, four miles northwest of Fall's Church and west of the Leesburg Pike, to obtain forage. A short distance north of Falls church they captured a rebel picket, who had left his post to forage for whisky. Captain Norton at once sent him to head-quarters, though he learned from the prisoner that the rebel pickets were stationed not far back of Shreve's place. Captain Norton judiciously pushed his men up to attack, but he successfully accomplished the purpose of his expedition without encountering rebel pickets.

The prisoner's name is C. B. Bell, a private of Company E, Captain Reeves, Sixth Regiment Louisiana Volunteers, commanded by Colonel Seymour, editor of the New Orleans *Commercial Bulletin*. The regiment is a part of General Walker's Louisiana Brigade. He states that around Centreville is one continuous camp of Confederate troops, Beauregard was at Centreville, his head-quarters being but half a mile from the village. A new regiment of cavalry from North Carolina had just arrived.

VIEW OF THE MOUNTAIN REGION (THE SEAT OF WAR) IN WESTERN VIRGINIA, FROM THE SUMMIT OF LIMESTONE MOUNTAIN.

THURLOW WEED, ESQ.—PHOTOGRAPHED BY BRADY.—[SEE PAGE 761.]

THE NORTHERN LIGHTS.

THEY shone like lightning overhead,
They flashed along from shore to shore,
The bright reflection of their red
Crimsoned the streets of Baltimore;
And men who saw, serene and clear,
Their progress through the heavenly heights,
Made the world ring with cheer on cheer,
Crying, "Behold the Northern Lights!"

They shone on Ellsworth's murdered form;
They gilded Lyon's far-off grave;
Where Baker's army met the storm,
They smiled a blessing on the brave.
While Winona turned her head in shame
To feel her secret thoughts laid bare,
The patriot hailed the sacred flame
That nerved his heart against despair.

Men of the North! fresh courage take;
Fear not to meet a little loss;
Ere long our Northern Lights shall break
The clouds around the Southern Cross.
Our banner floats above us yet,
And treason o'er it in darkness fights;
Not yet our star of hope is set,
Not yet are quenched our Northern Lights.

We will not stop to reckon all
The vacant chairs—twice needless pain—
Of those who at Columbia's call
Joined to have hot of freedom's slain.
From every grave wherein they lie
Shall one day burst a victor song;
The Northern Lights are in the sky,
And all the land shall smile ere long!

S. J. A.

LOVE AND DUTY.

"Is that your fixed determination?"

"I am a Virginian, Helen, and can adopt no other!"

Then listen to me, Randolph Wyvil! I, too, a daughter of the dear old Bay State—God bless it!—which has shed its first blood in this dreadful quarrel, have my sense of right and duty, and, Heaven helping me, will act up to it! And loving you as I have, and as I do, I tell you I will never, never be your wife!"

"Helen!"

"I mean it! I am no heroine—nothing but a girl who must be infinitely wiser and better; but this I am sure of, that you are wrong—desperately, wickedly wrong in this matter. You, a soldier, an officer in your country's service, to desert her in her time of need, and, not content with that, to strike at her life by joining this ceaseless and detestable rebellion! I want words to express my horror of it!"

"You use words which I can hardly listen to with patience, and which I would never breed from a man's mouth! I repudiate the idea of allegiance to a miserable crew of abolitionists and fanatics who have behaved with the blackest dissimulation and treachery—who are not fit to rule over a people every way superior to those they hope to subjugate!"

"The discussion is worse than unprofitable, and I despair of changing your opinion. But it must separate us, and forever."

"Why?"

"I have told you already."

The listener gnashed his teeth.

"When we lay this accursed city in ashes," he said, "you may think differently! Be wise in time and accompany me to a Southern home."

"If your vain boast were to be accomplished—and so sure as I live I believe the sun will never shine on its fulfillment—I would rather be dead in my coffin than be the wife of any man who had sided in it."

"They have provoked it! They have invaded us! How can you deny it, or justify them? Would you have me a traitor to the soil I was born on?"

"I would have you loyal to your oath and country, not to a miserable misguided section of it. We differ irreconcilably and had better part."

"You have said you love me, Helen, yet you break out on me thus!"

"Your act, not mine, cancels it! May God forgive you! I pray for your safety and pardon night and day, but—but—I can not do what is wrong before Heaven and my own soul!" And Helen Grant burst into a paroxysm of sobs, weeping and hiding her face with her hands, like the woman she was.

Randolph Wyvil threw his arms about her, and would have improved his opportunity and her supposed weakness. But out of that kind of weakness came a woman's strength. She put him off almost with violence, dashed the tears from her eyes, and confronted him with a look more passionately resolute than he had ever beheld in her good, sweet face.

"I am a fool," she said, "I know, to let you see this, but I suppose I don't change my resolution. My heart shall be broken before my word."

Wyvil both loved and hated her at that moment. Perhaps one passion is only the other turned inside out.

"Helen!" he cried, "there is no woman on earth who shall be more dearly worshiped in the innermost core of man's heart than you by me if you become my wife. I can respect your convictions, mistaken as you are about our Southern institutions and about this war, which can have but one ending, for Yankees will run like dogs before Southern gentlemen, sudden!"

Helen interrupted him vehemently, her face flushing. "Spare your insults," she said, "and recollect that *I am a Yankee!*"

He took his rebuke with an ill grace, but apologized. "Forgive me, Helen," he replied; "and for Heaven's sake do not persist in casting away the happiness of both our lives for a miserable fanatical idea."

"That idea is DUTY, Randolph. By no means so romantic a word as love, but one which I have been taught in regard to be our sure foundation of happiness, if not in this world, in the next. May we meet there if divided here!"

"Amen to that. But must we part in this?"

"If you persist in your determination."

He took her hand, and looked long, earnestly beseechingly into her countenance. She loved him very dearly despite his faults, and innumerable tender recollections of past happiness crowded into her mind, all pleading in his behalf, and endeavoring to sap the strength of her resolution. In vain! He might read sorrow there and affection, but, above all, an intense, high-souled conviction of Right, and a determination to abide by it at whatever cost or suffering.

Then an unworthy thought took possession of him. "You have ceased to love me. You will wed another," he said.

She released her hand, and an expression of sweet, sad reproach came into her face. With her upper lip slightly, very slightly curved, she answered, simply: "I think you had better go, Randolph."

It was a thousand times more effective than any stronger or more elaborate condemnation. Goaded, however, to further injustice by the sense of having already committed it, he continued:

"Will you promise to be no other man's wife than mine, Helen?"

"You have no right to exact any such promise, and I shall not give it."

Captain Wyvil burst out into something like an execration. "Farewell, then," he said; "like all of your sex, you have been the Juggernaut of this before which every thing must be crushed, which is incapable of reason or consideration. I will not bow to it—no, not even to-day! Go and make Havelocks and scrape lint for your ill——d Yankees, for by Heaven they will need the latter!" And without further word or leave-taking he flung himself out of the apartment.

And what did Helen? She has avowed herself no heroine: never to the world-wide end will she one. Instead of being stung into high-spirited resentment at his taunts, and indignantly dismissing him forever from her memory, she sank dreadfully pale, pressed her hands to her heart as if to quiet its beatings, bowed down her head, and presently wept long and bitterly over the last hour would have. She was that Juggernaut idea of Duty, objurgated by Captain Wyvil, not an easily-worshiped deity.

What time that officer rode across the Long Bridge over the Potomac into that Virginia, the claims of which he considered superior to those of honor, Helen Grant sat motionless in the Old Dollar House, which art in Heaven, beseeching Him to forgive preserve him, and to turn his heart. Two days afterward she read of his having joined the Southern army.

Three months have passed and a memorable Sunday in July has come—a day which will be remembered in history less in connection with its equally tragic and ludicrous accompaniments as the one event necessary to arouse a great people to the full extent of the grave and tremendous responsibility they had undertaken. We are at Centreville, eight miles from Bull Run, within an hour of midnight.

It is a close, rainy night, succeeding a sweltering day. There is a heavy, thunderous boom of cannon in the air, almost continuous, insomuch that the rain-drops seem to be heavily jarred and shaken by the concussion, to the ground, which has been trodden into a miry quagmire by hosts of living feet, and is strewn with the wasted waste of clothing, knapsacks, and other appurtenances of a soldier. The murky blackness brooding over the woods is here and there relieved by the reflection of a distant conflagration, and portentously lightened at intervals by the glare of rockets. The occasional rattle of musketry, the hoarse shouts of sentries, the roll of drums, the cries of men calling to one another, the shrill neighing of horses, mingled with many unintelligible sounds of marching, blending into one, are heard ominously in the direction of the recent battle. The main body of the defeated army of that word is approaching in disorder. The mere panic—have swept by, onward to Fairfax Court House, followed by its pursuers. We stand in the Little Old Dollar House church of Centreville, occupied by the Confederates, as a sanity guard at the door, posted by a rebel officer, intimates. It has been hastily converted into a hospital, where Helen Grant and foe, tended by a handful of heroic surgeons, who prefer certain capture, possible death, to a selfish abandonment of the duty of humanity. With them is one solitary woman, a self-appointed hospital nurse.

She grew up and fro in that house of pain, amidst shrieks and groans and sickening sights such as might appall the heart of woman or man, with a hunched chest but a steadfast purpose, quietly performing the duties assigned to her. The good surgeons know her, and have almost ceased to wonder at her nerve and heroism.

One of them demands her assistance. It is in behalf of an officer sorely wounded by a bayonet-thrust in his side, from which ghastly orifice the blood is welling in dark-red jets. He wears the uniform of a Southern regiment, and the straps on his shoulders indicate the rank of Colonel. Enfeebled by pain and loss of blood he yet preserves his consciousness, and his eyes meet those of the hospital nurse. And with a scream that rings loud above all other sounds of human agony around, and penetrates the brain like a knife, Helen Grant recognizes Randolph Wyvil. At that moment she has sprung to his side, and her white face bends over and touches his.

"Helen!"

"Randolph!"

They said no more, but a silence as intense as full of meaning supplied the place of words. It was broken by Wyvil.

"Thank God we have met!" he said, "though thus. I shall die with less regret now."

"Die! Is there no hope?"

"I think not; I am bleeding too much."

He smiled faintly, and turning on his unwounded side with difficulty, so as to look her in the face, took both of her hands in his. In accordance with the agonized entreaty expressed in Helen's countenance, the surgeon carefully examined his wound. Wyvil eyed him closely, and read sentence of death in his grave aspect.

"Dearest, it is better so!" he said, as Helen sank stricken at her heart, beside him whose fastebbing life she would willingly have ransomed with her own. "I have been foolish—headstrong—embarrassing throughout. I know it now; and death may explain treason. You were right—you always are right—but I did not think so then; only of late I have awakened to the truth. If I had had the courage to act on my convictions, I should have been in the opposite ranks to-day. I could not fight for that cause any more, nor live shamed and dishonored. Tell me you forgive me for my brutality at our last parting, and let us pray we may meet in heaven!"

"Oh, may He grant it! *My* forgiveness you need not ask; I have loved you and prayed for you always!"

Randolph's face lighted up with a smile of inexpressible gratitude and affection, almost triumphant in its fervency, and he raised his arm and feebly embraced her.

"Put your face closer; I shall not see it long. Do you know you are about to make a glorious adherence to one idea—the idea of Duty—and calling it a Juggernaut? Well, it is I who have been the worshiper of a senseless idol, and you the priest who has offered up your heart before I could see it. Love me, and I want you to know it, and to tell others. With a dying man's clearer vision I have insight into their mad, cruel ends; their emptiness, ambition, and selfishness; the horrible folly and crime in which the whole land is involved. I thought I fought for freedom and for Old Virginia: I have raised an impious hand against both. I know my error now: I see it in the light of death."

Helen's passionate, burning words of sympathy and consolation need not be recorded. What pen could do justice to them?

"This will be a cruel war—a cruel war!" Randolph said; "but I see the end of it. Ha! what noise is that?" and a flash of temporary animation shaking him, he rose on his pillow, still holding her, and listening.

A confused clamor without; a rush of horses and men; a shout and splash of the hoofs of the former on the miry ground; the jangle of accoutrements; oaths, shouts, outcries, and muskets-shots; the ruin of the door, the surgeons gather hastily together, and one of their number quits the building, waving the green sash which he wears as an officer of the day, in the hope that its recognition will secure the safety of the inmates.

"Take mine, dearest!" cries Randolph to Helen, as he tears the sash from his wounded shoulder, seeing his flimsy eyes, which the hand of death is fast glazing. "Bind it around you! it may protect you. I know what is coming!"

A crash of musketry and pistol-shots pouring into the shattered windows interrupts further speech. Helen, overpowered, amidst shrieks of pain, outcries, and expostulations, answered by wild yells, savage oaths, and more savage laughter. When the edifying whirl of smoke that filled the building had passed away Helen Grant lay dead on the lifeless breast which would fain have shielded her, a score of bullets having torn through the faithful heart that had sacrificed Love on the altar of Duty, to bury themselves in the already mangled body of Randolph Wyvil.

And, exulting in their devilish work, the rebels rode off into the rain and darkness.

THE TALE HE TOLD THE MARINES.

"SOME time ago," said Jenkyns to three officers of marines with whom he was sitting smoking cheroots, "I was staying with Sir George P——, the governor of Gibraltar. Great number of people there—all kinds of amusements going on. Driving, riding, fishing, shooting, every thing in short. The governor's daughter, Miss Grace, was also a companion in these expeditions, and I was considerably struck with her. For she was a girl to break any man's heart, she could dance like Terpsichore, she could run like Diana, she walked like Juno, and she looked like Venus. I've even seen her smoke.

"Ah! she was a stunner: you should have heard that girl whistle, and laugh—you should have heard her laugh. She was truly a delightful companion. We rode together, drove together, fished together, walked together, danced together, sang together; I called her Fanny, and she called me Tom. All this could have but one termination, you know. I fell in love with her, and determined to take the first opportunity of proposing. So one day, when we were out together fishing on the lake, I went down on my knees among the gudgeons, seized her hand, pressed it to my waistcoat, and in burning accents entreated her to become my wife.

"'Don't be a fool!' she said. 'Now drop it, do! and put me a fish on my worm.'

"'Oh! Fanny,' I exclaimed; 'don't talk about worms when marriage is in question. Only say—'

"'I will—when you've done it it now,' she replied, angrily, 'if you don't drop it I'll pitch you out of the boat.'

"Gentlemen," said Jenkyns, with strong emotion, "I did not drop it; and I give you my word of honor, with a sudden shove she sent me flying into the water; then seizing the sculls, with a stroke or two she got several yards between us, and burst into a fit of laughter that fortunately prevented her from going any further. I swam up and climbed into the boat. 'Jenkyns,' said I to myself, 'revenge! revenge!' I disguised my feelings. I laughed—hideous mockery of mirth—I laughed. Failed to the bank, went to the house, and changed my clothes. When I appeared at the dinner-table I perceived that every one had been informed of my ducking—universal laughter greeted me. During dinner Fanny repeatedly whispered to her neighbor, and glanced at me. Smothered laughter invariably followed. Revenge,' said I, 'revenge!' The opportunity soon offered. There was to be a balloon ascent from the lawn, and Fanny had incautiously let her mother bring her second with the aeronaut. I instantly took my plans; bribed the aeronaut to plead illness at the moment of departure, and made the ascent myself, learned from him the management of the balloon, though I understood that pretty well before, and calmly waited the result. Fanny arrived. The weather was fine. The balloon was inflated. Fanny was in the car. Every thing was ready, when the aeronaut suddenly fainted. He was carried into the house, and Sir George accompanied him to see that he was properly attended to. Fanny was in despair.

"'Am I to lose my air expedition?' she exclaimed, looking over the side of the car; 'some one understands all the management of this thing, surely? Nobody! Tom,' she called out to me, 'you understand it, don't you?'

"'Perfectly,' I answered.

"'Come along then!' she cried, 'I'm quick; before papa comes back.'

"The cords in general endeavored to dissuade her from her project, but of course in vain. After a decent show of hesitation I climbed into the car. The balloon was cast off, and quickly sailed heavenward. There was scarcely a breath of wind, and we rose almost straight up. We rose above the house, and she laughed, and said,

"'How jolly!'

"We were higher than the highest trees and she smiled, and said it was very kind of me to come with her. We were so high that the people below looked mere specks, and she hoped that I thoroughly understood the management of the balloon. How was my time.

"'Oh, I understand you quite up to part,' I answered; 'we come down in not so easy,' and I whistled.

"'What do you mean?' she cried.

"'Why, when you want to go up faster you throw some sand overboard,' I replied, suiting the action to the word.

"'Don't be foolish, Tom,' she said, trying to appear quite calm and indifferent, but trembling unmistakably.

"'Foolish!' I said. 'Oh, dear no! but whether I go along the ground or up in the air I like to go the pace, and so do you, Fanny, you know. Go it, you cripples!' and over went another sand-bag.

"'Why, you're mad, surely,' she whispered in utter terror, and tried to reach the bags, but I kept her back.

"'Only with love, my dear,' I answered, smiling pleasantly upon my wife love for me. Oh, Fanny, I adore you! Say you will be my wife!'

"'I gave you an answer the other day,' she replied; 'now which I should have thought you would have remembered,' she added, laughing a little, notwithstanding her terror.

"'I cannot take it perfectly,' I answered, 'but I intend to have a different reply to that. You see those five sand-bags; I shall ask you five times to become my wife. Every time you refuse me I shall throw over a sand-bag—so, lady fair, as the cabmen would say, reconsider your decision, and consent to become my wife, Jenkyns.'

"'I won't!' she said; 'I never will! and, let me tell you, that you are acting in a very ungenerous way indeed, Mr. Jenkyns.'

"'You acted in a very ladylike way the other day, did you not,' I rejoined, 'when you knocked me out of the boat?' She laughed again, for she was a plucky girl, and no mistake—a very plucky girl.

"'However,' I went on, 'it's no good arguing about it—will you promise to give me your hand?'

"Never!' she answered. 'I'll go to Uras Major first, though I've got big enough here to do it all conscience. Stay! you'd prefer Aquarius, wouldn't you?'

"She looked so pretty that I was almost inclined to let her off (I was only trying to frighten her, of course—I knew how high we could go safely well enough to carry two), but recollection is one of the strong points of my character, and when I've begun a thing I like to carry it through. I threw over another sand-bag, and whistled the Dead March in Saul.

"'Come, Mr. Jenkyns,' she said, suddenly, 'come, Tom, let us descend now, and I'll promise to say nothing whatever about all this.'

"I continued the execution of the Dead March.

"'But if you do not begin the descent at once I'll tell papa the moment I set foot on the ground.'

"I laughed, seized another bag, and, looking steadily at her, said:

"'Will you promise to give me your hand?'

"'I've answered you already,' was the reply.

"Over went the sand, and the solemn notes of the Dead March resounded through the car.

"'I thought you were a gentleman,' said Fanny, rising up in a terrible rage from the bottom of the car, where she had been sitting, and locking perfectly beautiful in her wrath; 'I thought you were a gentleman, but I find I was mistaken: why a chimney-sweeper would not treat a lady in such a way. Do you know that you are risking your own life as well as mine by your madness?'

"I explained that I adored her so much that to die in her company would be perfect bliss, so that I begged she would not consider my feelings at all. She dashed her beautiful hair from her face, and standing perfectly erect, looking like the Goddess of Anger or Destruction—if you can fancy that personage in a balloon—she said:

"'I command you to begin the descent this instant!'

"The Dead March, whistled in a manner essentially gay and lively, was the only response. After a few minutes' silence, I took up another bag, and said:

"'We are getting rather high; if you do not decide soon we shall have Mercury coming to tell us that we are trespassing—will you promise me your hand?'

She sat in sulky silence in the bottom of the car. I threw over the sand. Then she tried another plan. Throwing herself upon her knees, and imploring me, she said:

"'Oh, forgive me for what I did the other day! It was very wrong, and I am very sorry. Take me home, and I will be a sister to you.'

"'Not a wife?' said I.

"'I can't! I can't!' she answered.

"Over went the fourth bag, and I began to think she would beat me after all; for I did not like the idea of going much higher. I would not give in just yet, however. I whistled for a few moments, to give her time for reflection, and then said:

"'Fanny, they say that marriages are made in Heaven—if you do not take care, ours will be solemnized there.'

"I took up the fifth bag.

"'Come,' I said, 'my wife in life, or my companion in death! Which is it to be?' and I patted the sand-bag in a cheerful manner. She hid her face in her hands, and did not answer. I nursed the bag in my arms, as if it had been a baby.

"'Come, Fanny, give me your promise!'

"I could see her sobs. In the most softhearted creature breathing, and would not pain any living thing, and, I confess, she had beaten me. I hesitated at the ducking: I forgave her for rejecting me. I was on the point of dinging the bag back into the car, and saying: 'Dearest Fanny, forgive me for frightening you. Marry whom soever you will. Give your lovely hand to the lowest groom in your stables—endow with your priceless love the Chief of the Ranks—and his Indians. Whatever happens, Jenkyns is your slave —your dog—your footstool. His duty, henceforth, is to go whithersoever you shall order—to do whatever you shall command.' I was just on the point of saying this, I repeat, when Fanny suddenly looked up, and said, with a quorish expression upon her face:

"'You need not throw that last bag over. I promise to give you my hand.'

"'With all your heart?' I asked, quickly.

"'With all my heart,' she answered, with the same strange look.

"I tossed the bag into the bottom of the car and opened the valve. The balloon descended.

"'Gentlemen,'" said Jenkyns, rising from his seat in the most solemn manner, and stretching out his hand, as if he were going to take an oath; "gentlemen, will you believe it? When we had reached the ground, and the balloon had been given over to its recovered master—when I had helped Fanny herself to the earth, and turned toward her to receive anew the promise of her affection and her hand—will you believe it?—she gave me a box on the ear that upset me against the car, and running to her father, who at that moment came up, she related to him and the assembled company that I had called my disgraceful conduct in the balloon, and ended by informing me that all of her hand that I was likely to get had been already bestowed upon my ear, which she assured me had been given with all her heart.

"'You villain!' said Sir George, advancing toward me with a horse-whip in his hand. 'You villain! I've a good mind to break this over your back!'

"Sir George,' said I, 'villain and Jenkyns must never be coupled in the same sentence; and as for the breaking of this whip, I'll relieve you of the trouble,' and, snatching it from his hand, I broke it in two, and threw the pieces on the ground. 'And now I shall have the honor of wishing you a good-morning. Miss P——, I forgive you.' And I retired.

"Now I ask you whether any specimen of female treachery equal to that has ever come within your experience, and whether any excuse can be made for such conduct?"

THURLOW WEED, ESQ.

ON page 740 we publish a portrait of THURLOW WEED, Esq., from a photograph by Brady—the first ever taken of him. Very few public men of the day are so well known, or so justly entitled to esteem and honor, as Thurlow Weed.

Born, in 1797, at Catskill, New York, he commenced life as a cabin-boy on board a North River sloop; then became "devil" and 'prentice in a printing-office; then, at sixteen, drummer in the army during the war of 1812. His vocation, however, was the press, not the army; and at the close of the war we find him printing and editing a paper in Onondaga County, and afterward in Chenango. His journals do not seem to have succeeded; for at intervals he reappears as a printer, first in New York and then in Albany. We may mention here that, in 1817, he worked at the same press with the senior member of the firm of Harper and Brothers, in the employ of Jonathan Seymour, of this city. His first active connection with politics is said to have been during the canvass which preceded the election of John Quincy Adams; he became still more prominent in the anti-masonic war, in 1826-'27, and during part of this time conducted a journal in Rochester in the interest of the anti-masons.

In the year 1830 the Albany *Evening Journal* was established, and Mr. Weed became its editor. With a brief interval three or four years since, Mr. Weed has ever since edited that influential sheet, and its consequence and power have been mainly derived from his personal influence and sagacity. It is not too much to say that ever since 1835, for a period of twenty-five years, Mr. Weed's strength in this State has been greater than that of any other man. This power he has owed partly to his intuitive knowledge of character and sagacity, and partly to the general public conviction—which, however assailed, has never been shaken—that he is a pure man, and has no other ruling motive than a desire to promote the good of the country. He has invariably refused to share the spoils of political victory. For a short term, a quarter of a century since, he was State printer, but refused a reappointment; and in early youth he served three terms in the State Legislature. With these exceptions he has never accepted office, though there are few places in the gift of either the Government or the people which he might not have held. It is not understood that he is rich, though he has had ample opportunities of amassing money. He has left that, as well as the rewards of office, to hungrier politicians, and has contented himself with the more substantial prize of political power.

The services rendered by Mr. Weed to the Government since the election of Mr. Lincoln have been great. His influence in raising the movement of troops and the purchase of supplies has been untiring. He has really been "the State" in this part of the country, from which the troops have come and drawn no pay. It was he who, with the aid of detectives, discovered the plot which was to have brought Mr. Lincoln secretly to the capital, close in Baltimore in February last, and who frustrated the plot by the famous night-journey through Baltimore. What Mr. Weed has been instructed with General Scott, during the terrible days of March and April last, will never be known until the secret history of that eventful time comes to be written.

Mr. Weed left this port on Saturday last for Europe. He leaves himself in the gross on private business; the public, however, will be apt to suspect that his private business concerns the public interest. If the suspicion be correct, we may feel assured that our country will suffer no mischance in his hands. Few men in the country are such true patriots as Thurlow Weed.

REBEL BATTERIES ON THE POTOMAC.

On page 742 we publish two pictures of the Rebel BATTERIES ON THE POTOMAC, from sketches from an occasional correspondent with the Potomac flotilla. One represents the batteries at Evansport; the sketch was taken from the mouth of Chicamocon Creek, directly opposite: the other is Budd's Ferry, on the Maryland shore, directly opposite the batteries, where our troops now are. The *Herald* correspondent thus speaks of the rebel batteries on the Potomac:

The batteries, as far as they are known to exist, and without counting such as may remain unknown, now begin at Occoquan's Neck, that into extending four miles, to Claiborne creek, and thence to Quantico, a line of eight miles to Aquia creek, where, as is well known, another line of batteries begins, extending to Potomac creek, a distance of six and three-quarter miles. From Potomac creek to Falmouth is a distance of fifteen miles in a straight line, or, following the curve of the shore, seventeen miles. From the former point, on the Virginia side, is a chain of earth-works, but no guns are believed to be mounted. Some distance above Falmouth, with the division of Phelps's chain this morning, and have not been guessed at. With regard to the batteries, I have seen them, and more than once near feeling them to some purpose. Going up the Potomac, especially from Occoquan's Neck to Potomac creek, with a probable gap between, for which I could not learn to prevent communication, a line of batteries of nearly twenty miles is clearly made out; and that without taking into account the space between Potomac creek and Mathias Point, or calculating on the strong probability of masked batteries between Freestone's Neck and Freestone Point, in the opposite direction.

COLONEL DOUGHERTY,

OF THE TWENTY-SECOND ILLINOIS REGIMENT.

We publish on page 741, from a sketch by Mr. Bill Travis, a portrait of the gallant COLONEL DOUGHERTY, who was taken prisoner at the battle at Belmont, Missouri, on the 7th inst. Colonel Henry Dougherty was born in Wilmington, North Carolina, Aug. 15, 1827. In 1833 his father emigrated to Carlyle, Clinton County, Illinois, where, shortly after their arrival, both of his parents died; so, when only eight years of age, he was left an orphan, to provide for and protect himself. He remained on a farm until sixteen years of age, when, having a passion for adventure, he joined a Rocky Mountain Fur Company, and remained with them one year. On his return to St. Louis he enlisted as a private in the First United States Dragoons, Captain Bergain: went to Oregon, and joined Colonel Steptoe's command. In the spring of 1816 he went to New Mexico with the same company, and served through the whole Mexican war, under the command of Generals Scott, Taylor, and Harney. He was in nine different battles—viz., Kenyardo, Lambutla, Taos, Brasito (on the Rio Grande), Sacramento, Buena Vista, and at the taking of the City of Mexico.

A little incident which occurred at the battle of Taos will illustrate his character. He was severely wounded in the leg from a rifle-ball, fell from his horse, and tried to get off. He no longer ran, about four hundred yards off, but he became faint and blind. Surgeon Simpson came to his support and carried him to the hospital, dressed his wound, and laid him upon a cot. At this time another of his company was brought in wounded, and while the doctor was looking after him, Colonel D. (then a private), receiving somewhat, slipped out at the rear end of the tent, mounted his horse, and galloped to the hottest of the battle. Smarting from his wound, he fought like a madman till the fight was over, when he returned to the hospital, entirely exhausted, he received a severe reprimand from the doctor, who knew nothing of his absence. When asked why he did so, he only replied, "The fight was not over yet, and I thought it my duty to go and do my part." It was three weeks before he left his cot again. At this time he was only nineteen years of age.

At the close of the war he sailed from Vera Cruz for New Orleans, and was wrecked at Brazos Santiago. He then returned again to New Mexico, and joined Colonel Sumner's command against the Navijo and Apache Indians. On receiving his discharge he returned to Carlyle, in 1852. In 1855 he married, and since then has resided on his farm at Carlyle. At the call of President Lincoln he raised a company, but failed to get accepted. He then joined Captain Johnson's company as a private, was elected lieutenant, and at the election of regimental officers was unanimously elected Colonel.

Colonel Dougherty stands full six feet high, is finely proportioned, an agreeable companion, perfectly unassuming, strictly temperate and religious, being a member of the Methodist Episcopal Church.

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which alone make the package sell rapidly. In addition to these articles, we give with each package a
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WORTH DOUBLE THE PRICE
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HARPER'S WEEKLY.

A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION.

VOL. V.—No. 257.] NEW YORK, SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 30, 1861. [SINGLE COPIES SIX CENTS. $2 50 PER YEAR IN ADVANCE.

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the Year 1861, by Harper & Brothers, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Southern District of New York.

MAJOR-GENERAL HALLECK, U.S.A., COMMANDING OUR ARMY IN MISSOURI.—FROM A PHOTOGRAPH.—[SEE NEXT PAGE.]

MAJOR-GEN. HALLECK, U. S. A.

ON the preceding page we publish a portrait of the new Commander in Missouri, MAJOR-GENERAL HALLECK, United States Army, from a photograph kindly furnished us by Mrs. Halleck.

Major-General Henry Wager Halleck was born on Long Island, New York, about the year 1818, and graduated at West Point in the class of 1839. He stood second in his class, Brigadier-General Stevens, of Oregon, now in command of a brigade at Beaufort, South Carolina, alone outranking him. On the 1st of July, 1839, he received a commission as Second Lieutenant of Engineers, and remained at the Academy as Professor for a year.

In 1840 he published a military work on "Bitumen and its Uses," etc. In January, 1845, he was appointed First Lieutenant; and during that year he was ordered, by the committee of the Lowell Institute, at Boston, to deliver one of the regular courses of lectures—the subject being "Military Science and Art." These lectures he compiled into a neat volume during the following year, adding thereto a lengthy introduction on the "Justifiableness of War." The work contains much valuable elementary instruction, as well as abundance of historical illustration, and is written with marked ability. In 1847 he was brevetted Captain for gallant conduct in affairs with the enemy on the 19th and 20th days of November, 1847, and for meritorious services in California. He was Secretary of State of the province of California, under the military governments of Generals Kearney, Mason, and Riley, from 1847 to the end of 1849. He was chief of the staff to Commodore Shubrick in the naval and military operations on the Pacific coast in 1847 and 1848, and was a member of the Convention in 1849 to form, and of the Committee to draft, the Constitution of the State of California. In July, 1853, he was appointed Captain of Engineers, and resigned August 1, 1854.

Independent of his military capacity, General Halleck is ranked as an able lawyer, in all branches of his appointment, being the principal partner in the law firm of Halleck, Billings, & Co., of San Francisco. He left his lucrative business and took up arms in defence of the cause of the Government of the United States, and was created by Congress a Major-General of the Army, his commission bearing date August 19, 1861. He is, with good authority, reputed to be a very wealthy man and a good soldier.

He has just published a most important work on "International Law," the fruit of fifteen years' study.

The country expects great things of General Halleck. His past record and his physiognomy encourage the belief that these expectations will not be disappointed.

HARPER'S WEEKLY

SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 30, 1861.

THE PROSPECT.

THE arrest of the rebel ex-Senators Mason and Slidell fills the cup of the perplexities of the traitors. Upon the success of the efforts of those experienced politicians the last hope of the insurgents depended. From the first they admitted that they were incapable of coping with the North; but they relied on the power of King Cotton, and felt certain that Great Britain and France would help them by breaking the blockade. Seven months of actual warfare without European interference have somewhat shaken that conviction; but still it was hoped that the consummate address of Mason and Slidell would verify the predictions of the authors of the rebellion. The capture of these worthies overturns the scheme, and annihilates the rebel hopes at a blow.

In truth, as we remarked in a recent number, the hand of a just Providence has been heavily laid, of late, upon the wicked wretches who have tried to destroy our Government.

The published correspondence between Secretary Memminger and the cotton planters shows that the latter are grievously straitened for want of a market for their produce; those who reflect upon the wants of a slave-holding planter will readily realize how imperious his necessities are, how intolerable the rent which rendered his condition. Governor Pickens's Message affords further evidence of the suffering of the rebels. Refugees all agree in stating that the distress which prevails at New Orleans, Mobile, and other cities which were formerly centres of Southern activity and industry, is without precedent in history. Every branch and description of business is paralyzed, and thousands of people are fed daily at New Orleans by a State charity. The strength of the South is now its weakness: the people who have grown rich by using the labor of 4,000,000 of human beings without paying them for it, are now impoverished by the necessity of feeding and clothing those four millions without getting any return for their outlay. The merchant has no business to transact; the shipowner can get no ships to sea; the planter can not sell his produce; the laborer can not obtain work; all classes are suffering acutely from the want of articles of prime necessity—woolen cloths, leather, boots, needles, drugs, tools of all kinds, and the thousand and one articles for which the shiftless South has always been dependent on the industrious North. In a military aspect the South has been ground steadily ever since the battle of Bull Run. Our fortifications at Washington are now impregnable, and the hope of taking that city is lost forever. Maryland is now firmly secured to the Union, and we garrison Accomac County, Virginia. Kentucky has cast her lot with the North: Zollicoffer has abandoned the all-important position of Cumberland Gap, and it seems doubtful now whether all the forces of Tennessee will save Buckner from the fate of Williams. The rebels have been fairly expelled from the soil of Missouri. The defeat of Lyon and the capture of Lexington have proved barren victories, which have cost the rebels men and money, and have had the same results as would have ensued from defeats. On the coast we hold Hatteras, which puts an end to privateering; we hold Port Royal, the best sea-port on the Atlantic coast; we hold Fort Pickens, and will soon be in possession of Pensacola: our blockade is as nearly perfect as any blockade can be. Every privateer sent to sea by the insurgents has either been taken or wrecked; our fleet suffers a safety through the Gulf of Mexico as they did before the war. On every side we see the same evidences of decay of rebel strength and defeat of rebel schemes.

On the other hand, the Union has during the past summer been slowly gathering up its strength for the fight, and the result is one of which an American citizen may well be proud. The United States army will number 575,000 men under arms, including the regiments not yet sent forward from their States. They have over 300 ships of every known kind at sea and in the various dock-yards and navy-yards—enough to blockade every creek from the capes of the Chesapeake to the Rio Grande. And—what is still more important—the country is ready money to pay their soldiers and sailors and to carry on the war. The Associated Banks of New York, Philadelphia, and Boston have already lent the Government a loan of $150,000,000, another sum of $250,000,000 will be forthcoming on 1st January; besides which the people have taken and hold in circulation $13,000,000 of United States Notes, a legal-tender issue, which is convertible into the amount daily. All this has been done without any panic or trouble in the money market; there has been no dinger of any suspension of specie payments, or forced issues of paper money; and there is no prospect of any thing of the kind. Our foreign relations are steadily improving. In April last, Europe was convulsed at "the republican bubble had burst." Now every Court in Europe is satisfied that the Republic is strong enough to maintain itself against all comers, and the Foreign Minister of any power would warn a British subjects against infringing our blockade. There is no fear now that Europe will interfere with the suppression of the rebellion.

We have, since last year, conquered Missouri, Kentucky, and Maryland; we have rendered Washington safe beyond all hazard; we have occupied two important sea-ports on the rebel coast; we have driven the rebel chief of the mob which flocked to the defense of the country when the war broke out; we have got rid of incompetent officers, and have put our soldiers at the head of our troops; we have created a navy; we have, in a word, developed in this country a military and naval strength equal, if not superior, to that of any Power, incidentally superior to that of any other nation in the world.

We are now commencing our work. The past has been experimental merely. We are now going to see how long it will take millions of people, without industry, without money, without military resources, and with the distracting element of three and a half millions of natural enemies among them, and under the deliberately gathered strength of twenty-one millions of people, who have emphatically staked their lives, their fortunes, and their sacred honor on the suppression of the rebellion and the maintenance of their united nationality. Every day now we shall be making history.

THE LOUNGER.

JOHN BULL

A FRIEND just from England says that he met very few Englishmen who were not in full sympathy with the rebellion in this country; and yet not one of them thought that in any case England would or should interfere. The persons he saw were chiefly of the mercantile class, and they naturally regard our civil war from a single point of commercial interest. They do not understand, nor ought they to be expected to understand, the merits of the case.

But this testimony only confirms the conviction that we are vindicating ourselves in every way by the war. We have to teach other Powers that we are a nation. We have, by the maintenance of our Government, to put Toryism of every kind in the wrong. We have, by the same means, to conquer the confidence of Trade. The malicious hate of the London *Times*, the sneering, caustic flippancy of the *Saturday Review*, are nothing against the argument nor propitiated by silence. They will hiss, and strike, and sting as they have begun. They will disbelieve in our success until we succeed, and then they will prophesy that our success is a delusion. The spirit that animates such journals will never be just, or candid, or noble, or friendly, or human. It will always be British, and nothing else.

But the British ignorance and jealousy of America and American affairs will not, as our friend testifies, and as the chief organs of opinion show, lead England to embroil herself in our struggles. To do so would be to plunge the world into war. The occasion of interference would be the English necessity of cotton. But the first question that Power asks herself is, of course, whether war helps her necessity of cotton. No. But how much cotton is she likely ever to carry from America if she tries to obtain it forcibly? Such a movement upon the part of England would be scarcely less fatal than this rebellion. The whole energy of our people, devoted for the last half century, with such amazing success, to trade, would be turned to war. We should accept arms as our career for a generation. The slaves would be at once emancipated without any more hesitation. The cotton that was not destroyed by brave hands in the store-houses would be conveyed to England by a fleet. The vast merchant service of the United States, suddenly changed to war ships, would strike at English commerce in every sea. The American market for British cotton goods would be lost. The American supply of grain would be cut off. The five million of English subjects who live upon starvation wages, and for whom the poor-rate would be very heavily become at once the most dangerous army of paupers in the very heart of the kingdom. How much cotton is England likely to get, and at what price, when these are the necessary expenses?

Recognition of the rebellious section as an independent power is simply Mandarin nonsense. Attention. There are certain immutable truths in the conduct of human affairs: and one of the most fixed is, that the foreign like friend of the North or Northern States of this country will not suffer themselves to be expunged as a nation without a struggle. It is not even understood in any part of your youth, their vigor, their intelligence, and their Saxon quality.

In the event of some great disaster to our arms, it is the opinion of the most enlightened Americans in Europe that the rebellious section would be acknowledged immediately. But the great body of active themselves who suppose that such a movement would compel us to submit to the insurrection. It would be only a long and costly struggle. But we are quite as prepared for war, all things considered, as any nation. If we did not come out successful, certainly England would not come out scathless.

England has thrown away our friendship. For if she has any political sense she knows the course of our current history, he is aware that the spirit in our politics which has hitherto alienated foreign sympathy, and forced us to rely upon ourselves, is daily to destroy our Government. Consequently the opposing spirit is one which would have bound us more strongly in friendship ties with other powers. Had those powers not especially England, valued our friendship, they would have shown us natural sympathy. Certainly the fault is not ours that we are now regarded in feeling than if a year ago, since the Revolution. Certainly the fault will not be ours even if English jealousy becomes active and goes to war. That is not probable. But the alienation of the two nations is already accomplished.

EXCHANGE OF PRISONERS.

OUGHT we to exchange prisoners with the rebels? And if so, how? and why?

After the battle of Bull Run, when Secretary Cameron sent a letter to "whom it may concern" for the return of the body of the Colonel of the New York Seventy-ninth, the rebel General looked at the note, and said, sarcastically, "It doesn't concern me." And he sent the messengers.

In a war of this kind words are things. General Washington would not receive letters addressed to him simply as George Washington. They had to be required to be addressed as General of an army. It was natural, for he was a General of an army. Whether he liked the title or not he was signified by so, was not his affair. So the rebels have an army: an army naturalized to unite the work of Washington. Are they to receive only as Generals, or commanding officers. Is there any harm in saying so? If the address will lead to negotiations by which good men may be recovered, is there any sacrifice of honor?

On the other hand, if the condition of an exchange of prisoners be that the rebel leaders shall be addressed by the United States as a Government, we ought not to wish for an exchange. If we can not recover our men even in any other way than by calling Mr. Davis President of the Confederate States, the brave men who have been taken prisoners are not worth the price. We ought to be the very first to refuse an exchange. The army of the rebels is a fact, and must be so treated; but their government is a mere pretense, and must be so regarded.

But again, if they choose to release our captive soldiers upon their promise to bear arms against them, that is a matter for the soldiers themselves to decide. The difficulty in the way of our doing this is that the Catholic rebels regard the men of the Spaniards regarded Protestants, and hold that there need be no faith with heretics. If Southern officers do not feel themselves bound by the flag and their oath to the service of their country, why should we expect them to be bound by any other oath of allegiance or loyalty? If Ellsworth be caught and released upon his oath, would there be any doubt that he would fire at us the first gun he safely could? And if Ellsworth would do these we do not wish to insult any man by comparing him to Floyd—but could we wisely expect his soldiers to regard their oath?

There are not wanting those who say that the war must be taken as a fact, and its conduct governed by the rules of war; and that to address the Confederates as a power, in order to effect an exchange, is not to regard them any less as rebels. But is there much doubt that such an act at the close of the first campaign, and under all the circumstances of that campaign, would be regarded by other nations as a most significant and suspicious sign?

The question is grave. It is a terrible thing to leave our brave men in the hands of such an enemy as the rebels. It is hard for men going into battle to think that, if captured, they can not be exchanged. But it is a consciousness that weighs equally upon both parties. And if the condition of exchange be the recognition of the rebels as citizens of the rebellion, will not [illegible]? Yes, it is hard enough. But it is the [illegible] which we have to do our duty. They also serve who only stand and wait?"

THE WAR AND PUBLIC CRITICISM.

THE great principles of our political system are still unattacked although the war is raging. The right of candid discussion is not lost, nor is honorable criticism of the management of public affairs suppressed, or thought by any intelligent man to be suppressed. Constant, unsparing, unscrupulous attacks upon the Administration, prompted by palpable sympathy with treason, will be stopped with the cordial approbation of all loyal citizens. In like manner, incessant sneers, taunts, gibes, and insinuations upon the part of men and papers whose loyalty can not be suspected, although not to be repressed by authority, will certainly be condemned by patriotism and the public good sense.

We are to bear in mind that the administration of the Government in its present hands follows and does not lead public opinion. The President is a man of unsuspected honesty, and entirely unskilled in the dangerous sense. He is emphatically not Chief Minister. His aim is to be the interpreter of the law, and to be guided implicitly by the wishes of the nation. Hence, when General Fremont issued his proclamation freeing the slaves of rebels, the President, who did not mean to pass beyond the strict letter himself, and did not intend that any of his officers should, modified the proclamation so as to bring it verbally within the exact scope of the Act of confiscation. Congress, or the representatives of the people, had not disapproved, after saving precisely what they wished to have done. The President was of opinion that it was not for him or any other officer to do any thing more or less.

Public opinion is thus emphatically the guide of the emergency: and public opinion can only speak through honest and loyal debate. The utmost candor in the discussion of all subjects, limited only by good faith and common sense, will foster the condition of our success. If the discussion be not conducted in good temper, and with a tone which indicates an earnest wish for success, there will be captious, and clearly the result of prejudice and spleen—the remedy, and it is a sure one, lies in the same public opinion. To abdicate the right of fair and firm criticism at this era of our history is to betray the citadel. It is a Turkish stupor of subservience which would call our state upon the rack

structed by the history of the summer and of the year. The more sagacious members will see that the wording of the law is vague. What is "aiding or promoting an insurrection?" If a man gives a rebel a gun, isn't that "aiding?" If he stays at home to do the rebel's work while the rebel creeps to the Potomac to use the rifle upon Baker — perchance upon M'Clellan — isn't that "promoting?" When Congress has meditated this question with "forbearance, patience, confidence," there are few loyal Representatives or Senators of any party who will not say, "Let the law say exactly what justice and common-sense require and the people wish."

And we shall not be surprised if the present session fourth of the Act of Confiscation is not amended to read: "The property, real and personal, of all persons who shall take up arms against the United States, or who shall be directly proven to have taken active part with their enemies in the field, is declared to be confiscated to the public use; and their slaves, if any they have, are hereby declared free men."

The necessity of this step may not yet plainly appear to all sincerely loyal citizens. Then until it does, or until it is substantially the public conviction, as Colonel Cochrane thinks it already is, let us remember M'Clellan's golden motto: "Forbearance, patience, confidence." The perception of the justice, the cause, and the necessity of the measure is sure to come. The permanent peace of the country and the manly honor of every citizen are sure to be saved. We have only to await the inevitable course of events, while we solicit the most searching and sincere discussion. Think how we have educated ourselves in a year! "Forbearance," says our wise young General, "patience, confidence," and all will be well.

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

CAUTION TO WOOL-GATHERERS.—To those English steamers who are attempting to run the blockade of South America we beg to repeat the Spanish proverb: Take care, in going in search of wool, that you do not return home fleeced.

THE PERFECTION OF NEEDLE-WORK.—It is quite a prize pattern, if a body can "hem" a reticule without there being a single cross-stitch in it.

A BEND SINISTER.—A bow from a dun.

Flowers have their language, why not their religion? Of course it would be Buddhism.

Can a man who is charged with not having a right to a vote because he has copied it, justifiably plead that he has a copyright?

Can a man who has been fined by the magistrates again and again be considered a refined man?

Why does a confectioner resemble one of the West India Islands?—Because he is a jam-maker (Jamaica).

FLOWER GARDEN FOR NOVEMBER.—Now is the time for forcing. If you are not a good whist-player, the simplest plan will be to make good use of your best spade and a little art.

FANCY GARDENING.—Dump a postage-stamp and sow mustard and cress; it has a very pretty effect on a writing-desk. Plant your feet firmly somewhere *ready* for a good spring into your neighbor's garden—you may look for a speedy return.

KITCHEN GARDEN FOR NOVEMBER.—Dig deep into the vegetable and fruit rows to see how every thing is getting on. If not satisfied, dig on. To save capsicum, transplant your neighbor's available shrubs to your own garden. Select good dry soil for Greek roots.

TO SAVE A PERSON FROM DROWNING.—Run to him at once. Throw your great-coat over him, roll the patient in it until quite dry, at the rate of two shillings an hour. Stamp on his hands and face to restore animation, and drink his health in several glasses of stiff brandy-and-water.

ASK BARON BRAMWELL.—When a judge retires from the bench may he be said to "lay down the law?"

STOUT PRIVATE. "Oh Jem, I wish I'd your Legs!"
LEAN PRIVATE. "Why so, Bill?"
STOUT PRIVATE. "Because I could Rev from the first battle, and then they'd be sure to elect me SHERIFF or Alderman or maybe Mayor of New York."

CHROMATIC ASPIRATIONS.—We recently read a dramatic criticism which, in speaking of the omission of the music of an operetta, said that "it suffered from the injudicious application of the harmonic pruning-knife?" Harmonic pruning-knife is good; but did not the critic mean to say harmonic tuning-fork?

EARLY PLEASURE.—The individual who told his physician, the other day, that he was perfectly satisfied he had consumption, is the same who, a few years ago, was transported with delight.

THE PANGS OF ABSENCE.—The French say with great truth, "The Absent are always in the wrong;" and more especially are they, when they forget to send you a Money-Order to console one for their absence.—*A Poor Pensioner of a wife, abandoned by her wretch of a* UNCLE *of the Sick-side.*

ADVICE TO BACHELORETS.—The Hunchback dog not see his own tail, but he see clearly the hoard of worker bunchback. Therefore, it is well to know what there is of our own back before we venture to laugh behind the backs of others.

A bankrupt was confided with the other day for his embarrassment. "Oh, he is not embarrassed at all," said he; "it's my creditors that are embarrassed."

An Irish guide told Dr. James Johnson, who wished for a reason why Echo was always of the feminine gender, that "Maybe it was because she always had the last word."

"Johnny," said a mother to a son nine years old, "go and wash your face. I am ashamed to see you coming to church with so dirty a mouth." "I die wish I mamma!" and feeling his upper lip, he added, gravely, "I think it must be a mustache beginning."

A Glasgow auctioneer recently visited Cathcart Castle, and asked one of the villagers "if he knew any thing of an old story about the Castle?" "Ay," said the rustic, "there was another auld story, but it fell down lang syne."

Harry Turn recently married his cousin, of the same name. When interrogated as to why he did so, he replied that it had always been a maxim of his, that "one good Turn deserves another."

"Mr. D——, if you will get my cost done by next Saturday I shall be forever indebted to you." "It won't be done," said the tailor, "upon such terms."

Miss Tucker says it's with old bachelors as with old wood; it is hard to get them started, but when they do take them they burn prodigiously.

An old woman met in the street a friend whom she had not seen for a long time. "Oh, my friend!" she cried, "how are you? I see you have a wife." "Even I, your sister that died some months ago? I saw it in the paper." "It was my cousin." "Indeed, my cousin." "We were both sick; she died, but I was the worst."

Soon after the death of the poet Wordsworth, a gentleman met a former acquaintance in Cumberland, and said to him, "You have had a great loss." "What loss?" "Why, you have lost the great poet." "Oh ay," said the farmer, "he is dead; but we see doubt ye'll be sorry on't business, and mak' it as profitable to rivver it was."

DO YOU GIVE IT UP?

Why is it reasonable to suppose that tight-rope dancers are in general great favorites with the public?
Because their performance is always en-cored (an cord).

If you have a ten guinea joy for a competitive examination, why should he study the letter B?
Because it can neither be spared (Spa).

The beginning of eternity,
The end of time and space,
The beginning of every sale,
And the end of every race.

Letter E.

Why does a duck put its head under water?
For future reasons (forever).

Why does he take it out?
For sundry reasons (sun dry).

Why is an oyster a practical anomaly?
Because it has a beard, without a chin, and you take him from his bed before you cook him (a).

FERNANDINA, FLORIDA.

WANTED.—A lobster that will float on a "sea of troubles."

KEEPING THE LAW.—There was an old Quaker who had an unfortunate reputation of non-resistance. It was said that any one could pelt him, tread on his toes, or break his nose with impunity: until one market-day a blustering fellow, being told that Quaker was a man who, if he was smitten on one cheek would turn the other also, thought it would be rare sport to try him. Stepping up to the friendly, good-natured Friend, he slapped his face. The old man looked at him with gravity for a moment, then slowly lifted his cane to the cheek, and received a hearty buffet. Upon that he coolly pulled off his coat. "I have heard the law," said he, "and now then we'll take it." And he gave the cowardly rascal a tremendous thrashing.

PAT was severe on Scotchmen. Jordan, in his "Reminiscences," preserves this specimen of his brutality: "I met Pat Kennedy, he is a Scotch dog. I hate Scotch dogs; they growl like lurchers, they fawn like spaniels, they bark like Highlanders, they're sad dogs, and they're mangy into the bargain, and they stink like pigs."

"I have very little respect for the ties of this world," as the rogue said when the rope was put round his neck.

Cooke, the tragedian, was in the habit of giving passes to a widow Lolly, who was once sitting in the pit with her son Billy, when a fashionable friend, the performer, was about to be assailed by his stage rival. Roused by the supposed harmlessness of the attack, the girl started up, exclaiming, "Oh, don't kill him!—don't kill him! For if you do, he won't give us any more pit orders!"

"Husband, do you believe in special judgments of Providence upon individuals in this life?"
"Yes, my dear."
"Do you, indeed? Did one of the judgments ever happen to you?"
"Yes, love."
"When was it, husband?"
"When I married you, my dear."

Two Irishmen were recently looking at people stretching a rope across the street from one house-top to another, for the purpose of suspending lamps.

PAT. "Shure and what will they be after a doing at the top of them houses, Jerry?"

MICK. "Faith an' it's submarine telegraph they're after putting up, I suppose."

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

☞ For a full account of the Bombardment of the Forts at Port Royal, South Carolina, and the performance of the great Expedition under Commodore Dupont, see page 763; for an account of the capture of the rebels Mason and Slidell see page 768.

PANIC AT THE SOUTH.

The panic in Savannah, consequent upon the success of the Port Royal expedition at Beaufort, is said to be terrific. The description of the city was so rapid and extensive that the papers were obliged to open the authorities to screen the flight of able-bodied men under sixty years of age. Great consternation is said to exist all along the Southern coast. The people are represented as fleeing from all the towns and villages on the sea-board. A dispatch to the Richmond *Enquirer* says that, dated from Charleston on the 14th, says that General Sherman, had taken possession of Hinckley Island.

AFFAIRS IN KENTUCKY.

Advices from Kentucky are of the highest importance. General Albert Sidney Johnston, lately appointed to the command of the rebel army of the Mississippi, is reported to be advancing with 30,000 men at the head of Key Island sand, for the purpose of making a descent upon Louisville, Kentucky, or perhaps Cincinnati, and General Buckner has ordered the National troops at Camp Calvert to fall back to Dunaffee, where the National forces will concentrate to oppose the progress of the rebels. Zollicoffer is understood to have united his forces with those of Johnston, leaving only a few hundred men at Cumberland Gap, while Cumberland Ford is evidently flooded.

RISING OF UNION MEN IN TENNESSEE.

The Unionists of East Tennessee appear to be terribly in earnest in their hostility to the rebel rule which has recently been forced upon them; and their operations in contempt of the remonstrance of the rebel armies, by destroying the railroad bridges and the telegraph lines, are creating the greatest trepidation in the whole region of Southern Kentucky. The long and costly bridge near Nashville, over the Cumberland River, has recently been burned, and the position of the rebel army at Bowling Green is thus rendered doubly dangerous. A dispatch from Nashville in the Norfolk *Day Book*, announces the burning of six other bridges—one on the Georgia State Road over Chickamauga Creek; one on the East Tennessee and Georgia Railroad, over the Hiawassee River; two on the Tennessee and Georgia Railroad over Sick Creek, and one over the Holstein River. Matters in East Tennessee, the dispatch states, are in a critical condition, and "much anxiety is felt for Zollicoffer."

THE ARMY IN MISSOURI FALLING BACK.

The divisions of Generals Hunter, Pope, and Sturgis have taken the route by way of Rolla, and those of General Sigel and Asboth, after nearing a short distance south as a point to cover the retirement of the main body, have returned to Springfield, and are to proceed to St. Louis, not Rolla. Springfield, it is understood, will be thoroughly evacuated, and the Union men of that city and the surrounding country have already left or are preparing to leave, not caring to trust themselves again to the tender mercies of the rebels.

General Halleck arrived in St. Louis on 18th, and will immediately assume command of the Western Department.

PRICE AND M'CULLOCH GOING INTO WINTER-QUARTERS.

A dispatch from St. Louis announces positively that the rebel armies of Price and Ben M'Culloch have returned into Arkansas, with the intention of going into winter-quarters at Fort Smith, where provisions abundant have been built. Before leaving Missouri they burned all the bagsacks and corn-cribs in the country, to prevent our forces from obtaining forage in case of pursuit.

FREMONT'S OFFICERS ARE SAID TO ROB THE MAILS.

The *St. Louis Evening News* states that while General Fremont's train was on its way from Springfield to that city, it was met between Warsaw and Springfield by Captain James A. Swain, of the Quarter-master's Department, with the United States mail for Springfield. One of the officers in charge of the advancing General took out all the bags from Captain Swain, in spite of his protestations, cut them open and overhauled their contents. When Captain Swain remonstrated against this outrage the perpetrator threatened him with arrest. The decoyated mail may have been brought back to St. Louis and deposited at the Post-office.

OCCUPATION OF ACCOMAC AND NORTHAMPTON COUNTIES, VIRGINIA.

General Dix has ordered 4000 of his troops from Baltimore to march into and locate themselves in Accomac and Northampton Counties, Virginia. It is said that Accomac County is loyal, and will receive the troops, but that Northampton County is disposed to resist them. General Dix has issued a most important proclamation, stating that the object of the advance of his troops is to maintain the authority of the Government, to protect the people and restore commerce to its original channel; that no one held in service under the laws of the State shall be interfered with, and that unless resistance is offered no fireside will be molested.

AFFAIRS IN WESTERN VIRGINIA.

The reports from General Rosecrans in Western Virginia are very cheering. They state that Colonel Clark's brigade crossed the Kanawha and New rivers on the 10th inst., and drove the rebels back three miles from all their positions. General Benham also had a skirmish with the rebels, and after compelling them to retreat, followed them for twenty-five miles, and failing to come up with them, he fell back. Colonel Gregory, of the rebel army, and a few others were killed. General Benham lost only two men in the engagement.

ANOTHER ATTACK AT BELLY ISLAND ATTEMPTED.

The rebels recently made another attempt to capture Belly Island, off the Santa Rosa Island, but their failure was even more humiliating than on the first occasion. It appears that Colonel Wilson's gunboat steamed some fifteen hundred rebel troops about twenty miles from Fort Pickens, and immediately informed the commander of the Navy-Yard that there was not a form and shell in the rebels off the island with great loss.

CAPTURE OF A FORAGING PARTY.

The only item of news from the army of the Potomac relates to the capture of a portion of a foraging party by rebel cavalry on the 24th inst. Though we are sick of fifty of our men, including the two officers in command, were taken prisoners and carried off.

RE-ELECTION OF DAVIS AND STEPHENS.

The election for President and Vice-President of the Southern Confederacy has taken place, and the unanimous return of Jeff Davis and Alexander H. Stephens, the present incumbents.

COTTON AT NEW ORLEANS.

The New Orleans *Bulletin* says there is cotton enough in that port to load all vessels that choose to run the blockade and come up to the city.

ARREST OF SENATOR GWIN AND OTHERS.

The Pacific mail steamer which arrived here last week from California brought Senator Gwin, Judson Beckman, and another rebel as prisoners, in charge of detective-police. General Sumner, who was on board the steamer, is accredited with having made the capture while with him to this city. Gwin and Beckman have since been sent to Fort Lafayette.

SHOT-PROOF VESSELS FOR THE SOUTH.

The Norfolk papers contain an advertisement from S. R. Mallory, the rebel Secretary of the Navy, asking for proposals for the construction of four sea-going iron-clad and shot-proof steam-vessels, each of not four guns each.

YANCEY GIVES IT UP.

A letter from W. L. Yancey to his friends in Alabama has been found on the person of a Mr. James Brown, arrested as a secessionist in Boston last week. Mr. Yancey speaks very discouragingly of the prospects of either England or France recognizing the independence of the Southern Confederacy.

FOREIGN NEWS.

AUSTRIA.

AFFAIRS OF HUNGARY.

The Emperor of Austria has addressed an autograph letter to the Archbishop of Gran, directing a suspension of the civil offices.

MEXICO.

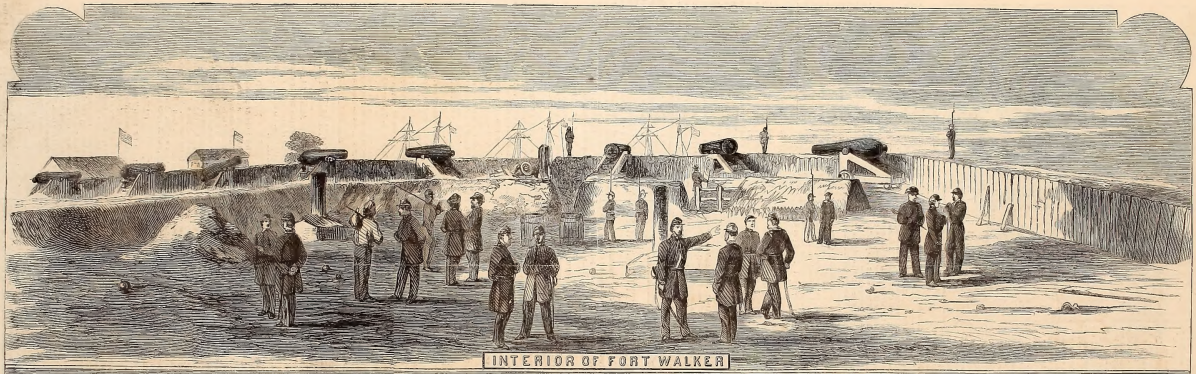
THE EUROPEAN EXPEDITION.

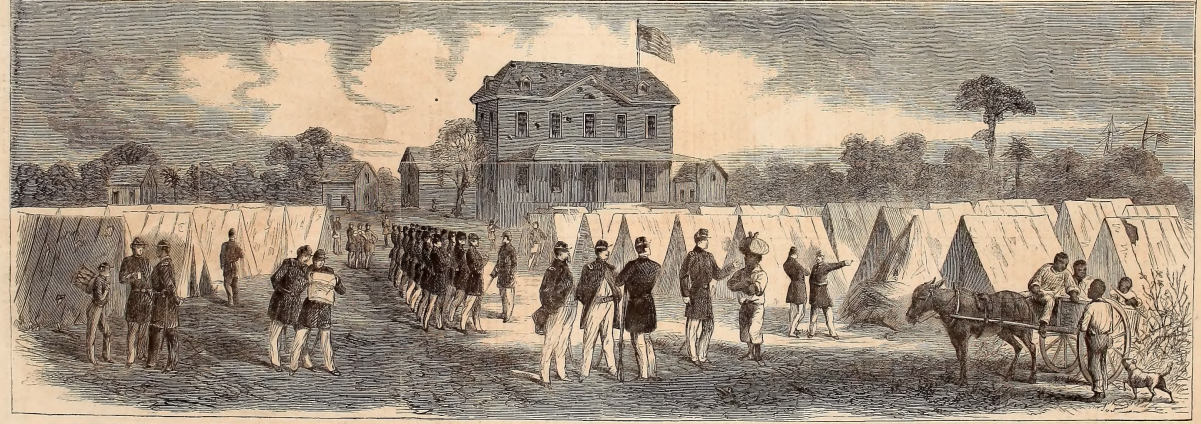
The Cuban Government is exertive its full power in aid of the expedition to the coast of Mexico. The Spanish troops, to the number of 8000 men, and a number of transports, are ready for service, and only very additional proposals from Spain and the French contingent. The Mexican papers say that the intervention is near. Troops have been made that on the firing of the first gun by the allies the Mexicans will fall upon and massacre every Spaniard in the country. The Spanish commander, it is said, also declares, in case any Spaniards are injured, to lay Vera Cruz in ashes. The country is most thoroughly disorganized, and Marquez has again been defeated.

CANADA.

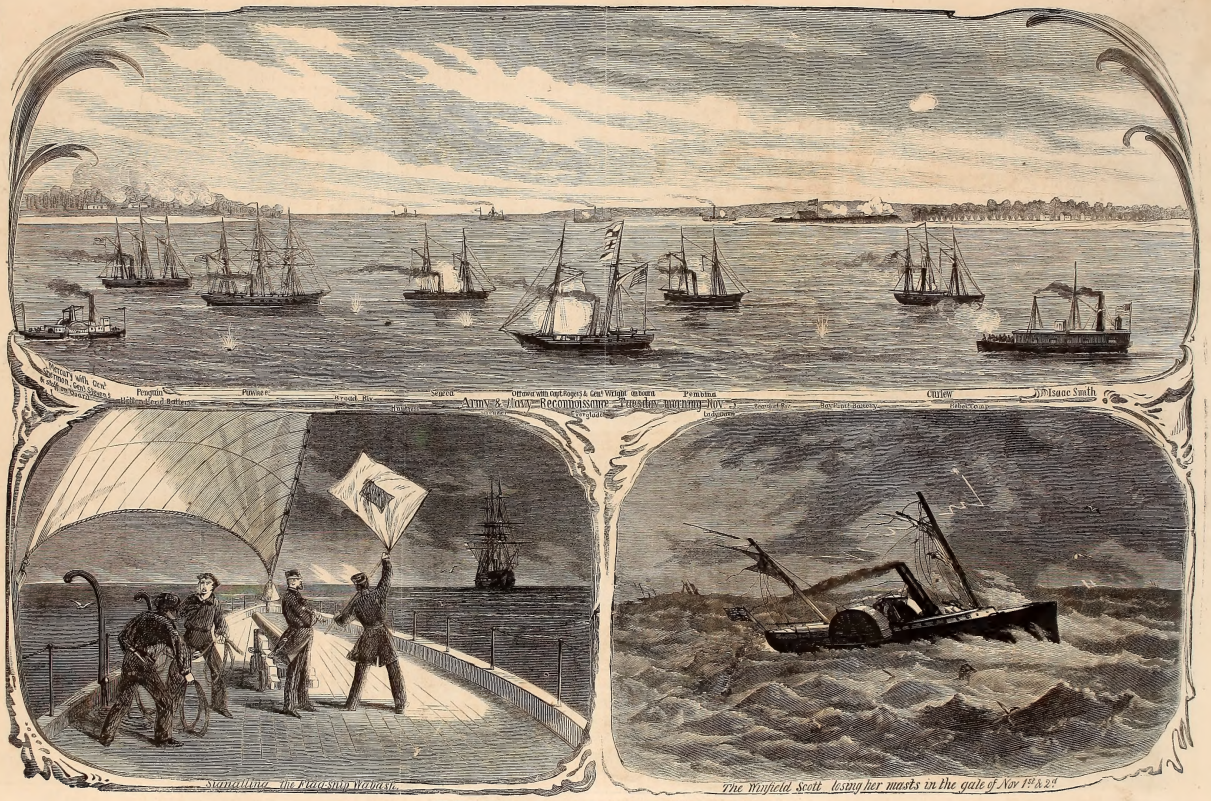
LOSS OF THE "NORTH BRITON."

The accounts given in the Canadian papers regarding the loss of the *North Briton* steamer, are meagre. The following is the substance of the details given: From the time that the vessel left Quebec until she ran ashore the weather was extremely rough, strong easterly gales prevailing. When the ship grounded it was piteh dark, with a strong wind blowing; and she labored so that fears were entertained that she would go to pieces every minute. The boats were got out as soon as possible, and this is all that is said concerning the wreck. Sixteen of the officers and crew were in two boats, which went adrift shortly after the *North Briton* struck. Both boats were knocked about in a fearful sea for two days, when one of them, in which the eight men on board the other had been transferred, was picked up on the 9th instant, by the *J. G. Beckler*, a brigantine bound from Liverpool to Cleveland. This was 250 miles below Quebec. The only additional fact concerning the wreck is that the *North Briton* struck on the rocks at Mingan, and is grounded by the bow in twelve feet of water.





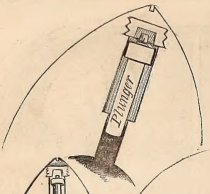
HEAD-QUARTERS OF GENERAL WRIGHT AT FORT WALKER, HILTON HEAD, SOUTH CAROLINA, FORMERLY THOSE OF GENERAL DRAYTON, OF THE REBEL ARMY.—SKETCHED ON THE SPOT BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST.—[SEE PAGE 763.]

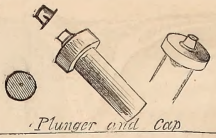


Steamer Monticello—the Rear Saving Vessel.

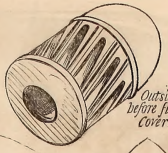
The Winfield Scott losing her masts in the gale of Nov 1st & 2d

THE EXPEDITION TO BEAUFORT—BEFORE THE ATTACK.—[SEE PAGE 762.]



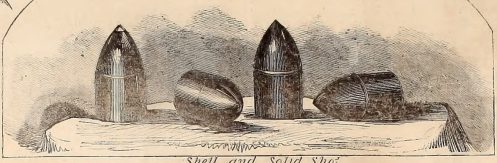


Plunger and Cap.

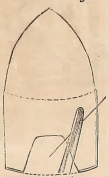


Outside of Shell before filling or covering

Section of Shell.



Shell and Solid Shot.



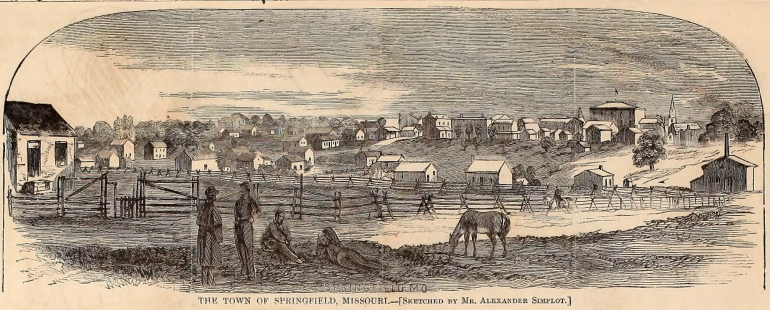
Section of Projectile, showing Direction of Lead.

Filling & Finishing Projectiles.

The Union Shell.

Pouring in the Lead.

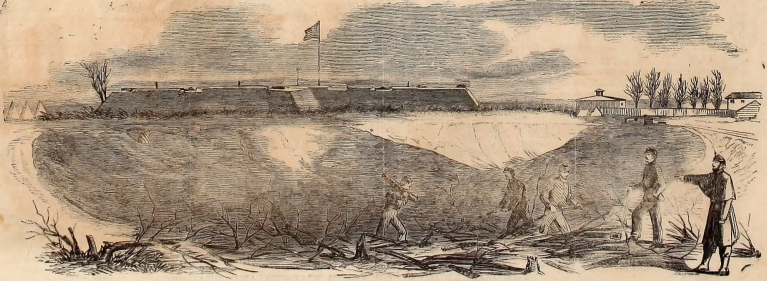
SHELLS AND THEIR MANUFACTURE.—[SEE PAGE 764.]



THE TOWN OF SPRINGFIELD, MISSOURI.—[SKETCHED BY MR. ALEXANDER SIMPLOT.]

PLAZA AT SPRINGFIELD, MISSOURI.—[SKETCHED BY MR. ALEXANDER SIMPLOT.]

INTERIOR OF FORT RUNYON, NEAR ALEXANDRIA, VIRGINIA.—SKETCHED BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST.—[SEE PAGE 767.]

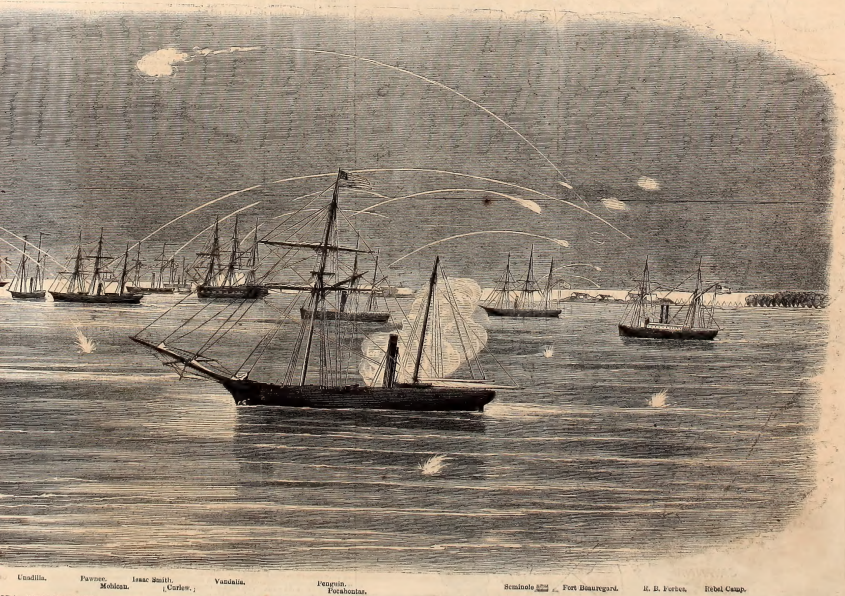


FORT ALBANY, NEAR ALEXANDRIA, VIRGINIA.—SKETCHED BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST.—[SEE PAGE 767.]

THE GREAT EXPEDITION, IN LAT. 34° 37′ N., LONG. 75° 50′ W ON THE WAY TO PORT RO

THE BOMBARDMENT OF FORTS WALKER AND BEAUREGARD, PORT ROYAL INLET, SOUTH CAR

L INLET.—[Sketched at Noon on 31st October, 1861, from the Deck of the Steamer "Matanzas."]



NA, NOVEMBER 7, 1861.—Sketched by our Special Artist on Board the "Mercury."—[See Page 762.]

MAP OF THE SEA-COAST OF SOUTH CAROLINA, SHOWING THE DEPTH OF WATER ON EACH BAR, ETC.

THE CAPTURE OF BEAUFORT, SOUTH CAROLINA.

We devote a large proportion of our space this week to illustrations of the glorious achievements of the GREAT EXPEDITION. On page 764 we give portraits of BRIGADIER-GENERAL SHERMAN, who commanded the troops, and of CAPTAIN DUPONT, who commanded the fleet; on pages 760 and 761 a view of the FLEET as it appeared in the ocean on Thursday 31st; on page 757 a picture of the RECONNOISSANCE which was made on the day previous to the attack on the forts; on the same page, illustrations of the METHOD OF SIGNALING adopted in the fleet, and of the "WINFIELD SCOTT" in the gale; on pages 760 and 761 a large view of the BOMBARDMENT OF FORTS WALKER AND BEAUREGARD; on page 756 a couple of pictures showing the general appearance of FORT WALKER, and the building occupied originally by General Drayton as his head-quarters, and subsequently by General Wright; and on this page A MAP SHOWING THE COAST OF SOUTH CAROLINA AND THE APPROACHES TO BEAUFORT, with the depth of water, in figures, on each bar.

Of the appearance of the fleet on 31st October the correspondent of the *Herald* writes:

The wind died out before sunrise, and the sea was as smooth as a millpond, only a gentle swell disturbing its bosom. At noon our position, by observation, was as follows: Latitude 34 degrees 57 minutes north, longitude 75 degrees 50 minutes west. Distance made sixty-eight miles, making a southwest three-quarter south coast; so that we are now about thirty miles off shore, and not yet in the latitude of Cape Lookout. The barometer is 30 degrees 3 minutes, and the thermometer at 70 degrees. Not a cloud has been seen to-day, and we have been enjoying the ocean very much. The sick are much better, and those who had but little peace of mind yesterday have found it to-day, and not one vacant place was to be seen at the dinner-table. The officers have been exercised in rifle firing this afternoon, and have acquitted themselves finely. Most of the vessels had canvas set this morning, but as it fell away dead calm this afternoon all sails were furled, and the yards braced sharp up.

The RECONNOISSANCE is thus described by the same writer:

At five on 8th we got under way and went alongside of the flag-ship for our orders. At daylight we were ordered to take on board Brigadier Generals Sherman, Wright, and Stevens, with their staffs, and to proceed under their direction to make a thorough reconnoissance of the batteries at Hilton Head and Bay Point. We lay astern of the flag-ship until the Generals were brought to us in one of the *Atlantic's* boats. Then we started upon our trip. The weather was beautiful, and all were in the best of spirits. We ran along as fast as possible, so as to join the firing at its earliest stages, so that we can make a careful note of positive strength, etc. On we steamed, expecting every moment the rebels would open fire on our ships; but they evidently were waiting until they should get into ranges which they had for their guns. At twenty minutes before seven o'clock the first gun was fired from the rebel flag-ship (the *Enrolled*), and in less than one minute afterward the *Lady Davis* let slip a shot at the ships. Its fire was minutes the firing became quite lively on both sides, the gun-boat *Ottawa* opening the fire on our side. The following boats took part in the skirmish: The *Ottawa*, Flag-Captain Rodgers on board; *Pembina*, Commander *Corvier*, *Penguin*, and *Isaac Smith*, the *Pawnee* coming in after the firing had well advanced. As we drew up toward the batteries the one on Hilton Head opened upon us—his being the first time we had any positive knowledge of there being any guns at that place. As we drew within ranges of the Bay Point battery it also opened upon us. After about twenty rounds we found the Hilton Head battery to contain sixteen guns, while the Bay Point battery had only thirteen; but just before that battery ran out which was not yet completed. The gun-carriages were there, but no guns were to be seen; men were seen working there yesterday, but to-day they have hung down to fight in the main battery. After the boats had run away they sought shelter behind the point, while our boats threw in shell toward the batteries at intervals. As we were only on a reconnoissance it was not necessary for us to attempt to rout the rebels—so the recall signal was hoisted, and we prepared to anchor. Just as we were hauling off the *Pawnee* got into position and opened fire upon the Hilton Head battery; most of her shot fell short, but a rifled sixty-eight-pounder threw in shell beautifully.

The rebels threw the shot around her very fast, but all fell short. As soon as we started to go back the rebel navy came down and followed us afar off. The *Curtiss* fired a few rounds at the battery, and then hauled off; and the little *Mercury* ran in, shoved them her stern, and let drive a shell at them from her thirty-pounder, it bursting close into the rebel camp. Thus ended the first regular army reconnoissance, in which the navy did all the work and the army did one half of the looking on.

The BOMBARDMENT itself is thus described:

Just as we had anchored, which was at five minutes before ten o'clock, the Hilton Head battery opened fire on the *Wabash*, in three minutes after another shot from the battery. Now the cheers arose from all the transports; the ball had opened. Still the ships stood on and did not apparently notice the efforts of the rebels, until the *Wabash* came in good range with the face of the battery, when she fired a shell at them which struck close to the battery. In a few minutes the *Wabash* opened a smart fire, throwing her shells into the woods, where the rebels were encamped in some force. After firing a few guns to ascertain the range, she opened a broadside fire on both batteries, which was one of the finest sights ever witnessed in this country. Now the troops did cheer. It was hearty and long. The other vessels now opened their fire, and the shells fell thick and fast into the battery. The rebel steamers now opened a smart fire, and it was the subject of general remark at the time under the circumstances. The small gun-boats now steamed rapidly ahead, and opened on them with their ten and eleven inch pivot guns. At fifteen minutes past ten o'clock the fire was so hot that they up helm and started for Broad River, the gun-boats chasing them. By this time the shells were bursting in the Bay Point battery at the rate of about two a minute, by which the rebels replied with rapidity and great precision.

The flag-ship and her division were rapidly driving up to the point around which they were to turn so that they could come down along the shore and engage the Hilton Head battery while the small gun-boats took up intermediate positions, and battered away at Bay Point and the rebel naval vessels. As the *Wabash* turned, so that her broadside could bear upon the rebel fleet, she opened upon them, and soon sent them up the river for a time at least. About this time the *Vandalia* came up in range, and she delivered a splendid broadside to the Bay Point rebels, several of her shells making the sand fly inside of the works. She kept up a galling fire upon them until out of reach, when she devoted her attention to the rebel navy. During this time the *Wabash*, *Susquehanna*, and *Bienville* had come around, and were close upon the Hilton Head battery. All eyes were upon these vessels, especially as we saw plainly that they were steering so as to come within one hundred yards of the battery, in which case each of which we knew were crammed with pieces of the most approved patterns. We expected great doings, and I will guarantee that we were not disappointed as to what we got will show. On they came, like the world in themselves, but the flag-ship seemed to be the one on which all glossed their hopes for a grand sight.

At about twenty minutes before eleven o'clock the *Wabash* commenced operations on the Hilton Head battery in good earnest, delivering a broadside at one command. All her gun-deck armament is nine-inch shell guns, while on her spardeck they are eight-inch shell guns, with a ten-inch pivot gun and a rifle-bolt Dahlgren gun on the forecastle. If you can imagine the scene you can do what Dahlgren gun on the forecastle. If you can imagine the scene you can do what I cannot describe. The scene was terrific, while the burning of the shells more than I can describe. The scene was terrific, while the burning of the shells was as terrible as it was destructive. I counted no less than forty shells bursting at one time, and that right in the battery and in the woods where each sight a hundred rebels lay. In addition to this the *Susquehanna*, with her tremendous battery, aided by the *Bienville*, the *Pawnee*, and half a dozen smaller gun-boats, was making the air brown with the sand, while the blue smoke as the explosion went to make up a most magnificent sight. The troops were wild with enthusiasm, and with deafening cheers hailed the boldness and courage of the gallant naval officer. A moment or two elapsed—just time enough to load the guns—and the same scene was enacted again. The rebels replied with seven guns, which were worked splendidly, and from appearances they did considerable execution. After the second broadside the firing became less concerted, and it seemed as if each division on all the vessels were endeavoring to outvie each other in the rapidity with which they worked their guns.

The tide drifted the vessels quite fast by the battery, but they backed them considerably, so as to remain as long as possible; and at eleven o'clock they had reached as near to the reef as it was safe to go, and they were obliged to haul off to again take up their position, but giving them another broadside as they turned. To do this a track, circular in form, and extending nearly five miles, must be sailed over. The Bay Point battery must again be passed, where they were served as before named, which were well served; and the navy of the Confederates must receive their due share of the shells which were destined to be expended this day's work. To this duty they undauntedly steamed up, while the little gun-boats fought the steamer. About this time the firing on both sides materially diminished. Occasionally the rebels fired from either battery, which was replied to by the gunboats.

At half past eleven the *Wabash* and her consorts drew near to the Hilton Head battery again, the rebels keeping up a brisk fire upon them as they approached. Occasionally the pivot gun of the *Wabash* and the *Susquehanna* threw a shell into the battery; but the grand affair was over, so to come. At ten minutes to twelve the ships were enveloped in a dense cloud of white smoke, and in a minute again the shells were bursting inside the battery in a splendid manner, few seconds after the shells were bursting in every direction, and it seemed impossible that any one could be saved from death who was within the walls of the battery. Such a sight was never witnessed before. The rebels now worked only two guns, but I will give them the credit of working them beautifully. The style of fighting lasted just twenty minutes, and in that time over two hundred shells had burst over their heads and in the works. At ten minutes past twelve again the ships hauled off, bride and in the works. At ten minutes past twelve again the ships hauled off, bride and in the works.

firing a parting round as they left.

Bay Point battery ceased firing about noon, and hauled down the barred rag. At twenty minutes past twelve the Bay Point battery opened fire on the *Wabash* at twenty minutes past twelve the Bay Point battery opened fire on the *Wabash* as she passed up to take her position. Five minutes afterward the gun-boats opened a terrible volley of shells on Hilton Head, broaching it in several places, and dismounting one of the guns. The display of pyrotechnics was a grand sight, and was kept up for the broadside firing of the other ships. The gun-boats kept up this kind of work several minutes, when they ceased down and fired at intervals, so that

there was a shell striking about once in a minute. At this time the *Pawnhanna*, which had towed a transport ship in, let her go, and came up to join in the sport—port for us, but death to them. At half past twelve o'clock the little gun-boat *Mercury*, Acting Master S. G. Martin, came up close to us and stood right in toward the battery, and after taking a position ran round and fired her thirty-pounder Parrott gun, throwing in shell with great precision. Her conduct was brilliant in the extreme, and attracted the attention of the entire fleet.

The rebel battery is badly damaged, and the houses and tents bear the marks of shells, and it looks as if there was a savage for the rebel camp. At five minutes after four o'clock the *Wabash* and her consorts are in position to advance; but they have not yet let his gun-boats get entirely away at the battery, which only replies with one gun, which has only now and then been sung to us by some whistling shell. At two o'clock we weigh anchor, and get under way, feeling assured that there will have become pretty well used up, and will not or can not injure us.

The transports now launch their surf-boats, nearly one hundred in number, and place the troops between, all ready to commence landing the troops. At half past two o'clock the *Wabash* came down and fired one gun, and, to our surprise, there was no reply to it, although she waited for some moments. Signals were now made to the vessels, and the fleet ceased firing. Then ships got their orders, and, to our surprise, prepared to anchor.

At twenty minutes before o'clock a boat—the wheelboat of the *Wabash*—was manned, and, with a white flag from the bow and Commander John Rodgers in the stern, started for the shore. I can assure you that every stroke of the oars was watched by thousands of anxious people. She strikes the beach. Captain Rodgers, borne on the backs of brave and trusty tars, with the Stars and Stripes floating over his head and a large ensign, goes on shore, and a loud cheer rends the air from ship to ship, and wave in triumph over South Carolina soil and a deserted rebel battery. Success and brilliant success seems to have been won. All honor to the gallant seamen of the United States Navy!

With regard to FORT WALKER he says:

The armament of the work, which was of the latest patterns, was as follows: Thirteen 10-pounders, two 8-pounder 8-inch guns, two rifled 8-inch, one 10-inch Columbiad, two carronades, and one 8-inch Columbiad. Many of these guns had been dismounted, but were uninjured, and can readily be mounted on their carriages. In the magazines was an immense quantity of shot, shell, powder, fixed ammunition, etc., in very good order.

The enemy left FORT WALKER so hurriedly that their private effects—clothing, etc.—in many cases wholly abandoned, and we found every thing just as they left them. Dinner tables were set, and the food ready for the hungry fighters, and all left to us. The magazines and bomb-proofs are unbreaking, and all was taken possession of by our forces, and, while the exception of a few articles as mementos of the occasion, every thing is safe. Quite a number of original records of the rebel offices, etc., were found and distributed among the deserving.

The object of the fort seems to be seen on every hand in the work. On the line along the front three guns were dismounted by the bursting fire of our ships. One carriage had been struck by a large shell and shivered to fragments, scattering heavy gun metal in every direction, sending the splinters flying in all directions with terrific force. Between the fort and the village of the 9-gun—a large post of blood, mingled with brains, fragments of shell, and pieces of clothing, evidently from the face, or portions of whiskers still clung to it. This shot must have done horrible execution, as the number of human heads were found all about it. Another carriage to the right was broken to pieces, and the gun on the work was somewhat reduced unless by the enfilading fire from the gun-boats on the left flank. The bursting fire of shell, with which we swept with resistless fury and deadly effect across this long water front, has been fearful, and found their mortal mission, as *terrible*, without taking the precaution to place traverses between the guns, as much as any injury to drive the rebels from their works, in the hurried manner I have described. The works were abandoned by the rebel shot and shell so badly as to make immediate repairs necessary.

All the houses and many of the tents about the work were torn to pieces by flying shell, and hourly a light of glare could be found intact, in any building where a shell exploded. The trees in the vicinity of the object of our fire showed the heavy volleys given. Every thing, indeed, bore the marks of ruin. No wonder, then, that the rebels took to their heels, and do, cheerfully, this testimony to the gallant and courageous manner in which the rebels have been pounded from their hot fire, and fought at their guns when many would have fled.

Their loss in killed and wounded must have been heavy. About fifteen have been buried to-day by the marines; two or three dead have been found, the remainder are undoubtedly carried with the retreating forces.

Of the METHOD of SIGNALING our artist writes:

SOUTH CAROLINA COAST, *on Board the Flag-ship "Wabash," on Port Royal Harbor, November 21, 1861.*

I send you inclosed a sketch of Signal Officer Lieutenant Howard in the act of communicating with the frigate *Wabash*. In the daytime these signals are made by means of a flag, either a white ground and crimson centre, or a black ground and white centre. These flags are made so as to be protected from the wind by a peculiar arrangement of strips of bunting, allowing the flag to wave as usual. To each signal officer there are attached two sergeants who make the signals, and, by means of repeaters, the officer directing. The officers are equipped at the expense of the United States Government, and have night and day, telescopes, horses, and various other things. I send you another sketch of the fleet in proximity. The entrance to Port Royal is in the middle of the picture.

Of GENERAL WRIGHT'S HEAD-QUARTERS he says:

HILTON HEAD SOUTH CAROLINA, *November 8, 1861.*

I send you herewith a sketch of the head-quarters of General Wright, and the surroundings, which, as you will see, is a picturesque as well as an interesting subject. The old house, which is the mansion of a planter named William Pope, was, on the occupation of this place by the rebels, immediately appropriated and used as the head-quarters of the General-commanding, Drayton. During the bombardment the house was the recipient of a number of iron favors from the big guns of our little gun-boats. After the battle Drayton and his staff evidently were occupied by General Wright. The small buildings surrounding, it, formerly the negro quarters, were found filled with commissary stores of all descriptions, the encampment in front and around the house, of the Ninth South Carolina Regiment, commanded by Colonel William Hayward, a brother-in-law of Hon. Francis W. Pickens, late of Europe. It is now occupied by the Fourth New Hampshire Volunteers. In the foreground of my sketch that "cute contraband" have already begun to make their appearance, and as evening draws on the darky delights to visit, where the cry is still they come. Their delight is unbounded at the prospect of future freedom, and their method of expressing it ludicrous.

The following brief biographical sketches will introduce the MILITARY AND NAVAL COMMANDERS to our readers:

Acting Major-General Thomas W. Sherman—in charge of the land forces of the expedition—was born in Rhode Island, graduated at the West Point Military Academy in 1836, obtained a brother eighteen in a class of forty-one, and—an unusually large proportion—and was appointed second lieutenant in the United States Artillery in July, 1836. In March, 1837, he became Assistant Commissary of Subsistence, and in the same month of the following year was promoted to a first lieutenancy. Just at the breaking out of the troubles with Mexico he was promoted to a captaincy, his commission bearing date May 28, 1846. He served with distinction bearing date May Florida war, and accompanied General Taylor to Mexico, rendering himself conspicuous for the zeal and efficiency by for his services. He was brevetted Major for conduct at the battle of Buena Vista, February 23, 1847. Since the close of the Mexican war he has been on duty in various parts of the country, always rendering efficient service. In August, 1857, while on duty at the Minnesota agency, in the Indian country, he was distinguished for the prudence and firmness with which he acted in averting a war with the Mississippi tribes of the Sioux. On the formation of the Fifth Artillery he was appointed Lieutenant-Colonel of the regiment, a portion of which was engaged in the Bull Run fight, under the name of Sherman's, and subsequently Ayres's battery. He was made a Brigadier-General May 17, 1861.

Commodore Samuel F. Dupont, the commander of the naval forces of the expedition, is a native of the State of Delaware, and has had a professional life from the navy from that State. His original entry into the service of his country was on the 18th of November, 1815; he is, therefore, nearly forty-six years in the service, and his forty-sixth anniversary will probably pass glory and blood him higher in the estimation of the people, both at home and abroad, than he has ever been before. The last service which Commodore Dupont has spent nearly twenty-four years on sea, eight and a half of which were spent on shore. The balance of his time has been unemployed. His present commission bears date July 16, 1862. He was last at sea in May, 1858, and since that time he has been commandant of the Navy Yard at Philadelphia, where his business of manner, together with his strict attention to his many friends.

Commodore Dupont is a man a little past what is usually termed the prime of life, although possessed of all the vigor, activity, strength, and endurance which characterize the younger men. In his personal appearance the Commodore is a person below the medium height, compactly built.

The following letter, published in the *Herald*, will show how narrow an escape the "WINFIELD SCOTT" had from the fate of the ill-fated *Monitor*:

The gale commenced on Friday west of Cape Fear, blowing hard; at three o'clock P.M., the ship laboring very much, and apparently leaking. The pumps were set to most-hand; could not go to her assistance; had to keep the vessel's head to the sea. At five o'clock, the gale was increasing, and the ship laboring very hard. Up to ten o'clock the sea was tremendous higher than I ever saw, and even that struck her seemed to twist her like a piece of whalebone. Midnight came, and found the ship's crew at five o'clock. Captain Edie was on deck all the time, giving orders to keep the ship's head to the sea. Saturday morning, five feet of water in the hold. The sailors were getting to the after-part of the vessel, crowding about in one mass. He then commenced to throw overboard every thing on deck—spars, boats, etc. The ship, in which work sailors, soldiers, and every person that could hand him their services. At half past four A.M. the ship had the floating rubbish. At half past four A.M. made signals of distress. At daylight the gale was moderating somewhat and told them we were leaking, and wanted them to stand by if we ran short of coal. At ten A.M. the leak was so much fast to her by a hawser, and lowered a boat with two men to come on board and see the lady, and got them on board all safe. The boat then got over to the *Winfield Scott*. She then sent us another boat, on board of which came over three men and the Chief Engineer. Soon after—the first men on board to descry his post, which example was followed by every one of the crew. The boat took her also got above, after landing them on board. She then parted the hawser, and commenced steaming for Hampton Roads. On account of the heavy sea she could not stay there, when soon after we saw her steaming up the river, and was very slyly, by damaged by coming together. About half past three P.M., the steamer *Baltic* came down and took us off from her, and we left the *Baltic* in the engine-room to see that no steam was blown off, and we arrived at Fort Monroe. The Captain, seeing that it was getting late, and finding that he could not get to the *Winfield Scott* that night, then sent the purser, Mr. Patterson, on board the *Roanoke* to ask the Captain to send assistance to the *Baltic*. The steaming some time for the *Roanoke* to come alongside he made up his mind to leave the ship, and, with the crew, which was advised to do by all the officers of the *Baltic*, with Captain Rogerson, and the crew on board, they promising him to keep the ship afloat by their own pumps. Accordingly, he then steamed away from the *Roanoke* at about six miles an hour. The *Roanoke* then commenced steaming, got into smooth water; the wind lowered by daylight, at eight A.M. the *Baltic* and *Roanoke* commenced pumping at work. At eleven A.M. made the land off Port Royal and sent down the pilot, all hands have been heavy.

With regard to the MAP of the coast of South Carolina, its author says:

The Map on page 769 is made from the charts of the United States Coast Survey and other good authorities, and represents the coast of the State of South Carolina which produces rice and sea-island cotton, also the territory lately ceded to the United States Government. It will be seen that Port Royal harbor is nearly midway between Charleston and Savannah, and that both the land and water communications between these cities are commanded by the forts holding possession of the Broad River.

On this map the Sea Islands, which produce fabulous 40 to 60 feet in island, and thereby the approaches of the harbor seem to be completely blocked up. The map also shows that this farm a bar to each harbor except that of Port Royal. The forts on Hilton Head are given in figure on each bar. The circuit which our fleet made in their attack on Forts Walker and Beauregard is also shown. After a reconnoissance made by a captain of the engineer department, a title for a battery of seven guns, with magazine. Here five heavy guns will command Skull Creek, which is the only inland water communication by which to Savannah.

On good maps and charts Bay Point is the name given to the southern point of Edisto Island. However, as in our disputations that point is known as Fort Beauregard, the name is here given on our map.

SUCCESS AND FAILURE.

I HAD come back after an absence of nearly twenty-five years, to linger for a brief time amid the old places made sacred to memory by childhood and youth. How familiar, and yet how changed in the interval! Not a single thing I saw—every thing but the living who remained; and they were few, for death had been there as every where. I looked for the old faces at church, on the thought of boyish friends came trooping back upon me, and the answer, "Dead," came so frequently that I felt as if a pestilence must have been there.

"What of Payson?" said I.

"Oh, he's all right," was the cheerful answer of the old friend with whom I was conversing.

"How all right?" I inquired.

My friend pointed to an elegant house standing on the other side of the square. Grounds that were adorned with fountains and statuary.

"He lives there," said he.

I remembered him as a young man of small means, but industrious and saving. We had been tolerably intimate, and I had liked him for his amiability, intelligence, and cheerful temper.

"Then he has become a rich man?"

"Yes, he is our wealthiest townsman; one of the most successful men in this region of country."

"Did he build that house?"

"Yes, and its style shows how well his taste is cultivated. We feel naturally proud of Mr. Payson."

"Then he is liberal as a citizen, using his wealth in enterprises that look to the common good?"

"Oh, as to that," was replied, "he is like other men."

"How like other men?"

"Thinks more of himself than he does of other people."

"And what of Melleville?" I asked.

"Henry Melleville?"

"Yes."

There was a change in my companion's countenance and manner that did not foreshadow a good report. He shook his head as he replied:

"Poor Melleville stands about where you left him; never has succeeded well in any thing."

"I am grieved to hear you say that. Of all my young friends I valued him most."

"It is too true; and I am sorry for it. That is his house." And he pointed to a plain white cottage, standing not far from the splendid residence of Mr. Payson, which made it look poor and almost mean in contrast.

"Strange diversity of fortune!" I said, speaking partly to myself. "Taking the two men as I now recall them, Melleville most deserved success."

"He was an excellent young man," was replied to this; "but lacked force of character, I suppose, or some other element of success. What, I don't exactly know; for I have not been very intimate with him for some years. He is peculiar in some things, and don't have a great many warm friends."

"Not as many as Payson, I presume."

"Oh no! Of course not."

I was surprised at this intelligence. Of the two men, I current to be the one to lay the pleasantest recollections of Melleville, and was prepared to hear of his success in life beyond that of almost every other one of my early native place.

"What of Henry Melleville?" I asked of another.

"Oh, he's a stick in the mud," was answered coarsely, and with an indifferent toss of the head.

I am sorry that my old friend Henry Melleville has been more successful," said I, speaking of him in a third direction. "What is the cause of it?"

"The causes of success or failure in life are rarely hidden," was the answer I received. "Some men profess to be gifted with a clear sight in these matters, and I own to being in the dark. There isn't an honester or more industrious man in the world than Melleville, and yet he don't get along. Five or six years ago he seemed to be doing very well, better than usual, when his shop burned down, and he lost not only valuable tools, but a considerable amount of stock, finished and unfinished."

"Had he no insurance?"

"Yes, but it was only partial; just enough to get him started again. Ten years ago he had a mill, and was doing; he told me, very well, when a spring freshet carried away the dam and water-wheel. He had to rebuild the mill, and as the owner was in pecuniary difficulty, and involved at the same time in a lawsuit about the very property, he was compelled to sell at a sacrifice forced to abandon a business that looked very promising. And so it has been with him all along. There ever seems to be a cloud back just as he gets fairly on the road to success."

"How does he bear his misfortunes?" I inquired.

"I never heard him complain."

"It has been different with Mr. Payson."

"O dear, yes; his whole life has been marked with success. Whatever he touches turns to gold."

The testimony in regard to the two men agreed in the general. I could not question it in life, the other had not. I felt interest enough in both of them to get a nearer point of view, and so, in virtue of my professional privileges in all of us. My first visit was to Mr. Payson. Was it because, like the rest of the world, I was more strongly attracted by the successful one? Have it so, if you will: human nature is weak.

"Will you send up your name?" said the servant, as I came from into a rather stylishly-furnished office, where it was plain, from the display of books and papers, that Mr. Payson met his visitors who came on business only.

I gave my name, and then waited for nearly five minutes before the gentleman appeared. I saw, at a glance, that I was not on his page, that he was in some unpleasant doubt as to the purpose of my visit.

"Mr. Payson," said I, warmly, as I arose and extended my hand.

He pronounced my name, but in a tone gullibles of pleasure. Something in the coldness or pressure of my hand received no appreciative return. His fingers lay in mine like the senseless fingers of a sleeper. I was chilled by his manner, and felt like retiring without another word. But having approached him, I was not willing to recede without bringing him to some terms.

"It is twenty-five years since we met," said I, after resuming the seat from which I had arisen. "Time works great changes in all of us."

"So long as that," he responded, without interest.

"Yes, it is twenty-five years since I went from the home-nest out into the world, an ardent, hopeful young man."

"And how has the world used you?" He did not look at me in direct aspect, but with a slightly angular range of vision, as if there were a selfconviction in his mind touching the object of my visit.

"I have no complaint to make against the world," said I.

"You are a *rara avis*, then," he replied, with the ghost of a smile; "the first man I have met in a decade who didn't rail at the world for treating him badly."

"Has it treated you badly?" I could not help smiling back into his face as I asked this question.

"Yes; or, at least, the people in it. The world is well enough, I suppose; but the people! Oh dear! Every other man you meet has some design on you."

"Your experience has been a more unfavorable than mine," said I.

"Then you are fortunate—that is all I have to say."

I had been reading the face of this friend of my younger days pretty closely, and it seemed to grow in. He looked older by forty years, instead of by twenty-five. But time had not improved his face, as it does some faces. Every feature remained; I would have known him among a thousand; but every feature was changed in its stronger or feebler developments. All that expressed kindness, humanity, and good-will had nearly died out; while hard selfishness looked at you from every lineament.

"You have been fortunate," I remarked, "as to this world's goods. Your garner is filled with the land's fatness."

The reference did not seem wholly agreeable.

"When I went from this neighborhood you were a poor young man. I return, and find that you have heaped up wealth in rich abundance. Only the few are successful in your degree."

"Many just happiness," he replied, his hard, heavy forehead contracting.

"No; but it may be made the minister of happiness," I said, with a warmth.

"Yes, I know. That's the common talk of the day." He answered in a kind of a growl. "I had it the other day from Bell."

"You surprise me. Rich men are not wont to speak after this fashion."

"Then they don't speak from their hearts, I do."

"You have health and a beautiful home. These are elements of happiness."

He shut his lips tightly and shook his head.

"I have no sound health. Don't know what it is to have a single moment bodily sensation. And as for the beautiful home to which you refer—" He checked himself, and became silent, while a painful expression settled in his face.

"You have children?"

He lifted his eyes to mine with a questioning look, as if he thought me probing him.

"Yes," he briefly answered.

"Pretty well grown by this time?"

"Some of them." He paused, and then added, "And only one left me. Children, like the rest, no sooner grow suddenly excited. But he checked himself, with a slight air of confusion; then went on.

"Children, then." Stopped once more, as if in shame.

"Happy is the man that his quiver full of them," said I, cheerfully.

Payson merely shrugged his shoulders, and looked stolid and unhappy. I referred, in order to change the subject, to a boy named Henry Payson. But his answers showed that he had no intelligent appreciation of a matter in which every man of thought like a human interest. When I left him, after half an hour's interview, it was with the impression that, outside of money, he was the most unsuccessful man it had been my fortune to meet in this world. In nothing besides money-getting had he succeeded. When I last saw him he was a cheerful, bright, hopeful, good-natured young man. Now he was morose, gloomy, and dull of intellect, except in a single direction—a great money faculty, without any of the elements of a noble and true life.

Upon inquiry I learned that, while his children were young, he had chosen to shield them from all in his merchandise that he had no time or inclination to cultivate their morals or to win their love. In matters of taste and interest in which the love of these children he would interfere with his wife's management of them in an arbitrary and tyrannical way; thus losing their minds against him, and destroying his influence over them for good. Badly managed, repressed unwisely in some directions and unwisely indulged in others, they were growing up selfish, ill-tempered, proud, and exacting; cursing with discord his home instead of blessing it. Such, I knew, was as far as I could learn, giving way to a morose temper, made their lives as uncomfortable as they made his. It was mutual misunderstanding, and unfortunate that precluded a separation. And here was my successful man!

"My dear old friend!" exclaimed Henry Melleville, grasping my hand as he opened the door of his modest little home, and stood looking me in the face, his eyes filled with tears and his voice full of pleasure. "This is a surprise! Come in! Come in!" And he drew me along the passage into a small parlor, the scanty furniture of which told the story of his limited means.

"When did you arrive? Where did you come from? Not from Rome—let me hope not! Twenty years since you were here, or at least since I have seen you here."

"Over twenty-five," said I.

"So long! Is it possible? Well, how are you, and where are you? Tell me all about yourself."

All about myself! And the tones were sincere, and cordial. "I must hear about you first," I answered, smiling back into his smiling face. "How's it with you?"

"Oh, as well as I deserve, and something better," he replied, cheerfully. No shadows came over his face.

"You have not succeeded in getting rich, I see."

"Not rich in this world's goods; but true success in life is not always to be measured by gold. We start, in early manhood, with happiness as the end in view, and in most cases wealth is considered the chief means of securing that end. I own to having fallen into the error myself. But my experiences have not been in that direction. Riches would have done me more harm than good, and so in mercy they have not been given. I struggled hard for them, and failed time after time; the greatest good, or the chief means toward attaining the great-

CAPTAIN S. F. DUPONT, U.S.N.—PHOTOGRAPHED BY BRADY.—[SEE PAGE 763.]

BRIGADIER-GENERAL T. W. SHERMAN, U.S.A.—FROM A PHOTOGRAPH.—[SEE PAGE 763.]

est good. I was unhappy when disaster and disappointment came."

"But a manly philosophy sustained you," said I.

"It were better called religion," he answered, his voice falling into a lower key. "I tried philosophy, but it wouldn't do; and so, in my weakness and pain, I went up higher, to the Strong for strength."

His face lighted up beautifully.

"And found Him a friend that sticketh closer than a brother," I remarked.

"Yes, in truth. I am poor; but "His are the cattle upon a thousand hills."

"You have children?" I said.

"Yes, and good children, thank God! Loving children!"

His eyes glistened as he spoke.

And this was the man who had not succeeded; this was the man of whom some spoke with pity, some with indifference, and some even with contempt as of no account. But Payson was "all right!" I referred to Payson.

"Poor man!" was the reply. "I never look at him without a feeling of pity."

"He has succeeded largely."

"There is a difference of opinion about that," said Melleville. "Some think he has failed miserably."

"He is rich."

"In money, and in nothing else; and of all riches that comes with fewest blessings. If not accompanied by riches of the mind and heart, gold always curses its possessor. So I read in the book of human life. It has cursed Payson. I would not exchange places with him, taking his consciousness and state of mind, for the wealth of a thousand worlds. No! no! no!"

He spoke with earnestness.

"I have seen him," said I.

"Well, how did he impress you?"

"As to all that is worth living for, I should say with you that his life has been a miserable failure."

"And so are the lives of thousands," he answered, "whom the world points out as its most successful men. Get close to them; see them in their true individuality; in their homes, if you can approach that near, and you will see poor wrecks of manhood, bloated selfishness, tormenting itself with ill-nature, or mad with pain from some eating cancer of the soul that goes on, day and night, with its work of ruin."

I saw them two men frequently during the few days that I lingered in the old familiar places, and when I went away it was with no nicely-balanced question in my thought as to which was the truly successful man.

SHELLS.

As the bombardment of the Port Royal forts has directed attention to the subject of shells, we devote page 758 to the illustration of their manufacture. In the centre of the picture will be seen the workmen in a national foundry filling and finishing shells; in the corner on the left a workman is seen pouring in the lead, the direction of which is shown in a small diagram on the right at the top of the picture; the other diagrams and pictures illustrate the various parts of the shell. At the bottom on the right is seen the great Union shell, for the Union gun at Fortress Monroe; it stands about two feet three inches high. The shells used at Port Royal were fired with fuses calculated to explode shortly after the shell landed; other shells explode on striking their object. The negroes at Port Royal called them "Yankee dirt-plows!"

TORCH-LIGHT PROCESSION OF GENERAL BLENKER'S DIVISION IN HONOR OF THE NEW COMMANDER-IN-CHIEF.—DRAWN BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST.—[SEE PAGE 767.]

THE CAPTURE OF THE REBEL COMMISSIONERS TO EUROPE.

WE devote this page to illustrations of the capture of the rebel Commissioners, MASON and SLIDELL, who were arrested on 8th inst. on board the British mail steamer *Trent*, in the Bahamas Channel, by Commodore WILKES of the United States sloop of war *San Jacinto*. The transaction was thus described by Captain TAYLOR, the bearer of dispatches from Commodore WILKES:

Captain Taylor reports that when the *San Jacinto* stopped at Clenfuegos the escape of SLIDELL and MASON was ascertained. Proceeding thence to Havana, it was understood they had taken passage on the 7th inst. on the British mail steamship *Trent*, plying between Vera Cruz by way of Havana, and St. Thomas and Southampton. While the *San Jacinto* was in the narrowest part of the Bahama Channel, about twenty-four miles to the westward, she met the packet, and, as usual in such cases, fired a shot across her bows, and brought her to. Two boats were sent to her under the command of Lieutenant FAIRFAX, who, boarding the packet, arrested Messrs. MASON and SLIDELL, who were personally known to him. They at first objected to being removed without the employment of force for that purpose. However, they were soon after removed without further trouble, and conveyed to the *San Jacinto*. Their respective secretaries, EUSTIS and M'FARLAND, were also brought on board, and are now on their way to New York.

Of COMMODORE WILKES, who commanded the *San Jacinto*, the *Herald* gives the following memoir:

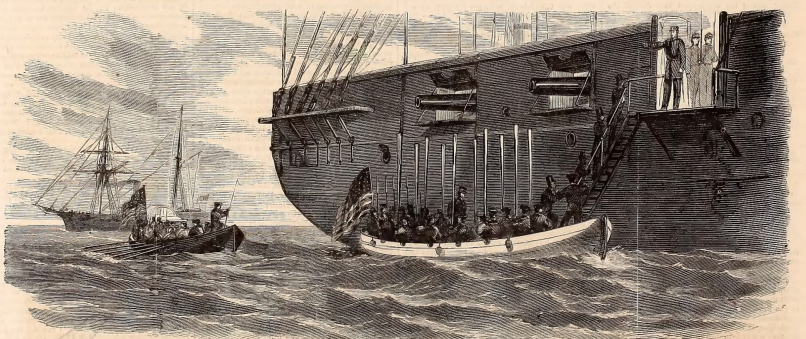
Captain Charles Wilkes, the captain of the *San Jacinto* at the time when she overhauled the *Trent*, is a native of New York, of which State he is a citizen, and from which State he was appointed to the navy. He was born about the year 1805, and at the early age of thirteen entered the naval service, his original entry therein bearing date January 1, 1818. He stands, according to the last Navy List, No. 51 on the list of captains, his present commission bearing date September 14, 1855. His sea-service under his present commission has been of short duration, his total sea-service being about ten years. He has been on shore and other duty about twenty-seven years, and has been unemployed about seven years, thus making his whole service under the Government of the United States about forty-four years. Previous to his present service his last duty at sea was in June, 1842. His principal employment from that time till ordered upon the *San Jacinto* was upon special duty at Washington. Captain WILKES is also noted as the great explorer and navigator, having, in consequence of his well-tested scientific ability, been appointed by the Government upon the command of the naval expedition gotten up for the purpose of exploring the countries bordering on the Pacific and Southern oceans.

At this time his command consisted of a brig, two war sloops, and two smaller vessels, as tenders, Charles WILKES having charge of the whole. Starting from New York, he pursued his route, via Cape Horn, toward Australia and the neighboring islands. He visited Singapore, Borneo, the Sandwich Islands, and the upper part of Oregon, etc., and returned to New York during the year 1842. This expedition lasted four years, having been commenced in 1838. For the interesting discoveries made by the explorer the learned Geographical Society of London presented him with a gold medal, as a memento of their appreciation of his labors. Captain WILKES has published several works on geographical research, the one on Western America being very valuable as a volume for reference, the statistics, maps, and drawings being of the highest order. Captain WILKES has by his present action added another triumph to his list of glories.

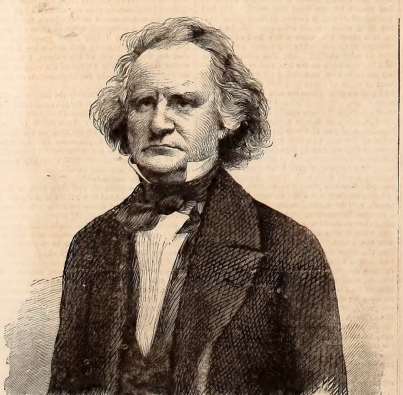
The *San Jacinto* arrived at New York with the rebel prisoners on 18th inst., but was ordered forthwith to Boston: Mason and Slidell are to be confined in Fort Warren with the other prisoners of war.

The event has created no little commotion, especially in British circles; for the first time in history the English are complaining of an "outrage on their flag." It seems, however, that the arrest of the rebel Commissioners was fully justified in international law, and that Commodore WILKES would even have been justified in taking the *Trent*, and bringing her into the harbor of New York as a prize, for carrying rebel officers and dispatches.

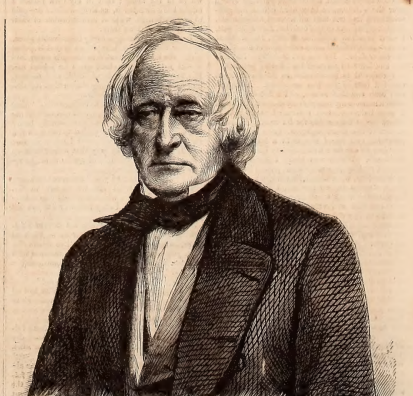
COMMODORE WILKES, U.S.N.—[PHOTOGRAPHED BY BRADY.]



THE REBEL COMMISSIONERS BROUGHT ON BOARD THE UNITED STATES SLOOP OF WAR "SAN JACINTO" AS PRISONERS.



THE CAPTURED REBEL COMMISSIONER MASON.—[PHOTOGRAPHED BY BRADY.]



THE CAPTURED REBEL COMMISSIONER SLIDELL.—[PHOTOGRAPHED BY BRADY.]

THE PICKET-GUARD.

"All quiet along the Potomac," they say,
"Except, now and then, a stray picket
Is shot as he walks on his beat to and fro,
By a rifleman hid in the thicket.
'Tis nothing—a private or two, now and then,
Will not count in the news of the battle;
Not an officer lost—only one of the men
Moaning out, all alone, the death-rattle."

* * * * *

All quiet along the Potomac to-night,
Where the soldiers lie peacefully dreaming;
Their tents, in the rays of the clear autumn moon
Or the light of the watch-fire, are gleaming.
A tremulous sigh, as the gentle night-wind
Through the forest-leaves softly is creeping;
While stars up above, with their glittering eyes,
Keep guard—for the army is sleeping.

There's only the sound of the lone sentry's tread
As he tramps from the rock to the fountain,
And thinks of the two in the low trundle-bed
Far away in the cot on the mountain.
His musket falls slack—his face, dark and grim,
Grows gentler with memories tender,
As he mutters a prayer for the children asleep—
For their mother—may Heaven defend her!

The moon seems to shine just as brightly as then,
That night when the love yet unspoken
Leaped up to his lips—when low-murmured vows
Were pledged to be ever unbroken.
Then drooped his eyelids so softly over his eyes
He dashes off tears that are welling,
And gathers his gun closer up to its place,
As if to keep down the heart-swelling.

He passes the fountain, the blasted pine-tree,
The footpath is beginning to show;
Yet onward he goes, through the broad belt of light,
Toward the shade of the forest so dreary.
Hark! was it the night-wind that rustled the leaves?
Was it moonlight so wondrously flashing?
It looked like a rifle— "Ha! Mary, good-by!"
And the life-blood is ebbing and plashing.

All quiet along the Potomac to-night,
No sound save the rush of the river;
While soft falls the dew on the face of the dead—
The picket's off duty forever!

E. B.

[Entered according to Act of Congress, in the Year 1861, by Harper & Brothers, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Southern District of New York.]

A STRANGE STORY.

By Sir E. BULWER LYTTON.

[Printed from the Manuscript and early Proof-sheets purchased by the Proprietors of "Harper's Weekly."]

CHAPTER XL.

The dead man's manuscript was gone. But how? A phantom might delude my eye, a human left hand, exerted at a distance, might override if she tales of mesmerism be true, deprive me of movement and of consciousness; but neither phantom nor mesmeric Will could surely remove from the table before me the material substance of the book that had vanished! Was I to seek explanation in the arts of sorcery ascribed to Louis Gravie in the narrative—I would not pursue that conjecture. Against it my reason rose up half defiantly, half disdainfully. Some one must have entered the room—some one have removed the manuscript. I looked round. The windows were closed, the curtains partially drawn over the shutters, as they were before my consciousness had left me: all seemed undisturbed. Snatching up one of the candles, fast dying out, I went into the adjoining library, the desolate state-rooms, into the entrance-hall and examined the outer door. Barred and locked! The door-robber had left no vestige of his stealthy presence.

I resolved to go at once to Strahan's room and tell him the loss sustained. A thought had been confided to me, and I felt as if there were a slur on my honor every moment in which I kept information concealed from him to whom I was responsible for its trust. I hastily ascended the great staircase, grim with faded portraits, and found myself in a long corridor by chambers, went blundering on, when, to the right, down a narrow passage, I recognized the signs of my host's whereabout—signs familiarly commonplace and vulgar, signs by which the inmate of any chamber in lodging-house or inn makes himself known—a chair before a doorway, clothes negligently thrown on it, beside it a pair of shoes. And so ludicrous did such testimony of common everyday life, of the habits which Strahan would necessarily have contracted in his desultory unluxurious bachelor's existence—so ludicrous, I say, did these homely details seem to me, so grotesquely at variance with the wonders of which I had been reading, with the wonders yet more incredible of which I myself had been witness and victim, that as I turned down the passage I heard my own unconscious half-hysterical laugh ring out, and startled by the sound of that laugh as if it came from some one else, I paused, my hand on the door, and asked myself: "Do I dream? Am I awake? And if awake, what am I to say to the commonplace mortal I am about to rouse? Speak to him of a phantom! Speak to him of some weird spell over this strong frame! Speak to him of a mystic trance in which has been stolen what he confided to me, without my knowledge! What will he say? What should I have said a week since to any man who told such a tale to me?" I did not wait to resolve these questions. I entered the room. There was Strahan sound asleep on his bed. I shook him roughly. He started up, rubbed his eyes—"You, Allen—you! What do mean?—what's the matter?"

"Strahan, I have been robbed!—robbed of the manuscript you lent me. I could not rest till I had told you."

"Robbed, robbed! Are you serious?"

By this time Strahan had thrown off the bedclothes, and sat upright, staring at me.

And then those ridiculous details which had suggested while I was standing at his door repeated themselves with double force. Tell this man, this unimaginative, hard-headed, raw-boned, sandy-haired North-countryman—tell this man a story which the most credulous school-girl would have rejected as a fable! Impossible.

"I fell asleep," said I, coloring and stammering, for the slightest deviation from truth was painful to me, "and—and—when I woke the manuscript was gone. Some one must have entered and committed the theft."

"Some one entered the house at this hour of the night, and then only steal a manuscript which could be of no use to him! Absurd! If thieves have come in it must be for other objects—for plate, for money. I will dress; we will see!"

Strahan hurried on his clothes, muttering to himself, and avoiding my eye. He was embarrassed. He did not like to say to my old friend what was on his mind, but I saw at once that he suspected I had resolved to deprive him of the manuscript, and invented a wild tale in order to conceal my own dishonesty.

Nevertheless, he proceeded to search the house. I followed him, passive, and provided with my own thoughts, and longing for solitude in my own chamber. We found no one, no trace of any one, nothing to excite suspicion. There were but two female servants sleeping in the house—the old housekeeper and a country girl who assisted her. It was idle to even suspect either of these persons, but in the course of our search we opened the doors of their rooms. We saw that they were both in bed, both seemingly asleep: it seemed idle to wake and question them. When the formality of our futile investigation was completed, Strahan returned to the door of my bedroom, and for the first time fixing his eyes on me steadily, said;

"Alfred Erwick, I would have given half the fortune I have come into rather than this had happened. The manuscript, as you know, was bequeathed to me as a sacred trust by a benefactor whose slightest wish it is my duty to observe religiously. If it contained aught valuable to a man of your knowledge and profession—why, you must have free access to it. Let me hope, Allen, that the book will reappear to-morrow."

He said no more, drew himself away from the hand I involuntarily extended, and walked quickly back toward his own room.

Alone once more, I sank on a seat, buried my face in my hands, and strove in vain to collect into some definite shape my own tumultuous and wondering thoughts. Was it likely—was it even credit to the marvelous narrative I had read? Were there, indeed, such powers given to man? such influences hidden in the recesses of our Nature? I could not believe it; I must have some morbid affection of the brain; I must be under a hallucination. Yet there remained to me the phantom, yes—the trance, yes. But still, how came the book gone? That, at least, was not hallucination.

I left my room the next morning with a vague hope that I should find the manuscript somewhere in the study. That in my own trance I might have secreted it, as sleep-walkers are said to secrete things, without remembrance of their act in their waking state.

I searched minutely in every conceivable place. Strahan found me still employed in that hopeless task. He had summoned all his own men, and it was past eleven o'clock when he joined me. His manner was now hard, cold, and distant, and his suspicion and ire shown that my distress gave way to resentment.

"Is it possible," I cried, indignantly, "that you who have known me so well can suspect me of an act so base, and so gratuitously base? Purloin, conceal a book confided to me, with full power to copy it! Strahan, in my own trance I may be conscious in any way that might seem to me serviceable to science, or useful to me in my own calling!"

"I have not accused you," answered Strahan, sullenly. "But what are we to say to Mr. Jeeves and others who know that this manuscript existed? Will they believe what you tell me?"

"Mr. Jeeves," I said, "can not suspect a fellow-townsman, whose character is as high as mine, of untruth and theft. And to whom else have you communicated this manuscript, and in a manner and a request of so extraordinary a nature?"

"To young Margrave; I told you so!"

"True, true. We need not go further to find the thief. Margrave has been in this house more than once. He knows the position of the rooms. You have named the robber!"

"Tut! what on earth could a gay young fellow like Margrave want with a work of such profound and abstruse nature as I presume my poor kinsman's memoir must be?"

I was about to answer, when the door was abruptly opened, and the servant girl entered, followed by two men, in whom I recognized the superintendent of the police and the same subordinate who had found me by Sir Philip's corpse.

The superintendent came up to me with a grave face, and whispered in my ear. I did not at first comprehend him. "Come with you," I said, "and to Mr. Vigors the magistrate? I thought my deposition was clear."

The superintendent shook his head. "I have the authority here, Dr. Fenwick."

"Well, I will come, of course. Has any thing new transpired?"

The superintendent turned to the servant girl, who was standing with gaping mouth and staring eyes. "Show us Dr. Fenwick's room. You had better put up, Sir, whatever things you have brought here. I will go up stairs with you," he whispered again, "Dr. Fenwick, I am in the discharge of my duty."

Something in the man's manner was more sinister and menacing than I felt at ease about. That some and strange calamity had befallen me. I turned toward Strahan. He was at the threshold, speaking in a low tone to the intimate policeman, and there was an expression of amazement and horror in his countenance. As I came toward him he darted away without a word.

I went up the stairs, entered my bedroom, the superintendent close behind me. As I took up mechanically the few things I had brought with me, the hand of the police-officer drew them from me with an abruptness that appeared insolent, and although I felt at ease about the sum in coat which I had worn the evening before, then opened the drawers in the room, and even pried into the bed.

"What do you mean?" I asked, haughtily.

"Excuse me, Sir. Duty. You are—"

"Well, I am your prisoner?"

"My prisoner; here is the warrant."

"Warrant! on what charge?"

"The murder of Sir Philip Derval."

"I—I! Murder!" I could say no more.

I must hurry over this awful passage in my marvelous narrative. I must endeavor to dwell as little as possible on the details, and indeed I have so sought to chase them from my recollection, that they only come back to me in vague fragments, like the broken, incoherent remains of a horrible dream.

All that I need state as to follows: Early on the very morning in which I had been arrested, a man, a stranger in the town, had privately sought Mr. Vigors, and deposed that, on the night of the murder, he was walking home after from a sudden storm under shelter of the eaves and buttresses of a wall adjoining an old archway; that he had heard men talking there in the archway; had heard one say to the other, "You still bear me a grudge." The other had replied, "I can forgive you one condition." That the then lost much of the conversation that ensued, which was in a lower voice; but he gathered enough to know that the condition demanded by the one was the murder and robber of a casket by the other. That from what he gathered of the meaning the casket; that, finally, this man said in a loud key, "Then it is all over, and on record," ing the answer, which the witness did not overhear, exclaimed threateningly, "It is you who will repent it!" That a man stepped forth from the arch into the street. The rain had then ceased, but by a broad flash of lightning the witness saw distinctly the face of the man who was speaking, the shelter of the arch; a man of tall stature, powerful frame, erect carriage. A little time afterward the witness saw a similar and older man come forth from the arch, whom he could only examine by the flickering ray of the gas-lamp near the street. This man, walking cowed, for whom he fully believed to be the person he afterward discovered to be Sir Philip Derval.

He said that the man first only arrived a few hours before in the town, a stranger to L——, and indeed to England; having come from the United States of America, where he had passed his life from childhood. He had journeyed on foot to L——, in the hope of finding there some distant relations. He had put up at a small inn, after which he had strolled through the town, when the storm had driven him to seek shelter. That he had then failed to find his way back to the inn, and after wandering about in vain, and seeing no one at that late hour of night from whom he could ask the way, he had crept under a portico and slept for two or three hours. Waking toward the dawn, he had then got his way and again reached the inn, where he saw in a narrow street before him two men, one of whom he recognized as the taller of the two. That the conversation he had listened under the arch, the other he did not recognize at the moment. The taller man seemed angry and agitated, and he heard him say, "It is the casket; I will have it." There then seemed a struggle between these two persons, when the taller one struck down the shorter, knelt on his breast, and he caught distinctly the gleam of some steel instrument. That he was so frightened that he had turned from the place, and that though he cried out he believed his voice was not heard. He then saw the taller man rise, the other remain in the prostrate position, less, and a minute or so afterward beheld policemen coming to the place, on which he, the witness, walked away. He did not know that murder had been committed; it might be only an assault; it was no business of his, he was a stranger. Such was the best out to interfere, the policemen having cognizance of the affair. He found out his inn; for the next few days he was, however, detained in L—— in search of his relations, who had left the town many years ago to fix their residence in one of the neighboring villages.

He was, however, disappointed; none of these relations now survived. He had returned to L——, heard of the murder, was in doubt what to do, might get himself into trouble if, a mere stranger, he gave an unsupported testimony. But on the day before the evidence was volunteered, as he was lounging in the street, he had seen a gentleman pass by on horseback, in whom he immediately recognized the man who, in his belief, was the murderer of Sir Philip Derval. He inquired of a by-stander the name of the gentleman; the answer was Dr. Fenwick. That the rest of the day he felt much disturbed in his mind, not liking to volunteer such a charge against a man of apparent respectability and station; but that his conscience would not let him sleep that night, and he had resolved at morning to go to the magistrate and make a deposition of it.

This story was in itself so improbable that probably any other magistrate but Mr. Vigors would have dismissed it as contempt. But Mr. Vigors, naturally a very bitterly prejudiced against me, and not sorry, perhaps, to subject me to the humiliation of so horrible a charge, immediately issued his warrant to search my house. I was absent to Derval Court; the house was searched. In the bureau in my favorite study, which was left unlocked, the steel casket was discovered, and a large case-knife, on the blade of which the stains of blood were still perceptible. On this discovery I was apprehended, and on these evidences, and on the deposition of this vagrant stranger, I was not indeed committed to take my trial for murder, but was placed in confinement, all bail for my appearance refused, and the examination adjourned to give time for further investigation and inquiries. I had requested the professional aid of Mr. Jeeves. At the surprise and dismay Mr. Jeeves begged me to excuse him. He said he was pre-engaged by Mr. Strahan to detect and prosecute the murderer of Sir F. Derval, and could not assist one accused of that crime. He gathered from the little he said that Strahan had already begun to him information and told him of the missing manuscript—that Strahan had ceased to be my friend. I engaged another solicitor, a young man of talent, and who professed personal esteem for me. Mr. Jeeves (such was the lawyer's name) believed in my innocence; but he owned that the appearances were grave, he implored me to be perfectly frank with him. Had I held conversation with Sir Philip under the arbor as described by the witness? Had I used such or similar words? Had the deceased said, "I had a grudge against him?" Had I demanded the casket? Had I threatened Sir Philip that he would repent? And of what? His refusal?

I felt myself grow pale as I answered, "Yes, I thought such or similar expressions had occurred in my conversation with the deceased."

"What was the reason of the grudge? What was the nature of this casket, that I should so desire its possession?"

These I answered, terribly embarrassed. What could I say to a keen, sensible, worldly man of law? Tell him of the powder and the fume, of the scene in the museum, of Sir Philip's tale, of the implied identity of the youthful Margrave with the aged Gryle, of the elixir of life, and the secret of age? Tell such a romance as I, the noted adversary of all pretended mysticism? I—I—a skeptical practitioner of medicine! Had such manuscript of Sir Philip's been available—a substantial record of marvelous events by a man of repute for intellect and learning—I might, perhaps, have ventured to attack the solicitor of L—— with my revelations. But the sole proof that all which the solicitor urged me to confess was a monstrous fiction—a vision of the noted adversary of all pretended mysticism!

thing of this Margrave in the East—Margrave might dread exposure, revelations—of what I know not; but, strange as it may seem to you, it is my conviction that this young man, apparently so gay and so thoughtless, is the real criminal, and in some way that I can not conjecture has employed this lying vagabond in the fabrication of a charge against myself. Reflect: of Mr. Margrave's antecedents we know nothing; of them nothing was known even by the young gentleman who first introduced him to the society of this town. If you would serve and save me, it is to that quarter that you will direct your vigilant and unrelaxing researches."

I had scarcely so said when I repented my candor; for I observed in the face of Mr. Stanton a sudden revulsion of feeling, an utter incredulity of the statement I had thus hazarded, and for the first time a doubt of my own guilt. The fascination exercised by Margrave was universal; nor was I to be murdered at; for, besides the charm of his joyous presence, he seemed so singularly free from even the errors common enough in the young. So gay and boon a companion, yet a shunner of wine; so dazzling in aspect, so more than beautiful, so courted, so idolized by women, yet no sale of seduction, of profligacy, attached to his name! As to his antecedents, he had so frankly owned himself a natural son, a scholar, a traveler, an idler; his expenses, though lavish, were so unostentatious, so regularly defrayed. He was so wholly the reverse of the character assigned to criminals, that it seemed as absurd to bring a charge of homicide against a butterfly or a goldfinch as against this amiable pleasant and delightful favorite of humanity and nature.

However, Mr. Stanton said little or nothing, and shortly after I left me, with a cry expression of hope that my innocence would be cleared in spite of evidence that he was bound to say was of the most serious character.

I was exhausted. I fell into a profound sleep early that night; it might be a little after twelve when I woke, and woke as fully, as completely as much exposed to life and consciousness as it was then my habit to be at the break of day. And so waking, I saw on the wall opposite my bed the same luminous phantom I had seen in the wizard's study at Derval Court. I have read in Scandinavian legends of an apparition called the Draug, or shining corpse. It is supposed, in the northern superstition, sometimes to haunt sepulchres, sometimes to foretell doom. It was the spectre of a human body seen in a phosphoric light. And so exactly did this phantom correspond to the description of such an apparition in Scandinavian fable that I know not how to give it a better name than that of Sein-Lucea—the shining corpse.

There it was before me, corpse-like, yet not dead; there, as in the haunted study of the wizard Forman!—the form and the face of Margrave. Constitutionally, my nerves are strong, and my temper hardy, and now I was resolved to battle against any impression which my senses might receive from my own deluding fancies. Things that witnessed for the first time daunts, witnessed for the second time lose their terror. I rose from my bed with a bold aspect, I approached the phantom with a firm step; but when within two paces of it, and my hand outstretched to touch it, my arm became fixed in air, my feet locked to the ground. I did not experience fear; I felt that my heart beat regularly, but an invincible something opposed itself to me. I stood as if turned to stone, and then from the lips of this phantom there came a voice, but a voice which seemed heard from a great distance—very low, muffled, and yet distinct; I could not even be sure that my ear heard it, or whether the sound was not conveyed to me by an inner sense.

"I, and I alone, can save and deliver you," said the voice. "I will do so, and ask but one condition in return—a condition simple and easy."

"Fiend or spectre, or mere delusion of my own brain," cried I, "there can be no compact between thee and me. I despise thy malice; I reject thy services; I accept no condition to escape from the one or to obtain the other."

"You may give a different answer when I ask again."

The Sein-Lucea slowly waned, and fading first into a wan shadow, then vanished. I rejoiced at the reply I had given. Two days elapsed before Mr. Stanton again came to me; in the interval the Sein-Lucea did not reappear. I had mustered all my courage, all my common sense, noted down all the weak points of the false evidence against me, and felt calm and supported by the strength of my innocence.

The first few words of the solicitor dashed all my courage to the ground. For I was anxious to hear news of Lilian, anxious to have some message from her that might cheer and strengthen me, and my first question was this:

"Mr. Stanton, you are aware that I am engaged in marriage to Miss Ashleigh. Your family are not unacquainted with her. What says, what thinks she of this monstrous charge against her betrothed?"

"I was for two hours at Mrs. Ashleigh's house last evening," replied the lawyer; "she was naturally anxious to see me as employed in your defense. Who do you think was there? Who, eager to defend you, to express his persuasion of your innocence, to declare his conviction that the real criminal would be soon discovered—who but that same Mr. Margrave, whom, pardon me my frankness, you so rashly and groundlessly suspected."

"Heavens! Do you say that he is received in that house? that he—he is familiarly admitted to her presence?"

"My good Sir, why these unjust prepossessions against a true friend? It was as your friend that, as soon as the charge against you amazed and shocked the town of L——, Mr. Margrave called on Mrs. Ashleigh—presented to her by Miss Brabazon—and was so cheering and hopeful that—"

"Enough!" I exclaimed—"enough!"

I paced the room in a state of excitement and rage, which the lawyer in vain endeavored to calm, until at length I halted abruptly. "Well—and you saw Miss Ashleigh? What message does she send to me—her betrothed?"

Mr. Stanton looked confused. "Message! Consider, Sir, what Ashleigh's situation—the delicacy—and—and—"

"I understand! no message, no word, from a young Lady so respectable to a Man accused of murder."

Mr. Stanton was silent for some moments, and then said, gently, "I have changed this subject; let us think of what more immediately presses. I see you have been making some notes; may I look at them—"

I composed myself and sat down. "This accuser—have inquiries really been made as to his manner, and his statement of the grounds of his charge? He comes, he says, from America—in what ship? At what port did he land? Is there any evidence to corroborate his story of the relations he tried to discover—of the inn at which he first put up, and to which he could not find his way?"

"Your suggestions are sensible, Dr. Fenwick. I have forestalled them. It is true that the man lodged at a mean house in Gravel Lane; true that he made inquiries about some relations of the name of Wallis, who formerly resided at L——, and afterwards removed to a village ten miles distant—two brothers—tradesmen of small means but respectable character. He at first refused to quit the house he had taken, in which my ship he sailed. I suspect that he has now told a falsehood as to these matters. I have sent my clerk to ascertain the truth—for it is there he said that he was put on shore—ye shall see—he then makes a beautiful in close custody. I hear that his manner is strange and excitable; but that he preserves silence as to his motive. It is generally believed that he is a bad character, perhaps a returned convict, and that this is the true reason why he has not yet been put on trial—silence, and has been since so reluctant to account for himself. But even if his testimony should be impugned, what then? Still we should have to account for the fact that the casket and the case-knife were found in your bureau. For, touching that point, I am sorry to say that I myself could in your absence have entered your study and placed the articles in your bureau, it is clear that this evidence, as it is, could not have possessed that knowledge."

"Of course not—Mr. Margrave did possess it."

"Mr. Margrave again—oh, Sir!"

I arose and moved away, with an impatient gesture. "Mr. Stanton, I repeat

THE LAST MEN AT BEAUFORT, S. C.

WHITE MAN.

BLACK MAN.

"The day after the Fight the *Seneca* and two other Gunboats, under the command of Lieutenant AMMON, proceeded up to Beaufort and found but ONE WHITE MAN in the TOWN, and HE WAS DRUNK."—*Report of the Expedition.*

"The Negroes were seen in great numbers, and, as the boats passed, came down to the shore WITH BUNDLES IN THEIR HANDS, AS IF EXPECTING TO BE TAKEN OFF."—*Report of the Expedition.*

POLICEMAN WILKES, noticing by the last Number of *Harper's Weekly*, that the well-known Rogues, MASON and SEIDELL, were about to Pawn some of their late Employer's Property at Messrs. *Ball, Crapaud & Co.'s* Shop, kept a bright look-out for'ard, and nabbed them in the nick of time.

THE LIGHT WONDER.

MARY. "Did you never, Julia,
See it work before?
Try it once, you'll surely
Use it evermore;
Such a little treasure
Never before was seen,
Oh! 'tis such a pleasure
Sewing by machine!"

JULIA. "Isn't it delicious?
How the needle flies!
I can notice the movement
Follow with my eyes!
How it goes, like lightning,
Flashing through that seam!
Mary, dear, I almost
Fancy it a dream."

MARY. "Oh! the toil it saves me,
Merry little thing!
Jumping, with its click, click,
While I sit and sing;
Lightly as a fleetfoot
On it goes apace,
Through the toughest leather
For the finest lace."

JULIA. "My! how very clever
Such inventions are!
Working just like human
Beings, I declare;
Tell me, Mary, dearest,
Where I ought to go,
For Papa must really
Get me one, you know."

MARY. "Let it be like mine, then,
Julia, take advice;
None that I have seen yet
Are one half so nice;
Some won't keep in order—
Needles snap in two—
Causing bothertation,
Spite of all you do.

"Nobody but FEEKLE
Ever sells in this town.
Can produce another
Equal to my own;
I will choose one, Julia,
With you, any day,
When we pass EVE HUNDRED
THIRTY-EIGHT BROADWAY."

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3000 Cameo Brooches..... 4.00 to 6.00 each
3000 Mosaic and Jet Brooches..... 4.00 to 6.00 each
3000 Lava and Florentine Brooches..... 4.00 to 6.00 each
3000 Coral, Opal, and Em. Brooches..... 4.00 to 6.00 each
3000 Cameo Ear Drops..... 4.00 to 6.00 each
3000 Mosaic and Jet Ear Drops..... 4.00 to 6.00 each
3000 Lava and Florentine Ear Drops..... 4.00 to 6.00 each
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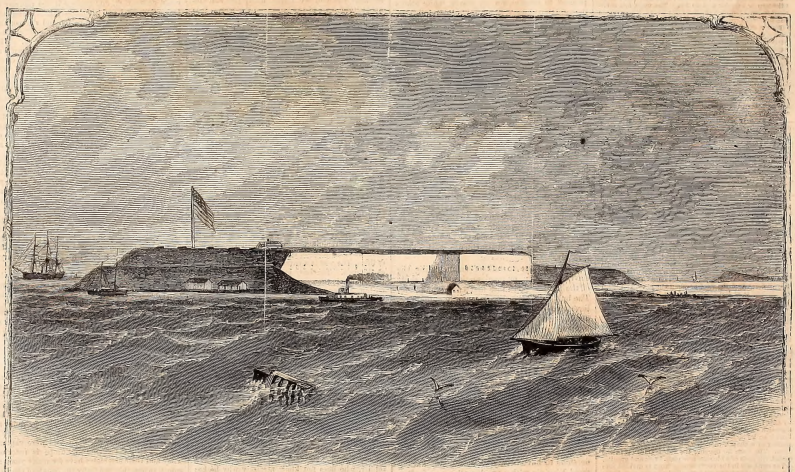
HARPER'S WEEKLY.

A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION.

VOL. V.—No. 258.] NEW YORK, SATURDAY, DECEMBER 7, 1861. [SINGLE COPIES SIX CENTS. $2 50 PER YEAR IN ADVANCE.

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the Year 1861, by Harper & Brothers, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Southern District of New York.



View of Fort Warren Boston harbor.

Interior of the Fort.

FORT WARREN, BOSTON.

We devote the preceding page to illustrations of FORT WARREN in Boston harbor, the state prison where Mason, Slidell, and other rebels are now confined. The following description is from the Boston *Journal*:

George's Island, upon which Fort Warren is located, is situated about two miles west of Boston Light, fronting the main entrance to the harbor. It contains about forty-five acres, and is protected by a sea wall extending half way round the island to the most exposed point. The construction of the fort was commenced in 1833, under the direction of Colonel Sylvanus Thayer, of the United States Corps of Engineers. The work was continued until 1858, when operations were suspended by the failure of Congress to make the necessary appropriations. The fort is constructed of granite obtained principally from Quincy and Cape Ann. The sum of $1,600,000 has been expended by the Government upon the work, and it is regarded as the best built and cheapest work of its size in the United States. The sum of $275,000 is required to complete the fort, and that $500,000 to property sunk in. It is rated the most formidable work of defence in the United States, the intended armament being 320 guns, while Forts Monroe and Adams mount respectively about 200 guns. When fully armed and the fort will require a force of between five and seven hundred men.

The general plan of the fortification is a figure of five sides or fronts, with bastions, curtains, flanks, and ditch. The top of the parapet is 70 feet above low-water mark; while the height of the parade wall is 25 feet, and that of the scarp or exterior wall 30 feet. The main fort is entirely surrounded by a ditch 50 feet wide. The average length of each front is about 620 feet, making the entire circuit of the fortification 3156 feet. The area of the parade ground is about two acres. The space between the inner and outer walls is about 50 feet, and with the exception of the bastions of the fort is levelled and divided into casemates or quarters. The terre-plein, upon which is to be mounted the barbette guns, is 12 feet wide, and extends entirely around the top of the fort. The parade and terre-plein, or circles upon which the guns are to be worked, have been set on the most commanding fronts, but in the present time only one gun, and that a Columbiad, in the casemates, is mounted. Measure have, however, been taken to supply the fort with a battery of rifled cannon.

The main entry front, commanding the main channel, mounts 35 barbette guns, and beneath them in the casemate, protected by a bank for mounting 30 Columbiads in five flank guns, the latter designed to throw grapeshot for the defence of the ditches. In the rear of the main entrance being made to scale the ramparts, the ladders of the assailants could be thrown, the bait is raised. Over the entering the barbette are obliged to pass between "Dog Light" and the wall, which will build a mile of fire from the battery, in addition to which there is an outwork against the southerly flank, commanding not only the south channel, but ranging in the main entrance, upon which can be mounted a large number of seventeen-inch mortars.

The northeasterly front, commanding the Narrows, mounts 38 barbettes on the terre-plein, and a tier of casemate, protected by a bank for mounting 30 Columbiads in five flank guns, the latter designed to throw grapeshot for the defence of the ditches. In the rear of the main entrance being made to scale the ramparts, the ladders of the assailants could be thrown, the bait is raised. Over the entering the barbette are obliged to pass between "Dog Light" and the wall, which will build a mile of fire from the battery, in addition to which there is an outwork against the southerly flank, commanding not only the south channel, but ranging in the main entrance, upon which can be mounted a large number of seventeen-inch mortars.

The northeasterly front, commanding the Narrows, mounts 38 barbettes on the terre-plein, and a tier of casemate, which extends the entire length of the front. The bastion at the northeasterly front, also commanding the Narrows, will consist of 35 barbette guns, and several flank guns for defending the ditches and main entrance to the port. In advance of this front is an outwork in front of the main entrance, called a flank-zone or lunette of the shape. This is surrounded with loop-holes, and provided with fire-places, and is intended to be used either as a prison or for the defence of the field or plain entering. The fifth front is not in use, and a space in the casemate has been erected to a chapel, capable of accommodating 500 soldiers. The stone for flagging the floor is piled up in the chapel, the walls of which are now plain brick and mortar.

The casemate in the northeasterly front is divided into five spacious apartments for barracks for troops, each 100 by 17 feet, and provided with two fire-places, well lighted and ventilated. The capacity of this front is a portion, even in time of assault, is designed to be connected with the water face by double doors, over which the troops will be pulled, may retreat within the fort and close the heavy postern gates. These are apartments in the rear of each casemate in the sea front which, if necessary may be used for barracks. There are three circular staircases and four straight flights of stone stairs leading from the parade ground to the terre-plein. Magazines are located in the extreme end of each face and curtain, in the rear of each gun.

There are two wells of excellent water in the fort, which have never failed. The landing on the west side of the fort has a pier-head of three hundred feet. Much attempt has been made to ornament the grounds surrounding the fort by planting from 600 to 1000 shade trees. They are, however, quite young, and as yet do not afford much shade.

☞ EUROPEAN DEALERS will be supplied with HARPER'S WEEKLY by *John Adams Knight*, Publisher of the *London Advertiser*, 100 Fleet St., London, England, where Subscriptions and Advertisements will be received, and single copies of HARPER'S MONTHLY and WEEKLY furnished.

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

SATURDAY, DECEMBER 7, 1861.

THE REBELS IN FLIGHT.

MR. JEFFERSON DAVIS and his fellow-rebels have fled from Richmond to Nashville. At the time Bull Run was fought we were told that Richmond was impregnable. It seems now that it is not quite safe enough; and as M'Clellan obstinately refuses to go into winter-quarters, the king of the rebels has taken flight with all his court. This is the second "flitting" of the "Confederate Government" since the war began. It will not probably be the last.

Nashville, we take it, is at least as accessible to our forces as Richmond. It possesses some remarkable advantages in regard to mountain defenses, but hardly more than the capital of Virginia. It is accessible on two sides, from Kentucky on the north, where Bull must have 40,000 men on the Nashville and Louisville Railroad, and from Memphis on the west, where we hope that Halleck and Foote will soon make a call with 80,000 or 100,000, and some big guns. It is a good deal further from the seaboard cities on the Atlantic than Richmond, which will be a comforting reflection for the Georgians and Carolinians, who will have to go there to protect Jeff Davis's Court while our naval expeditions are rapping at the doors of their homes.

It is not necessary, in order to end this war, that we should seize the rebel capital. In the course of a few weeks it is hoped that we shall hold every good sea-port on the Atlantic, and the line of the Mississippi from Cairo to the delta. This achieved, we can wait. Thus entrenched, it is a mere question of weeks how long the insurrection can endure atrophy.

THE SLAVERY QUESTION

SEVERAL of the newspapers are worrying themselves about the slavery question, some of them insisting that our generals shall forthwith proceed to emancipate the slaves, while others demand that slavery, alone of Southern interests, shall be shielded from damage during the war. Surely this discussion is irrelevant and idle at this time. Events alone can shape the course of the war, including its bearing on the institution of slavery. It is out of the power of the President or of his generals to determine the nature and extent of the changes which the war must produce in Southern society. Southern institutions, and Southern interests. We began the war with protests against the employment of slaves, and our generals uniformly returned fugitives to their masters. This was the only unobjectionable announcement of a change of policy; but no United States general, with the single exception of General Halleck who stands precisely where M'Clellan, Heintzelman, and the others stood three months ago), now tolerates slavehunting in his camp. Military necessity has compelled them all to welcome the information brought in by fugitive slaves, and labor wrought by black as well as white hands. Surely after such a beginning the enemies of slavery can afford to let time and Providence work undisturbedly.

It is nonsense to talk of emancipating the slaves by decree, or proclamation of any thing of the kind. You might as well emancipate your wives. The bulk of the Southern people thoroughly believe that our Government and our army are abolitionists. Any such proclamation would not surprise them or add to their dangers. They are acting as though it had been already promulgated. They would laugh at a paper decree of freedom as they would laugh at an more effect than Frémont's *Brutum fulmen*, or the paper blockades of old. In effect, wherever our armies penetrate emancipation becomes a fact, from the simplest circumstance, in the case where rebel bayonets rule slavery thrives despite all we may say or publish to the contrary.

The changes already wrought by events in the policy of our generals with regard to Slavery are instructive. General M'Clellan is understood to have been a Douglas man, and entered Virginia with the strongest prejudices in favor of Southern institutions. Even Beauregard, a proper concern for his devotion produced a wonderful change in his views. Others of the rebels with open arms at his camp, and their information has proved most useful. General Heintzelman is wise enough to know that a slave may bring information which may save the whole army. Virginian slave-owners complain bitterly of his growing tendency toward abolitionism. General Halleck is destined to go through the same improving process. When he finds himself on the march, within ten miles of the enemy, and it is a matter of life and death for him to know the enemy's position and numbers, he will reconsider the order which now excludes fugitive slaves from his camp for fear they should run back into slavery. Necessity is a most successful schoolmaster.

☞ MR. DU CHAILLE and his GORILLAS still occupy the attention of the English literary and scientific journals, though Darwin, Murchison, Horton, Owen, and Malone no longer participate in the fight. Retributive justice seems to have overtaken Mr. Du Chaillu's most bitter opponent, The Gray-cut Original. Museum having significant its appreciation of the value of Mr. Du Chaillu's contributions to Natural History by purchasing the subject of the controversy—the Gorillas, or infamous, gorillas—and placing them in the charge of Dr. Gray, who is curator of the Natural History department.

It seems too bad, however, that after Mr. Du Chaillu has so triumphantly vindicated the truth of his statements, and gained fresh Transatlantic laurels for American authorship by completely silencing his adversaries' batteries, he should be assailed by one of his own countrymen. An American correspondent informs the London *Critic* that Mr. Du Chaillu "is not the author of the volume of African Explorations, but it is the work of a New York literary rowdy, named NORDHOFF, commonly known as *the Baron*," and this information is commended to the serious attention of Dr. Gray and the London *Morning Advertiser*. The statement was immediately pronounced, by a correspondent of the London *Morning Star*, not only an unmitigated falsehood in regard to Mr. Du Chaillu, but also a despicable slander against one of our contributors. Condemned New York journalists, Mr. NORDHOFF—to whom, as a contemporary says, the term rowdy is about as applicable as to Mr. Bryant or Mr. Greeley. The English journalists, with their present rancorous disposition toward every thing American, will gladly avail themselves of the tradyfun of this scurrilous American correspondent. A Mr. OSGOOD (of the house of TICKNOR & FIELDS, Boston) is said to be the correspondent of the London *Critic*.

THE LOUNGER.

A NEW CAREER.

DOUBTLESS, in the reports of the Thanksgiving Sermons you will see a great many just and pleasant observations of the kind. Of the war. It is the natural theme of the times. But especially upon Thanksgiving-day the preacher might turn his audience to consider what occasions of thankfulness the war offered. And these, too, he would find to be many and profound.

Think of the sudden access to so many young men. War is always terrible, and the military career is not always ennobling. But a war of sacred principle such as war on that to which Philip Sidney or that in which Joseph Warren fell —are wars which develop the finest traits and exalt the finest souls. Even as Raphael in Naples, a few years ago, was certainly engaged in no very lofty business, however brave he may have shown himself to be in it, so the young is be enlisted by many just men whether that war was not unjust.

The soldier lacked the inspiration of a noble cause. But the duty of the soldier in war on that to which Philip Sidney or that in which Joseph Warren fell —are wars which develop the finest traits and exalt the finest souls. Even as Raphael in Naples, a few years ago, was certainly engaged in no very lofty business, however brave he may have shown himself to be in it, so the young is be enlisted by many just men whether that war was not unjust.

barbarism of the rebellious section, and of the ferocity with which they wage the war. War is in itself so terrible that it may be said, a little ferocity more or less makes no difference. But even war has certain rules. Quarter upon surrender, for instance, and respect to a flag of truce.

At Gaynadotte there was the same kind of treachery shown as in the plot of the mine at Port Royal. We are dealing with men who have little of the honor of a civilized people. They show the temper and method of savages, and we should bear it constantly in mind to avoid all the traps we can. Civil wars are peculiarly fierce, and ours is not an exception to the rule. The tone and temper of General Sherman's proclamation were at singular variance with the noise in the fort and the known sentiment of South Carolina. It showed that the Government is animated by no hate, no insane and stupid fury, like that of the rebels; but that it means to be respected by all citizens, and that those who are armed against it will feel its power. The proclamation was too long, but it ended well.

The mine at Port Royal and the massacre at Guyandotte should leave no man in doubt that every hope that can be dealt this nation, and in every savage way, will not be spared by the rebels. They are frenzied and desperate, and why should we think they are to be soothed? They are not to be pacified, they are to be subjugated. They are to be forced by such means as the *Wabash* used, and such powder only, to lay down their arms. They are not to be entreated, they are to be compelled. And as Secretary Cameron says, every weapon that the Government can honorably use, and it may honorably use any, short of treachery—will be leveled against the rebellion.

This treacherous conception of fire and sword will not harm the nation, it will help it. A civil war is a terrible tonic. But a peace which is rottenness of cowardice and a decay of manhood is death. If we are slow to understand this, we are sure. The rebels themselves have taught us step by step, and we learn. Disbonor itself, treachery of every kind, and at the cost of precious lives, have shown us more and more distinctly the character and fury of our foe. They have strained every nerve to harm us. But they have not yet felt the full weight of our hand. That they will feel it in the ground-breaking beneath them, no one who studies the course of events and the progress of opinion can doubt.

Meanwhile let every honest man reflect upon the methods of the rebellion, and ask himself whether he feels a call to be peculiarly charitable to such an enemy.

THE WISDOM OF ACTION AND INACTION.

WHEN, early in the Revolution, Major Barton crossed Narragansett Bay at night and captured General Prescott upon Rhode Island, the general satisfaction among the patriots was not only that a prisoner of high degree had been secured, but that the circumstances of his capture showed that heroic audacity and ability which were the sure prophecies of ultimate success.

We have all been looking for similar enterprises in this war. We have been expecting to see the American shrewdness, and skill, and rapidity of movement vindicate themselves anew. To take responsibilities daringly, yet wisely, is to command success. And Napoleon Wilkes showed it in stopping the *Trent*, "putting the *Sun Jacinto* into position," and walking Messrs. Slidell and Mason over the side into the custody of the United States.

It is precisely what Major Barton would have done had he been in command. It is precisely what Napoleon Bonaparte and Andrew Jackson would have done. It was the wise promptitude which does the necessary deed and leaves the explanation and justification to follow.

In Saint-Beuve's "Causeries de Lundi" there is a remarkable letter of Napoleon's, and one of the most characteristic he ever wrote. He was discontented with the inertness of Augereau, who was organizing an army at Lyons. The date is February 21, 1814.

"——What! Six hours after receiving the first troops from Spain you are not in the field! Six hours of rest is quite enough for them. I conquered at Nangis with the brigade of dragoons coming from Spain, who the Bayonne had not drawn rein. Do you say that the six battalions from Nimes want clothes and equipage, and are unaccustomed? Augereau, what miserable excuses! I have destroyed 80,000 enemies with battalions of conscripts, scarcely clothed, and without cartridge-boxes. The National Guards are pitiful? I have here 4000 from Angers and Bretagne, in gaiters and shoes, and knapsacks; but with good weapons: and I have made them toil. There is no money, do you say? But where do you expect to get money, but from the pockets of the enemy? You have no money! Seize them. Or have you magazines? Eh, but this is too ridiculous! I order you to put yourself in the field twelve hours after you receive this letter. If you are still the Augereau of Castiglione, keep your command. If your sixty years are too much for you, relinquish it to the oldest of your general officers. The country is menaced and in danger. It can be saved only by daring and alacrity, and not by vain delays. You must have a nucleus of 6000 men in your troops? I have not so many, yet I have destroyed three armies, captured 40,000 prisoners, taken two hundred pieces of artillery, and thrice saved the capital. The enemy are in full flight upon Troyes? Do relieve them. Are no longer so of late. Resume the method and the spirit of '93. When Frenchmen see your plume waving in the van, and you, first of all, exposed to the enemy's fire, you will do with them whatever you will."

So prompt, so bold, was Napoleon. Yet he knew when to wait as well as to move. At Austerlitz Soult and the other generals begged him to advance. "Stop," replied Napoleon; "never move when your enemy is committing a fault."

We have wisely waited. And who does not feel that under M'Clellan we shall move as wisely?

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

DOMESTIC COOKERY.

To make a Savage Roll.—Carry your sausage carefully to the top of the nearest hill, and trundle it carefully down.

To make a Trifle.—Buy Fun for a penny, and sell it at its true value.

Jam Tart.—Place your tart in the hinge of the door, and close briskly.

Open Tart.—Insert your knife carefully, and lift off the upper crust.

To Collar Beef.—Watch your opportunity, snatch up briskly, and carry home under your coat.

Pickled Pork.—Pull up a cabbage by the bush, and plant upside down.

Hardware.—Place your pastry in a fierce oven, and forget all about it.

Tempting Dumplings.—Pop into water, and snatch out again.

Heavy Drops.—Place your honey in a collender, and watch the effect from beneath.

[Advertisement.]

UNMANAGEABLE BOYS.—An Unmanageable Boy wishes to meet with a few more boys of tastes and habits similar to his own to object similar to his own, in order to make up a pleasure party for a visit to the tutor of the persuasive powers who has lately been advertising.

N.B. Each unmanageable boy must bring his own peashooter, India-rubber bands, slings, catapults, sticks, popguns, and the latest inventions.

Address—"Tommy," *care of Nemo, Smash Hall, U.C.*

ADVICE GRATIS.—How to hear your tooth being extracted without crying out. Hold your jaw.

A GRAND DRESS REHEARSAL.

It is a pretty dress rehearsal when a young lady takes a visitor up to her bedroom, and begins showing her all the wonderful new dresses she has had or been buying. She should try them all on, one after the other, before the looking-glass, and press her dear friend, in the most persuasive manner, to give her opinion upon each. The performance is all the more effective when the visitor happens to be in an inferior position of society, so that the pieces which are intended for the admiring sources are as nicely arranged as to be above the reach of her pocket. However, the best thing for preparation for a Grand Dress Rehearsal is when a young lady is going to a Queen's Drawing-Room. Too many young friends can not be invited to witness the *éclat* of so delightful a performance, taking care of course to avoid any interference from overcrowding, and even upon so rare an occasion servants have been known to be kindly admitted to witness the grand *finale*.

THE SONG OF THE YOUNGER SON.

I would gladly marry,
Could I but find
A girl of tastes and habit
Incorrespondent with mine!
One who for more pin-money
Will not whine,
And will even love her husband
Better than her father.

Who will share his fortune,
Nor complain of his close fist,
And without a pair of panics
Will manage to exist?
Who in London after August
To be seen won't be afraid,
And can flesh off her toilet
Without a lady's-maid.

Who'll not think a mile of walking
A cure for fifth or fun,
And even on emergency
Will travel by a 'bus,
Who'll mend a shirt or stocking,
And a jar or pot-pie bake,
And will not want a doctor
If her baby cries colic.

A wife who'll not look sulky
If *entre blondes* she be denied
With her milliner and tailor,
And fifty shops beside.
Who'll not be in bed at breakfast,
Nor of cruelty complain
If she have to dine without Champagne.

To fancy hats and flower-shows
Who will not be a fan,
Nor will deem a quiet evening
With her husband "dreadful slow."
Who can live without French novels,
And without an opera box,
Nor will want three parties nightly,
And twice a week a ball.

Who can go out on a visit
Nor want six new gowns a day,
And won't turn her nose up
At a stingeny bouquet.
Who'll walk out with her husband
If he can't afford a horse,
Nor will down on a bonnet
A fit ground for a divorce.

Who will be content with Margate,
When there's no Court,
Nor will think her Henry vulgar
If he can't dress for tea.
Find me such a charmer,
With habits wealth and poor good,
And then ask me if I marry?
Why, I should like to, I would!

ONE OF THE WORST ASPECTS OF THE WAR.—Since the great scarcity of cotton the Parisian milliners have been changing frills, and flounces, and such-like, to eighty-two per cent. extra for padding. If the scarcity should still continue, it will be frightful to contemplate upon the shoulders and thousands of Parisian ladies that will be left by the want of it during the coming winter.

LAST LINE FROM THE FRENCH KICKS.—There is from one Brighton, and the other from Boulogne.

An ingenious friend of ours says he has discovered the secret of Nessor's shirt. He says it was a shirt with 32 buttons all in a row. It fastens gorgeously in front, he says him, and the effect was that every time he put it on the absence of the buttons behind set the garments into such a burning rage that ultimately it was the death of him!

NO POPERY!

[*A Joke made on Guy Fawkes' Day.*]

Pam says that he will not allow the Roman Catholic population of Canada that he has sent out, as Governor-General, a Bishop. He says that he had excuse to better than none. Really, the joke's as objectionable as the opportunity is good for saying a good deal, as will be found out one of these days.

Rousseau used to say: "To write a good love-letter you ought to begin without knowing what you mean to say, and to finish without knowing what you have written."

Dobbs says he has one of the most obedient boys in the world. He tells him to do as he pleases, and he does it without murmuring.

Love partakes so much of modesty, confidence, and fidelity, that it awakens these virtues in the bosoms of those who were previously strangers to them.

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

BOMBARDMENT OF PENSACOLA.

We learn through rebel sources that the steamers Wyoming and Colorado and the gunboat Sen Pickens have opened a heavy fire on the rebel General Bragg's forces and the Pensacola Navy-yard, and the town of Warrington has been totally destroyed by the hot shot poured upon it from Fort Pickens. General Bragg, in dispatches which he has widely circulated all over the South, describes the affair as a rebel victory, and reports that the United States steamers had to haul off, being badly damaged by the fire of the rebel batteries. It is admitted that the destruction done by the shells from the fort and ships was very considerable, and that the Navy-yard was set on fire three times by the hot shot from Fort Pickens. General Bragg boasts that the walls of the fort were battered in several places, a fort which, from the caliber of the guns he had to bring to bear upon it, and the immense strength of the fort itself, is highly improbable.

THE REBELS SHIFTING QUARTERS.

The important event of the day is the sudden flight of the rebel Government and Congress from Richmond to Nashville, Tennessee. The rebel Congress assembled at the former place on the 18th, and elected the Stomger of the Davis there on 19th. It appears from the Richmond *Enquirer* that a resolution is pending to remove the rebel government to a more secure locality in the interior of Tennessee.

THE REBEL ARMY AT MANASSAS.

A deserter reports the rebel force about Centreville, where headquarters are established, as numbering 65,000 men, and as many more all along the Potomac lines. Centreville, he states, is well defended, but has no siege-guns. At Manassas, however, there are some heavy guns. He describes the troops as being in good spirits, pretty well fed, clothed, and armed, and under the impression that the war is one of independence, and ridiculing the idea of subjugation. This impression they receive from their officers and chaplains.

TWO VIRGINIAN COUNTIES IN THE UNION.

The War Department received information last week that the Union forces in Accomac and Northampton counties, Virginia, have taken nine guns belonging to the rebels. It is further stated that the people there express themselves as being tired of rebel rule, and anxious to resume trade with the northern States. Gen. Wool's troops have been told to take into consideration the future disposition of the two counties. The Government has fully responded to the spirit of General Dix's proclamation, and Mr. Chase has ordered the restoration of the light-house at Cape Charles. The postal connection of both counties will be at once renewed, the Postmaster-General having sent a special agent there for that purpose.

NORTH CAROLINA RE-ENTERING THE UNION.

The Provisional State government for North Carolina, the establishment of which has been contemplated for months, was formally instituted on the 19th inst. by a Convention of delegates and loyal citizens representing forty-five counties of the State. Ordinances were passed acknowledging the Constitution of the United States; appointing Martin Nash Taylor provisional Governor of North Carolina; pronouncing the secession act illegal and of no force or effect, and empowering the new Governor to order special elections for representatives to the Federal Congress.

A NEW BLOCKADING FLEET.

Seventeen old whale ships have been purchased by the Government at New Bedford, Massachusetts, and loaded with what the soldiers of the Massachusetts Sixth regiment call "Baltimore rotiron" (stone and brickbats, and taken South to be sunk at the entrance of certain harbors. The following are their names: *Archer, Alexander, Archer, Awanon, Canada, Courier, Era, Henrietta, Garland, Co. Richmond, Rebecca Simms, Kensington, South Dresden, Herald, Potomac, Marie Theresa, Leviathan, Hope, Corinthian, Sarah Sheafe, Montreal*. They also have a propeller at New London for the same purpose: ship *Fortune*, bark *Fortune*, ship *Coeur*, bark *Trenton*, ship *Manor*, ship *Meteor*, ship *Robin Hood*, ship *Phanee*. The vessels of this fleet have been fitted for the service in a hasty manner.

It is understood that they are going to Savannah and Charleston.

AFFAIRS IN MISSOURI.

General Halleck has given orders to exclude fugitives slaves from the camps, as they have been detected giving military information to the rebels. General Price's rebel army is moving toward the centre of the State, and General Hurlbut of Illinois is said to be about to enter Missouri for the purpose of ravaging the southern counties. It is supposed that General Price will not be struck, even if the doubtless force him into an engagement. Intelligence has reached Jefferson City, Missouri, by a letter from Rolla, that the rebels had burned down the town of Warsaw to prevent its being made winter-quarters for the Union troops. A large quantity of Government stores were destroyed in the conflagration.

OUR ARMY.

It has been ascertained that the volunteer forces of the Union army now amount to six hundred thousand men.

JEFF DAVIS'S MESSAGE.

Jeff Davis's Message to the rebel Legislature is contained in the Richmond papers of 20th. He finds cause for congratulation in what he calls the success of the Confederate arms, and declares that the men, military supplies, and financial condition, the Confederate States are much stronger now than when the struggle commenced. He alleges as a reason for the invasion of Kentucky, that the National forces were about to occupy Tennessee, and not to retreat. He declares that the Union can never be reconstructed, as the causes which originally induced a separation have been strengthened; characterizes the nature of the hostilities on the part of the United States as barbarous, and declares that the National soldiers are incendiaries and robbers. He pronounces very favorable financial condition of the rebel States in a very hasty and imperfect manner, and is disposed to speculate in imperfect data and fictions. He sees in the capture of Messrs. Mason and Slidell from a British vessel a cause for war between the United States and Great Britain—declaring that "we have been forced to submit to the insolence of the Yankee in the streets of London. The blockade he pronounces a failure. Finally, he declares that any hope that the rest of the rebellion will be attended at the proper time. He seems, however, to be forgotten by the rebels that Port Royal, Hatteras, Port Royal, and the recent Union demonstrations in Eastern Tennessee are going to have enough to occupy attention strictly.

A NEW MOVEMENT AT THE SOUTH.

On the 4th a flag of truce came down from Norfolk, with dispatches to General Wool, informing him that no more ships of trade will be received at Hampton Roads. It is inferred that the major portion if not all the rebel troops stationed at Sewall's Point, Pinner's Point, and Craney Island are to be withdrawn and sent post-haste to South Carolina, to reinforce out our troops before any reinforcements can reach them.

AFFAIRS AT HILTON HEAD.

Information has been received that Hilton Head relative to the progress made by the Union troops is fast increasing. Every thing that had been ordered by the consignal progress, a dock built, storehouses erected, stores on hand, a hospital established, and other work accomplished, of a nature vast and surprising when it is taken into consideration that the troops have been in the place ten days. A large quantity of sea-island cotton is on its way to New York, and by the middle of this port last week, brought a quantity of the staple with her.

PANIC AT THE SOUTH.

The panic caused throughout the whole board rebel States by the success of the national fleet at Port Royal appears to be much greater than the rebel papers care to acknowledge. They print enough, however, to give us a tolerably fair idea in reference to it. For instance, a dispatch from Charleston, dated November 11, which we find in a Richmond paper, says that the failure of the shore batteries to demolish at least one of the attacking vessels, has sadly shaken the popular confidence in the efficiency of the rebel guns, and so alarmed are many of the "terrified souls that infest all the Southern cities," that the effect may already be seen in "the burdening of freight-trains which leave almost hourly for the interior." Savannah is especially pointed at as a city where the panic has been general, while heightened efforts are being now made.

MASON AND SLIDELL IN FORT WARREN.

The *Sun Jacinto* reached Boston on 28th, and landed Messrs. Mason and Slidell, and their secretaries, Eustis and M'Farland, at Fort Warren.

FOREIGN NEWS.

ENGLAND.

LORD PALMERSTON ON OUR TROUBLES.

At the Lord Mayor's dinner in London on Lord Mayor's day, November 9, the chief magistrate of that city presented the "Foreign Embassadors," coupling the name with the name of Mr. Adams, the American Minister. That gentleman, in his reply, stated that his mission was to promote and perpetuate the friendly relations of the two countries. Lord Palmerston, in proposing the embassadors' health, said, "Ever since the Government has had the honor to be, for a time, threaten to interfere with the supply of cotton, the temporary evil with the prosperity of permanent good. England would find in various portions of the globe a sure and ample supply, which would render her more independent. He stated that the country witnessed with affliction the lamentable difference among her American cousins; but added, it was not for her to pass judgment in their dispute. He expressed a hope of the speedy restoration of harmony and peace.

THE EXPEDITION TO MEXICO.

The allied expedition to Mexico is fairly on the move. The British war-ships *Conqueror*, *Snapdragon*, and *Diamond* sailed on the 13th instant for the 19th, with a well-disciplined force of marines and some heavy Armstrong guns on board. Napoleon had ordered his contingent to leave from whatever ports the vessels designated were stationed, while Spain was burning with impatience for the moment of action.

SPAIN.

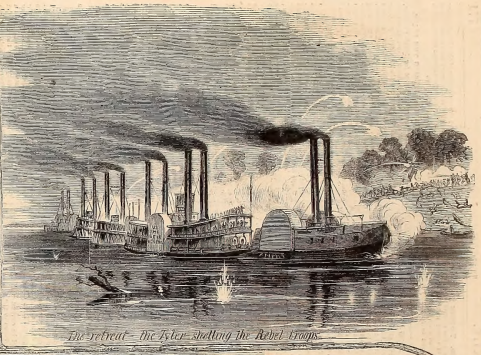
THE MEETING OF THE CORTES.

The Session of Cortes has been opened in Madrid. Queen Isabella, in her speech, refers in the most handsome terms to the recent successes of her diplomats and troops both in Cochin-China and San Domingo, and is quite hopeful of fair prospects in Mexico.

OUR MODEST FERNANDO.—(An Engraving on Wood.)

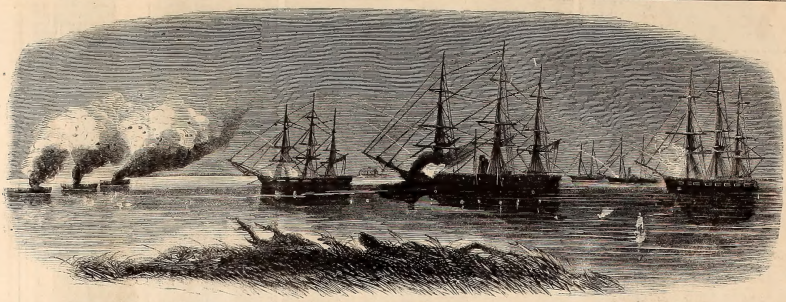
"I did intend to let BROTHER BEN have this, as it's getting a little threadbare, and to try one of my new ones. But one must sacrifice something for one's country in these times."

The Mississippi River—Seven miles S. Belmont



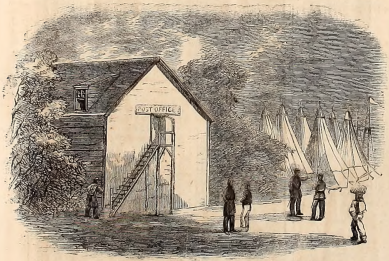
The Retreat—The Tyler Shelling the Rebel Troops.

THE BATTLE OF BELMONT—CHARGE OF COLONEL DOUGHERTY, TWENTY-SECOND ILLINOIS REGIMENT, UPON THE REBEL BATTERIES.—SKETCHED BY MR. BILL TRAVIS.—[SEE PAGE 779.]



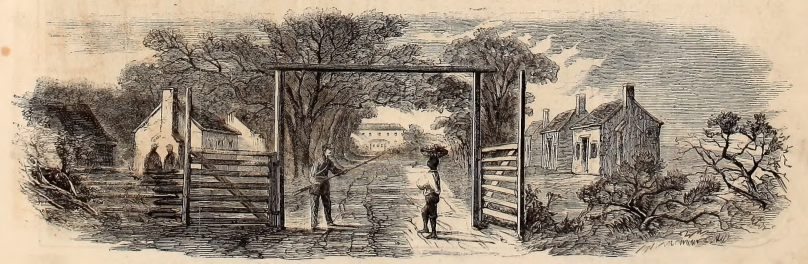
THE BATTLE AT THE SOUTHWEST PASS—THE RAM "MANASSAS" ATTACKING THE "RICHMOND."—SKETCHED BY AN OFFICER OF THE "RICHMOND."—[SEE PAGE 779.]

THE BATTLE AT THE SOUTHWEST PASS—RETREAT OF THE REBEL FLOTILLA.—SKETCHED BY AN OFFICER OF THE "RICHMOND."—[SEE PAGE 779.]



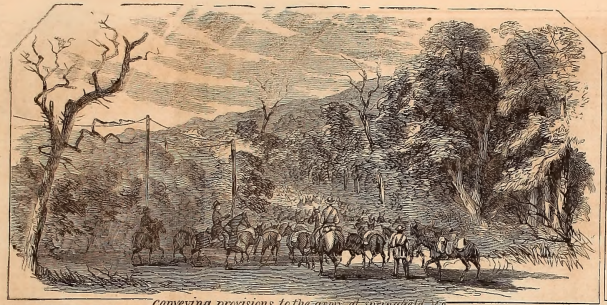
THE POST-OFFICE AT HILTON HEAD, SOUTH CAROLINA.

LANDING STORES AT HILTON HEAD, SOUTH CAROLINA.

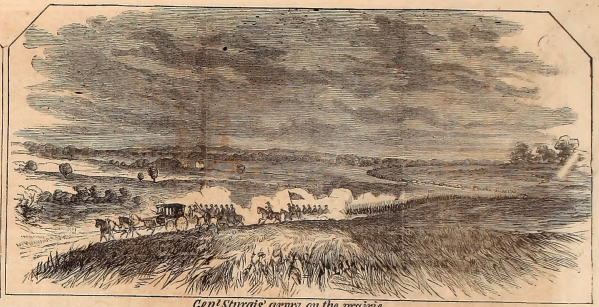


OUR PICKET AT GENERAL DRAYTON'S MANSION, HILTON HEAD, SOUTH CAROLINA.—SKETCHED BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST.—[SEE PAGE 779.]

VIEWS OF THE SOUTH-WEST PASS OF THE MISSISSIPPI RIVER.—[SEE PAGE 779.]

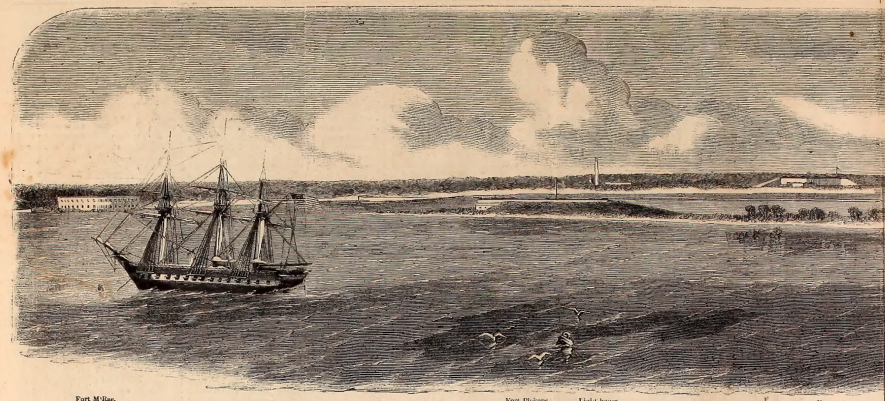


Conveying provisions to the army at Springfield, Mo.



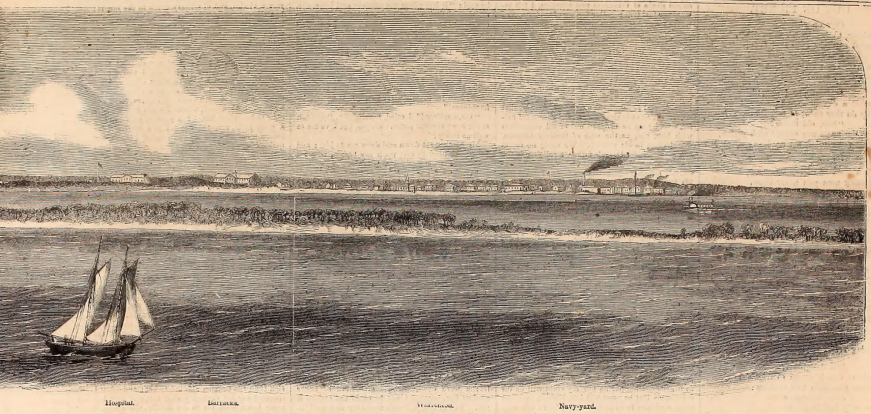
Gen! Sturgis' army on the prairie.

Camp Nevin, Kentucky, General M'Cook's Head-quarters.—Sketched by Mr. H. Mosler.—[See Page 779.]

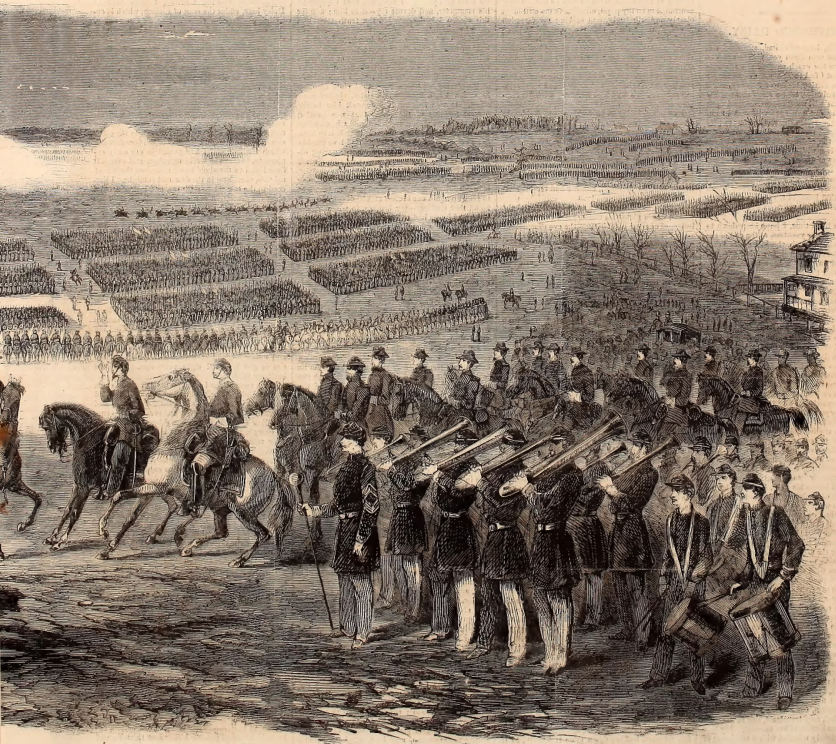


VIEW OF THE HARBOR OF PENSACOLA—SANTA ROSA ISLAND AND PORT PICKENS IN THE FORE

THE GREAT REVIEW AT BAILEY'S CROSS ROADS, VIRGINIA, ON NOVEMBER



GROUND, REBEL BATTERIES AND NAVY-YARD IN THE DISTANCE.—[SKETCHED BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST.]



20, 1861.—SKETCHED BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST FROM THE TOP OF A BARN.—[SEE PAGE 779.]

OUT ON PICKET.

Out on picket,
Cronching, hiding 'neath the thicket,
Scared at every twig that falls;
Oh, confound me!
I can hear them all around me—
Hear those awful Minié balls.

"Ping! ping! ping!"
Oh, what a deadly song they sing!
Why do they shoot at me, I wonder?
"Say, old fellow!
Yon whose pants are striped with yellow,
D'you want to kill me dead as thunder?

"Louisiana,
That's a kind of off-hand manner,
Shooting men you never knew.
Now, just stop that,
Else you see I'll take a pop at
All such looking men as you."

Past me rushes
Another ball into the bushes.
"Look out for a leaden pebble!"
So exclaiming
This to him while I was aiming—
"Crack!" and dying lay the rebel!

So on picket,
Peeping from behind the thicket,
All day long we kept up shooting:
How exciting,
After once you've used to fighting,
Taking rebels off their footing!

Its delightful!
Though at first it seems so frightful
Killing people in this manner:
Just remember,
It was only last December
That they slew us YON OUR BANNER!

CLEVELAND, OHIO, *Nov.*, 1861.

THE GATHERED DAISY.

My native hills, long unvisited, surround me, though I have not yet been yet, for the sun was gone down before the coach reached the entrance of the valley. But I feel them about me, no longer a mere dream, a fitting vision of memory, but a reality of God's universe, whose steep and narrow paths my own feet will tread to-morrow, and upon whose live ropes my nerves will rest in unwearied confidence. Twice I have been out to peer into the thick night, until my eyes might be detected painfully by the stars, dark profiles, without light or perspective, which cross the clouded horizon in single lines of unchanging, threatening, utter blackness. No faint gleam along the whole boundary; no trace of the heavenly forgotten day: only those obscure, sullen curves. They crush down the hope that brought me hither with Margaret. They extort from me sighs and irrepressible tears.

Again, for the third time, I have been down to the gnarled and gloomy yew-tree, at the end of the garden walk, facing Elmeth, the hill where I was born. As I loitered there vainly gazing upward, the clouds rather broke for a little while, and the moon came up over the sharply defined outline of the great mountain beyond; she poured a stream of luster over the valley and upon the peak of Elmeth; and at that moment a bright red light under it marked the very spot of the old homestead. My pulse quickened, my eyes quickening light, but rapidly the heavy clouds gathered again, and rolling down the slopes of Wodehill, engulfed Elmeth and its red home light in impenetrable darkness. Once more the invisible landscape lay before my straining eyes an awful and mysterious blank; like a winding sheet spread smoothly over the dead limbs and features of one beloved.

We were both artists, my brother and I, and we loved our art sincerely. Only there was this difference: Godfrey possessed true genius, I had only the gift of appreciating it. We worked side by side in the same room, under the same light, with the same pencils and colors. I was always ready for work, and painted uniformly; but he, with long intervals of total abstraction, and with throes of agony and self-distrust, wrought out his conceptions. It was enough for me to glance once at his face, as he stood before his easy, to learn whether it was a moment of exultation in conscious power, which lacked no word or sign of mine to add to its strength, or a moment of conflict with the doubting demon of depreciation, which must needs be exorcised by a few sharp words of work-a-day sense, or appeased by a cheerful sylvan of praise. Therefore, recognizing the difference between us, I stood humbly on one side, to watch his inspired progress, or to uphold him in his stately hands in his hours of reaction and depression.

I worked with my commoner powers in sketches of local scenery, and studies of heads in crayon, which obtained some celebrity in the exhibitions of the country town where I pursued my vocation. Nor was there in my temperament, as there was in Godfrey's, any painful sensitiveness to prevent me becoming a teacher of our art. I could earn my living and his, while he studied in the Royal Academy and advanced in the favor of the great artist who was his patron. Soon his genius, his success, his fame, would repay my toils a hundred-fold.

For my pupil, Margaret Wilson, whom I called Daisy, I formed no common attachment. There was a subtle charm, even to me a woman, in her childlike, dimpled, rosy loveliness, and in the helpless, clinging tenderness of her manner. My love for her was curiously mingled with a sentiment of protection and pity; and when she sat at my feet, as she liked to do, fondling my hands and gazing up at me with liquid hazel eyes softened into the softest shade of reverence and affection, I felt toward her just that peculiar feeling of tender regard which we express in the word loving-kindness.

Of course Godfrey and Daisy loved one another. He came direct from the solo study of woman as revealed to him by the bold models of his life-schools, to the daily companionship of an innocent, childish girl, who treated him with coy and timid deference. I considered Daisy, my fair, fresh, simple-hearted Daisy, worthy even of my nobly-gifted brother, built with a wisdom and a wide celebrity; and I almost felt a pang of jealousy, that whereas I, as only the sister of the successful artist, would be cropped out of all conversation with him, she, as the wife of Godfrey Lincoln, would share in his renown. We made no secret of the matter. Sir Daisy's father, a solicitor in the town, had a high appreciation of our art, and was already satisfied of Godfrey's eminent talents and his honorable and manly character. Daisy had been no concealment from the first, and Mr. Wilson knew that when Godfrey left London he occupied my studio alone, where Daisy spent her leisure hours. So as I was particularly his favorite, they deputed me to communicate to him the deep true love that existed between them. He listened uninterruptedly to the end, a placid smile playing blandly about his mouth, and with many acquiescing gestures as I unfolded to him Godfrey's praise, and hopefully of his brilliant future. Then he responded with a calm wisdom which recommended itself to my own mind, and talked of Daisy's youth and my brother's need of greater artistic advantages before he was encumbered with a wife and family. "We must not ruin our artist," he said; "let Godfrey go upon the Continent for two years or so—I will lend him the means, and you, my good, industrious Emma, shall be his security—and let his genius develop into the maturity I anticipate by the study of the great masters. Then with a positive engagement, though neither he nor my child will be inconstant. But he must win her, Emma; he must paint a picture to be talked about." In this way it was settled.

Godfrey went abroad to work for the consummation of our hopes, mine as well as his. I continued to be my pupil, clinging to me still more closely and winningly, and seeking my direction in every thing; she would soon be necessary to me. I left her to lean to her own understanding and decision. And because I knew that Godfrey's character possessed one of the noblest elements of man's nature, and he chose to have those he loved dependent upon him, I did not greatly care to correct her gentle timidity. I left her to look upward to lay my brother's wife into harmony with his temperament.

I expected Daisy to be feeble where feebleness was a charm, and to be strong where strength was necessary. We were separated; for I was anxious to return Mr. Wilson's loan to Godfrey, that when my noble home he might begin his career without being hampered with debt; and when Mr. Wilson procured me a lucrative engagement for six months, I accepted it gladly. It was a professional residence which, by this time, another had taught himself to shame.

Coming home when it was ended, I found the pliant, docile girl, who would yield to any strong influence exerted upon her, on the eve of marriage with her country friend, and the Indian army, whose regiment was to sail immediately. He had a free, open, vehement, soldierly bearing, and was impassioned in his expressions of admiration; while her father gently but firmly pushed the matter on, until, as Daisy told me, weeping in my arms, she would not help herself. She faithful people, it is true, but it was too late; if I had never left her she would have had power to be constant. The child's character was not developed, and such supple tendrils will wind round the support nearest to them. After all, there is more sensuousness, more intensity of light, in these weak natures than in those that love more passionately. Once assured of the truth of a man's love, I could live a lifetime of unwearied faith in him. But Daisy needed to feel, day by day, that she was being cared for; and when Godfrey was no long absent, and John Wilson was not there, Daisy, after vehemently protested, she sacrificed her first love, though not without a grievous suffering.

I did not dare to tell Godfrey of the falsehood, lest he should remain abroad, far away from me, who loved him so truly, and who could console him with living consolation. So, though Daisy was married, and had left England before the time of Godfrey's return, he came home in ignorance, bringing with him the picture which was to be the work here. He had been always of a reserved and reticent disposition, and we had often worked side by side for days with but few words passing between us. But now, in the joy of coming home, he was voluble and excited, making my very heart ache by his expressions of delight. The picture was awaiting me, containing his picture was carried up into my studio, and he stood before it, impatient to disclose to me the work, yet hesitating with the nervous air of thamefacedness. How was I to tell him of Daisy's perfidy?

"Emma," he said, "I wish Daisy could be the first to see it, even before you, to whom I owe every thing—my perseverance and success, even my future darling wife. Don't think me an ungrateful scoundrel."

"I never shall, Godfrey," I answered; "but listen. Before you left, Daisy was not your own mind upon becoming a true and noble artist, elevating the people by the teaching symbols and representations of our art, and you were willing to endure toil and difficulty, yes, and sorrow, so that your own soul might attain a pure excellence. What say you, brother, if you must relinquish Daisy or your art—which should it be?"

He leaned in deep thought against the case for a few minutes, looking down upon it fixedly, as if he saw through its panels the work of his own hands and brain. Then a deeper color flushed under his sun-burned skin. "This is dear to me," he said: "it has given me anxiety and hope, dissatisfaction and content, and has played with every emotion of my nature except my love. There only Daisy's touch rests, and I find that there are hidden depths that have been concealed even from myself. I feel a living, throbbing heart, and an immortal spirit knitted to mine forever. Let art go rather than that I should stand alone again, divorced from this complement of myself. We shall honor marriage, Emma. We shall give truth for truth, love for love, life for life. It is an infinite happiness!"

"Oh, Godfrey!" I cried, mournfully, "you can never have another sister. Do you not love me as well as Daisy?"

My brother sat down and drew me to him; and I laid his head upon my bosom, where I could not see the working of his face.

"Godfrey," I said, "do you not remember all these years that we have grown up together? Daisy could never know you as I do, because your life has been mine as well—all your pursuits and pleasures and sorrows. She is very weak, brother; there is no dependence to be placed upon her. We have built upon the sand."

He loosened his head and moved restlessly, as if to free himself from my hands, which lay upon his head; but I pressed it closer down, lest I should see his face.

"My darling brother, my dearest, best Godfrey, she counted herself unworthy of you. She is married, and gives me news of your picture."

Then I stopped and listened, but there was a voiceless hush in that room; and the common empty sound that streamed in from without jarred and clashed upon my ears, while the beating temples under my fingers palpitated with fierce and feverish rapidity.

"O God!" he groaned at last, "it is impossible!"

Then I told him all, speaking in a whisper, as if she were dead, without one word of anger against her, because I felt he could not endure it yet. But of Daisy's falsehood and unworthiness I spoke with poignant bitterness, for he had acted cruelly in feeling Godfrey's love and hope for these two years. He said, for all, I would be his comforter, and devote myself to him; and for this reason I had concealed the truth from him until he could bear it like a man.

While I was speaking, he to whom I had betrothed myself only three days before, and whom I had almost forgotten in the sight of Godfrey's misery, entered my mind with the assured step of one who had the freedom of it; and I instinctively at his coming withdrew from that close embrace in which we, brother and sister, clasped each other. It was as though I forsook him in the fiercest moment of the storm that was beating down his hopes and his life, and slipped away into a safe and sunny refuge inaccessible to him. James Saville told him of our mutual love frankly and joyously, and Godfrey, bowed, gazing directly into our faces with features set like a mask of iron.

Till then I did not know the cruelty and jealousy of man's nature. The next morning, when I thought to take up again our broken thread of confidence, I found that Godfrey, my brother, in whom all my plans and hopes had centred all my life long, until this latter and very different tie had been formed between James Saville and me, whom I loved no less because I loved another, nay, whom I loved more tenderly while this shadow of a separation was passing over us, had deserted me, had banished himself from his only remaining sanctuary of affection. Godfrey was gone, leaving a few poignant words of reproach and faithful parting, with willfully deceiving him by the concealment of Daisy's infidelity and my own betrothal.

Every effort to find out my dear brother was fruitless; and after the lapse of some months I was married to James Saville, being alone with no one of my blood to give me away. Godfrey, he, or rather my picture, had been sent to the Paris exhibition, and I, absorbed into the circle of his family. The autumn exhibitions were open in London, and to them he took his work. Before leaving eagerly through the catalogue of the British Institution, I found the name I wanted, Godfrey Lincoln, the exhibition of two pictures of his, and I started slightly; but the address appended to the name was that of a picture agent, and when I applied to him he could give me no information, only that he, or rather that his paintings were already sold at a.... price.

Afterward, for years, I frequented every gallery of pictures open to the public, studied, reading all reviews a record of his wanderings. Sometimes he was in Norway, among wild, tempest-scarred rocks and stormy seas; then in the Tyrol, in desert and volcanic Iceland; and again upon the painted sierras of Spain. No eye saw the story in them which made them palpitate to me; no fatherhood the deep melancholy of these stormy seas, and gloomy skies, and desolate mountains; no one detected, as I did, in each successive picture, the infinite touches in the transparent texture of a cloud, in the crest of a wave, in the ripple of an inland lake, or in the crystal of a mountain, the definite lines of a woman's face, which seemed to start from the artist's soul, and blend itself with every work of his imagination. He never looked, knew it or not, there was always in some passage of the landscapes a shadowy, undefined suggestion of Daisy's features, though he never dreamed to repay, by such portraits and privations for his sake in past years. Ah! This was not the compensation I looked forward to, when I labored side by side for him at my poor, little, insignificant, water-color sketches.

Daisy's father died poor, and was therefore soon forgotten in his town; and her memory was almost lost to every one but me, until the mutiny in India awoke a feeling of personal interest in our fair young townswoman, now recollected with something of anxiety by her former school-fellows and old admirers. Vague reports were circulated now and then; rumors of awful massacre in which she was a victim, and of solitary death in the jungle; but the mutiny raged on, and we had no definite intelligence of her, and my resentment falling before the terrible peril of her position in that continent of bloodshed, I thought and prayed for Daisy as if she had been my sister.

So many years passed that my children were making me forget the time when I was Emma Lincoln, though I talked to them often of their Uncle Godfrey, and called one of my boys by his name when I went, as was my custom, to an exhibition in Liverpool, where I could find again a clew to his recent life. His picture, well hung in the central light, arrested my eye in a moment; for before me I saw the peaked crag of Elmeth, our native hill, with the golden-green slopes of Wodehill behind, darkening under the livid hues of a gathering thunder-cloud, just as we had often watched it in our childhood, folding-tightly hand in hand, and kidding one another in frightened whispers not to be afraid. I gazed with my heart; and becoming a child again, wept childishly before my brother's picture of our birth-place.

I was yet standing there, with my veil drawn down to hide my tears, when a voice very low, and weak, and tremulous, addressed to me a question about the painting I seemed to scrutinize as closely. It was the shy and timid utterance I used to love in Daisy; and I saw that none other but Daisy herself, with sunken eyes where there dwelt a time-worn look of fear, and lips that trembled, and hands that grasped each other nervously, stood beside me, pressing—not to me, but the work of Godfrey, whom she had betrayed.

I took Daisy home to my lodgings, and heard her story; one that was but a repetition of the horrors I had read shudderingly, and which I had thought could never be. Enough that she was come back to England a widow, with but one child remaining of the three that had been born to her. She was poor, moreover, having no other provision than the pension allotted to her; and when I resumed my old authority over her, and bade her come home with me to my family, she resigned herself to my guidance with the implicit dependence of her girlhood.

Therefore, reading Godfrey, I have brought Daisy here, under the crag of Elmeth, which is engulfed in mist and clouds. She does not know, this fragile, broken-hearted, hopeless woman, that she is lying, dreaming dreams of the Indian perils, at the very foot of the hill where Godfrey has fixed his solitary home, and dwells apart, crushing down his best and highest nature. I know that, when the sun looks over the brow of Wodenhill, a new life dawns for both.

It was an October morning when Daisy and I quitted the quiet village street, carpeted with almost untrodden leaves, and went up, step by step cart-road leading over the table-land to the other mountain village. I led Daisy to the door through the lonely farm; I had passed it in early exchange, to face the world together; and across it from limbs to threshold hung unbroken threads of cobwebs, sparkling in the dew and sunlight. I listened to the breathless stillness, and looked around upon the desolation of the homestead, till my hope nearly died away.

"Oh, Daisy!" I cried, "you do not know this place. It is where we were born, Godfrey and I. Those are our own fields and meadows where we were children. When we came down yonder hill, and I remembered the days before we left home to live in your native village, which was the first that might have been, and all that ought to have been, my spirit would have fainted but for the hope that Jesus Christ has died for me." Then I led Daisy, and the clergyman, to whom I wrote when we found his picture of Elmeth, says he has been living here for a little while. I took the picture my brother to me. It was you who deprived me of him. You must go to him with me. Forget your miserable feelings, which were unconsecrated and unblessed, and seek him as if you were the simple girl he loved eight years ago. Give me back my brother!"

For a moment, as I spoke, a flush of youth came back to Daisy's face, and a gleam of light kindled upon it from the past; but as she turned away, and lifted up her eyes to the fair and peaceful hills surrounding us, their dark irides dilated with terror, as though I, the friend she had once painted on their retina, I should find a far different vision there. Then the heavy lids closed over them, the head was suddenly inclined downward, and Daisy's lips moved in a whisper. She seemed to utter a sort of prayer.

I saw, however that I was insensible to every sorrow that did not come home to me, and touch me my own self; therefore Daisy had caused me to pass through years of suffering, until Thou hast pierced even to my soul. Come a little nearer to me, O my brother, that I may speak to you. Enough, now that my eyes are to see, and my ears are to hear, this trouble which I alone have wrought!

On the other side of the house, which faced a sudden dip in the outline of the hill, overlooking the valley, was another window I had seen the first night the evening before, there was a second entrance, through which Daisy and I found unobstructed access into the large kitchen. I observed in a glance that with the impulse of habit the chief pieces of furniture were arranged in their accustomed places; but the whole room was covered with cobwebs, half-finished pictures that were hung against the walls, and a bundle of pencils lying upon the deal table with a careless assurance of Godfrey's residence, though the kitchen was untenanted. I could not tarry there, so near to the completion of my hopes, and leading Daisy quickly through, I ascended to the room where we, as children, had made our first essays at painting upon the white-washed walls. We heard the movements of some one within, deliberate footsteps passing hither and thither; and Daisy laid her hand upon the latch, and in a moment stood face to face with Godfrey.

The window in the southward gable was shrouded-

ed to the topmost panes, and the sun, low-lying at that season, thought it was now noontide, did not rise above the lintel, and shone in a stream of condensed brightness upon Daisy, as she stood just within the door, beside the easel where Godfrey was painting. The rest of the room was in comparative obscurity; but my eyes, educated to a rapid observation of effect in light and shade, discovered the glimmering forms of white plaster casts, and burnished bronze models, and draped lay-figures scattered about, with elaborated pictures, not of still, inanimate landscapes, but of vivid human life and interest. I saw them without looking, for my attention was riveted upon my brother. On his face, whose likeness I had so often painted that I knew every line, I was reading something more than the infallible, authentic register of these past years; the broad forehead furrowed with austere gloom; the dark, deep-set eyes fixed upon a grave of concentrated intensity that never wavered into softness; the lips locked into morose reticence and disdain. He did not glance at me then, and for a minute or two we all stood motionless and speechless.

"You have been avenged," said Daisy, her eyes dropping before Godfrey's gaze; and she spoke in a calm, passionless tone of suffering, as if she was resuming an interrupted confession which had been often overheard and learned with much labor. "You have been avenged sorely. I did not know myself, nor did you know me, or you would never have laid upon me the trial of a long separation. If I was not assured every day of love, it died out of my consciousness, and I turned elsewhere. Even my father I used to think little of when he was not present. The long weeks and months, and the distance of many miles between us, blotted out the reality of our relationship. It was only when I saw that I could feel; and when I never met your eyes looking on me, nor heard your voice calling me, nor felt your hand guiding mine, I forgot you. And my cousin was there, always with me from morning till night, meeting me every where with some demonstration of his passionate love; and my father urged me, and Emma was gone away as well as you, so that I had no one to help me to be true to you. Then, to my great misery, I found that if you had understood me, you would not have trusted me so myself; at your side, and leaning upon you, I could have been true to you at last, as I was left. I did love you as I could love, and you have been avenged. Since I was false to you, I have been made to feel the misery of a wide-open eyes that could not close to shut it out; and now that I am here before you, never having seen you since that sad day when you left me to be away for two long years, and I could die for very sorrow at your feet, I meet neither love nor pardon, but a cruel disdain that—"

"No, no, not hatred, Daisy!" I exclaimed, advancing to her side, and encountering Godfrey's momentary glance.

"Yes, hatred!" she continued, looking up wistfully into his dark face: "your heart does not move towards me at this instant. If you had loved me less you could not hate me now. I come to you from visions of murder and massacre, from burning homes and the wail of dying men, and the sufferings of women perishing by hunger, and thirst, and awful terror; from the cruel death of my husband and the unburied bodies of my child-ren, seen, seen until the misery is burned into my memory, and I can not forget it even in my sleep. I come to you bracketed, with only a wretched remnant of life, in the hope of restoring you to yourself and to Emma, who has been constant to you with the faithfulness of a true woman. Yet you are like a rock to me. I measure your first love by the implacable hatred which no one ever felt before for me; and it torments me, Godfrey, it does me; give me one morsel of consolation before I die!"

Margaret Wilson," he said, "you have spoken truly of your nature. You are a woman—the creature of the moment—swayed by any passion. Just now you imagine you could die at my feet in a paroxysm of repentance and misery, but before you could descend into yonder valley you would be ready for another emotion as vehement and unreasoning. I can not tell for what you have followed me. If you can not bear to see any but fair scenes, why did you come up here to look upon the solitude of Hell? Which is your husband now? Who did you hope for? What effect is this wild appeal to have upon me? Your tribulation has no charm for me; there is no place in my heart for the acknowledge of your misery. I would not have had you crushed, poor battered creature, any more than I would have strength to cast such a butterfly upon the moors. If this be all you came for, to expend the futile passion of an hour, you may return home. I am not old you want. I have money for you, money that will satisfy you, for I am no longer a poor and unknown artist."

"I tell her at once, Godfrey," I cried, indignantly.

"Nay, Emma," he answered, the words of mine can wound me no more. Life has passed alive through the brightest hopes, and the deepest despairs, and the cruelest doubts she speaks of! What, shall a woman, a delicate, tender-hearted woman, come from the murder of her husband and the death of her only children, to be killed at last by the reproaches of a discarded lover? Why did you come to rob me of the peace I had attained painfully from the blighted harvests of hope and love? Of women I have known only you two, and the models of the life-school; I have had little temptation to seek society. Here at least, away from you, I can think of you as I would have you to be. These are my visions of womanhood, Margaret."

He drew aside the curtain, and let the sunlight in upon his pictures, upon groups of happy children, with a mother whose face was Daisy's as it might have been, developing from head-lovely girlhood into a maturity of womanly and matronly beauty. Godfrey had ceased to look at her; but I, comparing the sweet and joyous features with her face as life had painted it, saw the hollow lines, and grave, mournful eyes in a new light, and with a sudden apprehension.

But I saw in a recess of the attic, which was still in deep shadow from a curtain falling over it, some strange object half visible, that made me think of the case in which Godfrey had brought home that first painting of his, and I moved toward it. Then for an instant he placed himself before Daisy, so as to intercept her view, but he had not back again with a half-smile of contempt.

"A boyish whim," he said, "executed in the first madness of disappointment. I am thoroughly ashamed of it. Don't look at it, Margaret."

A coffin, in which was painted his own face as he had been eight years ago, only with closed eyes, and with the coldness and livid hues of death. In his sister, felt a sudden chill and shivering, as though I had pressed my lips upon a marble forehead, and the whim had manifested my warm life-current; while Daisy, coming swiftly to my side at my start of fear, bent down and read the inscription on the lid: "Abraham Lincoln. Died August 28, 1850." It was the date of her own marriage; and muttering the words to herself, she fell helpless into my arms.

"Ah, Godfrey! There is no efficacy now in that tide of tenderness sweeping back from the past, now ebb of hatred. Gather up your strength, arms, and wrap her to your breast, but she shall be conscious of no shelter or refuge there. Pierce her with deeper wounds, overwhelm her with self-accusation, call aloud upon her by your own old fond name of Daisy: there is no echo, no entrance to her tortured heart. She is dead to you. No blessed heaven for you with one more sight of forgiving love, and to sound one more note of harmony in your existence. Your work is done. She is dead and dumb and dead to you forever now!

So I thought, not daring to interfere with Godfrey's distracted grief, but with a sickening weakness; but she was not to leave us thus, hunted by hatred as well as terror into the mysterious life hereafter. We had not lost her. Her eyes were where our mother died, bidding Godfrey and me to cleave to one another, and she lingered there long enough to rest a little while in the arms of the world—dwelling in an ante-chamber of repose and consolation—to recover some strength, before she went forth, and our mother, with her, to meet God. And with her, and her little child, whom we sent for to the mother's dying-place among the autumnal hills, Godfrey found peace. Daisy came back to his heart, for her sake promising to quit his retreat, and dwell near to me, where she, the little Daisy, could feel herself a mediator between us by-and-by.

I sat with the child upon my lap, looking out upon the moonlit hills, and the fir-copplice, hearing the bells of the cattle, and their lowing at night, and the dimly-seen village, lying in the valley like a fledgeling in the shelter of a nest, and I was thinking sadly how far away it was now from what path across the wide wilderness of life our little ones might have to tread. I did not care to turn my face toward the room, for even by the faint rays of movement, interrupt the communion, often silent for many minutes, which Godfrey and Daisy had together at last. Yet I knew how different to the love-like conversations of former days!

"You will be happy," said Daisy.

"I shall be happier," he answered.

We buried Daisy beside our mother, and Godfrey's grave-stone is next to hers. I keep up the old homestead; the hedges are planted again on their ancient boundaries; the garden is inclosed and cultivated as before, and the orchard-wood, and its threshold trodden by many footsteps, during every month of the summer time, when Godfrey and I come down from the mountains. We paint and paint among the hills. Sometimes, when I have tried to discover what thoughts are hidden under Godfrey's grave-face—for he is always still to be reserved and reticent now—I fancy he is thinking what I do—that if Daisy had come back to us, and with him a happy and unembittered life, as children, even though he was altogether separated from and independent of her, we might have healed her broken spirit, and that she had placed and even life of peace upon this troubled earth.

THE BATTLE OF BELMONT.

WE devote page 772 to illustrations of the BATTLE OF BELMONT, which took place on 7th inst., the day of the bombardment of the rebel batteries at Hilton Head. The following account of the battle we condense from the Chicago *Times:*

On the night of 6th a strong force of Federals, comprising the Twenty-seventh, Illinois, Twenty-second, and Thirty-first Illinois, Seventh Iowa, Taylor's Battery, Dollins's Cavalry, and the Gatlin Battery, under Generals *Grant, Scott, Chancellor, Meredith, and Keystone Stone*—the gun-boat *Tyler* and *Lexington* following. The troops were landed on Island Ten, three miles above Belmont, Kentucky, at the battle ground, and upon the camp of the enemy. General McClernand was in command of the Gatlin troops, and General Dollins from Bird's Point, and General Grant of the entire force. For over a half a half mile the troops marched, through the woods, the ground was hotly contested, but the enemy were driven back. Colonel Logan's regiment, the right, broke the centre, and Logan the left. Colonel Dodge's regiment captured the United States flag from the rebel camp. Colonel Dougherty's Twenty-second regiment captured the enemy's artillery horses, but Logan's regiment suffered most from their fire. The Twenty-second was Thirtieth marched in front of the batteries, and the Twenty-second to out-flank them. The Thirtieth then charged into the embankments, encountering desperate distance. Being reinforced by Logan's Thirty-first, the rebels were routed with great loss, and sixty prisoners taken. The enemy's camp was fired and totally destroyed. The barracks and the Kentucky flag-staff, with troops in possession of their Missouri camp, opened fire upon them. Simultaneously Harris with Twenty-F ive Thirteen, which had been sent by Colonel Foulke as scouters, here reported that the enemy were crossing from Kentucky, threatening our rear. The order was given to return to the boats, when our troops were confronted by several thousand men, who had been sent from Columbus. Another terrible engagement ensued. The major portion of our troops reached the boats, but every regiment suffered severely.

The large picture on page 772 represents Colonel Dougherty leading the Twenty-second Illinois Regiment into the rebel camp and capturing the rebel battery. One of the vignettes above represents the gun-boat *Tyler* shelling a party of rebels who attempted to interfere with the embarkation of our troops after the battle. A few rounds of grape and shell very quickly dispersed them, and the fleet departed in safety. These two pictures are from sketches by our attentive correspondent, Mr. Bill D. Travis, of the Twenty-second Illinois Regiment.

The picture of Cairo, Mississippi River, showing the site of Columbus and Cairo, is from another source. It and the map accompanying will render the account of the fight perfectly intelligible. Belmont is a miserable little village, consisting of a very few houses.

THE FIGHT AT THE SOUTH-WEST PASS.

On page 773 we publish a couple of illustrations of the conflict between our blockading squadron and Commodore Tatnall's rebel flotilla, which took place on 12th October; and on page 774 three views of the SOUTH-WEST PASS, where the fight took place. The former are from sketches by an officer on board the *Richmond*, who writes as follows:

UNITED STATES STEAM CORVETTE "RICHMOND,"
OFF PASS A LOUTRE, OCT. 18, 1861.

AT 8.45 on the morning of the 12th the look-out discovered a small, low, dark, stealthily approaching object, emitting a volume of black smoke, totally hiding from our view the steam-tug that was towing her. In a moment every one was at his station, guns trained, and the Captain on the look-out before we could slip cable and prepare our ship to receive the blow the intruder evidently intended to give us on the bow, increasing as to look quite freely. Every eye was brought into requisition to discover what it was that, by the darkness we could form but a poor idea of her shape or build. As she came on, the order was given not to fire a signal to her compromises she had succeeded. She then passed along our starboard broadside, like a thing of life. She then left us, only to return with three large flat-boats, crowded with men, and towed by a powerful steamer, leaving the whole channel. Immediately in the rear were several steamers and a large bark, filled with other spectators or New Orleans pirates, followed. The scene was truly grand. Surrounded by a wall of fire, ship making water, expecting every moment to receive into our ranks the boats at a low what to do. Our Captain concluded to retreat with the fleet, and the order was given to that same effect, ordering them to lead the van. The boys sailing craft, and the fleet of four retreat. We then reached the Gulf in safety, followed by the rebel fleet. *Pride* steamer, *Calhoun*, *Ivy*, and *Oregon*, and the armed pilot; *Princesse* close at hand, but unfortunately grounded, giving us time to fire the enemy, thereby rendering her useless. We also grounded, but luckily in such a way that we could bear our broadside to bear. The rebel fleet still advanced. We made all preparations to give them a warm reception. They opened the ball by a well-directed shot from the audacious little *Ivy*. We had the pleasure of seeing the first flying think and all directed at our ship—they no doubt supposing we were in a helpless condition. The *Oregon* and *Ivy* now opened a full an easy prey, she being within pistol-shot. I am pleased to inform you that the *Richmond* acquitted herself—a very unnecessary action, as the enemy never could have taken her or any of the gallant *Richmond* vessels long together. We finally drove them up the river, after exchanging some thirty broadsides of powder. Not a life was lost, although the rebels reported our loss to be some three or four hundred. We remained some two hours and thirty minutes. Several of our shot took effect, but to what extent I know not.

The United States gun-boat *M'Clellan* came to our assistance the same morning, and rendered considerable service and skill of her worthy Captain (Gray) we were once more afloat. We are now in need of suitable vessels. What we want are gun-boat of light draught, capable of crossing the bar, and able to manœuvre in any part of the Gulf.

Of the three views of the Southwest Pass, the first was taken off the bar looking up the Pass. The low shore to the left is Pass a Loutre Island, and left of the Pass; detached masses of the delta are seen in different places upon the surface of the water. Looking from the mouth of the Pass, we say that, at times, large masses will rise from the bottom to the surface, when vegetation will instantly commence to grow. In a few days it will be seen in a northerly direction, six miles distant on the right. To the left is the Tower Light-house, distant about three miles.

The second view is a sketch of the West Bank of the Pass, taken nearly opposite the Light-house, overlooking the mouth of the river. Land which extends up the Pass for a distance of about forty miles. From two to three miles above the Light-house on the left bank of the river.

The third view was taken off the Town, and shows nearly every building in the place. Several attempts have been made to sketch this scene, and artist believes that the view we publish is the first which has proved successful. Pilot-Town is an old and dilapidated place, with no-wired inhabitants, chiefly pilots and their families, fishermen, and oystermen. The Observatories which are seen in the sketch are used by pilots in watching for vessels outside. In an easterly direction, twelve miles off, may be seen the Light-house at the extreme end of the Mississippi Delta. The ship, in the distance, to the right, lies off the South Pass.

GENERAL BUTLER'S NEW EXPEDITION.

We publish on page 780 an illustration of the EMBARKATION OF THE TWENTY-SIXTH MASSACHUSETTS AND NINTH CONNECTICUT REGIMENTS, at HOWARD STREET, PROVIDENCE," which is to sail shortly for a Southern point, to land an expedition to be commanded by General Butler. A correspondent of the *Herald* thus described the arrival of the *Constitution* at Boston:

The expected steamer Constitution arrived at half past 6 o'clock this morning, and rounded up to the head of Long Wharf an immense concourse of people gazed in admiration at her perfect model and beauty of her lines. She reached this port last night, but anchored off the lower light until morning.

She made the trip from New York in twenty-nine hours and ten minutes, and as thoroughly did she work her engines were never stopped from the moment she started until she anchored at Boston. This, in a new ship, is almost unprecedented. She is the largest ship ever built on this continent, and the largest wooden steamer in the world; but she hardly rolled at all, although it blew a perfect gale during the whole of her passage.

It is stated that her capacities will be severely tested in carrying three thousand soldiers, but I am assured by Mr. Culver, who was the assistant superintendent in building her, that she will carry that number with ease and comfort. She is of 3600 tons burden.

CAMP NEVIN, KENTUCKY.

On page 775 we publish a view of CAMP NEVIN, Kentucky, from a sketch by Lieut. H. Mosler. This is the camp where General M'Cook commands, and it is, we believe, the nearest camp to the rebel General Bowling Green. The artillery shown in the foreground is Cotter's six gun battery, which served under M'Clellan in Western Virginia.

OUR ARMY ON HILTON HEAD.

OUR special artist, with General Sherman's army, sends us three sketches, which we reproduce on page 778, and writes as follows concerning them:

HEAD-QUARTERS GENERAL HUNTER'S BRIGADE,
HILTON HEAD.

OUR PICKET AT GENERAL DRAYTON'S MANSION.

A few moments walk through a corn and cotton field, and along a road bordered on one side by a sweet-potato patch, and on the other by a genuine jungle, tangled and impenetrable, leads us from our head-quarters to the mansion occupied by General Drayton. The approach to the old homestead is by a long, straight, level avenue, well-shaded by stately live-oaks, and rising from the unroved in appearance by a double series of negro huts. These are still occupied by a few Hunter-working negro bands. The General's whilom residence stands at the top of a gently sloping hill, and is thickly hemmed in by orange, cedar, pine, oak, and other trees, through whose clustering branches one now and then sees Port Royal.

LANDING-PLACE AND THE HEAD-QUARTERS.

The Hilton Head beach affords no natural advantages for landing vessels, and the task time for has been attended with great difficulty. The former steamer regiment have constructed a temporary pier, where the sutlers' stores, provisions, and ammunition are sent to land from the different steamers, can come alongside without grounding. They have also built a strong wharf capable of containing nearly all the goods there for brought here. In the sketch which we give the corrals of Company B are also to be observed the hospital of the new military depot—marked by its red roof. The sloop presents a busy come from daylight till sunset.

POST-OFFICE.

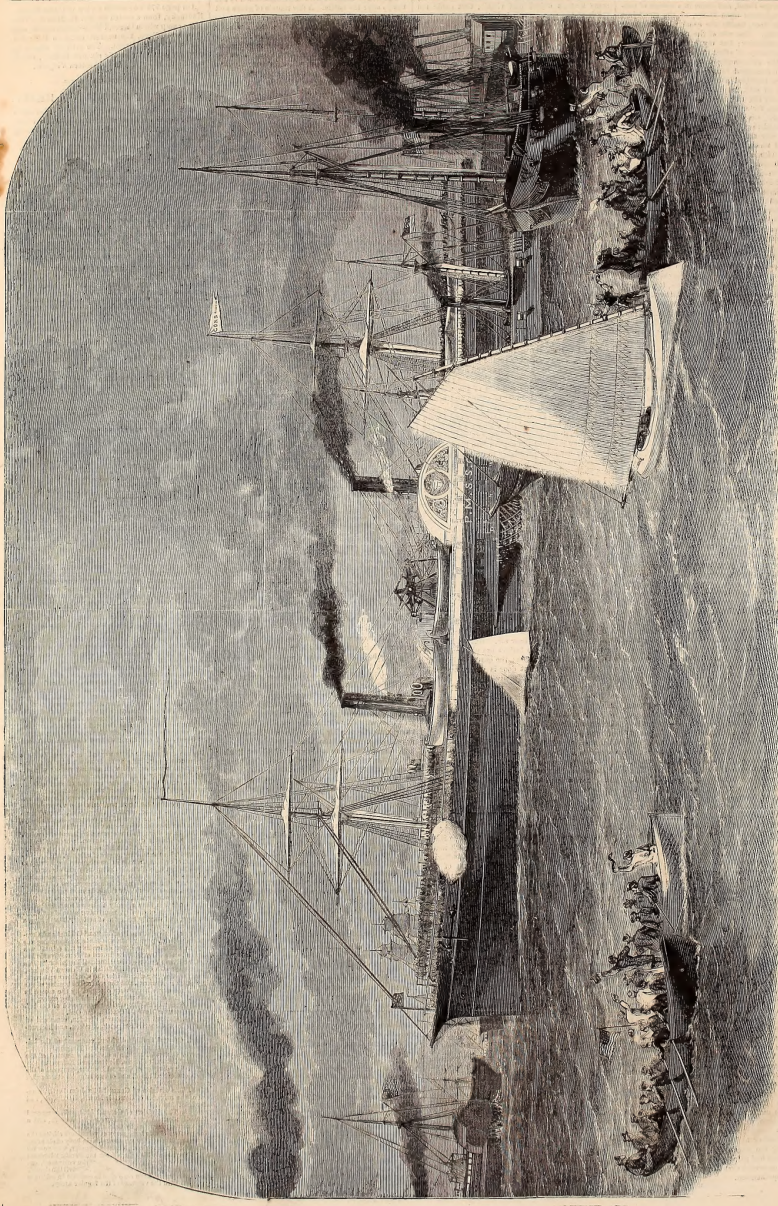
The new Port Royal Post-office is located in rear of General Sherman's head-quarters, and is tolerably water-proof in many places. Directly a collection was belonging to Squire Pope, it has now become the resort of letters of all descriptions, and had attraction alike for the General of Brigade and the man-of-war's Jack-of-the-Dust. On the day that the Post-office opened we were on board the flag-ship; but the army and navy, it was found, belonged to an every seven days and wives that the Admiral was not enemy enough to contain their ever-coming letters without discarding the latter, so the ways were ordered ashore, and lodged in the building which our artist represents in the accompanying sketch.

LITERARY REVIEW.

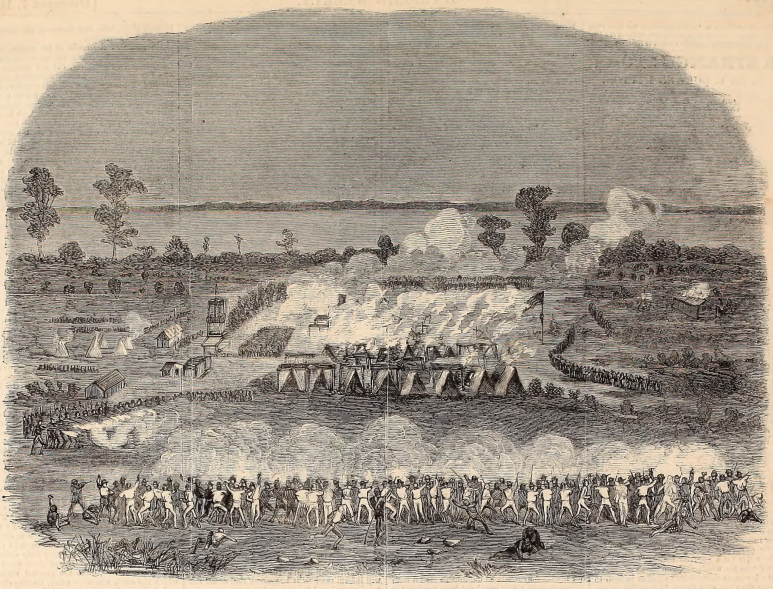
THE 20th November General M'Clellan reviewed 70,000 men near Bailey's Cross Roads, and our attentive artist sketched the scene. We reproduce his picture on pages 776 and 777, and subjoin the following account of the Review, which we condense from the *Herald:*

In the upper and lower divisions, General M'Call's and General Franklin's, from which a more large eligible or ten [illegible] to be made, the troops were set at from five to seven o'clock in the morning, and on the march long before daylight. All of the seven divisions on the Virginia side of the Potomac were represented in the review, but enough were left in each to supply double the usual picket force, and to constitute, also, a reserve in addition strong enough to repel any attack in force the enemy might make.

As early as nine o'clock the head of the column of General M'Call's division, the head-quarters of which are nearest to Bailey's, began to arrive at the grounds from the Washington road. Soon after General M'Call's advance-guard appeared on the road, entering the grounds from the Leesboro road, General Fitz John Porter was at the head of General Franklin's column, approaching from the Leesboro



THE STEAMSHIP "CONSTITUTION" LEAVING BOSTON WITH TROOPS ON GENERAL BUTLER'S SOUTHERN EXPEDITION.—[SEE PAGE 779.]



THE BATTLE OF SANTA ROSA, OCTOBER 9, 1861.—THE ATTACK UPON WILSON'S CAMP.—[SKETCHED BY MR. CHARLES F. ALLGOWER.]

THE BATTLE AT SANTA ROSA.

We herewith publish, from sketches by Mr. Charles F. Allgower, Sixth New York Volunteers, two illustrations of the battle of 9th October on Santa Rosa Island. We have heretofore described the affair very fully, and will only now add that the rebels, under General Anderson, crossed over by night and surprised Colonel Wilson's camp; that Wilson's men, after a short retreat, rallied, and drove back the enemy; and that the rout of the assailants was completed by the appearance on the scene of some companies of regulars, who chased them to their boats, and peppered them well as they were embarking. Since then the rebels have made another attempt to disturb our forces on Santa Rosa Island. They landed about a mile and a half from Wilson's camp, but were discovered by one of the men-of-war, and shelled off with considerable loss and in great confusion.

THE BATTLE OF SANTA ROSA.—THE REBELS DRIVEN BY THE REGULARS TO THEIR BOATS.—[SKETCHED BY MR. CHARLES F. ALLGOWER.]

[Entered according to Act of Congress, in the Year 1861, by Harper & Brothers, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Southern District of New York.]

A STRANGE STORY.

BY SIR E. BULWER LYTTON.

☞ Printed from the Manuscript and early Proof-sheets purchased by the Proprietors of "Harper's Weekly."

CHAPTER XLI.

THE lawyer came the next day, and almost with a smile on his lips. He brought me a few lines in pencil from Mrs. Ashleigh; they were kindly expressed, bade me be of good cheer; "she never for a moment believed" my guilt; Lilian bore up wonderfully under so terrible a trial; it was a considerable comfort to both to receive the visits of a friend so attached to me, and so confident of a triumphant refutation of the hideous charge under which I now suffered, as Mr. Margrave!

The lawyer had seen Margrave again—seen him in his house. Margrave seemed almost domiciled there!

I remained sullen and taciturn during this visit. I longed again for the night. Night came. I heard the distant clock strike twelve, when again the icy wind passed through my hair, and against the wall stood the Luminous Shadow.

"Have you considered?" whispered the voice, still as from afar. "I repeat it—I alone can save you."

"Is it among the conditions which you ask in return that I shall resign to you the woman I love?"

"No."

"Is it one of the conditions that I should commit some crime—a crime perhaps heinous as that of which I am accused?"

"No."

"With such reservations I accept the conditions you may name, provided I, in my turn, may demand one condition from yourself."

"Name it."

"I ask you to quit this town. I ask you, meanwhile, to cease your visits to the house that holds the woman betrothed to me."

"I will cease those visits. And before many days are over I will quit this town."

"Now, then, say what you ask from me. I am prepared to concede it. And not from fear for myself, but because I fear for the pure and innocent being who is under the spell of your deadly fascination. This is your power over me. You command me through my love for another. Speak!"

"My conditions are simple. You will pledge yourself to desist from all charge or insinuation against myself, of what nature soever. You will not, when you meet me in the flesh, refer to what you have known of my likeness in the shadow. You will be invited to the house at which I may be also a guest. You will come; you will meet and converse with me as guest speaks with guest in the house of a host."

"Is that all?"

"It is all."

"Then I pledge you my faith; keep your own."

"Fear not; sleep secure in the certainty that you will soon be released from these walls."

The Scin-Laeca waned and faded. Darkness settled back, and a deep profound and calm fell over me.

The next day Mr. Stanton again visited me. He had received that morning a note from Mr. Margrave, stating that he had left L—— to pursue in person an investigation which he had already commenced through another, affecting the man who had given evidence against me, and that if his hope should prove well-founded, he trusted to establish my innocence and convict the real murderer of Sir Philip Derval. In the research he thus volunteered he had asked for and obtained the assistance of the policeman Waby, who, grateful to me for saving the life of his sister, had expressed a strong desire to be employed in my service. Meanwhile my most cruel assailant was my old college friend, Richard Strahan. For Jeeves had spread abroad Strahan's charge of purloining the memoir which had been intrusted to me; and that accusation had done me great injury in public opinion, because it seemed to give probability to the only motive which ingenuity could ascribe to the fool deed imputed to me. That motive had been first suggested by Mr. Vigors. Cases are on record of men whose life had been previously blameless, who have committed a crime, which seemed to belie their nature, in the monomania of some intense desire. In Spain, a scholar reputed of austere morals murdered and robbed a traveler for money in order to purchase books—written, too, by Fathers of his Church! He was intent on solving some problem of theological casuistry. In France, an antiquarian, esteemed not more for his learning than for amiable and gentle qualities, murdered his most intimate friend for the possession of a medal, without which his own collection was incomplete. These, and similar anecdotes, tending to prove the effect of a morbid enthusiasm in producing moral insanity, were whispered about by Dr. Lloyd's sinister patients, and were received with the most credence because of the unfamiliar and overrefining speculation on motive and act which gratified the vanity of the shallow.

I was known to be fond of scientific, especially of chemical experiments; to be eager in testing the truth of any novelty that, with charming, catching hold of the magistrate's fantastic hypothesis, went about repeating anecdotes of the absorbing passion for analysis and discovery which had characterized me in youth as a medical student, and to which, indeed, I owed the precocious reputation I had acquired.

Sir Philip Derval, according not only to report, but according to the direct testimony of his servant, had acquired in his travels many secrets in natural science, especially as connected with the healing art—his servant had deposed to the remarkable cures he had effected by the medicinals stored in the stolen casket—doubtless Sir Philip, in boasting of these medicinals in the course of conversation, had excited my curiosity, influenced my imagination, and, meeting him suddenly afterward in a lone spot, a passionate impulse had made a brain turned into madness by curiosity and covetous desire. All these suppositions, reduced into system, were corroborated by Margrave's skill as lawyer. I had made away with the manuscript supposed to contain the explanations of the medical agencies employed by Sir Philip. Without such a chapter my theft by a tale so improbable that a man of my reputed talent could not have hazarded it if in his senses, was absurd. But that chapter had thus been spread around me by hostile prepossessions and ignorant gossip: how could the arts of Margrave scatter those clouds to the winds? I knew not, but I felt confidence in his promise and his power. Still, so great had been my alarm for Lilian, that the hope of clearing my own innocence was almost lost in my joy that Margrave at least was no longer in her presence, and that I had received his pledge to quit the town in which she lived.

Thus hours rolled on hours, till, I think, on the third day from that night in which the compact had been made with the Scin-Laeca, my door was hastily thrown open, a confused crowd presented itself at the threshold—the governor of the prison, the police superintendent, Mr. Stanton, and other familiar faces shut out from me since my imprisonment. I knew at the first glance that I was no longer an object beyond the pale of human friendship. And proudly, sternly, as I had supported myself hitherto in solitude and scorn, when I felt warm hands clasping mine, heard joyous voices proffering congratulations, saw in the eyes of all that my innocence had been cleared, the storm tumult of emotion was too strong for me—the room reeled on my sight—I fainted. I pass as quickly as I can over the confusion that crowded on me when I recovered, and that were publicly given in evidence in Court next morning. I had owed all to Margrave. It seems that he had contrived to my favor the very supposition that had been bruited abroad to my prejudice. "For," said he, "it is conjectured that Fenwick committed the crime of which he is accused on the impulse of a disordered reason. That conjecture is based upon the probability that a madman alone could have committed a crime without adequate motive. But it seems quite clear that the accused is not mad; and there seems equally to suspect that the accuser is. Grounding this assumption on the current reports of the witness's manner and bearing since he had been placed under official surveillance." Margrave had commissioned the policeman, Waby, to make inquiries in the villages to which the accuser asserted he had gone in quest of his relations, and Waby had there found persons who remembered to have heard that the two brothers named Walls lived less by the gains of the petty shop which they kept than by the proceeds of some property consigned to them as the nearest of kin to a lunatic who had once been tried for his life. Margrave had then examined the advertisements in the daily newspapers—the advertising, warning the public against a dangerous maniac who had effected his escape from an asylum in the west of England, caught his attention; to that asylum he had repaired.

There he learned that the patient advertised was one whose propensity was homicide, consigned for life to the asylum on account of a murder, for which he had been tried. The description of this person exactly tallied with that of the pretended American. The keeper, bearing all particulars from Margrave, professed a strong persuasion that the witness was his missing patient, and had himself committed the crime of which he had accused another. If so, the keeper, undertook to coax from him the full confession of all the circumstances. Like other madmen, and not least those whose propensity is to crime, he was exceedingly cunning, treacherous, secret, and habituated to trick and stratagem. More subtle than even the acute, in possession of all their faculties, whether to achieve his purpose or to conceal it, and fabricate appearances against another. But while in ordinary conversation he seemed rational enough to those who were not accustomed to study him, he had one hallucination which, when humored, led him always, not only to betray himself, but to glory in any crime proposed or committed. He was under the belief that he had made a bargain with Satán, who, in return for implicit obedience, would bear him harmless through all the consequences of such submission, and finally raise him to great power and authority. It is not uncommon with criminal madmen to suppose they are under the influence of the Evil One, or possessed by a Demon. Murderers have assigned as the only reason they themselves could give for their crime that "the devil got into them," and urged the deed. But in all madness the most ordinary attribute is superweening self-esteem. The maniac who has been crowned from a garret sticks straws in his hair and calls them a crown. To imagine themselves heroes and emperors, or special favorites of Heaven, is no unfrequent delusion of the insane. So much does inordinate self-esteem characterize mental aberration, that in the course of my own practice I have detected in the presence of that proud infirmity the certain symptom of insanity, especially moral insanity, long before the mania had made the disease manifest even to the most familiar kindred.

This morbid self-esteem was accordingly a part of the dreadful illusion by which the man I am now speaking of was possessed. He was proud to be the protected agent of the Fallen Angel. And if that self-esteem were artfully appealed to, he would exult superbly in the evil he held himself ordered to perform, as if a special prerogative, an official rank and privilege; then he would be led on to boast gleefully of thoughts which the most cynical of criminals, in whom intelligence was not ruined, would shrink from owning. Then he would reveal himself in all his deformity with as complacent and frank a self-glorying in some vain good than displays in parading his amiable sentiments and his beneficent deeds.

"If," said the keeper, "this be the patient who has escaped from me, and if his propensity to homicide has been in some way directed toward the person who has been murdered, I shall not be with him a moment of an hour before he will inform me how it happened, and detail the arts he employed in shifting his crime upon another—all will be told with as simple and fiendful a muiteness as a child puts into his tale of some schoolboy exploit which he fancies will raise him in your estimation."

Margrave brought this keeper back to L—— took him to the mayor, who was one of my warmest supporters; the mayor had sufficient influence to dictate and arrange the rest. The keeper was introduced to the room in which the pretended American was lodged. At his own desire a select number of witnesses were admitted with him—Margrave excused himself: he said candidly that he was too intimate a friend of mine to be an impartial listener to aught that concerned me so nearly.

The keeper of the asylum proved right alike in his suspicions and in his promises. The lying witness was his missing patient; the man recognized his keeper with but little apparent terror, rather with an air of consciousness, and in a very few minutes was led to tell his own tale, with a gloating complacency both at the agency by which he deemed himself exalted, and at the dextrous cunning with which he had acquitted himself of the task, that increased the horror of his dreadful narrative.

He spoke of the mode of his escape, which was extremely ingenious, but of which the details, long in themselves, did not interest me, and I understood them too imperfectly to repeat. He had encountered a sea-faring traveler on the road, whom he had knocked down with a stone and robbed of his glazed hat and pea-jacket, as well as of a small sum in coin, which last enabled him to pay his fare in a railway that conveyed him eighty miles away from the asylum. Some trifling remnant of this money still in his pocket, he then traveled on foot along the high road till he came to a town about twenty miles distant from L——; there he had staid a day or two, and there he said "that the Devil had told him to buy a case-knife, which he did." "He knew by that order that the Devil meant him to do something great." "His Master," as he called the fiend, then directed him the road he should take. He came to L——, put up, as he had correctly stated before, at a small inn, wandered at night about the town, was surprised by the sudden storm, took shelter under the convent arch, overheard somewhat more of my conversation with Sir Philip than he had previously deposed—heard enough to excite his curiosity as to the casket? "While he listened, his Master told him that he must get possession of that casket." Sir Philip had quitted the archway almost immediately after I had done so, and he would then have attacked him if he had not caught sight of a policeman going his rounds. He had followed Sir Philip to a house (Mr. Jeeves's). "His Master told him to wait and watch." He did so. When Sir Philip came forth, toward the dawn, he followed him, saw him enter a narrow street, came up to him, seized him by the arm, demanded all he had about him. Sir Philip tried to shake him off—struck at him. What follows, I spare the reader. The deed was done. He robbed the dead man both of the casket and of a purse that he found in the pockets; had scarcely done so when he heard footsteps. He had just time to get behind the portico of a detached house at angles with the street when I came up. He witnessed from his hiding-place the brief conference between myself and the policeman, and when they moved on, bearing the body, stole unobserved away. He was going back toward the inn when it occurred to him that it would be safer if the casket and purse were not about his person; that he asked his Master to direct him how to dispose of them; that his Master guided him to an open yard (a stone-mason's), at a very little distance from the inn; that in this yard there stood an old wych-elm tree, having from time to time only two sovereigns and some silver, and then heaping loose mould over the hiding-place. That he then repaired to his inn, and left it late in the morning, on the pretense of seeking for his relatives—persons, indeed, who really had been related to him, but of whose death years ago he was aware. He returned to L—— a few days afterward, and, in the dead of the night, went to take up the casket and the money. He found the purse with its contents undisturbed, but the lid of the casket was unclosed. From the large glance he had taken of it before burying it, it had seemed to him firmly locked—that he was alarmed lest some one had been to the spot. But his Master whispered to him not to mind, told him that he might now take the casket, and would be guided what to do with it; that he did so, and, opening the lid, found the casket empty. Then he took the rest of the money out of the purse, but that he did not take the purse itself, for it had a crest and initials on it, which might lead to discovery of what had been done; that he therefore left it in the hollow,

"SHE TURNED AWAY HER FACE, AND RESIGNED HER HAND TO ME IN SILENCE."

among the roots, heaping the w...st over it as before; that, in the course of the day, he heard the people at the inn talk of the murder, and that his own first impulse was to get out of the town immediately, but that his Master made him too wise for that, and bade him stay; that passing through the streets, he saw me come out of the sash-window door, go to a stable-yard on the other side of the house, mount on horseback and ride away; that he observed the sash-door was left partially open; that he walked by it, and saw the room empty; there was only a dead wall opposite, the place was solitary, unobserved; that his Master directed him to lift up the sash gently, enter the room, and deposit the knife and the casket in a large walnut-tree bureau which stood unlocked near the window. All that followed—his visit to Mr. Vigors, his association against myself, his whole tale—was, he said, dictated by his Master, who was highly pleased with him, and promised to bring him safely through. And here he turned round with a hideous smile, as if for approbation of his notable cleverness and respect for his high employ.

Mr. Aceves had the curiosity to request the keeper to inquire how, in what form, or in what manner, the Fiend appeared to the narrator, or conveyed his infernal dictates. The man at first refused to say; but it was gradually drawn from him that the Demon had no certain and invariable form; sometimes it appeared to him in the form of a rat; sometimes even of a leaf, or a fragment of wood, or a rusty nail; but that his Master's voice was the same to him distinct, whatever shape he appeared in; only, he said, with an air of great importance, his Master this time had graciously condescended, ever since he left the asylum, to communicate with him in a much more pleasing and imposing aspect than he had ever done before—in the form of a beautiful youth, or, rather, like a bright rose-colored shadow, in which the features of a young man were visible, and that he had heard the voice more distinctly than usual, though in a milder tone, and seeming to come to him from a great distance.

After these revelations the man became suddenly disturbed. He shook from limb to limb, he sweated profusely with terror; he cried out that he had betrayed the secret of his Master, who had warned him not to describe his appearance and the communications, or he would give his servant up to the tormentors. Then the maniac's terror gave way to fury; his more direful propensities broke forth; declared; he sprang into the midst of his frightened listeners, seized Mr. Vigors by the throat, and would have strangled him for the prompt rush of the keeper and his satellites. Foaming at the mouth, and horribly raving, he was then manacled, a straitwaistcoat secured him, and the group so left him in charge of his captors. Inquiries were immediately set on foot as to such circumstantial evidence as each corroborative the details he had so minutely set forth. The purse, recognized as Sir Philip's by the valet of the deceased, was found concealed under the wych-elm. A policeman dispatched express to the town in which he declared the knife to have been purchased, beyond the ward that a cutler in the place remembered perfectly to have sold such a knife to a sea...faring man, and identified the instrument when it was shown to him. From the chair of a door near in the wall opposite my sash-window a maid-servant, watching for her sweet-heart (a journeyman carpenter, who habitually passed that way on going home to dine), had, though unobserved by the murderer, seen him come out of my window at a time that corresponded with the dates of his own story, though she had thought nothing of it at the moment. He might be a patient, or have called on business; she did not know that I was from home. The only point of importance not cleared up was that which related to the opening of the casket—the appearance of the contents; the lock had been unquestionably forced. No one, however, could suppose that some third person had discovered the hiding-place and forced open the casket to abstract its contents and then rebury it. The only probable conclusion was, that the man himself had forced it open, and dooming the contents of no value had thrown them away before he had hidden the casket in my purse, and, in the chaos of his reason, had forgotten what he had so done. Who could expect that every link in a madman's tale would be found strong and perfect? Enough, if, upon the whole, the narrative was attached to this solitary doubt. Crowds accompanied me to my door when I was set free, in open court, acquitted—it was a triumphal procession. The popularity I had always previously enjoyed, superseded for a moment by so horrible a charge, came back to me ten-fold, as with the reaction of generous repentance for a momentary doubt. One man shared the public favor—the young man whose acuteness had delivered me from the peril, and cleared the truth from so awful a mystery; but Margrove was excused from congratulation and compliment; he had gone on a visit to Strahan, at Derval Court.

Alone, at last, in the welcome sanctuary of my own home, what were my thoughts? Prominent among them all was that assertion of the madman, which had made no shudder upon me repeated to me: he had been guided to the murder and to all the subsequent proceedings by the luminous spirit of the beautiful youth—the Scin-Laca to which I had pledged myself. If Sir Philip Derval could be believed, Margrave was possessed of powers, derived from fragmentary recollections of a knowledge acquired in a former state of being, which would render his transgressions intelligence infinitely dire, and frustrate the endeavors of a reason, unassisted by similar powers, to thwart his designs or bring the law against his crimes. Had he then the arts that could thus influence the minds of others to serve his fell purposes, and achieve securely his own evil ends through agencies that could not be traced home to himself?

But for what conceivable purpose had I been subjected as a victim to influences as much beyond my control as the Fate or Demoniac Necessity of a Greek Myth? Amidst the legends of the classic world some august sufferer is oppressed by Powers more than mortal; but with an ethical glooming vindication of his chastisement: he pays the penalty of crime committed by his ancestors or himself, or he has braved, by arrogating equality with the gods, the mysterious calamity that the gods alone can inflict. But I, no descendant of Pelops, no Œdipus Bestride of a wisdom that interprets the dark enigmas of the Sphinx, while ignorant even of his own birth —what had I done to be singled out from the herd of easy men, to be the victim from the Shadowland of ghosts and sorcerers? It would be ludicrously absurd to suppose that Dr. Lloyd's dying imprecation could have had a repleted effect upon my destiny; to believe that the pretenses of mesmerism were specially favored by Providence, and that to question their assumptions was an offense of profanation to be punished by exposure to preternatural agencies. There was not the least congruity between cause and effect which fable could in excuse for its inventions. Of all men living, I, unimaginative disciple of austere science, should be the last to become the prey to the witchcraft which even imagination reluctantly allows to the magic of poets, and science casts aside into the mouldy lumber-room of exploded superstition.

Rousing my mind from enigmas impossible to solve, it was with intense and yet with most melancholy anxiety that I dwelt on the last in the age of Lilian, rejoicing, though with a thrill of awe, that the promise so mysteriously conveyed by her sense had not been in excuse for deception. —Margrave had left the town; Lilian was no longer subjected to his evil fascination. But an instinct told me that the influence which he had exercised on effect adverse to all hope of happiness for me. Lilian's love for myself was gone. Impossible otherwise than she—in whose nature I had always admired that generous devotion which is more or less inseparable from the romance of young love—could have sorrowed for one mon word of consolation in the hour of my agony and trial: that she who, till the last evening he was here, had met me with looks in the sweetness of a nature femininely submissive to my slightest wish, should have disregarded my solemn injunction to see him no more, not to acquaintance, nay, to familiar intimacy; and at the very time when to disobey my injunctions was to indicate the most cold and wilful contempt to the degradation imposed upon my honor! No, her heart must be wholly gone from me; it must have been given to the union between us had become impossible. My love for her remained unshattered; the more tender, perhaps, that of compassion was superadded. But my pride was shocked, my heart was wounded. My love was not mean and servile. Enough for me to think that we should at least sacred from Margrave. *Her* life associated with his! —contemplation horrible and ghastly!—from that fate she was saved. Later, she would recover the effect of an influence happily so brief. She might form some new attachment—some new tie. And then my withdrawn love be restored—and her love was withdrawn from me. I had but to release her, with my own lips, from our engagements—she would welcome that release. Gloomy but firm in these thoughts and these resolutions I sought Mrs. Ashleigh's house.

CHAPTER XLII.

It was twilight when I entered, unannounced (as had been my wont in our familiar intercourse), the well-remembered room. I expected to find mother and child. But Lilian was there alone, seated by the open window, her hands crossed and drooping on her knee, her eye fixed upon the darkening summer skies, in which the evening star had just stolen forth, bright and solitary. She sate beside a vase of half-moon that was dimly visible, but gave as yet no light.

Let me arrest the reception he would expect to meet from his betrothed, coming into her presence after he had passed triumphant through a perilous ordeal. Let me fance, to conceive what ice from my blood, what anguish weighed down my heart, when Lilian, turning toward me, not, spake not—looked at me incredulously as if at some indifferent stranger—and—and—but no matter! I can not bear to recall it even now, at the distance of many years! I sat down beside her, and took her hand without pressing it; it rested languidly, passively in mine. At the moment; I dropped it then with a bitter sigh.

"Lilian," I said, quietly, "you love me no longer. It is not so?"

She raised her eyes to mine, looked at me wistfully, and pressed her hand on her forehead, then said, in a low, plaintive tone, "Did I ever love you? What do you mean?"

"Lilian, Lilian, rouse yourself; are you not, while you speak, under some spell, some influence which you can not describe nor account for?"

She paused a moment before she answered, calmly, "No! Again I ask what do you mean?"

"What do I mean? Do you forget that we are betrothed? Do you forget how often and how recently our vows of affection and constancy have been exchanged?"

"No, I do not forget; but I must have deceived you and myself—"

"It is true, then, that you love me no more?"

"I suppose so."

"But oh! Lilian, is it that your heart is only closed to me? or is it—oh, answer truthfully—is it given to another?—to him—to him—against whom I warned you, whom I implored you not to receive. Tell me at least that your love is not gone to Margrave—"

"To him—love to him! Oh no—no—"

"What, then, is your feeling toward him?"

Lilian's head drooped; pale-colored as that dim light. "I know not," she said, almost in a whisper; "but it is—partly awe—partly—"

"What?"

"Abhorrence!" she said, almost fiercely, and rose in her feet with a will, defying start.

"If that be so," I said, gently, "you would not grieve were you never again to see him—"

"But I shall see him again," she interrupted, in a tone of terror and sadness, and sank back once more into her chair.

"I think not," said I, "and I hope not. And now hear me and heed me, Lilian. It is enough for me, no matter what your feelings toward another, to hear from yourself that the affection you once professed for me is gone. I release you from your troth. If folks ask why we two henceforth separate the lives we had agreed to join, you may say, if you please, that you could not give your hand to a man who had known the taint of a felon's prison, even on a false charge. For the rest, leave to you an ungenerous reason, we will leave it to your mother to find a better. Farewell! For your own sake I can not feel hopelessness or sorrow to hear that you do not love the man against whom I warn you still more solemnly than before! Will you not give me your hand in parting—and have I not spoken your own wish?"

She turned away her face, and resigned her hand to me in silence. Silently I held it in mine, and my emotions nearly stifled me. One symptom of regret, of reluctance on her part, and I should have fallen at her feet, and cried, "But not let us break a tie which our vows should have made indissoluble; heed not my offers—wrong from a brother's fear. You can not have ceased to love me!" But no such symptoms of relenting showed itself in her, and with a groan I left the room.

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Among the contributions already in hand for 1862, the following will commend themselves as sufficient inducements for every family to provide the forthcoming numbers for household reading.

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A NEW ROMANCE, by NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE, will appear in the pages of *The Atlantic* early in the year.

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Articles by Prof. JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL, on topics of national interest, will appear frequently.

HAVELOK THE DANE has been written a Story which will be printed in the February number.

The Staff of Writers, in Prose and Poetry, contributing regularly to the *Atlantic Monthly*, comprises, among its regular names, the following:

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HARPER'S WEEKLY.

A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION.

VOL. V.—No. 259.] NEW YORK, SATURDAY, DECEMBER 14, 1861. [SINGLE COPIES SIX CENTS. $2 50 PER YEAR IN ADVANCE.

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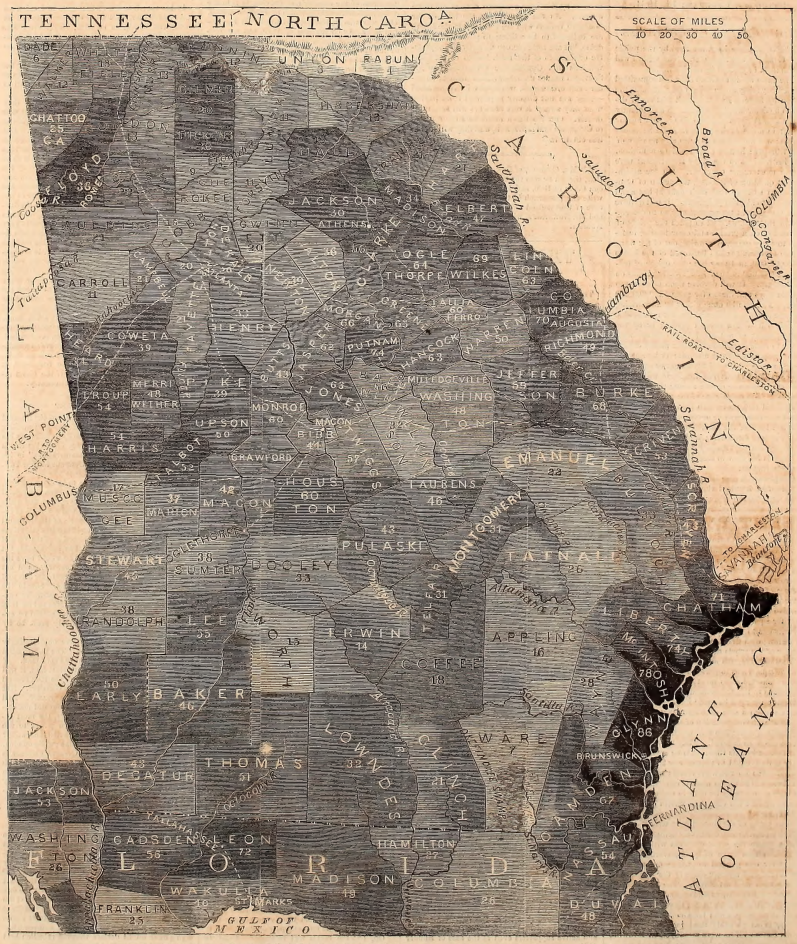


A CHART MAP OF GEORGIA, SHOWING THE PERCENTAGE OF SLAVES IN EACH COUNTY.—[SEE NEXT PAGE.]

A CHART MAP OF GEORGIA.

We publish on the preceding page a CHART MAP OF GEORGIA, similar to the one we published of South Carolina in our Number of November 23. The tint, by its depth of shade, shows the comparative percentage of slaves to the total population in each county, that percentage being likewise stated in figures in the centre of the tint. Thus in Wilkes County only seven per cent of the total population are slaves, while in Chatham County the percentage is 71, or nearly three-quarters. It will be noticed that the largest slave communities are on the seashore and round the points to be occupied by our troops. Chatham County, in which Tybee is situate, contains 71 per cent. of slaves: Glynn County, where Brunswick is situate, 66 per cent.; Camden County, whose sea-port is Fernandina, Florida, 67 per cent. This map will be of use to the philosopher and student.

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

SATURDAY, DECEMBER 14, 1861.

THE MEETING OF CONGRESS.

BEFORE these lines are read by the public Congress will have met. The session will be the most important in our history.

The extra session held in July last committed the country fairly to the policy of maintaining the Union by force. But it left all matters of detail to be determined afterward. The Secretary of the Treasury was authorized to borrow money almost in any way he pleased. The Secretary of War was authorized to raise any number of men from five hundred thousand to a million. The instructions to the Navy Department were of the most vague character. On the all-important question of the Slavery, the action of Congress was so loose that each general has acted according to his own judgment. It will devolve upon Congress at the present session to determine all these points, and to place the policy of the nation on a precise and clear footing in regard to every exigency growing out of the war.

The Government has borrowed of the banks $150,000,000, and they have the option of taking $50,000,000 more of 7-30 Treasury Notes on 1st January. It will devolve upon Congress to provide ways and means for some $200,000,000 more. This can be done either by authorizing an issue of United States Notes, not redeemable in coin till after a certain period; or by the establishment of a United States Bank, with power to issue irredeemable paper money during the war up to a certain amount; or by authorizing an issue of United States Notes, or scrip, to the amount required. It will be the duty of Congress to choose among these various methods. The experience of the past few weeks has proved that no foreign demand for our national securities will be developed so long as the ultimate issue of the conflict remains uncertain in the eyes of foreigners; and that the voluntary absorption of United States Notes by the public at home is too slow to meet the requirements of the Government.

Congress will also have to fix a limit to the army. But a hundred thousand men ought to suffice to do the work which is to be done. Over this number of troops are already in the field, and it remains for Congress to organize them into an army, by abolishing State distinctions, and distinctions of uniform, drill, etc. This force is enlisted for three years or the war. It is to be hoped that the war will not last three years. But if it were ended tomorrow the country would not be safe without a force of 100,000 men in active service, and a reserve of the same number at home. It will devolve upon Congress to enact the laws necessary for such a reorganization of the volunteer force, as to give the President of the time being of dealing with the case in the event of the surrender of the rebels during the recess.

Fresh enactments are required to enable the Navy Department to perform its office usefully. More iron-clad ships must be built, and the instructions to the Department to provide vessels of light draft must be made imperative. At the extra session a vote of $1,000,000 was appropriated for the construction of several side-wheel steamers of about 500 tons each. Only one of these has been launched. This should all have been afloat by this time. To be safe, we must have a navy equal to that of any Power in the world. We do not want vessels to make war on Europe, but we do want a navy which shall in case of necessity be able to defend our own coasts against the combined navies of England and France.

The policy of the Government with regard to Slavery must be authoritatively defined. Events will regulate the great question without law. But it is subversive of good government and order for one general to pursue one policy at St. Louis, and another directly the opposite at Alexandria or Port Royal. The Confiscation Act needs amendment and extension in this regard, for it is obvious that a slave who stays on a rebel plantation and hoes corn for the rebel army, is as palpably used in supporting the rebel cause as if he were employed in throwing up intrenchments or standing sentry. Legislation is needed, too, for the case of slaves who escape from their masters and still decline to work for our generals. At Beaufort, General Sherman finds some difficulty in procuring negro labor, though seven or eight thousand adult negroes are believed to be loose on Hilton Head and the adjacent islands. The old vagrant Acts will furnish a sound precedent for the laws required by the emergency.

Two other points of importance will naturally engage the attention of Congress. The interchange of prisoners is one, and the collection of debts due by Southern men to Northern debtors is another. Mr. Lincoln has never been willing to recognize the rebels as belligerents by exchanging prisoners with the enemy, though he has not objected to his generals doing so, and from the first outbreak in Missouri to the present time prisoners have been regularly exchanged on the usual basis. It seems a pity no matter —this affecting to deny that we are at war; we presume that Congress will at once authorize an exchange. It is also probable that an act will be passed, empowering the courts—and in the rebel States to take cognizance of civil suits brought by Northern creditors against Southern debtors. As the case stands, the bulk of the Southern traders who are indebted to the North are believed to be willing to pay their honest debts, but are forbidden to do so by the oppress-

ED MR. OSGOOD, of Boston, writes us to say that, though he was the correspondent of the *London Cruik* in 1860, and is so now, yet he did not write the paragraph in the *Cruik* about the correspondence of that journal referring to MR. DU CHAILLU and MR. NORDHOFF, which was noticed in our last Number.

THE LOUNGER.

"COMPLIMENTARY FLUNKYISM."

THIS expressive term had the following origin:

A few years since, upon the anniversary of the battle of Bunker Hill, there was a celebration in Boston, and among the guests invited with special distinction was James M. Mason, then Senator from Virginia. James M. Mason was known to the country chiefly as the author of the famous "resolution first, as a man whose bearing in the Senate was a perpetual insult to every body who did not think the Union worth a farthing candle; as a slave-pen; and, second, as the author of the Fugitive Slave bill of 1850.

These were his credentials to national favor. As to the first, the personal manners of any man are the concern of his associates. All that can be said is, that if Mr. Mason's deportment in speaking to the society he frequented, then it was a very remarkable society. But the second matter was a public concern. Granting that the Fugitive Slave bill is constitutional, the particular bill of 1850, prepared by James M. Mason, was exhaustively characterized as they pleased them and enjoyed by famous speech of the 21st January, 1851: "So far from being constructed with any view to effect its object, that manner has been contrived to speak

ply of luxuries to the rebel privateers would be cut off. The people who profess an airy ignorance and indifference in the war would be silenced and sobered by public opinion; and a victory of the rebellion upon the Potomac would be the liberation of the slaves. If they are our foes already, as the scornful rebels declare, they would be no more so then. If they wished to fight for their own degradation, they would have an opportunity.

The lesson of the ever-present hour is, that we are to keep a cheerful mind by looking always directly at the facts of the case.

The rebels are very ignorant, and their effort is for the destruction of all the safeguards of human rights; but they are as sincere as savages, as desperate, and as unforgiving. They are taught, and they believe, that this is a war of invasion by fire and sword against their rooted property and all their rights, especially their sacred system of slavery, waged by a pitiless, pusillanimous, Puritan mob of peddlers and thieves, who have always abused them, and taxed them, and made money out of them, and who now propose to take their property outright. Of course they are taught and believe that all that is precious and honorable in men requires resistance to the death. They are very ignorant, but very desperate and very able.

Now such rebels fight with their brains no less than with their guns. The brains may belong to a few, but they are well worked for the benefit of all. Take for an instance the fact that they had poisoned the public opinion of the whole world against us. When the storm struck us, we struggled up, looked around for a friend, and the nations stood regarding us with folded arms, and either a smile or more often their faces. It was an immense victory and advantage for the rebellion. It was a part of the same sagacity in crime that had already stolen all our navy and demolished or sent off our ships. It showed what every thing else has shown, the earnestness of the rebels.

The word, said the General M'Clellan says, will be "sharp." But a sharp war implies blows received as well as given. It implies resolution and bravery upon both sides. It implies that the difficulty is not to be snuffed out, but to be shelled out and shot down. It implies reverses and disasters all round.

All we can reasonably expect, then, is not that we shall beat in every battle, but that, upon the whole, we shall be gaining. The war is radical and thorough. We shall not have two of them in our day; and it will end in a permanent peace, not in a patch. We must indeed soon appear victors. It may soon be evident that the supremacy of the Government will be indisputably established. But the establishment will be a work of time. A peace of eighty years in a country does not end in a little war; and a great war is a tempest which heaves the ocean long after the sun has risen. Patience, forbearance, confidence, says General M'Clellan. Neither Bull Run nor Beaufort ended the war. The strong, like the steady wind, and the nimble hand, these alone bring final victory.

SIDE VIEWS.

WHILE Mr. Jefferson Davis is safe with well-bred disdain, "Do you call *this* a blockade, John Bull?" and while that unselfish gentleman says to us, "Good cousins, while you call a blockade a blockade, answer is plumped and splashed in sundry lately convenient harbors upon our rebellious coast. The Honorable Sydney Brooks, a marine magistrate from New Bedford, sails out of that city one gray November morning, and presently turns a screw, and he has made inland villages of sundry ports of entry.

His ships are provided with apparatus for pumping them out, and floating them at some convenient season. But when the sands of the rebellion run low, the sands of the Cooper and the Ashley and the Savannah will probably have buried the ancient whalers of New Bedford beyond help of pumps and bladders. Meanwhile the amiable discussion between the rebels and their foreign wishers may continue. What a blockade ought to be may remain an open question. What our blockade is is self-defined.

These acts, with the arrest of Mason and Slidell, and the great day of Port Royal, will show the world, which, in disbelief, that we are now awaking, if not awake. It will show also that the nation, while it subsumes a most causeless and wicked rebellion, proposes to leave a monument of the war and its own power, which shall yet injure no innocent person, and in no manner destroy the prosperity of the whole country. Charleston was the nursery of this insurrection. It will not be wasted with fire, nor flooded with water; but the arrogant idol will be changed into a country village. "*State rights*," its quiet rural streets will hereafter say, "I was a frog; I would be an ox; and I am a dried skin."

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

ALMANACK AND DIARY.

ASTRONOMICAL AND METEOROLLOGICAL NOTICES.

WIND—high.

N.B.—For economical reasons there will be no New Moon this month, as the old one, being in excellent repair, will still be retained upon the establishment.

RECIPES FOR DAYS.—Asparagus, vegetable marrow, and young peas may be looked for about this time: it is as big too long a time in the opinion your gardeners against spending for the Government purposes. If you have a choice of fruit will be down to the water side above Richmond, gather the carnations in the Crimea, which are invaluable. Probably to send, and return home in triumph.

FLOWER GARDEN.—Take up dead leaves, soil, stumps, sand, gravel, and any other rubbish into a heap, then turn over it considerable, if convenient) until you are tired or hurt yourself; the effect from your neighbors' windows will be novel and pretty.

RECIPE FOR A WARM AND GRATEFUL DRINK.—Extracted from the Works of Bishop Beveridge.—Take half an ounce of the best raisin pigs, the same of lemon, with one of the best Wallsend, one drachm and a half of finely-powdered chalk, simmer carefully on a gridiron, and drink suddenly at 11 P.M. The foregoing is at bedtime, the very last thing to be taken.

MEMORANDA FOR THE MONTH.—(From J. Robinson's Note-book).—*Mem.* To ask when tools are now hot after our ball. *Mem.* Last cab to come I must pay guinea unbroken. *Mem.* To get that too pounds ten from Jones.

MEM.—(From Jones's Note-book).—Avoid Robinson.

SMILES AND TEARS.—An unclubbable French proverb says, "Man, woman, or child was never yet judged by Time;" the English of this must be that "Self-Help" is by Smiles.

TESTIMONIAL TO THE DOUGHNUT (*From the Note-book of B. Webster, Esq.*).—"Highly accomplished couple, my very dear friends, enjoy your honeymoon."

QUERY BY SYDNEY JENNY.—Could a loom worked by steam ever become an heir-loom in a family?

MODERN CLASSICS.—Est vertias in vino?—Yy, no.

SPRING TIDE.—When the Cure sings at Weston's.

GREAT EXPECTATIONS.—Civility from the Civil Service.

IT FOLLOWS, OF COURSE.—In one of the journals we find the announcement of a new story called "Love and Poverty." We think we can quite understand that, from the nature of the story, it would be impossible to write it without it. It will be a punishment to read it, which forms, as we have taught our children very pretty poetry indeed.

The author of the following can have a check for any amount upon calling at our office, provided he will not accept it for the following reason. Is such a joking or wit gone like a bank draft unpaid?—Because he is over dear!

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

CONGRESS.

THE first regular session of the Thirty-seventh Congress commenced at noon on 2d inst. The galleries of both Houses were crowded to their utmost. The Senators and Thirty-seven Senators answered to their names at roll call, including Andrew Provost of Kentucky, Bayard of Delaware, and Right of Indiana. The usual committees were appointed to wait on the President and announce that the House of Representatives that the Senate was ready to proceed to business.

Senator Trumbull, of Illinois, gave notice that he would introduce a bill to confiscate the property of rebels, and give freedom to persons in slave States. Senator Wilson, of Massachusetts, gave notice that he would introduce a joint resolution, tendering the thanks of Congress to Captain Wilkes, for his conduct in the case of Messrs. Mason and Slidell, was adopted. A resolution expelling John B. Thomas, the member from the Fifth District of Missouri, and now serving in the rebel army, was introduced. A message from the President to order that Messrs. Slidell and Mason be treated as prisoners of war, was communicated and Colonel Wood, prisoners in the hands of the rebels, for trade. A resolution was adopted, similar clearers from the spectators.

A message of War was requested to communicate what measures have been taken to ascertain who is responsible for the seizure of Messrs. Mason and Slidell. Massachusetts, offered a resolution declaring that in prosecuting the war Government has for its object the suppression of rebellion and the re-establishment of the Constitution and laws over the entire country, and declaring all power to interfere with State institutions, yet that the safety of the Government and the country are paramount and civil relations; that, therefore, the President of the United States, as Commander-in-Chief of the army and navy, and the officers in command under him, have the right to emancipate all persons who are held as slaves within the district in state of insurrection against the National Government; and that we recommend to the President that order of emancipation be issued whenever the same will avail to weaken the power of the rebels, to subdue or strengthen the military power of the loyal forces. A motion to lay the resolution on the table was lost by a vote of 28 to 10. Mr. Roscoe L. Conkling, of New York, proposed an amendment so as to make the resolution declare the nature of disloyal citizens. This was accepted by Mr. Elliot, and the subject was laid aside till Tuesday next.

Mr. Stevens, of Pennsylvania, offered a preamble and bill declaring that the people in the permanent peace of Union in the republic so long as they conform to the laws of the land, and that treason consists in the means of protecting the war; that according to the law of nations, the people have the laws of an enemy to weaken his power; that the President be authorized to declare by proclamation to all our generals and officers in command to order freedom to all slaves who shall come within their lines, and to be in repelling the rebellion, and that the United States pledge the faith of the people for the payment of compensation to all loyal citizens who are or shall remain active in supporting the laws for all damages they may sustain by virtue of this resolution. This resolution lies over for investigation of committee. On 3d inst. Mr. Wilson gave notice of a bill to establish and construct a military and postal railroad from Washington City to Memphis, in Tennessee, to the City of New York, in the State of New York. Mr. Lovejoy, of Illinois, gave notice of a bill to confiscate the property of rebels, and give freedom to persons held to service. Mr. Wilson, of Missouri, reported that the Message would be sent in at noon on 5d, and that the House would be informed when it was sent in at noon of the 3d. We give its leading points:

OUR FOREIGN RELATIONS.

The disloyal citizens of foreign countries, who have offered the ruin of our country in return for the aid and comfort which they have looked anticipated from European patronage and encouragement than they probably expected. . . . . Our relations with Great Britain remained for exciting foreign nations to hostility against us is the embarrassment of commerce. . . . . Our relations with Spain improbably war from the fact that it was the Union which made us of war foreign or rather domestic policy. . . . . We can scarcely have failed to perceive that the effort for dissolution provoked the existing civil war. . . . . Foreign nations promises more durable peace, and a more extensive, valuable, and profitable commerce, than can the same nation broken into fragments.

COAST DEFENSES.

Since, however, it is apparent that we have here, as in every other State, foreign dangers necessarily attend domestic difficulties, I recommend that adequate and permanent measures be adopted for maintaining the public defenses on every side. While, under this general recommendation, provision for defending our coast line readily occurs to the mind, I also, in the light of present experience, call your attention to the Congress to our great lakes and rivers. It is believed that some fortifications and depots, with a few armed vessels, with harbor and navigation improvements at selected points upon those waters, would be of great importance to the national defense and preservation.

THE REVENUE.

The revenue from all sources, including loans for the financial year ending on the 30th of June, 1861, was $86,835,000 27, and the expenditures for the same period, including payments on account of the public debt, were $68,078,054 43, leaving a balance in the Treasury on the 1st of July of $17,757,069 89 for the first quarter of the financial year ending on the 30th September, 1861. The receipts from all sources, including the balance of July 1, were $102,852,239 32, and the expenses $48,120,253 60, leaving a balance on the 1st of October, 1861, of $54,732,176 18. . . . It is gratifying to know that the expenses made necessary by the rebellion are not beyond the resources of the loyal people, and to believe that the same patriotism which has thus far called forth those resources will continue to sustain it till peace and union shall again bless the land.

CLAIMS AGAINST REBELS.

One of the unavoidable consequences of the present insurrection is the embarrassment which many places of all ordinary means of administering civil justice by the officers and in the usual form. . . . . Thus, in the case of the whole or in part, in all the insurgent States, and as our means advance and the power and authority of parts of those States, the practical evil become more apparent. There are no courts to enforce the laws, and in those States may apply for the enforcement of their lawful claims against citizens of the United States, and there is a vast amount of debt constituting such claims. Some have remained at as high as $40,000,000, due in large part from insurgents, in open rebellion, to loyal citizens who are now making the sacrifice incident to the discharge of their patriotic duty to support the Government. . . . . Some circumstances, which may urgently solicited to establish by military power courts to administer summary justice in such cases. I have thus far declined to do it, not because I had any doubt that the ultimate collection of the debts—was just and right in itself, but because I have been unwilling to go beyond the pressure of necessity in the unusual exercise of power. But the powers of Congress, I suppose, are equal to the occasion, and therefore I refer the whole matter to Congress, with the hope that a way may be devised for the administration of justice in all such parts of the integrated States as may be under the control of the military power of the government, whether by a voluntary return to allegiance and order on the part of our citizens, or by force, not to be a permanent institution but a temporary substitute, to be withdrawn as soon as the ordinary courts can be re-established in peace.

CONTRABANDS.

Under and by virtue of the act of Congress, entitled an act to confiscate property used for insurrectionary purposes approved August 6, 1861, the claims of certain persons to the labor and services of certain other persons have become forfeited to the loyal citizens of the United States, and severally dependent on the United States, and have been employed in the service of the army. Besides this, it is not impossible that some of the States and parts of States will be restored to their former practical relations to the United States respectively, and by the operation of which persons of the same class will be withdrawn from the disposal. In such case I recommend that Congress provide for the payment by the United States according to some mode of valuation in lieu pro-rata of direct taxes, which may be hereafter given to dispose with such States respectively, that such persons on one hand compensation for the loss of such claims to service deemed free, and that in any event steps be taken for colonizing such classes, or persons of African descent, with their consent, on this continent or elsewhere, at some place or places in a climate congenial to them. It is believed that a suitable, too, whether the free colored people already in the United States could cheerfully and individually may desire, be included in such colonization.

OBJECTS OF THE WAR.

In considering the question of the method for suppressing the insurrection, I have been anxious and careful that the inevitable conflict for this purpose shall not degenerate into a violent and remorseless revolutionary struggle. I have, therefore, sought to keep myself and those acting under the integrity of the Union prominent as the primary object of the contest between the parties. In other words, we are not of vital importance to the more deliberate action of the Government. The necessity of this course I have adhered to the blockade of the ports held by the insurgent forces by proclamation and to the law of Congress enacted at the late session for closing those ports, and in accepting the dictates of prudence as well as the obligations of law instead of proceeding, I have adhered to the act of Congress to confiscate property, and for insurrectionary purposes. The law ought to the same subject shall be proposed, its propriety will be duly considered. . . . . Meanwhile I have not thought that the dispensable means must be employed. We should not be in haste to destroy a material and enormous interest, which may reach the loyal as well as the disloyal, are indispensable.

THE BORDER STATES.

The insurgents confidently claimed a strong support from north of Mason and Dixon's line, and the friends of the Union were not free from apprehension on the point. Only, however, in Maryland, Kentucky, and on the right side. South of the line noble little Delaware led off right from the first. Maryland, paying a large contingent to the Union, our soldiers were assaulted, bridges were burned, and railroads torn up within her limits, and we were many days at one time without the ability to bring a single regiment over her soil to the capital. Now her railroads and railroads are repaired and open to the Government. She has already furnished to the cause of the Union and none to the enemy, and her people at a regular election have sustained, by a large majority, and a larger aggregate vote than they ever before gave in any established election. Kentucky, too, was in a similar condition, is now decidedly and, I think, unchangeably, on the side of the Union. Missouri is similarly situated, but I think that we are still less cautiously, I cannot but think that we are still less cautious. I mention Missouri here chiefly to show what is further mark of recognition. The people of these States constitute the Government of General Scott came the executive duty of appointing the commander-in-chief of the army. It is a fortunate circumstance that neither in council nor military was there, on the breaking out of the rebellion, any loss so to the proper person to be selected. The retiring from command of General Scott appeared in favor of General M'Clellan for the position, and in this the nation seems to give universal approbation and confidence. Attention of General M'Clellan is, therefore, in a considerable degree relieved from details, and enabled to give his effective, and hence there is better reason to hope there will be no blunders. The national forces are now present in sufficient fair implication promised, and without which he can not, with or full efficiency.

LABOR AND CAPITAL.

Labor is prior to, and independent of capital. Capital is only the fruit of labor, and could never have existed if labor had not first existed. Labor is the superior of capital, and deserves much the higher consideration. Capital has its rights, which are as worthy of protection as any other rights. Nor is it denied that there is, and probably always will be, a relation between labor and capital, producing mutual benefits. . . . . In most of the Southern States a majority of the whole people of all colors are neither slaves nor masters, while in the Northern a large majority are neither hirer nor hired. . . . . There is not of necessity any such thing as the free hired laborer being fixed for that condition of life. Many independent men everywhere in these States a few years back in their lives were hired laborers. The prudent, penniless beggar in the world labors for wages awhile, saves a surplus with which to buy tools and land for himself, then laborers his own account another while, and at length hires another new beginner to help him. This is the just and generous and prosperous system which opens the way to all, gives hope to all, and consequent energy and progress and improvement of the condition to all. No man living are more worthy to be trusted than those who toil up from poverty; none less inclined to take from such unjust which they have not honestly earned. Let them beware of surrendering a political power which they already possess, and which, if surrendered, will surely be used to close the door of advancement to such as they, and to fix new disabilities and burdens upon them till all of liberty shall be lost.

THE OBJECT OF THE STRUGGLE.

From the first hinge of our National census to the last new registration of voters, we find one popular class of the people still times as great as it was at the beginning. The increase of breadth of our national domain, of course, has been even greater. We thus have, at one view, what the popular principle, applied to government through the machinery of the States and the Union, has produced in a certain time: and also what, if faithfully maintained, it promises for the future. There are already among us upwards of 31,000,000 free people; and still we live as it contain 250,000,000. The struggle of to-day is not alone for to-day, but for a vast future also. With this view, Lincoln, in his first inaugural address, at the most firm and earnest, let us proceed in the great task which events have devolved upon us.

REPORT OF THE SECRETARY OF THE NAVY.

We give the following extracts from the Report of the Secretary of the Navy:

ENLISTMENT OF FUGITIVES.

In the common and blockading duties of the navy it has been not unfrequently that fugitives from inconvenience place have sought our ships for refuge and protection, and in many instances these have applied for the enlistment so to the proper disposition which should be made of them. Considering that they were fugitives from service, they should be handed over to the custody of the Government; but if, on the contrary, they were free from any voluntary participation in the rebellion and sought the service and protection of the flag, they should be cared for and employed in some useful manner and might be entered on board the proper vessels of the navy, if capable, receiving wages for their labor. If such employment could not be found for them in the navy, they might be transferred to the army, and if no employment could be found for them in either service, they should be subsisted and treated kindly and peacefully without restraint to seek a livelihood in the interior country. Many, very many, have applied to the navy for employment, in the premises, of our naval officers.

REBEL EMISSARIES.

Captain Charles Wilkes, in command of the San Jacinto, while cruising in the Bahama Channel for the Gulf, received information that James M. Mason and John Slidell, rebel emissaries, were about embarking at Cuba with their suite to embark from Havana in the English steamer Trent for a voyage to Europe to represent the views of the insurgents. Cruising in the Bahama Channel he intercepted the Trent, fired a shot across her bows to bring her to, and after these dangerous men, when he brought to the United States. They are now having been confined in the navy service at Charlestown, the prisoners were retained on board and conveyed to Fort Warren.

The prompt and decisive action of Captain Wilkes on this occasion has received and received the emphatic approval of the Department, and if a too generous forbearance was exercised by him in the circumstances of the capture of these rebel emissaries on board, it may, in view of the delicate relations, and of its peculiar character, be excused; but it must by no means be permitted to constitute a precedent hereafter for the detention of any case of similar infraction of neutral obligations by foreign vessels engaged in commerce or the carrying trade.

THE NAVY-YARD AT PENSACOLA.

A naval force, auxiliary to and connected with the army movements on the Mississippi and its tributaries, has been organized and is actively employed in the Department. Under H. Foote, who is rendering efficient service in that quarter.

The steamers which have been built or purchased for the service of the Gulf Department are of a very valuable character, and manned by a class of superior seamen and officers. Their services, in the present navy blockade already, have done good service, and will, I am confident, exhibit themselves with increased efficiency hereafter. The expanded exhibiting some of the operations of this command as auxiliary to the military movements on the Mississippi.

SINKING VESSELS.

One method of blockading the ports of the insurgent States, and interdicting communication as well as to protect the harbors and channels of the Southern coast and our commerces, has been that of sinking in the channels vessels filled with stone. The first movement in this direction was on the North Carolina coast, where there are numerous inlets, communicating with Pamlico Sounds, and other interior waters, which afforded facilities for eluding the blockade. For this purpose to be privateers. A number, a class of small vessels were purchased in Baltimore, some of which had been previously placed in Inlets.

Another and larger description of vessels were bought in the Northern States, most of them, it is said, having been employed in the whale fisheries. These were sent to obstruct the channel before and the harbor of Charleston River; and this, if effectually done, will prove the most economical and satisfactory method of interdicting commerce at those points.

VESSELS CAPTURED.

Since the institution of the blockade one hundred and fifty-three vessels have been captured by the vessels of our flags, most of which were attempting to violate the blockade. In a few cases, though these vessels were in such condition when seized as to authorize their being sent at once to the nearest convenient port for condemnation as prizes.

THE FIGHT AT FORT PICKENS.

We illustrate on pages 792 and 793 the scene of the recent conflict at and around Fort Pickens. At the hour we write we are without authentic information from the scene of action. It appears certain, however, that on 19th Nov. the vessels under Flag Officer Porter left Pensacola, returned; that the mutual bombardment lasted all day, and was renewed on the next; that during the whole day the forts both parties stopped the engagement, and that matters were remain in any ways. On the 22d the Flag Officer's squadron has been evacuated, and the Navy-yard burned—but nothing certain is known on these points. The commander of the rebel forces is General Bragg, who is supposed to have sworn to destroy Pensacola or to drive the troops of Fort Pickens is Colonel Harvey Brown, who has sixteen hundred men at his command.

THE OCCUPATION OF TYBEE.

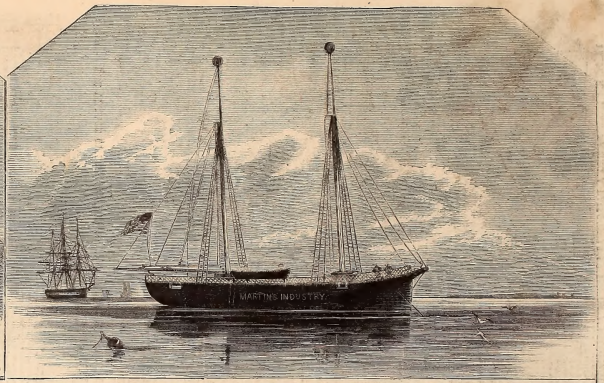
Commodore Dupont last week transferred his flag from the Wabash to the steamer Augusta, and, with the aid of General Sherman, landed a force of United States marines on Tybee Island, the entrance to Savannah River, in communications and contrasting new ones. A fleet of eight gunboats accompanied the Augusta, to be ready in case of necessity. The rebels sunk two vessels between Tybee and Hilton Head Island to lead cotton, and would sink all in a few days, by order of the naval authorities.

An account from Savannah is published in a Richmond paper to the effect that, on the 10th ultimo, Commodore Tatnall, with three small rebel steamers and one gun-boat, attacked the Union fleet in Cockspur Roads. The engagement lasted one hour, and from forty to fifty shots were exchanged.

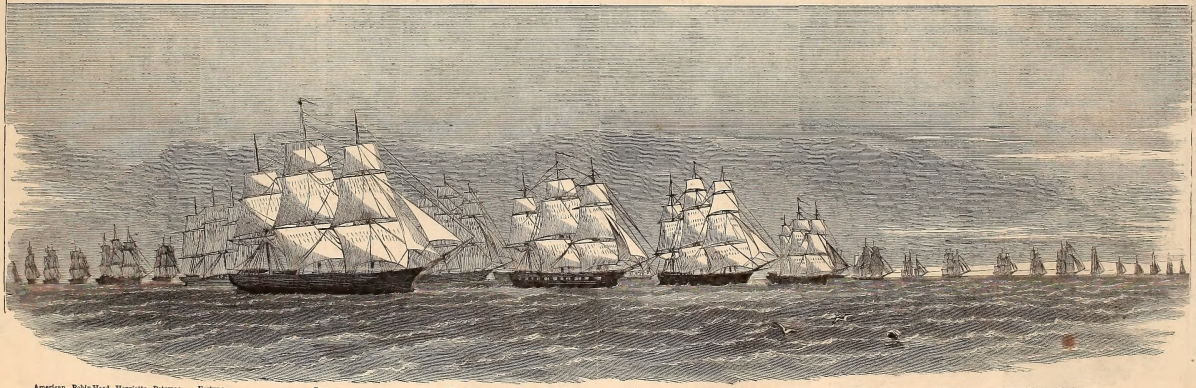
Our illustration on page 797 represents a reconnoissance made towards Fort Pulaski by General Sherman, after they were fired at by the enemy; the general view of the coast, etc.

SCENES IN AND AROUND BEAUFORT, SOUTH CAROLINA.—SKETCHED BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST.—[SEE PAGE 799.]

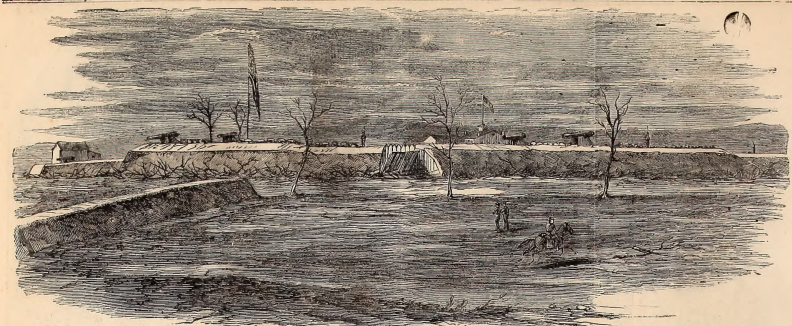
Burial place of those killed at Hilton Head



The new Light Ship off Martins Industry, entrance of Port Royal harbor



THE STONE FLEET ON ITS WAY TO THE SOUTHERN COAST.—[SEE PAGE 798.]



FORT CORCORAN, ARLINGTON HEIGHTS, VIRGINIA.—SKETCHED BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST.—[SEE NEXT PAGE.]

THE VILLAGE OF LEWINSVILLE, VIRGINIA, NOW OCCUPIED BY UNITED STATES TROOPS.—SKETCHED BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST.—[SEE NEXT PAGE.]

PROFESSOR LOWE MAKING A BALLOON ASCENSION ON A RECONNOITRING EXPEDITION TO VIENNA.—SKETCHED BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST.—[SEE NEXT PAGE.]

VIEW OF URBANNA, ON THE RAPPAHANNOCK RIVER, VIRGINIA.—[SKETCHED BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST.]

OUR ARMY AT WASHINGTON.

OUR artist at Washington has sent us some more sketches, which we reproduce on page 790. One of them gives a fair idea of the village of LEWINSVILLE, which has been the scene of several sharp skirmishes, and is now in possession of our troops—a miserable, broken-down village, very Virginian in aspect. Another introduces us to the famous FORT CORCORAN, built by the soldiers of the Sixty-ninth Regiment, under Colonel Corcoran, before the Battle of Bull Run. It is situate on the property of the rebel General Lee, on Arlington Heights, and commands a wide extent of country. A third picture shows us PROFESSOR LOWE MAKING AN ASCENT IN HIS BALLOON on a reconnoitring expedition from General Smith's Division, in the vicinity of Vienna. Balloons now accompany almost all reconnoitring parties, and prove a valuable assistance.

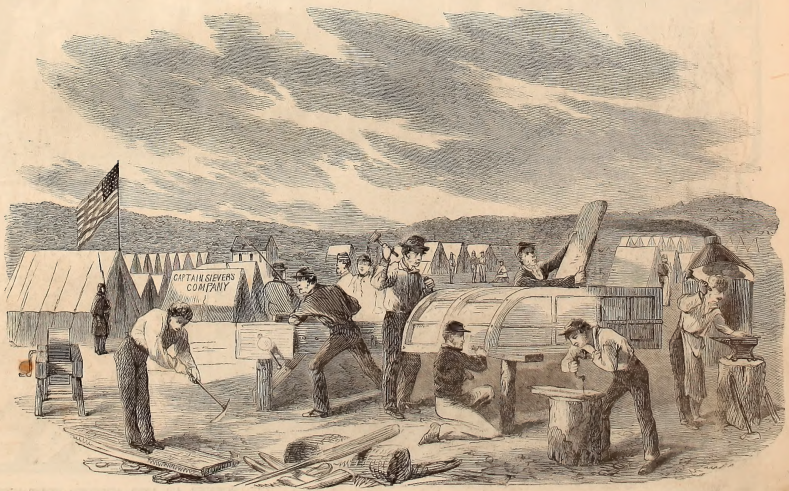
BUILDING PONTOONS.

WE publish on this page an illustration of the CONSTRUCTION OF PONTOONS for the army in Kentucky, from a sketch by Mr. H. Mosler. The pontoons in our picture are being built by the Thirty-second Indiana Regiment, under the superintendence of Lieutenant Fietzuch, a Pole, who has seen service abroad, and is now attached to this regiment. They are to be used as wagon-beds, and are made to fit the United States army wagons. The Thirty-second Indiana Regiment is one of the best drilled in the service. It is composed almost exclusively of Germans, and is commanded by Colonel Willich, formerly Lieutenant-Colonel of the Ninth Ohio.

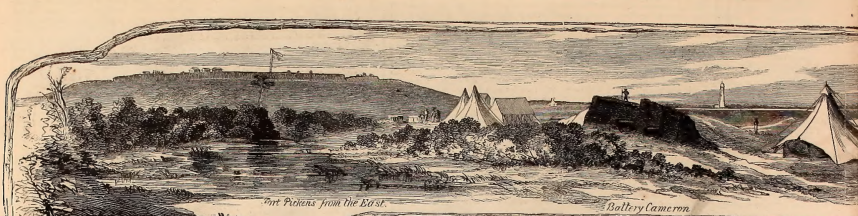
URBANNA.

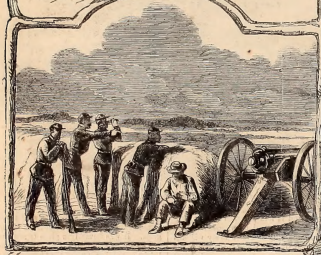
WE publish above a View of URBANNA, on the Rappahannock, lately visited by a reconnoitring party from Fortress Monroe.

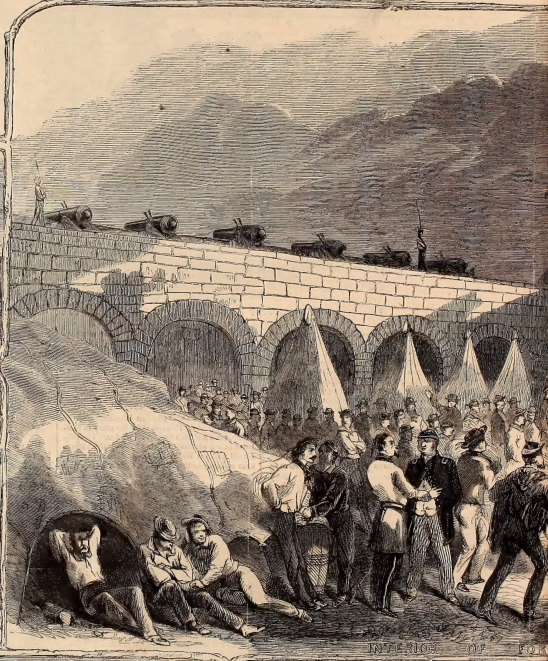
Urbanna is a small village near the mouth of the Rappahannock River, in Middlesex County, Virginia. It was formerly a place of some note, but has now dwindled into almost insignificance. The bricks composing some of the houses were brought from England more than a hundred and fifty years ago. It boasts one store, a church, and a schoolhouse; the two last have been converted into lodgings for the soldiers now quartered there. Some time ago the *Harriet Lane* came up and threw a few shell into the woods on the banks of the river; since then the inhabitants, with the exception of a few men, have all deserted their homes and gone far back into the country. The rebels have erected strong batteries both above and below the village.

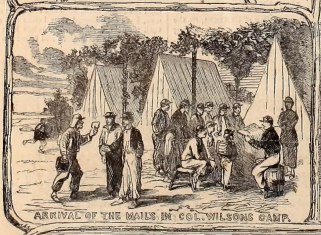


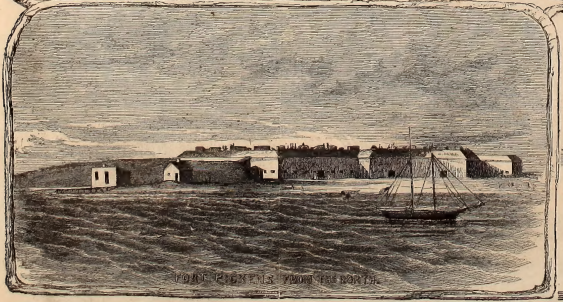
THE THIRTY-SECOND INDIANA REGIMENT (COLONEL WILLICH) BUILDING PONTOONS IN KENTUCKY.—[SKETCHED BY MR. H. MOSLER.]

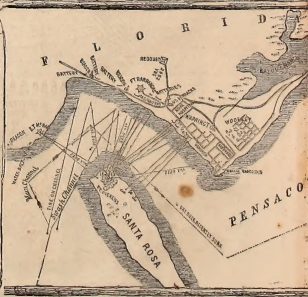



ZOUAVES AWAITING THE REBELS BEHIND THE TRENCHES.


INTERIOR OF FO


ARRIVAL OF THE MAILS IN COL. WILSON'S CAMP.


FORT PICKENS FROM THE NORTH.



SCENES AT AND AROUND FORT PICKENS.—From S

Warrington Navy Yard.

Battery Lincoln.

PENSACOLA LIGHT-HOUSE.

FORT BARRANCAS.

PENSACOLA

LA BAY

OLD NAVY COVE

U.S. LIVE OAK PLANTATION

REBEL CAMP AT WARRINGTON, PENSACOLA.

ETCHED BY OFFICERS OF THE GARRISON.—[SEE PAGE 787.]

A STRANGE STORY.

By Sir E. BULWER LYTTON.

[Printed from the Manuscript and early Proof-sheets purchased by the Proprietors of "Harper's Weekly."]

CHAPTER XLIII.

I was just outside the garden-door when I felt an arm thrown round me, my cheek kissed, and wetted with tears. Could it be Lilian? Alas, no! It was her mother's voice, that, between laughing and crying, exclaimed hysterically, "This is joy, to see you again, and on these thresholds! I have just come from your house; I went there on purpose to congratulate you, and to talk to you about Lilian. But you have seen her?"

"Yes; I have but this moment left her. Come this way." I drew Mrs. Ashleigh back into the garden, along the old winding walk, which the shrubs contained from view of the house. We sat down on a rustic seat, where I had often sat with Lilian, midway between the house and the Monks' Well. I told the mother what had passed between me and her daughter; I made no compliment of Lilian's coldness and change; I did not hint at its cause. "Girls of her age will change," said I, "and all that now remains is for you and I to agree on such a tale to our curious neighbors that the whole blame may rest on me. Man is strong to bear such burdens; they should never be imposed on women."

"Do not be rash, my dear Allen," said Mrs. Ashleigh, in great distress. "I feel for you, I understand you; in your case I might act as you do. I can not blame you. Lilian is changed—changed unaccountably. Yet sure I am that the change is only on the surface, that her heart is really yours as entirely and as faithfully as ever it was; and that later, when she recovers from the strange, dreamy kind of torpor which appears to have come over all her faculties and all her affections, she would awake with a despair which you can not conjecture to the knowledge that you had renounced her."

"I have not renounced her," said I, impatiently. "I did but restore her freedom of choice. And pass by this now, and explain to me more fully the change in your daughter, which I gather from your words is not confined to me."

"I wished to speak of it before you saw her, and for that reason came to your house. It was on the morning in which we left her aunt's to return hither that I first noticed something particular in her look and manner. She seemed absorbed and absent, so much so that I asked her several times to say what made her so grave, but I could only get from her that she had had a confused dream which she could not recall distinctly enough to relate, but that she was sure it boded evil. During the journey she became gradually more herself, and began to look forward with delight to the idea of seeing you again. Well, you came that evening. What passed between you and her you know best. You complained that she slighted your request to shun all acquaintance with Mr. Margrave. I was surprised that she had her eyes with your reasonable—or not, she could have hesitated to comply with it. I spoke to her about it after you had gone, and she wept bitterly at thinking she had displeased you."

"She wept! You amaze me! Yet the next day what a note she returned to mine!"

"The next day the change in her became very visible to me. She told me, in an excited manner, that she was convinced she ought not to marry you. Then came, the following day, the news of your committal. I heard of it, but dared not break it to her. I went to our friend, the mayor, to consult with him what to say, what do, and to learn more distinctly than , and done from terrified, incoherent servants the rights of so dreadful a story. When I returned I found, to my amazement, a young stranger in the drawing-room; it was Mr. Margrave.—Miss Brabazon had brought him at his request. Lilian was in the room too, and my astonishment was increased when she said to me, with a singular smile, vague but tranquil: 'I know all about Allen Fenwick; Mr. Margrave has told me all. He is a friend of Allen's. He says there is no cause for fear.' Mr. Margrave then apologized to me for his intrusion in a careless, jolly manner, as if one of the family. He said he was so intimate with you that he felt that he could best break to Miss Ashleigh an information he might receive elsewhere, for that he was the only man in the town who treated the charge with ridicule. You know the wonderful charm of this young man's manner. I can not explain to you how it was, but in a few moments I was as much at home with him as if he had been your brother. To be brief, having once come, he came constantly. He had moved, two days before you went to Dorval Court, from his hotel to apartments in Mr. ——'s house, just opposite. We could see him on his balcony from our terrace; he would smile to us and come across. I did wrong in slighting your injunctions, and suffering Lilian to do so. I could not help it, he was such a comfort to me—to her, too—in our solitude. He alone had no doleful words, were no long face; he alone was invariably cheerful. 'Every thing,' he said, 'would come right in a day or two.'"

"And Lilian could not but admire this young man, he is so beautiful."

"Beautiful? Well, perhaps. But if you have a jealous feeling you were never more mistaken. Lilian, I am convinced, does more than dislike him; he has inspired her with repugnance, with terror. And much as I owe to him, in his wild, joyous, careless, harmless way, do not think I flatter you if I say that Mr. Margrave is not the man to make any girl's pulses beat with nature to a lover with infinitely less advantages than you may pretend to. He would be a universal favorite, I grant; but there is something in him, or a something wanting in him, which makes liking and admiration stop short of love. I know not why, perhaps, with all his good-humor, he is so absorbed in himself, so intensely egotistical—so light, were he less clever I should say ridiculous. He could not make love, he could not say, in the serious tone of a man in earnest, 'I love you.' He owned as much to me, and owned, too, that there is a woman for what love was. As to myself—Mr. Margrave appears rich. No whisper against his character or his fame ever reached me. Yet were you out of the question, and were there no stain on his birth, nay, were he as high in rank and wealth as he is favored by nature in personal advantages, I confess I could never consent to trust him with my daughter's fate. A voice at my heart would cry 'No!' It may be an unreasonable prejudice, but I could not bear to see him touch Lilian's hand."

"If she were, then—never suffer him ever to take her hand?"

"Never. Do not think so meanly of her as to suppose that she could be won by a fair face, a graceful manner. Reflect, just before she had refused for your sake Ashleigh Sumner, whom Mary Haughton said 'no girl in her senses could refuse;' and this change in Lilian really began before we returned to L——; before she had seen Mr. Margrave. It is not reasonable it is something in the reach of your skill as physician —it is on the nerves, the system. I will give you proof of what I say. I do not betray me to her. It was during your imprisonment, the night before your release, that I was awaked by her coming to my bedside. She was talking as if her heart would break: 'Oh, mother, mother! she cried, 'pity me, help me—I am so wretched!' I asked her what troubled her. She have been so cruel to Allen, and I know I shall be so again. I can not help it. Don't question me, don't ask me any more, if he comes to-day or I reject him, tell him some day—perhaps when I am in my grave—not to believe appearances. I have no will, in my heart of hearts, never ceased to love him!'"

"She said that! You are not deceiving me?"

"Oh, Allen, do I look like it?"

"There is hope still," I murmured; and I bowed my head upon my hands, hot tears forcing way through the clasped fingers.

"One word more," said I; "you tell me that Lilian has a repugnance to this Margrave, and yet she has been in his society for days—a contest that could not be wholly ascribed to shrinking words he might say about myself, since it is all but certain that I was not at that time upper-most in her mind. Can you explain this apparent contradiction?"

"I am not, otherwise than by a conjecture which you would ridicule."

"I can ridicule nothing now. What is your conjecture?"

"I know how much you disbelieve in the stories one hears of animal magnetism and electrobiology, otherwise—"

"You think that Margrave exercises some power of that kind over Lilian? Has he spoken of such a power?"

"Not exactly; but he said that he was sure Lilian possessed a faculty that he called by some hard name, not chairvoyance, but a faculty which, he said, when I asked him to explain, was akin to prevision—to second sight. Then he talked of the Priestesses who had administered the ancient oracles. Lilian, he said, reminded him of them, with her deep eyes and mysterious smile."

"And Lilian heard him? What said she?"

"Nothing; she seemed in fear while she listened."

"He did not offer to try any of those arts practiced by professional mesmerists and other charlatans?"

"I thought he was about to do so, but I forestalled him, saying I never would consent to any experiment of that kind, either on myself or on my daughter."

"And he replied—?"

"With his gay laugh, that I was very foolish; that a person possessed of such a faculty as he attributed to Lilian, would, if the faculty were developed, be an invaluable adjunct. He would have said more, but I tegged him to desist. Still I fancy at times—do not be angry—that he does somehow or other bewitch her, unconsciously to herself; for she always knows when he is coming. Indeed I am not sure that he does not bewitch myself. For I have no means justify my conduct in admitting him to an intimacy so familiar, and in spite of your wish; I have reproached myself, resolved to shut my door on him, or to show by my manner that his visits were unwelcome; yet when Lilian has said, in the drowsy, lethargic tone which has come into her voice (her voice naturally earnest and impressive, though always low), 'Mother, he will be here in two minutes—I wish to leave the room and can not'—I, too, have felt as if something constrained me against my will; as if, in short, I were under that influence to which Mr. Vigors—whom I will never forgive for his conduct to you —would ascribe to mesmerism."

"But will you not explain your opinion."

"No, not to-night; but watch and heed her, and if you see aught to make you honestly believe that you may have forgiven the fall of the room which I have released her—why you know, Mrs. Ashleigh, that—that—" My voice failed —I wrung the good woman's hand, and went my way.

I had always till then considered Mrs. Ashleigh—I use the phrase described heaven—"commonplace weak"—still of an intelligence somewhat below mediocrity. I now regarded her with respect as well as grateful tenderness; her plain sense had divined what all my boasted knowledge had failed to detect in my earlier intimacy with Margrave—viz., that in him there was a something wanting, or a something wanting, which forbade love and excited fear. Young, beautiful, wealthy, seemingly blameless in life as he was, she would not have given her daughter's hand to him!

CHAPTER XLIV.

The next day my house was filled with visitors. I had not expected that so many friends, Mr. Vigors wrote me a generous and handsome letter, owning his prejudices against me on account of his son-in-law's death, Dr. Lloyd, and begging my pardon for what he now felt to have been harshness, if not distorted justice. But what most moved me was the entrance of Strahan, who rushed up to me with the heartiness of old college days. "Oh, my dear Allen, am you ever forgive me? I should have disbelieved, suspected you of abstracting my poor cousin's memory?"

"Is it known, then?"

"Oh yes; you must thank Margrave. He, clever fellow, you know, came to me on a visit regarded; he was the first once on the right scent. Only guess; but you never can! It was that wretched old housekeeper who particularized the manner in which I remember she came into the room while you were looking at the memoir. She heard as talk about it; her curiosity was excited; she longed to know the history of her old master, under his own hand; she could not sleep; she heard me go up to bed; she thought you might leave the book on the table when you too went to rest. She stole down stairs, peeped through the key-hole of the lobby, saw you with the book lying before you, entered, took the book away softly, meant to glance at its contents and to return it. You were sleeping so soundly she thought you would not wake for an hour; she carried it into the library, leaving the door open, and there began to pore over it by the light of a candle on one of the passages in Latin; she hoped to find some part in plain English, turned over the leaves, putting her candle down, and, as she read, words and sentences grew dim, when she heard you make some sound in your sleep. Alarmed, she looked round; you were moving heavily in your sleep and muttering to yourself. From watching you she was soon diverted by the consequence of her own confusion and timidity. In turning over the pages in Latin; she hoped to find some part in plain English, turned over the leaves, putting her candle down, and, as she read, words and sentences grew dim, when she heard you make some sound in your sleep. Alarmed, she looked round; you were moving heavily in your sleep and muttering to yourself. From watching you she was soon diverted by the consequence of her own confusion and timidity. In turning over the leaves she unconsciously brought the poor manuscript close to the candle, the leaves caught the flame; her eye was caught by the sparks—a cone her aware of the mischief done. She threw down the book; her sleeve was in flames; she had not time to save the book, or to cease, loaded for her, not sewn to her dress. By the time she recovered presence of mind to attend to the book and its leaves were reduced to ashes. She could not dare then to replace what was left of the manuscript on your table; returned, with it, to her room, hid it, and resolved to keep her own secret. It should never be guessed it; I had never even spoken to her on the occurrence; but when I talked over the disappearance of the book to Margrave he guessed, and expressed my disbelief of your story, he said, in his merry way: 'But do you think Fenwick the only person curious about your cousin's odd ways and strange history? Why, every servant in the household would have been equally curious. Don't you examine your servants, of course?' 'No, I never thought of it.' 'Examine them now, then. Examine especially that old housekeeper. I observe a great change in her manner since I came here, weeks ago, to look over the house. She has something on her mind—I see it in her eyes.' Then it occurred to me too that the woman's manner had altered, and that she seemed always in a trouble and a fidget. I went at once to her room, and charged her with stealing the book. She fell on her knees, and told the whole story as I have told it to you, and as I shall take care to tell it to all to whom I have so foolishly blabbed [illegible] more foolish suspicions of yourself. But [illegible] you forgive me, old friend?"

"Heartily, heartily! And the book is burned?"

"See!" and he produced the mutilated manuscript. Strange, the part burned—reduced indeed to tinder—was the concluding part that related to Haroun—to Grayle; no vestige of that part left; the earlier portions were scorched and mutilated but in some places still quite legible; but as my eye hastily ran over these pages I saw but mangled sentences of the experimental problems which the writer had so minutely elaborated.

"Will you keep the manuscript as it is, and as long as you can?" said Strahan.

"No, no; I will have nothing more to do with it. Consult some other man of science. And so this is the old woman's whole story? No accomplice—none? No one else shared her curiosity and her task?"

"No. Only enough though, she made use of something like the excuse made by that dreadful madman; she said 'the Devil put it into her head.' Of course she did, as he puts every thing wicked into any one's head. That does not mend the matter."

"How! did she too say she saw a Shadow and heard a Voice?"

"No; not such a liar as that, and not mad enough for such a lie. But she said that when she was in bed, thinking over the book, something irresistible urged her to get up and go down into the study; swore she felt something lead her by the hand; swore, too, that when she first discovered the manuscript was not in English, moved her lips whispered to her to turn over the leaves and approach them to the candle. But I had no patience to listen to all this rubbish. I sent her out of the house, fine and huge—scare. But alas! is this to be the end of all my wise cousin's grand discoveries?"

"The end of labors that aspired to bring into the chart of science new worlds, of which even the traditionary rumor was but a voice from the land of dreams, mingled with broken vestiges of a daring footstep! The hope of a name imperishable amidst the loftiest hierarchy of Nature's secret temple, with all the strength of recorded experiment, that applied to the mysteries of Egypt and Chaldea the inductions of Bacon, the tests of Locke—was there nothing left of this but what, here and there, some puzzled student might extract, garbled, mutilated, perhaps misunderstood, such shreds of evidences, wrecks of problems? O mind of man, can the works on which thou wouldst found immortality below perish more utterly than smoke and tinder by an inch of candle in the hand of an old woman!

When Strahan left me, I went out, but not yet to visit Margrave. I stole through by-paths into the fields; I needed solitude to bring my thoughts into some shape and order. What was delusion, what truth in me? —what right or the public? Was Margrave really the dupe of innocent and serviceable of human beings, kindly, unconsciously employing a wonderful acuteness for benignant ends? Was I, in truth, indebted to him for the greatest boon one man can bestow on another? For his own life preserved, his fame justified? Or had he, by some demoniac sorcery, guided the hand of the murderer against the life of my friend, that he alone could imperil his own? had he, by the same dark spell, urged the woman to the act that had destroyed the only rec- ord of his marvelous beings—the only evidence that I was not the sport of an illusion in the horror with which he inspired me?

Could the latter supposition could be admissible, did he use his agents only to betray them afterward to exposure, and that without any motive but that of his own detection as the investigator? Then there came the confused recollections of tales of medieval witchcraft which I had read in my boyhood. Were there on judicial record attestations and evidences, solemn and circumstantial, of supernatural events and influences wrought by Margrave? Of sorcerers instigating to sin through influences ascribed to Demons—making their apparitions glide through guarded doors, their voices heard from afar in the solitude of dungeons or monastic cells? subjugating victims to their will by means which their confidence could have detected, if the victims themselves had not accused the witch-craft that had ensnared—courting a sure and speedy death as the last confession—preferring such death to a life so haunted? Were stories so gravely set forth in the pomp of judicial evidence, and in the history of times comparatively recent, indeed, to be passed [illegible] together, as a *wales tadpoets* of senseless superstition—all that could be ascribed to the fraud of the victims and tools of the sorcerers lunatics? all the examiners or judges, with their solemn grandeur of intelligence and zeal—from Commissions of Inquiry to Courts of Appeal—to be dismissed for credulity, loathed for cruelty; or, amidst records monstrous, so impudently self-given, were there the fragments of a terrible truth? And had our ancestors been so unwise in those laws we now deem so cruel, by which they, with the aid of scourges more awful and more potent than the felon with his candid dagger? Fell instigators of the evil in men's secret hearts—shaping into action the vague, half-formed desire, and guiding with agencies, impalpable, unseen, their spell-bound instruments of calamity and death.

Such were the gloomy questions that I—by repute, the sternest advocate of common sense against fantastic errors; by profession, the searcher into flesh and blood, and tissue, and nerve, and sinew, for the causes of all that disease the mechanism of the universal human frame—I, self- bossting physician, skeptic, philosopher, materialist, revolved, not amidst gloomy pines, under grim winter skies, but as I paced slow through laughing meadows, and by the banks of merry streams, in the vigorous of the golden August; the hum of insects in the fragrant

grass, the flutter of birds amidst the delicate green of boughs checkered by playful sunbeams and gentle shadows, and even the sight of the resorts of busy work-day man. Walls, roof-tops, church-spires rising high. There, white and modern, the handwriting of our race, in this practical nineteenth century, on its square plain masonry and Doric shafts, the Town Hall, central in the animated market-place. And I—I—spying into long-neglected corners and dark holes of memory for what my reason had flung there as worthless rubbish; reviving the jargon of French law, in the *procès verbal*, against a Gille de Retz or an Urbain Grandier, and sifting the equity of sentences on witchcraft!

Bursting the links of this ghastly soliloquy with a laugh at my own folly, I struck into a narrow path that led back toward the city by a quiet and rural avenue, by the path wound through a wide and solitary church-yard at the base of the Abbey-hill. Many of the former dwellers on that eminence now slept in the lowly burial-ground at its foot. And the place mournfully decorated with the tombs which still jealously mark distinctions of rank amidst the leveling democracy of the grave, was kept true with the care which comes half from piety and half from pride.

I seated myself on a bench, placed between the clipped yew-trees that bordered the path from the entrance to the church-porch, deeming vaguely that my own perplexing thoughts might imbibe a quiet from the quiet of the place.

"And oh," I murmured to myself, "oh that I had one bosom friend to whom I might freely confide all these torturing riddles which I can resolve—one who could read my heart, assured of its truthfulness, and wise enough to enlighten its troubles!"

And as I so murmured my eye fell upon the form of a kneeling child. At the farthest end of the burial-ground, beside a grave with its new head-stone glittering white-and-gold-like ebon moss, grew a tombe, a funeral child, her head bowed, her hands clasped. I could see but the outline of the small form in its sable dress—an infant bereaved.

My eyes and my thoughts turned from that silent figure, too absorbed in my own restless tumult of doubt and dread for sympathy with the grief or the consolation of a kneeling child. And yet I should have remembered that tomb! Again I murmured with a fierce impatience, "Oh for a bosom friend in whom I could confide!"

I heard steps on the gravel under the yews, and an old man came in slightly bent, with long gray locks still over enough of vigor for years to come—in his tread, firm though slow —in the unshrunken muscle of his limbs and the steady light of his clear blue eye. I started. Was it possible? That countenance, marked, indeed, with the lines of laborious thought, but overt in the mildness of humanity, and serene in the peace of conscience!—I could not be mistaken. Julius Faber was before me. The profound pathologist, on whom my own proud self-esteem acknowledged inferiority, without humiliation; the generous benefactor to whom I owed my own emancipation from the arduous road of fame and fortune. I had longed for a friend: a confidant; what I sought stood suddenly at my side.

CHAPTER XLV.

EXPLANATION on his part was short and simple. The nephew whom he designed as the heir to his wealth, if largely outstripped the liberal allowance made to him—had incurred heavy debts; and, in order to extricate himself from the debts, had plunged into ruinous speculations. Faber had come back to England to save his heir from prison or outlawry, at the expense of more than three months of the destined inheritance. To add to all, the young man had married a young lady without fortune: the uncle only heard of the marriage on arriving in England. The spendthrift was hiding from his creditors in the house of his father-in-law, in one of the northern counties. Faber there sought him; and, on becoming acquainted with his wife, grew reconciled to the marriage, and formed hopes of his nephew's future redemption. He spoke, indeed, of the young wife with great affection. She was good and sensible, willing and anxious to compensate any privation by which her husband might retrieve the effects of his folly. "So," said Faber, "on consultation with this excellent creature—for my poor nephew is so broken down by repentance that others must think for him how to exult repentance into reform—my plans were determined. I shall remove my prodigal from all scenes of temptation. He has youth, strength, plenty of energy, hitherto misdirected. I shall take him from the Old World into the New. I have decided on Australia. The fortune left left to me, small here, will be ample abroad there. It is not enough to maintain us separately, so we must all live together. Besides, I feel that, though I have neither the strength nor the experience which could best serve a young settler on a strange soil, still, under my eye, my poor boy will be at once more prudent and more persevering. We sail next week."

Faber spoke so cheerfully that I knew not how to express sympathy; yet at his age, after a career of such prolonged and distinguished labor, to resign the ease and comforts of the civilized state for the hardships and rudeness of an infant colony, seemed to me a dreary prospect: and as delicately, as tenderly as I could to one whom I loved and honored as a father, I placed at his disposal the fortune which, in great part, I owed to him—pressing him at least to take from it enough to secure to himself, in his own country, a home suited to his years and worthy of his station. He rejected all my offers, however earnestly urged on him, with his usual modest and gentle dignity; and assuring me that he looked forward with great interest to a residence in lands new to his experience, and affording ample scope for the hardy enjoyments which had always most allured his tastes, he hastened to change the subject.

"A d who, think you, is the admirable helpmate my scape-grace has had the saving good luck to find? A young lady of small means who undertook the care of poor Dr. Lloyd's orphans, when the orphans who owed so much to your generous exertions to secure a home for them —and that child, now just risen from her father's grave, is my pet companion, my darling eveshare—Dr. Lloyd's daughter, Alice."

Here the child joined us, quickening her pace as she recognized the old man, and nestling to his side as she placed herself between us myself. A winning, candid, lovable child's face, somewhat melancholy, somewhat more thoughtful than is common to the face of childhood, but calm, intelligent, and ineffably mild. Presently she stole from the old man and put her hand in mine:

"Are you not the kind gentleman who came to see Hiu that night when he passed away from us, and who, they all say at home, was so good to my brothers and me? Yes, I recollect you now." And she put her pure face to mine, whispering me low:

I kind! I good! I—I! Alas! she little knew, little guessed, the wrathful imprecation for her father had burned on my lips that night!

I did not dare to kiss Dr. Lloyd's orphan daughter, but my tears fell over her hand. She took them as the child might, and, in her infant thankfulness, silently kissed me.

"Oh, my friend!" I murmured to Faber, "I have more than I deserve in you—solace—alone—come to my house with me, be at least my guest as long as you stay in this town."

"Willingly," said Faber, "though we more intently than he had done before, and, with the true eye of the practised Healer, at once soft and penetrating.

He rose, took my arm, and whispering a word in the ear of the little girl, she went on before us, turning to look back at us from time to time, for another look at her father's grave. As we walked to my house Julius Faber spoke to me much of his child, of her character, her devotion, she was greatly attached to his nephew's wife; she had become yet more attached to Faber himself, though so short an acquaintance. He had fully settled that she was to go with them to Australia.

"There," said he, "the sun that some months hence will shine upon my child's father has settled on her will provide her no mean dower for a colonist's wife, when the time comes for her to leave me. Then, crossing the threshold of ours. He went on to say that she had wished to make him a present—in order to visit me—of her little fortune; but that, though he was touched by such kind care of me all the way, he could not fancy I were the child of the house to take from her the whole purpose of a few poor houses in it which still belong to me, principally to bid you farewell before quitting that town for ever. Accordingly, that on arriving to-day, I left Amy by herself in the church-yard while I went to your house, but you were I could not find you. And now I congratulate you on the reputation you have so rapidly acquired, which has even surpassed my predictions."

"Your error," said I, faltering, "is but the extraordinary charge from which that part of my reputation dearest to all men has just emerged?"

He had not seen the article in the weekly journal, written after my release. He asked details, which I postponed.

Reaching my house, I busied myself to provide for the comfort of my two unexpected guests; strove to rally myself—to be cheerful. Not till night, when Faber and I were left alone together, did I touch on what was weighing at my heart. Then, drawing to his side, I told him all: all of the mysterious interruption, even from the death-scene in Dr. Lloyd's chamber at the hour in which I had seen Dr. Lloyd's child at the Lloyd's counties. Faber then read my papers and conversations which had most impressed. I had already committed to writing, in the fear that elapsed memory might forget for its own thralldom the links of reminiscence which my memory might let fall from its chain. Faber listened with the deepest interest, broken by short pertinent questions; and when I had done, he remained thoughtful for some moments, then the grave physician broke his silence:

"I take for granted your conviction of the reality of all you tell me, even of the Luminous Shadow, of the mysterious Voice, but before admitting the reality itself we must abide by the old maxim, not to accept as cause to effect those agencies which may be but the instruments when causes less improbable for the effect can be rationally conjectured. In this case are there not such causes? Certainly there are—"

"There are!"

"Listen; you are one of those men who attempt to make their own existence subject, in all completed intellect imagination exists, and will force its way; deny it healthful vents, and it may array into morbid energies. The dark room of Dr. Lloyd deeply impressed your heart far more than your pride would own. This is clear, from your having been able to excuse, your conscience in your generosity —to the orphans. As the heart was moved, so was the imagination stirred; and, unaware to yourself, prepared for much that subsequently appealed to it. Your sudden love, conceived in the very grounds of the house so associated with recollections in themselves strange and romantic; the peculiar temperament and nature of the girl to whom your love was attracted; her own visionary beliefs, and the keen anxiety which infused into your love a deeper poetry of sentiment—all insensibly tended to induce the imagination to dwell on the Wonderful; and, in overstriving to reconcile each rarer phenomenon to the most positive laws of Nature, your very intellect could discover no solution but in the Preternatural.

"You visit a man who tells you he has seen Sir Philip Derval's ghost: on that very evening you hear a strange story, in which Sir Philip's name is mixed up with a tale of murder. The tale so interests your fancy that even the glaring impossibility of a not unimportant part of it escapes your notice—viz., the account of a criminal in which the strongest circumstantial evidence was more easily attainable than in all the rest of the narrative, but which could not legally have taken place at all, implicating two mysterious pretenders to magic—Louis Grayle, and the Sage of Aleppo. Thus it is whenever the mind begins to construct a theory: it must be slow of the Supernatural, the Obvious is lost to the eye that plunges its gaze into the Obscure. Almost immediately afterward you become acquainted with a young stranger, whose traits of character interest and perplex, attract yet repel you. And this young man is engaged in a physiological work that severely tasks the brain, and in which you examine the intricate question of cual direction of mind.

"And here, I can conceive a cause deep-hid among what metaphysicians would call latent assentions, from which you might without pedantry you to accept the fantastic impressions afterward made on you by the scene in the Museum and the visionary dream of the following Derval. Doubtless, when at college you first studied metaphysical speculation, you would have glanced over Beattie's Essay on Truth, as one of the works written in opposition to your favorite David Hume."

"Yes, I read the book, but I have long since forgotten in say to what end."

"Well, in that essay, Beattie" cites the extraordinary instance of Simon Browne, a learned and pious minister, who fervently disbelieved the existence of his own soul; and imagined that, by interposition of Divine power, his soul was annihilated, retaining left but a principle of animal life, which he held in common with the brutes! When years ago, a thoughtful, imaginative student, you read that book, probably enough you would have passed, revolved in your own mind and fancy what kind of a creature a man so deluded, yet retaining human life and merely human understanding, he was deprived of the powers and properties which reasoners love to attribute to the human soul. Something in this young man, unconsciously to yourself, revives that forgotten train of meditation ideas. You see in him, not the fatal cessation of being, his brute-like want of sympathy with his kind, his incapacity to comprehend the motives which carry others to scheme and to build for a future that extends beyond his grave, all start up before you at the very moment your reason is overashed, your imagination kindled, in seeking the causes of problems which philosophy alone can not solve. The young man's conversation not only thus excites your fancies, it disturbs your reason. He speaks not only of drugs that renew youth, but of charms that secure love. You tremble for your Lilian while you hear him! And when he has tasked, the imagination thus inflamed, the heart thus agitated, you are presented to Sir Philip Derval, whose ghost your patient had supposed he saw weeks ago.

"This person, a seeker after an occult philosophy, which had possibly acquainted him with some secrets in nature beyond the pale of our conventional experience, though when analyzed they might be found quite reconcilable with sober science, startles you with an undefined mysterious charge against the young man who had previously appeared no different from ordinary mortals. In a room stored with the dead things of the brute soulless world, your brain becomes intoxicated with the fumes of some vapor which produces effects not uncommon in the superstitious practices of the East; your brain thus excited, hears distinctly before you the vague impressions it had before received. Macgravar becomes identified with the Louis Grayle of whom you had previously heard in the same mysterious tale, and all the anomalies in his character are explained by his being that which you had contended, in your undigested work, it was quite possible for man to be, viz., mind and body without soul! You were startled by the more than usual resemblance between that mind, without soul, could not have attained, by ascribing to this prodigy broken memories of a former existence, demons attributed to him former proficience in evil magic. My friend, there is nothing here which your own study of morbid idiosyncrasies should not explain to you."

"So, then," said I, "you would reduce all that have affected my senses as realities into the effects of disease?"

"Indeed, I do not. I added, in a whimsical terrified by my own question, "do not physiologists agree in this: namely, that though illusory phantasms arising from the sane as well as the insane, the sane know that they are only illusions, and the insane do not?"

"Such a distinction," answered Faber, "is far too arbitrary and rigid for more than a very general and qualified acceptance. He would indeed be a bold physician who maintained that every man who believed he had really seen a ghost was of unsound mind. In Dr. Abercrombie's interesting account of spectral illusion he tells us of a servant girl who believed she saw at the foot of her bed the apparition of Curran in a sailor's jacket and an immense pair of whiskers.† No doubt the spectre was an illusion, and Dr. Abercrombie very ingeniously suggests the association of ideas by which the apparition was conjured up with the grotesque adjuncts of the jacket and the whiskers; but the servant girl, in believing the reality of the apparition, was certainly not insane. When I read in the American public journals* of "spirit manifestation," in which large numbers of persons of at least the average degree of education, declare that they have positively witnessed various phenomena much more extraordinary than all which you have confided to me, and arrive at once at the conclusion that they are thus put into direct communication with departed souls, I have no doubt that they are under an illusion; but I should be utterly unwarranted in supposing that, because they entertained that illusion, they were insane. And an impression made on the senses, long in mind suddenly are to excite one wonder, may be strengthened, if it take the form of a positive fact, by various coincidences which are accepted as corroborative testimony, yet which are, nevertheless, nothing more than coincidences found in everyday matters of business, but only emphatically noticed when we can exclaim, 'How astonishing!' In your case such coincidences have been, indeed, very signal, and might well aggravate the perplexities into which your imagination was thrown. Sir Philip Derval's murder, the missing casket, the existing fragment of the manuscript, in which a superstitious interest is already rendered by your expectation to find in it the key to the narrator's haunted powers, and his reason for the astounding demonstrations of the man whom you suspect to be his murderer; in all this there is much to confirm, nay, to cause an illusion, and for that very reason, when examined by what I have of evidence, in all this there is but additional proof that the illusion was—only illusion. Your affections enlisted so strongly in favor of Mary in its war on your reason. The girl you so passionately love developes, to your disquietude and fear, the visionary temperament which, at her age, is ever liable to fantastic ecstatic. She hears Margrave's song, which, you say, has a softness of tone that affects and thrills even you, who does not know the power; and of all music there is none so potential as that of the human voice. Thus, in some measure, charm and song are identical expressions; and even when a critic in our own sober newspapers ex-

* At the date of Faber's conversation with Allen Tarwith the so-called spirit manifestations had not passed from the credulous into the ridiculous. But if in the future world no doubt have remained the same.

† Abercrombie on the Intellectual Powers, p. 278 (25th edition). The author, not more to be admired for his intelligence than his candor, and who, in the course of his work, has given to the world thought than that to which he is higher degree of celebrity, relates a curious anecdote concerning the author between dreaming and spectral illusion, which he received from the gentleman to whom it occurred in conversation with himself. "Mr. Hall, not up from an evening, under considerable anxiety for one of his children, who was ill, had sat down in his chair, and, in a fruitful dream, in which the prominent figure was an immense kitten. He awoke in the night, got up to examine, by, and walked to a table which was in the middle of the room. He was then quite awake, and quite conscious of the articles around him; but close by the wall in the end of the apartment he distinctly saw the kitten making the same grimaces which he had seen in his dream; and this spectre continued visible for about half a minute." Now, a man who saw only a baboon would be quite ready to admit that it was only an optical illusion; but if, instead of a baboon, he had seen an intimate friend, and that friend, by some coincidence of time, had died about that date, he would be a very strong-minded man if he admitted, for the property of seeing his friend, any other natural solution which he would readily admit to receive a baboon.

* Beattie's Essay on Truth, part i. c. ii. § 3. The story of Simon Browne is to be found in The Adventurer.

not even in the house.* But instances of the facility with which phantasms once admitted repeat themselves to the senses are numberless. Many are recorded by Hibbert and Abercrombie, and every physician in extensive practice can add largely, from his own experience, to the list. Intense self-concentration is, in itself, a mighty magician. The magicians of the East inculcate the necessity of fast, solitude, and meditation for the due development of their imaginary powers. And I have no doubt with effect; because fast, solitude, and meditation—in other words, thought or fancy intensely concentred, will both raise apparitions and produce the invoker's belief in them. Spinello, striving to conceive the image of Lucifer for his picture of the Fallen Angels, was at last actually haunted by the Shadow of the fiend. Newton himself has been subjected to a phantom, though to him, son of Light, the spectrum presented was that of the sun! You remember the account that Newton gives to Locke of this visionary appearance. He says that 'though he had looked at the sun with his right eye only, and *not* with the left, yet his fancy began to make an impression upon his left eye as well as his right, for if he shut his right and looked upon a book or a cloud with his left eye, he could see the sun almost as plain as with the right, if he did but *intend* his fancy a little while on it;' nay, 'for some months after, as often as he began to meditate on the phenomena, the spectrum of the sun began to return, even though he lay in bed at midnight, with his curtains drawn!' Seeing, then, how any vivid impression once made will recur, what wonder that you should behold in your prison the Shining Shadow that had first startled you in a wizard's chamber when poring over the records of a murdered visionary? The more minutely you analyze your own hallucinations—pardon me the word—the more they assume the usual characteristics of a dream; contradictory, illogical, even in the marvels they represent. Can any two persons be more totally unlike each other, not merely as to form and years, but as to all the elements of character, than the Grayle of whom you read, or believe you read, and the Margrave in whom you evidently think that Grayle is existent still? The one represented, you say, as gloomy, saturnine, with vehement passions, but with an original grandeur of thought and will, consumed by an internal remorse; the other you paint to me as a joyous and wayward darling of Nature, acute yet frivolous, free from even the ordinary passions of youth, taking delight in innocent amusements, incapable of continuous study, without a single pang of repentance for the crimes you so fancifully impute to him. And now, when your suspicions, so romantically conceived, are dispelled by positive facts—now, when it is clear that Margrave neither murdered Sir Philip Derval nor abstracted the memoir, you still, unconsciously to yourself, draw on your imagination in order to excuse the suspicion your pride of intellect declines to banish, and suppose that this youthful sorcerer tempted the madman to the murder, the woman to the theft—"

"But you forget the madman said 'that he was led on by the Luminous Shadow of a beautiful youth,' that the woman said also that she was impelled by some mysterious agency."

"I do not forget those coincidences; but how your learning would dismiss them as nugatory were your imagination not disposed to exaggerate them! When you read the authentic histories of any popular illusion, such as the spurious inspirations of the Jansenist Convulsionaries, the apparitions that invaded convents, as deposed to in the time of Urban Grandier, the confessions of witches and wizards in places the most remote from each other, or, at this day, the tales of 'spirit-manifestation' recorded in half the towns and villages of America—do not all the superstitious impressions of a particular time have a common family likeness? What one sees another sees, though there has been no communication between the two. I can not tell you why these phantasms thus partake of the nature of an atmospheric epidemic; the fact remains incontestable. And, strange as may be the coincidence between your impressions of a mystic agency and those of some other brains not cognizant of the chimeras of your own, still, is it not simpler philosophy to say, 'They are coincidences of the same nature which made witches in the same epoch all tell much the same story of the broomsticks they rode and the *sabbats* at which they danced to the fiend's piping,' and there leave the matter, as in science we must leave many of the most elementary and familiar phenomena inexplicable as to their causes—is not this, I say, more philosophical than to insist upon an explanation which accepts the supernatural rather than leave the extraordinary unaccounted for?"

"As you speak," said I, resting my downcast face upon my hand, "I should speak to any patient who had confided to me the tale I have told to you."

"And yet the explanation does not wholly satisfy you? Very likely: to some phenomena there is, as yet, no explanation. Perhaps Newton himself could not explain to his own satisfaction why he was haunted at midnight by the spectrum of a sun; though I have no doubt that some later philosopher, whose ingenuity has been stimulated by Newton's account, has, by this time, suggested a rational solution of that enigma.* To return to your own case. I have offered such interpretations of the mystery that confound you, as appear to me authorized by physiological science. Should you adduce other facts which physiological science wants the data to resolve into phenomena, always natural, however rare, still hold fast to that saying of Goethe's, so simple, yet, when considered, so profound—'Mysteries are not always miracles.' And if all which physiological science comprehends in its experience wholly fails us, I may then hazard certain conjectures which, by acknowledging ignorance, is compelled to recognize the marvelous; for, as where knowledge enters the marvelous recedes, so where knowledge falters the marvelous advances. Yet still, even in those conjectures, I will distinguish the marvelous from the supernatural. But, for the present, I advise you to accept the guess that may best quiet the fevered imagination which any holder guess would only yet more excite."

"You are right," said I, rising proudly to the full height of my stature, my head erect and my heart defying. "And so, let this subject be renewed no more between us. I will brood over it no more myself. I regain again the unclouded realm of my human intelligence; and in that intelligence I mock the sorcerer and disdain the spectre."

"I SEATED MYSELF ON A BENCH, PLACED BETWEEN THE CLIPPED YEW-TREES," ETC.

* Sir David Brewster's Letters on Natural Magic, p. 39.

* Dr. Roget, Animal and Vegetable Physiology Considered, with reference to Natural Theology, Bridgewater Treatise, p. 564, 8vo, states, as a phenomenon which all of us may experience, that which Newton details as "strange," and offer a very rational explanation of it.

"When the impressions are very vivid (Dr. Roget is speaking of visual impressions) another phenomenon often takes place, namely, *their subsequent recurrence after a certain interval, during which they are not felt, and quite independently of any renewed application of the cause which had originally excited them.* (I mark by italics the words which more precisely coincide with Julius Fabre's explanations). If, for example, we look steadfastly at the sun for a second or two, and then immediately close our eyes, the image or spectrum of the sun remains for a long time present to the mind as if the light were still acting on the retina. It then gradually fades and disappears; but if we continue to keep the eyes shut, *the same impression will, after a certain time, recur and again vanish:* and this phenomenon will be repeated at intervals, the sensation becoming fainter at each renewal. It is probable that these reappearances of the image, after the light which produced the original impression has been withdrawn, are occasioned by spontaneous affections of the retina itself which are conveyed to the sensorium. In other cases where the impressions are less strong, the physical changes producing these changes are perhaps confined to the sensorium."

It may be said that the difference between the spectrum of the sun, for instance, and that which persisted after Newton's is, that we have already looked at the sun before his visionary appearance can be reproduced—and Alan Fewvick only imagines he has seen the apparition which repeats itself to his fancy. But according to Müller, the eye does behold the phantom which the mind conjures up, and, without here contesting a point on which other eminent physiologists however agree with Müller, no idea or image is at all events distinctly conveyed to the sensorium, and that idea or image the sensorium reproduces. Hence the Q. E. D. of Julius Faber's problem, the impression of an image once conveyed to the sense (no matter how) is liable to renewal, "*independently of any renewed application of the cause which had originally excited it.*"

GENERAL HENRY W. BENHAM, U.S.A.—[SEE PAGE 799.]

GENERAL NELSON, OF KENTUCKY.—[SEE PAGE 799.]

SCENES AT AND AROUND THE ISLAND OF TYBEE, GEORGIA.

IN CHARLESTON, DECEMBER, 1860.

I.

"I WISH you'd stop playing that tune, Grace. Just now it's in very bad taste, to say the least of it."

The musician looked at her uncle with a funny expression of mirth, willfulness, and malice in her exceedingly pretty face, and said, her fingers saucily rattling over the keys and repeating the chorus of "The Star-Spangled Banner:"

"Why, it's a good tune. You fought for it in 1812."

"Yes; but things are very different now. Then we were united people, and an intelligent, energetic, fanatical section had not attempted—"

Spare the reader the rest of the sentence: the fulminations of a time-honored, generous, laid-back, kindly-natured, simple-hearted, but inveterately prejudiced South Carolinian of sixty would be productive of no exertions of spirit and waste of space; the imagination may easily supply them.

His niece meanwhile changed her tune to "Yankee Doodle."

"That's worse!" he said, irritated; "for of all the swivelling, nasal, singsong, whining, Yankee, Puritan—" Speech suppressed for previously given reasons. "Play 'Dixie' or the 'Marseillaise;' they're the tunes for our people now."

"That's so!" assented a tall, fair-haired young man, attired in a military uniform of coarse homespun gray, scantily trimmed with red worsted, who entered the room, his clanking steel scabbard striking at his heels; "you hear 'em every whar."

"Except over at Moultrie," added his cousin.

"Except over at Moultrie," he admitted, "and they won't be played thar long!"—speaking with a burr which proclaimed him from the up country.

"So, indeed!" echoed the old gentleman; "the honor and dignity of South Carolina demands that, after solemnly voting herself out of the Union, she shall remain at the pivot-gun of a sovereign State, taking immediate possession of her property in forts, arsenals, post-offices, public—" Suppression as before, in deference to the reader.

"I'll tell the officers so at Captain F——'s party," said the young lady, when her uncle had temporarily exhausted his eloquence.

"I wish you wouldn't go there," he answered, pettishly; "F—— is a Yankee, and I don't like him. All the leading quartermaster's at the fort are attributed to him, to D——, and their cowardly distrust of our people. Major Anderson, now, is a Southerner, and a gentleman—understands us—we shall have no trouble with *him*."

"So is half abolitionist, I reckon, since she came back from Boston and England," said the young volunteer, with a look of mingled shyness, admiration, and distrust at the brilliant beauty of his cousin.

"I'm not *I*" she exclaimed, with a flash of Carolinian hotspur, for to Southern ears the epithet applied to her always sounds like a taunt; "but the soldiers are only doing their duty, and if you're going to attack and murder that brave little garrison for that, I think it's a wicked and cowardly business—there!"

More platitudes on the part of the old gentleman.

"Grace," he inquired, presently, "have you accepted for this evening?"

"Yes, uncle!"

"Who goes with you?"

"Eva and Clare, and the Doctor—and you, if you like."

Mr. Allen shook his head negatively. "I have great respect for the officers at Fort Moultrie," he said, "with a few exceptions, and with them (as they probably with themselves) safely out of the false position in which a treacherous and imbecile government has placed them, but I can not visit Captain F——. You will do as you please. Only there was a little girl five years ago, by—before she went to Paris and London to finish her education and contract such French and English notions in what he kindly, wouldn't disobey them in any thing."

"Uncle," the girl remonstrated, "if you really don't wish me to go, I won't."

"No, no!" he said, good-naturedly, satisfied with having spoken, "go—go and enjoy yourself, only don't fall in love with any of the officers."

Grace reddened so suddenly and deeply at this, that had not the old gentleman bustled to the window for the purpose of igniting it and looking over the yellow water of Charleston harbor, he must have perceived it. As it was, he only drew in a deep inspiration of the mild, moist December morning, took his hat, told Grace to give him a match for his cigar, lit it, and strolled forth into the garden. His nephew remained. He had observed his cousin's discomposure.

"Grace," he asked, bluntly, "who's that United States captain who talked with you on board the *Osiris*, going down to the island yesterday?"

She took the blushing deeper than before.

"Him! Then I think—" He commenced impetuously but broke off, faltering and confused by the sudden concentration of two big, black, and exceedingly wide open eyes upon his own.

"Mark, if you have any thing to say to me, say it; but remember that I like to have my own way just as much as you do, and have an equal right to it!"

"Gracie, I'm jealous of the captain. I supplicioned him from the first!"

Grace laughed, tossed her curls, blushed again, and answered,

"Foolish fellow, what business is it of yours?"

The tall volunteer pulled at his blond mustache and bit it vindictively.

"Look here," he said, awkwardly, yet with a certain earnestness and simplicity about his rustic features which seemed to refine them for the occasion, "I've been toying to get your good-will for ever so long, Gracie, and I *do* think—"

"Then you *oughtn't!* You're a very good fellow, Mark, but we can't be any thing more to each other than cousins, as I have told you again and again, so don't say a word more about it. Recollect, too, I'm for the Union and Uncle Sam, and don't believe in secession. You ought to hate me for that!"

"Well, I can't be, it, though I do think it mean to go back on us and side with the Yankees against old Carolina. But you'll know better when we have whipped 'em—that is, if they oblige us to do it."

"Mark, I hate to hear you talk so; it's as wicked as it is foolish, and I'll tell you why. When I was a girl here, in Charleston, I used to think South Carolina the greatest place in the world, and that we were the finest, and best, and bravest people, just as you do now. So when I went to France and England I talked and bragged like a perfect goose, and was very mad when they called me a Yankee, as they do all of us from this side of the water; but I found they knew nothing about South Carolina (except in connection with slavery —I heard enough of *that* of course!), and cared as little. But every body understood and knew that *America* meant something, and believed we were a great people, even if they didn't like us. And now here we are trying to pull down all this, and to ruin the country just because Mr. Lincoln is to be President!"

"Don't want to be any ruin, I reckon. The Yankees are a no-fight people, and will back right square down when they see they've got to do it or fight."

"I don't believe it. Captain ——— says—" In her eagerness the girl forgot herself, the name escaping before she was aware of it. Mark Hardin consultaneously gave vent to an expression of anger, which if not an oath was very like one.

"See here!" he said, striding up to her with a lowering brow, and looking into her conscious, confused, yet resolute face, "you've said enough now, if I hadn't been on the lookout before. You've told Captain ——— if he wants you to 'wave me—that's all!"

And he strode, rather melodramatic ally, from the room, his long sword clanking at his heels. The girl gazed after him at first defiantly, and then with a changed expression, as she shook out her hand and mused deeply. Presently her eyes followed the direction of her thoughts; she rose, walked to a window, and looked forth in the direction of Sullivan's Island.

II.

THAT evening—it was the twenty-sixth of December, 1860—the lights of a neat wooden villa not far from the walls of Fort Moultrie shone out brilliantly into the raw, moist evening, the shadows of graceful and manly forms flitted across the illuminated curtains, and the sound of music, song, mirth, and laughter awoke the ordinary quiet echoes of the sandy island. Captain F—— of the U. S. A.—the "Yankee" officer disparaged by Grace's uncle—in other words, a brave and loyal Vermonter, whose known hostility to the designs of the secessionists had rendered him more of their hatred, was holding revel in honor of the Christmas time. I need not say that my heroine made one of the party.

The house, a summer one, like most of its class, has long windows reaching to the floor, some of which are open for the better ventilation of this heated room. Now and then certain of the guests emerge from the hall-room on to the wooden piazza. Two of these, after lingering for some time, descend the shallow flight of steps to a neighboring thicket, horrent with the green spikes of the tropical-looking Spanish bayonet, and from thence saunter into and along the sandy road. They are male and female, the lady small and slight in figure, the gentleman wearing the uniform of a captain in the United States Army.

"Gracie," he says, tenderly arranging a shawl about her head and shoulders, and looking lovingly down into the big black eyes, "you mustn't ask *why?* Take my word for it and promise."

"Promise what?"

"That whatever befalls me you will credit me with having loved you dearly; that nothing shall make you distrust this; that, so long as you have no reason to doubt my love, faithful, true, true, you will be true to me, in the faith that some day you will become mine own dear wife!"

"George," she says, as though some danger were hanging over you?"

"You know our position here!" And he shrugged his shoulders.

"Is that all? Is there any thing imminent?"

"We think the Charlestonians are going to attack us. We are pretty sure of it, and have got some intimation of the time and plan resolved upon. And we shall do our duty."

The girl clung impetuously to his arm. "It's very dreadful," she said, "for Americans to kill Americans; but—what's that?"

They had reached the picturesque cluster of palmetto-trees growing by the road-side, and known as "the Five Indians." Grace's exclamation was caused by a figure emerging from their shadow, striding into the road, and confronting them.

"Captain ——," said Mark Harding, "I want the favor of a few last words with you in private, if your can spare the time."

The Captain looked surprised, exchanged a few words with his companion, who, apprehensive and indignant, had uttered an exclamation of alarm at her cousin's appearance, and followed his example in stepping a little aside.

"Well, Sir?"

"Will you fight?"

Captain ——— slightly elevated his eyebrows at the inquiry, and responded:

"I am a soldier, Sir."

"When will you give me a meeting, then?"

"If you have no objection to answering the question, I should like to know what cause of quarrel you have with me."

"You are a ——— Yankee, and fond of my cousin Grace. There!"

"A sufficient reason! I suspect you ought to sympathize with me in the latter part of it. Indeed of being so, you want to kill me, eh?"

"Unless you'll give her up right off!"

"I shall not submit to be dictated to by any body in such a matter, least of all by a person of your appearance and manners."

"Then you've got to fight. I'm bound to fix you to that, though I know you Yankees 'll talk yourselves out of any thing, if you only get a chance."

"I will fight you whenever you please except now. I suppose you don't want Miss Allen to be a looker-on?"

"Will you meet me here to-night when the ball breaks up? I'll wait for you."

"Without seconds?"

"I don't want 'em, just as you please. I can raise a friend if you want to bring one."

"You know that, as the challenged person, I have the right to the choice of weapons?"

The young South Carolinian looked puzzled. Like most of his class he possessed very crude ideas as to the etiquette of the duello, connecting it indefinitely with the use of revolvers and bowieknives. He assented, however.

"I name swords, then, and will endeavor to give you a lesson which may be of value to you as a soldier—as I see you are ambitious of becoming one."

Mark Harding, of the Palmetto Guard, Edgefield, South Carolina, had as little practical acquaintance with the use of the weapon which he wore so proudly in his belt as with the sword at he had with the harpoon or the int-gral calculus, but his black mould have induced his acceptation of a proposition to be taught how to hold with his opponent, then to walk over a precipice. So he bowed with as much dignity as he could muster, and would have stride away if Grace had not called to him imperatively.

"Well?" he said, ungraciously.

"I've got a few very very word you have been saying—I know it's something quarrelsome—I'll never speak to you again."

The young Carolinian found something to himself, turned on his heel, and was gone. None the less endeared to each other from what had occurred, and conversing together, the lovers returned to Captain F——'s Christmas party.

III.

"You can't keep the appointment, it's to be done to-night, George."

"To-night!"

"Immediately. I'm free to tell you now that the hop was only a blind. The men will be in the island no half an hour. The cannon-cheers they only eleven of them pointing toward Sumter—are already spiked and the flag-staff cut down, so that when you next hear any of their miserable Secession rags upon it in place of the dear old Stars and Stripes, which, please God, shall to-morrow defy them from the top of the strongest fort in the harbor. In another half hour the gun-carriages will be blazing; the Major and I have seen to it ourselves. Now you understand immediately. Let the blockhead wait, or defer his quarrel with you until they attack us, if they dare to do it. We have not a moment to lose."

IV.

ALL Charleston was frantic next morning with the news of the secret evacuation of Fort Moultrie by Major Anderson and his garrison. Then and throughout that day and the succeeding, of rejubilation, of expectation, of chronic alarm, anger, and vainglory which marked that memorable time, perhaps the most important man in the rebellious city was Mark Harding.

Three weeks afterward the columns of a New York newspaper contained the following paragraph in a letter from its Charleston correspondent:

"All private visits to Fort Sumter are strictly forbidden. For the present this order includes Chaplain, the Rev. Dr. ——, and three young ladies were recently expelled from Charleston. The lives of Anderson and his command are in the fort in a pleasure-boat, spending an hour or two in the society of the officers, friends of the party. It is said that the revered gentleman and ladies have proceeded to Washington."

V.

"AT last, dearest!"

"At last! I feared I should never see you again."

"And I, too, for all the long, dreary weeks, and particularly at the close of them. It was really pretty artillery practice on the forts, I assure you. Do you know that that ambulance coach of yours was exceedingly energetic during the attack? I understand he wanted to lead a storming party in a hollow bomber or open boat, in which case we should have been obliged to have blown both him and his enterprising friends out of the water. I am glad they compelled him to retreat upon us, for I shouldn't like to shed blood akin to that which flows in your veins, Grace. I have no doubt he was actuated by motives of personal hostility toward one particular 'cowardly Yankee,' who disappointed him by not keeping a certain nocturnal appointment on Sullivan's Island."

"Foolish Mark! he talked horribly about it, and made my life miserable, until I was almost glad when they sent me away."

"And your uncle, dearest? What did *he* say?"

"He was a member of the Vigilance Committee, and thought very angrily, seemed as wretched as myself. He loves me so, that I think he would like to be here too, if he weren't for deserting South Carolina, as I call it."

"I'm sorry he's not here to give you away, Grace!"

"George!"

"Dearest, you are so long in the world now; I love you best of any ——— in it, and claim you for that love's sake. I shall be ordered on duty in a fortnight—let me have a wife bound to pray for me! One dear old Yankee is here, you know, and you owe him a job for getting him expatriated. I dare say Miss Eva and Clare will look very pretty as bridesmaids!"

VI.

WE are in the debatable land between the two armies in Virginia, near the outskirts of the rebel camp. It is a calm, moonlight night in autumn, and the "sweet regent of the sky" sails aloft in unclouded splendor, silvering with her pure effulgence, or hiding in broad deep shadow, the hideous features of devastation which war has stamped upon the once beautiful landscape. The dreariness, windowless, and dismantled farm-houses—the blackened remains of those which have been destroyed by fire—the fenceless and trampled gardens and fields, all scored with unaccustomed wheeltracks and footprints of men and horses—the fetid water-pools in the hitherto pure cheery waters—the carcasses of steeds, which lie putrefying by the road-side, no longer intrude themselves upon the sickened senses in such disgusting quantity. Yet the scene is otherwise than peaceful. From the woody covert of a little copse bordering a field of maize, which has been trodden into a pulpy jungle of rotting corn-stalks, comes the scattering report of musketry, the sharp crack of the rifle, and the solemn, continuous sound of the revolver. Out from frequent, bloody, nameless skirmishes characterizing the present war is in progress, having originated in the surprisal and attack upon a piece of rebel troops by a daring little party of United States riflemen.

Hotly the ground is contested, inch by inch, but the alarm has been communicated to the Union troops in the rear, and dreading the arrival of reinforcements, the rebels are compelled to retreat, half of their number having already bit the dust. The fight slackens until it is a mere duel between a few desperate marksmen on both sides, frequently apparently preferring death or captivity to flight.

One of these, a tall, muscular young fellow, with fair hair and florid mustache, and strikingly handsome if with more fury than skill with a long cavalry sabre, finds it shivered in his grasp by the blow of a tomahawk, and throws away the useless hilt as a bayonet thrust through his sword-arm into his side.

"Don't kill him, Rob!" cries the officer in command of the Union party, as the man is about to repeat his thrust with fatal intent. "Yield yourself our prisoner, Sir, and your life shall be spared."

The officer's words are in English, and he has having been lost in the *mêlée*, and the moonlight strikes full upon his countenance. And Mark Harding, with an oath of astonishment and hatred, despite his wounded sword-arm, draws his revolver and fires its two remaining charges at his preserver thrice and misses.

"Bayonet him!" is the cry, and a storm of execration and rage rises round the wounded Carolinian. It is with the greatest difficulty, and the prompted enforcement of his authority, both by voice and gesture, that the officer can save the justly-doomed life of his former betrothed.

"You would have slain me," he said; "now see how a Yankee will revenge himself on one who has no title to his surrender but his relationship to her who was Grace Allen! You are our prisoner, but your hurt shall be seen to as soon as possible, and I will do all I can toward obtaining your liberty by procuring your exchange for one of our men. Fight against us again, if you will; but remember the lesson of to-night. Boys, let us go back to the camp."

THE RAT-HOLE SQUADRON.

WE present our readers, on page 789, with a sketch of the fleet of OLD WEATHERS, as seen by the brig *Curtillan*, Nov. 21, in lat. 38° 53', long. 72° 40'. The fleet is comprised of old whalers, which have been purchased by the Government for the purpose of effectively blockading the Southern ports. By this means the rebels will be frustrated in their little excursions on the high seas, and our naval and Coast Commissioners will find their way out upon the blue waters to be caught by our gallant naval officers.

Among this fleet is the old ship *Ceres*, whose history is well worthy of record here. She was formerly an armed store-ship belonging to the British navy. During the Revolutionary war she came over loaded with supplies for the British army. A storm coming on, she sought shelter in Long Island Sound. It became known to the Yankee fishermen that she was in their waters, and they determined to capture her. Accordingly they formed a company of nearly one hundred stout-hearted and hardy men, and put out into the Sound. Shortly after they discovered the ship, and they discovered the Britisher in the distance. All hands save an elderly man and three men and one boy went into the boats and pulled manfully for the ship armed. By the little craft stood still she reached the fishing-ground, where they threw out their lines and commenced operations as if nothing. The storeship altered her course and ran down toward the fisherman, and fired a gun, and the Yankee boys rowed lustily toward the ship. As soon as she came within hail they were ordered to come alongside, which they did after some murmuring. The fish which they had caught were transferred to the deck of the store-ship, and carried over to the other side of the vessel, away from the side where the schooner lay. Curiosity prompted the British sailors to crowd around the fishermen with their fish. In the mean time one of the boys took a knife and cut the cable of the boat, and it striking the schooner's deck gave the signal for the men in the hold to come up. This was but the work of a moment. Then the Britisher could arm his crew or recover from the surprise his ship was a prize. The ship was taken into New Bedford, where she was discharged of her stores, and when the war was over she was converted into a whaler, and she has been employed in that business from that time to within a year past. She now goes to assist in sealing up one of the Southern ports. The *Ceres* was a very fast sailer, and has been ordinarily a very lucky ship. But now her sailing days are over, and she will find a white sandy bed on which to lie until broken up by the storms and tides of ocean.

GENERAL HENRY W. BENHAM.

THIS officer, whose portrait we give on page 796, entered West Point from Connecticut, and graduating in due course with the highest honors of his class, was assigned to the Engineer Corps of the Army. For years he was engaged in the usual routine of repairing and constructing fortifications in various parts of the country until the Mexican war arose, in which he served with zeal; and being wounded at Buena Vista, was breveted Captain.

At a later date he held for some years the charge of the United States Coast Survey Bureau, at Washington, under its distinguished chief, Professor Bache; also seizing an opportunity for liberal and profitable improvement by a brief trip to Europe. Soon after his return he took charge of the fortifications at New Bedford, and at a later date, and for several years, was engaged with the construction of the defenses of the great commercial emporium—New York—at Sandy Hook, where he successfully overcame engineer difficulties in Rond.

At the first outbreak of this War of Secession Captain Benham applied for active service, and was assigned by his General—the present distinguished Commander of the Army—to the charge of fortifying the prominent military point—Cairo, Illinois. He there called attention to the importance of Bird's Point, as bearing on the defense of Cairo. But about the middle of May, under General McClellan's orders, Captain Benham ascended early to Western Virginia, as chief of the staff of General Morris, who is himself known as a high graduate of West Point. As chief engineer of the army he at once applied himself to the study of the country—its roads, resources, and obstacles.

Finally, while in command of the advanced body of General Morris's troops, Captain Benham effected his crowning effort, the victory at Carrick's Ford, which it is known resulted in the death of the brave Garnett, and the complete rout of his army.

In September the brave General Rosecrans had his division and the battle of Carnifex took place. Here Benham fought conspicuously on the front, and was eager, if General Rosecrans had thought it prudent to consent, to bring on a general engagement, which, however, was prevented until morning; but in the night General Floyd, satisfied with his defeat, cautiously retreated.

The zealous services of Captain Benham through his whole career, and his military capacity, have attracted the attention of the Government, and he has been created Brigadier-General of Volunteers.

GENERAL NESON, U.S.A.

We publish on page 796 a portrait of GENERAL NELSON, of Kentucky, who is now commanding a brigade of United States forces. General Nelson is a native of Kentucky, and served in the United States Navy for many years. On the outbreak of the rebellion he offered his services to the Government in any capacity in which they might be required; and was accordingly intrusted with the delicate and important duty of introducing arms into his native State to arm the Union men. This task was performed successfully, in spite of various obstacles arising from the hostility of the Executive and a large number of the leading men of the State. General Nelson was then authorized to recruit troops for the Government service in Kentucky. He worked so well that he was soon at the head of a regiment of well-drilled troops, and soon afterward of a brigade. His latest exploit was the attack and dispersion of a rebel *corps d'armée* near Piketon, Kentucky.

BEAUFORT, SOUTH CAROLINA.

OUR special artist at Hilton Head, South Carolina, has been to Beaufort, and sends us the sketches which we reproduce on pages 788 and 789. He writes as follows concerning them:

BEAUFORT AND ITS SCENES.

The leading-places for the steamers which formerly ran between Savannah and Charleston is now used by our troops as their place of debarkation. Among the prominent buildings is the Arsenal, which was built by the United States Government, and a part of which was used as a lighthouse under the old regime. It has since been put by the secessionists to various military purposes.

On the arrival of the United States steamship *M'Clellan*, Captain Gray, she was surrounded by boats loaded with fruits, sweet potatoes, chickens, etc., gathered by the slaves, who imprisoned the Captain to purchase their small lots of produce. Captain Sautlin, the quartermaster of the Division, accompanied the *M'Clellan* to Beaufort, and succeeded in landing on board and in camp about 100,000 feet of valuable lumber.

The street in the sketch displays the prison, etc., and which, like all the other buildings, was deserted by the whites.

The rebel look-out was in the belfry of the Baptist Church, which commanded a view of the town, river, shell road, etc. On being visited by our party an empty decanter, but a very recent picture of water was found.

The Raising of the Flag was performed by an officer of the *M'Clellan*, whose joke is well known to all New Yorkers.

THE FINAL HOME OF THE BRAVE WHO FELL IN THE ENGAGEMENT OFF HILTON HEAD.

The bravery shown on the 7th of November are buried in a beautiful sequestered spot near the Post, marked now occupied as the head-quarters of the Division. The graves are in the midst of live oaks, palmettos, magnolias, vines, wild roses, and tropical flowers. Neat head-boards mark the resting-place of each, the most prominent of which is the grave of John M. Whittemore, Assistant-Engineer of the *Mohawk*, the only officer killed, who fell while standing by the bell-pull of the engine, and heroically cheering to the last the attacking party. He was an Instantaneously, as he uttered his last words.—*Give it to them, boys!* He was born in Cumberland, Androscoggin county, and was the son of the late Rev. Thos. Whittemore.

THE LIGHT-HOUSE AT MARTIN'S INDUSTRY, OFF THE ENTRANCE TO PORT ROYAL, SOUTH CAROLINA.

The light-ship which is to be placed off the entrance to Port Royal harbor is of the ordinary size, and will display two bright white lights, which can be seen at a distance of from twelve to fifteen miles. She will be armed with four rifled cannon, and, to prevent the rebels from boarding her, nettings will be placed around her, above the rail. Her crew will consist of about twenty persons in addition to the light-keepers. On each side the words "Martin's Industry" will be painted, as she will be placed on the edge of a shoal before that name. When in position this will be the only light in use on the Southern coast.

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See "The Pen is Mightier than the Sword," in the next column.

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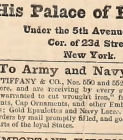

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For $1 75, a No. 5 Pen, 1st quality, or a No. 6 Pen, 2d quality.

For $1 90, a No. 1 Pen, 1st quality, or a No. 3 Pen, 3d quality.

For $2, a No. 3 Pen, 1st quality, or a No. 4 Pen, 2d quality, or a No. 5 Pen, 3d quality.

For $2 25, a No. 3 Pen, 1st quality, or a No. 4 Pen, 2d quality, or a No. 5 Pen, 3d quality.

For $2 50, a No. 4 Pen, 1st quality, or a No. 5 Pen, 2d quality, or a No. 6 Pen, 3d quality.

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For $3 50, a No. 6 Pen, 1st quality.

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for 1862.

Daily, Tri-Weekly, and Weekly.

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In consequence of the refusal of ROSS & TOUSEY to furnish like of their country agents to the publishers of THE MERCURY,—who desired to supply the newsmen with their paper at the same quantities of posters, show-cards, and circulars that are forwarded from our office to agents,—we have made arrangements to supply the New York wholesale dealers,—those gentlemen have ceased to be the Agents of the Proprietors of THE NEW YORK MERCURY.

The trade will continue to be supplied, as always heretofore, through the more enterprising-packing establishments of

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Commencement of Volume XXIV

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NEW MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

For December, 1861.

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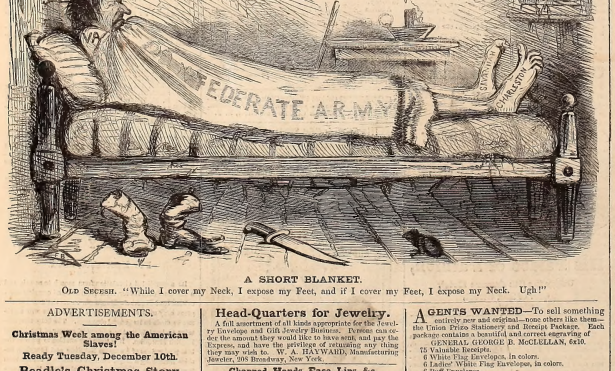
That Innocent Infant JOHNNY BULL *giving Aid and Comfort to the Reptile.*



A SHORT BLANKET.

OLD SECESH. "While I cover my Neck, I expose my Feet, and if I cover my Feet, I expose my Neck. Ugh!"

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Devlin & Co.

We are now in receipt of large importations of choice

WINTER OVERCOATINGS,

FRENCH CASSIMERES,

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WINTER UNDERWEAR.

And have also added largely to our superior stock of ready made

WINTER CLOTHING,

All of which we are selling at exceedingly low prices.

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Practical Furrier.

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6 White Fine Envelopes, in colors.
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6 Buff Envelopes.
6 sheets Commercial Note Paper.
6 Sheets Fine Ladies' Note Paper.
6 Sheets Ladies' Billet Paper.
1 Accommodation Penholder.
2 Fine Steel Pens.
1 Fine Pencil.
1 Sheet Blotting Paper.
1 Gift of Valuable Jewelry.
Retail price for the whole, twenty-five cents. Agents wanted in every city, town, and village. Call on or address, enclosing stamp,
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UNION ADAMS,

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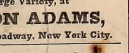

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Out of town orders attended to carefully and promptly.

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100,000 WATCHES, CHAINS, &c., &c.

Worth $500,000.

To be sold for One Dollar each, without regard to value, and not to be paid for till you know what you are to get.

Splendid List!!

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100 Gold Hunting Case Watches	$100,00 each
100 " Watches	60,00 each
200 Ladies' Gold Watches	25,00 each
500 Ladies' and Gents' Silver Watches	15,00 each
5000 Vest and Neck Chains	5,00 to 10,00 each
3000 Gold Band Bracelets	5,00 to 10,00 each
3000 " " "	5,00 to 8,00 each
3000 Cameo Brooches	4,00 to 6,00 each
3000 Mosaic and Jet Brooches	4,00 to 6,00 each
3000 Lava and Florentine Brooches	4,00 to 6,00 each
3000 Coral, Opal, and Em. Brooches	4,00 to 6,00 each
3000 Cameo Ear Drops	4,00 to 6,00 each
3000 Mosaic and Jet Ear Drops	4,00 to 6,00 each
3000 Lava and Florentine Ear Drops	4,00 to 6,00 each
3000 Coral, Opal, and Em. Ear Drops	4,00 to 8,00 each
5100 Gilard Bruzel Pins	2,00 to 5,00 each
3000 Watch Keys	2,00 to 6,00 each
5000 Pair and Ribbon Slides	2,00 to 6,00 each
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5000 Sleeve Buttons	2,00 to 6,00 each
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AGENTS.—Those acting as Agents will be allowed ten cents on every certificate ordered by them, provided their remittance amounts to one dollar. Agents will collect 25 cents for every Certificate, and remit 15 cents to us, either in cash or postage stamps. Great caution should be used by our correspondents in regard to giving their correct address, Town, County, and State. Address

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N.B. We wish it distinctly understood that all articles of jewelry not giving perfect satisfaction can be returned and the money will be refunded.

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ASAPH; Or, The Union Bond: a Collection of Vocal Music, Sacred and Secular, for Choirs, Singing-Schools, Musical Societies and Conventions, and the Home Circle. Just issued, and contains nearly all new matter, comprising a very attractive Manual for Singing-Schools, a Collection of Church Music, and a Collection of Four-Part Songs and Glees, all in one volume. Price $8 per dozen. For sale by Booksellers generally. Published at Nos. 8 and 7 Mercer Street, New York, by MASON BROTHERS.

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EVERYWHERE.

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PERFECT FITTING

SHIRTS.

Retailed at Wholesale Prices,

Made to Measure at $18 per doz.

OR SIX FOR NINE DOLLARS,

MADE OF NEW YORK MILLS MUSLIN,

With fine Linen Bosoms, and warranted as good a Shirt as sold in the retail stores at $7 50 each.

ALSO, THE VERY BEST SHIRTS THAT CAN BE MADE AT $2 EACH.

P. S.—Those who think I can not make a good Shirt for $18 per dozen are mistaken. Here's the cost of one dozen $18 fine shirts.

10 yards of New York Mills Muslin at 14½ c. per yd. $1 45
7 Yards of fine Linen, at 50c. per yard. 2 50
Making and cutting. 6 00
Laundry, $1; buttons and cotton, 50c. 1 50
Profit. 7 05

Total. $18 00

Self-Measurement for Shirts.

Printed directions for self-measurement, list of prices, and drawings of different styles of shirts and collars sent free everywhere. These shirts are a perfect fit guaranteed that any one can take their own measure. I warrant a perfect fit.

The cash can be paid to the Express Company on receipt of the goods.

The Express Company have orders to allow all parties to examine the goods before paying for them. If the goods are not as represented, you are at liberty to return them.

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Between White and Walker Streets, NEW YORK.

TO CONSUMPTIVES.—The advertiser, having been restored to health in a few weeks by a very simple remedy, after having suffered several years with a severe Lung Affection, and that dread disease, Consumption, is anxious to make known to his fellow-sufferers the mean of cure. To all who desire it, he will send a copy of the prescription used (free of charge), with directions for preparing and using the same, which they will find a sure cure for Consumption, Asthma, Bronchitis, &c. The only object of the advertiser in sending the prescription is to ben fit the afflicted, and he hopes every sufferer may try his remedy, as it will cost them nothing, and may prove a blessing. Parties wishing the prescription will please address

Rev. EDWARD A. WILSON,
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HARPER'S WEEKLY.

Single Copies Six Cents.

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One Copy for One Year	$3 00
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Harper's Weekly and *Harper's Magazine*, one year, $5 00.
HARPER & BROTHERS, Publishers.
FRANKLIN SQUARE, NEW YORK.

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION.

VOL. V.—No. 260.] NEW YORK, SATURDAY, DECEMBER 21, 1861. [SINGLE COPIES SIX CENTS. $3 00 PER YEAR IN ADVANCE.

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the Year 1861, by Harper & Brothers, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Southern District of New York.

"WORK'S OVER"—SCENES AMONG THE BEAUFORT CONTRABANDS.—SKETCHED BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST.—[SEE PAGE 805.]

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

SATURDAY, DECEMBER 21, 1861.

OUR FINANCES.

MR. CHASE, in his Report just laid before Congress, estimates that the rebellion is costing us about $400,000,000 a year, exclusive of the proceeds of the new war loan. In other words, so long as the war lasts, the loyal people will have to pay direct and indirect taxes at the rate of about $4 per head per annum, and will besides have to borrow $400,000,000 a year.

He has already borrowed $197,000,000 at a 6 7.30 per cent.; further loans to the amount of $75,000,000 were authorized at the extra session in last July: Mr. Chase now asks Congress to authorize the negotiation of fresh loans to the tune of $150,000,000 to carry on the war to 1st July, 1863. Besides the money to be thus raised, he proposes to obtain $150,000,000 by obliging the Banks to call in all their present circulation, and issue fresh notes based on the pledge of United States Stocks and registered at the Treasury Department at Washington.

We can thus realize what the nefarious rebellion of the Southern Slaveholders is costing and going to cost us. The figures constitute a fitting accompaniment to the theories of those politicians who would have us still use half-measures, and deal gingerly with the rebels who are putting us to an expense of blood and treasure unparalleled in the history of nations.

It was expected that Mr. Chase would recommend either a United States Bank or an issue of United States Demand Notes, not redeemable in coin, but made a legal tender by Act of Congress. Wars of such magnitude as the present one have never been waged upon a specie basis. Wall Street was prepared for a recommendation which would have practically amounted to a suspension of specie payments. Mr. Chase has not fulfilled these expectations. If specie payments are to be suspended he leaves the responsibility of the act to Congress.

The new loan, it will amount, as we said, to about $90,000,000 a year, or say $4 per head of the loyal population. This tax is distributed as follows:

Indirect taxes, customs, etc., etc.	$40,000,000
Income tax	10,000,000
Direct tax to be levied by States	20,000,000
Tax on tobacco, distilled liquors, etc., etc.	20,000,000
Aggregate taxation	$90,000,000

In order to show the actual state of the Treasury Department, we condense from the Report of the Treasury the following figures:

ESTIMATES FOR 1861-'62.

EXPENDITURE.	
Expenditure for first quarter	$98,329,733
Estimated expenditure for second, third, and fourth quarters, exclusive of acts of extra session	362,603,761
Additional appropriations now asked for	143,139,973
Total	$604,406,432

REVENUE.	
Ordinary revenue from customs, etc.	$36,809,721
Revenue from direct taxes	20,000,000
Borrowed already	197,452,688
Balance of loans authorized	75,849,678
Deficit	218,104,427
	$548,406,422

ESTIMATES FOR 1862-'63.

EXPENDITURE.	
Civil list	$23,648,971
Interior Department	4,100,963
War	368,110,000
Navy	45,454,374
Public debt	17,836,733
Total	$467,851,041

REVENUE.	
Customs, etc.	$45,500,000
Direct taxes	20,000,000
Deficit	379,051,345
	$467,851,345

The latter estimate, we need hardly explain, is based upon the hypothesis that the war will last another year. Mr. Chase hopes and believes that it will be over by mid-summer.

THE END AND THE WAY.

WE must never lose sight of the main object of the war, and of the means by which that object can be attained.

This war is prosecuted for the maintenance of the Union and of the indivisible nationality of the United States. It is not, as foreigners suppose, a war for tariffs, or on account of slavery. The United States Government has no other object in view than the assertion of its authority over the whole of its dominion, and the practical refutation of the subversive doctrines of secession and State sovereignty. It is likely that, in the course of the contest which is being waged, various existing interests, including the institution of slavery, may suffer severely. With that the United States have nothing to do. As soon as the authority of the United States Government is acknowledged throughout the revolted section the war will cease, whatever be the condition of the slaves and the slave-owners; but until that authority is acknowledged the war will go on, and, whatever may be the views of individual generals, it will be waged in the most thorough manner, and every rebel interest, including the institution of slavery, will be assailed as vigorously as possible. If we are forced to free the slaves in order to restore the Union, we shall do so. But no one in authority would desire to carry on the conflict for one hour after the authority of the Government was acknowledged as the South, for the sake of abolishing slavery.

How are we to succeed in accomplishing our purpose of restoring the authority of Government throughout the revolted section?

When the war first broke out it was generally assumed that there was in every Southern State, with, perhaps, the single exception of South Carolina, a majority loyal to the Union, and that nothing was needed but the presence of an imposing force of Union troops to enable this majority to reassert its control over the section which it inhabited. The idea of many persons was that if we sent a hundred thousand troops into Virginia, the loyalists of that State would straightway overwhelm the rebels, and elect members of Congress. Everywhere else we caused a modification of these views. People soon realized that a majority which lets itself be ruled by a minority could not prove a very efficient ally to an invading army. Independently of this consideration, it was remembered that all revolutions are the work of minorities; in every community the majority of people are timid and pusillanimous, and accustomed to be led by a few daring, reckless spirits. It is undoubtedly true that in March last a clear majority of the people of Virginia, Georgia, Louisiana, and Tennessee were opposed to secession. The minority, however, carried the day in all these States, and the majority now, broadly speaking, are members of almost every Union family at the South in the rebel army; Southern pride has been thoroughly aroused; and it is safe to conclude that the Union party are there "out of a party—has ceased to exist. There are no doubt large numbers of men at the South who in their heart desire the restoration of the Union. But many of these are actively engaged in the ranks of the rebels. To expect any aid from them is as fallacious as it was for the secessionists to count upon the alliance of Mr. Fernando Wood and the city of New York. The "masses" always stand by their section, and follow their leaders.

It is clear, then, that we can not succeed in our purpose of restoring the Union through the aid of Southern Unionists, whose efforts in that behalf—now held in check by the rebel despotism—can be evoked by the presence of Union armies.

What we have to do is to convince the people of the South that we are stronger than they, and as resolute: that we are determined to restore the Union at any cost; and that they can not contend against us. When this is done, we shall find plenty of Southern Unionists, and the war will be over.

In order to convince the South that the struggle is hopeless on their part, that we must succeed in the end, and that the Union must will be promoted by a surrender, we must do two things—we must beat them in the field, and we must render the inconveniences of the war intolerable to the Southern people.

The first will be done by General M'Clellan at his own time, and in his own way. He is working with unexampled industry and energy to create an army which shall vastly exceed that Northerners are the better men as well as the better citizens. It is, perhaps, hardly desirable that he should strike a blow before other measures have prepared the Southern people for a reactionary movement against the rebel despotism. At all events, when the cost of rebellion has been thoroughly brought home to every rebel State, a victory on the Potomac will yield far more useful fruit than it would at present, while the bulk of the rebels are still sanguine of success.

The measures which are being taken by Government to teach the South the cost of rebellion are of various kinds. The blockade is the first. This must cause very severe suffering. For six months no vessel has arrived at New Orleans. Thousands of families, which derive their living from foreign trade at Southern ports, must be puzzled to obtain food and clothing. "The "stone fleet" blockade will strike at other classes as well. The sinking of stone-laden ships at the mouth of Southern harbors will render it impossible that those harbors can ever again be opened to trade, and must render real estate in the sea-ports that are blockaded worthless. A necessary part of the blockade is the descent and occupation of the Mississippi River. We understand that Government is resolved to occupy the shores of the Mississippi, from Cairo to New Orleans, at whatever cost. If two hundred thousand men under General M'Clellan are needed for the operation, they will be forthcoming. We must then occupy Memphis, Natchez, and New Orleans. We may hold simultaneously Hatteras, Port Royal, Savannah, Brunswick, Fernandina, and Pensacola. Thus encircled, the rebel section will be within our grasp, and we can make the rebels feel what it is to be at war. For instance, they are suffering severely from the want of various articles of prime necessity, leather, coffee, tea, salt, woolen cloths, all kinds of hardware, drugs, etc. This want will become more stringent as time elapses, and the blockade is perfected. When ever our armies go slaves escape, and the dread of servile insurrections spreads. When we come to hold half the great cities of the South, we should imagine that this consideration alone will lead many rebels to weigh the advantages of surrender. Our occupation of Port Royal is said to have cost the people of that district 2000 slaves, worth—as they are mostly adults—at least $5,000,000. Virginia has lost more than 7000. When we take Memphis and New Orleans the difficulties will probably be counted by the hundreds of thousands. The Confiscation Act is another part of the regular course of instruction through which the rebels will be put. It is well understood that Congress will pass a law which will forfeit the property of every rebel, and will divide it between loyal men who have been ruined by the war and the Government itself. As our armies advance, and this Act is carried into effect, its execution will exercise a wholesome effect upon the rebels who are still in arms.

It is believed that by the time the cordon is fairly tightened round the rebel States, and the Southern people have had time to appreciate the discomforts of a paralysis of trade, the want of a large number of articles of prime necessity, the loss of slaves, the dread of slave insurrections, and the ruin of many their property confiscated, they will be ready for a reactionary movement, and "Union Southerners" who *have* some backbone will begin to develop in various spots. A march of Sherman in the field would then probably end the war.

This, we take it, is the programme of the Government, as planned by Generals Scott and M'Clellan, and carried out by Mr. Lincoln. We need hardly observe that its success mainly depends upon the thoroughness with which the penalties of rebellion are impressed upon the Southern mind. If we are to convert these rebels by chastisement there must be no sparing of the rod. Nothing must be neglected, consistently with the rules of warfare, which can increase the inconveniences and terrors of their position. When the war is over we shall be ready enough to forgive: just now the severest methods are the most humane.

THE LOUNGER.

THE PRESIDENT

IT is not too late to speak of the Message, for the Message is the programme of the policy of the Government in dealing with the rebellion; and the true criterion of its merit is the universal praise we are latter able to measure the impression produced by the Message upon the country.

It was a message from a statesman, not a President to speak. But unquestionably the public confidence is confirmed by the Message; and that is, upon the whole, the highest praise of it. It is a thoroughly characteristic paper. The President is an honest, plain, shrewd magistrate. He is not a brilliant man, but he is a sensible, practical man. He views his office as a strictly executive one, and wishes to cast responsibilities, as much as possible, upon Congress. He wishes to get as near, and keep as near to the people as he can. If the people are right, the President will be so. If the people are wrong, the President can not be more right. He thinks he can be successful which is not based upon the public conviction.

The President states the condition of the country calmly and dispassionately. "I have adhered," he says, 'to the Act of Congress to confiscate property used for insurrectionary purposes. If a new law upon the same subject shall be proposed, its propriety will be duly considered. The Union must be preserved, and hence all indispensable means must be employed. We should not be in haste to determine that radical and extreme measures, which may reach the loyal as well as the disloyal, are indispensable.'

These are the words of a wise magistrate. No loyal citizen, surely—not even he believes that the Government is adequate to all the objects that honorable men desire—could wish that extreme measures should be taken before they are indispensable. If it should appear that the supremacy of the Government could be restored only by putting New Orleans under martial law, and totally destroying the other Southern ports, such measures would, of course, be taken. But nobody wishes that they should be resorted to if the necessity is beyond question. So, if it should appear that the Union can be preserved only by a summary emancipation and arming of the slaves, it would be an extreme measure justified by military necessity, and would unquestionably be taken; because the Government of the United States is more precious than the system of human slavery.

The President clearly contemplates the possibility of such extreme measures, and he therefore wishes to express the necessity of maintaining the Government, even at such cost, in the most unreserved manner. That it is done without rhetoric or passion makes it only the more impressive. Does any intelligent man suppose that Mr. Lincoln is less firmly persuaded now that he was four years ago, when he said it, that a house divided against itself can not stand? Does any body doubt that he believes the Union is the sole practicable principle of permanent security, and that he means to do all he can as the Chief Magistrate to secure that result? His method may not seem to us the most heroic, but so long as we confide in the honesty of his purpose we shall not foolishly perplex him.

If any body supposes that Slavery is going to survive this war he seems to us not rightly to understand human nature. The military hand, which knows no rule but success, will loosen its roots; and the hand of law will afterward tear it up and cast it into the fire. Probably there is no man in the country who sees this more clearly than the President.

BRIGHT CHAPTERS OF OUR HISTORY.

The annual Reports from the Departments of Government are always a part of our history; and it has few more glowing chapters than they write. They are the record of the spirit and power of the nation; the full, crowning testimony to the quality of the race and the character of our political system. The rebellion took us at the utmost disadvantage. It had tied the national resources head and foot, as far as it could, and it had the official control. It relied upon the long habit of peace and upon party division to compel the nation to surrender. Last winter eminent rebel—John Slidell was one of them—said that the plot was perfect and sure. The Montgomery Constitution was to be adopted; the new lawful administration set aside; New England left out, or suffered to come in only as a single State with two Senators; New York was ready, they said, to accede, for they had just read Fernando Wood's Message; there would be but little fighting, and that not serious; the Government was to be subverted, the nation betrayed, and the revolution accomplished, before the world distinctly knew what was going on.

This was the amiable Slidell's view. But Heaven's, and Davis's. The gentlemanly James M. Mason, on the 19th of February, expressed his firm persuasion and ardent desire that the Union would be and should be maintained: and the gentlemanly man, who is all honor, wrote on the 20th, that the President in Frazer, the details of the conspiracy. These people had been so long assiduously poisoning the nation that they assumed it to be paralyzed or dead. And there were honest men, too, who really feared it might be so.

On the 12th of April the rebellion began hostilities against the nation at Sumter. We had then 16,000 regular troops, mainly on the Western frontier. 75,000 volunteers for three months were called for; 78,000 immediately responded. In July 500,000 volunteers were asked for three years or the war, and the regular army was increased by 22,000 men. On the first of December we have a force of 600,000 troops; and, reckoning three months' soldiers, the force that has responded to the call since April a few years since 1200 men. Delaware, Maryland, Kentucky, and Missouri were then threatened with rebellion. But they have held and have held fast to the Government.

And this is only preparation.

Turning from the land to the water, what is the naval condition and prospect of the nation?

On the 4th of March we had 12 vessels in a home squadron, and of these 4 only, mounting 25 guns, were in Northern ports; the rest, 8 vessels of 162 guns, including the *Sabine* of 50 guns, were at Pensacola, at Vera Cruz, or homeward bound from that port, all of material questioned intended by Toucey to fall into the hands of the rebels. Our navy then counted 42 vessels, carrying 555 guns, and 7600 men. It now consists of 264 vessels, 2557 guns, and 22,000 men. The naval arm of the nation has thus far struck the heaviest blows at the rebellion. Hatteras and Port Royal are henceforth historic names.

Thus the nation that Slidell, Mason, and the other conspirators believed to be dead or hopelessly imbecile, which they supposed was dough in their hands, in seven months has created an army and navy, invaluable material every inch of the ground it occupied, and retaking parts of the investment section. Surely we had never fairer cause for congratulation. But it is our own congratulation to ourselves. It is the justification of our system which some could not help doubting.

And have not the two Departments vindicated themselves also in regard to the charges of incompetency? Mr. Welles was called to the head of the Navy Department when instant and extensive action was required. He had no ships, no men, and he could do nothing but provide them as fast as possible. In human probability he never can fully human impatience in an emergency. There seemed to be heaviness because there was delay. Because ships were not provided at every point where they were needed; because an officer of the government could not make purchases without consultation, it seemed as if nothing were done. And all would be lost before we raised a hand. In addition to all this, the Secretary had a long beard—consequently he was Rip Van Winkle soundly sleeping. And now behold his dreams!

Certainly not in our day have the annual Message and the Presidential Reports of the Secretaries struck a key so perfectly in accordance with the spirit and intent of the Government and the honest of the nation as those which were lately published. The Union means power, and liberty, and peace.

AFTER THE ELECTION.

Now that the days of the election is over, every honest citizen should think a moment of the grounds upon which the late Mayor urged his reelection. For Mr. Wood will again be a candidate for office, doubtless, and his conduct should be well remembered.

His speeches just before the election were the most startling that have been known in our civic affairs. He deliberately incited the worst passions of the worst men, politically, but socially. He appealed to the most hateful prejudices, and in sheer desperation strove to array class against class, race against race, and the city against the State. This war, he said, is a war of the abolitionists against Southern men and their rights. They are very willing to spend Irish and German blood to secure a victory, and when they have secured it, they will bring the black laborer up into the North to steal the work and the bread of the honest Irish and Germans.

As for the abolition war let Dickinson and Cochrane, Barcroft and Burnside, Meagher and Corcoran answer.

As for the feeling of all loyal men toward all of any race or of any party who have taken up arms for their country, let Mr. Colfax's resolution that Slidell shall have the same treatment as Colonel Corcoran answer.

And as for Mr. Fernando Wood, who makes these charges, let the fact that he sought to play into the hands of the conspirators who have thrust Corcoran into a felon's cell answer.

Let every man stand in the daylight. Mr. Wood solicited, and will again solicit, the Irish vote. Is he then so especially endeared to Irishmen because when Corcoran refused to parade in honor of the Prince of Wales Mr. Wood was especially conspicuous to him? Or does he rest his claim upon the fact that he is the first friend of Mason and Slidell who ever appears to invite the aid of English bullets against our soldiers, of whom so many are Irish?

Mr. Wood has the right to choose his own course; and every body has the right to expose him. He is defeated, but he will unquestionably reappear as a candidate for some other office. He will make the usual appeal to the worst passions, to the basest prejudices. Let it then be remembered that in the dark hour of national peril he sought to divide loyal men for the benefit of the enemy and for the defeat and disgrace of the very men whose especial support he desired.

It is not the least of the victories of the time that one demagogue is thoroughly exposed.

JOHN BULL GORED.

MR. THORNTON HUNT, an Englishman, son of Leigh Hunt, came to see us last spring. He was unknown, but his father was famous and beloved among us, and he had to take the risk of being kindly received. One day he was dining at a table with a well-known American author, and Mr. Hunt indulged in the customary flippant abuse of Brother Bull when he discourses of a foreign country to its natives. After a series of remarks which showed that a man of the second rank is easily unjustified in holding any opinion upon the subjects discussed, he remarked:

"And can you tell me why it is that all the gentlemen in this country are at the South? Really it is very extraordinary; and I wish you had not kicked up all this row, so that I can not get down among them."

"Well," slowly replied the American, "I suppose the reason is the skin to which minds in all the English gentlemen stay at home in England. We hear that there are gentlemen in England, but they never come to this country."

John Bull is a pachydermatous animal, and it is still a question whether he felt the arrow.

ZAMPILLAERESTATION.

THE nerves which survived the shock of the word Prestidigitation will doubtless preserve their equanimity under the very verbal infliction of Zampillaerestation. We have yet found no capable interpreter of the term. The Dictionary gives it up. But there is no reason why any cautious to shout it in the largest and most lurid type, and we are confidentially told that there is but one way of ascertaining what it means. It is not by persuading Dr. Johnson's ghost to rap, but by seeing the Brothers Hanlon walk upon the ropes in the sky, and hang, and leap, and dart in the dizzy empyrean.

CONFISCATION.

MR. TREMBLE'S speech in the Senate upon moving a bill confiscating the property and giving freedom to the slaves of rebels is worthy the closest attention. Mr. Trumbull has been loosely called an "extreme" man; but the extremity of his speech, in that sense, it is not easy to find. The substance of his argument is this:

The Constitution furnishes the only peace necessary to suppress this rebellion. Under that instrument Congress is empowered to declare what is the control of the civil power in war as in peace. The powers under our Government are three, and the military is one of them, and is made subject to one of them, the legislative; and when called into being by Congress, it is by the Constitution subject to such rules as Congress may determine. When therefore an army, raised by Congress under authority of the Constitution, marches to suppress insurrection, and shoots and destroys it is as subordinate to the civil power as it is upon a holiday parade. In the absence of any express regulation by law it is to be used, its commander could use it in the way he deemed most serviceable to the state, on the principle that every man intrusted with a duty is presumed to be invested with the power necessary to its discharge. When the army is thus acting the judicial tribunals have no right to interfere, because the ground of invoking the military authority is that the judicial, being overborne, is incompetent to the task; and the executive is declusive when the military are to be invoked. Part of the rebellious domain may, for reason, be left under judicial control; and in such the loyal man's property shall be subject also to the judicial power: in the other part, to the military.

The right of seizure and confiscation of enemy's property is affirmed by the Supreme Court, and its exercise is to be authorized by legislative act. The right to free slaves is affirmed by the same kind of confiscation; for it is as property that the rebels hold them: and as one of the most efficient means of obtaining the aid for which the army is summoned, the right is doubly clear.

The policy of this act is plain. If we would successfully end the war, it must be made as terrible to the enemies as to the friends of the Republic. At present, the loyal citizen in the rebellious States, if he wears allegiance to the Government, forfeits all he has; if he forswears it, his property is protected both by friend and foe. Under such a policy the pain of fidelity for property is to put it on the road to treason.

This is the general argument of a most compact and admirable speech. The case of the slaveholding rebels is rapidly closing. If their slaves are property, of course they may be confiscated. If they are persons, of course they may be called by aid the Government in suppressing the rebellion—always supposing that we do not mean to hold up the enemy with one hand and knock him over with the other.

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

ALMANACK AND DIARY.

ASTRONOMICAL AND METEOROLLOGICAL NOTICES.

SUN sets to MOON, *balances*, and retire.
Morning SUN, bright—*low* spring.

FLOWER GARDEN—Sow short buttons on garden fronts: the prospect is limitless, and cheaper by the ton than in full season. *Try yardant delicate roots from Frost.* — Extract grass gently from the roll (if you have one) and first, you can entice them with a low malodious whistle like the cooing of a bee. Mahogany-trees require hot water (if not marked with the signature of the firm it is sporious), or the dill dry, hands across, cannon off the red, and return the lead.

KITCHEN GARDEN.—On Monday, dig up cabbages and plant celery. On Tuesday, dig up celery, and plant cabbages; and so on through the week. Cut cut kidneys from Monday's beef, that they make an excellent relish for breakfast, or your butcher will give you a high price for the kidneys.

HOUSE OR PEA.—When your house is on fire, tie to bed and calmly reflect for half an hour what is best to be done. Having arranged your plans, prepare to put them into execution. Then, suddenly, and in a state of violent, shouts you be unable to arrive at any decision, or should you arrive at it, stop the window, and in either case to it be a silk handkerchief over your eyes and fasten yourself to the bed-post, then bite a mattress, and in a minute; the pest will break your fall. Do not scream, or you may wake the neighbors, and they have their own part. If you follow out these directions closely, any thing further will be delicacy.

PROVERB FOR THE MONTH.—"A cheerful look makes a dish a feast." Applicable to those who have a fastidious stance to dinner; they arrive; kitchen fire smokes, servants in relation, your self in a hurry, and in a violent, assemble your guests round the mahogany, light your candelebra, prepare to enjoy the first course, and cut the table, and look as cheerful as possible under the circumstances; your friends' mouths will be filled with it for the next six years.

MARRY-TIME EXTRACTS.

NOVEMBER 8.—*The Mary Ann*, of Belgravia, was severely spoken to this morning by the Nelson in relation with the *X. Y.*, of Brompton, with considerable damage to her bows. She had a very good run for it all the way.

The *Hiram Anne*, bound from Pimlico to Pillar Post, with a large miscellaneous cargo, started at her course, and run upon the green bank by the ornamental water, St. James' Park. Got off without assistance.

The *Harriet*, of Hammersmith, having the *Perambulator* in tow, ran foul of the *Lamp Post*, and after striking against a cake and apple stall, filled rapidly. The *Tommy and Jane*, of Bethnal Green, was also in the same spot, and were obliged to have a tug before they could be got off. Sorry, with wet.

Arrived.—The *Downer Countess*, screw, from the Continent. Hasn't had a rough passage all the way.

Departed.—The *Lady Fiora de Montmorency* for St. George's, where she will change owners.

FASHION FOR THE FIRESIDE.

I give thee this fire-proof dress, my love.
Wearing all that attire,
It gives a double security, my love,
To see thee go near the fire.
Shouldst treat them with scorn, and wave thy draper to catch,
Then, the burned alive!
And the loss of such a wife, whom I love better than my life,
I could ne'er survive.

That muslin expanse is untrustable
For what have I got?
But this one is incombustible,
So that is what I gain.
And thy Crinoline may swell beyond the biggest Mrs. Gamp,
Yet secure thou'lt be,
In a dress that can't catch fire, from a death that I may name,
Frederic Suttee. JONES.

TALES OF MY GRANDMOTHER.

"SARAH, my dear, I know of no accessary though stopping at present in a lodging-house, it is one of very high rental think it a extension to call brought up that, though it has been an inverstest, and we, may say, an incurable sufferer all the year round, and that it is quite a subject to enter the room than it says, in a voice as sweet as a tea-kettle's. 'I hope my mother's very disagreeable to you, Ma'am?' And if the body says 'as how it is,' and begins complaining to prove it, never a word answers, without waiting to be blown up, or hauled over the coals, or put out, as all members in the process of being hauled over the coals have done unto, does not give another blessed puff, but goes out instantly of its own accord. There, you wouldn't believe it, but I tell you it's a fact."

Observations made by Sarah, the elderly Lady. "You my dear, and there's many a young gentleman of the present day who could learn a deal from the example of that excellent chimney with the very best advantage!"

[*Left speaking.*

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

CONGRESS.

On Tuesday, 3d, in the Senate, a resolution tendering the thanks of Congress to Commodore Wilkes and the officers, seamen, and marines serving under him, for the decisive and brilliant achievement in the capture of Mason and Slidell, was offered, but laid aside until the formation of the standing committees. The Vice-President was authorized to fill the vacancies in the Board of Regents of the Smithsonian Institution, caused by the expiration of Senator Douglas' and the resignation of Senator Mason, of Virginia.——In the House, Mr. Dunn, of Indiana, introduced a bill for the credentials of Mr. Clemens, representative-elect from the Eleventh district of Virginia, which was referred to the Committee on Elections. Mr. Dunn, of Indiana, offered a resolution expelling John B. Clark, Missouri, and Lucky. Mr. Wickliffe, of Kentucky, made a speech on the subject, in which he declared emphatically that he would not force Kentucky out of the Union, and concluded with the resolution that the House do not expel Clark. On motion of Mr. Stout a rebel be found treading the soil of Kentucky. The resolution expelling Mr. Clark was adopted, and the payment of whatever salary may be due him was ordered.——In the Wednesday's Senate, Mr. Wilson, of Missouri, presented John C. Breckinridge, of Kentucky, now an officer in the rebel army, was declared by a vote of twenty-two to twenty. Senator Hale submitted a resolution directing the Judiciary Committee to inquire into the expediency of abolishing the present Supreme Court, and organizing another Supreme Court, which will meet the requirements of the Constitution. Senator Wilson introduced a resolution providing for the release of slaves confined in prison in Washington. Referred to the Committee on District of Columbia Affairs. On motion of Senator Wilson the same Committee were directed to consider the question of abolishing slavery in the District of Columbia, offering compensation to loyal owners of slaves. Senator Saulsbury proposed the appointment of a commission to confer with a like number of commissioners from the so-called Confederate States, with a view to the restoration of peace. Laid on the table.——In the House, Mr. Gurley gave notice of a bill to embargo and declare free the slaves of rebels, also providing for their apprenticeship to loyal masters, and subsequent colonization. Mr. Dunn, of Indiana, introduced a resolution instructing the Committee on Foreign Affairs to inquire as to the practicability and expediency of acquiring, in a "congenial climate" on a part of this continent, or on the adjacent islands south of the United States, a right to colonize and apprentice the slaves of rebel masters. Referred. Mr. Hutchins, of Ohio, asked leave to introduce a bill to abolish slavery in the District of Columbia, but objection was made by Mr. Cox, of Ohio. A resolution providing for the proper measures for an exchange of prisoners of war was referred to the Judiciary Committee.——On Thursday, 5th, in Indiana, introduced a preamble and resolutions reaffirming the Crittenden declaration as to the status and rights of the war, which, on motion of Mr. Stevens, of Pennsylvania, were laid on the table by a vote of 71 against 54. A bill was introduced providing for the restoration of Alexandria County, Virginia, to the District of Columbia.

On Thursday, 5th, in the Senate, Senator Rice, of Minnesota, presented the governor's recent fair vote in favor of the expulsion of the traitor Breckinridge. Senator Trumbull, from the Judiciary, had his bill for confiscating the property and giving freedom to the slaves of rebels. In a long speech in support of the measure, Senator Trumbull complimented the main points of the bill. The bill was ordered to be printed and referred to the Judiciary Committee.——Senator Carlile, of New Hampshire, gave notice of an amendment to the Fugitive Slave Act. The Senate went into Executive session.

In the House, the standing committees were announced by the Speaker. Mr. Gurley, of Ohio, offered a resolution, which was adopted, directing the Judiciary Committee to inquire as to whether a commission of the Confederate dispatches of the press had been established. Mr. Blair's resolution declaring that the United States remain adopted in Committee of the Whole, then rejected by the House, and subsequently referred to the Committee of Ways and Means. Mr. Lovejoy introduced a bill repealing all laws requiring fugitive slaves to be returned to their owners. Referred. It was referred to the Committee on the District of Columbia. Mr. Lovejoy introduced a bill providing for the confiscation of the slaves of rebels, all of which were referred to the Committee on Judiciary. Mr. Speaker Clark offered a resolution requesting the Marshal of the District of Columbia to report to the authority referred to slaves belonging in the District were imprisoned, which was agreed to. Mr. Dunn introduced a bill abolishing the present Supreme Court and establishing another was referred to the Judiciary Committee. Mr. Stevens offered a resolution inquiring into the causes of the disasters to our army at Ball's Bluff and Leesburg. Mr. Speaker Chandler, which took a wide range. Senator Trumbull moved that the Judiciary should not be confined to the disasters, but the whole conduct of the war should be inquired into. The resolution was passed.——In the House of Representatives a preamble and resolution were adopted requesting the President to inaugurate a system for the exchange of prisoners with the rebels. Mr. Lovejoy, of Illinois, introduced a resolution requesting the President to call upon the north of the recent orders of General Halleck as prohibited fugitive slaves from coming within the lines of the various commands operating in Missouri. The Committee on Foreign Relations were instructed to inquire into the expediency of furnishing relief to the famine-stricken people of Ireland. Two or three bills in relation to the Post Office were introduced. The Ways and Means Committee were instructed to devise some plan for the early resumption of the operations of the tariff and direct tax. Various other matters, of more or less interest, were introduced at the bottom of the House. Secretary Chase's report was received and referred.

REPORT OF THE WAR DEPARTMENT.

The Report of the Secretary of War gives a history of the operations of the army during the year, and presents the following estimate of the strength of the army, both volunteer and regular:

States.	Volunteers.		Regulars.
	For the War.	Aggregate.	Aggregate.
California		3,000	3,683
Connecticut	2,733	12,460	14,460
Delaware	775	4,000	4,715
Illinois	4,941	80,000	84,041
Indiana	4,500	67,053	71,553
Iowa	968	19,800	20,768
Kentucky		15,000	15,000
Maine	768	14,329	15,097
Maryland		7,000	7,000
Massachusetts	3,425	26,769	30,195
Michigan	1,000	23,881	24,881
Minnesota		4,160	4,160
New Hampshire	9,256	15,189	15,489
New Hampshire	719	9,000	10,379
New Jersey	1,000	10,000	11,000
New York	10,188	100,200	110,388
Ohio	11,341	91,341	102,682
Pennsylvania	19,159	94,760	113,959
Rhode Island	1,000	5,988	7,151
Vermont	759	8,000	8,759
Wisconsin	1,579	13,779	15,358
Wisconsin	792	14,153	14,945
Nebraska		5,000	5,000
Colorado		1,000	1,000
Dakota		1,000	1,000
Nevada		1,000	1,000
New Mexico		1,000	1,000
District of Columbia	2,823	1,000	3,823
Total	77,975	646,631	718,573

—To the above add the number for the war, 646,631, and the estimated strength of the regular army, including the three additional regiments for the war, 25,942, which is 20,354, and our entire military force now in the field will be 646,571; to the several arms of the service being distributed as follows:

	Volunteers.	Regulars.	Aggregate.
Infantry	567,468	14,776	582,244
Cavalry	44,744	10,388	55,132
Artillery	20,359	4,668	24,688
Rifles and sharp-shooters	8,395	3,228	8,623
Engineers		107	107
Total	646,631	25,384	670,971

—For the ensuing year appropriations are asked for 500,000 men.

REPORT OF THE NAVY DEPARTMENT.

The Report of Secretary Welles to the New York publishes a comprehensive statement of the condition of the branch of the service under the Navy Department since last July. With the vessels now building and purchased of every class are in service, and ready for service, the strength of the navy will be:

Number of Vessels.	Guns.	Tonnage.
Steam Sloops-of-war	64	16,016
7 Frigates	350	15,104
17 Sloops	326	16,031
2 Brigs	12	529
3 Store-ships	9	3,443
3 Receiving-ships, etc	196	6,340
12 Screw-steamers	223	9,000
9 First-class screw sloops	169	11,053
3 First-class side-wheel steam sloops	31	5,003
8 Second-class screw sloops	42	7,593
5 Third-class screw sloops	15	2,595
4 Third-class side-wheel steamers	8	1,808
2 Steam tenders	4	299
76	1185	109,571

VESSELS PURCHASED.

56 Side-wheel steamers	168	28,659
23 Screw steamers	75	10,339
13 Ships	52	9,334
24 Schooners	72	8,423
19 Barks	76	8,427
1 Bark	4	460
136	518	71,297

VESSELS CONSTRUCTED.

	Guns.	Tons.
14 Screw sloops	98	16,737
23 Gun-boats	23	11,661
12 Side-wheel steamers	49	9,400
7 Iron-clad steamers	28	4,500
56	256	41,488

—Making a total of 264 vessels, 2257 guns, and 219,056 tons. The aggregate number of seamen in the service on the 4th of March last was 7,600. The number is now not less than 22,000. The amount appropriated at the last regular session of Congress for the naval service of the current fiscal year was $13,500,000. This was added at the special session of last July $20,000,000, making an aggregate for the fiscal year ending June 30, 1862, of $34,500,000. To this must be added:

For extra pay, bounty, and advances to fit them for service $2,500,000
For the purchase of additional vessels 10,000,000
For 10 iron-clad vessels 13,000,000
$25,500,000
Add previous appropriations 34,000,000
Total for year ending June 30, 1862 ..... $59,145,551

—The estimates for the fiscal year ending June 30, 1863, are as follows:

For the navy proper $41,096,559
For the Marine Corps 1,196,075
For miscellaneous objects 3,473,476
Total for fiscal year ending June 30, 1863 ..... $45,766,110

THE EXPEDITION DOWN THE MISSISSIPPI.

Another naval and military expedition is about to start from St. Louis and Cairo, under the direction of General Halleck and Commodore Foote, comprising a force of from eighty to one hundred thousand men. The destination of this grand expedition and its points of attack will undoubtedly be Columbus, Kentucky; Fort Henry, Tennessee, and Harris, in Tennessee, and possibly the city of Memphis.

A BATTLE IN EAST TENNESSEE.

Just before the news came that Zollicoffer had met Tennessee in battle, and defeated them. They acknowledge it. A despatch to the Memphis papers of the 24 instant states that on the 1st, Sunday, Brownlow, at the head of 3000 Federal troops, attacked the rebels in East Tennessee, and was signally victorious. Even this rebel dispatch reads like Union victory. The fighting continued two days.

BANKS AND RESOURCES IN WINTER-QUARTERS.

General Banks has taken up his winter-quarters at Frederick, Maryland. The war-cloud rests with its gloomy apparent enthusiasm by the inhabitants, and looked himself up in the intellectual Colonel Bradley Johnson, of the rebel army. There are no signs of the rebels between Harper's Ferry and Winchester, and the rebel General's command is keeping a vigilant look-out for them.

General Stonewall Jackson has sold several of Wheeling last week to take up their winter-quarters. The General has been offered but it is probable that he will remain for his winter home. It is probable that the campaign in Western Virginia is therefore as at end for the present.

FRIGHTFUL SUFFERING AMONG OUR PRISONERS.

An order from the Secretary of State to General M'Clellan reaffirms the position of the act of Congress of August 6th, in relation to persons engaged in the rebellious service against the Government, who may escape within our military lines. Such persons employed upon farms from any further claim to service or labor, and brings them within military protection. Any attempt to hold such arrest them as fugitives should themselves be immediately arrested by the military authorities.

COTTON TO BE SHIPPED BY GOVERNMENT.

An order issued by the Secretary of the Treasury relative to the shipment of property in United States by the National forces has been published. It provides, in brief, that there shall be appointed agents at the different places conquered by our arms, who shall secure and prepare for shipment all the cotton, and such other property as may be seized, and that the naval and military authorities shall aid in this work. He says: "The commissioners of the Secretary—" persons held to service for life under such laws"—may be employed by the agents, and will be organized for systematized labor, in securing and preparing for market their products. For its labor a fair price, and a just compensation allowed to these laborers, the same to be fixed by the agents, and approved by the military commandant and the Secretary of the Treasury. The ownership of all stock and a share of the products taken will be carefully made by the agents and officers. The cotton and other products will be shipped from city for market, and accounts will be settled by the Secretary of the Treasury. The agents will be appointed and removed at a little injury as possible may occur to loyal citizens, or those who within reasonable time may assume the character of loyal citizens.

IMPORTANT ORDER FROM GENERAL HALLECK.

General Halleck has issued an important general order to his commanding officers in Missouri, directing them to arrest and hold in close confinement every one found in arms against the Government, or those who, in any way, give aid to the rebels; and ordering all persons found within the lines of the army, in disguise as loyal citizens, and giving information to the enemy, and all those taken from the ranks of the rebels, or who have acted as hostile treated as prisoners of war, but as spies, and shall be shot. He further orders that in the event Murdoch of St. Louis shall take in charge the numbers of Union families who are compelled to leave their homes—having been burned and driven from their homes by the rebels—and quarter them upon secessionists, compelling them to furnish all the food to them, on the ground that, although they have not themselves plundered the Union people, they have given aid to people, they are giving aid and comfort to those who have done so.

FOREIGN NEWS.

ENGLAND.

RUMORED DECISION OF THE MASON-SLIDELL CASE.

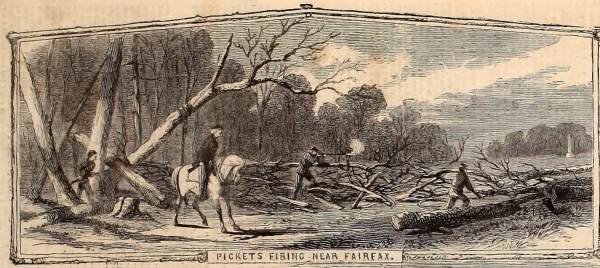
When the *Africa* left England rumors were afloat that the *James Adger* had gone out with the intention of forcibly taking Messrs. Mason and Slidell from the British mail steamer. It was an English port, and the Edinburgh Scotsmans, a reliable journal, asserts that the Government officials had a perfect and legal right to seize a mail steamer knowing Government dispatches were on board, even in the harbor of an ally. Britain. The case would, it was thought, be taken into the Admiralty Court, and the decision would be by the British Admiralty Council, which was attended by the leading members of the Government, had been held on the subject.

THE "NASHVILLE" IN ENGLAND.

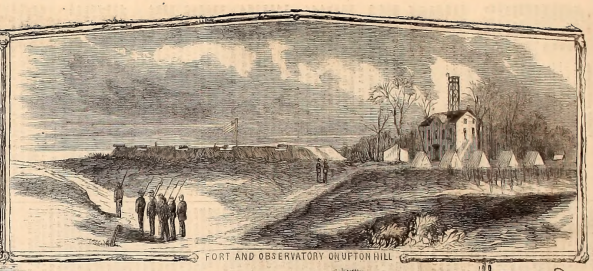
The rebel steamer *Nashville*, Commander Pegram, arrived without disguise at Southampton, on the 21st November, and was duly received by the authorities as a war vessel commissioned by a recognized power. The Government of England or legal right to seize a mail steamer knowing Government dispatches were on board, even in the harbor of an ally. Britain. The case would, it was thought, be taken into the Admiralty Court, and the decision would be by the British Admiralty Council, which was attended by the leading members of the Government, had been held on the subject.

THE "NASHVILLE" IN ENGLAND.

The rebel steamer *Nashville*, Commander Pegram, arrived without disguise at Southampton, on the 21st November, and was duly received by the authorities as a war vessel commissioned by a recognized power. The Government gave a hospitable welcome to Captain Pegram himself published the particulars of the overhauling and examination of the ship *Harry Bluck* near the mouth of the British Channel, exhibited his commodious and powerful vessel, and gave a ball to officers and crew of the *Harvey Birch* immediately to the charge of the United States steamer Southampton. The officer of the *Harvey Birch* as refused to make a declaration not to serve against the South, and the ship was therefore put in irons by Captain Pegram. Captain Nelson, the commander of the *Harvey Birch*, had published a protest in the English papers against the acts of the rebel officers. Mr. Porter, a rebel Commissioner to Europe, and Mr. Mann, were landed from the *Nashville*, and had, with Captains Pegram and Nelson, gone to London—the first-named parties to communicate with Mr. Yancey, and Captain Nelson to see Mr. Adams. The affair produced intense excitement in the commercial, financial, and political circles of England, but the impression seemed to be general in favor of sheltering the *Nashville* for refit and supplies, just as the British vessel *James Adger* had been treated a few days previously.



PICKETS FIRING NEAR FAIRFAX.



FORT AND OBSERVATORY ON UPTON HILL.

SKIRMISH NEAR HUNTER'S MILL, VIRGINIA, BETWEEN TWO COMPANIES OF THE PENNSYLVANIA CAVALRY AND A LARGE FORCE OF REBELS.—SKETCHED BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST.—[SEE PAGE 807.]

HONORABLE GEORGE OPDYKE, MAYOR ELECT OF NEW YORK.—[PHOTOGRAPHED BY BRADY.]

HON. GEORGE OPDYKE, MAYOR ELECT.

WE publish on this page, from a photograph by Brady, a portrait of the Hon. GEORGE OPDYKE, Mayor Elect of New York.

Mr. Opdyke is a native of this city and about forty-one years of age. In early life he went to New Orleans, and learned the trade of a tailor, which he followed for some years, growing rich enough to open a large dry-goods store. He eventually retired from business in New Orleans with a handsome fortune, which he has since increased here. On his establishment here, he devoted his attention to politics, and was elected to the Assembly from this city. Two years ago he ran for Mayor and was defeated; he has just been elected after one of the closest contests that ever took place in the city. Mr. Opdyke is engaged in the dry-goods trade, and is understood to be a millionaire.

MISS BROWNLOW.

IN connection with the recent fight at Morristown, Tennessee, where the rebels, according to their own accounts, were badly beaten, we publish a portrait of MISS BROWNLOW, the daughter of the intrepid Parson Brownlow, of Knoxville, Tennessee. She is as brave as her father, and as devoted to the Union. We can give her no higher praise than this. When a mob of secessionists attacked her father's house in his absence and insisted on the Union flag being hauled down from where it floated, this young lady seized a rifle and told them she would defend it with her life. The first who approached would be shot. They threatened her for some time, and tried in every way to frighten her. But she was firm, and after a time the ruffians withdrew, leaving the flag still flying. This noble girl will doubtless be heard of again in the course of the war in Tennessee.

"WORK'S OVER."

WE give the above title to the series of "contraband" sketches which are reproduced on page 801. Our special artist at Hilton Head—the author of the sketches—thus writes us concerning them:

"We have made use of the contraband in so many different employments, that I find it necessary to send to you a series of sketches to illustrate his value. Upon our landing at Hilton Head a lack of good oarsmen was found seriously to deter our rapid progress in landing. Soon the negroes flocked in, and I assure you that I have seen few better oarsmen. Captain Fuller at once manned his little Whitehall boat with them, dressing them in the man-of-war style, which is exceedingly picturesque. Again, in *landing*, the slope of the shore being very gradual, it was found necessary to have some one to back off the passengers; at once the contrabands filled the *need*. They are invaluable as foragers, bringing in the different fruits, game, etc.

"Their head-quarters are directly back of those formerly occupied by Gen. Wright, of which you had a sketch; here are congregated a small village of these happy mortals, jolly ever, and willing to work.

"Aunt Chloe is a brief sample of ebony, who is the general head-cracker of the settlement, the terror of all juvenile darkeys and admiration of the elder.

"The extensive earth-works that have been thrown up, and which their hands have done well their share of work, are almost monuments of the willing work of a paid negro.

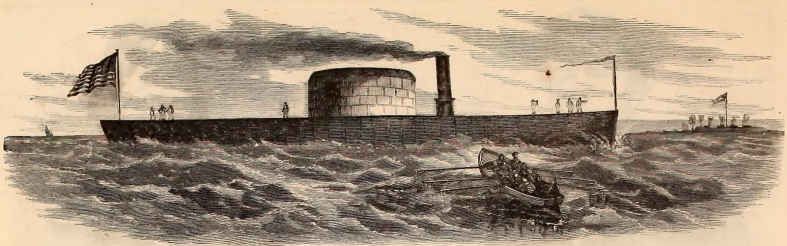
"Uncle Sam, a fine specimen of the African race, is the overseer of General Drayton's plantation, and one of the best-natured boys that we have. He is the general forager for the mess, and is never back in woods without an abundant return."

Of the real condition of the slaves, a correspondent of the *Times* says: "The efforts of the masters to carry off the slaves have been in nearly every case abortive. No love for masters, no fear of their cruelty, no apprehension of the Yankees has been sufficient to alarm the blacks. They all look upon us as friends; and where they do not come within our lines, say that all that restrains them is the dislike of leaving their families and the things—their little property. They have a cat-like clinging to their old quarters, and do not generally manifest any desire to quit them. When they have fled in large numbers, it has been always toward our lines, but so far as I can learn it has been because of the efforts of their masters to take them off. This they resist, but they manifest no peculiarly vindictive spirit. They complain of bad treatment, but I can not learn that they display any desire to revenge themselves. They chuckle, indeed, with infinite glee over Southern disasters; they tell of the lies they told their former owners, of their pretenses to love them, of their forced obedience; they believe in the power of the Unionists to overthrow the Southern rule; they are willing to act as guides or scouts (occasionally), to work; to give all information; and the more intelligent they are the readier to aid us. But unless provoked by the foolish attempts of the rebels to carry them off, I doubt whether they will attempt any injury to the persons of the whites. The plundering indeed ravages evil, but if the rebels set the example by firing their own cotton-houses, they need not be surprised to find it imitated. If they persist in their attempts at forcibly restraining the slaves and in living at them, the worst consequences are likely to follow."

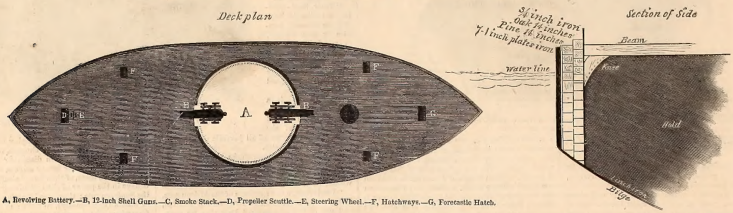
Some writers from Port Royal have stated that the negroes will not work, but that when work is offered them they will fly to the woods. This is indignantly denied by other writers, and by several officers of the expedition, who state that the contrabands work willingly and ably. It would not be surprising if poor Sambo, after a dozen generations of slavery, should want to celebrate his sudden emancipation by a brief holiday.

MISS BROWNLOW, PARSON BROWNLOW'S DAUGHTER.

COLONEL RANKIN'S LANCER REGIMENT, NOW AT DETROIT, MICHIGAN.—SKETCHED BY B. R. ERMAN.—[SEE PAGE 811.]



THE ERICSSON STEEL-CLAD BATTERY, NOW BUILDING AT GREEN POINT, LONG ISLAND.



A, Revolving Battery.—B, 12-inch Shell Guns.—C, Smoke Stack.—D, Propeller Scuttle.—E, Steering Wheel.—F, Hatchways.—G, Forecastle Hatch.

THE ERICSSON STEEL-PLATED BATTERY.

THE ERICSSON BATTERY, a sketch of which will be found on this page, is now in process of construction at the Continental Iron Works at Green Point, Long Island. She will be launched in the course of a few days. She is about 200 feet in length, with 36 feet beam and 11 feet depth of hold. Her hull is built of iron, and to protect her sides she is covered with a layer of oak 14 inches in thickness, another layer of pine 14 inches in thickness, the whole being plated with seven plates of one inch iron, making her shot-proof. A revolving fort, which contains two 12-inch guns, is placed upon the deck near the centre. This fort, or bomb-proof, is eight inches in thickness. The diameter of the fort is 20 feet inside, and it is 10 feet in height. She will be propelled by a powerful Ericsson engine. She is one of the most novel and interesting pieces of naval architecture constructed in this country. For proper reasons we forbear to give very full details in relation to this vessel, as we do not desire to give the rebels any information on such matters.

Other iron-clad vessels are being built at Philadelphia, Pennsylvania, and Mystic, Connecticut. By next summer we shall have several afloat.

OUR NEW MAPS.

WE continue in this Number the series of WAR MAPS, which have been so marked a feature of this journal since the war began. On this page we give a map showing the proposed reconstruction of the States of Virginia, Maryland, and Delaware. This can be best understood by reference to the following extract from the Report of the Secretary of War:

The geographical position of the metropolis of the nation, menaced by the rebels, and required to be defended by thousands of our troops, induces me to suggest for consideration the propriety and expediency of a reconstruction of the boundaries of the States of Delaware, Maryland, and Virginia. Wisdom and true statesmanship would dictate that the seat of the National Government, for all time to come, should be placed beyond reasonable danger of seizure by enemies within, as well as from capture by foes from without. By agreement between the States named, such as was effected, for similar purposes, by Michigan and Ohio, and by Missouri and Iowa, their boundaries could be so changed as to render the capital more remote than at present from the influence of State governments which have arrayed themselves in rebellion against the Federal authority. To this end, the limits of Virginia might be so altered as to make her boundaries consist of the Blue Ridge on the east and Pennsylvania on the north, leaving those on the south and west as at present. By this arrangement two counties of Maryland (Alleghany and Washington) would be transferred to the jurisdiction of Virginia. All that portion of Virginia which lies between the Blue Ridge and Chesapeake Bay could then be added to Maryland, while

MAP SHOWING THE NEW BOUNDARIES OF VIRGINIA, MARYLAND, AND DELAWARE AS PROPOSED BY SECRETARY CAMERON.

that portion of the peninsula between the waters of the Chesapeake and the Atlantic, now jointly held by Maryland and Virginia, could be incorporated into the State of Delaware. A reference to the map will show that there are great natural boundaries, which, for all time to come, would serve to mark the limits of these States.

To make the protection of the capital complete, in consideration of the large accession of territory which Maryland would receive under the arrangement proposed, it would be necessary that the State should consent to modify most pergoreal, it would be necessary that the State should consent to modify her Constitution as to limit the basis of her representation to her white population.

In this connection, it would be the part of wisdom to reannex to the District of Columbia that portion of its original limits which by act of Congress was retroceded to the State of Virginia.

This arrangement would reduce the size of the State of Virginia at least one-half, leaving the name of Virginia to that part only which is now mainly loyal. The disloyal section, comprising all the great cities of Virginia—Richmond, Norfolk, Fredericksburgh, Lynchburg, etc.—and all the sea-coast, would be annexed to Maryland, while Delaware would rise, by spreading over the whole peninsula between the Chesapeake and the ocean, to be a State of considerable magnitude. Under this reconstruction Maryland would become one of the three great States of the Union. We need hardly direct attention to the clause in the Secretary's report which hints that emancipation in Maryland must be the price paid for this acquisition of territory.

On this page we give a full and elaborate map of Tennessee, which, from all appearances, is destined to be the seat of war in the West. Our map shows the railway bridges broken in Eastern Tennessee by the Union men; the city of Nashville, which, according to some authorities, is destined to be the rebel capital; the city of Memphis, near which, in all probability, the bloodiest battle of the war will be fought; and all other cities and places of interest in the State. Our artist writes as follows of this map:

The bridges burned by the Union men of Eastern Tennessee were two bridges over Chickamauga Creek below Chattanooga, one fine bridge on the Eastern Tennessee and Georgia Railroad, over the Hiwassee River at Charleston, Tennessee; also two bridges on the Eastern Tennessee and Virginia Railroad, one of which over the Holston River at Union, near the Virginia line, was destroyed, the other, over Lick Creek, between Russellville and Greenville, was but partially burned and has been repaired.

A railroad bridge over the Tennessee River in the western part of the State has recently been completed, and there is now uninterrupted railroad communication between Nashville and the Mississippi River at Columbus and Memphis.

Morristown, where the reported victory of Parson Brownlow occurred, is on the Eastern Tennessee and Virginia Railroad. There is another place of the same name, simply a post-office in Grainger County, about 15 miles north of the railroad.

OUR ARMY AT WASHINGTON.

OUR attentive Washington correspondent has sent us the sketches which we reproduce on page 804. One of them represents the OBSERVATORY AND EARTHWORK ON UPTON'S HILL; another, an "AFFAIR OF PICKETS" on the road to Fairfax Court House, over the abattis placed in the road by the rebels; and a third, the late CAVALRY SKIRMISH near Vienna.

The following account of the cavalry skirmish near Vienna, from the Washington *Star*, will serve to explain the illustration:

The reconnoissance made yesterday by a squadron of the Third Pennsylvania regiment, consisting of companies F and N, under command of Captain Bell, in the neighborhood of Vienna, resulted disastrously to our forces. After reaching Vienna they took the right-hand road toward Dunn's Mill, and had gone about a mile and a half when they suddenly found themselves hemmed in on three sides by an ambuscade of the rebel cavalry, but also of infantry. The discharges of the rebel musketry placed the horses of our cavalry beyond the control of their riders, the animals having been but recently brought into service, and therefore unaccustomed to such alarms. The officers, after several ineffectual attempts to get their men in line for the purpose of making a charge, ordered a retreat, which was effected in as good order as the peculiar circumstances permitted.

The skirmish was brisk, though of short duration, the rebel cavalry firing hotshot from their carbines. The number of rebels killed and wounded is not known. John Bently, private in Company N, killed a rebel officer and captured his horse. The mark on the saddle was D. S. Davis, Edgeway, North Carolina.

Better fortune attended our arms on the occasion of Colonel Bayard's cavalry reconnoissance near Dranesville. The Colonel himself tells the story so briefly that we give his report in full:

CAMP PIERPONT, VIRGINIA, Nov. 27, 1861.

SIR,—In obedience to orders, I started from this camp yesterday with my regiment at nine o'clock in the evening, for the purpose of marching on Dranesville. We reached positions above and behind Dranesville shortly after five in the morning, after a very tedious and tedious march. Major Barrows advanced on the town by the northern pike which leads to it with two companies of the regiment, while I with the other eight skirted the town of the town, and advanced by the Leesburg pike. There were but two pickemen in the town. These were cavalrymen belonging to Colonel J. E. B. Stuart's regiment of Virginia horse, and were captured, with their horses and arms, by Captain Stoddartsburg, Company B. I arrested as well as captured three of Dranesville; who are known to be accessories of the bittered stamp. The names of the citizens taken are as follows: John P. Dye, M.D., of Dranesville; B. H. Gannell, of Great Falls, Virginia; John T. D. Bacon and C. W. Coleman, of Dranesville; W. B. Dye, M.D., of Dranesville, and J. B. Fair.

Upon my return, some miles from Dranesville, a fire was opened upon the head of the column from a thick pine wood. Assistant-Surgeon Alexander was severely wounded, and private Joel Houghtling was badly wounded, and I had my horse killed. The wood was instantly surrounded, and the cavalrymen sent into the woods. We killed two and captured four, one of whom was shot twice, and is not likely to live. I captured two good horses, five shot-guns, one Hall's rifle, and two pistols.

The names of the prisoners are as follows: W. D. Farley, First Lieutenant South Carolina Volunteers (was Captain on Beaufort steamer); Sergeant J. H. Carnahean, Lieutenant Seventh South Carolina Volunteers; P. W. Cooper, Seventh South Carolina Volunteers; Thomas Coleman, citizen of Dranesville (dangerously wounded); F. Hildebrand, private Thirtieth Virginia cavalry; A. M. Whitten, private Thirtieth Virginia cavalry (taken at Dranesville as picket). We killed or captured all we saw.

I can say this report without speaking of the splendid manner in which both men and officers behaved. The fine manner in which Majors Jones and Bayard, and the Second Lieutenant of the Fifth cavalry, Mr. Barrows, acted, can not be too highly commended or appreciated. As stated well, am I sure not but then publicly express my admiration for their truly admirable behavior.

I am, Sir, very respectfully, your obedient servant,

GEO. D. BAYARD,
Colonel First Pennsylvania Cavalry.

MAJOR-GENERAL M'CALL, Commanding Division, etc. &c.

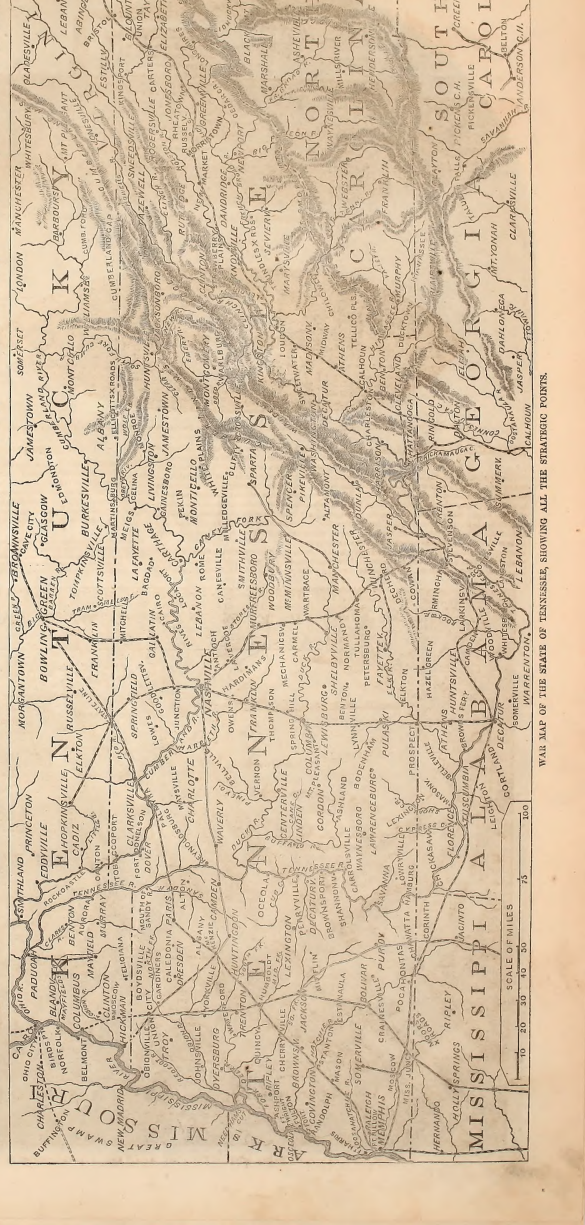
THE COMBINED EUROPEAN FLEET AGAINST MEXICO.

We publish on page 812 a view of the COMBINED BRITISH, FRENCH, AND SPANISH FLEET now collected at Havana for the purpose of operating against Mexico. The Spanish vessels are the most numerous, the British the least, though the largest in size of ships. The British send 850 guns and 10,000 men; the Spanish Admiral, Rubalcava, commands twelve steamers, mounting 300 guns; and the French Admiral, Jurien de la Graviere, ten, also mounting 310 guns. The following extract from the Convention between the three Powers will show the purpose of the expedition:

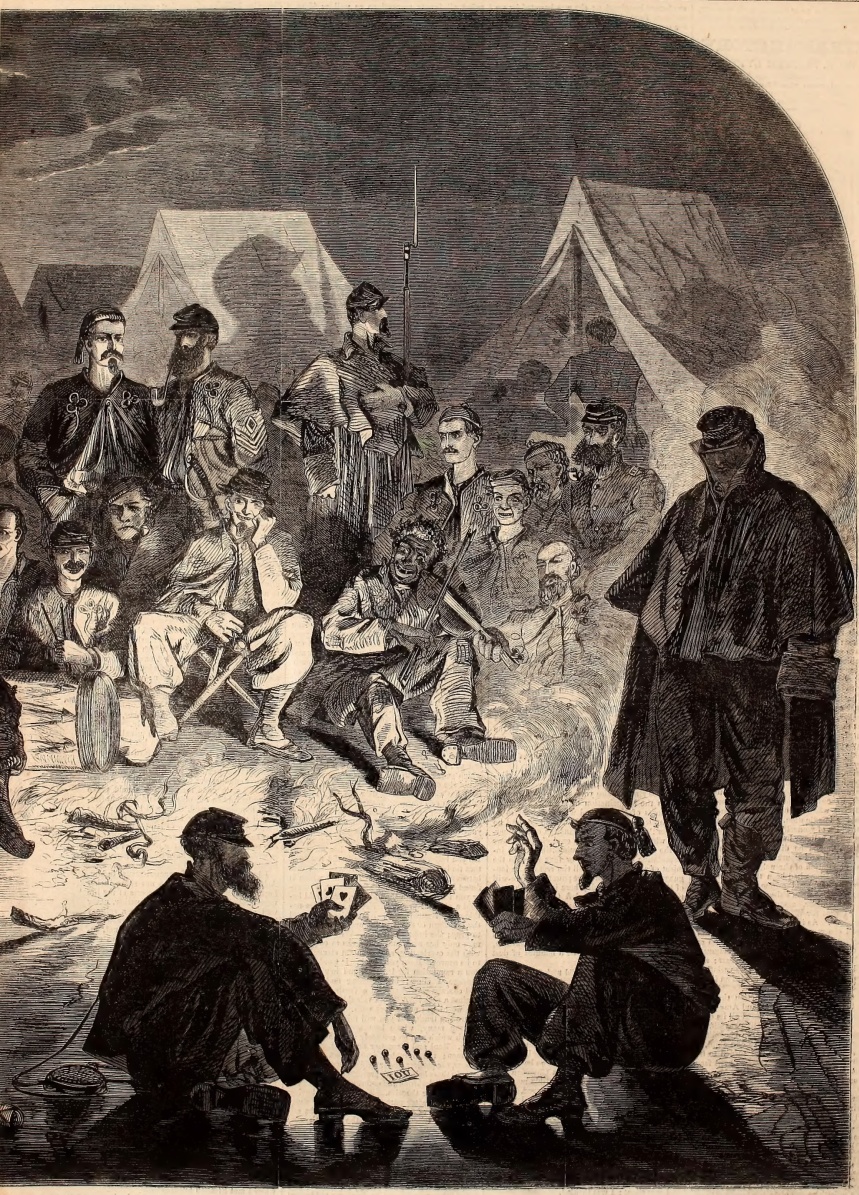
Art. 1. Her Majesty the Queen of the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland, her Majesty the Queen of Spain, and his Majesty the Emperor of the French engage to make, immediately after the signature of the present convention, the necessary arrangements for dispatching to the coasts of Mexico combined naval and military forces, the strength of which shall be determined by a further interchange of communications between their Governmental fortresses and military positions on the Mexican coast.

The commanders of the allied forces shall be, moreover, authorized to execute the other operations which may be considered, on the spot, most suitable to effect the object specified in the preamble of the present convention, and specifically to insure the security of foreign residents.

All the measures contemplated in this article shall be taken in the name and on account of the high contracting parties, without reference to the particular nationality of the forces employed to execute them.


KENTUCKY
TENNESSEE
VIRGINIA
NORTH CAROLINA
SOUTH CAROLINA
GEORGIA
ALABAMA
MISSISSIPPI
ARKANSAS
LOUISIANA
MISSOURI
SCALE OF MILES
0 10 20 30 40 50 75 100
LONDON
MANCHESTER
SOMERSET
LEBANON
LABANON
BLAKESVILLE
WHITESBORO
HARRODSVILLE
ESTILL
MT. VERNON
LANCASTER
CRAB ORCHARD
STANFORD
DANVILLE
PERRYVILLE
HARRODSBURG
LEXINGTON
VERSAILLES
FRANKFORT
GEORGETOWN
SHELBYVILLE
SHELBYVILLE
LOUISVILLE
BARDSTOWN
BRANDENBURG
HENDERSON
OWENSBORO
HOPKINSVILLE
CLARKSVILLE
PRINCETON
EDDYVILLE
PADUCAH
CAIRO
BELMONT
COLUMBUS
HICKMAN
CLINTON
MAYFIELD
MURRAY
PARIS
CALEDONIA
JACKSON
MADISON
CHARLESTON
BUFFINGTON
NEW MADRID
SWAMP
GREAT
CUMBERLAND GAP
CUMBERLAND FORD
JAMESTOWN
ALBANY
BURKESVILLE
GLASGOW
CAVE CITY
BOWLINGGREEN
MORGANTOWN
GREEN
RUSSELLVILLE
ELKTON
HOPKINSVILLE
CADIZ
CANTON
TROY
DRESDEN
UNION CITY
OBION
TROY
HICKMAN
BOYDSVILLE
MOUTH
SANDY
CALEDONIA
ARNOLD
MILLIGAN
COLUMBUS
BELMONT
NORFOLK
BIRDS
POINT
CAIRO
OHIO
MISSISSIPPI
RIVER
MONTICELLO
SOMERSET
LAFAYETTE
BRADFORDSVILLE
HARRODSBURG
SPRINGFIELD
LEBANON
NASHVILLE
FRANKLIN
SCOTTSVILLE
TOMPKINSVILLE
GALLATIN
HARTSVILLE
CARTHAGE
LEBANON
ROME
CANEVILLE
GAINESBORO
WOODSTOCK
SMITHVILLE
MCMINNSVILLE
WARTRACE
MANCHESTER
TULLAHOMA
WINCHESTER
ATHENS
CHARLESTON
CLEVELAND
DALTON
CHATTANOOGA
RINGGOLD
TUNNEL HILL
CROSSVILLE
CARTHAGE
GAINESBORO
CELINA
LIVINGSTON
JAMESTOWN
ALBANY
MONTGOMERY
SPARTA
SPENCER
PIKEVILLE
ALTAMONT
SEWANEE
POWELTON
JASPER
STEVENSON
BRIDGEPORT
SCOTTSBORO
STEVENSON
HUNTSVILLE
DECATUR
ATHENS
ELKTON
PULASKI
FAYETTEVILLE
SHELBYVILLE
MURFREESBORO
LEBANON
NASH

A BIVOUAC FIRE



ON THE POTOMAC.

[Entered according to Act of Congress, in the Year 1861, by Harper & Brothers, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Southern District of New York].

A STRANGE STORY.

By Sir E. BULWER LYTTON.

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CHAPTER XLVI.

JULIUS FABER and Amy Lloyd staid in my house three days, and their presence gave to me a sense of healthful security and peace. Amy wished to visit her father's house, and I asked Faber, in taking her there, to seize the occasion to see Lilian, that he might communicate to me his impression of a case so peculiar. I prepared Mrs. Ashleigh for this visit by a previous note. When the old man and the child came back both brought me comfort. Amy was charmed with Lilian, who had received her with the sweetness natural to her real character, and I loved to hear Lilian's praise from those innocent lips.

Faber's report was still more calculated to console me:

"I have seen, I have conversed with her long and familiarly. You were quite right—there is no tendency to consumption in that exquisite, if delicate, organization; nor do I see cause for the fear to which your statement had prejudiced me. That head is too nobly formed for any constitutional cerebral infirmity. In its organization ideality, wonder, veneration are large, it is true, but they are balanced by other organs, now perhaps almost dormant, but which will come into play as life passes from romance into duty. Something at this moment evidently oppresses her mind. In conversing with her, I observe abstractions, vacillations: I am so convinced of her truthfulness, that if she has once told you she returned your affection, and pledged to you her faith, I should, in your place, rest perfectly satisfied that whatever be the cloud that now rests on her imagination, and for the time obscures the idea of yourself, it will pass away."

Faber was a believer in the main divisions of phrenology, though he did not accept all the dogmas of Gall and Spurzheim; while, to my mind, the refutation of phrenology in its fundamental propositions had been triumphantly established by the lucid arguments of Sir Wm. Hamilton.* But when Faber rested on phrenological observations, assurances in honor of Lilian, I forgot Sir W. Hamilton, and believed in phrenology. As iron girders and pillars expand and contract with the mere variations of temperature, so will the strongest conviction on which the human intellect rests its judgment vary with the changes of the human heart; and the building of Gall and Spurzheim, while

than one person has told me that you are looking ill and jaded. So you are! And the town now is hot and unhealthy. You must come to Derval Court for a week or so. You can ride into town every day to see your patients. Don't refuse. Margrave, who is still with me, sends all kind messages, and bade me say that *he* entreats you to come to the house at which he also is a guest."

I started. What had the Scin-Laeca required of me, and obtained to that condition my promise? "If you are asked to the house at which I also am a guest, you will come; you will meet and converse with me as guest speaks to guest in the house of a host!" Was this one of the coincidences which my reason was bound to accept as coincidences and nothing more? But, tut! Was I returning again to my "hallucinations?" Granting that Faber and common sense were in the right, what was this Margrave? An ordinary mortal, to whose friendship, acuteness, and energy I was under the deepest obligations; to whom I was indebted for active services that had saved not only life from a serious danger, acquitted my honor of a horrible suspicion. "I thank you," I said to Strahan, "I will come; not, indeed, for a week, but, at all events, for a day or two."

"That's right; I will call for you in the carriage at six o'clock. You will have done your day's work by then!"

"Yes, I will so arrange."

On our way to Derval Court that evening Strahan talked much about Margrave, of whom, nevertheless, he seemed to be growing weary.

"His high spirits are too much for me," said he; "and then so restless—so incapable of sustained quiet conversation. And, clever though he is, he can't help me in the least about the new house I shall build. He has no notion of construction. I don't think he could build a barn."

I thought you did not like to demolish the old house, and would content yourself with pulling down the more ancient part of it?"

"True. At first it seemed a pity to destroy so handsome a mansion; but you see, since poor Sir Philip's manuscript, on which he set such store, has been lost mutilated, I fear, to allow me to effect his wish with regard to it, I think I ought at least scrupulously to obey his other whims. And, besides—I don't know—there are odd noises about the old house. I don't believe in haunted houses, still there is something dreary in strange sounds at the dead of night, even if made by rats, or winds through decaying rafters. You, I remember at college, had a taste for architecture, and can draw plans. I wish to follow out Sir Philip's design, but on a smaller scale, and with more attention to comfort."

Thus he went on to run, as satisfied to find me a silent and attentive listener. We arrived at the mansion an hour before sunset, and, entering light rooms full against the many windows cased in mouldering pilasters, and making the general dilapidation of the whole place yet more mournfully evident.

It was but a few minutes to the dinner hour. I went up at once to the room appropriated to me—but the coat I had before occupied. Strahan had already got together a new establishment. I was glad to find in the servant who attended me an old acquaintance. He had been in my own employ when I first settled at L——, and left me to get married. He and his wife were now both in Strahan's service. He spoke warmly of his new master and his contentment with his situation, while he unpacked my carpet-bag and assisted me to change my dress. But the chief object of his talk and his praise was Mr. Margrave.

"A wonderful fine gentleman, by the first fine day in May!"

Margrave was always popular with women and people—common people in any class—popular with those who did not see nor converse much with him.

When I came into the dining-room Margrave and Strahan were both there. The former was blithe and genial, as usual, in his welcome. At dinner, and during the whole evening till we retired severally to our own rooms, he was the principal talker; recounting incidents of travel, always very loosely strung together, jesting, goodhumoredly enough, at Strahan's sudden hobby for building, then putting questions to me about mutual acquaintances, but never waiting for an answer, and every now and then, as if at random, startling us with some brilliant aphorism or some suggestion drawn from abstract science or unfamiliar erudition. The whole effect was sparkling, but I could well understand that, if long continued, it would become oppressive. The mind has need of pauses of repose—intervals of escape not only from the flesh, but even from the mind. A man of the loftiest intellect will experience times when his intellect not only fatigues him, but amidst its most original conceptions, amidst its proudest triumphs, has a something trite and commonplace compared with one of those vague intimations of a spiritual destiny which are not within the ordinary domain of reason; and, gazing abstractedly into space, will leave suspended some problem of severest thought, or uncompleted some golden palace of imperial poesy, to indulge the passive instinct that do not differ from those of an innocent, quiet child! The soul has a long road to travel—from time through eternity. It demands its halting hours of contemplation. Contemplation is serene. But with such wants of an immortal fragmentarial spirit, Margrave had no fellowship, no sympathy; and for myself, I need scarcely add that the lines I have just traced I should not have written at the date at which my narrative has now arrived.

CHAPTER XLIX.

I HAD no case that necessitated my return to L—— the following day. The earlier hours of the forenoon I devoted to Strahan and his building plans. Margrave flitted in and out of the room fitfully as an April sunbeam, sometimes singing himself on a sofa and reading for a few minutes one of the volumes of the ancient mystics, in which Sir Philip's library was so rich. I remember it was a volume of Proclus. He read that crabbed and semi-barbarous Greek with a fluency that surprised me. "I picked up the ancient Greek," said he, "years ago in learning the modern." But the book soon tired him; and then he would come and, after the orderly enjoying Strahan's peevishness at interruption; then he would throw open the window and leap down, chasing one of his wild savage airs; and in another moment he was half hid under the drooping boughs of a broad lime-tree, amidst the antlers of deer that gathered fondly round him. In the afternoon my host was called away to attend some visitors of importance, and I found myself on the grass before the house, right in view of the mausoleum, and alone with Margrave.

I turned my eyes from that dumb House of Death wherein rested the corpse of the last lord of the soil, so strangely murdered, with a strong desire to speak out to Margrave the doubts respecting himself that tortured me. But, setting aside the promise to the contrary, which I had given, or dreamed I had given, to the Luminous Shadow—to fulfill that desire would have been impossible—impossible to any one gazing on that handsome, careless face. I think I see him now as I saw him then; a white doe, that even my presence could not scare away from him, stood patiently by his side, looking up at him with her soft eyes. He stood there like the incarnate principle of mythological sensuous life. I have before applied to him that illustration: let the repetition be pardoned. Impossible, I repeat it, to say to that creature, face to face; "Art thou the master of demoniac arts and the instigator of secret murders?" As if from redundant happiness within himself, he was humming, or rather cooing, a strain of music, so sweet, so sweet, so wildly sweet, and so unlike the music one hears from virginals in crowded rooms! I passed my hand over my forehead in bewilderment and awe.

"An Eton hymn," I said, unconsciously—"are there, indeed, such prodigies in Nature?"

"Nature!" he cried, catching up the word; "talk to me of Nature! Talk of her, the wondrous blissful Mother! Mother I may well call her. I am her spoiled child, her darling—But oh, to the, poor man, or to one sight of Nature!—to rot, senseless, whether under these turfs or within those dead walls—"

I could not resist the bitter irony.

"Like you murdered man! murdered, and by whom?"

"By whom? I thought that was clearly proved!"

"The hand was proved; what influence moved the hand?"

"Tush! the poor wretch spoke of a Demon! Who can tell? Nature herself is a grand destroyer. See that pigeon's bird, in its beak a writhing worm! All Nature's children live to take life;* none, indeed, so lavishly as man. What beautiful slaughtered, not to satisfy the irresistible, sting of hunger, but for the wanton ostentation of a feast, which he has scarcely taste, or for the sport that he finds in destroying. We speak with such a measure of these prey; what beast of prey is so dire a ravager as man? So cruel and so remorseless? Look at yon flock of sheep, bred and fattened for the shambles, and this hind that I caress, when the season comes, by the park-keeper, should I refuse to shoot her because of the caress?"

"It is true," said I, "a grim truth. And, on the setting day. The sun so gentle, is full of terror in her deeps when our thought descends into their abyss!"

Strahan now joined us with a party of country visitors.

"Margrave is the man to show you the beauties of this park," said he. "Margrave knows every bosk and dingle, twisted old thorn-tree, or opening glade, in its intricate, undulating ground."

Margrave seemed delighted at this proposition, and as he led us through the park, though he was not a botanist, I think he was better than one seemed fatigued. For the pleasure he felt in pointing out detached beauties which escaped an ordinary observer. Sometimes, He did not talk as talks the poet or the painter; but at some lovely effect of light among the tremulous leaves, some sudden glimpse of a sportive rivulet below, he would halt, point it out to us in silence, and with a kind of childlike ecstasy in his own bright face that seemed to reflect the life and the bliss of the blithe summer-day itself.

Thus seen, all my doubts in his dark secret nature faded away. I felt no horror, all my hate it was impossible to resist the charm that breathed round him, not to feel a tender, affectionate sympathy drawn to him as to some fair, happy child. Well might he call himself the Darling of Nature! Was he not the mysterious likeness of the Luminous Shadow, the Apollo, lo in one aspect, divine as Typhoon in another?

CHAPTER L.

"WHAT a strange-looking cane you have, Sir!" said a little girl, who was one of the party, and who had entwined her arm round Margrave's. "Let me look at it."

"Yes," said Strahan; "that cane, or rather walking-staff, of Margrave's is worth looking at. He bought it in Egypt, and declares that it is very ancient."

This staff seemed constructed from a reed; looked at, it seemed light, in the hand it felt heavy: it was of a pale, faded yellow, wrought with black rings at equal distances, and graven with half-obliterated characters that seemed hieroglyphic. I hastened to have sent Margrave with it before, but I had never noticed it with any attention till now, when it was passed from hand to hand. At the head of the cane there was a large unpolished stone of a dark blue.

"Is this a pebble or a jewel?" asked one of the party.

"I can not tell you its name," said Margrave; "but it is said to cure the bite of serpents,"

* May I be pardoned, since Allen Fenwick does not confess, in his reply, the title fallacy contained in Margrave's remarks on the destroying agency of Nature, if I earnestly commend to the general reader the careful perusal of chapter xiii., page 120, of Dr. Duckland's Bridgewater Treatise—Geology and Mineralogy—in the "Aggregate of animal enjoyment increased and that of pain diminished by the existence of carnivorous race." Nothing in the mind can surpass the terseness and simplicity with which the truth of that proposition is worked out to the vindication of the great drama of universal life.

† The following description of a stone at Corfu, celebrated as an antidote to the venom of the serpent's bite, was given to me by an eminent scholar and legal functionary in that island:

"Description of the Blue Stone.—This stone is of an oval shape, 1½ in. long, ⅞ broad, ⅓ thick, and, having been broken formerly, it now set in gold.

"When a person is bitten by a poisonous snake, the bite must be opened by a cut of a lancet or razor both ways, and the stone applied within twenty-four hours. The stone then attaches itself firmly on the wound, and when it has done its office falls off, the cure is then complete: the stone must then be thrown into milk, wherein upon it vomits the poison it has absorbed, which remains green on the top of the milk, and the stone is then again fit for use.

"The stone has been from time immemorial in the family of Ventura, of Corfu, a house of Italian origin, and is notorious, as that peasants immediately apply for its aid. The virtues have been imparted by the fracture. Its nature or composition are unknown.

and has other supposed virtues—a talisman, in short.

He here placed the staff in my hands, and bade me look at it with care. Then he changed the conversation and renewed the way, leaving the staff with me, till, suddenly, I forced it back on him. I could not have explained why, but its touch, as it warmed in my clasp, seemed to send through my whole frame a singular thrill, and a strange sickness. I no longer felt my own weight—as if I walked on air.

Our rambles came to a close; the visitors went away; I re-entered the house through the sashwindow of Forman's study; Margrave threw his hat and staff on the table, and amused himself while examining minutely the tracery on the mantle-piece. Strahan and myself left him thus occupied, and going into the adjoining library, resumed our task of examining the plans for the new house. I continued to draw outlines and sketches of various alterations tending to simplify and contract Sir Philip's general design. Margrave soon joined us, and this time he was seat patiently beside our table, watching me use ruler and compass with unwonted attention.

"I wish I could draw," he said; "but I can do nothing useful."

"Rich men like you," said Strahan, peevishly, "can engage others, and are better employed in rewarding good artists than in making bad drawings themselves."

"Perhaps. I can employ others; and—Fenwick, when you have finished with Strahan I will ask your permission to employ you, though without reward: the task I will impose on you will not take you a minute."

I threw down myself back in his chair, and seemed to fall into a doze.

The dressing-bell rang; Strahan put away the plans—rubbed, they were now pretty well finished and decided on.

Margrave woke up as our host left the room to dress, and drawing me toward another table in the room, sat down before me one of those mysterious books, and, pointing to an old wood-cut, said, "I will ask you to copy this for me; it pretends to be a likeness of Solomon's famous seal. I have a whimsical desire to have a copy of it. You observe two triangles interlaced and inserted in a circle. The miracle, in short. Yes, just so. You need not add the astrological characters, they are the senseless superfluous accompaniments of the learner who wrote this book. But the pentacle itself has an intelligible meaning; it belongs to the only universal language, the language of symbol, in which all men that think—around, and above, and below us—can establish communion of thought. If in the existent universe there be one constitutive principle can be detected, it is that principle in which consists the most positive of all the sciences, viz., the geometrical; and in every region of the world in which magic pretends to a writer character, I find that its hieroglyphics are geometrical figures. Is it not probable that the most positive of all the sciences should thus lend its angles and circles to the use of—what shall I call it?—the most positive of all arts, in the word—the ignorance of dealers in magic!"

He took up the paper on which I had hastily sketched the triangles and the circle, and went out of the room, chanting the serpent-charmer's song.

COLONEL RANKIN'S LANCERS.

WE publish on page 805 an illustration of Colonel Rankin's Regiment of Lancers, now in quarters at Detroit, Michigan, from a sketch kindly sent us by Mr. B. R. Evans. This is the regiment about which the Canadian authorities have made such a noise, and on account of which Colonel Rankin has been dismissed from the Canadian militia. It is to be 1600 strong, armed and equipped like the 16th Regiment of British Lancers. The principal weapon used will be the lance, whose haft will be 10 feet long, and the blade 14 inches. It is held upright when marching, the end resting on a portion of the stirrup. In charging, it is thrust forward so as to project considerably beyond the horse's head, the haft being attached to the rider's arm by a strong cord. In addition to the lance, each man will be provided with sabre rifle, and pistol. The lance is known as "la reine des armes blanches," and well-drilled regiments of lancers have always been deemed very formidable in the field. It is understood that Colonel Rankin's Regiment will be incorporated into the Regular army, and will be retained in service after the war. It is to take the field during the present month.

The French Lancers have always been considered the flower of their cavalry. The men are the tallest and finest in the service, the horses equal to those of the famous cuirassiers. It is understood that General M'Clellan, during his tour of inspection in Europe, was much impressed w i t h the value of lancers as an object to other service, and recommended the adoption of the weapo n by our War Department. Colonel Rankin's regiment is the forefruit of the suggestion: and all that we hear about it is likely to give a good account of itself, and make the old cavalry regiments look to their fame.

"A WHITE DOE, THAT EVEN MY PRESENCE COULD NOT SCARE AWAY FROM HIM, STOOD PATIENTLY BY HIS SIDE," ETC.

* "In a cave where two were stung at the same time by serpents, the stone was applied to one, who recovered, but the other, for whom it could not be used, died.

"It never failed but once, and then it was applied *after* the twenty-four hours.

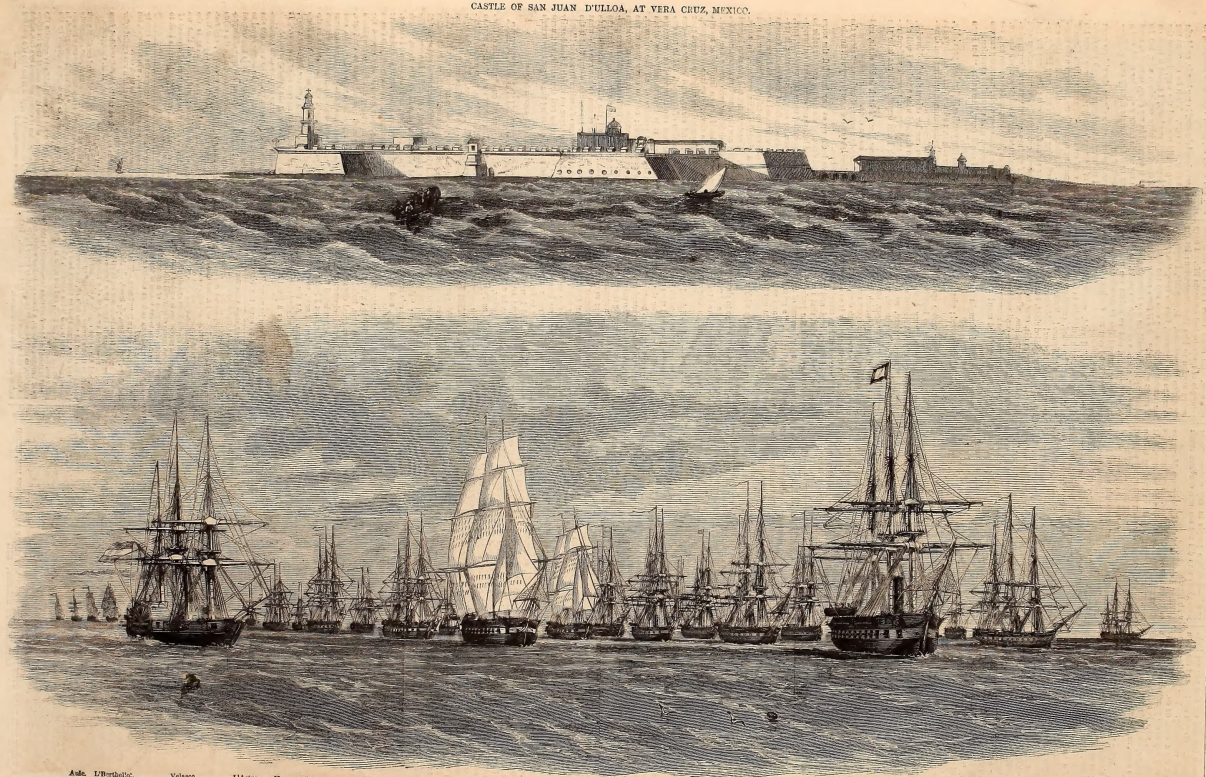
"Its color is so dark as not to be distinguished from black."

"Corfu, 7th *Nov.*, 1860."

Sir Emerson Tennant, in his popular and excellent work on Ceylon, gives an account of "snake stones" apparently similar to the one at Corfu, except that they are "unusually black and highly polished," and which are applied, in much the same manner, to the wounds inflicted by the cobra capella.

Query.—Might it not be worth while to ascertain the chemical properties of these stones, and, if they be efficacious in the extraction of venom received by a bite, might they not be as successful if applied to the bite of a mad dog as that of a cobra capella?

CASTLE OF SAN JUAN D'ULLOA, AT VERA CRUZ, MEXICO.



THE COMBINED SPANISH, FRENCH, AND ENGLISH EXPEDITION AGAINST MEXICO.—[SEE PAGE 807.]

'TWEEN DECKS OF A UNITED STATES MAN-O'-WAR IN ACTION.

WOUNDED.

I SHALL never forget that day. We were all sitting on a rock down by the beach just under the cliffs. Sitting talking of the war, speculating and discussing. Of course we should win the day —every day. Who doubted that? At the end of these three months we should see this foolish rebellion half, if not quite mastered! It was mainly the end now—only think!—and our boys all coming back safe. So we talked on that day—that day of Monday, July——. It was quite late in the afternoon too, for we do not get the papers early at Newport, and we never knew we were talking right in the face of death about our boys all coming back safe. All coming back safe? Ah me!

Then Camilla Payne read that sonnet of Dobell's —"Home in War Time"—just the sweetest, saddest thing. I hear her melting tones now, saying softly, while the waves murmured an accompaniment,

"She turned the fair page with her fairer hand—
More fair and frail than it was wont to be;
Over each remembered thing he loved to see
She lingered, and as with a fairy's wand
Enchanted it to order. Oft she fanned
New notes into the sun; and as a bee
Hangs through a brake of bells, so murmured she.
And so her patient love did understand
The reliquary poem. Upon the sill
She fed his favorite bird. 'Ah, Robin, sing!
He loves thee.' Then she touches a sweet string
Of soft remembrance toward the Eastern hill
Smiles all her soul—for him who can not hear.
The waves sound high at his curtain ear."

As she ended Marian Hope burst forth into a passion of weeping, crying brokenly, too, between the sobs, "I think it is horrid, horrid, that ending!"

St. George was there; he also shook his head at that last line, saying it was in bad taste certainly. It were better rung to some lofter change of comparison.

"Horrid, horrid!" still sobbed Marian—"what made you read it, Camilla? How could you?"

And thus till we thought her a baby, and St. George told her so, bending over and dropping a piece of sea-grass on her cheek. But he did not tell her so a second time, nor did we—but wait.

Bending over, dropping a piece of sea-grass on her wet cheek, saying in mercy—mercy—for her "nervous nonsense," calling "May! May! you little baby," he suddenly flung up his head at the sound of a gallop crunching upon the gravelly road beyond.

Yes, down he came, Richard Ware, riding his petted horse as that hot day at a hard gallop. Down he came, his head dropped into his breast, his mouth settled into a mournful stillness, which none of us understood. None of us but Marian Hope—her soul was prescient that day. Down he came, leaving his horse to the care of the first charge of a chance group on the beach, while he walked over to where we were sitting.

"What's the matter, Dick?" St. George shouted—"has the bank jilted you, or stocks fallen? Your face is like a death-warrant."

Something here stirred me to look at Marian Hope. That look shivered me. She had risen, and stood, hands clasped, eyes gazing wistfully into some mystical beyond, and an expression of some new knowledge and despair clouding her whole aspect.

From her I turned back again to Richard. He answered some word to St. George's jesting question, but with a still graver look held out to him a private dispatch. As he read it a whiteness came over his face. He raised his hand to his forehead, pressing hard, then dashed it down, paper and all, turning away with such a sick agony of pain in his face, that I knew the truth must be the shadow of death. I caught the "message" as it fell—just a few words:

"Lieutenant ——wounded—his feared mortally. Commissions to his brother St. George."

To Richard Ware, as a cousin of St. George's, this message came, and the painful duty of "communicating" it. Lieutenant ——, the prettiest young fellow! How well I remembered, only a year ago, his manly, modest electioneering—"the nearest to the throne," Ware said—in support of our Republican candidate! And there he was lying wounded, perhaps mortally; and here—I guessed what seemed the unreal save one—the woman who loved him, Marian Hope.

I went up to her, I put my arm about her, whispering her name with me, Marian; I felt that "something to tell you." She did not heed. The locked hands did not unclasp; the glazed eyes saw never an object in the actual scene before her. I knew upon what her vision dwelt. A far, far field, trampled out of all its summer freshness by myriad feet, by rolling wheels, by something more awful still—by shattering shot and shell, and stained by the blood of human lives. On this stained field she saw the mystical splendor, all the while, of blue hair dabbled and stiff, all the comely strength powerless now, at the mercy of every circumstance, wounded to the death, no hand to soothe, to help, no voice to whisper consolation in his extremity! This is what she saw with those glazed eyes, looking out far out beyond our reach.

Again I essayed to recall her. My womanly sense of silence rose up in alarm at this unconscious revelation of her soul.

"Come away," I whispered again; "I have something more to tell you, May."

It never so much as penetrated the outmost range of her understanding; she did not even hear my voice. In despair I looked about me. I met the eyes of Richard Ware. There were tears in them, I thought, and there was a strange look of mingled pity and pain upon his usually smiling face. At my glance he came forward. He read the story clearly as I, and he was a gentleman. I felt then that women could trust him with all the secrets of their love, and he would deal gently, reverently. He dealt reverently now. I don't know how it was. Some touch of the hand, some word low spoken, in a moment brought her out of her trance to a sense of present control; and in a moment more we went walking back, two and two, Richard Ware leading his horse as he walked beside her.

The whole town seemed changed as we entered it: a hush as of death spread over the streets, broken by knots of busy talkers here and there; and the low, wide house where we six were staying, always so cheery with music and laughter before, now echoed only grave, anxious voices and lowered tones. We went in, not as we had gone outbright with happy hopes and the joyous anticipation of our very first coming to the shore—but heavy-hearted, and filled with terrible forebodings, and an awful actual sense of loss. My room was just opposite Marian Hope's, and going up together, she asked, would I come in?

I remember perfectly, as I crossed the threshold, the chill air that blew in through the window blowing through the strings of an Æolian harp, shut in by the sash, in a mild, sweet strain of ghostly melody that was like a ghost; and just then from the *Constitution* a gun boomed sullenly. I was so shocked, so really frightened and nervous by this that I think I should have cried out but for the singular effect it seemed to have upon Marian. A mere coincidence, I said to myself; why should it stir me so? A mere coincidence! Well, you shall see for yourself.

Marian at the point I speak of suddenly stopped, looked expectantly, and then waited, with that same wistful air as before, but with a listening expression in her face, in her attitude quite new. And the time I was counting by that strange association of stillness, so to speak—a nightmare feeling that held me, spite of myself, from moving or speaking. It was a time, but a few seconds and age, and when she turned to me to speak I knew a clock was striking eight somewhere. She said,

"Did you hear, Lucy?"

Did I hear what? I heard the wild wailing of the Æolian strings; I heard the booming of a gun across the water; I heard a clock chime eight. She did not mean this—I knew it ere she spoke. But what?

Coming closer, bending down upon me a gaze of blended awe and unutterable human love, she whispered,

"Laura, I heard him call me. I saw, or dreamed, and she here covered her eyes with her hands, speaking lowly—"a little knoll, grass grown and rocky—and he, but he was dead. I saw that Southern sun, shining down upon the dearest head! You know whose, Laura; you have read my heart today. With the distinctness of a dream a distant bugle sound; with the booming of the gun I saw a sheet of white smoke; and then, oh then, dear Laura, a white face turned from me, ashen, ghastly and faint, but the eyes looking clearly into mine: clearly, Laura, clearly I saw them; do not say I did not—pitying us in your heart—pitying to stop the anticipated denial of her vision; a denial I never thought of making. "Then," and her voice hushed itself yet, "he shall be mine, Lucy, mine, urgent call—'Marian! Marian!' And then, Lucy?"

My mind began to work independently now, and I at once brought up all the possibilities against a plan like this, through which she only shook her head, saying quietly, "I must go."

Of course I must go. There was only the extravagant expression of her state. I had no more idea of her going, or of her believing it possible in her sober mind, than I had of going myself. I little knew her.

Leaving her, as I supposed, in a quieter condition, I went down to the dining-room. It is I found but one person, Richard Ware—Dick Ware, familiarly and naturally. And a good deal what you term a "Dick" he looked, handsome, brilliant, with a trifle, nay more than a trifle, of the *élégant*, had this Richard; one who provoked me sometimes by his airy manner, his easy cynicism, his French follies and foppishness; but slipping along in the smooth groove of luxury, and "the long, long course of peace," he had not had the desperation, born of his pampered tastes, flung himself down this shallow stream. The "long, long cankers of peace" were over, and the sun of the cannon was at least rousing him. The roar of the cannon—what else? I had my thoughts, but I kept still.

Entering the room, I went straight up to him, standing as he was, facing the window. He did not hear my footstep—only, as I brushed him, the rustle of gown. Then he turned, with a gesture of disappointment, yet relief, quickly veiled by courtesy.

I waited for me to speak. I would not. I would not hazard a single thought, where thoughts were so costly. He waited for me to speak of Marian, but Marian was my friend, my woman, and I was a woman. I might have told Richard Ware my own secrets, for I knew that underneath his frivolity was a *man reposed*. I left Marian Hope's until there was no need of keeping.

Presently he broke the silence himself.

"Miss Hope was much shocked," he said; "she is very excitable, or sympathetic."

I signified assent to this guarded speech, but I gave him nothing in return.

"I trust she is more composed—have you just come from her?"

Pausing again I lifted my eyes in the moonlight to observe him. He searched them with a look, and then we scrutinized each other at the end. So he dropped all masks, and exclaimed in a soft, vehement whisper,

"She loves him!"

I had no need to assent nor dissent. "Invisible truth is stronger than indisputable appearances," and we had dealt in both. But the ice once broken, he went on in a fervid flow of talk, not fully free in words, but breathing passionate depth in its overlaying of eloquent generalities—a talk suited to the hour, touching upon this first struggle, the sacrifice and loss—of the present individual grief that had come into our circle—of suspense and anxious hope deferred, and fancy's awful horrors.

Pity and tender consideration rang through his words, but a tenser string of pain was vibrating in a long quivering sob—a tooth of suffering that sharpened its fangs at another point than "pity and tender consideration."

"She will suffer most," he added; "and if he dies, which is probable, you know, it will be a long time; but she is young—she must recover in mind—"

The wreathing sprays of the balm-vine trailing in at the window were here suddenly caught, crushed into his hand against his mouth, as if he were loathing himself for thought and word, and so broke off; but the balm-vine brought then no balm of solace to Richard Ware.

By-and-by he resumed:

"Such a splendid young fellow as he was! It is hard to believe him lost to us. A hard fate for him, right in the face of youth and glory. But yet, the wine of life was very sweet in his cup—no bitter. Young, ardent, earnest, and in divine possession of God's first gift, he did not live to lose or change. No"—dropping still lower all masks now, speaking to passionate pain in the passionate night of summer rain and lightning flashes—"no, I envy him—envy him; with such possession it were sweet to lie there wounded, dying, Laura!"

I spanned his wrist with my hand as I said,

"You are mistaken, he never knew—nor ever asked to know."

"Ah"—long drawn, and a lift of the head—"is it so? She gives him so much voluntarily. Perhaps, perhaps"—he shuddered—and turned away from himself, breaking off his words, maybe his thought; and touching my hand, said "Good-night," turning to the door, and coming back to whisper, "Let me serve her, if service is needed."

It was late morning when I awoke, after this vivid night of fever and thought was Marian Hope. Dressing hastily, I sought her. Her room was quite still; was it vacant, or had she too overslept? A servant turned the corner at my third knock.

Miss Hope had gone down some time ago. I went down—I looked quickly into the parlor—she was not there; out upon the verands—nor there was she. As I stood wondering, the door of an united two-story house in front of Ware beckoned me in. Glancing into his face, and the face of her who sat in the deep window, Marian Hope, I knew the secret was all told. I was sure, certain even.

Through the clefts of confession her soul had grown stronger. His, since yesterday shrouded in solemn night, had entirely settled itself into quiet during this interview.

There was a burning depth in the deep darks of his eyes, and his face was marvellously pale, as I was silently raging beneath the calm exterior. I pitied him, with a sob rising in my throat. In a few rapid moments he made acquaintance with the plan of her determination. It was more feasible than I had thought, though startling. To go out to Richmond!

"How is that possible?" I exclaimed, breathless.

"More possible than you think. Do you know that my uncle is there, doing hard forward and, with a ghost of a smile, whispered a name that thrilled me with surprise—a name I shall not reveal here—a famous name for high distinction, for whose powerful influence, which she did not doubt obtaining, she would compass her desires.

I looked at Marian Hope. A proud, reserved girl in her usual action, how the sublime heights of love had carried her beyond conventions and womanly reticences! Yet I marvelled not why she chose Richard Ware for this confession—Richard Ware of all others. Perhaps my face expressed my thought, for she suddenly explained:

"I have known Richard all my life, you know; he is like a brother, or what a brother should be:" and here she looked with a swift impulse of grateful gratitude, of simple affection, brushing that soft, beautiful hair into his hands, where she hid her other face a moment in thanking. Carved in stone the face that bent above her might have been, but for the troubled eyes misty with unshed tears.

Lifting her face at length: "And he owes all his kindness by accompanying me to Washington."

"From whence—" I began.

"From whence I shall find means of communicating with my uncle, and then proceed onward."

She stopped—a shadow crossed her face—then looking up clearly:

"Friends, understand me completely. I go out and as the lover of Richard Ware, but to restore him yet"—very clearly now, quite proudly indeed, with inscrutable eyes of impassioned faith—"yet do I love him!"

A reverent silence fell upon us, and out of it she glided from the room. Noon came restless and fevered, with the last news of the dead—the wounded. Night at last brought us tidings.

There was one item never to be forgotten by three of us, by Marian Hope perhaps by the rest of the world. It told how, after hours of neglected suffering—hours that passed through a night and lengthened into a day—found at the close a gallant young officer, lying upon a certain knoll where he had fallen, was again wounded by a chance shot.

My spiritual sense at once took in the meaning of this; the relation was quite minute, and the signs unmistakable. But what was it? A coincidence!

I recalled the yesternight—the faint, wild prophecy of the wind-harp, the bugle-call heard by that strained ear, the sudden gun, the white puff and sheet of smoke—and then I remembered it was the close of the *second day*, and the clock was striking eight!

As I summed it all up a thrill ran through me, and I covered my face with my hands. I had heard of such things, but had thought little about them, given them little credence, perhaps; and now, how was I to dispose of this coincidence?

As I thought, into my room came a swift-gliding step, a silken rustle, and Marian Hope, in her dressing-robe, fluttered to my feet.

"Did you read it, Lucy?" was all she asked, with eyes clear as ether, and filled with a deep, internal light.

She knew that I remembered.

"And I go to-night," she murmured, bowing her head upon my folded hands.

The train was late at Richmond; and up and down the platform a gentleman of the stalest bearing waited and waited, with evident anxiety in his dark-bearded face. At length the locomotive's shrill hallo heralds approach, and in sweeps the long line of cars, bringing what he seeks—a lady in charge of a young Confederate officer.

"Maizy, Maizy, my child!" he says, tenderly, as he holds her a moment close to his breast. And at the old pet name of her childhood Marian recollings closer still, weeping out emotions which he as yet little understands, but which he endeavors to soothe in a fond, fatherly fashion. "Not in it, Maizy?" he goes on; "did you get frightened, my little Southern birdie, up there in the chilly North?"

Very dear to her uncle was Marian Hope—a "little Southern birdie," as he called her, for her dead mother, his only sister. Very dear; but she tried him sorely that night.

They were sitting alone together in the library, and she had told him her story—the whole story, omitting nothing—neither her involuntary love for the ubiquitous Coincidence or her very clear of the second day. It seems a hazardous experiment the unfolding of such a tale, but Marian Hope knew the man with whom she had to deal—a man of subtle intellect and an unusual delicacy of interior perception. He pondered a while over it, neither expressing surprise or incredulity, but in utter silence, regarding her with speculative interest now and then.

At last, "You came to see this man?" he said.

"I came to save him, to restore him if he yet lives." She had answered promptly, but her voice faltered now at the second possibility which she "if" suggested. There was no lack of surprise now in her listener's face, and, with a half smile at her temerity, he said,

"And how do you propose to do it?"

She bent upon him a look that was both ardent and believing—as he replied,

"You will give me the means."

"*I?*" He drew back, a cloud gathering upon her brow. "You have not what I want," he said.

Prepared for denial, for opposition, Marian assailed him in every vulnerable quarter, evincing a knowledge of his character and opportunities which startled and amazed him.

Perhaps he listened to her with less consternation than when it first dawned upon her secretly this man cherished in his soul a love for his country, under the broad bond of union; which no convulsions could shake off, no desire (which at times was disowning interest) to moderate, as far as his influence would allow him, the rash extremities of the times.

But what he could not comprehend from her, modified his acceptance of her entreaties, he at the same time decidedly, almost sternly, refused any co-operation.

"What an absurdly romantic plan!" he said, with a grim smile. "*I* to meddle with a prisoner of war because a girl who loves him asks it. Child, there are a hundred girls who might ask the same."

She winced a little, but answered, quietly, "Uncle, these girls are not your sister's child. It is *I*, 'Maizy,' who asks this of you. And he is wounded, fatally perhaps. If he yet lives, let him be home to die."

She dropped her head, with all its silken cloud of curls, against his head—curls whose touch he remembered as a child in a little white frock; she had lain in his breast. He looked at her pityingly a moment—the tears came into his eyes; then he spoke strangely with the words,

"He shall be well cared for, and you shall see him: ask no more."

"This way, Sir;" and the doctor turned into the low, wide room, whose windows were trellised with Virginia creepers and jessamine.

The young fellow lying on the couch there, just escaped from death, looked wonderingly at his apparent visitor, for whom the physician had just prepared him.

What could he want with him?

He was perfectly enlightened, though in guarded words. "My niece, Sir, who is with me now, spoke of you as a friend. I am desirous always to show to the fullest my power for assistance or loss in these unfortunate times." Mindful of his pride and honor, he had thus carefully generalized and simplified the position.

His niece! A scarlet flush spotted the pale cheek; a sudden conviction translated all the feverdream into actual cause—Marian Hope!

His visitor's suave, courteous sentences fell upon unheeding ears after this; undolooking down upon the man with whom she had dealt in the gloom

country-seat of Marian's relative, certainly found captivity wearing rosy chains. But the patriotic heart beat truly; and amidst all the enchantments of love and idleness he yearned to take his place in the front of battle.

To again appeal to her uncle Marian knew would be useless. His decisions were unalterable. But,

"With true love's treacherous confidence,"

she had possessed herself with means, and found her way.

When we exalt the women of '76 to the disadvantage of those of our own times, it is well to remember such instances as this. Here was a woman bred in the utmost luxury; accustomed to life while more than any other, tends to individual gratification, and clouds the vision to great wrongs and personal sacrifice. Here was this woman throwing all her energies into a cause, and that cause the liberation of her lover from a safe captivity to sure separation and constant peril.

Time seemed to pass so merrily with those to whom it was not to be a time of separation. Marian's companion, who smiled so himself one day as he went out leaving them singing to a guitar accompaniment some sweet old love-song—smiled, thinking, "She says no more about his going home to die." That day the plan of escape was perfected, and at night the separation had taken place. Details are dangerous: let them pass.

But no heroine of the French revolution ever evinced more tact and skill in the accomplishment of her design than this girl who, six months ago, had found safety in a drum-belt or a bugle-case, some gay dance-measure, and whose days were occupied in the round of inanities which habit enforces. There was nothing wanting in this plan—pass nor countersign had she failed to obtain.

And left behind, with no means of communication between herself and her lover, unrepining and believing, she atones to her uncle for "true love's treacherous confidence" by a devotion as earnest and complete as her whole character. The very spirit to express

"I do not say the day is long and dreary,
For while thou art content to be away,
Loving in thee, O Love, I live half my days,
And reck not if mine own be sad and weary."

And through the long, long days she keeps her watch. The long, long days, God hallow them to thee, oh waiting heart!

It is November now. Only the other day we chronicled the return another Lord's-Iscal. In that perilous encounter, side by side fought our young hero of Manassas and his cousin, Richard Ware. Covered with glory, the brave Lieutenant returned to his post, but—" Richard Ware shot through the heart." That brave, true heart, which first received the first warrant on another many months ago—a summer morn, when the waves murmured, and birds sang, and the sun smiled calmly down, and a girl's sweetest soul thought her lover's first act of confession. The brave, true heart; all its yearnings are now satisfied, all its aspirations realized, while we drop our tears over his grave. In the mean time the roar of the cannon gods on, the drums beat, and the bugles blow, while other brave, true hearts are shedding their life-blood; but when women are content to watch alone while those they love "fight the good fight," and men fly from the allurements of home to encounter the dangers of battle, we may believe that not one drop of this costly blood shall be a useless sacrifice.

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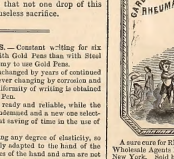

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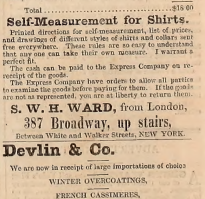

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HARPER'S WEEKLY.

A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION.

VOL. V.—No. 261.] NEW YORK, SATURDAY, DECEMBER 28, 1861. [SINGLE COPIES SIX CENTS. $2 50 PER YEAR IN ADVANCE.

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the Year 1861, by Harper & Brothers, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Southern District of New York.

UNION REFUGEES FROM WESTERN MISSOURI COMING INTO ST. LOUIS.—[SEE NEXT PAGE.]

UNION REFUGEES IN MISSOURI.

THE illustration on the preceding page—which represents Union fugitives in St. Louis—shows how cruelly the rebellion is pressing upon the loyal people of Missouri. The *Herald* correspondent writes from St. Louis:

For some days past the unfortunate sufferers of the southwest portion of the State, who have been driven out on account of their Union sentiments, have lined our thoroughfares, and presented many of the most pitiful scenes of poverty and affliction ever witnessed in the city. Only a small portion arrived in proportion to the thousands who left Springfield and vicinity in company with General Sturgis' division. Their appearance—half naked, hungry, and with cold, and hardly able to stand—but excited the liveliest sympathy. While it is evident that something must be done for these destitute people, or they will die outright of starvation, Yesterday General Halleck issued an order on the subject, which has struck consternation into the hearts of the secessionists, and at the same time has been an effective remedy. It is as follows:

The laws of military rebellion are fixed and well-established rules. While it allows no cruel or barbarous acts on our part in retaliation for like acts of the enemy, it permits our military measures within the prescribed limits of military usage. If the enemy murders and robs Union men we are not justified in murdering and robbing other persons who are, in a legal sense, enemies to our Government, but we may enforce on them the severe penalties justified by the laws of war for the crimes of their fellow-rebels. The rebel forces in the southwestern counties of this State have robbed and plundered the peaceful secessionist inhabitants, taking from them their clothing and means of subsistence. Men, women, and children have almost been stripped and plundered. Thousands of such persons are finding their way to this city heretofore, half clad, and in destitute and suffering condition. Humanity and justice require that these sufferings should be relieved, and that the outrages committed upon them should be retaliated upon the enemy. The individuals who have directly caused these sufferings are at present beyond our reach; but there are in this city, and in other places within our lines, numerous secret secessionists who render aid, assistance, and encouragement to those who committed these outrages. They do not themselves rob and plunder, but they abet and countenance these acts in others. Although less bold, they are equally guilty. It is therefore ordered and directed that the Provost-Marshals immediately inquire into the conduct of all persons so driven from their homes, and that measures be taken to replace them in the houses and to feed and clothe them at the expense of avowed secessionists, and of those who are found guilty of giving aid, sentiments, and encouragement to the enemy.

The *Tribune* correspondent says:

Truly enough, at this hour thousands of refugees are fleeing from Missouri that they may find bread, and afterward a home in our loyal Free State. Scantily clad, half famished, and pinched with cold, they enter our border towns and beg, for they have no money, that they may live. Nor are these the ignorant poor—it is the better class by far—those who are faithful to the Union. Whole families and whole neighborhoods have come, and the roads leading to St. Louis and Hay dotted are literally filled with them. Far to the rear come the various divisions of Price's army, and when they overtake the helpless exiles they rob them of every thing. From the men they take even their pocket-knives.

TO ADVERTISERS.

☞ THE great exertions made by the proprietors of HARPER'S WEEKLY to illustrate the War have been rewarded by a large increase of circulation. During the year which ends with *this Number* over FIVE HUNDRED ILLUSTRATIONS of the WAR have been published in HARPER'S WEEKLY. It now circulates ONE HUNDRED AND TWENTY THOUSAND COPIES each WEEKLY; which is, we believe, the *largest* circulation of any Journal in this country in which Advertisements are published. Price 50 and 75 cents per line.

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HARPER'S WEEKLY.

SATURDAY, DECEMBER 28, 1861.

JOHN BULL ON THE RAM-PAGE.

THE British newspapers reach us full of fury and menace against this country. Our "little fleet to be swept from the seas:" what *San Jacintos*" are to be "sunk or captured;" our blockade is to be broken at once; the "Southern confederacy" to be "acknowledged by Great Britain and France simultaneously;" our "Northern ports are to be blockaded;" "twelve Royal men-of-war" are to sail up the Potomac, and compel the evacuation of Mason and Slidell in view of the White House; the *Warrior* is to be anchored off Annapolis, with shotted guns; we are to be taught the folly and danger of "insulting the British flag." All this, and much more, we are to suffer, according to those British journalists, because Captain Wilkes, instead of making the *Trent* a prize, and carrying her into an American port for adjudication, generously allowed her and her passengers to proceed on their voyage unmolested. The law officers of the British Crown admit that the *Trent* was liable to seizure, and her passengers to detention and annoyance; but with a refinement worthy of *nisi prius* pleaders, they pretend that it was unjustifiable to inflict upon her any minor indignity. In their opinion the greater does not contain the less. We must either exact the whole of our rights or none of them. If we will be forbearing we must be punished. "If you refuse a penny to a beggar!" asked the drunken sailor of a gentleman whom he was molesting, "that you don't strike back?"

Well, if it must be so, so mote it be. If England is bent upon seizing this our hour trouble to force a war upon us for the destruction of the Union, we must accept the decree manfully. We are already engaged in a war of such magnitude that our outlay of money and men would not be greatly increased if we had to contend against England simultaneously with the South. Telegraphs and steam protect us against any landing of foreign troops on our soil; vigorous exertion will speedily provide us with a fleet of war vessels and privateers which will render it much more difficult than John Bull imagines either to raise our Southern blockade, or to blockade our Northern ports, or to protect British commerce on the ocean. It was the combination of all the European Powers against Napoleon which proved the close of the last century, which developed the strength of the French nation to such a pitch that in less than ten years it ruled the whole European continent; a similar combination of discontents in America would rouse our people to a pitch of energy and self-sacrificing patriotism that would be much more likely to shake European thrones than American institutions.

But is it not sad to see how unwisely the energies of a great free nation like England are being directed? If there was a principle to which Englishmen of our race were true with more tenacity than any other, it was that under the meteor flag of England slavery could not exist, and that when a slave touched British soil that instant he became a free man. This has been the boast, the worthy boast of Englishmen for more than a generation. Yet when the people are conscious of a monstrous impending ruin—reared itself in its wickedness, and struggled mightily to overthrow a nation bound to England by every tie of blood, language, religion, commerces, laws, institutions, and a common freedom, England, instead of standing true to her traditions, her honor, and even her most palpable interests, has not besieged her sympathies upon the institution she had denounced for forty years, and shamelessly and openly rejoiced and assisted at the prospect of our overthrow. What can be the ultimate fruit of such a policy? What would be the position of Great Britain in the event of success—the protector of a nation "based on the corner-stone of human slavery?" What Palmerston will hereafter venture to vindicate England's indecent haste to place the rebels on a par with ourselves by the recognition; this persistent hostility of her press and many of her leading men; the vulgar falsehoods by which her leaders have deluded her people as to the nature of our contest; the countenance by her ports of the pirate steamers *Nashville* and *Sumter*, laden with the spoil of our vessels; and now, lastly, the attempt to bully us in the hour of our greatest extremity? Do not we see the task of the future Macaulay, to whose lot it shall fall to paint this page of British story, and to justify to the minds of posterity—perhaps to hope, is better—race of Englishmen the insidious and persevering efforts of their fathers to carry out, in this country, the policy Great Britain has pursued with uniformity in China and in India, to ruin a friendly nation in order to discredit republican institutions, and to keep four million human creatures in slavery in order that "Lancashire may get cotton, and a market with eight millions of buyers may be secured for British goods."

THE BURNING OF CHARLESTON

IT matters little, in effect, whether the burning of the city of Charleston was the fruit of accident or of negro incendiarism. The rebels are sure to ascribe the disaster to the latter cause. Secret terrors are the price of despotism: in slave countries, every house, every city, every unusual movement of a slave, carries apprehension to the heart of his master. At the time of the John Brown affair, Governor Wise told us that Virginia matrons living miles and miles away were beside themselves with terror. We know that so terrible was the alarm created by that trumpery attempt, that down on the Gulf shore negroes whose behavior had attracted attention were imprisoned, whipped, and even shot by scores. In the language of Southern members of Congress who talked secession in those days, life was not worth having, if accompanied by the agonies which such events implanted in every Southern breast.

It is by the light of these memories that we must read the tale of the burning of Charleston. The burning of 600 houses, including every public building in the city, and property valued at $7,000,000, is an astounding event. Whatever the politicians and the papers may say, the Southern people from Norfolk to Galveston are sure to conclude that the negroes did the dread deed, and each man and woman is now quaking in terror lest his or her house should be the next to go. Nor is this opinion likely to be confined to the whites. The slaves, too, will hear of the fire, and will hear simultaneously—for we know that news does spread among the slaves, hard as their masters try to keep them in ignorance—that Beaufort eight and ten thousand slaves, till lately the overworked laborers on Carolina cotton plantations, are now free men, getting eight and ten dollars a month. It will not exceed the negro's power of combination to connect the two events together. When he does, beware the result.

We are gradually spreading the net which is to encircle the rebellion. The occupation of Ship Island, Mississippi, by the advance-guard of General Butler's expedition, under General Phelps, is of course the first step toward a movement upon Mobile and New Orleans. The terrors which have compelled General Lee to imprison men and women in Charleston to prevent their flying to the mountains, will now be transferred to the Gulf cities, and if we hear of more fires no one must be surprised. The assassin's dagger and the incendiary torch are the natural weapons of the slave. We should not use them, but we did not make the present situation.

In a few days, probably before the next number of this journal is printed, a fresh blow at the rebellion will be struck by General Burnside at the head of a powerful brigade consisting of men, and very possibly General Halleck may have commenced operations on the Cumberland and Tennessee rivers. The burning of Charleston will prove a potent help to these generals, and give an additional fleet or army. It may have been, as we said, a mere accident, assisted by a high wind. But wherever our troops advance, fathers and mothers will shriek themselves with a shudder that within a month after the landing of our forces on the soil of South Carolina the chief city of that State was mysteriously burned, and thousands of people rendered houseless on a December night. The offspring of these thoughts will be surmised.

THE LOUNGER.

THE SECRETARY OF STATE'S DISPATCHES.

THE calmness, clearness, and ability of Mr. Seward's dispatches to our foreign Ministers show how well he understands the emergency. The skillful difference in tone and representation of the same general subject to different Powers shows his diplomatic genius and accomplishment. In his instructions to Mr. Adams, in England, he says, "You will therefore draw into debate before the British Government any opposing moral principles which may be supposed to be at the foundation of the controversy between those States and the Federal Union." To Mr. Clay, in Russia, he says, "its object [the rebellion] is to create a State and a nation whose first Address to mankind is slavery is necessary, just, wise, and beneficent, and that it may and must be expanded over the central portion of the American continent and islands, without check or resistance, at whatever cost and sacrifice to the welfare and happiness of the human race." To Mr. Dayton, he states, with the cold sarcasm, the essential absurdity and impracticability of the political system of the Confederate States, which the Rebel Vice President elegantly caterized, in one of his speeches on his way to Washington, as free love in politics; and he impresses upon him that the function which is now transigent is the same faction that has until recently controlled the Government of the country—including, of course, himself and the present Secretary of Embassies, and which the late President was one of the fathers.

These quotations are handled with such gravity and comprehension that the question inevitably arises, Why has the Secretary of State forfeited so much confidence at home since the rebellion commenced? That he has done so is beyond question. That his warm friends have been disappointed is undeniable. The reason is not difficult, closely, is it not that he has failed to show that deep and earnest conviction of the threatening scope of the conspiracy which he so plainly discovers in his correspondence with our Ministers?

The particular indications of this want are not very easy to point out. It is probably felt in the light tone in which the Secretary has spoken in public of the rebellion as a whim, a gust, a hallucination. Or, in the Secretary, has been the instinctive response of those who have heard or read his words.

Then the almost eager and impetuous of his friends have thought the President too slow, too much without a policy; and have held the Secretary of State responsible. Moreover, in the early days, when the necessity and the ability of action were so sadly disproportioned, the Secretary's optimism was held to be the drag upon the wheels of Government. That this opinion was just there is no sufficient proof. But it was very general among ardent men.

The correspondence now published will vindicate Mr. Seward's clear comprehension of the character of the rebellion, and the scope of his policy is doubtless to be found in his profound conviction of the necessity of the Union and the adequacy of the Government, under the Constitution, to secure all reforms. And the question between him and his more vehement associates can probably be expressed in the President's words, that "we should not be in haste to determine that radical and extreme measures, which may reach the loyal as well as the disloyal, are indispensable."

PATIENCE.

PEOPLE, it is said, are getting impatient. There ought to be a forward movement. Something ought to be done. Secretary Cameron says that we have a hundred thousand men in the field. What are they doing? Forward! Forward!

Yes; we have heard that before. Nothing is more natural than impatience. Let us go right in and win. But let us also—in conducting a great war, in which we had every preparation to make—let us have common-sense. Here is one man who knows when we ought to move upon the Potomac. That is General M'Clellan. If he be an able soldier, he will move when that time arrives. If he be loyal, he will move when the time comes. And we can meanwhile wait in confidence, or we can fret over delay.

Every thing depends upon our faith in our leader. Congress certainly can not tell whether there should be a movement. Newspapers can not. Men out of and elsewhere have no better opportunities for knowing than the General. And newspaper correspondents in Washington have had their chance to say. War can be conducted only upon the principles of war. There is an army of probably a hundred and fifty thousand desperate men, ably officered, steadily intrenched, beyond the Potomac. Propraty to engage them requires a knowledge of circumstances, of our own forces and their capacity, and of military science, which most of us who quietly write and talk about it do not possess. If General M'Clellan is equally ignorant, we are in a very bad way.

If any body doubts our leader's loyalty, let him say so. If any body doubts his ability, let him say that. But if, as no one has yet dreamed of denying, General M'Clellan is loyal, and if he is the soldier that every body believes, it is not fair to him, to the cause, or to our friends in the field, to ask in or-dinary public sentiment that any unbehave, and let slip the dogs of war to their sure destruction.

That General M'Clellan has done any of the foolish things that are reported of him there seems to be no reason to believe; and if in any way he differs from any theory of the Government upon the policy of conducting the war, we may be very sure that he differs as an honest man should, fairly and frankly. The country can better afford to lose the fine offering to an impatient and unjust public opinion; the disgrace of General Frémont was the second; does it mean to require the sacrifice of General M'Clellan as the third?

ALIENATION AND DISTRACTION.

THE Union Defense Committee—a body of the wealthiest and most intelligent citizens of all parties, who have been in communication with the good work of arming and forwarding soldiers to fight the battles of the country against anarchy—have recently passed some resolutions approving the timely and excellent words of the President in his Message, and another resolution, "that we deprecate the discussion of projects which tend to distract and alienate the Union sentiment of our people."

Does this mean projects of unworthy peace, projects of infamous compromise, projects of patching which would end in a more fatal rent? or what does it mean? It would be most unfortunate if projects which provide that the rebels shall pay the expenses of their own rebellion? Do they deprecate discussing whether rebels shall be allowed the free use and enjoyment of their property, whether in real estate or in the service of slaves? Do they propose that the citizens can not have the same view of the true policy of the war, or that, differing, they ought not by discussion to try to convince and agree?

For instance, Mr. Pendleton argues, ably but hopelessly, against the right of the President to suspend the habeas corpus. Certainly that is an argument tends to distract and alienate the harmony of public sentiment. Shall he therefore forbear the discussion? Is it not a thousand-fold better that he should make his argument, and have a vote of 108 to 26 recorded against his proposition?

Mr. Dana, the Secretary of the Treasury, proposes to use the labor of the slaves for the Government, in stead of allowing them to help the rebels. Is that alienating and distracting?

Mr. Bingham proposes to release the slaves of rebels, and Mr. Gurley to colonize them in Florida. Are those suggestions to be deprecated?

Mr. Sumner presents petitions for universal emancipation, with compensation to loyal owners. Is that to be reprobated?

Another gentleman repeats the familiar truism that the war is for the supremacy of the Government, and that when its object is attained the war ought to cease. Is that a distracting suggestion?

The gentlemen of the Union Defense Committee are intelligent and sagacious. They know that the four millions of slaves in the rebel section can not be disregarded; they know that something must be done, because whether any policy is adopted for their disposition or not, we have thousands of them to care for. Is it not worth while to consider what shall be done with them? Is it not equally worth while to consider whether there may not be some policy devised in regard to slaves which may shorten the war and save thousands of lives and millions of dollars to the nation? Do they not know that the one project which would distract and alienate loyal men from the support of the war is a proposition that all discussion should cease upon the origin and intention of the rebellion, because without such discussion you can not possibly cope with it successfully?

The object of the war is, we all agree, to restore the supremacy of the Government by suppressing insurrection. The question is, how can it best be done? And if the resolutions mean any thing, they mean that that is the very question which must not be discussed. Of course if it is only meant that the debate should be candid and generous, we shall all cry Amen.

A SERENADE-SPEECH.

GOVERNOR MORTON, of Indiana, was serenaded and made a speech a few days ago. He expressed a sentiment which has been heard elsewhere. "I am for crushing the rebellion," said the Governor, "but not by means which would make reconciliation impossible."

But, Governor, when people are pushed to war somebody must be hurt. What is war but a mutual hurting of two parties until one yields to the other? War is meant to inflict injury. This is the argument of physical strength when the mental argument has failed.

Then if war simply must be hurt, and will certainly hurt you, in what way may he be hurt? Clearly in every way that, without unnecessary personal cruelty, may compel him to submit. A man attacks me murderously I may fairly hold his hands, or throw him down, or shoot him. So if a nation or a faction begins a war, every means that will cripple their resources and shear their strength is honorable warfare. You may blockade a port, or you may surround a fort, and starve them into surrender. You may seize the horses, carriages, and telegraphs that might convey men, means, or information. You may seize corn and cotton, and unquestionably destroy them rather than that they should fall into the enemy's hands and help him. Will Governor Morton say why you must respect the labor which is the source of all these helps to the foe?

If by any means the rebels could stop the work in the Northern factories, which are now humming night and day with the weaving of cloths and necessaries of every kind for our army, would it be wrong to do so, and have a perfect right to do it? If, although they might be beyond the Potomac, they could shut off the workmen that in the South are interest to stop working for us, does Governor Morton think that they might not fairly do it? Can he conceive a more disastrous blow to our cause? And if in doing so they should do an act just and desirable in itself, would that be any objection?

But he may think that, if the operation is immediately begun to vanish and murder, it would be a very inhuman thing to excite them. But no people under such circumstances ever did or will such things. It is holding men in slavery which produces servile insurrections, not releasing them. And again, if there be any truth in the argument that a release of the slaves of rebels would carry terror into the rebellious section, since that is the very thing we are trying to do, to the very people for which we have collected fleets and armies—since war is organized terror, and fear subdues men soulless as any demand can we have to refrain, in justice to the men who have taken their lives in their hands for their country, to bring the terror of fear home to bear upon the enemies of the country? If they think it a real danger they will succumb, or deliberately risk the result. If they do not think it so, why should Governor Morton?

Besides, does any man in his senses not see that this weapon of fear will be used, rather than the destruction of the country be suffered? Then it is simply a question of time and of necessity—a question of circumstances.

Once more. Every man ought to know that the exasperation of feeling can go no farther than it has already gone. That proposition in the rebellious section has been educated in contempt of the Union and hatred of the North. The feeling is perfectly reasonable. It can not be complained. Those who have it are to be, and will be, conquered. When they are conquered they will be reasonable.

CAPTAIN GORDON.

THE case of Gordon, the slave-trader, has peculiar interest at the present whilst of the war. The general conviction undoubtedly is that he will not be hanged, but that his sentence will be commuted. The reason for this view seems to be that this is the first capital conviction under an old law; and that as the slave-trade between the States is not punished as piracy, it is patently unfair to treat the African slave-trade as such.

The difference between the two is simply this: that the sufferings of the victim are much greater in the case of the transport across the ocean than in the carriage from State to State. The essential meanness, inhumanity, and cruelty are the same in both cases. In sentencing the prisoner, the judge said: "Think of the cruelty and wickedness of seizing nearly a thousand human beings and driving them like cattle on board, and thrusting them beneath the decks of a small ship, beneath a burning tropical sun, to die of disease or suffocation, or be transported to distant lands, and be consigned, they and their posterity, to a fate far more cruel than death. * * * As you are known to me from the presence of that God of the black man as well as the white man, who is no respecter of persons, do not indulge for a moment the thought that he bears with indifference the cry of the humblest of his children."

In these suitable and solemn words speaks the honor of the bench. How they contrast with the extraordinary words of a higher court—words which History fails to justify—that the Africans were held to be such that we had no rights to be respected! Which, in the name of decency and justice, is the more respectable, the rebel barbarian in his home, living after his light and faith, or the civilized Christian who seizes him, packs him into the hold of a ship, with all the noisome attendant horrors of which the record is unquestionable, and sails with him over the sea?

What extenuating circumstances this case offers do not appear. If there be reasons why the sentence should not be executed, the President will doubtless state them. If the penalty shall seem to him too harsh for the offense, he will, in remitting it, of course recommend to Congress to modify the law. But if he does that, can he escape recommending the abolition of the death-penalty altogether? If Hicks were justly hung for killing two or three persons at a blow and without pain upon the ocean, what shall be said of him who caused the death of scores by lingering tortures? No form of piracy is so hideous as the slave trade; and if every man in New York who is concerned in the traffic dared to put up his sign which describes his business, he would print upon it "Pirate and Murderer."

PATRIOTISM WITHOUT IFS.

THERE is no such thing as conditional patriotism. Every citizen of this country is either for maintaining the Government and the national integrity at any cost, or else there is some price which he considers too costly to pay for it.

The question hardly concerns whether there may not be a price too high; but the answer is returned as immediately. What possible price can be extravagant for the system which secures all rights and development?

If the system be essentially and inevitably unfriendly to many human rights—if justice to all men is lawfully impossible under it—why maintain it at all? This was the old ground of the Abolitionists, and they were honest Unionists, for they held that our system secured the wrongs instead of the rights of men. But those who believe that "the cause of the United States is the cause of human nature," maintain the Government at any cost, because no price is too precious for the maintenance of those rights.

If, therefore, any citizen in any border State values the Government only so long as it protects property in slaves, but withdraws from, for its own salvation, the Government confiscates the property in slaves, he is just as patriotic as a Lowell manufacturer who is ready and willing to have the Government maintain itself by confiscating the mills of disloyal manufacturers.

If John Brocket said, "I am for America, provided that you are not compelled to burn Boston and destroy my property," John Hancock would have the same right to say, "I am for it, if Patrick Henry conferred upon Hook, the beef contractor for the army. The citizen in the border States or elsewhere who thinks the constitutional ground is not a Union man in the necessary sense," and, however honest he may be, he can not reasonably be called for the use of the word. Any kind of struggle who is not equal to a reverse. And the conditionally loyal man is only waiting to see which side shows the strongest. He will veer with every victory.

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

A ROYAL ENGRAVING BY DEED.—The EX-King of Naples, in answer to a deputation who went through the solemn mockery of presenting him with a sword, which it would be useless for him to attempt to wield, has replied, with most facetious gravity:

"I thank you for your generous offer, eternally engraved on our hearts, the names of you all."

Now that he is to be deposed, we can not tell, unless it is by the process of lithography.

A SENSIBLE EXCHANGE.—"Why, my dear Mrs. Smith, what on earth can you have sold Pinker for?"

"Oh! Mr. Smith insisted upon my disposing of it, and Pinker is a Secessionist, so I sold him for a Union flag. He says they would be much more useful, and would make better dusters."

THE FORCE OF CONTRADICTION CAN NO FARTHER GO.—To make a *Will* is the Most of every prudent man.

A WELL-WISHER.—There is a man in Pennsylvania who has the power of divining the existence of an oil-spring merely by the smell. He is now constructing an electrifying faculty from having a very strongly-developed *oily-faculty organ*.

A TURKISH EXPENSE.—Of all extravagances, perhaps the habit of snuff-taking is the worst, as one can not help paying for it through the nose.

MEN AND BEES.

Working Bees, in summer's heat,
Making honey, stock their hives,
So Union lovers have had, of late,
When the wintry cold arrives.
By their toil the blaze are fed,
Of it they partake their due;
Out of cold's way they do not
Therefore out of victuals too.

Working Men, employed, can earn
Little but what feeds their wives;
In a board they've no concern,
Like the bright Working Bees.
All that they produce, beside
What God gives them, others craves,
Goes for others to provide:
Some thought the least are slaves.

Now the winter is at hand;
Bees and men may work no more,
Bees can sustenance demand
Men can only help Employ.
Masters, you who have it all,
Of the fruits of labor then;
They are starved by Working Bees,
Give a share to Working Men.

CONSUL, TO ONE CONSTABLE.—An Englishman, who thought to know every thing—as many Englishmen do—was endeavoring to prove that the French language was capable of expressing every thing that could be said or written in the English tongue in several, and as a convincing example he took, after a pause, the word "constable." "You see, if I wanted to state that I had lost my war-horse in battle, all I should have to say would be simply, '*Mon cheval est hors-de-combat.*"

A BAD ACCEPTOR.—A dead wall.

ANOTHER SECESSIONIST.—Should the Pope at last resolve upon yielding up his temporal power, it will obviously be an act of Papal See-cession.

Why is an apple-tree like a crooked wall?—Because it isn't plum.

The other day we threw a shell from the Rip Raps into one of the rebel batteries, but owing to some mistake in the fuse, the shell did not explode. Such an imperfect piece of workmanship! they *refuse* it, and rout it back.

Why is it impolitent to have curtain near?—Because it makes an offil smell.

A piece of common sense that ought to be remembered by every soldier when his regiment is about leaving for the seat of war:—It is not *right* to be *left*.

Why did William Tell shudder when he shot the apple from his son's head?—Because it was an arrow escape for his child.

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

CONGRESS.

On Tuesday, December 10, in the Senate, Senators Fessenden and Sumner presented petitions for emancipating slaves under the war power. A resolution to expel Waldo P. Johnson for sympathizing and acting with the rebels was laid over. Bills were introduced to authorize the President to require territory for the settlement of free negroes, and to amend the organization of the Medical Department of the army. Senator Hale called up his resolution instructing the Judiciary Committee to inquire into the expediency of abolishing the present judicial system of the United States and establishing another, which was agreed to. A bill to render more operative the law passed last session for the seizure of the lands of rebellious persons in the District of Columbia was also presented.—In the House, Mr. Wickliffe, after a resolution of inquiry as to his action in refer back to the Judiciary Committee the memorial of the Hilton Belligerent Police Commissioners, now confined in Fort Warren, Boston harbor. He was briefly replied to, in support of the committee's action, by Mr. Crittenden, to the effect that all that could be urged in favor of these and other prisoners similarly held had been already fully answered by the argument of Attorney-General Bates, and that it was time the whole question of the maintenance of habeas corpus in the Constitution, every provision of which they had trampled under foot." Mr. Pendleton's motion was tabled by 108 yeas to 39 nays. The Senate resolution to the Judiciary Committee to inquire into the conduct of the war was concurred in.

On Wednesday, 11th, in the Senate, after the presentation of a petition for the emancipation of slaves, Senator Wilson offered a resolution of inquiry as to what reduction could be made in the expenses of the army. A resolution from the Judiciary Committee, asking Congress to relieve the distressed people of Poland, was proposed. Senator Hale offered a resolution appointing a joint committee having power to sit during the recess of the two Houses of Congress. A joint resolution for the confiscation of rebel property and the emancipation of loyal men was introduced.—In the House, a resolution was introduced to the effect that the Secretary of War be requested to send a direct General Hitchcock to recall his order referring to fugitive slaves, and to restore the practice in force in the departments of the army. After speeches from members in support of and in opposition to the resolution, the whole subject was laid on the table by a vote of seventy-eight yeas to sixty-four nays. A bill providing for the appointment of the republics of Hayti and Liberia was introduced, and referred to the Committee on Foreign Affairs. A bill for the Committee on Foreign Affairs be directed to inquire into the expediency of so amending the laws relating to the discretionary and abuses of persons found in arms against the Government as to authorize the President to grant them amnesty. A bill for the punishment of treason, for the restoration of the writ of habeas corpus throughout the bounds of the rebels, and to provide homesteads for soldiers, was introduced and referred to the Judiciary Committee.

On Thursday, 12th, in the Senate, a bill authorizing the President to call out militia to protect the West Point Academy was introduced and referred to the Military Committee. A resolution instructing the Committee on the Military Academy to depend entirely upon merit was adopted. A resolution for the reorganization of the army under a new system was agreed to. A joint resolution in favor of an exchange of prisoners was referred. The proposition of rebel Senator Johnson, of Missouri, was debated and referred to the Judiciary Committee. The Senate held an executive session and then adjourned.—In the House, some further resolutions growing out of Mr. Wickliffe's inquiry on the subject of General Hitchcock's recent orders with regard to escaped slaves were taken up for discussion, and, after a speech delivered by the Vice-President, Mr. Breckinridge, were laid on the table by a vote of seventy-eight yeas to sixty-four nays. A bill was introduced to amend the law for the United States, and referred to the Judiciary Committee. The resolution referring to the arrest of persons in the loyal States was then taken up, which declares all persons as to the right of the President to suppress the writ of *habeas corpus*, in which a number of members took part. The matter was referred to the Judiciary Committee by a vote of 95 to 17. After spirited discussion of a query as to the cause of the escape of the *Sumter*, an executive session was held.

In the House, a proposition by Mr. Vallandigham, Democrat, from Ohio, that the Secretary of War be directed to furnish to the House all facts in relation to the arrest of Captain Wilkes, and to communicate to the House the correspondence relating to the arrest of Mason and Slidell. The subject was referred to the Committee on Foreign Affairs. The Committee on the Militia reported a bill providing for the appointment of a commissioner to take testimony in relation to the claims of persons whose property was taken for the use of the army, and to report thereon to the Secretary of War. The bill was passed. A joint resolution for the Senate to adjourn from the 24th to the 27th was adopted.

On Friday, 13th, in the Senate, a bill authorizing the President to call out militia to protect the West Point Academy was introduced and referred to the Military Committee. A resolution instructing the Committee on the Military Academy to depend entirely upon merit was adopted. A resolution for the reorganization of the army under a new system was agreed to. A joint resolution in favor of an exchange of prisoners was referred. The proposition of rebel Senator Johnson, of Missouri, was debated and referred to the Judiciary Committee. The Senate held an executive session and then adjourned.—In the House, some further resolutions growing out of Mr. Wickliffe's inquiry on the subject of General Hitchcock's recent orders with regard to escaped slaves were taken up for discussion, and, after a speech delivered by the Vice-President, Mr. Breckinridge, were laid on the table by a vote of seventy-eight yeas to sixty-four nays. A bill was introduced to amend the law for the United States, and referred to the Judiciary Committee. The resolution referring to the arrest of persons in the loyal States was then taken up, which declares all persons as to the right of the President to suppress the writ of *habeas corpus*, in which a number of members took part. The matter was referred to the Judiciary Committee by a vote of 95 to 17. After spirited discussion of a query as to the cause of the escape of the *Sumter*, an executive session was held.—In the House, a proposition by Mr. Vallandigham, Democrat, from Ohio, that the Secretary of War be directed to furnish to the House all facts in relation to the arrest of Captain Wilkes, and to communicate to the House the correspondence relating to the arrest of Mason and Slidell. The subject was referred to the Committee on Foreign Affairs. The Committee on the Militia reported a bill providing of a volunteer force for the defence of Kentucky was then introduced, and after a discussion relative to the whole conduct of the war, the bill passed. A joint resolution for the Senate to adjourn from the 24th to the 27th was adopted.

On Saturday, 14th, in the Senate, petitions were presented for the emancipation of slaves, and for the emancipation of the slaves of rebels, and for an exchange of prisoners. A resolution was introduced to call for the abolition of slavery in the District of Columbia. The bill provides for the appointment of commissioners to inquire into the validity of the claims presented for compensation for emancipated slaves, and declares that no compensation shall not exceed more than three hundred dollars for each person so held to service or labor, and appropriates one million of dollars for carrying the act into effect. A resolution was offered by Senator Wilkinson, to refer the President's Message to the United States, and referred to the Committee on the Judiciary. The resolution referring to the arrest of persons in the loyal States was then taken up, which declares all persons as to the right of the President to suppress the writ of *habeas corpus*, in which a number of members took part. The matter was referred to the Judiciary Committee by a vote of 35 to 17. After spirited discussion of a query as to the cause of the escape of the *Sumter*, an executive session was held.—In the House, a proposition by Mr. Vallandigham, Democrat, from Ohio, that the Secretary of War be directed to furnish to the House all facts in relation to the arrest of Captain Wilkes, and to communicate to the House the correspondence relating to the arrest of Mason and Slidell. The subject was referred to the Committee on Foreign Affairs. The Committee on the Militia reported a bill providing of a volunteer force for the defence of Kentucky was then introduced, and after a discussion relative to the whole conduct of the war, the bill passed. A joint resolution for the Senate to adjourn from the 24th to the 27th was adopted.

THE OCCUPATION OF SHIP ISLAND.

The Union steamer-transport Constitution, Captain A. T. Fletcher, arrived at Fort Monroe on the 17th, when the cabel for orders, on her return from Ship Island. Mississippi Sound. She landed at the latter place on the December 4, the two regiments (Twenty-sixth Massachusetts, and Twenty-fourth, which embarked at Fort Monroe, on the 16th and 21st of November. In this southward expedition, which was commanded by Colonel Dwight, of the Regiment of Maine, which did not embark on her, the Constitution proceeded to Ship Island, arriving November 25, where she arrived on the 26th. She cooled, and left on the 28th, and, after a stormy passage, arrived at the Ship Island, Mississippi Sound, December 3.

The reception was as gratifying as it was unexpected by the little fleet and small garrison which have been holding on to Ship Island, and repeatedly landed at the rebel attacks from the rebels. By the assistance of two large river steamers, which had been captured in Mississippi Sound only a short time previous to her arrival, the troops and baggage of the two regiments were quickly landed. On the 4th and 5th of December—a single accident only occurring—the whole of the steamer was landed on the beach, and was taken charge of by Commissary Potter, Major-General Butler's agent, who will probably join the expedition in a short time with a large accession to the force.

THE ARMIES IN KENTUCKY.

In Kentucky the movements of the troops betoken an early engagement with the rebels. The concentrating forces are large on both sides, the rebels having twenty-five thousand men under General Buckner, and the Unionists a sufficient force to give them battle. General Boyle, in person, is in command of the Union communication with the advancing forces, and is employing all the rolling stock of the railroad in the transportation of troops and supplies. In the neighborhood of Somerset both armies are fortifying, and at Fishing Creek, five miles west of that place, General Zollicoffer is also reported erecting rebel batteries. There are indefinite rumors in Cincinnati of an engagement between General M'Cook and the rebels at Munfordville, but they are not credited.

EXPECTED BATTLE IN MISSOURI.

A report reached St. Louis last week that Generals Raine and Price, with their rebel forces, had taken possession of Lexington, that the Union troops had engaged them there, and that they had driven them in disorder. Additional Union troops were marching in that direction to meet the rebels.

NEWS FROM PORT ROYAL.

The Forty-sixth New York Regiment, Colonel Ross, has left Hilton Head and proceeded to Tybee Island. The Pennsylvania Artillery and Thirteenth Pennsylvania Volunteers now occupy Otter Island in St. Helena Sound. The island possesses some strategic value, as it lies directly in the channel, the entrance of the South Edisto River and other important rivers.

The cotton gathering by the negroes, under the direction of our troops, is progressing satisfactorily; several hundred bales have been brought down from Beaufort to Hilton Head. Over two millions of dollars' worth have already been secured.

RUMORED REACTION IN TENNESSEE.

A letter dated at Bridgeport, Alabama, on the Tennessee, says that a movement is being set on foot by refugees from the rebel States, and by Unionists who have left Tennessee. It appears that while passing through Nashville on the 6th instant, a counter-revolution of the most exciting character was going on. An effort to impress some citizens into the rebel army was resisted by the people, who were in large numbers, and a general riot ensued. The police, who endeavored to enforce the militiaman, were overpowered, and four of them killed. The people then rushed toward the Capitol, to take weapons from the rebel Governor Harris, but that functionary fled precipitately to Memphis. The fact is itself a suggestive of a powerful counter-movement in the South; but taken in connection with the statements we have received for a similar revolt in North Carolina, Eastern Tennessee, the two richest in North Georgia, and Western Alabama, and Western Louisiana, there is abundant evidence that the Unionists in the rebel States, and thousands who have been the weary of the grinding despotism of Davis and his colleagues, are only waiting for protection and encouragement from the Government to put themselves once more under the folds of the old banner.

BATTLE IN WESTERN VIRGINIA.

Intelligence reaches us by way of Cincinnati that a hardfought battle took place on Friday in Western Virginia. Western Virginia, between General Milroy, of the Union troops, and Colonel Johnston, commanding the rebels, which lasted from daylight till three o'clock in the afternoon. The Union troops numbered 3,000, the rebels over 2000. The rebels were defeated, set fire to their camps, and retreated, leaving the Union troops victorious. General Johnston was said to be shot in the mouth, but the loss on the rebel side amounted to 200. On our side only thirty men were killed.

A MESSAGE FROM GENERAL BUCKNER.

The rebel General Buckner recently sent a flag of truce from his camp at Bowling Green, Kentucky, to the Union lines, entreating that the body of his wife might be taken to Louisville with the mortal remains of their infant daughter, which they wished to inter in the cemetery in that city. General Boyle courteously denied the request.

GENERAL HUNTER AT WORK.

General Hunter's proclamation to the Union of Platte City, Missouri, contains language strong and unmistakable. He says that the rebellion has begun, but adds that, unless the rebels under a secession chief named Sterling Price lay down their arms and submit to the laws, the loyal inhabitants themselves within ten days, by military force, will be called upon to arise and to solve the issues of every secession in the country, and to carry out the laws.

PREPARATIONS FOR DEFENSE ALONG THE NORTH-WESTERN FRONTIER.

Colonel C. A. Waite, of the United States Army, has been placed in command of the military posts along the North-West line. His department extends from Maine to Michigan, and the different posts are immediately to be occupied and put in a state of defense. A regiment of cavalry will be stationed at Detroit. A regiment of artillery will be stationed at Fort Niagara, Sackett's Harbor, Madison's Harbor; and Fort Montgomery, at Rouse's Point, will be occupied by a full regiment. Barracks will be built shortly within a few days, the works put in a state of defense, and guns mounted as soon as practicable.

FOREIGN NEWS.

ENGLAND.

THE "TRENT" AFFAIR.

On receipt of the intelligence of the seizure of the *Trent* in England the popular excitement became intense. Mr. BRIGHT made a speech at Rochdale, in which he referred in the friendliest terms to the cause in which the North is engaged, and hoped a hope that a reply to Europe might still be avoided. Mr. Cobden had written a letter, in which he was holding a suspension of judgment. But the entire drift of opinion appeared to be in the direction of war with the United States. Meetings of persons expressing to clear the sea of the American flag by a double blockading the Southern Confederacy; and, by breaking the blockade, letting out cotton, and bringing in arms and ammunition. The tone of the Northern party is also on the war programme. The London *Observer*, which is the semi-official organ of the ministers, declares it would be the only proper course for the Government to demand the surrender to a British frigate, anchored in front of Washington, with twelve other royal war-ships standing as witnesses of the humiliating spectacle. The tone of the London *Times* is equally warlike. Since last since his arrived at Paris, is cited as showing the insult to the British flag was premeditated and deliberate.

The effect of the war policy of the Government upon the markets has been striking. Consols have fallen three per cent.; American securities have fallen six, and Cunard shares seven per cent. The largest demand for cotton has almost ceased, in view of the early opening of the ports, thus resulting from hostilities, while breadstuffs have advanced.

A ROYAL PROCLAMATION.

Queen VICTORIA has issued a proclamation forbidding the export from all ports of the United Kingdom of gunpowder, nitre, nitrate of soda, brimstone, lead, and fire-arms.

THE BRITISH FLEET.

The three classes of reserve comprise eight line-of-battle ships, six frigates, five corvettes, and twelve steamers, making a grand total of 1861 guns. The steam gun-boats attached are not included. They are twenty-one in number, with forty-two guns. This, however, does not include the gun-boats and mortar-vessels laid up. The list is rather untidy to effective vessels at present, or could be rendered so within little more than a month. Commissioners have been at Portsmouth mount 542 guns. The total number of guns in the re-commissioned vessels is 1,861, while Admiral MILNE's fleet on the North American station amounts to 837 guns.

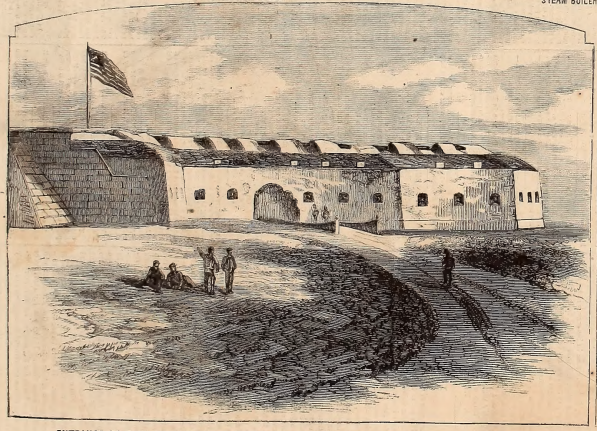
FRANCE.

PUBLIC OPINION THERE.

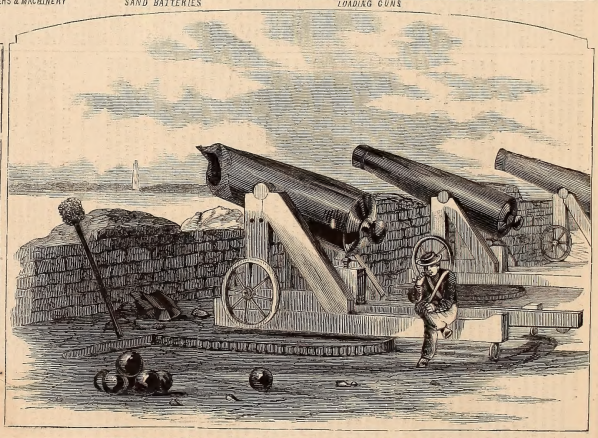
The Paris *Moniteur* considers a peaceful solution not impossible, and says that public opinion in the United States is very powerful, but is also very fickle, and it is best to await a solution of the question.

The Paris *Constitutionnel* also approves the review of the *Moniteur*, and adds that the French Government is by no hurry to recognize the South.

Other French papers are of the same opinion.



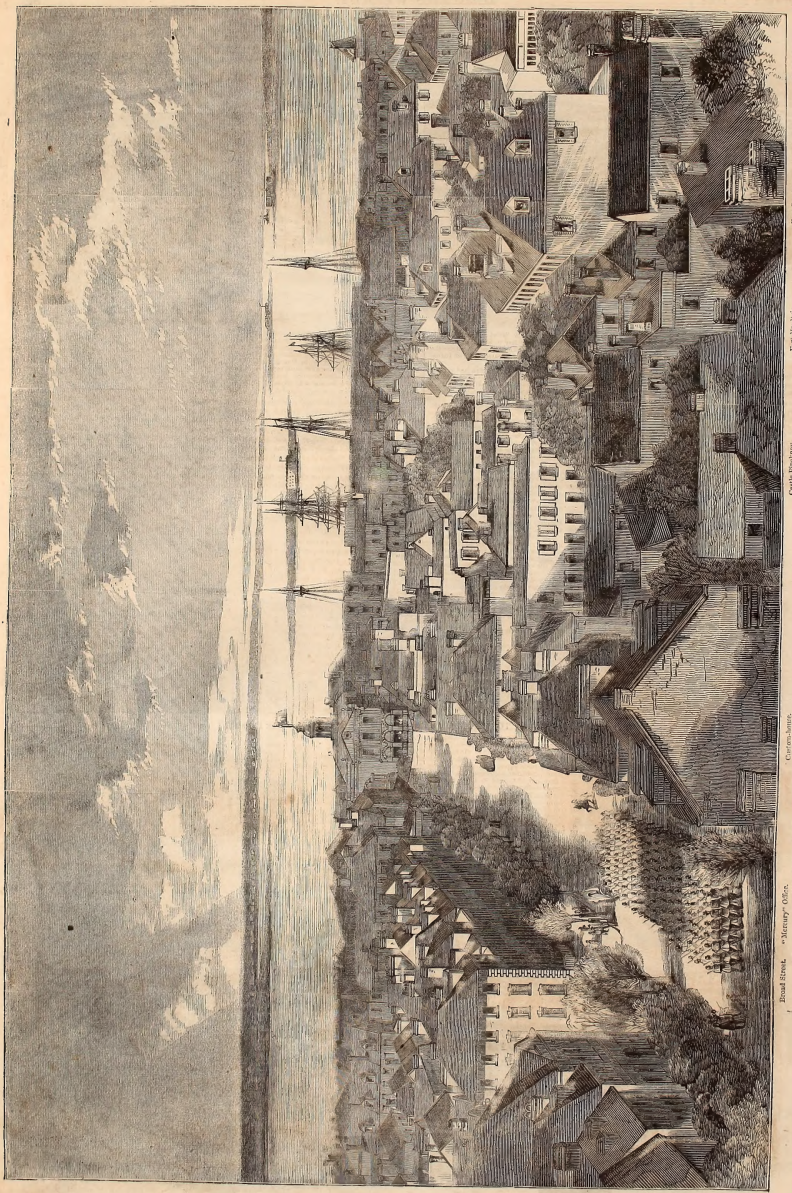
ENTRANCE TO FORT PICKENS, FACING FORT BARANCAS, AFTER TWO DAYS' BOMBARDMENT.—(SEE PAGE 827.)



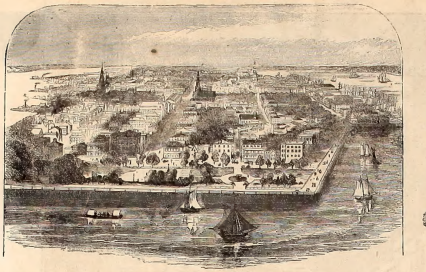
NORTHERN ROW OF GUNS AT FORT PICKENS, AFTER TWO DAYS' FIRING.—(SEE PAGE 827.)

BIRDS-EYE VIEW OF FORT PICKENS DURING THE BOMBARDMENT.—[SEE PAGE 827.]

GENERAL HALLECK'S FLEET OF MORTAR-BOATS FOR SERVICE ON THE MISSISSIPPI.—SKETCHED BY MR. ALEXANDER SIMPLOT.—[SEE PAGE 827.]



THE CITY OF CHARLESTON, SOUTH CAROLINA, LOOKING SEAWARD, AND SHOWING THE BURNED DISTRICT.—[SEE NEXT PAGE.]



BIRDSEYE-VIEW OF CHARLESTON, SOUTH CAROLINA.

GROUP OF BANKS, CHARLESTON, SOUTH CAROLINA.

THE BURNING OF CHARLESTON.

We devote this and the preceding page to illustrations of the CITY OF CHARLESTON, South Carolina, which, we hear by telegraph, was mainly destroyed by fire on 11th and 12th. The dispatch from Fortress Monroe states:

"The fire commenced in Charleston last night (December 11), at nine o'clock, in Beard & Co.'s sash factory, at the foot of Hazel Street, and communicated to the opposite side of Hazel, to Cameron & Co.'s machine shops.

Under the impulse thus given and a stiff breeze, with a small supply of water, the conflagration assumed a formidable character, nearly equaling the most extensive conflagration on the American continent.

The Theatre, Floyd's sash factory, opposite the Express office, the old Executive Building, and all the houses between that point and Queen Street, are burned. The whole of one side of Broad Street is destroyed, from Colonel Godden's residence to Maxyck Street. A considerable portion of the city, from East Bay to King Street, is destroyed. Among the prominent buildings burned are the Institute and St. Andrew's hall, Theatre, Catholic Cathedral, and the Circular Church.

At last accounts from Charleston the fire had crossed Broad Street, and was sweeping furiously on. Nearly all that part of the city from Broad Street on the south, East Bay Street on the east, and King on the west, is said to be destroyed.

An extra train had left Augusta with supplies for the sufferers—thousands of whom roamed the streets—and assistance to fight the fire.

There are rumors of a negro insurrection and negro incendiarism. One account states that a plot was discovered by the body-servant of a military officer, who said that the negroes of the city were to be joined by large bands of negroes from the country, who were to come in armed at night. He said that the sash factory had been fired by a free negro, whom he designated, and who has been arrested. A small quantity of arms had been found under the floor of a negro cabin. They were all new and in good order. In other negro cabins knives and hatchets were found secreted.

The greatest consternation prevailed. Families were closing and barring their windows.

The fire companies being composed of men who are engaged on military duty elsewhere, the fire-engines were worked by negroes, who broke and rendered useless the two best ones. The offices of the *Courier* and *Mercury* are said to be destroyed.

Another account states that negro insurrections broke out in the interior of South Carolina two days before the fire, and are still raging unchecked; but this last report is not well authenticated.

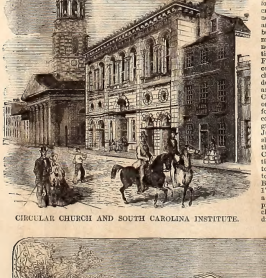
The following history of the city of Charleston is from the *Herald*:

The city of Charleston is one of the oldest in the United States, having been founded in 1672. Its population was recruited some years afterward by Huguenot refugees who emigrated from France and settled in pretty considerable numbers in South Carolina. From this stock many of the first families of that region now claim to be descended. It was not till 1783 that it was incorporated as a city. Fifty-two years previously, in 1731, it contained six hundred houses and five churches, and a thriving business was done in its port. During the Revolutionary War the possession of the harbor of Charleston was the object of more than one British expedition. A garrison of four hundred on Sullivan's Island, under command of Colonel Moultrie, achieved great distinction by the repulse, on 28th June, 1776, of a British squadron of nine ships-of-war. On the 12th of May, 1780, the city was surrendered to Sir Henry Clinton by General Lincoln, the corporation and principal inhabitants refusing to co-operate in its defense, and offering to acknowledge the sovereignty of Great Britain. The British held it till May, 1782. It contains some thirty churches, a theatre, several excellent hotels, cotton presses and factories, engine and machine factories, ship-yards, and a large dry dock. Its banks and other moneyed corporations enjoyed a high reputation until the secession mania brought destruction upon the city and all its institutions. It has suffered greater disasters by fire than almost any other city in the United States. In 1778 there were two hundred and fifty-two houses consumed; in 1796 nearly a third of the city was destroyed, involving loss of property to the amount of $1,000,000. Again, in the great fire of 1838, the loss was estimated at $5,000,000.

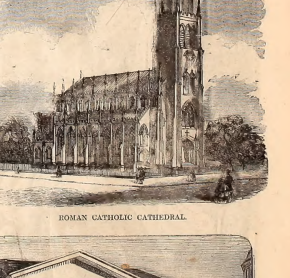
Mr. Simms, in *Harper's Magazine* for June, 1857, describes some of the buildings, now burned, which appear in our illustrations. Of the "Group of Banks" he says: "That huge, heavy, and somewhat unsightly fabric in the fore-ground is the *Planters' and Mechanics' Bank*, a structure of the Charleston medieval period. Without, it is a most imposing deformity—a miserable abuse of a mixed model. Next is the *Farmers' and Exchange Bank*, a fanciful little fabric, a little too ornate for such a worship, and showing beside the Planters' and Mechanics' as a toy-box under the eaves of the Tower of Babel. The building just above is a shop and warehouse, and gives a very fair idea of the style and size of building usually allotted in Charleston to the retail traders. The tall structure further on is the *Union Bank*, of an old style, but not the oldest in Charleston architecture. Beyond, all the houses are employed in trade—shops, warehouses," etc. Mr. Simms says that the *Roman Catholic Cathedral* of St. John and St. Finbar "occupies a fine situation at the west end of Broad Street. It is of recent erection, of brown freestone, from a design by Keely, of Brooklyn. Its style is graceful and imposing." Of the *Circular Church* Mr. Simms says: "This church belongs to the medieval period of the Palmetto City. But recent repairs and alterations have somewhat modernized and improved it; and it is now such an edifice as will not offend the eye of a critical inspector." The *South Carolina Institute*, which appears in the same view, is described as a structure of the Italian style, with a façade of eighty feet; the entrance being through a lofty arch-way, with staircases leading to the great hall above, capable of seating three thousand persons.

This paper by Mr. Simms contains views and descriptions of all the principal buildings in Charleston; and if, as we have reason to suppose, these buildings have been destroyed, this Magazine article may be the only memorial existing of Charleston as it existed before the Great Rebellion.

Speaking of the fire, the *Herald* says: "Does it not look like a retribution of Providence, and an omen and a type of the future destruction of the rebellion?"

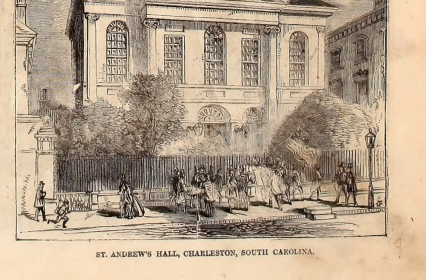


CIRCULAR CHURCH AND SOUTH CAROLINA INSTITUTE.



ROMAN CATHOLIC CATHEDRAL.

HIBERNIAN HALL, CHARLESTON, SOUTH CAROLINA.



ST. ANDREW'S HALL, CHARLESTON, SOUTH CAROLINA.

GREAT FAIR GIVEN AT THE CITY ASSEMBLY ROOMS, NEW YO

, DECEMBER, 1861, IN AID OF THE CITY POOR.—[See Page 827.]

"LIST OF THE KILLED."

MOTHERS who sit in dumb terror and dread,
Holding that terrible list,
Fearing to look lest you see 'mid the dead
The name of the boy you have kissed—

Kissed on as those who in anguish and pain
Kiss precious faces of clay,
E'en as you would hush and you shuddering lain
That dear one in grave-robes away:

I pity you, sitting with faces so white,
Striving to parry the blow;
I know how that name will torture your sight,
Can fathom the depth of your woe.

By the pang that's rent my desolate heart,
By this crushing weight of despair,
I know how you too will shudder and start,
Reading that dear name there.

I knew how you'll hush that passionate cry,
Thinking of him as he lies,
With beautiful face upturned to the sky,
Death veiling the glorious eyes.

"Fighting he fell!" Does a feeling of pride
Lighten your grief as you think
How brave was the boy that went from your side
How he would die or shrink?

The mother-love triumphs. Men call women weak.
Ah, well, perhaps it is so!
I know there are tears e'en now on my cheek
For the boy that's lying so low.

I know that I start at each step on the stair,
With wild fancies turn to the door,
Thinking, perchance, that my darling is there—
Peace, heart! he can come nevermore.

But still there's a thought that softens my woe:
Above the dead land,
And one day I'll hear, with rapturous glow,
The name of the boy I have kissed.

(Entered according to Act of Congress, in the Year 1861, by Harper & Brothers, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Southern District of New York.)

A STRANGE STORY.

BY SIR E. BULWER LYTTON.

☞ Printed from the Manuscript and early Proof-sheets purchased by the Proprietors of "Harper's Weekly."

CHAPTER LI.

WHEN we separated for the night, which we did at eleven o'clock, Margrave said:

"Good-night and good-by. I must leave you to-morrow, Strahan, and before your usual hour for rising. I took the liberty of requesting one of your men to see me a chaise from L——. Pardon my seeming abruptness, but I always avoid long leave-takings, and I had fixed the date of my departure almost as soon as I accepted your invitation."

"I have no right to complain. The place must be dull, indeed, to a gay young fellow like you. It is dull even to me. I am meditating flight already. Are you going back to L——?"

"Not even for such things as I left at my lodgings. When I settle somewhere, and can give an address, I shall direct them to be sent to me. For now, I trust, beautiful patches of scenery toward the north, only known to pedestrian tourists. I am a good walker; and you know, Strahan, that I am also a child of Nature. Adieu to you both; and many thanks to you, Strahan, for your hospitality."

He left the room.

"I am not sorry he is going," said Strahan, after a pause, and with a quick breath as if of relief. "I like him, I feel that he exhausts one's An excess of oxygen, as you would say in a lecture."

I was alone in my own chamber; I felt indisposed for bed and for sleep; the curious conversation I had held with Margrave weighed on me. Indeed, we had, in that conversation, touched upon the prodigies which I had not brought myself to speak of with frank courage; and certainly what in Margrave's manner had betrayed consciousness of my suspicions; on the contrary, the open frankness with which he evinced his passion for mystic speculation, or uttered his more unamiable sentiments, rather tended to disarm than encourage belief in gloomy error or sinister powers. And he was about to quit the neighborhood, he would not again see Lilian, not even enter the town of L——. Such, describe his relief from the presence to the promise of the Shadow, or was I not rather right in battling firmly against any grotesque phantom, and accepting his departure as a simple proof that my jealous fears had been among my other chimeras, and that as he had really only visited Lilian out of friendship to me, in my peril, so he might, with his characteristic acuteness, have guessed my jealousy, and ceased his visits from a kindly motive delicately concealed? And might not the same motive now have dictated the words which were intended to assure me that I—— contained no attractions to tempt him to return to it? Thus gradually soothed and cheered by the course to which my reflections led me, I continued to muse for hours. At length, looking at my watch, I was surprised to find it was the second hour after midnight. I was just about to rise from my chair to undress, and secure some hours of sleep, when the well-remembered cold wind passed through the room, stirring the roots of my hair, and before me stood, against the wall, the Luminous Shadow.

"Rise, and follow me," said the voice, sounding much nearer to me than it had ever done before.

And at those words I rose mechanically, and like a sleep-walker.

"Take up the light."

I took it.

The Scin-Læca glided along the wall toward the threshold, and motioned to me to open the door. I did so. The Shadow flitted into through the corridor. I followed, with hushed footsteps, down a small stair into Forman's study. In all my subsequent proceedings, about to be narrated, the Shadow guided me, sometimes by voice, sometimes by sign. I obeyed the guidance not only unresistingly but without a desire to resist. I was unconscious either of curiosity or of awe—only of a calm and passive indifference, neither pleasurable nor painful. In this obedience, from which all will seemed extracted, I took into my hands the staff which I had examined the day before, and which by the solid knob just where Margrave had cast it on re-entering the house. I unclosed the shutter to the casement, lifted the sash, and, with the light in my left hand, the staff in my right, stepped forth into the garden. The night was still; the flame of the candle scarcely trembled in the air; the Shadow moved on before me toward the old pavilion described in an earlier part of this narrative, and of which the interior has been already described. I followed the Shadow into the pavilion, up the crazy stair to the room above, with its four great blank, unglazed windows, its dreary cobwebs, north, south, east, and west. I halted on the middle of the floor. Right before my eyes, through the vast, dark, and lightless windows, stood out from the moonlit air the dreary mansoleum. Then, at the command conveyed to me, I placed the light on a wooden stool, and touched a spring in the handle of the staff, a lid flew back, and I drew from the hollow first a lump of some dark and resinous substance, next a small slender wand of polished steel, of which the point was tipped with a translucent material which appeared to me like crystal. Kneeling down, still obedient to the direction conveyed to me, I described on the floor with the lump of bitumen (if I may so call it) the form of the pentacle with the interlaced triangles, in a circle nine feet in diameter, just as I had drawn it for Margrave the evening before. The moonlight now made the figure perceptible in a dark color of mingled black and red. I applied the flame of the candle to the circle, and immediately it became lumber with a low steady splendor that rose about an inch from the floor, and gradually from this light there seemed to spring a dim transparent mist and a faint but exquisite odor. I stood in the midst of the circle, and within the circle also, by my side, still stood the Scin-Læca; no longer reflected on the wall, but apart from it, erect, rounded into more integral and clearer form, yet impalpable as before. Then breathed an icy air. Then lifting the wand, the broader end of which rested in the palm of my hand, the two forms brought up the sound, and played in a dirge-like chorus; and the howling went on louder and louder. Again strange words were whispered to me, and I repeated them in mechanical submission; and when they, too, were ended I felt the ground tremble beneath me, and as my eyes looked straight forward down the vista, like, stretching into the casement, was bounded by the gothic mausoleum, vague forms shadowy and dim to pass across the moonlight—below, along the award—above, in the air; and then suddenly a terror, not before conceived, came upon me.

And a third time words were whispered; but though I knew no more of their meaning than I did of those that had preceded, I felt that my pagnance to utter them aloud. Mutely I turned toward the Scin-Læca, and the expression of its face was menacing and fierce. I felt that a struggle must compelled to the control imposed upon me, and my lips commenced the formula again whispered to me. But my voice was drowned in a voice of warning and of anguish, that murmured "Hold!" I knew the voice; it was Lilian's. I paused—I looked toward the casement from which the voice had come, and in the space afar I saw the features, the form of Lilian. Her arms were stretched toward me in the moonlight, her countenance was deadly pale and anxious with unutterable distress. The whole image seemed wan, unless with the moon—dim, the attitude, the gesture, of one who sees another in deadly peril, and cries "Beware!"

This apparition lasted but a moment; in that moment sufficed to free my mind from the constraint which had before enslaved it. I dashed the wand in the ground, sprang from the circle, rushed from the place. How I got into my own room I can remember not—I know not; I have a vague remembrance of long harrowing wanderings, of giant trees, of shroud-like moonlight, of the Shining Shadow and its angry aspect, of the black walls and iron door of the House of the Dead, of spectral images—a confused and dreary phantasmagoria. But all I can recall with distinctness is that I found my own lueless face in the mirror in my own still room, by the light of the white moon through the window; and sinking down, I said to myself:

"This, at least, is a hallucination or a dream!"

CHAPTER LII.

A HEAVY sleep came over me at daybreak, but I did not undress nor go to bed. The sun was high in the heavens when, on waking, I saw the servant who had attended me bustling about the room.

"I beg your pardon, Sir, I am afraid I 'disturbed you; but I have been three times to see if you were not coming down, and found you so soundly asleep I did not like to wake you. Mr. Strahan has finished breakfast, and gone out riding; Mr. Margrave has left—left before six o'clock."

"Ah, he said he was going early."

"Yes, Sir; and he desired me to cross when he went. I could never have supposed so pleasant a gentleman could put himself into such a passion!"

"What was the matter?"

"Why, his walking-stick could not be found. It was not in his hall. He said he had left it in the study; we could not find it there. At last he found it himself in the old summer-house, and said—I beg pardon, he said—" he was sure you had taken it there: that some one, at all events, had been meddling with it." However, I am very glad it was found, since he seems to set such store on it."

"Did Mr. Margrave go himself into the summer-house to look for it?"

"Yes, Sir; no one else would have thought of such a place; no one likes to go there even in the day-time."

"Why?"

"Why, Sir, they say it is haunted since poor Sir Philip's death; and either there are strange noises in every part of the house. I am afraid you had a bad night, Sir," continued the servant, with evident curiosity glancing toward the bed, which I had not pressed, and toward the evening-dress, which, while he spoke, I was rapidly changing for that which I habitually wore in the morning. "I hope you did not feel your self ill?"

"No; but it seems I fell asleep in my chair."

"Did you hear, Sir, how the dogs howled about two o'clock in the morning? They woke me. Very frightful!"

"The moon was at her full. Dogs will bay the moon."

I felt relieved to think that I should not find Strahan in the breakfast-room, and hastening through the ceremony of a meal which I scarcely touched, I went out into the park unobserved, and creeping round the copses and into the neglected garden, made my way to the pavilion. I mounted the crazy stair, and halted on the floor of the upper room; yes, there still was the black figure of the pentacle—the circle. So, then, it was not a dream! I had not doubted. Or might it not still be so far a dream, that I had walked in my sleep, and, with an imagination preoccupied by my conference with Margrave —by the hieroglyphics on the staff I had handled, by the very figure associated with superstitious prejudice, I had, in an undistinguishable somnambulism, carried thither in sleep the staff, described the circle, and all the rest been but visionary delusion? Surely—surely, no common sense such as Julius Faber would interpret the riddles that perplexed me. Be that as it may, my first thought was to efface the marks on the floor. I found this easier than I had ventured to hope. I rubbed the circle and the pentacle away from the boards with the sole of my foot. There was an undistinguishable smudge behind. I know not why, but I felt the more nervously anxious to remove all such evidence of my visit to that room, because Margrave had so openly gone thither to seek for the staff, and had so rudely named me as the servant who had intermeddled with it. Might he not awake some suspicion against me? Suspicion, what of? I knew not, but I feared!

The healthful air had gradually nerved my spirits and relieved my thoughts. But the place had become hateful to me. I resolved not to wait for Strahan's return, but to walk back to L——, and leave a message for my host. It was sufficient excuse that I could not longer absent myself from my pupils; accordingly, I gave directions to have the few things that I had brought with me sent to my house by my servant who might arrive with the chaise, and was well pleased to find myself outside the park gates and on the high road.

I had not gone a mile before I met Strahan on horseback. He received my apologies for not waiting his return to bid him farewell, without observing them, or pretending, but his brow and walked beside me on my road. I saw that there was something on his mind; at last he said, looking down:

"Did you hear the dogs howl last night?"

"Yes! the full moon."

"You sound asleep, then, at the time. Did you hear any other sound? Did you see any thing?"

"What should I hear or see!"

Strahan was silent for some moments; then he said, with great seriousness,

"I could not sleep when I went to bed last night; I felt feverish and restless. Somehow or other Margrave got into my head, mixed up, in some strange way, with Sir Philip Derval. I heard the dogs howl, and at the same time, or rather a few minutes later, I felt the whole house tremble, as a real convey-house in London seems to tremble at night when a carriage is driven past it. The howling had then ceased, and could not have lasted long. Well, I felt a vague superstitious alarm; I got up and went to my window, which was unclosed (it is my habit to sleep with my windows open)—the moon was very bright—and I saw, I declare I saw, along the green alley that leads from the old part of the house to the summer-house, I—I will not say what I saw or believed I saw—you would ridicule me, and justly. But whatever it might be, on the earth without or in the fancy within my brain, I was so terrified, that I rushed back to my bed, and buried my face in my pillow. I would have come to you; but I did not dare to stir. I have been riding hard all the morning in order to recover my nerves. But I dread sleeping again under that roof, and now that you and Margrave leave me, I shall go this very day to London. I hope all that I have told you is no bad sign of any coming disease, blood to the head, eh?"

"No; but imagination overstrained can produce serious effects. You do right to change the scene. Go to London at once, amuse yourself, and—"

"Not return till the old house is razed to the ground. That is my resolve. You approve? That's well. All success to you, Fenwick! I will accept the chaise, and get my portmanteau ready and the carriage out in time for the five o'clock train."

So then, he too, had seen—what? I did not dare, and I did not desire to ask him. But he, at least, was not walking in his sleep! Did we both dream, or neither?

CHAPTER LIII.

THERE is an instance of the absorbing tyranny of everyday life which must have struck all such of my readers as have ever experienced one of those portents which are so at variance with everyday life, that the ordinary epithet bestowed on them is "supernatural."

And be my readers few or many, there will be no small proportion of them to whom, once, at least, in the course of their existence, a something strange and *eirie* has occurred—a something which perplexed and baffled rational conjecture, which left on those about it vivid vibrate to superstition. It may have been only a dream unaccountably verified, an undefinable presentiment unforewarning; it may from such slighter and vaguer tokens of the realm of marvel—up to the portents of ghostly apparitions or haunted chambers, I believe that the greater number of persons arrived at middle age, however instructed the class, however civilized the land, however skeptical the creed, to which they belong, have either in themselves experienced, or heard received by intimate associates whose veracity they accept as indisputable in all ordinary transactions of life—phenomena which are not to be solved by the wit that mocks them, nor, perhaps, by the logic and reason, to the contentment of the reason or the philosophy that explains them away. Such phenomena, I say, are not to be unfrequent even among those persons for the instances currently quoted and dismissed with a jest, for few of those who have witnessed them have courage to own it, and the very fear which common sense is a merciles persecutor. But he who reads my assertion in the quiet of his own room will, perhaps, candidly ransack his memory, and find there, in some dark corner which he excludes from "the babbling and remoreless day," some recollection that proves the assertion not untrue.

And it is, I say, an instance of the absorbing tyranny of everyday life that whenever any such startling incident disturbs its regular tenor of thought and occupation, that same everyday life does its best to bury in its sands the object which has troubled its surface; the more unaccountable, the more prodigious has been the phenomenon, the more violently scared and astounded is the mere, with involuntary effort, the mind seeks to rid itself of an enigma which might disease the understanding to solve it. We go about our mundane business with renewed avidity; we feel the necessity of proving to ourselves that we are still sober, practical men, and refuse to be unified for the world which we know, by unsolicited visitations from worlds into which every glimpse is soon shut eternally shadows. We endeavor to think how soon such incidents, though not actually forgotten, though they can be recalled—and recalled too often for health—are only, at are, nevertheless, thrust, as it were, out of the mind's sight, as we cast into lumber-rooms the crutches and sunken beds around us of a relative for which has recovered its strength and tone. It is a felicitous peculiarity in our organization, which and how invariably the mind will thus endeavor to rid itself of the incubus which disease the over and recall it. No man freed an home before from a raging toothache, the or a neuralgia, sad, retracted in his ever, to conduct and ponder upon the anguish he has undergone. It is the same with certain afflictions of the spirit—like those that endanger life, or affections, or blast our fortunes, overshadowing our whole future with a sense of loss—but where a trouble or a calamity has been of short date, an episode in our wonted life, where it affects ourselves alone, where it is attended with a sense of shame and humiliation, where the pain of recalling it seems idle, and if indulged would almost madden us; agonies of that kind we do not like to own, and we do over the death or falsehood of beloved friends, or the train of events by which we are reduced from wealth to penury. We are, for instance, who has escaped from a shipwreck, from the brink of a precipice, from the jaws of a tiger, spends his days and nights in reviving his terrors past, reimagining dangers not to occur again, or, if they do occur, from which the experience undergone can suggest no additional safeguards. The current of our life, indeed, like that of the rivers, is most rapid in the mildest channel, where all streams run calm, comparatively slow in the depth, and along the shores in which each life, as each river, has a character peculiar to itself. And hence, those who would sail *with* the tide of the

world, as those who sail with the tide of a river, hasten to take the middle of the stream, or those who sail *against* the tide are found clinging to the shore. I returned to my habitual duties and avocations with renewed energy; I did more for my thoughts to dwell on the dreary wonders that had haunted me from the evening I first met Sir Philip Derval to the morning in which I had united the house of his heir; whether realities or hallucinations, no guess of mine could unravel such mazes, and no prudence of mine guard me against their repetition. But I had no fear that they would be repeated, any more than that those who has gone through ship-wreck, or the hair-breadth escape from a fall down a glacier, fears again to be found in a similar peril. Margrave had departed, whither I knew not, and, with his departure, ceased all sense of his influence. A certain calm within me, a tranquillizing feeling of relief, seemed to me like a pledge of permanent delivery.

But that which did accompany and haunt me through all my occupations and pursuits, was the melancholy remembrance of the love I had lost in Lilian. I heard from Mrs. Ashleigh, who still frequently visited me, that her daughter seemed much in the same quiet state of mind—perfectly reconciled to our separation—seldom mentioning my name, never mentioning it with indifference; the only thing remarkable in her state was her aversion to all society, and a kind of lethargy that would come over her often in the day. She would suddenly fall into sleep, and so remain for hours, but a sleep that seemed very serene and tranquil, and from which she woke of herself. She kept much within her own room, and always retired to it when visitors were announced.

Mrs. Ashleigh began reluctantly to relinquish the persuasion she had so long and so obstinately maintained on this state of feeling toward myself—and, indeed, this general change in Lilian—was but temporary and abnormal; she began to allow that I was best to drop all thoughts of a renewed engagement—a future union. I proposed to see Lilian in her presence and in my professional capacity; perhaps some physical cause, especially for this lethargy, might be detected and removed. Mrs. Ashleigh owned to me that the idea had occurred to herself; she had sounded Lilian upon it; but her daughter had so resolutely opposed it; had said with so quiet a firmness, that all hope of union between us, a visit from me would be unwelcome and painful; that Mrs. Ashleigh felt that an interview thus deprecated would only confirm estrangement. One day, in calling, she asked my advice whether it would not be better to try the effect of change of air and scene, and, in some other place, some other medical opinion might be taken? I approved of this suggestion with unqualified readiness.

"And," said Mrs. Ashleigh, shedding tears, "if that experiment prove unsuccessful, I will write and let you know; and then we must then consider what to say to the world as a reason why the marriage is broken off. I can render this more easy by saying, you, I will not return to L—— till the matter has ceased to be the topic of talk, and as a distance any excuse will be less questioned and seem more natural. But still—still—let us hope still."

"Have you one ground for hope?"

"Perhaps so; but you will think it very frail and fallacious."

"Name it, and let me judge."

"One night—in which you were on a visit to Derval Court—"

"Ay, that night."

"Lilian woke me by a lond cry (she sleeps in the next room to me, and the door was left open); I hastened to her bedside in alarm; she was sobbing, and passionately struggling against and convulsed. She kept calling on your name in a tone of passionate fondness, but as if in great terror. She cried, 'Do not go, Allen! do not go! you know not what you brave! what you do!' Then she rose in her bed, clasping her hands. She was set and rigid: I tried to awake her, but could not. After a little time she breathed a deep sigh, and murmured, 'Allen, Allen, you obey! did you not hear—did you not see me?' What could thus baffle matter and traverse space but love and soul? Can you still doubt, Allen?' Doubt that I love you, now, shall love you evermore? Yonder, yonder, as here below!' She then sank back on her pillow, weeping, and then I woke her."

"And what did she say on waking?"

"She did not remember what she had dreamed, except that she had passed through some great terror—but called, with a vague smile, 'It is over, and I feel happy now.' Then she turned round and fell asleep again, but quietly as a child, the tears dried, the smile resting."

"Go, my dear friend, go; take Lilian away from this place as soon as you can; divert her mind with fresh scenes. I hope! I do hope! Let me know where you fix yourself. I will seize a holiday—I need one; I will arrange as to my patients—I will come to the same place; she need not know of it—but I must be by to watch, to be of use, if need be. Heaven bless you for what you have said! I hope! I do hope!"

CHAPTER LIV.

Some days after I received a few lines from Mrs. Ashleigh. Her arrangements for departure were made. They were to start the next morning. She had fixed on going into the north of Devonshire, and staying some weeks either at Ilfracombe or Lynton, whichever place Lilian preferred. She would write as soon as they were settled.

I was up at my usual early hour the next morning. I resolved to go out toward Mrs. Ashleigh's house, and watch, unnoticed, where I might, perhaps, catch a glimpse of Lilian as she set two hours before the train by which Mrs. Ashleigh proposed to leave. A loud ring at my bell! I opened the door. Mrs. Ashleigh rushed in, falling on my breast.

"Lilian! Lilian!"

"Heavens! What has happened?"

"She has left—she is gone—gone away! Oh, Allen! how?—whither? Advise me. What is to be done?"

"Come in—compose yourself—tell me all—clearly, quickly. Lilian gone?—gone away? impossible! She must be hid somewhere in the house—the garden—she, perhaps, did not like the journey. She may have crept away to some young friend's house. But *I* talk when you should talk to me all."

Little enough to tell! Lilian had seemed unusually cheerful the night before, and pleased at the thought of the excursion. Mother and daughter retired to rest early: Mrs. Ashleigh saw Lilian sleeping quietly before she herself went to bed. She woke between the hours when dressed herself, went into the next room to call Lilian—Lilian was not there. No suspicion of flight occurred to her. Perhaps her daughter might be up already, and gone down stairs, remembering something she might wish to pack and take with her. But Lilian was not. Mrs. Ashleigh was confirmed in this idea when she noticed that her own room door was left open. She went down stairs, met a maid-servant, who had, who told her, with alarm and surprise, that both the street and garden doors were found unclosed. No one had seen Lilian. Mrs. Ashleigh now became seriously uneasy. On remounting to her daughter's room, she missed Lilian's bonnet and mantle. The house and garden were then searched in vain. There could be no doubt that Lilian had gone—must have stolen noiselessly at night through the house, and escaped by the side door of the house and through the garden.

"Do you think she could have received any letter, any message, any visitor unknown to you?"

"I can not think it. Why do you ask? Oh, Allen, you do not believe in any mysterious police in this disappearance! No, you do not believe it. But my child's honor! What will the world think?"

Not for the world cared I at that moment. I could think only of Lilian, and without one suspicion that invested blame to her.

"Be quiet, be silent: perhaps she has gone on some visit, and will return. Meanwhile, leave inquiry to me."

THE RING.

Your placed this ring on my finger,
My Willie warm and true,
And bade me take it off when I
Loved some one more than you.

You went to fight for native land,
My Willie strong and brave,
And when you went you kissed me and
I did you to the grave.

Low on my dying bed, Willie,
I'm lying in this hour,
But the ring is on my finger still,
And I love you more and more.

I'm wasted to a shade, Willie,
My voice comes faint and low,
But my heart is strong with love for you,
And the ring shall never go.

My hand is thin and white, Willie,
My finger is too small;
And last night, as I slept, the ring
Slipped off—I heard it fall.

No one was nigh me then, Willie,
To give it me again,
And I crept down and got it, though
I thrilled with fearful pain.

And now I'm dying. No one knows
What rashness I have done;
I'll never tell them what I did;
They'll wonder when I'm gone.

Good-by, a last good-by, Willie,
My voice comes faint and low;
But I keep my thin hand tightly shut—
The ring shall never go!

CHICAGO, ILLINOIS, *November*, 1861.

MISSISSIPPI MORTAR-BOATS.

On page 821 we publish a picture representing the FLEET OF MORTAR-BOATS which have been built for the Mississippi River service. Our artist, Mr. Simplot, writes us as follows:

"ST. LOUIS, *December* 11, 1861.

"Inclosed I send you a sketch of the Mortar-Boats intended for service in the military expedition down the Mississippi. They are thirty-eight in number, and are now lying complete—with the exception of their necessary armament—near this city. I understand, however, that they will be towed down immediately to Cairo, and there equipped. Each boat is to carry a heavy mortar, and will be also used for conveying the troops on the expedition."

THE GREAT FAIR AT NEW YORK.

We devote pages 824 and 825 to illustrations of THE GREAT FAIR which opened on Friday, December 13, at the *New York Assembly Rooms*. This fair was got up by the LADIES OF NEW YORK, without distinction of sect, for the relief of the poor, especially that part of them left destitute by the war. It proved a complete success. The array of beauty and fashion which gathered round the ladies who presided there surpassed, and the proceeds will prove a handsome fund for the object proposed by the managers. The rooms were placed at the disposal of the Ladies' Aid Association by A. T. STEWART, Esq.

THE EXECUTION OF JOHNSON.

On page 828 we illustrate the military execution of Johnson, who was shot at Washington for desertion on 13th. The culprit's crime is clearly described in the following extract from his confession:

I had not the slightest intention of deserting up to a few minutes before I started in the direction of the enemy's lines. The way I came to leave our army was this: I was on the outposts, and after dinner, when our watering orders were, I thought I would go to the first house on the Brandy Station road and get a drink of milk. I went to the first house I saw a man and a boy. I asked the man for some milk, and he told the boy to go and get it. I asked him where I could get some, he said he did not know, except I would go to the next house further on. I said I believed I would be dangerous to go far, and he remarked that none of the people around there had a kind feeling for rebels. It was then that I conceived the idea of deserting. I told the man, after drinking the milk it was at the time, I was the enemy's line, go and see my mother in New Orleans, stay for some time in the South, and then be able to get back to our regiment again, perhaps with some valuable information. I told him my name was Carter of the rebels, and as it is I would rather be hung on a tree by the Yankees than be captured by the rebels, as I knew that heaven put it into my head to go army. I acted more like a crazy man at the moment. I remained at the house until some of the enemy had been seen lately in that vicinity. I asked where it was that the five rebels I had heard of had been seen some days ago. He said it was at the second house on the left-hand side of the road. I asked him where it was from there to Centreville, and he went that way. Riding along on the Braddock road, some miles beyond Centreville, I met a man named Colonel Taylor, of the Third New Jersey regiment, with his escort of cavalry. I thought he was the rebels, but at first was so scared that I did not know what to say. However, I managed to tell him that I was a deserter, and I told my name. He said to him, "I'm all right, then." "Why so?" he asked. "Because we are old friends," said I. "I am retired to—I went to go down to New Orleans to see my mother." He said, "Very well," and then our interview continued. I told him two of our companies which had been sent out to reconnoitre were cut-ups. He asked if I thought he could capture any of them, and I told him I thought he could. He said that he had heard that there were a number of mounted riflemen around. The horse scout and men which belong to the Lincoln men received, and on the same time said, "Let me see your pistol." I handed him my revolver. Colonel Taylor looked it, and cocking it, said to me, "Dismount, or I will blow your brains out." I was so much frightened "thought my brains had been blown out already. I dismounted, delivered up my horse and arms at the same time. They searched my pockets, but there was nothing in them except a piece of New York *Ledger*, I believe. They he tied my hands behind me, and sent me back to camp in charge of the Lincoln scouter who took up the trail.

He was duly tried by court-martial and found guilty. The sentence having been approved, it was ordered that it be carried into effect on 18th. The following extract from the *Herald* report completes the melancholy history:

The spot chosen for the impressive scene was a spacious field near the Capitol grounds, about a thousand from the camp ground of the division. The troops fell into line, forming three sides of a square, in the order observed in the programme, precisely at three o'clock a.m.

In the mean time the funeral procession was formed at the quarters of Captain Boyd, Provost Marshal of the Alexandria district, and Sub-queens of Generals Casey and Franklin. Shortly after three o'clock it reached the fatal field.

The Provost Marshal, mounted and wearing a crimson scarf across his left, led the funeral cortège. He was immediately followed by the buglers of the regiment, four abreast, playing a dirge. Then came the twelve men—one from each company in the regiment, selected by ballot—who constituted the firing party. In the order observed the leading rifle—had been previously loaded under the direction of the Provost Marshal, one was loaded with a blank cartridge, according to the usual custom, so that neither of the men could be positive that he had the real ball which killed the unfortunate man. The coffin, which was of pine wood stained, and without any inscriptions, came next in a one-horse wagon. Immediately behind followed the unfortunate man, in the same wagon. About five feet six inches in height, with light hair and whiskers, his eyes brown joining each other, Johnson presented a most forlorn appearance. He was dressed in his every-day clothes, the regulation overcoat and black gloves. He was supported by the Rev. Mr. Hamilton, his constant companion with him, while Father Willett rode behind on horseback. The rear was brought up by Company A, of the Lincoln Cavalry, forming the escort.

Arriving at the ground as I have said past three o'clock, the musicians and the escort took a position a little to the left, while the whole procession followed the wagon. The coffin was placed on the ground, and he took his place beside it. The firing party was placed within a few paces of the prisoner, who stood between the clergymen. The final order of execution was then given by the Provost Marshal.

While the order was being read Johnson stood with his hat on, his head a little inclined to the left, and his eyes fixed in a steady gaze on the ground. Near the close of the reading of the order he looked around inquiringly, evidently in his ear. Johnson had expressed a desire to say a few final words, but the Provost Marshal was not accustomed to such requests, and therefore declined to grant the favor. Johnson, however, by consulting

THE EXECUTION OF THE DESERTER WILLIAM JOHNSON IN GENERAL FRANKLIN'S DIVISION, ARMY OF THE POTOMAC.—[SEE PAGE 827.]

FORT PULASKI, SAVANNAH RIVER, GEORGIA.—FROM A SKETCH BY AN OFFICER OF THE NAVY.—[SEE PAGE 827.]

OLD TYBEE.

I HOPE I may never write another story if there is not as much essential truth in this about Old Tybee as the strictest fact-monger has a right to require. You have heard his name before, no doubt. It has lately been carried about like a torch, and flared across a good many troubled faces, while a very respectable number of people have smiled at the token with the sort of satisfaction that bears ever with it an all adequate sense of occasions.

My Tybee was the keeper of a light-house. He had kept it for forty years, and might reckon the trips up the winding stair by the thousand. I knew about him years ago, when I was young and poor. If I coveted his situation in those days, I at least did not petition for it. I doubt if any body ever thought of his removal from his post as if the thing were possible. We considered that his presence was essential, as well as the light he managed, for the safe-conduct of vessels down that dangerous shore; as if somehow he were the medium through which the saving ray must pass, the wonderful light that was visible a dozen miles at sea. Well, if you had met once the glance of his eyes you would understand me better.

One day while he stood in the tower, where his daughter had left him, well satisfied with the result of her labor in polishing the shield of the lantern and its manifold reflectors, Tybee saw a boat approaching the island, and I carried half a dozen men for passengers. While he stood watching them, vaguely wondering what their errand might be, with now and then a fresh glance of solicitude cast at the result of his daughter's work, he perceived that the strangers were uniform, and that they were proceeding by the steep path which cut rock on which the tower was built. His first impulse was to go down and meet them, since of course they were seeking him.

But Old Tybee was not agile now as once. His rheumatism made him think twice in these days concerning movements to which once his limbs would had immediately urged him. So he stood on the highest step of the great stair, and listened, and waited.

On they came, tramp, tramp, six resolute, following men, to confront a poor old keeper. When he had once looked upon their faces the man-sense a consternation seized upon the old man, as if these young fellows were more terrible than the great ocean to which he had given his best and his youth for dear and familiar companionship. But the sea had never proved his enemy, and these had not the look of friends. At least he was sure that they had come on no kindly errand. His presentiment was soon justified; for, in spite of themselves, the strangers betrayed not depraved themselves with real friendliness toward the keeper of the lighthouse. That he had kept an steadily performing the duties of his office night after night for years was it this that had made him obnoxious to the fiercely-bearded striplings? It would actually seem so, thought poor Old Tybee.

The youngest of the company, evidently an officer, was the first to speak.

"Sir, have your famous light, is it? Shall I put a ball through its head, Colonel?"

"If you did you'd deserve to have daylight put through your own. You answered the others on the company, who was yet far from old, though his hair was gray.

"I shall never learn your economics," replied the younger, no little vanity in the satisfaction with which he announced his incapacity.

"You'll have to learn patience though, and all the rest of us before we're through with this business," observed the other. "How far out do they say the light is?"

"Twelve mile," answered Old Tybee; but the pride with which he was accustomed to give this bit of information had now no evidence. The heart of him was full of consternation, and he stood looking from one man to the other, wondering if their talk was to be taken for such expression as he feared. The doubt was quickly silenced.

"Well, boys," said the grave Colonel, "you've done a hard day's work already, but the job is to pay for doing. It's pretty firmly set and meant to last, the lantern is, but if you're careful you can dislodge it and be home again before dark."

The four men who had accompanied the officers now stood forward, and one of them untying a sack Tybee had not noticed before, took from it the tools by which the lamp was to be removed from its setting.

Old Tybee's time for expostulation had evidently come. Trembling with indignation and amazement he exclaimed,

"What do you—what are you going to do? It's my business to tend to this here light-house. Government gave me the situation for life, you ought to know."

At that they all laughed, and the younger officer's face expressed ineffable contempt at the mention of the government. But the old man was answered by a look to restrain this ardent iconoclast, and he answered poor Tybee gravely and kindly.

"You only going to save our old friend the trouble of climbing up his long stair next winter. Such a break-neck place I never was in before, and I am satisfied that a man of your years should have been imposed upon so long. How long have you kept the light burning, Tybee?"

"I've been forty year."

"Then you've had your share of spoils, you needn't complain," said one of the men grimly.

"As we never removed all that time, sir," asked the Colonel.

"No, nor ever heard such a thing once talked of," Tybee answered. "What's going to be done without the light out there on the rock the ships travel by?"

"That's their own look-out. Government finds it costs too much to furnish travelers their lights. They'll be expecting refreshments next, you know. We've got to learn prudence, the Colonel says, and he understands these things."

Old Tybee looked at the young man as if he would have admired to see the daylight put through him according to his officer's suggestion, but he held his peace.

"You had better go down," said the Colonel to the old man. Though now a man of war, battle was evidently not his proper element; and he was constantly apprehensive of the issue of things that might in a moment be brought about up there in the tower by the hot head of his lieutenant. "The men will be getting on board, and I'll be there," continued, with a gentle expostulation in his voice as if he had been speaking to a woman. "I'll stay and see that no harm comes to the light. And when it's set up again, nobody shall take your place here—you shall keep it burning as long as you live. I give you my word."

Still Tybee lingered. The *question* remained the young man's flippant answer he would not take for a reply.

"What's to become of all the vessels, Sir?" he asked again. And what true man in his senses would think of avoiding a reply to a question supposed so solemnly, with such deep concern, such disdainful disregard of whatever personal danger might attend his sedulousness?

"What did they do before there was a light?" asked the Colonel, annoyed and troubled. "They'll carry their own, I fancy, with them, perhaps, as we sailors should, and use them, and not rush along like blind fools trusting to other folks to keep them from the ditch." The Colonel spoke superbly in the words as the Colonel's voice could possibly convey. Then Old Tybee made his last stand.

"I don't know nothing like that," he said, his gray head. "I don't know who sent you here. You seem to have some sort of right. You look like officers. I'm only a keeper. I've got no regimentals. I can show you my commission."

The young lieutenant with a loud laugh touched his cap with mock deference to the old man.

"I suppose now you wouldn't really *insist* on serving the State after you had an honorable discharge. You see in a few minutes—second, boy!—there won't be any light-house here to speak of what can you keep then? Do you want the Government to come down like a thief in the night? It's enough to know that the State has decided that this institution is a nuisance, and must therefore be located and abolished. "Isn't it? Come! you're a sensible old fellow!".

But again spoke the older man, and even more kindly than before. He could perceive the desperate distress that would presently overwhelm poor Old Tybee.

"When the light is needed again it will be set in the tower again, and I'll see, as I said before, that so faithful a servant of the State is restored to his place again. But now you are needed and should be glad to take a rest, for it won't be a long one."

And now indeed, perceiving that his resistance was in vain, the old man began to descend the stairs. When he had reached the door of the tower he stood looking out upon the sea—far out, and far down upon the rocks, where the ships, and he seemed to see a wreck on every wave, and the beach was strewn with the bodies of the lost.

Now and then he paused a shelf, as to ascertain how the diabolical work going on within the strong stone walls progressed. Many times he looked, and saw, as he well knew it must be, nothing. But at last there was a spectacle indeed! From the flag-staff which on all holidays, and on many another when lieutenants wished to demonstrate itself to the old fellows who perhaps were sailing down from Marblehead or Narragansett (names harmless of all their associations with those of North America, for Tybee was a man from Marblehead)—from that very flag-staff another flag was flying, and it threw out the colors of mourning. Yes, Old Tybee, sit down on the rock and weep, for it is time to weep.

Shuddering, he turned away from the spectacle and knew not where to go. Wherever he went it would haunt him—compel his eyes, and grieve his heart. Old Tybee was not prone to answer questions of man, woman, or child. He tried to kiss himself among the shore-rocks till the men had gone down from the tower, launched their boat, and rowed away, and even till night came on.

Who could have looked with indifference on the answer of that old man?

I doubt if any bore on that sad summer day an sadder heart than he.

When he went home at last it was to take his accustomed place in the corner of the fire-place where his daughter was busying herself preparing for their supper. As it was the first evening, but he warmed himself as if a chill were on him, and Maggie was so disturbed by his aspect when he came in that she could not be induced to eat herself instantly, and brought him a drink of stuff that had a strong odor, and usually an exhilarating effect. At first he seemed disposed to refuse it, but she urged it upon him in her irresistible way, so that he presently drained the glass; still he gave it back to her without a word or even a look of acknowledgment.

Presently came little Tom frisking about, and chattering in mirth of some trouble he got in after any one but a child would have felt his joints awkwardly stiffening under such a chilling influence as the old man displayed.

The first question the little fellow asked was the one most natural for him. He had asked it every night since his grandfather took his post in the boat that he might see the beacon light the sailors watched for coming down the ocean, and saw, though their sailing was to be round the rock of Tom's imagination.

"Does it shine bright, grand'ther?"

Heretofore the old man's cheerful and unvarying answer had been, however preoccupied his mind,

"Bright as ever—bright and warm as any lie!" He now made no response whatever, but sat looking into the fire as if he did not even see the preparations going on there for his comfortable evening meal, and did not behold his daughter, who at this very hour, for so many years, had been engaged in the same occupation, getting tea for her father.

Was he thinking far back into the time when she was like Tom there, running up and down under every body's feet, but in nobody's way?—when her mother stood in her place, and Thomas Gwyn was as far beyond their knowledge as the undiscovered happiness is this day beyond ours? He had lived those years. How long he would be seventy. He was thinking of a dream he had one night, in the first year of his life on the island, when his daughter looked out, amid his mass, of little Tom—with a tender thought, too, toward the elder lad,

"Don't, father? Does it shine bright tonight?" speaking as women do when they speak merely for love; looking surprised, too, so different was her tone from common, that in which she had left him not long ago, when she had finished the polishing business in the tower—for Old Tybee was not variable, but calm and steady in his moods.

Brief was his answer, and gloomy as brief.

"It isn't Old Tybee's fault if they're all wrecked. They've broke her moorings and took her off. I saw 'em. What could I do? They was too many for me—six to one—with the Guvment to back 'em. That sounds like a curse-be. They're going to make wreckers of us, I expect. It comes to that since the Guvment's going in for wrecking vessels itself. I'm glad I'm not to have a hand in plundering kind o' poppilation on this island afore long."

"The lamp ain't down!" exclaimed Maggie, aghast. "Oh, father, you took the light off? Lord a mercy! what for, father?"

"You can't guess," he answered. "No wonder. Don't you see? The lamp's down, and I may take say I surrendered. Six to one..... What have you got there for supper, Mag?"

But Maggie heard this question, it was not after his usual way of asking. He didn't care for the answer Maggie gave. That was evident from the way he put down his head between his hands, and paid no heed, though his daughter ceased from her operations and walked out of the house to the gate of the little garden, where she loved to sit a garden, Tom following her. She came back immediately, and said, with a groan, "There ain't no light, Tom! Oh, what'll become of Thomas Gwyn? I never saw it dark afore like that on the island!"

What'll become of all the shipping that's got along so safe and snug past all the slippery places, thanks to me and the Guvment! It's a devilish bit; and Old Tybee's been a long way for it! He's an old man: I'm near seventy. My bones ain't worth much to them rascals."

"The light's down," continued Maggie again. You might as well have told her some scientific fact whose consequences could not touch our planet. She would have listened to it as well as to the strange idea she was battling against, that no longer from the rock whereon the round tower stood would the light be flashed to guide the mariners who sailed along that dangerous coast.

"Forty years ago I dreamed it was put out," said Old Tybee; and he turned and looked at his daughter.

Instant was her answer, and with it the first gleam of hope that had shone in his desperate face.

"But mother dreamed that it was lit again. You told me that. And you had the doing of it in her dream. Who knows? Perhaps to pass the other way as well. And it's got to!"

Cheered by her own prediction, Maggie turned away from the window, and resumed her cooking operations, causing thereby a savory smell to arise and possess itself of the old dark room, and presently she heard the pleased satisfaction finding itself so often renewed itself in her small experience, an Indian coke and fried fish on the table, and called Tom to come from the garden, and they sat around the board as though nothing had happened. Any body looking in upon them might have said so. But closer look at the old man's blue eyes (spoiled eyes his mother calls them, and they are very pretty) turn sideways toward the old man, while unconscious, he ate and drank, ever closer to his son, then's, looking now and then from his seat through the uncurtained window that once revealed to him by night the steady ray which now shone through up their red and golden lights, as if they would illuminate the tower, and the island, and the sky! His glance at the last was full of fear, and his look of reprimand from within the house, and of some unnatural vision from without, serve to entirely unman the boy, and to bring a constraint upon him to descend from the table to his place at his mother's feet, who understands that she must pin a newspaper before that window and keep out the dark hereafter.

After tea the pipe, but no story-telling. By-and-by Tom's blue eyes and golden curls are be-draped into sleep, but his mother's "Hush! hush!" prevented a repetition of that signal of distress. And Maggie sat down to her sewing-table, let her come closer to him, lay her hand for sober talk upon his knee.

"Father, tell me all about it!"

But has he not already told? He looks at her in a sort of wonder, mixed with alarm, as if he feared that she might be an expression of existing will, defiant purpose. Then he says,

"Six to one! No, no! We must wait, Mag—we must wait."

"And what will become of *them?*" she whispers, and draws nearer, shuddering. She sees what he has seen dreadly, the same event again. But the old man says aloud—tries to say cheerily—for Tybee was a sailor years ago, and has a Northman's dauntless courage in his heart.

"Tom is a sailor, you girl. Can't he swim? And when he comes back there are more fish swimming than ever have been caught. There's a living for us yet."

"And it's all true! We've at war! We've got to kill each other, and burn each other's houses down, and—"

"And a few traitors to the good old Guvment, for the men of Marblehead are in arms against Old Tybee! You know they give me the office, and they've been good to us, and pus reg'lar—"

"And never caught you and sold you for an African! Father, what are you talking about?" cried Maggie, in a wrath that was wonderful to behold.

"Mag, Mag! I've seen a sight that's killed me this day!"

"I don't know, father, but I'd a rather it *had* killed you than to believe—" Here Maggie's voice gave way, and her tears rolled, flood-like, over her. Her father did not speak, but his sad heart cried sympathy—he took her hand and held it, and she knew there was no difference between them. The act soothed her far more than any word of his could have done. They were not divided. At last she said,

"It isn't against us the men of Marblehead are up in arms. We have no quarrel with never sleep another night in peace as long as they live here on this island and that light is out. Won't we keep it burning when it's in Guvment?"

Tybee's old arms embraced his Margaret, but he was silent yet, as she went on:

"They'll count it," she said, "they'll come who've got the right, and you'll follow 'em up those stairs to see that the light's set right again. Don't be troubled, father! You've got to live till that's settled. Who'd dare to go out of the world afore? I'd rather never see my Tom again than think it wouldn't happen. Remember your mother's dream!"

"She was allus good at that," said the old man, and he straightened himself in his chair, and looked the hopeful, that voice Maggie was used to use the result of her prophecy. (I wonder how many prophets have lifted up their voices by the fireside of this land during the April days? Have the men who lecture before Lyceums through the spring of '62 would like to repeat some themes of their discourses in the years of grace yet green in all women's memories?)

And the result encouraged her—emboldened her to advance yet further. "Do you suppose this country is given up to thieves and pirates? Before Now Year you'll see that light again! And we'll hang out the flag, so that they shall all see what we're thinking about here on this island! But we can hold our tongues. You think I can't, I can—before mother!"

Never mind! *What* was she thinking of? There were vessels out at that very moment drifting fast within the line of danger, doomed to destruction; some without suspicion, others on the out-look, captain and crew, starring through the darkness for that exciting light which had been the sole staying the last stave he ever would! Yet, never mind. He was but one—but one—though all the world to her.

When she spoke of the old flag two tears rolled down the wrinkled cheeks of Old Tybee. He could not tell her exactly the flag that would float from the light-house. He had left out the very bitterness of the potion when he gave the cup to her. He had tried to keep it back—tried what he could for sing-ing, as if it were a hymn, the chorus of "The Star-Spangled Banner"—but he could not do it. She knew with her own eyes in the morning discovered that Unutterable.

Maggie did not sleep that night. Her face showed pale as the dawn as the face of a watcher who has watched in fear. How many times had she risen from her bed—one to the window—listened? Was that a gun-fire? Was that a cry? And if in dreams she had dreamed of wrecks, no more could have been dashed ashore than she seemed to see with her mind's eye. She had no real, true knowledge of the world's affairs, and now for the first time conscious of remoteness, their light was not out in the spaces of war, where all is fear in the dark—but then the spirit of heroes quickened within in them!

And now for watching and waiting. And how long must they wait?

Is it to-morrow we shall enter Paradise? At least let us not doubt it shall be on some to-morrow—some to-day.

Maggie had a task to perform that did not end even the whole day. And for old Tybee was his burden she must bear in its performance. She had hope to keep alive through all mentions of disaster; the old father's daily "work" the figure of one who holds himself still responsible while the power that conferred the responsibility is disbelieved and even dismissive with scorn. For the ships wrecked, and the lives, along that coast, the continual stress of that responsibility to feel! And this during all when Old Tybee's darkened but his occupation, gave himself over to the miseries of disappointed old age; and no tidings came of Tom; and the thing she dreaded most was daily groaned that her boy would forget his father.

Yet the earnest expectation of the creature never failed. Like the flower all the camp? Are the soldiers' names all registered? She would not let her expectation fail. She domineered like a tyrant over her old father's heart, and kept her prophet's mantle closely wrapped about her, in spite of every gale. She came from Marblehead! How often she said it, though in fact Maggie had never voyaged ten miles away from the island where she was born! How often she said it, with an awful atonement that never again would she lose sight of the light-house till the alien and infamous rag that flirted from its window should give place to the splendor of the nation's flag!

So the hours-time burned on brightly; the house-keeping work kept true; all the old duties were resumed with cheerful regularity. And, day after day, Maggie said to her father, pointing to the tower, "It's time come down, and we shall live to see it;" and he knew she meant the hateful thing that flashed its falsehoods from the shore to the main day after day. Sometimes he smiled, but it was a doubter's smile, for day and night one fear, harassed Old Tybee; and *he* said the old man's words to the young wife, "You may live to see the end of it, but I never shall. The glory has departed!" O thou of little faith!

Day and night then, with one thought, one care, while the summer passed away, and December came within experience, and the New Year was at hand.

On Christmas Eve there hung a little stocking, outside Maggie's door, and it was full. The Saint must have stopped in his travels at that house —must have known what loyal, patient hearts had there the training of the little one—must have seen that Tom the younger was in these days on his good behavior.

Maggie Gwyn sat late by her fire in a prayerful meditation. Her thoughts were wandering slightly out of their wonted channels—for a moment she had dropped her anxious hope and fear; husband and country grew dim in their love and name. She had turned from them, as at the most gentle call of One who turned from the Heavenly ways to ours, on such a night as that long centuries ago. She seemed to see Him lying in the beatitude of infancy on his mother's knee, as Tom had lain on hers, and with reverent wonder she was following Him she knew so well how Mary must have followed through the years succeeding. And if her boy was fatherless, she had now grace to pray that a double gift of wisdom might be given her in his behalf, that at last in fullness of time a Man might stand in his father's place, a true and loyal Man, who verily should see, if the sight were withholden from *her* eyes, the flag of his country flying from the old round tower. All for him she prayed, until a vision was vouchsafed her of the manhood, brave and true, that should grow from even such an infant as his. And why should I discover altogether the young mother's dream? all the hope, whose glory was undimmed even by the dark shadows that encircled its place of rising? How many thousand women, by silent firesides, sit dreaming the same dream of youth that must grow up fatherless, whom the year's war has bereaved! Hope of the world! Sustainer of the fainting hearts! teach them to perfectly trust, that they may peacefully rest in Thee, and do Thy will!

While she sat there in her prayerful meditation—let me defraud you of none of the beautiful truths this hour is developing—there came, gentle as the tap, tap of the woodpecker, a touch on the window-pane. It seemed not to startle Maggie, but she looked up. Then she stood up, but stood silent. Then she moved, and not away from, but toward, the window. For she said, "There's news of Tom!" Then she opened the window, and nothing was her conviction. *Then* her heart stopped beating—seemed to stop. How dark it was without! But never need Maggie feel less the power of that darkness, and of the vast expanse of silence widening around her.

Neither you nor I will ever rightly know how it all came about, but presently there was a gnarled tableaux in the bedchamber of Tom's wife.

In the centre of the group stood a stalwart soldier in uniform, but not that uniform so hateful and so familiar of late to the old eyes of Tybee. Another sort of coat and head-gear than either he or Maggie had seen on their lover, behaved represented to them a military power they were compelled to regard as friendly; for Tom was clothed therewith. Was it a true or mocking cloud? They knew not the eyes that looked from beneath the turban, and the hands that were grasping theirs had that in their touch which told them as no other grasp could do—assured them, and lifted them up above their desolations to the very heights of health.

At either side of this stood Old Tybee and Margaret. Also, upright in bed, stood little Tom, staring hard at St. Nicholas, according to the best of his belief, and no one, for at least one moment after his uprising, saw the child. But then, when Tom the elder *was* aware!

At last came a moment when somebody must ask,

"Tom, where have you come from?"

Looking at the questioner, Tom answered her:

"It would take a week of steady talk to get through that report. And you and I've got other work on hand. We've got to protect the inhabitants of this island. They say the Gentiles have hoisted a beautiful kind of flag from that old tower father. Have they not?"

There was such a stern voice speaking through these playful words as brought out from Old Tybee an instant change of head and the quality and effect of a shout.

"God in heaven be praised!"

"What for, Tybee? what for? I should think not for such a work as that!"

"You've come to cut that cursed rag from its moorings."

"Why, so—"

Consider the appalling answer. Descend into the dreadful silence and darkness through which Maggie broke with words like these:

"Then go your ways. Let us alone!"

Tom stared her by catching up his boy, whom Maggie, for some unaccountable reason, had been busy dressing in his Christmas suit, his holiday rig.

"Follow me," he said; "and if any man attempts to tear down the Stars and Stripes shoot him on the spot! That's my platform. Now, father, will you come? You'll find our crew down there waiting for you. I promised 'em 'd have 'em the Governor of this island; and he's the only man who's got the right to set that nonsense you talk aboard. Come on, and get the flag up flying, and make ready to strike a light. Hurrah for the campaign! Hurrah for 1862!"

A dozen miles at the same manner shall hail it. And often as he hails the light let him smile a benediction downward for the sake of Old Tybee, who, after all, had need to see the end of the desolation he had the heart to weep for.

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THE LOVE OF A SOLDIER.
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Chapter XXXIV. Mr. Farnaby looks for Assistance.
Chapter XXXV. Love was still the Lord of all.
Chapter XXXVI. What the Man Was thinking about it.
Illustrations.—Felix Writes.—Mary's Letter.
MUHLTABEL WESLEY. By J. S. Haganey, D.D.
UNDER THE LEAVES.
SAMUEL F. B. MORSE.
THE LIFE AND CRIMES OF PHILIP. By W. M. Thackeray.
Chapter XXV. Infandi Dolores.
Chapter XXVI. Contains a Tug of War.
Chapter XXVII. Contains a Brief.—Greek meets Greek.—Comfort in Grief.
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HINTS FOR TRAVELERS.
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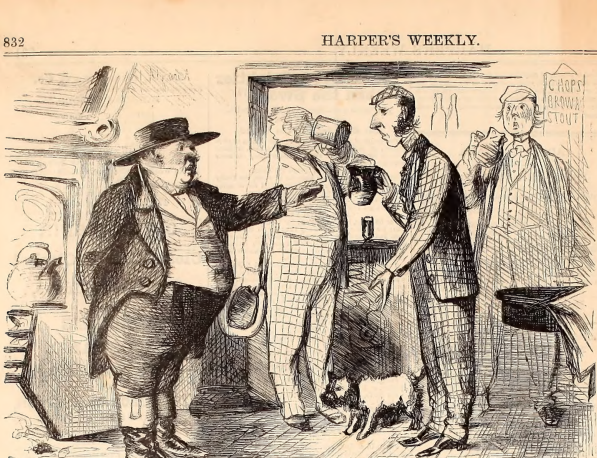

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